

ARIZONA Historical Review

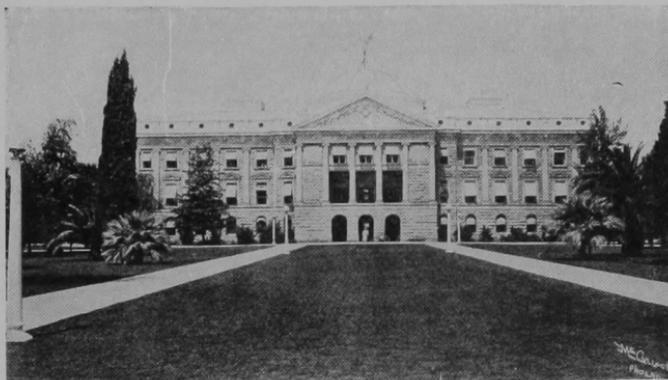
A QUARTERLY

SUBSCRIPTION \$3.00 PER YEAR

Volume 3

JULY, 1930

Number 2



STATE CAPITOL BUILDING

ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW

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Vol. 3

JULY, 1930

No. 2

Published Quarterly by
ARIZONA STATE HISTORIAN
PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Entered as Second Class Mail

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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.



Arizona's present state officers are:

John C. Phillips—Governor

I. P. Frazier—Secretary of State

Ana Frohmiller—Auditor

C. R. Price—Treasurer

C. O. Case—Supt. Public Instruction

W. D. Claypool, Amos A. Betts, and Loren Vaughn, members Corporation Commission

H. D. Ross, Chief Justice, A. G. McAlister and A. C. Lockwood, Associate Justices Supreme Court.

Thomas Foster—Mine Inspector

M. A. Murphy, Frank Luke and E. A. Hughes, members Tax Commission.

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 pre-historic canals built by a vanished people, and that these same pre-historic people domesticated the wild turkey and possibly the deer.

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, PETRIFIED 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.

The name "Arizona" is derived from the word "Arizonac" meaning "Little Spring" "Ari" small, and "Zonac" spring, from the language of the Papago and Pima Indians.

ARIZONA'S state flower is the delicate, white waxy flower of the Saguaro or Giant Cactus, *Cereus Giganteus*,

SAGUARO being the Spanish word for Sentinel.

This was adopted by the territorial legislature of 1901 on account of its being distinctly a native plant of Arizona.

ARIZONA'S State Flag is distinctive and beautiful and was adopted by the Legislature in 1917.

The flag represents the following: The setting sun, consisting of thirteen rays, alternate red and yellow, or red and gold, in the upper half of the flag.

The lower half being a plain blue field.

Superimposed upon the center of the flag. In the face of the setting sun is the copper colored star of Arizona. The flag in this way carries the state colors the old Spanish colors and the distinctive copper colors of Arizona.

ARIZONA'S State Seal, The Seal of the State shall be of the following design: In the background shall be a range of mountains, with the sun rising behind the peaks thereof, and at the right side of the range of mountains there shall be a storage reservoir and a dam, below which in the middle distance are irrigated fields and orchards reaching into the foreground, at the right of which are cattle grazing. To the left in the middle distance on a mountain side is a quartz mill in front of which and in the foreground is a miner standing with pick and shovel. Above this device shall be the motto: "Diat Deus." In the circular band surrounding the whole device shall be inscribed:

"Great Seal of the State of Arizona" with the year of admission of the state into the Union. (The meaning of the motto "Diat Deus" is God Enriches.)

ARIZONA'S State Anthem, "Arizona," words by Margaret Rowe Clifford, Copyright 1915, Music by Maurice Blumenthal, adopted 1919, Chapter 28, Session Laws.

Come to this land of sunshine,
To the land where life is young.
Where the wide, wide world is waiting,
The songs that will now be sung,
Where the golden sun is flaming
Into warm white shining day,
And the sons of men are blazing
Their priceless right of way.

Chorus:

Sing the song that's in your heart:
Sing of the great Southwest.
Thank God for Arizona,
In splendid sunshine dressed;
For thy beauty and thy grandeur,
For thy regal robes so sheen,
We hail thee, Arizona—
Our Goddess and our Queen.

Come stand beside the the rivers
Within our valleys broad,
Stand here with heads uncovered
In the presence of our God,
While all around about us,
The brave unconquered band,
As guardians and landmarks,
The giant mountains stand.

Chorus:

Not alone for gold and silver
Is Arizona great;
But with graves of heroes sleeping
All the land is consecrate.
Oh, come and live beside us,
However far ye roam.
Come help us build up temples
And name these temples "Home."

Of the 22 National Monuments in the United States, 11 of them are within the borders of Arizona, namely Casa Grande, Montezuma Castle, Navajo, Petrified Forest, Pipe Springs, Tumacacori, Wupatki, Chiricahua, Tonto, Walnut Canyon, and the latest, Sunset Crater.

ARIZONA'S SIX-GUN CLASSIC

By CON P. CRONIN

A Vivid Personal Narrative of the Historic Duel Between Pete Gabriel and Joe Phy, Famous Old-time Peace Officers

(Copyrighted)

For forty years now, whenever two or more old-time Arizonans met and the conversation touched the topic of personal encounter, just so surely was the epic of he-man gun fights, the classic encounter between Pete Gabriel and Joe Phy, recounted. In all the annals of that chivalrous period of the eighties, producing such gun fighters as the Earp boys, the Clantons, Doc Holliday, Billie Breakenridge, Henry Garfias and the horde of lesser luminaries who blazed for one brief period, no single encounter achieved the perfection of technic of combat as this encounter in Jack Keating's Tunnel Saloon in the quiet old town of Florence on the soft spring evening of May, '88.

I have heard this tale oft-told many times by "old-timers" who were not even in the territory at the time of its enactment, each time in the first person, but always different. I have heard the fight vividly described by Jack Keating, the lone eye witness to the beginning of the encounter, have listened to Dave Gibson's account of his entrance and exit in the drama, and have heard the tale by camp-fire and home fireside, always lacking in the one great essential—the cause—the soul—of the encounter.

While visiting in the city of Globe recently I listened with absorbing interest to a recital by Judge Hinson Thomas of the details and side lights of this celebrated duel that occurred in May, 1888. His story of that outstanding classic of six-gun fights in the days when each man's grievance was his own to settle in the manner ordained by the code, throws full light on the causes leading thereto. Judge Thomas, who is now U. S. Commissioner and City Judge of Globe, was County Recorder of Pinal County, of which Florence was the county seat, at the time Gabriel was sheriff; was a friend of both men, but particularly of Pete Gabriel, whom he classified as the bravest and most fearless man he had ever known. The victor in many desperate encounters, he was always in the right, his friends claimed, and that his victims would be his victors but for Gabriel's quick eye and steady trigger-finger. On two occasions he had been known, single-handed, to hold off a mob desperately intent in taking

from him the man in his custody. Pete Gabriel was a native of Alsace-Lorraine, coming to this country with his parents when a very small child. Both parents died within a week from some pestilential fever while crossing the plains in the early fifties, near Plattsville, Wisconsin; Pete being cared for and carried to California by an emigrant party.

Joe Phy had been a minor peace officer and known gunman, but was driving the sprinkling wagon in Tucson at the time he and Gabriel first met. Gabriel, who was then Sheriff of Pinal County, offered Phy a job as his deputy and took him with him on his return to Florence. Phy always claimed that Gabriel promised that he would make him (Phy) sheriff when he (Gabriel) retired from office. Shortly prior to the election at which Phy aspired to be elected sheriff, he brutally abused and maltreated a man whom he was arresting, beating him so badly that for a time it was expected the victim would die. Gabriel, as sheriff, placed Phy under arrest, taking from him his gun and knife and cancelling his appointment as deputy sheriff. Presumably this was the incident engendering in Phy a hatred of Gabriel that became an obsession—a mania—and it is reported that at the time of his arrest by Gabriel, Phy offered to fight it out with Gabriel “as men fight,” to which Gabriel laughed, remarking “Joe, this is only part of my job.” A little incident some time prior to this started the breach between friends that only ended in John Keating’s Tunnel Saloon on that mild May night in ’88. Phy was the owner of a suitcase—something new in those days, and of which Phy was inordinately proud. On a sudden trip to California Gabriel borrowed this grip without the consent of the owner, and upon his return Phy “called” Gabriel for his presumption. One word led to another and the friendship of the men was snapped.

After his arrest by Gabriel, Phy never neglected an opportunity to abuse and blackguard Gabriel, behind his back and within his hearing, with the evident intention to provoke Gabriel to make a play. Phy was ambidextrous, using either hand with equal dexterity, and was a crack pistol shot with both. He spent hours and days practicing with his six-gun, and was known as a dead shot. He was the proud owner of a very fine bowie knife, especially made for and presented to him by the well known sporting goods firm of Will and Fink. Judge Thomas related an incident to illustrate the remarkable quality of this knife. On one occasion Phy placed two new silver dollars

on the bar at Keating's saloon, and with two quick blows cut each dollar in two parts, without leaving a nick or blemish on the knife.

Gabriel knew that Phy was after him and was out to "get" him, and singular as it may appear, and fearless as he was known to be, he avoided every occasion that might lead to a conflict. The entire town of Florence knew the relations between the men, and knew that it was but a question of time before they came together. Phy boarded with Pete Brady at this time, and on one occasion, it was related by Judge Thomas, early in the evening of a day when he had been especially moody, he took his shot-gun from the corner, slipped it full of buck shot shells and started for the door. In reply to Brady's inquiry as to his object he replied: "I am going to kill that damned son-of-a-bitch, Pete Gabriel." Brady told him that if he did that he need never to return to his home, and his respect for Brady, or the sudden clearing of his mind to the danger he might encounter, prompted him to return the shot-gun to its place.

At the time of the fatal encounter Gabriel was operating a gold quartz mine, and had come to town to pay some bills, purchase supplies, and incidentally meet old friends. To resume in the words of Judge Thomas, as near as I can remember:

"Pete had been drinking all day with a bunch of the boys, and Sidney Bartelson had kept Joe advised from time to time of Pete's condition and whereabouts. Joe never drank himself, never took a drink as far as I know, and never used tobacco. I was playing whist with a couple of drummers at the hotel, half a block away, about eight o'clock in the evening, when I heard two shots, so close together as to appear as almost one. We dropped our cards and ran. When I got to Keating's saloon Pete was standing about mid-way between the door and the edge of the sidewalk, with his feet spread, arms hanging down, his gun in his right hand. Just as I got to him he began to sag and sink, slowly, like a half-filled sack of grain. I reached and took his gun from his hand, not knowing what a man in his condition might do. Phy was in the street, but a few feet away, and had raised upon one elbow as Dave Gibson approached him. I heard Dave ask the question: "Are you hurt much, Joe?" Phy replied: "Go away from me you murdering son-of-a-bitch!" and made a slash at Dave, cutting him to the bone in the leg above the knee.

"This is the story of actual facts before they became distorted and changed from many repetitions. As I said before, Pete had been drinking all day, Phy knew it and knew where he

had been. Pete told me afterwards that once he had looked out the window at the back of the saloon and had seen Phy looking in, watching him. He knew that Phy was after him, and decided to remain in the saloon, believing that the minute he stepped out the door Phy would pot him. Gabriel was standing at the bar, drinking with a friend, and was nearest the front door. Suddenly the swinging doors were kicked in and Phy appeared, with his gun in one hand and his bowie knife in the other. His first shot struck Pete in the left breast, just below the heart and going through his lung. To show Gabriel's wonderful dexterity with a gun, after Phy's first shot, and before he could shoot again, Pete had pulled and fired his gun, his first shot striking Phy in the pit of the stomach. The swinging doors by this time had swung to behind Phy and he continued firing, his second shot striking Pete low on the right side, hitting a rib which deflected it, although the rib was afterwards found to be splintered, and this wound caused him the most trouble. The third and fourth shots both hit the mark, one in the body and one through the wrist. The shock of the first shot momentarily stopped Gabriel, but he continued to advance toward Phy, firing as he advanced. A singular incident added to the uncertainty of the aim of both men. The first or second shots put out the lights in the saloon, and the subsequent shooting was in semi-darkness. As Gabriel neared the door and reached out for Phy, Joe turned, crashed through the swinging doors and pitched across the sidewalk, where he fell. When I took Pete's gun I noticed that two shots remained, and sometimes afterward I mentioned it to Pete, asking him why he stopped shooting, to which he replied that he was too weak to shoot again.

“Phy died about two o'clock the next morning, his last word being an inquiry as to whether Gabriel would live. Assurance from the doctor that Pete's hours were numbered was the solace that wafted Joe into the unknown. We had a hard time getting medical aid for Pete, as the town doctor was a particular friend of Phy's and would not attend Pete, so we had to send down to the Sacaton Agency for a doctor.

“After the fracas was over Phy's best horse was found, saddled and bridled, at the back of the corral, next door to the saloon, all ready for a quick get-away. It is my honest belief that Phy, in his insane hatred for Pete, intended, after killing him, to cut his head off. Gabriel, as you know, fully recovered and lived for many years, dying but a few years ago in his

cabin in the mountains near the old Silver King Mine where he was developing some claims.”

Such is a personal narrative by a reliable witness of an epochal affray in the days of the six-gun, when the personal differences between friends were the concern of nobody else; when the law of personal equation was balanced by a dexterous wrist, a quick eye and GUTS.

THE SAN CARLOS APACHE POLICE

(Copyright—1929, by John P. Clum)

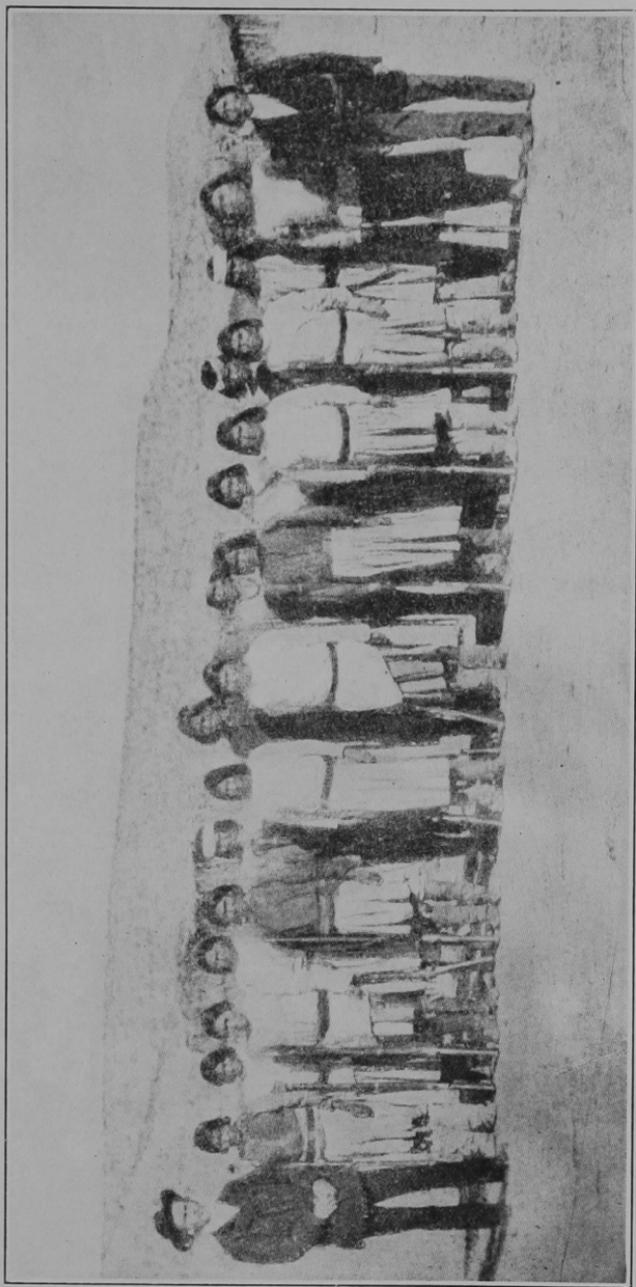
“Great oaks from little acorns grow” is a simple rustic simile, but it aptly suggests the story of the evolution of the United States Indian Police Force, for, be it remembered, that this efficient national organization had its inception at San Carlos, Arizona, and was the outgrowth of that original grand army of four Apache policemen appointed and equipped and installed and established at said agency about the middle of August, 1874.

Were the Apaches capable of self-government as early as the '70s—if given reasonable judicious direction? Were the hostiles under Geronimo and Nah-chiee finally subdued by the Apaches, themselves, in the campaigns of 1885 and 1886? In this discussion of the events of those years we are seeking the true answers to these very pertinent questions.

My first annual report to the Commissioner of Indian affairs was dated at San Carlos, August 31, 1874—just three weeks after my arrival at that agency, and yet I was able to include in that report an announcement of the fact that within that brief period I had determined upon and placed in operation the most vital feature of my administrative policy—THE SAN CARLOS APACHE POLICE FORCE. This announcement appears in the next to the last paragraph on page 297 of the commissioner's report for 1874 as follows: “I have appointed four Indians to act as police. They arrest the insubordinate, guard the prisoners and do general police duty. The result is very satisfactory, and it is my intention to employ them permanently at \$15 per month.”

This was my first official act as agent at San Carlos that attracted the attention of the Arizona public, and the comments thereon were not altogether of a flattering nature. Coming so soon and so abruptly after assuming charge of a reservation peopled with “wild” Indians, this initial action on my part gave the good citizens more or less of a shock, and the popular verdict was that the idea of the Apaches enforcing discipline among themselves was absolutely preposterous, and that the step I had taken was an unwarranted and dangerous experiment attributable to my youth and inexperience.

Nevertheless, the Apache police continued to perform their regular duties on the reservation with most gratifying results,



APACHE INDIAN POLICE

The tall man at the left is Captain Beauford, Chief of Police at San Carlos from July, 1875, until July, 1877

and in my second annual report dated at San Carlos, September 1, 1875 (my 24th birthday), I was able to include a year's record of the excellent services rendered by the police and which fully justified my confidence in the "dangerous experiment." That official record appears on pages 215 and 216 of the report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1875 as follows:

"The police force of Indians mentioned in my last report has been continued through the year and has rendered most efficient service. They have been faithful and vigilant, prompt to quell all disturbances, to arrest criminals, and to give full information regarding all cases that might come under their jurisdiction. So effective have they been in the discharge of their duties that only on special occasions has it been necessary for me or an employe to accompany them when sent to arrest a criminal.

"After the arrival of the Rio Verde Indians the number of policemen was increased to eight. On the 31st of July, after the removal of the White Mountain Indians, I increased the number to twenty-five. They were carefully chosen from the various tribes and bands, armed with needle-guns and fixed ammunition, and placed under the command of Mr. Clay Beauford, who has been guide and scout in this country for several years.

"Such is the latest organization of the San Carlos Police Force. The duties of this force are to patrol the Indian camps, to quell disturbances, to arrest offenders, to report any signs of disorder or mutiny, to scour the entire reservation and arrest Indians who are absent from the agency without a pass, and also to arrest whites who trespass contrary to the rules of the reservation. My intention is to mount the police as soon as possible, as a mounted force is far more effective, while the extra expense is but a trifle.

"I WISH TO STATE FURTHER THAT THE POLICE FORCE HAS ENTIRELY SUPERSEDED THE NECESSITY OF A MILITARY FORCE. I HAVE NEVER YET FOUND IT NECESSARY TO ASK FOR A SINGLE SOLDIER TO ACT AS ESCORT, GUARD, OR TO DO ANY POLICE DUTY."

Assuredly, the Apache Police "experiment" had not resulted as disastrously as some had so gleefully predicted. And it is important to remember that the San Carlos reservation in-

cluded an area nearly as large as that of the state of Connecticut, having a length of 95 miles in a north and south line, and of 70 miles in an east and west line. From this it will be seen that the size of the police force was vastly out of proportion when compared with the size of the reservation.

Another thing. When I appointed the original force of four policemen there were only about 800 Indians connected with the San Carlos agency. Within the next year 1400 Indians were added from the Rio Verde agency, and 1800 Coyotereros from the Camp Apache agency,—while approximately 200 Indians had been gathered in from the adjacent mountains. Thus it will appear that the jurisdiction and responsibilities of the San Carlos Apache Police Force were extended within the year from the original number of 800 to a grand total of about 4200 Indians.

Particular attention is also invited to the fact that the disarming and pacifying of the Rio Verde Indians and the removal of the Coyotereros to the Gila valley presented some unusual and most serious problems of discipline and control, and yet the reservation police proved equal to every emergency. In fact, in my judgment, they so fully demonstrated their efficiency and dependability that, at my request, **ALL TROOPS WERE REMOVED FROM THE RESERVATION IN OCTOBER, 1875.**

This, doubtless, was a bold move, and there were not a few who condemned the step as foolhardy, and predicted an early "outbreak" in which I would be "numbered with the slain." Even the department commander registered his verbal disapproval and prophesied calamity.

And the Fates decreed that my "Apache self-government plan" should be given an acid test within two months after the departure of the troops. One quiet afternoon, without the slightest warning, we found ourselves in the midst of the frenzied tumult of a bold and desperate "solo outbreak" in which my untimely taking off had been plotted, and which might have resulted in serious "calamity" **had it not been for the splendid loyalty and prompt and effective action of the San Carlos Apache Police.** On December 22, 1875, Dis-a-lin, a young chief, ran amuck at the agency with the deadly purpose of killing the agent, the chief clerk and the chief of police, but this would-be-assassin was promptly **shot to death** by the agency police— **who did not wait for orders to act.** (This thrilling episode was published in the April number of the **Arizona Historical Review.**)

At this point it may be advantageous to quote the fourth paragraph from my annual report for 1875 as follows:

“The public has not forgotten the unenviable reputation the San Carlos Apaches sustained at the time I took charge in August, 1874. The Indians then here were looked upon as treacherous and incorrigible, a tribe to be watched and feared but not to be controlled except by the bullet. Whether they deserved this record or not does not demand discussion here. I have only to say that if they did, their general nature must have undergone a mighty revolution about the time I assumed control. I can state with fairness and justice that I have never found a more obedient, law-abiding people than these San Carlos Apaches; and as this report progresses you will see wherein these Indians have redeemed the past and exonerated themselves from the charges of hostility and unfaithfulness.”

And now we may quote from my third annual report, which (after another year's experience) was submitted in October, 1876, as follows:

“The Indian police system is my great hobby in the management of (so-called) wild Indians, and my police have really done more this year than I had expected of them or claimed for them. On the 9th of October (1875) General Kautz, at my request, ordered all the troops away from San Carlos, and the abandonment of that camp. This was something I had long desired. . . . The troops at San Carlos left on the 27th of October, 1875, under the command of Lieutenant Carter, Sixth Cavalry United States Army. We had now no other defense than our Indian police, and I will mention a few of their exploits, which will sufficiently prove their faithfulness and efficiency.

“On October 24th (1875) I received information that a number of Yuma Indians had left for the Pima villages. I immediately despatched Mr. Beauford with a small police force in pursuit of the truants. Mr. Beauford returned on the morning of the 27th, bringing with him twenty-seven prisoners who were furnished with lodgings in the guard-house. I may mention here, as a significant coincidence, that as Mr. Beauford came into the agency with these prisoners, Lieuten-

ant Carter moved out with the troops, leaving us unprotected.

“On December 22, (1875), a very prominent chief named Dis-a-lin, became enraged and fired two shots at Mr. Sweeney, one at Mr. Beauford and one at an Indian. In less than two minutes the Indian police had put a dozen bullets through Dis-a-lin, and he was correspondingly quiet.

“On the 26th of February, 1876, I issued the following order:

“CLAY BEAUFORD,

“In charge of Indian Police, San Carlos, A. T.

“Sir: It having been reported that there are some renegade Indians prowling about the western border of this reservation, you are directed to take fifteen Indian police and ascertain the truth of these reports by a scout in that direction. Should you find the renegade Indians you are directed to use your own judgment as to an attack with a view to capture their camp. Should your force be too small to effect the capture of these renegades, you will report the facts in the case to me without delay, or should you be near a military post, report the circumstances to the commanding officer, asking his assistance.

“JOHN P. CLUM,
“United States Indian Agent.”

“This scout was gone from the agency seventeen days. They killed sixteen renegades, and brought in twenty-one women and children as prisoners.

“On the 8th of June, 1876, (as I have already reported) a detachment of twenty police brought in to me Pi-on-se-nay and thirty-eight others.

“I could mention other instances of most valuable services performed by the police, but I think enough has been said to secure for them general commendation, insigna of office—and plumed hats. The very purpose of an army is to devastate and destroy; hence in times of peace they should be far removed.”

PROHIBITION ENFORCEMENT was one of the most important duties the police were called upon to perform. It should have been apparent to the most simple-minded that dis-

cipline could not be maintained among these Indians as long as they were unrestrained in the matter of the manufacture and use of intoxicating drink. This conviction was indicated in the following excerpt from my first annual report (Aug. 31, 1874.) :

“When drunken renegades of any tribe are permitted, in the presence of two companies of cavalry, to defy both civil and military authorities, we may look for even worse results than have developed by the experiment at San Carlos. I concur with many in the opinion that, had there been a firm and just administration inaugurated and executed at this agency since the spring of 1873, the murder of Lieutenant Almy and the outbreak of January last would never have left their gory stains on the records of the San Carlos Apaches.”

In the story of Es-kim-in-zin I have included an account of a midnight raid on a camp of “Apache Moonshiners” executed by the original BIG FOUR policemen under my personal direction about a month after assuming charge of the reservation. This narrative indicates the importance given to the matter of PROHIBITION ENFORCEMENT at that time. In my second annual report (Sept. 1, 1875.) this subject is commented upon as follows:

“The manufacture and use of “tis-win” has ever been the curse and bane of these Indians. It has led them into much trouble which in their sober moments they could easily have avoided. It was the cause of most of the trouble and the frequent murders reported among the White Mountain Indians during the last winter. Whenever Indians are allowed to use intoxicating liquor disorder and death are the sure consequences. To prevent these were among my earliest cares at San Carlos. It was accounted a most difficult task, but care, vigilance, and swift judgment soon precluded the necessity of punishment, and drunkenness or acts of insubordination and disorder were of rare occurrence, and my Indians were controlled with much more ease and safety than they otherwise would have been. **In this little temperance crusade the Indian police acted a most able and worthy part.**”

The fact that our campaign of prohibition enforcement away back in the '70's resulted in a practically “dry” reservation is a wonderful boost for the efficiency of the San Carlos Apache Police—particularly in view of the difficulties Uncle

Sam is experiencing in his efforts to persuade his present day "wild Indians" to respect the inhibitions of the Eighteenth Amendment.

In the story of Geronimo I have fully outlined the distinguished services rendered by the San Carlos Apache Police in connection with the removal of the Chiricahuas—which included the arrest of Pi-on-se-nay and members of his band; also as territorial militia under the command of Captain Beauford, and in the campaign into New Mexico which resulted in the arrest of Geronimo and a number of other outlaws and the removal of the Warm Springs Apaches to San Carlos.

The foregoing is a resume of the "high spots" in the splendid record established by the San Carlos Apache Police while under my personal official direction as agent of the San Carlos Reservation.

When my own department at Washington created conditions that made my official position at San Carlos untenable, I resigned—but, at the same time, I submitted a counter proposition which was set forth briefly in the following telegram:

"Tucson, Arizona, June 9, 1877.

"To the Commissioner of Indian Affairs,
"Washington, D. C.

"If your department will increase my salary sufficiently and equip two companies of Indian police for me, I will volunteer to take care of all Apaches in Arizona, and the troops can be removed.

JOHN P. CLUM,
U. S. Indian Agent."

That was a startling proposition and it caused "the natives to sit up and take notice". **The plan did not meet with spontaneous popular approval.** In fact, I was opposed by practically everyone—excepting THE APACHES, although none denied that I would, doubtless, make good if given the opportunity. The military pretended to regard my proposal as merely a bombastic gesture flaunted for their special delectation. A leading merchant at Tucson held up his hands in amazement as he said to me, "Why, Clum, if you take the military contracts away from Arizona there would be nothing left worth staying for," and I was unkind enough to reply, "Well, if that is true the sooner we find it out the better for all concerned." However, the merchant represented the prevailing civilian sentiment. My own very superior officers at Washington had been pleading with me to remain at San Carlos, but my bid for supreme con-

trol evidently struck them dumb. And as to the press,—well, my friends **held their breath** the while they withheld definite comment. But I had some **jovial publicity agents** at the north who did not hesitate or delay to speak out boldly. One of them, for example, was the editor of the "Miner," published at Prescott, at that time headquarters for the Department of Arizona. He could not "hold his breath" for the reason that, in his excitement, it was involuntarily escaping from him in very short pants—a sort of "rough breathing" (familiar to the Ancient Greeks), that ultimately registered itself in the following editorial classic which appeared in the issue of the Miner of June 15, 1877, to-wit,—

"Clum wants the soldiers withdrawn from the Territory, and proposes to do the work of the whole army with two companies of Indian scouts. The following is the beggar's telegram:" (Here my telegram of June 9th is quoted and the editorial comment proceeds). "What Clum would not do for the purpose of ousting General Kautz is not worth mentioning. The brass and impudence of this young bombast is perfectly ridiculous. What does the guarantee of Clum amount to? Were the Indians to break out and steal all the stock in Arizona, the sufferers would be unable to collect the price of a **sore-back burro** from Clum. He has made money and has been **smart enough** to send it out of Arizona. How could he be responsible?"

Great stuff!!—and all FREE. But later when the Apaches, **while under supreme military control**, broke out and stole stock and murdered citizens in Arizona, we might ask if the Miner ever collected one penny's worth of damages from the War Department, or from any of its representatives in the Arizona field? The Miner DID NOT. Therefore, **at least that much** could have been recovered from me **on demand**. But that was not the point. The Miner's effusion assayed 50-50 froth and chaff. The vital question was as to whether my proposition was made in **good faith**, and, if so, would I be able to carry it out successfully? To this question I would have replied **emphatically in the affirmative**. Why? During the previous three years there had been no "outbreak" among the large number of Apaches under my control. No raiding parties had been traced from or to my reservation, although my police, the citizens and the military scouting parties were **constantly on the alert for any evidence** of this character—**particularly the military**. My direction of the affairs of these Indians had involved unusual conditions and responsibilities, and yet, through the medium of the San Carlos Apache Police, my administration had established and main-

tained peace and order and discipline within the limits of the reservation, and a feeling of confidence and security throughout the Territory. Furthermore, I had led the police in successful campaigns, not only to other reservations, but into an adjoining territory, and during these campaigns had arrested desperate renegades who had succeeded in evading previous pursuit by the troops—notably the capture of Pi-on-se-nay and Geronimo. And my assertion that the 5000 Apaches on the San Carlos reservation were orderly and peaceable when I retired from the reservation in July, 1877, is amply supported by the annual report of the Secretary of War dated November 9, 1877. On page 15 Secretary McCrery said: "With the surrender of Joseph ended Indian hostilities for the present, and let us hope, for the future as well." Obviously the highest military authorities felt that the general conditions which had prevailed among the Apaches under my jurisdiction—supplemented by the capture of Geronimo by the San Carlos Police—justified the hope that the orderly conduct and friendly attitude of these Indians would endure.

I had directed the consolidation of all the Apaches of Arizona, and those from Ojo Caliente, New Mexico, on the San Carlos Reservation. I knew all of the leaders of the 5000 Indians then concentrated on that reservation, and I knew absolutely all that had been said and done in connection with the several removals because I had been "the party of the first part" in the several discussions that preceded those removals—excepting in the case of the Rio Verde Indians. In the language of the current period, I knew my Indians, and my judgment as to my ability to "take care of all Apaches in Arizona" was based upon those three previous years of personal contact and association with the San Carlos Apache Police under various conditions which had thoroughly tested and proved their loyalty and efficiency.

Furthermore—instead of aiding me in my efforts to maintain order on the reservation and peace in the territory, the attitude of the military influence in Arizona had been persistently unfriendly—when not openly hostile to my administration, and, assuredly, I felt that the job of managing the Apaches would be greatly simplified if that disturbing influence could be removed from the territory. It was in view of this experience that I believed I was justified in making my plea for supreme control to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and if my proposition had been accepted and I had been allowed two additional companies of Apache Police I would have tackled the job with

confidence. **As long as the Apaches were with me I was unafraid, and as I review my personal experience and subsequent developments affecting the control of these Indians, I am now fully convinced that I would have succeeded.**

And now what are some of those "subsequent developments?" In the first place we may introduce another quotation from the military record. In his report for 1878 the Secretary of War said: **"I remain of the opinion that permanent peace in the Indian country can only be maintained by the exhibition of force sufficient to overawe and keep in subjection the more warlike and dangerous of the savages. We should confront them with such military force as will teach them the futility of an attempt to resist the power of the United States."**

At the same time General McDowell, under date of October 24, 1878,—pages 110 and 111 of the report of the General of the Army—in referring to the campaign against Chief Joseph and his band of Nez Percés, said: **"Notwithstanding the apprehension of danger caused by the taking away (temporarily) of a large portion of the troops for service in the hostilities at the north, comparative quiet has been the rule in Arizona."**

And why not? No troops had been on the San Carlos reservation for three years, and the great mass of the Apaches then on that reservation did not know where the troops were—or how many there were,—and they didn't care as long as they were not at San Carlos.

Mr. H. L. Hart succeeded me as agent at San Carlos, and in his annual report for 1878 he said:

"About 400 Indians (men) are employed in the Globe and McMillan mining camps and on the ranches bringing in hay, wood, herding cattle, making adobes, etc., thereby they manage to clothe and help support themselves and their families, and among this number—the personnel of which is perpetually changing—there has not been a single case of theft, or other depredations against settlers committed, a showing unequalled in any community of equal numbers."

"The agency Indian Police, established in 1875 (should be 1874), is the greatest executive assistance an agent could possibly have. Through the activity and zeal displayed by the Indian Police in arresting all offenders against discipline, I am able to report that not a single case of murder or homicide has occurred

among these Indians, or any crimes committed against settlers since I have been their agent."

"During the past year through its (the police force) influence, the making of all intoxicating liquors has been stopped and the parties implicated arrested."

This splendid report, in the matter of orderly and upright living, would do credit to any of our present-day overcivilized communities with a population of 5000. I never met Agent Hart, but I know that he took over a big job when he assumed charge of the San Carlos Reservation. He was a stranger to the country, to the conditions on the reservation, and to the Indians. It was a serious hazard to place an untried man in such an important position. If the Apaches had been inclined to disorder and hostilities they would have taken advantage of the uncertainties of the situation incident to this change of agents, but, on the contrary, the system of near-self-government that had been in operation among these Indians for over three years continued to function and discipline continued to be enforced by the San Carlos Apache Police. Orderly living had become a habit among the great mass of the Apaches, and they evidenced a sincere desire to "carry on" along the lines of progress and uplift.

And now, in chronological order, we may introduce the enthusiastic and unqualified endorsement of a natural soldier and born leader. One who possessed the military mentality, the military instinct and the military judgment. One who enlisted as a private soldier in 1861, and who closed his military career holding the special honor rank of LIEUTENANT GENERAL at the head of the American army—Adna R. Chaffee.

Captain Chaffee relieved Agent Hart about the middle of July, 1879, and served as Acting Agent of the San Carlos reservation until June 1, 1880. In his annual report to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1879 Captain Chaffee said:

"The police force, as now organized, consists of one captain, one lieutenant, seven sergeants and thirty-one privates. The men are very attentive to their duties, trustworthy and obedient. The slightest violation of order that comes within their knowledge is invariably reported; they are ever on the alert. The agent can exert his authority, through them, in any part of the reservation and feel assured that his orders will be strictly enforced. They know neither family nor friend in the discharge of their duty."

This unqualified endorsement of the San Carlos Apache Police Force by a competent military officer is most gratifying to me, and demonstrates the fact that, at least two years after my retirement as agent, this force still commanded the full confidence of the official in charge of the agency and was rendering a loyal, efficient and satisfactory service in the matter of enforcing order and discipline throughout the reservation. It is likewise an eloquent approval of all I have said in favor of the reservation police. It also commends my action in having the troops removed in 1875, for notwithstanding the fact that his regiment was stationed in Arizona, Captain Chaffee **did not find any need for troops for service within the reservation in 1879.** And I am confident that, if at that time, the government had furnished Captain Chaffee with two additional companies of police for scouting purposes outside of the reservation, he could have taken care of all the Apaches in Arizona and the troops could have been withdrawn from the Territory. If that had been done the campaign against Geronimo never would have materialized. Captain Chaffee rose from the ranks.

It must be remembered that at this time Captain Chaffee had upwards of 5000 Apaches under his direction and care, and in his annual report he said: **“The Indians are quiet and orderly for a people uncivilized, and are very obedient to agency rules and instructions given by their agent.”**

Mr. J. C. Tiffany succeeded Captain Chaffee and took charge as agent at San Carlos on June 1, 1880. In his annual report for that year he said: **“The behavior of the Indians is orderly and quiet. The police force are a valuable organization. They know no friends in the performance of duty, and are on the alert—always ready cheerfully to go to the remote parts of the reservation, and to accomplish that for which they are sent.”**

This official record of the general conduct of the Apaches during the four years subsequent to my retirement as agent is most satisfactory—**notwithstanding the detrimental results of an alternating civil and military rule and the varying “policies” of three different agents,—two of whom had no previous experience in the management and control of Indians.**

In these circumstances and in view of the fact that the Apaches and I got along fairly well throughout my administration, I do not feel that I am boasting when I say that the **“general conduct”** of these Indians—as certified to by **my three successors**—would, doubtless, have been fully as satisfactory if I had continued in charge of the reservation until 1880, and,

in the meantime, if the government had given me two companies of Apache police for scouting duty outside of the reservation it seems reasonable to conclude that we would have succeeded in apprehending the few renegades then at large—thus leaving the troops stationed in Arizona absolutely without an occupation. In plain English, as I review the situation I am confident that the proposition I telegraphed to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs from Tucson on June 9, 1877, **was the only logical solution of the Apache problem at that time.**

Another thing. If, in June, 1877, the very important duty of maintaining order and discipline on the reservation and peace within the Territory had been assigned to the San Carlos Apache Police and myself, our first stride in this regime of supreme control **would have beaten the army by about nine years in at least one vital feature**—for, be it remembered—that, **already, WE HAD GERONIMO LICKED.**

At that very time this ruthless renegade and multi-murderer was our prisoner, securely confined in the agency guard-house at San Carlos in **irons**, and carefully guarded by Apache police. **We knew why he was there**, and we knew the amount of effort and anxiety and vigilance—as well as money—it has cost to place him there. We had been ordered to apprehend this notorious criminal and to **hold him “in confinement for murder and robbery.”** In the execution of these orders we had made the long and tedious trek from San Carlos to Ojo Caliente and return. **When this Apache outlaw was captured no promises had been made either by him or to him.** There was, therefore, nothing to hinder or embarrass a prompt and vigorous prosecution of the culprit. Our determination to prosecute Geronimo was quickened by the experiences of a year previous, when we had arrested the murderer Pi-on-se-nay, but were denied an opportunity to prosecute him because of his escape from the custody of the deputies sheriff of Pima County.

It was, therefore, now our firm determination to deliver our captured Apache desperado speedily and securely into the county prison at Tucson, and then to cooperate whole-heartedly in the matter of presenting to the Federal court competent evidence of his guilt, with the confident expectation of obtaining a legal and just judgment against Geronimo, as a wholesome warning to all Apaches, and the further devoutly wished-for end that the blood-red trails he had followed for so many years should know him no more—**FOREVER.**

Before discussing the disastrous events of 1881, when the troops were once more called upon to perform police duty within the reservation, **and the seven years of peace thus stupidly broken**, I desire to impress the fact—heretofore briefly referred to—that the distinguished services rendered by the San Carlos Apache Police Force during 1874, 1875, 1876 and 1877, furnished the model and inspiration for the national system provided for by the Act of Congress approved May 27, 1878, authorizing the **UNITED STATES INDIAN POLICE FORCE**.

In urging the installation of this national Indian police service upon all of the large reservations in the country, Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs E. M. Marble, in his annual report for 1880, said: "In Arizona, the San Carlos Police for **six years past** have rendered invaluable service as scouts and guards."

In his annual report for 1882, Commissioner of Indian Affairs H. Price said: "The organization of a United States Indian Police Force is no longer an experiment. The system is now in operation at 40 agencies; the total force employed being 84 commissioned officers, and 764 non-commissioned officers and privates."

These records establish the exceedingly interesting fact that from the very humble beginning of four Apache policemen assigned to duty at San Carlos in August, 1874, there was developed the **UNITED STATES INDIAN POLICE FORCE** system, which at once proved both popular and efficient wherever installed, and which grew to a grand total of 848 members, and was in operation at 40 agencies in various parts of the United States **within eight years from the date when the original BIG FOUR were initiated at San Carlos**—in the heart of the (then) remote waste places of the Territory of Arizona.

(To be continued)

THE GERONIMO CAMPAIGN

(By H. W. DALY, Chief Packer, Q. M. Dept. U. S. Army)

In giving a narrative of the principal events of this memorable campaign, it may be well to remember that they are given as a dry statement of facts coming under my personal observation as packmaster in charge of the pack trains with Capt. Emmet Crawford's command, and later with that of Capt. H. W. Lawton (afterwards Gen. Lawton), the operations being under the directions of the department commander, Gen. George Crook, and his successor, Gen. Miles.

Late in May, 1885, it was reported at Whipple Barracks, Prescott, Arizona, that Geronimo, with about 150 of his band, had broken out from the Fort Apache Reservation and started for the Sierra Madre Mountains in Old Mexico, and that Lieut. Britton Davis, Third Cavalry, under whose control the Chiricahuas were, was in pursuit with a company of Indian scouts, having with him Chief Chatto as First Sergeant of Scouts. On May 29, I received orders to pull out for Ash Fork with my pack train, and to proceed thence to Deming, New Mexico, by train, and there report my arrival by telegraph to Gen. Crook, then at Fort Bayard. On June 1, I received orders to await the arrival of Capt. Crawford, and to report to him.

He arrived on the evening of June 6, and I met him at the train. On his invitation I went with him to the Railway Hotel, where we had a full conference as to the situation. I had known Capt. Crawford for years on numerous Indian campaigns, and as he knew that I was personally acquainted with Geronimo and other chiefs of his tribe, many of whom had served as scouts in New Mexico and Arizona, it is but natural that he should have taken me into his confidence.

We discussed the probable duration of this expedition; the personnel of the scouts; the reliability of Chatto, and, knowing the extreme caution of these renegades, their natural selection of terrain to avoid surprise, and their mode and rapidity of travel, either on foot or mounted, we also discussed freely a plan for scouting both flanks of the Sierra Madre Mountains and for guarding all waters along the line. Capt. Crawford stated that Gen. Crook would have sufficient troops to guard every water hole on the line, and a small number of scouts with every troop to "sign ride" the country between waters, and that a second

line of troops would be stationed along the railroad, as water might be available.

It was thought that this disposition would afford ample protection to the settlers within a radius of 100 miles from Guadalupe, should hostiles attempt to reenter Arizona or New Mexico, and that the troops, with the aid of the scouts, would give them a warm reception. It was considered that it would be best to exercise the greatest vigilance in the vicinity of Guadalupe Pass, inasmuch as it lay in the direct line of travel from the Sierra Madre Mountains to the Apache reservation.

Capt. Crawford said that Lieut. Elliott and Al. Sieber, with a company of Indian scouts and pack train, would join him on the next day, and that his movements would depend upon what news they brought of having cut any signs of the hostiles; also that Capt. Kendall and Lieut. Hannah, with a troop of the Sixth Cavalry, then at Deming, would form a part of his command.

On the morning of June 8, Lieut. Elliott and scouts having reported, we proceeded by special train to Separ, a station on the Southern Pacific, due west from Deming. On reaching Separ, Capt. Crawford learned of the whereabouts of Lieut. Britton Davis and his scouts, and we detrained and pulled out for Skeleton Canon, due south of Separ, where we went into camp to await the arrival of Lieut. Davis. He arrived the following day, with sixty scouts and a pack train.

On the morning of June 11, the command broke camp and traveled in a southeast direction, passing by Black Springs, Fronteras and the hamlets of Bavispe, Basaraca, Guachinera, and thence in a westerly direction to the Oyata Mountains, and about three miles west of the village of that name, reaching this point June 21. Here it was learned that the hostiles had rounded up and killed a few beef cattle, and headed north for the Sierra Madre Mountains. The following morning we moved about two miles east of the Oyata, and camped near where the hostiles had killed the cattle.

From the report brought in by the scouts, it was learned that the hostiles were in camp in the foothills of the Sierra Madre, not far from our camp. That night Capt. Crawford sent Lieut. Davis, Lieut. Elliott, Al. Sieber and fifty scouts, with Chief Chatto as first sergeant, to locate their camp, attack them and destroy their camp, and, if possible, to cause them to surrender. Next day, June 23, a runner came in with the information that one of the hostiles had been killed, one or more wound-

ed, and fifteen captured, without any casualties among our men.

Lieut. Davis returned that afternoon with his command and brought in the fifteen prisoners, composed of women, boys and girls of all ages. Old Chief Nana, of the Warm Spring Apaches was among the number. This old rascal was the war chief of Victoria's band that made life a burden to the people of New Mexico for the three years 1879-80-81, and led the troops of the Fourth and Ninth Cavalry in many a long and weary chase. With the exception of himself and twenty-five warriors who were absent on a raid, the remainder of Victoria's band were massacred in the Tres Castios Mountains, Chihuahua, Mexico, by Gen. Terassas with two troops of irregulars and some Tarahumari Indian scouts. By the way, it was these same troops that killed Capt. Crawford in 1886, to which reference is made in this article.

On June 24 Lieut. Hannah with a part of Troop "A" was sent to Fort Bowie with the prisoners, and with him was sent a scout named "Dutchy," a most incorrigible and vicious scoundrel, who had made the night hideous in camp by his over-indulgence in mescal, obtained in the village of Oputo the day before. "Dutchy" was ordered to be confined in the guard-house at Fort Bowie on arrival there. That afternoon was spent in rearranging cargoes to be carried by the two pack trains, giving an average of 300 pounds to the pack mule. On the morning of the 25th the command moved in a southeasterly direction, and by easy marches, until the hamlet of Nacori was reached, and thence fourteen miles south of that village, where a permanent camp was established on a little tributary to the Jarras River, where there was an abundance of wood, water and succulent grasses for the animals.

Captain Crawford having realized that it would be utterly impossible to overtake the Indians by following their trail, and that it was their policy to encourage pursuit and thereby wear out our stock, determined to remain quiet and to send the pack trains back to Lang's Ranch, New Mexico, for supplies. He directed me to bring back all the supplies and ammunition possible, and if practicable to get another pack train and thereby return with about three months' supply for the command.

So far I have not attempted to give a narrative of each day's travel, the terrain and distance traveled, and it is sufficient to note that our scouting was along the southern flank of the Sierra Madre Mountains, which were cut up by seemingly impassable ravines and hills covered with pine, fir, oak, moun-

tain mahogany, scrubby cork trees, giant cacti, and of thorny undergrowth. The small tributaries of the Jarras River rushed madly down between boulders of immense size, making fording them a perilous undertaking. Game was plentiful, there being an abundance of small white deer, black and brown bear, and wild turkeys, with which the scouts kept our camp supplied.

On the route to Lang's Ranch we passed through the villages of Guachinera, Basaraca and Bavispe, thence in a northerly direction across the Bavispe Range and the Janos Plains towards Loco Pass in the San Louis Range. We passed by the Sierra Medio, the scene of the Tupper and Rafferty fight in 1881. Three miles north of the pass is Lang's Ranch, where we found Lieut. James S. Petit in command of the supply camp, and one troop of the Fourth Cavalry, under Capt. Budd. Lieut. Huse in command of Troop "C," Fourth Cavalry, with another pack train arrived soon after, he (Lieut. Huse), being under orders to relieve Capt. Kendall's troop, which was to take station at Alamo Waco, New Mexico.

The three pack trains were loaded with the necessary supplies, and under command of Lieut. Huse the return trip o Crawford's camp was made in ten days. On the following day Lieut. Davis and myself were ordered to select twenty of the best pack mules from the pack train that had joined us at Lang's Ranch—Carlisle's pack train—and two of his packers, and the remainder was ordered back to Fort Bowie. The supplies were divided between the two remaining pack trains—Daly's and Hay's—making a cargo of over 300 pounds to the pack mule.

On August 2 the command broke camp and traveled in a northeasterly direction, which led us into the steep spurs of the Sierra Madre Mountains, which towered above us grand and gloomy, hidden at times by fleecy clouds, truly well chosen as a suitable home for the fleet and vindictive Chiricahua Apaches. After five days of continuous climbing over rugged spurs, a runner came in with the report that five of the hostiles had been killed by the scouts of Lieut M. W. Day's company, and that some women and children had been captured. These scouts were a portion of Maj. Wirt Davis' command that had been operating on the northern flank of the mountains and had crossed the divide and come in touch with our party.

Later in the evening of that day, Chief Chatto and Al Sieber returned and reported that the hostiles had been caught by surprise by Lieut. Davis' scouts, and many were forced to jump over a steep bluff in order to escape being captured. Had

this happened a day later the scouts of both commands would have caught the hostiles in a trap of their own choosing.

This occurrence scattered the hostiles, a part taking down the divide in a northwesterly direction, and the main party taking across the divide in an easterly direction.

Crawford decided to follow this latter party, but realizing that the condition of the troop horses was such that they could not stand the rough climbing, he concluded to send them back to the line, and on the next morning Lieut. Huse started back with them for Lang's Ranch, taking ten pack mules and two packers to transport their supplies.

On the afternoon of August 8 we pulled out from camp and picked up the hostile trail. On the third day, on reaching the crest of what we assumed to be the summit of the Sierra Madre Mountains, we bivouacked at a camp made by the hostiles two days before. The remains of some slaughtered ponies found here testified that they were not only short of meat, but also that their animals were playing out. From here Capt. Crawford sent out an advance scouting party under Lieut. Britton Davis and Al Seiber, with three days' rations, in hopes that they might overtake the hostiles.

Toward sundown heavy clouds, laden with moisture, hung on the summit, and as they sank down the steep sides of the mountain, vivid flashes of lightning shot downward, revealing the cavernous depths along the flanks.

As we were encamped on a hog-back the water flowed on either side, north and south; on the northern side a precipice of unknown depth would reveal itself as the lightning shot down into space. The frightened animals huddled together as if for protection, and the hair of their tails stood out straight as if supported. On the southern side mountains, or what appeared as such when traveling in the lowlands, now looked like hillocks in the distance, and stretched as far as the eye could reach—a magnificent panorama, never to be forgotten.

On the 12th the scouts returned and reported the trail of the hostiles as having scattered. Crawford then decided to send a stronger force, with fifteen pack mules, and with instructions to hang to the trail at all costs, and to force a fight or surrender. They were to keep him informed of conditions, and he would keep in as close touch as possible. The hostiles were evidently hard pressed, as they were dropping their ponies on each day's travel. The trail also showed that there were not more than five or six ponies with the renegades. The scouts reported that they

were climbing the steepest portion of the Sierra Madres, and that many pack mules would be killed in the climb after them. Crawford asked me what I thought about it, and I replied that I had no fears on that score, knowing that every mule in the train was as sure footed as a chamois, and as careful with the load on its back as a mother with a child in her arms. Every mule was a pet with the packers, and each knew its name when spoken to in a voice of caution or word of encouragement, as well as a human being in a similar position would understand it. I may add the mule evidenced approaching danger quicker than a man would, and knew instinctively how to avoid it.

On the afternoon of the 13th Lieut. Davis, Al Sieber and fifty scouts, with Chief Chatto, started, taking with them fifteen pack mules and three packers. Knowing Sieber to be as true as steel when on a trail of a hostile, I cautioned him as they pulled out: "Don't forget that Chatto is with you, if it comes to a fight, or trying to surprise the hostiles." They left camp in a drizzling rain, and it kept up for the next five days, until every blanket and piece of canvas was water-soaked.

Climbing up one side and down the other of a series of broken ridges that seemed to be without end, and with an occasional bog, waist or belly deep, that tried the mettle of both men and animals. On the 18th the sun rose bright and clear, and with it the spirits of everybody.

Capt. Crawford expressed uneasiness in not hearing from Lieut. Davis, and decided to send Lieut. Elliott, with twenty-five scouts, ten pack mules and three packers, to endeavor to overtake him and be guided by circumstances, but, in any event, to send a runner back with the first information obtainable. By noon the following day the heart of the Sierra Madres had been crossed, and the downward trend of the broken range was noticeable. On the 21st the headwaters of the Casa Grande was reached, and the valley could be seen spreading out in the distance, bright and green. The sight of the green valley, with numerous beef cattle roaming at will, gladdened the hearts of man and beast.

On the 22nd the valley of the Casa Grande was reached, and the Sierra Madre Mountains had been crossed by mounted men and pack animals, a feat considered impossible by the Mexicans on either side of the divide.

The pack-mules appreciated the fact, as they sailed in cropping big juicy mouthfuls of succulent wild timothy and white grama grasses. The animals had been subsisting on pine grass

for the past fourteen days, and this being utterly devoid of sustenance, they had fallen off in flesh very considerably.

On August 24 we entered the hamlet of Casas Grandes and learned that Lieut. Elliott, scouts and packers, had been captured and put in prison or guard-house by the Mexican forces (irregulars!) and that Lieut. Davis and his party had crossed the river about a mile above the town, on the trail of the hostiles and were in pursuit of them.

As I had the care of the scouts with Crawford, in the absence of both the lieutenants and Al Sieber, the captain, on entering the plaza, and before riding up to the commandant's house, instructed me to keep a sharp lookout in case of treachery. As the captain entered the house, every packer had his gun across the saddle in front of him, the mules being rounded up and held there by the scouts, and every street leading into the plaza was watched for an indication of trouble. I dismounted and stood in the doorway.

Possibly this may seem as an act of bravado, but I had occasion to remember that Lieut. McDonald, of the Fourth Cavalry, and his company of Indian scouts and pack-train had been made prisoners in the little hamlet of Ascension in 1881. The "alcalde," or mayor, had received him and party most royally, and gave a dance in honor of the occasion of his friendly visit. During the evening, and before the dance opened, a courier was sent post haste to notify the commanding officer at the town of Janos that a hundred Americans had entered the town armed to the teeth, and make all haste possible in coming to their rescue. The scouts were placed in a corral enclosed by a strong adobe wall, and the lieutenant was given a room in the mayor's house. In the early grey of the morn the corral and packers were surrounded by Mexican cavalry, and the lieutenant placed under arrest. The whole party was marched to Janos under guard, and kept prisoners for two weeks, and fed on parched corn, until Gen. McKenzie effected their release. It was well that they turned them loose as they did, as two troops of the Fourth Cavalry were starting out from old Fort Cummings, N. M., to open negotiations in force.

In the meantime I noticed the captain rising from his seat, and the mayor all bows and smiles. The lieutenant, in brass buttons on his short coat and down the legs of his trousers, stepped forward and saluted, and the order was given for the release of Lieut. Elliott and his party. In fifteen minutes up they marched, as sorry looking an outfit as I ever saw, barring Lieut.

McDonald, and in a few minutes more the pack-mules were led up, about as sorry looking objects as the men. The firearms of the scouts and packers were restored to them. Everything being in readiness, we rode out of town and bivouacked on the Casa Grande, about five miles west of the hamlet.

The following day Capt. Crawford struck out in a direct line for the boundary, going into camp three days later, close to the scene of the "Garcia" fight, on the western edge of the Janos plain, and sent despatches to Gen. Crook, then at Ft. Bowie, Arizona.

In the first days of September the captain sent Hay's pack-train to Ft. Bowie to recuperate. This pack-train was afterwards divided into sections and apportioned among the troops on the line. About the middle of September, Crawford sent me to Ft. Bowie for a similar purpose, and on arrival at Bowie I was ordered to the southern flank of the Chiricahua Mountains, about twenty miles east of Bowie, with instructions to turn over ten pack-mules and two packers to Capt. Carpenter, stationed at Galeyville. His camp was situated in a little park, with an outlet through a box canon on its northern side, through which could be seen the San Simon Flat and the Stein's Pass Range in the distance.

On the night of my arrival a courier, Navajo Bill, arrived in camp with dispatches from Gen. Crook to Capt. Carpenter, with the information that the hostiles were reported coming down the Stein Pass Range, and with orders for him to cut across the valley and endeavor to intercept them. Everything was in readiness by 3 a. m., and the two troops pulled out through the box canon. On the following morning Navajo Bill and I struck out on the back trail for Ft. Bowie. On the western edge of the little park it narrowed toward a dry ravine, up which the trail went to the top of the divide. At the mouth of this ravine a family lived in a frame shack, who at this time were rounding up a bunch of horses on the divide. A short distance from the mouth of the ravine we cut hostile signs, scattered somewhat, the droppings of their ponies still steaming. I remarked to Bill, "this is valuable information for Gen. Crook to know as soon as possible," and determined to ascertain for a certainty their probable destination. A little farther on we found a burro and its rider shot dead. This man belonged to the shack we had just passed. Farther on up the trail we found that the hostiles had captured some ponies from a shack on the crest of the hill about two miles from the first shack.

We followed the trail on up as it ascended towards the divide until we became satisfied that this hostile party would bivouac on the top of the divide for much needed rest, and also to watch the movements of the troops cutting across the valley. Not wishing to give them the impression that their location was known, we traveled back on the trail and then pulled over a saddle of the range to the main traveled road to Ft. Bowie. Having traveled about five miles toward Bowie, a bunch of horses were seen on our left, coming down the slope at a two-forty gait, a rider in front waving his hat, and one behind driving the horses. On they came for dear life, shouting: "Indians! Indians!" On coming up they stated that they had been run off the divide by the Apaches, and they thought the family at the ranch had all been murdered. I informed them that they were alive with the exception of one man we found dead by his burro. I advised them either to drive their stock to Ft. Bowie or down to the railroad station. This latter advice they followed.

Having lost fifteen or twenty minutes, Bill and I hastened on to Ft. Bowie. On entering the parade ground we were met by Captain Cyrus S. Roberts, (now brigadier general, retired), Gen. Crook's adjutant general, and informed him of our discovery of the hostile party. He immediately took us to headquarters, where we gave our information to the general. I stated to the general that it was my impression that the hostile party would bivouac on the divide that night, keeping pickets out watching the flat for any movement of the troops in their direction, and also watching Ft. Bowie; that they had undoubtedly seen the dust of Carpenter's troops on crossing the valley. Soon after the general left and took the train at Bowie Station for New Mexico, with the evident purpose of making a fresh disposition of the troops in that quarter.

On the afternoon of the following day Capt. Roberts informed me that Capt. Crawford was on the trail of the hostile party; that they had stolen a number of horses from the ranch, and were beating back toward the Chiricahua Range again. Also, that he was sending out Capt. Thompson's troop of the Fourth Cavalry to pick up Crawford's trail, and render him any assistance possible.

Knowing Capt. Roberts well, I ventured to question the advisability of sending the troop to follow Crawford, as they would be of no practical assistance. I advised that Thompson's troop be sent down the Chiricahua Range, as I believed that the hostiles would follow an old wood road that led to the top of the

range, and thus they would be caught between two fires. However, Capt. Roberts was obeying orders, and Thompson started out to follow Crawford. It was found that the hostiles did follow the old wood road over the range, and thence into Old Mexico.

This practically ended the campaign for the summer.

A few days later I met Al Sieber, who gave me an account of their trip after the hostiles since they left us on the summit of the Sierra Madres. He stated that the hostile party kept one day's march ahead of them; that in passing Casas Grandes, Lieut. Davis left two scouts to inform Capt. Crawford that they would follow the hostiles as far as possible, and that they seemed to be heading for New Mexico. They knew of the trouble Lieut. Elliott got into, but as they felt that Crawford would settle it they did not think it advisable to lose any time in pursuing the hostiles.

He stated that Chatto and some of the scouts had been very ugly on the trip, and that at times their lives were in danger. He also said that he and Lieut. Davis were then going to headquarters to discuss the cause of the outbreak, which he would tell me later. I told him not to be too aggressive and that I would hate to be in Lieut. Davis' boots, for I knew the "old man" would know the cause of the outbreak.

A few days later Lieut. Davis told me he had resigned his commission, and Al Sieber "took his blankets" back to San Carlos. I felt sorry for him as a better scout, one who understood the Indian in all of his numerous phases, I never met. He was utterly fearless, but still had sense enough to know when numbers were too many for him. His services to the government ever since the close of the Civil War had been invaluable.

The Winter Expedition

In the early part of November Capt. Crawford rode into camp and stated he was starting for Ft. Apache to enlist a new company of scouts, the term of enlistment being six months, and that he wished me to have everything in readiness so as to be able to start by the end of the month.

On November 29 we left Ft. Bowie. The party consisted of one hundred Indian Scouts, divided into two companies, of fifty each, Lieut. M. P. Maus (now colonel Twentieth U. S. Infantry), in command of the first section, and Lieut. Wm. Shipp (Lieut. Shipp was killed at Santiago during the Spanish-Ameri-

can War), that of the second. Tom Horn was chief of scouts for the first, and Wm. Harrison that for the second company. Dr. Davis was the medical officer, and Hospital Steward Nemeck, two pack-trains, Hay's and Daly's, of fifty pack-animals each, and twenty-eight packers, completed the command. Capt. Emmet Crawford was in command of the expedition.

The route taken was by way of the Dragoon Mountains, Tombstone, Fronteras, thence through the Cumpas Valley range of mountains. From this point the route took a northerly course toward Nacori, arriving at the summer camp, fourteen miles east of Nacori, in the latter days of December, 1885.

From this camp, as during the summer campaign, scouts were sent out daily to endeavor to cut any sign of hostile trails. Perhaps I ought to state here that during the summer campaign at no time were we on the trail of Geronimo, Nachez and their band.

In the Chiricahua tribe each chief had his own following, and each was extremely jealous of the other. Chatto operated in New Mexico, and joined hands with old Nana of the Warm Springs Tribe, after Victoria was killed by General Terasas. In one of Chatto's raids he killed Judge McComas and his wife on their way to Silver City, and captured their little son, Charley. This led to the campaign of 1883, known as the Sierra Madre Campaign, by Gen. Crook in person, with the expectation of rescuing Charley McComas. Peaches, a White Mountain Apache, who led the expedition to the stronghold of the hostiles, stated a white boy was with the renegades, but he was never found. No doubt he was killed by the squaws.

Chihuahua, another chief, had his following, and with him were some of the brightest of the Chiricahua tribe, such as Hosanna and other of that ilk. This chief was first sergeant of a company of Indian scouts in New Mexico, under Lieut. James A. Maney (now major Seventeenth Infantry), of the Fifteenth Infantry, in 1880, and after the outbreak of Geronimo from Ft. Apache or rather their camp on Turkey Creek, in May, 1885, Chihuahua and Hosanna led our forces during the summer campaign. Geronimo, during all that time lay hid in his stronghold in the Sierra Madre, and neither he nor any of his following made a raid during the past summer, as far as came to my knowledge. The killing of a few of Lawton's troop, left at Guadeloupe Pass by Capt. Lawton to guard the camp while he was absent with the main body of the troop, was done by a party of Chihuahua's band. The capture of a band of ponies at

White's Ranch, the raid into Ft. Apache, or the Apache camp on Turkey Creek, resulting in the killing of twelve of the friendlies and capture of six Indian women and children, in the month of November, were also by Chihuahua's band. The capture of fifteen women and children of Chihuahua's band on June 23 was effected by Chatto in the mountains north of Opata, not as a feat of arms to please the white race, but to show the followers of Chihuahua, as well as Hosanna, that he was their master.

In the early days of January, 1886, I became convinced, from certain signs and actions of our scouts, that they knew more about the whereabouts of the hostiles than they had reported to Capt. Crawford. One night I questioned Corporal Juan, a White Mountain Apache, and accused him of this, and, after I had become satisfied of it, I told him to bring Noche to me. They came, and after questioning him, I told them they must go to Crawford in the morning and tell him all they knew. Later, after the scouts and packers had retired for the night, I went to Capt. Crawford, who was in bed, but still awake, and informed him of my impressions, and of the talk that I had with Juan and Noche. The next morning Noche and the medicine man approached Capt. Crawford, and later commenced an harangue to him and to the scouts that he had assembled in a half circle about him. After talking for some time, he, the medicine man, produced a small buckskin bag which he took around to each scout to kiss, and each repeated after him some form of vow or obligation. I then became convinced of their sincerity, and that they would find the hostiles. That day a scouting party was sent out, and on their return they reported that they had located the camp of the hostiles, and that they were engaged in sun-drying some meat, evidently beef from some cattle that they had rounded up from a raid on some Mexican hacienda.

The next day Capt. Crawford formed a party to go on foot to attack the hostile camp. He left six scouts and the packers, except three, with me to look after the camp, and gave me instructions to store the officers' baggage, which was very little, and several hundred deer skins that the scouts had accumulated, at the village at Nacori, where the alcalde had promised to care for them. Three packers, with eleven pack-mules, were selected to accompany the command to carry the rations and extra ammunition. Orders were given that each man and officer should carry his own blanket, and all surplus impedimenta was cut out. That night, after supper, the officers and packers and a few of the scouts sat around the camp-fire discussing the proposed scout on foot through the mountains. Some did think the scheme

practicable, and so expressed themselves to Capt. Crawford. He, however, insisted that if they expected to surprise the hostiles, it would be necessary to take as few animals as possible, and to keep those taken well to the rear, and to travel light. The officers and chiefs of scouts were ordered to provide themselves with moccasins, as their heavy boots would make too much noise. He also ordered that a rope corral should be made around camp each night, outside of which no one would be allowed to pass except under guard. The captain told me he would like to take me with him, but that I was needed more with the pack-train, as one upon whom he could depend to bring it up when needed.

About sundown on the night of January 3, 1886, they pulled out in single file, with Crawford in the lead, followed by the other officers, the scouts and the packers bringing up the rear. The captain called out a cheery "good-bye," as I watched the command from the top of a neighboring hillock, as it started up the slope. As they disappeared from view in the gathering darkness, I turned back with a feeling of depression, a choking sensation that I could not shake off that night.

The following day was spent in preparing dugouts in which we stored all supplies and settled down to await news from the command.

On the morning of January 9, Corporal Juan with three scouts came in with a note from Capt. Crawford, saying that he was on the trail of the hostiles, and directing that I take the pack-train loaded with all supplies, except the deerskins stored at Nacori, and to join him as soon as possible. He said that Juan would show me a short cut whereby I could avoid his tortuous and difficult trail and save much distance. The pack-train was immediately gotten ready and sent to Nacori for the supplies there, and then returning by the way of our camp, we pushed on for the Jarras River where we bivouacked that night, having made about forty-six miles in all.

Our camp that night was on the bank of the river, at the mouth of a small box canyon. On the other side rose a steep, rugged mountain, so high that its top was lost in the clouds, while at its base was a narrow ledge with scarcely standing-room for animals, and between it and our camp the waters rushed over rocks and boulders, a maddening river, that bespoke an ugly crossing in the morning.

At daylight on the morning of the 10th the crossing was made without accident, and we started up the mountain, the steepest I have ever ascended. We made a dry camp, or rather a wet camp, that night, as there had been a drizzly, misty rain falling all day which made the climbing very laborious for man and beast, and at times dangerous. Sufficient water was caught in canvas for making our coffee, and we laid down to spend a dismal and uncomfortable night.

The following morning, the ill-fated January 11, the sun rose clear and bright. After half an hour's travel we struck Capt. Crawford's trail, and the traveling became much better. About 11 a. m. a courier came in with a note from Lieut. Maus, stating that Capt. Crawford had been shot and mortally wounded by Mexican troops; that they were out of rations, and urging me to rush forward the supplies. I immediately "cached" all impedimenta, and started forward to make a forced march to join the command. About three hours later another courier arrived with orders for me to select a camp, and the information that they were bringing the captain on a litter. Soon thereafter I could see their party coming slowly down the side of the opposite mountain, and selecting a camp where there was running water, we anxiously awaited their arrival. About half an hour later they came in, the scouts carrying the litter, and very soon poor Crawford was lying on the ground before me, apparently unconscious. Having put up the only tent in the command, a common "A" tent, the captain was made as comfortable as possible in it. I spent the night at his side, watching for any sign of returning consciousness, but without avail.

The following day a "travois" was constructed, and I made a "wickiup," or shelter, of withes and canvas for the travois, to protect the captain from the sun and rain. The supplies that I had cached on the mountain the previous day were brought to camp, and everything put in readiness for the return trip to Nacori. During the day Dr. Davis had prepared a little nourishment, made from a can of extract of beef, which Capt. Crawford swallowed with difficulty and evidence of great pain. Soon after this was given him, I noticed signs of returning consciousness, and taking his hand I asked if he knew me, and if he could understand what I said, to which he replied by a pressure of my hand. I then asked him if in case of his death, he wished to be buried by the Masonic fraternity, and he again replied by pressing my hand, and also by a grateful look in his eyes. This was the only occasion in which he showed any signs of being conscious, although I spoke to him several times. I asked him if it

was the Mexicans or the scout "Dutchy" that shot him, but he made no reply. That night Lieut. Shipp and I remained with him, he taking the first and I the latter half of the night.

On the afternoon of January 13, Lieut. Maus decided to return to the line, in the neighborhood of the Canon de los Embudos, and there await instructions from Gen. Crook, first sending a courier in advance to inform the general of the conference with Geronimo. An account of this conference, and also of the events of Capt. Crawford's operations, will be related later.

Having made the captain as comfortable as possible in the travois, we pulled out of camp, ascending a steep and ugly mountain, with one packer leading the mule with the travois, and with two other packers, one at each pole, to ease it over rough places and to bring them into proper line when making abrupt turns in the trail. The scouts were continually on the outlook for as smooth a trail as could be found, so as to make the trip as easy as possible for the poor captain. On January 17, while on the march, one of the men lifted the canvas that protected Capt. Crawford, and saw that he was dead. He immediately reported the fact to Lieut. Maus, who at once selected a suitable camp, and we bivouacked for the night. That evening I improvised a stretcher for carrying the body. On January 21 we reached Nacori, and there, near the unfenced cemetery of the little hamlet, we dug a grave in which we lowered the body to rest, wrapped only in his blanket, but with some slabs about it to protect the body from the earth. There was no funeral oration, no dirge, no taps, but we moistened his grave with our tears, and on bended knees repeated the Lord's Prayer, and "So mote it be."

I cannot pass, in this poor account of his untimely death, without paying a tribute to this remarkable, manly man, whose character and worth were so well-known to me. He was the bravest among the brave; gentlest among the gentle; he forgave and overlooked the faults and frailties of others, while being the most chivalrous and gentlemanly officer and man that I have ever known in or out of the service. The loss to all those who knew him, and particularly to Gen. Crook, was irreparable. There was but one officer that could have taken his place in that campaign, Lieut. Charles Gatewood of the Sixth Cavalry. Gatewood knew the Indian character thoroughly; they knew and trusted him, and had he been in charge of the Chiricahuas at Ft. Apache, as he had been formerly, this outbreak would never have occurred. Now to return to the events of the expedition

of Capt. Crawford, that ended in his receiving his death wound. The Indians had left the camp where our scouts had located them before Crawford's command reached there, and their trail led off over the mountains, but, as he wrote me in the note brought to me by Juan, towards an unknown objective. The trail was followed with all possible speed until the night before the hostile camp was attacked, when Capt. Crawford formed a corral by stretching ropes around the bivouac, and allowed no one to go beyond it. This was done to prevent, if possible, any chance for the scouts to get out and give a warning to the hostile camp of his approach. This was a factor that always had to be considered, for the Chiricahuas expected or hoped that their friends among the scouts would give them timely warning of approaching danger. This would enable them to pack their camp outfits and saddle up, and also give them time for a parley in case they desired to surrender, or for their families to escape in case they wished to fight. In the former case a squaw was sent into the American camp to pave the way for a talk, they knowing that no harm would befall her.

On January 10 the hostile camp was located, and disposing his scouts to the best advantage, the command was given for the attack. The rush on their camp was so sudden and so unlooked for that the hostiles had only time to grab their rifles and break for the river, scattering in all directions and leaving everything in the hands of the scouts. Their ponies, dried meat and camp outfits were all abandoned. Crawford knew full well that it would be folly to attempt to follow their scattered trail, and soon gave up the chase and went into camp on the site of their camp. That evening a squaw made her presence known by calling to our scouts, and told them she had been sent to have a talk with the captain. When she came in she said that it was Geronimo's camp that they had jumped, and that he (Geronimo) wanted to have a talk with Capt. Crawford. Crawford told her he would talk with him the next morning, and she left camp to deliver the message. The command being worn out with the tiresome marching and climbing mountain trails, all retired to rest with a sense of security, and with the feeling that the campaign was practically ended.

Such, however, was not to be the case, as the light of the coming day brought forth an unforeseen occurrence that changed the whole aspect of affairs, an occurrence that was destined to prolong the campaign for another long nine months, that led to a change of department commanders and to international compli-

cations. To understand fully this unfortunate affair, it will be necessary to go back some five or six years, or to be more definite, to the year 1880.

In the State of Chihuahua, Mexico, especially along its southwestern boundary, where the Sierra Madre Mountains divide it from the State of Sonora, there were in these mountains numerous strongholds for the Yaqui Indians and their neighbors, the Chiricahuas. The depredations committed by the latter on the little hamlets along its northern flank made life a burden to their citizens. Women and children were captured, and cattle in droves were driven to their strongholds, where they were secure from molestation by the Mexican troops.

Gen. Terrazas, brother of the Governor of the State of Chihuahua, organized two companies of "irregulars," made up from volunteers from the various hamlets of Ascension, Janos, Casas Grandes, etc. For scouts and trailers, a company of Tarahumari Indians were enlisted. These scouts were as fleet of foot and as bloodthirsty as the Chiricahuas. This organization was known as the S. P's. "Seguridad Publicos," similar to the State Rangers of Texas.

In 1880, at the close of the Victoria Campaign (Gen. Buell's), Lieut. James A. Maney, Fifteenth Infantry, with a company of Indian scouts and a pack-train, traveled with his command from the Candalaria Mountains to within a day's march of Tres Castillos, a range of mountains which formed a basin, with but one outlet, through a box canon. Owing to the hostiles having retreated to the interior of the state, it was deemed unnecessary for the American forces to accompany Gen. Terrazas further, and Lieut. Maney returned, rejoining the expedition at El Paso, Texas. The following day Gen. Terrazas bivouacked in the Tres Castillos, where his pickets soon after signaled approaching dust which, by the aid of field glasses, was made out to be the Apaches moving rapidly in the direction of their camp. Terrazas deployed his men on either side of the canon, having put out all signs of his camp-fires, and allowed the hostiles to enter the basin, where he annihilated the band, with the exception of twenty-five women and children, which were taken as captives to Chihuahua to grace a triumphal entry. The war chief Nana was absent with twenty-five warriors, making a raid on the little hamlets, or else Victoria's tribe of the Warm Spring Apaches would have been destroyed. This established the reputation of this organization as Indian fighters.

In the Geronimo campaign of 1885, Major Wirt Davis (Brig.-Gen. U. S. Army, retired), Fourth Cavalry, operated on the northern flank of the Sierra Madre Mountains in the State of Chihuahua, having two companies of Indian scouts, about one hundred, with Lieut. M. W. Day in command of the scouts, and Frank Bennet as chief of scouts. He also had two pack-trains of fifty pack-animals each, and twenty-eight packers, with pack-masters Patrick and Houston in charge of trains, a force similar to Capt. Crawford, which was operating on the southern flank of these mountains, in the State of Sonora.

When Capt. Crawford crossed the Sierra Madres with two pack-trains and entered the little village of Casas Grandes, the previous summer, it became known for the first time that the mountains were passable in that section to beasts of burden. The organization referred to, the Seguridad Publicos, and Tarahumari Scouts got together under the leadership of a captain, whose name I find blotted in my diary of these days, and not to be outdone by the Americanos, crossed the Sierra Madres, in quest of Geronimo. On coming down the steep sides of the mountains on the Sonora side, they located the smoke of the hostile camp-fire the same day that Capt. Crawford jumped their camp, and planned to attack the hostiles the following morning.

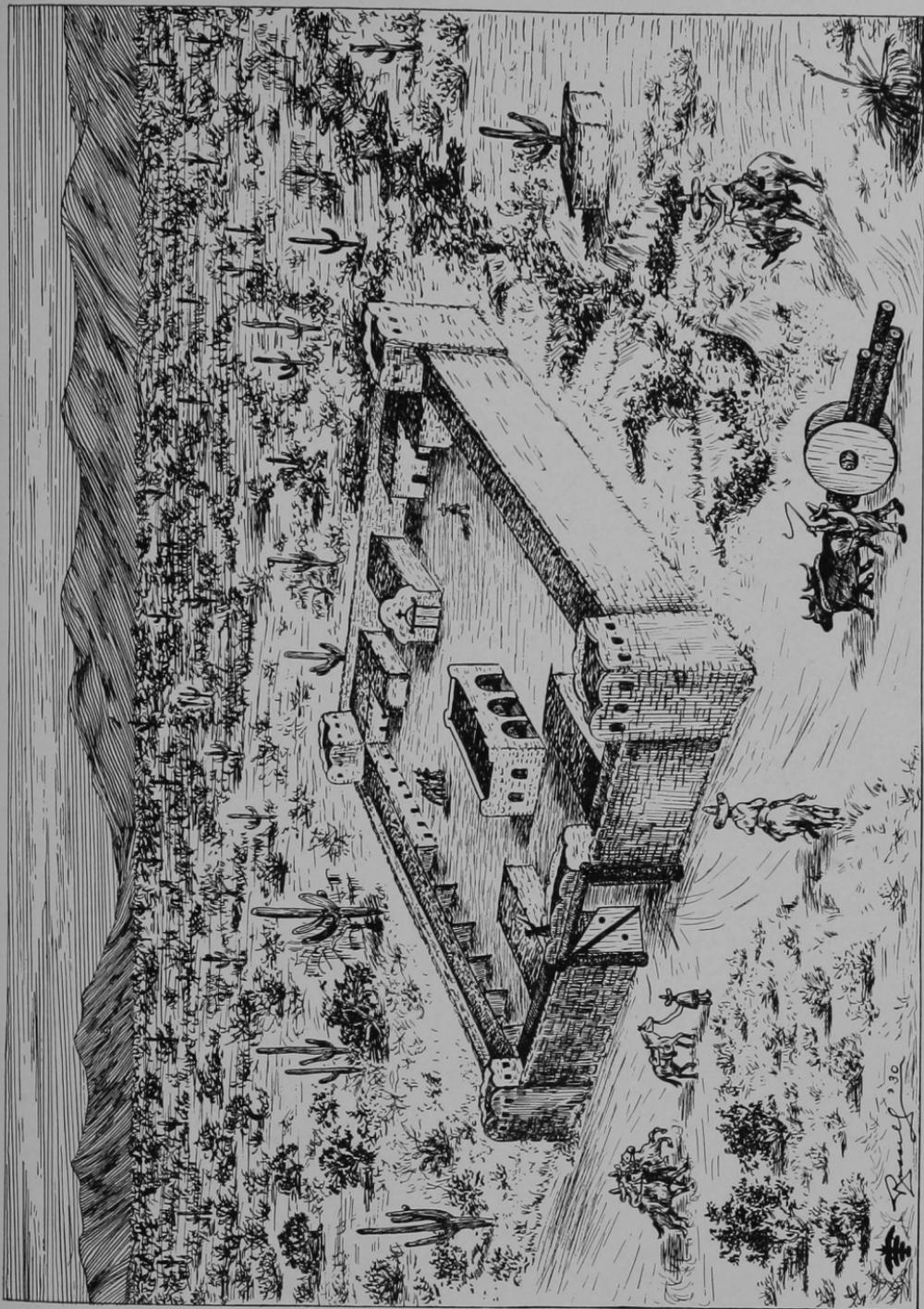
In the meantime Crawford had made his attack, and when the hostiles fled across the Jarros River he occupied their camp. Crawford's command, being worn out by continuous day and night marching, through thorny undergrowth and laborious climbing up and down the steep sides of the mountains, their clothing literally torn in shreds, laid down for the night for the rest they sorely needed. They knew that now there was no danger of an attack from the hostile camp, and no doubt they had visions of the successful termination of the hard campaign. In the grey light of the morning of January 11, 1886, their camp was startled by the rapid fire of rifle guns, the balls striking the ground in their midst. In an instant everybody was out of bed, gun in hand; the scouts shouting "Nacoya, Nacoya, Mucho!" (Mexicans, lots of Mexicans). As the Apaches hate and despise the Mexicans, the firing soon became general on both sides.

Capt. Crawford ordered out Lieuts. Maus and Shipp, with Scouts Horn and Harrison, to cause our scouts to cease firing, and as Lieut. Maus and Scout Horn spoke Spanish fluently, it was expected they would explain that they were American troops and not hostile Indians. However, the Mexican troops paid no heed and kept up their fire. Capt. Crawford took Scout

"Dutchy" with him, and handing his gun to him, climbed on top of a large boulder so that he could be seen distinctly by the Mexican troops. He was in the uniform of an American officer, although it was literally torn in shreds, and disfigured from all semblance of a uniform. Taking a handkerchief in each hand, he waved them about his head shouting: "No tiro, no tiro, Americanos, Americanos!"

About twenty-five yards distant from him, and across a small ravine, a Mexican, taking a rest against a pine tree, took deliberate aim and shot down poor Crawford. In falling from the boulder his right arm was broken, and one of his eyes was blackened, and when found a few minutes later he was unconscious. The scout "Dutchy" claimed that he killed the Mexican that shot Crawford, as well as another that was approaching in rear of the one shot. However, before notifying the officers, Dutchy first took occasion to go through Crawford's pockets and appropriate what money he had on his person.

Scout Horn received a flesh wound in the left arm and three Apache scouts were also wounded. On the Mexican side, the captain in command was killed and seven men wounded. By this time the firing had ceased, and Dr. Davis and the hospital steward did all that was possible for Capt. Crawford, as well as for the other wounded. In the meantime, Lieut. Maus had sent Concepcion, a Mexican and Apache interpreter without command, to the camp of the Mexicans, requesting information as to why they continued firing on our party after they had learned that we were Americans. Concepcion did not return, and soon called out that he was a prisoner and that they would not let him return. Lieut. Maus then went in person to their camp, and was promptly made a prisoner also. He informed them that he was an officer of the United States Army, and that the scouts were in the employ of our government. They then used threatening and villainous language towards him, and finally said they would only release him when he had furnished a certain number of ponies for transporting their dead and wounded. Thereupon he called to Lieut. Shipp to send the required number of ponies to the Mexican camp. As the ponies had been captured by the scouts in the attack upon the hostile camp, they refused to give them up, and said that they would fight and die before giving them to the Mexicans. Lieut. Shipp reported this to Lieut. Maus, and informed him that we could spare eleven pack and three riding mules that could be sent instead of the ponies. These were sent, and Lieut. Maus and Concepcion were released.



TUCSON—THE OLD PUEBLO

PART II

CHAPTER V.

GLIMPSSES OF TUCSON ABOUT 1870

By Frank C. Lockwood

One can get a fairly good idea of how life went on in this rapidly expanding emporium of the southwest from a survey of THE TUCSON ARIZONIAN from January, 1869, to January 1870. Apache atrocities, army affairs, and business advertisements take up most of the space from week to week in this little paper. We learn that there are four restaurants and one "first class" hotel; two doctors have recently located in town—both from California; Saint Augustine Church is nearing completion, but the public school building is delayed for lack of funds; there is objection to wagon-trains encamping in the public Plaza; in Charlie Brown's "Congress Hall" Saloon patrons may find letter-paper, pens, ink, newspapers and magazines for the improvement of their minds; the authorities are taken to task for the ungraded and neglected condition of streets and alleys, and complaint is made about the superabundance of dogs—in particular, citizens are chided who poison these curs and then leave their carcasses to decompose on the streets; the old Sam Hughes property at the north end of the village, surrounded by an adobe wall ten feet high and one hundred feet square, is offered at auction; a certain Mr. Gaige, photographer, advertises that he will be leaving Tucson in about three weeks; E. N. Fish's wagon-train makes the round trip between Tucson and Yuma in thirty days, the most speedy trip ever made over that route; an editorial denounces gambling, averring that the gamblers have carried forty thousand dollars out of the town during the past two years and have given nothing in return; Rev. J. W. Fleming, of Florence, holds religious services in the Court House one night, and soon after this "Professor" Lorio gives a sleight-of-hand performance in the same place; a sumptuous banquet is reported at the Richardson Hotel for the benefit of the Convent, and in the next issue of the paper the proprietor requests that "Those persons who through misunderstanding took away pieces of cake, etc., from the Richardson House on the 22nd inst. are respectfully requested to return the

same''; the Rhodes' House Hotel Building, with twelve large and commodious rooms, is to be disposed of at a lottery, there being three hundred and fifty chances at twenty dollars a chance; the Spanish speaking population celebrate Corpus Christi Day with great elaborateness and solemnity, a thousand people taking part in the procession and marching through streets decorated with green boughes and "under arches and shades constructed of gauze and decorated with flowers"; and, finally, in the hot month of June, Sam'l Bostick, the colored barber, announces in chaste and dignified language that he "has arranged a commodious apartment for the purpose of furnishing baths to all who may wish to tender patronage". This seems to have been the premier bath-tub in Tucson.

We are not lacking in more graphic and extended accounts than those above, for at least two men of keen observation saw and recorded Tucson's town ways about the year 1870. John S. Vosburg tells of the good-will that existed between Americans and Mexicans; gives some facts about the high cost of living if such luxuries as apples, fresh lettuce, and ice-cream were included. He says that he paid a dollar for a pound of apples brought from San Diego by express. No one was invited to the feast and there were no cores left. He attended a dinner party where fresh lettuce was served; but it had come from San Diego, and had been kept wrapt in moist gunny sacks, which were passed on from one driver to another, with careful instructions each time that the wrappings were to be kept cool and moist. Ice was, of course, unknown in Tucson at that time. Vosburg says that the first ice-cream was sold in Tucson in the summer of 1869. An Italian from Sonora made it, and at a cost of five dollars Vosburg treated his friends to a quart of it. He explains, though, that it was a sort of frozen mush rather than ice-cream.

There was no telegraph at this time, nor were there banks. Each man took care of his money in his own way. Some business men had safes; and Vosburg knew how to open every safe in town, for when a lock got out of order he was the only one who could fix it.

John G. Bourke, the gallant soldier and entertaining writer, describes the leading restaurant in Tucson at this time—the "Shoo-Fly." Here gathered statesmen, army officers, leading gamblers, members of the legal profession, and interesting strangers. The tables were rickety, table-cloth, china and castor—the inevitable centerpiece—were after the manner of the day; the pine benches and leather-bottomed chairs were crude, but there

was no lack in good manners and enlightening conversation. Bourke, Safford, Titus, Wasson and Bashford were scholars and gentlemen and would have charmed any table where wit, ideas and wide experience of the world are given place. The room, of tinted adobe, ceiled with white muslin, had the semblance of decency in spite of defects and crudities. The name, "Shoo-Fly," was indicative of good intentions rather than achieved results, for the place was not flyless. As earnest of good and honest purpose on the part of the landlady, two comely, soft-voiced Mexican boys in white cotton and encircling bright-colored sashes drove away the flies from the front trenches with their fly-flappers, while the guests ate and conversed in elegant leisure. Steady boarders had their regular seats and were supplied with napkins. Transients sat where they could and seemed to have no need of such a frail device of civilization as a napkin.

Outside of Tucson and Prescott a pall of darkness hung over the territory by reason of Apache atrocities. There was no cessation in these outrages. Scarcely a day passed without news of the murder of a rancher, a mail-carrier, a prospector, a herder or an emigrant. If a week went by without such a tragedy the newspaper made special comment.

There is not a little moving to and fro in the territory. Long wagon-trains continually trail across the wide deserts. Each of the great merchants in Tucson has his own wagon-train that brings in goods two or three times a year from the East or from the West. Government wagons, with Tucson as a center, are constantly on the move. After reaching Tucson from Yuma, they distribute their feed, ammunition and army stores to camps Crittenden, Wallen, Bowie, Grant, McDowell and other outlying points where posts have been established to hold the Apaches in check. On an April morning a great cloud of dust and a moving mass may be seen approaching from the West. It proves to be a large herd of beef cattle that Henry C. Hooker has fattened on the Papago Reservation. He is driving these cattle to Camp Grant and McDowell for consumption by the army. A glance to the southward on a May morning reveals somewhere between Tucson and the upper slopes of the Santa Rita Mountains A. Lazard's wagon-train hauling lumber from his saw-mill in the Santa Ritas. He now has a train of twenty-four wagons, and so insistent is the call for lumber in Tucson that even with all these teams he cannot keep up with the demand.

Solomon Warner, now a man of might in Santa Cruz, a village just south of the American border, sometimes takes the road in state. He is always called Don Solomon by the Mexicans. On a certain morning John Spring is accompanying him; for he is enamored of Don Solomon's step-daughter and is going south with the wild hope of gaining her hand:

"By one o'clock P. M. we were on our way to Santa Cruz. Mr. Warner, Pedro, the **majordomo**, two house servants and myself, all well-armed, rode in the former's traveling carriage drawn by two horses. We were followed by the two repaired wagons, drawn by four mules each, the drivers riding on the near wheelers, while on each wagon rode a well-armed house servant. The rear was brought up by Captain Catterson, who accompanied us on his way to the Patagonia Mines. He was a very jovial companion, known to be a brave frontiersman."

Very likely on such a trip as that described above the travelers would have met or passed a Mexican pack-train. Indeed, Spring on one occasion did meet such a company. He writes:

"As we approached Calabasas we met a party of about ten Mexicans who were driving before them perhaps forty donkeys laden with crates full of oranges and panochas, bundles of sugar cane and jars of sugar-preserved cactus fruit from a peculiar large prickly pear plant called by the Indians and Mexicans 'pitahaya.' They were coming from where they had disposed of part of their wares and were taking the remainder to the market at Tucson."

Business Conditions

So much for the background—the outlying picture of which Tucson is the center. What about life in the metropolis itself? First and foremost we learn that there is life and plenty of it. Tucson is booming. It is not only the military headquarters of the Territory; it is the territorial capital as well. It goes without saying that there is no lack of saloons, gambling places and dance-halls. Alexander Levin's brewery is going at full capacity, also, and is much advertised, though opinion seems to differ as to the quality of beer turned out there. Opinion seems to differ, too, as to whether there is in town a place that actually deserves the name of hotel. There are references to the Rhodes House, the Richardson Hotel, and the Hodges House. In the spring of 1870, the Hodges House (where the Orndorf Hotel now stands) becomes Levin's Hotel, and the following advertisement sets forth its attractions:

“The building known as the Hodges House has undergone a thorough renovation and is now open to the public under the above name (Levin’s). The bed-rooms are airy and comfortable and neatly furnished—having every accommodation to be found in any hotel between San Francisco and St. Louis.”

What these accommodations were are thus described by a traveler of that day: “The charge was one dollar for a plain—very plain meal. Board by the week was rated at \$18.00; by the month at \$72.00. A room furnished with a cot, two blankets, a pillow stuffed with hay, a chair and a tin basin was reckoned at \$1.00 a day; or, rather, a night, as you were supposed to clear out by eight A. M.”

There are twelve wholesale and retail stores and all of them are thriving. Some of these stores do a business of ten thousand dollars a week. There are twelve or fifteen smaller establishments, also, such as grocery stores, drug stores, and pawn-brokers’ shops, and there are four restaurants. The social and recreational life of the town is dazzling and kaleidoscopic. The saloons are open, week in, week out, day and night, and the gamblers ply their profitable art without intermission. Faro, monte, poker, and seven-up are going all the time in all the saloons and there are eager teamsters, soldiers and miners vieing with each other for a chance to “tickle the tiger.” The dance-halls furnished to their patrons, free, the dance-floor, the music, and the girls. In return a man was expected to treat himself as well as his girl to something every ten minutes or so. This double treat would cost the joy-seeker at least fifty cents each time.

“Handsome Charley,” one of the most unprincipled of these dance-house proprietors, was charged with poisoning eight girls whom he employed and was haled before a grand jury. A true bill was brought in against him but he somehow got off without punishment. In spite of drink and gambling and roughhouse, shooting and stabbing affrays were not frequent. There were, to be sure, a good many cut-throats and hardened criminals around; once in a while some Mexican would commit a brutal murder and escape into Sonora; and now and then a Mexican stabbing affair would arise through jealousy; but for the most part these Southerners were very soft-spoken, elaborately polite, and generous to a frail or fallen comrade.

Tucson Essentially a Foreign City

The Tucson of 1870 was almost as foreign as any town of like size in Spain, Italy or Portugal. The language, food, dress,

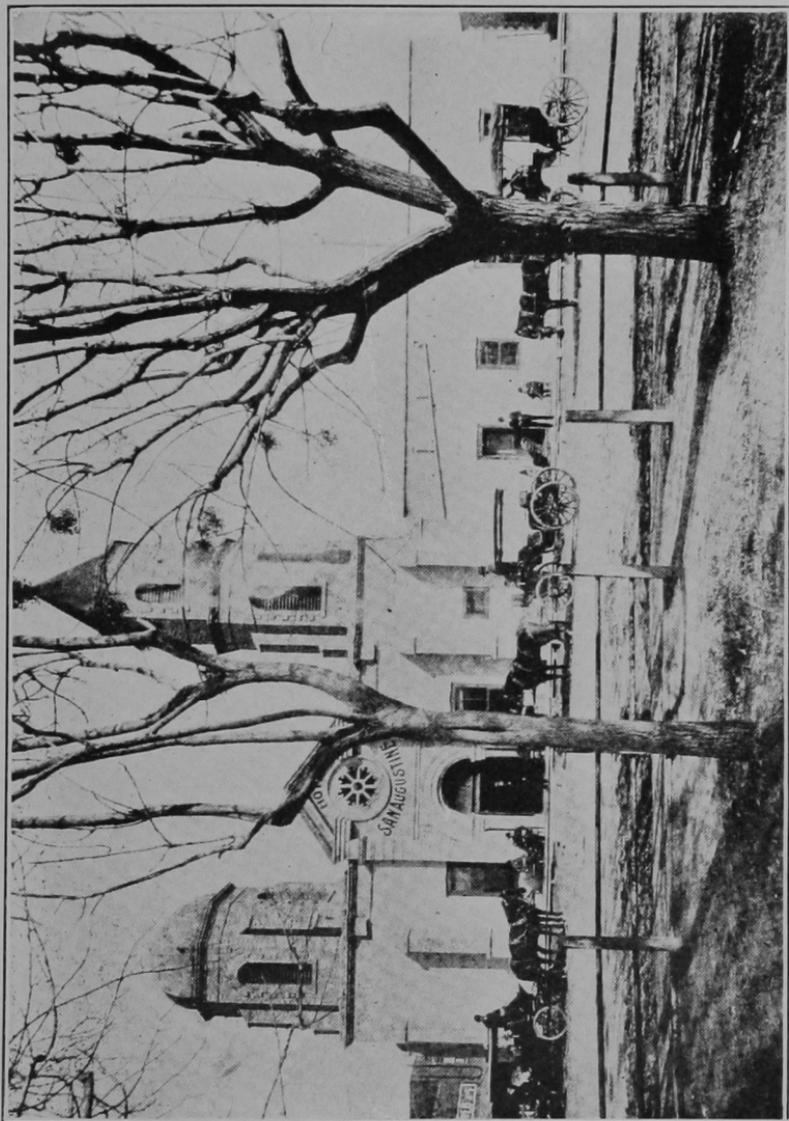
amusements, holidays, ceremonials and religious exercises were all absolutely different from what one would find in any village in the West founded by Americans. As yet there was no Protestant church, and there were only two or three women of American birth. In February, 1870, Bishop Salpointe took up his residence here, and the following May seven Sisters, of the Order of St. Joseph, arrived from the East (by the way of the West) to open a girls' school in the Convent connected with St. Augustine Cathedral.

St. Augustine was now the dominating center of the community. Says Bourke in **"On the Border with Crook"**:

"The divisions of the day were regulated and determined by the bells which periodically clanged in front of the Cathedral Church. When they rang out their wild peal for early Mass, the little world by the Santa Cruz rubbed its eyes, threw off the light covering of the night, and made ready for the labors of the day. The alarm clock of the Gringo might have been sounding for two hours earlier, but not one man, woman or child would have paid the slightest attention to the accursed invention of Satan. When the Angelus tolled at meridian, all made ready for the noon-day meal and the post-prandial siesta, and when the hour of Vespers sounded, adobes dropped from the palsied hands of listless workmen, and docile Papagoes, wrapping themselves in their pieces of 'manta' or old 'rebosos,' turned their faces Southward, mindful of the curfew signal learned from the early missionaries."

Social Life

So far as the Americans were concerned, the two supreme centers of aristocratic social life were the Governor's Mansion and Charles O. Brown's Saloon, Congress Hall. When Governor Safford arrived with his wife, and when he returned from a prolonged journey to Washington and New York, he was honored with a "soiree" by the leading citizens. The Spanish-speaking ladies of the city were present and the dancing continued until late into the night. In November, 1870, a party was given for Sidney De Long at Congress Hall, and a few days later, at the same place, Congressman Richard McCormick was entertained. Not many weeks later Tucson received the legislature with an elaborate party at Browns.



Courtesy of the *Ouerland Monthly*

OLD SAN AUGUSTINE CHURCH

But army officers and American civilians in Tucson remembered with the greatest thrill the high-toned Mexican **bailes** that brought together Tucson's loveliest and brightest. It is true that these dances were conducted in keeping with the severest canons of Mexican social etiquette. The dark-eyed, sweet-faced **senoritas** eagerly graced these occasions, but always they were strictly attended and closely watched by their elderly chaperones—mothers, aunts and grandams. No matter how wildly the heart of an American cavalier might beat with admiration or love and no matter how certain he might be that the little heart which fluttered so near his own responded to his tender sentiment, not one second was he permitted to have his adored one to himself—and, alas! as the swain could speak little Spanish and the Mexican maiden no English, his state was sometimes desperate. Every young American who writes about the Mexican social customs of that time bemoans the fact that he could not break through the worse than barbed wire entanglements that the alert **duena** threw about the object of his affection. Says one youth who saw much of the social life of Tucson in the seventies: "No flattery would put them in good humor, no cajolery would blind them, intimidation was thrown away. There they would sit, keeping strict, dragon-like watch over the dear little creatures who responded to the names Anita, Victoria, Concepcion, Guadalupe, or Mercedes, and preventing conversation upon any subject except the weather."

Yet there was rare charm and graciousness of manner on the part of the native families. No introductions were needed when once a guest had been admitted to a company. A gentleman could ask whom he would to dance after he had once been given entrance to the hall. Between dances there was little attempt to carry on conversation with one's partner; for after the lady had been taken for a treat of candy or raisins the women would cluster together on one side of the room and the men on the other side. Yet these **bailes** were happy occasions. It was seldom, indeed, that these homeless men looked into the glowing eyes and felt the warm touch of a tenderly-cherished, home-bred, self-respecting girl; and these Mexican girls were just that. There was music—the flute, the harp and the fiddle—and motion and color. The damsels were decked out gaily in the height of fashion. There was the scattering of bright colored tissue paper as the **casorane** was crushed over one's head, and, in short, there was the magic of woman's beauty and woman's wiles.

Tucson's Leading Citizens About 1870

There were men of might in Tucson about 1870. Among those who came very early were several who had risen to prominence—Peter R. Brady, Hiram S. Stevens, Mark Aldrich, Solomon Warner, J. B. ("Pie") Allen, William S. and Granville Oury, Samuel Hughes, Estevan Ochoa and Charles H. Meyer. Brady came to Tucson in 1854. His career was active and varied. Twice he was elected sheriff, and several times he served in the territorial legislature. He ran for Congress in 1871 but was defeated. He was a big man in every way—capable, brave, trustworthy and hospitable. He bore a part in all constructive enterprises during the most trying days.

Stevens, also, came to Arizona in 1854. He had served in the United States Dragoons in New Mexico. Upon his discharge he came West. He was a member of the lower house of the Fifth Legislature, which met in Tucson in 1868, and was a member of the upper house of the Sixth Legislature. In 1874 and again in 1876, he was elected to Congress on the democratic ticket. At that time it was no easy matter for a democrat to gain a seat in the National Legislature. But Hiram Stevens "knew his onions." In the histories of Colonel James H. McClintock and Thomas E. Parish we get an insight into the influence exerted by the professional gamblers at that period. These historians both explain that Stevens selected as his shock troops in his hardest campaign the "knights of the green cloth." For years Stevens was a post trader; he realized large returns on beef and hay that he supplied to the Government; he stocked his ranch near town with fine cattle; he made loans at two per cent a month; and he made money at mining. When he went to Congress the last time he was one of the richest men in the territory. He did things in a big, breezy, western way and possessed both the vices and the good qualities of the typical pioneer. He was a man of nerve, was free from boasting, was a crack shot; was energetic and methodical and a leader in all the affairs of the territory.

John B. Allen was a very early but penniless pioneer. He built his fortune on pies. Having once made a start in business he rose rapidly. He was well educated, honest, and much respected as a citizen—a member of the Second Legislature, territorial treasurer from 1865 to 1871, twice elected Mayor of Tucson, a merchant at Tubac and at Tombstone, a farmer in the valley near Sentinel Peak, where he introduced fine cattle and honey-bees; and owned a flour-mill at Altar, in Sonora.

While he was still living but looking forward calmly to an inevitable and speedy death, in April, 1899, Zechendorf and Company, who had long known and honored him, presented him with a tombstone on which was inscribed: "John B. Allen. Born 1818. Died 1899. Territorial Treasurer six years. 1865-1871. Mayor of Tucson two terms. A man without an Enemy."

Mark Aldrich moved to Tucson in the latter part of 1855 and remained here until his death in 1873. Before coming West he had three times been elected to the Legislature of Illinois, serving with both Lincoln and Douglas in that body. He was, perhaps, the first American merchant in the Old Pueblo and was the first postmaster and the first *alcalde* after the Gadsden Purchase. He served in the upper branch of the First Arizona Legislature, and in '66 was re-elected and made president of the Council. He was again elected a member of the Council in '72. Aldrich was a faithful and honorable public servant—a man of quick, clear judgment and wide experience.

William S. and Granville (Bill and Grant) Oury were men of force and fire—Virginians and Secessionists. Bill came in 1856 and engaged in trading and stock-raising. His early years were marked by exploits as dangerous and daring as those of Kit Carson. He was a duellist and Indian fighter. In the fifties he took an active part in efforts to organize the territory, and in the seventies he served as sheriff. A chapter would not suffice to relate his colorful deeds. Grant was younger and came to Arizona somewhat later than his brother. He was both a man of action and one versed in legal lore. In 1857 he headed an expedition into Sonora to try to relieve Crabbe and his filibusters, and in 1861 he went with an armed body of men to save the citizens of Tubac who were on the point of complete extermination at the hands of the Apaches and the Sonora bandits. He was sent as delegate to the Confederate Congress in Richmond when Arizona was seized by the Confederates; was a member of the Third Territorial Legislature and Speaker of the House. In 1880 he was elected delegate to Congress.

Estevan Ochoa was a Mexican by birth, but he became an American citizen and a very loyal one. He refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy, and, in consequence, was exiled from Tucson and his property was taken over by the secessionists. He was escorted to the edge of the village, and with nothing but his horse, saddle-bags, rifle and ammunition, was compelled to make his way alone through the Apache infested country to a Union post on the Rio Grande. He returned in

triumph with Federal troops. For years Ochoa was a great merchant and freighter. He grew rich, gave with liberal hand to every good cause, and with Governor Safford and Sam Hughes became one of the chief founders of the public school system in Arizona.

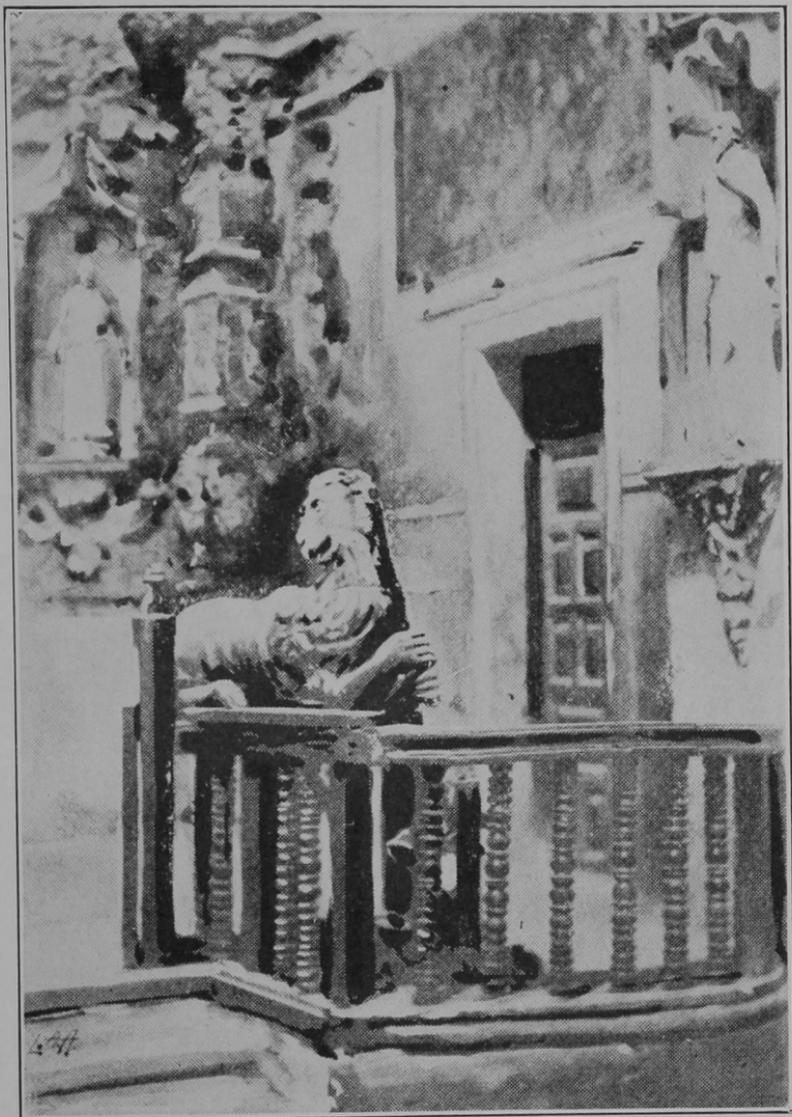
Sidney R. De Long entered Arizona with the California Column in 1862, and remained until his death in 1914. For many years he was post trader at Fort Bowie; was long engaged in freighting and merchandising; published THE ARIZONIAN for a time; was a member of the legislature and the author of A HISTORY OF ARIZONA. Further mention will be made of him as this story proceeds.

Other men who came to Arizona at an early date are William E. Scott, E. N. Fish, Alexander Levin, James Lee, P. R. Tully and Philip Drachman. These men, together with Solomon Warner, Charles H. Meyer, Samuel Hughes and M. B. Duffield, are alluded to more fully in other pages of this book.

Between 1870 and 1871, four men stood out pre-eminently—Hon. Coles Bashford, Governor A. P. K. Safford, John Wasson, Surveyor-General of Arizona, and Judge John Titus. It was the time of republican supremacy, and these men were all from the East, and all were Federal appointees. Bashford was born in New York, but early moved to Wisconsin. He was one of the founders of the Republican Party. In 1855 he was elected Governor of Wisconsin. He came to Arizona in 1864, and served in turn as attorney general, President of the Council of the First Territorial Legislature, and for several terms as secretary of the territory. He was the first lawyer admitted to practice law in the territorial courts. In 1871 he compiled the session laws into a single volume by direction of the legislature. He was elected delegate to Congress in 1866.

In 1871 Judge John Titus succeeded Judge Turner as Chief Justice of Arizona. He was a Philadelphian, with the distinguished bearing and cultivated traditions of the East. Courage, erudition, and high professional ability were characteristic of him. His friend, Governor L. C. Hughes, writing after Judge Titus' death, which occurred October 16, 1878, alludes to him as a man of lofty character, one "who in morals, precept and example stood the peer of all who surrounded him. A giant in intellect, who trod upon the mountain ranges of the law and penetrated the springs of human action."

In 1870 President Grant appointed John Wasson Surveyor-General of Arizona. Coming to Tucson at about the time that



Courtesy of the Overland Monthly

EXTERIOR DETAIL—SAN XAVIER MISSION

Judge Titus did and not long after Governor Safford's incumbency began, these gentlemen formed an agreeable coterie. Wasson was a native of Ohio. Coming to California as early as 1852, he soon went back to Ohio where he remained about ten years. After 1862, he resided continuously in the far west, serving in various public capacities and editing newspapers in Nevada, Idaho, California and Arizona. He is best known as the founder and editor of **The Tucson Citizen**. In 1874 he married Miss Harriet Bolton, who had come from the far East to teach in the Tucson Public Schools. Mr. Wasson was an able, sober, upright, fearless exponent of good morals and good government.

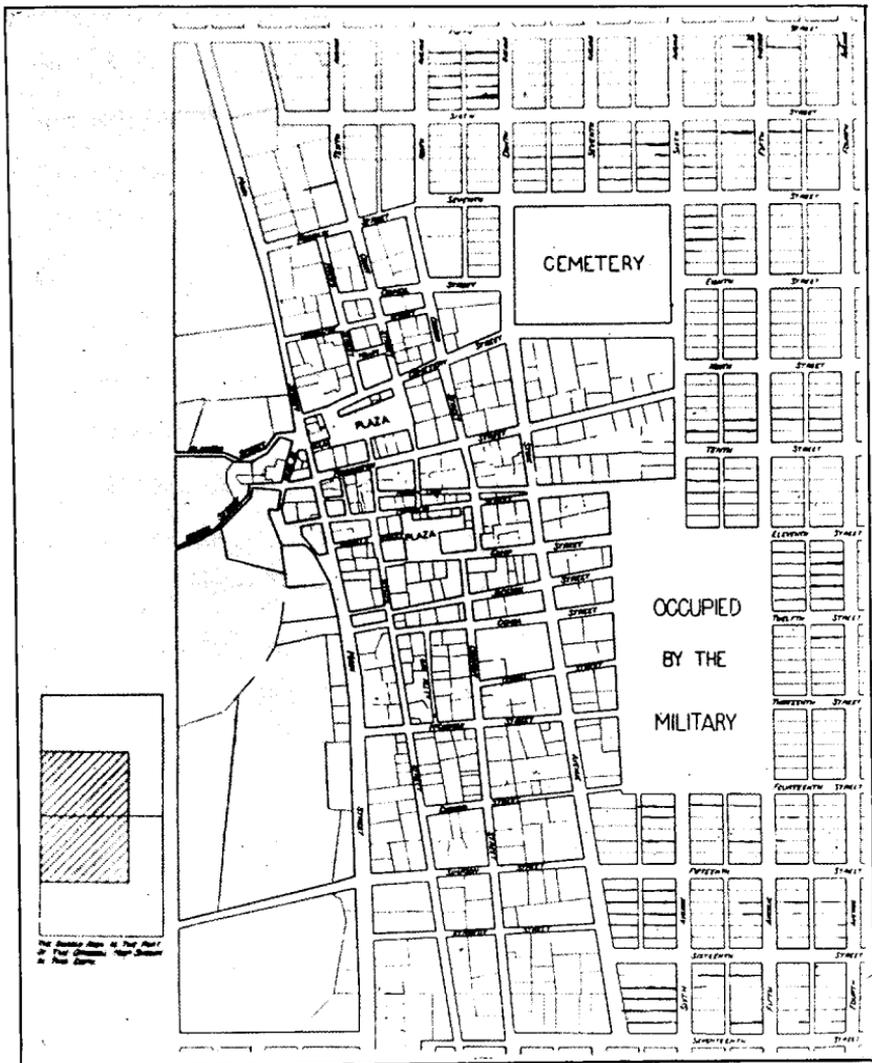
Governor A. P. K. Safford was a man of diminutive stature but eminent in character and intellect. He bore the sobriquet of "The Little Governor". He was thoroughly inured to the West, having come to Arizona by way of California and Nevada, though he was of Eastern birth and breeding. He had spent a year or more in Europe before he came to take up his duties as Governor of Arizona. In his dress and bearing there was a certain statesman-like dignity and polish. He threw himself heart and soul into the affairs of the young territory—looking out for the interests of all the people and bearing the brunt of the great dangers and hardships of the time. He was greatly honored and respected. It was he who laid the foundations of the excellent public school system of Arizona.

Boom Days

Tucson is growing apace. W. Zechendorf brings in a train of thirteen wagons with every article of merchandise from a diamond breast-pin to a crow-bar—including latest styles of wearing apparel for both sexes. The Tucson Glee Club has been organized and holds its meetings at the home of Don Leopoldo Carillo, who owns a piano. On March 5, 1870, one hundred names are listed (mostly American names) as having unclaimed letters addressed to them here. March 26 a new map of the city is officially received by the council in which a number of streets are named after citizens killed by the Indians. Under date of May 21 the paper reports crowds of strangers in town and business very brisk. Before the end of May twenty-eight new buildings are in process of erection. During the hot month of June a crude street sprinkler is started, but it fails to work. The announcement is made on July 9 that the population is 3,200—no doubt an exaggeration. The above estimate, however, might not have been too high for the month of October, for during that

month about six hundred people came in from Sonora—mostly women.

On April 20, 1871, about twenty of Tucson's leading citizens petitioned the Board of Supervisors of Pima County for municipal organization, and at the same time called attention to the fact that towns and villages located on public lands were entitled to one thousand nine hundred and twenty acres of free land. This was the first move toward the incorporation of Tucson. An election was held in May, 1871; the town was duly incorporated, and Sidney R. De Long was elected as the first mayor. During his administration a map was ordered and was made by S. W. Foreman. On June 22, 1872, this map was approved and adopted.



THE FOREMAN MAP OF TUCSON, 1872

CHAPTER VI.

CRIME AND THE COURTS IN TUCSON IN THE
EARLY SEVENTIES

By Frank C. Lockwood

Crime was rather common in early territorial days, and legal procedure crude and uncertain. The worst offenders were thieves, vagrants, and cutthroats from Sonora. One of the earliest American magistrates in Tucson was Mark Aldrich. He had as constable a certain fearless and muscular Mexican. These two made it very hot for the baser sort from across the Border. Mark Aldrich had a severe and direct way of dealing with the miscreants whom his peace officer brought before him. A heavy piece of leather had been procured, and after hearing a case, if he was satisfied that the accused was an undesirable citizen, he would announce the penalty—twenty, thirty or forty blows with the strap (well laid on) as the case might be. He would then instruct the constable to lay on—say ten or twenty stripes.

“Now come back tomorrow at this same hour for the other half,” he would say to the culprit.

Before noon of the following day the evil-doer, of course, would be well on his way toward Sonora.

The most famous justice of the peace that Tucson had in the early days was Charles H. Meyer. His name is written imperishably in the annals of Tucson. He was a German by birth, and a druggist by profession. He was a man of conviction and loved justice, but knew little law. It was said that his law library consisted of only two books: A volume on MATERIA MEDICA and one on FRACTURED BONES. In a case of great perplexity he diligently consulted these two books. His vigorous and straight forward decisions were so much in the interest of honesty and good order that the worthier members of the legal profession used all their ingenuity to interpret the law in such a manner as to fit the decisions of the judge; though sometimes even very able lawyers found it hard to do this. Of course, to the crooked and pettifogging members of the legal profession Judge Meyer was a terror.

It was Judge Meyer who instituted the chain-gang system in Tucson. Every person convicted in his court was given an opportunity to work for the city for a period long or short. Meyer's salty sentences pleased the law-abiding citizens of Tuc-

son very much, for never before had the streets been kept so clean, and never had the departure of vagrants and thieves been so prompt. Some of the lawyers protested when their clients were summarily committed to the chain-gang, and declared that this was contrary to the Constitution of the United States. To all these complaints Judge Meyer turned a deaf ear.

The ARIZONA DAILY STAR gives a humorous picture of a scene in Justice Meyer's Court one cold December evening. Five dirty and ragged, but healthy looking tramps were brought before him. They were without blankets or other baggage, and money was a thing unknown to them. He welcomed them to the city in a very affable manner, inquired about their health and asked whence they came and whither they were faring. One said he was an electrician.

"Dis city," said the justice with geniality, "has in darkness long awaited your coming."

Two said they were machinists and were skilled in the use of tools.

"Goot," said His Honor, "our picks and shovels vill now no longer waste mit rust."

A fourth was a fireman.

"Most velcome," beamed the magistrate. "You are a man after mine own heart. These mornings are shilly and de great stove in de yard is seldom varm on my arrival to hold court, but now it will glow mit consuming fuel and vill radiate through tier and cell."

The fifth was a traveler seeking adventure. The hospitable official promised to help him secure it. He smiled benignantly upon them all, assured them that the city was glad that they had come and would keep them.

"I vill order board and lodging for you within the city palace for the night," said he, "and vill promise you that to-morrow you shall have employment on the streets of our ancient town."

However, at last, one pettifogging lawyer had the temerity to come before the Court with the demand that his client be given a trial by jury. As the offender was about to be sent to the chain-gang the lawyer interposed:

"My client objects to being tried by this Court on the ground of prejudice and demands a trial by jury."

“Py a shury!” said the Judge. “Phwat is dat shury?”

“He insists that he be tried by his peers,” was the reply.

“Oh, he does, does he? Vell, I sentence him to two weeks in de shain-gang, and I sentence you to von week for disrespect of de Court. Now, how you like dat trial by shury?”

And into the chain-gang they both went.

A rascal named Wolf was brought before Meyer, charged with cheating some Indians out of three dollars. The work on MATERIA MEDICA somehow did not seem to throw light upon this case, so the judge adjourned court in order that he might borrow some law book that would enlighten him, or, perhaps, consult some lawyer whom he could trust. However, after he had adjourned the court temporarily, he said to the accused man:

“Volf, id is de unanimous opinion of dis community dat you are a tief, and dis court coincides in dat opinion.”

Wolf shook his fist in the face of the justice and said,

“Judge, I don’t let any man speak to me like that!”

“Dis Court fines you ten dollars for raising your fist against it,” was the Judge’s reply; “and you stand committed into the shain-gang until it is paid.”

There was at that time no higher court to which the fellow could appeal, so he sullenly took ten dollars from his pocket and handed it over to the judge. Meyer calmly took it and gave half of it to the constable and the other half to the Indians who had been defrauded.

The ——— Saloon was the most unsavory resort in Tucson. It was a gambling hell and the rendezvous of all the toughs and criminals in the Old Pueblo. One night, rather late, Meyer heard a knocking at the door of his house. He had plenty of enemies, as he well knew, and had been thrtatened with assassination if he remained in town and continued to act as justice of the peace. He was, therefore, cautious about admitting anyone to his house. He went to the front door and opened the little look-out with which all the doors in Tucson were then provided.

“Who is it comes der?” he inquired.

“A friend,” was the reply.

“Vat is it you vant?” asked the judge, cautiously.

"I want to give myself up," said the stranger. "I just killed a man down at the ——— Saloon."

"You killed a man?"

"Yes, I killed him. He called me a liar, and you know, Judge, there are things a gentleman can't stand, so I pulled my gun and killed him, and now I want to give myself up."

"You say you killed him at the ——— Saloon? Den, mine frient, you go back der and kill anoder von!" And, forthwith, he went back to bed.

The next morning a dead man was picked up on the street, but the murderer was not to be found.

John Spring vividly depicts the life of Tucson about 1870 in a series of articles he published in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE about twenty-five years ago. I am indebted to him for this story, as well as for many other details about early Arizona. The incident now to be related worked to the great discomfiture of one of Tucson's disreputable lawyers who made it a point to stir up litigation whenever possible. As the trial in question involved an amount of only one hundred seventy-five dollars it was held before a police court. In brief the case was this: A man of considerable means, named Walker, hired a horse at a livery stable to ride to the San Pedro Crossing on some business. He stayed over night and returned to Tucson in the afternoon. The horse seemed to be in good condition when he was delivered at the stable, but from some unknown cause the animal died before midnight. The lawyer mentioned above went to the liveryman a few days later and urged him to bring suit against Walker for one hundred seventy-five dollars. Said he:

"You know, this Irishman that works for you is such a blockhead that I can draw him out on the witness stand so that he will say anything I want him to. I will get him to affirm that the horse died as a result of being over-ridden by Walker."

The liveryman was little disposed to press the matter, but finally he was persuaded to enter suit.

When the time came for the trial the lawyer demanded that a jury be called. He had already made certain that the complexion of the jury should be in keeping with his taste. The liveryman told his attorney that he would not testify in the case, inasmuch as he had not noticed that anything was wrong with the horse when it was returned to the stable. The Irish simpleton was placed on the witness stand.

“Do you know Mr. Walker, the defendant?” he was asked.

“Yes.”

“How long have you known him?”

“About four years.”

“Have you ever seen him on horseback?”

“Frequently.”

“How does he ride?”

“How does he ride?—astraddle, of course.”

At this there was a ripple of amusement in the court room, and the lawyer became somewhat flustered.

“That is not what I mean; does he ride fast or slow?”

“Well, now, that depends, you see,” drawled the simple Irishman. “If he has a fast horse, he usually goes fast, but, when he has a slow horse, sure he goes slow.”

“You must not trifle with the Court; remember you are under oath; I will ask you again: Is the defendant, Walker, a fast or a slow rider?”

Said the witness, with elaborate poise and calmness: “Well, now, Judge, let me explain. If this here Walker is out with a party that travels slow like, he will ride slow. If they ride fast, to be sure, he will ride fast to keep up with them.”

“You know very well what I mean!” thundered the lawyer, now red and furious. “How does Walker ride when he is alone?”

“When he is alone? I was never with him when he was alone.”

A roar of laughter filled the court room, and the case was dismissed.

Crime was rife in Tucson in the early seventies. Many bloody and brutal murders were committed, yet every murderer made his escape or was saved from deserved punishment by trifling legal technicalities. Decent men and women were in terror of their lives. Sober, self-respecting citizens talked the situation over among themselves and freely predicted that the people would soon take the law into their own hands if matters did not mend. More than once the TUCSON CITIZEN gave solemn warning that, unless criminals were effectively dealt with by regular processes of law, mob law was sure to intervene. And sure enough, unbridled crime in Tucson overstepped itself, and one summer day in 1873 brought down upon itself the heavy hand of public retribution.

In the fall of 1872, at the corner of Convent and Kennedy Streets, Vincente Hernandez and his wife, Librada, opened a general merchandise store and pawnbroker's shop. They came from New Mexico where they had known the Zechendorfs, famous merchants of the Southwest. Mr. William Zechendorf, who was in charge of the Zechendorf establishment in Tucson, knowing Hernandez to be a capable and trustworthy man, had supplied him with an ample stock of goods on credit. In those days it was the custom for every pawnbroker to erect a sign over his shop door. Hernandez named his place **PIEDRAS NEGRAS**, and displayed as his sign three black stones. He was, indeed, often called Piedras Negras, and sometimes signed papers thus. The young couple were intelligent, much above the average in education, and were very popular. Gentlemanly and agreeable in all his dealings, shrewd and energetic, Hernandez soon found himself in possession of a thriving and paying business. Mrs. Hernandez was beautiful and was known and honored by rich and poor alike for her many deeds of charity.

About midnight, August 6, 1873, Vincente Hernandez and his wife were most brutally murdered in their sleeping room adjoining their place of business, and the store was plundered. The next morning neighbors living nearby and customers who came early to make some purchases found the store still locked. Inquiry soon grew rife. Excited neighbors gathered about the premises, and before long crowds of people came running from every direction to see what the trouble might be.

John Spring, the village school teacher, was passing along the street about eleven o'clock this sad morning when his attention was drawn to the excited crowd gathered about Hernandez's shop. Among others he noticed his friend Horace Appel, the deputy sheriff.

"What's all this stir about, Horace?" he asked.

"The sheriff's office has just been notified that **PIEDRAS NEGRAS** was broken into last night and Hernandez and his wife murdered. Oury's out of town, so I'm going to see what I can do."

Spring went with him, and to Spring more than anyone else we are indebted for the thrilling details of the whole tragedy as I now relate it. I have the account, also, directly from the lips of Mr. Albert Steinfeld, who had come to Tucson a few months previous to these events, and who was an eye witness

of many incidents described here. The TUCSON CITIZEN also fully reports the circumstances connected with the tragedy.

Shop and residence occupied a single long adobe building. The place of business could be entered by two doors—one opening directly from the street, the other from a vacant lot at the end of the building. There were no windows in either store or dwelling. From the store a door opened into a large room that served both as living room and bed-chamber. There was a door from this room into the walled yard. In the yard, about thirty feet to the rear of the house was a small room used as a kitchen—and, sometimes, as a sleeping-room. The surrounding wall was about five feet high, and anyone looking over it toward the house could see into the living-room, if the back door were open.

When Spring and Appel reached the house the front and side doors were still locked, but through the open door at the rear they could see a number of people standing or moving about, apparently gazing at some horrible spectacle on the floor. The justice of the peace arrived almost simultaneously with the deputy sheriff and Spring, and promptly took in the situation. He appointed two stout men as acting-constables and instructed them to clear the room at once. The August night had been excessively hot, and the couple had evidently left their bed for a cooler place by the wide open door where they had spread a Mexican mat on the floor and covered it with a sheet. They had taken another sheet as a covering. Hernandez's body, wrapped in a bloody, crumpled sheet, lay about four feet from the door. Mrs. Hernandez was found dead in the middle of the room, with no other cover than her long night robe. Hernandez' skull was fractured in several places. Near by, clotted with masses of hair and blood was a heavy, gnarled, mesquite club, the ugly weapon with which he had been brained. His jugular vein had been cut, also, and there were deep wounds near his heart, so it was evident that he had made a brave struggle for his life. Mrs. Hernandez, too, had been beaten over the head with the club, and afterward, to make sure that she was dead, her jugular vein had been severed.

There were bloody footprints on the door-sill; bloody tracks led into the store; and bloody finger-prints stained the counter, the money drawer and the show-case in which the more valuable articles of jewelry in pawn were kept. There had been only a small amount of cash on hand, as large sums were always kept locked up in the Zechendorf's safe. Mr. William Zechendorf, who was well informed concerning Hernandez' business affairs,

found that in addition to about thirty-seven dollars in cash, certain costly jewels and weapons had been taken and also a magnificent saddle and bridle. As the slaughtered couple did not have an enemy in the world, it was plain that robbery was the only motive for the crime.

The officers satisfied themselves that three men had planned the affair in cold blood. One powerful man, they believed, must have wielded the club, while a second one used the knife. It was thought that the third accomplice had remained on guard outside to deal with the Indian girl in case she should awake and give the alarm. They were able to see the sleeping couple through the open door. Two men entered the room, and as they were clubbing and stabbing Hernandez, the wife woke up and ran toward the middle of the room. She was pursued by the man with the club, knocked senseless and afterward her throat was cut. The murderers lighted a candle and probably spent a considerable time in the store. Then they locked the rear door and threw away the key. It was later found in the walled enclosure. It so happened that the Indian girl had spent the night with a relative. When she came in the morning she went about her work as usual. She noticed that the doors were all closed, but thought this was because her employers were sleeping late after a prolonged social evening. At last, rather late in the morning she grew anxious, and went to the house of a neighbor and told them her misgivings. People then begun to discuss the situation; and at last, late in the morning, the keeper of a nearby store and liquor shop came and broke in the door. By this time the murderers had had ten or eleven hours to make good their escape.

When the sheriff came back to town at noon, he appointed six deputies and instructed them to use every endeavor to run down the murderers. The Hernandez' were such popular favorites in the town that everybody was eager to help avenge them. A score of men, some of them skilful trailers, set out at once on horseback in every direction hoping to lay hands on the criminals before they could reach the border. An impromptu committee of public safety came together with William Zechendorf as chairman. Large rewards were offered, and the members of the committee pledged themselves to stand by each other to the end. From the first it was generally understood, if the murderers were taken, there was to be no trial except a public one in which the community as a whole should pass judgment, and that if after careful examination proof of guilt was presented, there was to be prompt public execution.

Toward evening a poor Mexican woman, who lived in a hovel on the edge of the river about half a mile from town, came into a grocery store to buy some coffee and sugar. She offered in payment several small pieces of paper money—the fractional currency in use at that time. There were bloody finger prints on this money, and as it was well known that a considerable amount of this small paper money had been in Hernandez' money drawer, a messenger was quickly sent to call Mr. Zechendorf, the woman, meantime, being detained in conversation. Mr. Zechendorf was acquainted with this woman. She had not yet heard of the murder. He asked her to go with him to his office, and at the same time made friendly inquiry about her children and the welfare of her family, and finally led skilfully up to the question.

“Where did you get those ‘shin-plasters’ you handed out at the grocery store?”

“I got them from an old woman that lives in the shack near me.”

“Times must be picking up; I wonder where she gets it?” said the merchant.

Quite unsuspecting, she said, “Oh, she lives with a handsome young man named Saguaripa. She told me he acted quite strange after he got in very late last night.”

“What did he do?” Mr. Zechendorf asked.

“Oh, she said he asked for clean clothes and then went down into the river and washed himself, and after that put on the clean clothes. But she said he did not bring back the soiled ones. After he laid down he kept tossing about on his bed and could not sleep. Once or twice he got up and, lighting a candle, looked at his feet and hands, and then he went back to the river and washed them again. She said he went away about daylight. He gave her four or five dollars before he left, and some of the pieces of paper money that I just spent were part of the money he gave her.”

Mr. Zechendorf gave the woman a trifle of a present from the store, and requesting her not to say anything about what she had told him, sent her back to her home. Within an hour Constable Frank Esparza had Saguaripa in jail and in chains. To make certain that he should not escape, four men of the committee stood guard over him. When the streets had become quiet, he was taken from the jail and conducted to Hernandez' place. Comparison was made between his hands and feet and the bloody marks on floor and counter. Some of these had manifestly been

made by him. Terror laid hold upon him when he saw that his footprints and finger-marks were identified. He was next taken to the dead bodies that lay prepared for burial, and the faces of his victims were uncovered.

"Will you swear by the 'Holy Cross' that you have had no part in the killing of these people?" demanded his captors.

He was a young man and apparently had not yet become a brazen criminal. He trembled and was as weak as water as he replied:

"For God's sake take me away from here and I will tell you the whole story."

When he was back in the jail he related the circumstances of the crime very much as they had been thought through by the officers first on the scene and as sketched above. He named one Cordova as his accomplice and as the prime mover in the affair. This Cordova was part Mexican and part Opata Indian. He came from Sonora, and it was he who used the club. Sagaripa confessed that he himself had wielded the knife. The third man involved—the one who had been posted on the low wall near the door of the living-room to guard against interruption from the outside—he declared to be Clemente Lopez. He said that as yet only the cash had been divided, and he directed the officers to the place where the saddle and bridle, the pistols and the jewelry were buried. He further said that all three of the murderers were still in Tucson, and gave directions where to find Cordova and Lopez. Cordova was found in a gambling place and at first he resisted the officers sent to arrest him. He was quickly subdued and taken to jail in chains. Lopez when captured was engaged in a game of cancan in a dismal hut on the outskirts of town near the Papago village.

When Cordova in his turn was taken to the scene of the murder and saw demonstrated before his own eyes that his foot and hand exactly conformed with the footprint on the door-sill and the hand-mark on the door-frame, he realized how useless it was to deny his part in the crime. As for Lopez, he was miserably silent and dejected. When allowance had been made for what each of the three men had spent during the day, it appeared that there had been an even distribution of the cash.

So swift and sure had been the work of the committee that twenty-four hours had not elapsed between the murder and the arrest and conviction of all three of the murderers. It is interesting to record that Hernandez' watch was still ticking when

the stolen goods were located and taken from their hiding place. It was near midnight August 7, when the spokesman for the citizens' committee said to the murderers:

"You have been proved guilty of this crime, and you must all prepare to die tomorrow. You need not hope to escape through legal trickery or court delay; there will be no further trial. The people of Tucson have found you guilty, and the citizens themselves will hang you."

In the morning the condemned men were asked if they wanted a priest to come to them in the jail. Saguaripa and Lopez said that they did, but Cordova retorted fiercely,

"Go to Hell! All I want is to have these chains off of me for five minutes until I can choke that hound Saguaripa to death with my own hands, for he has given it all away."

The eighth day of August, 1873, in Tucson was a solemn one, indeed. At eight o'clock the funeral procession bearing the bodies of the murdered couple moved slowly along the main streets while the bells of St. Augustine kept measured accompaniment. Never before in Tucson had so many people assembled for a burial service. All places of business were closed, including saloons and gambling places. Father Jouvencean officiated. Solemn and mournful as were these final rites for the dead, the purpose of the public to have yet other funerals before night was not in the least softened.

Ten men had been drawn from the committee to carry out the execution. They set two strong, tall, forked posts near the door of the jail, and in the crotches placed a timber about twelve feet long. From it four ropes dangled with nooses at the end—the fourth one for John Willis, a brutal murderer who had been proved guilty, was now under sentence of death, and whose coffin was in the jail yard awaiting his body. At the last moment the committee decided to hang him too, for he had been able to baffle the law through some petty technicality and had succeeded in securing a reprieve postponing the execution.

From the fresh graves of the Hernandez' the whole population came streaming over to the Courthouse Plaza. Mr. Zechendorf mounted a small platform that had been erected in the square and made a brief straight-forward statement to the crowd in which he related each step of the procedure that had been taken by the committee from the time the tragedy became known up to the present moment. He spoke, further, of the lawlessness that existed in the community, the frequent evasion of punish-

ment through delay and trickery in the courts, the insecurity of the jail, and the ease with which bandits and cut-throats had been able to make their escape across the border. He was listened to in profound silence. In conclusion, he put this question:

“I now solemnly inquire of you, the assembled citizens of Tucson, what penalty these murderers deserve?”

The crowd instantly responded, “They must die.”

One voice alone was raised in protestation, and it entered objection only in the case of John Willis.

“You can hang a Mexican, and you can hang a Jew, and you can hang a nigger, but you can’t hang an American Citizen!”

The speaker was Milton B. Duffield, himself a notorious man—a ruffian and a bully, yet at the same time one of the bravest among the brave. He was rarely sober, and was, of course, well in his cups on this occasion. He was immediately surrounded and hustled away, and at the same time Zechendorf motioned to the squad at the jail door to bring out the condemned men. The wagons that had been provided for this purpose were drawn side by side under the extemporized gallows, and the murderers, each with a black calico cap over his eyes, were lifted into them. The ropes were then adjusted about their necks. At this juncture Cordova asked permission to speak, saying that he desired to confess two former murders he had committed, one a good many years ago, the other very recently in the Salt River Valley. He kept on speaking for so long a time that the crowd grew impatient and anxious. Finally, some one called out:

“Hurry up! Make an end of it, the troops are coming from the Fort.”

Instantly the wagons were hauled from under the four men and they swung into eternity—the heavy chains that were still about them serving to hasten their end as they hung all four in a row, quivering between earth and sky.

“The two thousand citizens packed in the Plaza maintained complete silence during the execution, except a scarcely perceptible sound like the faint humming of innumerable bees, that came from the Mexican women, reading under their breath the mass for the dead.”*

*—John Spring, NATIONAL TRIBUNE—about 1903.

The Shocking Career of M. B. Duffield

I am now about to relate a sensational series of incidents in the life of M. B. Duffield. This gentleman came to the territory upon its organization in 1864 as United States Marshal. It is not easy to trace his history before that time, though it was spectacular. Duffield was a powerfully built man of magnificent physique and was rather polished in dress and bearing. He bore himself, too, with a certain dauntlessness and assurance that were very impressive—particularly as it was well known that he knew no such thing as fear. As he was at the same time something of a blusterer and bully, and as he always went heavily armed, whenever possible men were accustomed to give him a wide berth.

I must preface my remarks about Duffield with a brief account of another famous Tucson character, Fred Maish, who came to Tucson in 1869. Maish was a boon companion of Pete Kitchen in the declining days of that picturesque personality. As proprietor of the Palace Saloon and one time mayor of Tucson Maish really came to be a man of mark in The Old Pueblo. In stature and girth he was much beyond the usual proportions, and when he spoke he roared like a bull of Bashan. Being somewhat illiterate, and depending chiefly upon the sound of a word, rather than its printed form, he often made ludicrous blunders in speech—the more so as he was of German extraction. For example, one of his friends, a ranchman, was doing the best he could to father a boy in his 'teens who had somehow strayed out into the Southwest. The youth was yellow and puny in spite of all his protector was able to do for him. The man was explaining this to Maish, and worrying over the backward condition of his charge.

Said Maish, "If he was my boy, I know what I'd do to cure him."

"What would you do, Fred?" the rancher asked.

"Why I'd give him sasafas and tinkle of iron."

Pete Kitchen's spleen was out of order and he was thought to be on his dying bed. Some cow-boy friends one day came tiptoeing into the sick room, awkwardly whirling their hats in their hands in an abashed way. Dr. Handy, John Rockfellow and Fred Maish were ministering as best they could to the exigencies of the situation—the latter in characteristic manner tramping up and down the room with occasional loud explosions of speech.

"Fred, what seems to be the matter with Pete?" one of the cow-boys asked.

“Oh!” roared Maish, “Doc says his screen’s out of whach.”

At the time of the following incident Fred Maish had resided in Tucson only a short time, so had not yet attained local fame. The story comes by way of John Spring, who was at this time keeping bar for Levin at or about the spot where the Orndorff Hotel now stands. One evening a fine old gentleman came in, and sitting down at a table called for a glass of whisky. This, as Spring learned later, was M. B. Duffield, at that time Inspector of United States Mails for the Territory of Arizona—an office that he filled with great efficiency. The three bar-room doors were all wide open. Very soon a man passed by the front door. Duffield instantly leaped out of the front door like mad and in less than a minute was engaged in a fist fight with the passer-by. Blows fell thick and fast for two or three minutes, when the man who had been attacked broke, and running into a back street, seized a rock and threw it at Duffield who, strange to say, did not pursue his enemy. Duffield now limped back into the saloon and slumped down into his chair in great pain. His injury was not due to the rock that had been hurled at him; it had missed him, but he had made a false step as he rushed out onto the street and had broken his ankle. It was in this condition that he had carried on the fight. Spring now went to the door and called for help. A constable appeared who had been a witness to part of the affray. By this time, Duffield was in a state of collapse and had to be carried to his room. The officer knew both of the combatants and he took Spring’s name as a witness.

The man who had been assaulted proved to be Fred Maish, whom Duffield had hired to plaster and calcimine some rooms. The quarrel had originated several weeks before when Duffield found fault with the job and refused to pay. Maish had repeatedly dunned him for the amount and the outcome was the street fight. But this was far from ending the matter. As a result of what the constable had seen and heard at that time, it appeared that the two men had agreed to meet in a regular duel with firearms. Somewhat later, largely from information furnished by this constable, Duffield was arrested and brought before a grand jury, since according to the statutes of that time, known as The Howell Code, duelling was an offense beyond the jurisdiction of a justice of the peace. So the men were both put under bond to keep the peace and ordered to appear before the district court at its next session.

The trial was called in October, 1871. Duffield was charged with openly challenging Maish to a duel. When he was asked to stand up to hear the reading of the indictment, McCaffery, the District Attorney, a shrewd lawyer, stepped forward and requested the clerk to delay the reading. He then demanded of the Court that, before the case should proceed further, the defendant be disarmed. No weapons were in sight but everyone knew that Duffield always went about with numerous firearms concealed upon his person. Almost before the District Attorney had worded his request, Duffield drew a brace of Colt revolvers and leveled one of them at the judge and the other at the sheriff at the same time saying:

“The first man that touches me falls dead!”

While he was in this pose McCaffery stepped quietly up behind him, placed a Derringer against his spine and pulled the trigger. The weapon missed fire, and lucky was it for the district attorney that Duffield's attention was so taken up with the judge and the sheriff that he did not know what was going on behind his back. The situation was very tense, but, though the color left Judge Titus' face, he did not lose his presence of mind.

“Mr. Duffield, you are under bonds until the trial is over. I shall postpone the case until one o'clock p. m., this day, when you will appear here again, and I warn you now to present yourself before this Court without any weapons whatsoever, visible or concealed. You may now retire.”

As soon as Duffield had taken his departure, the judge ordered all the officers of the court and others taking any official part in the trial, to return at one o'clock, carrying, openly, either pistols or rifles. When the court re-convened it looked more like an assemblage of minute men than a law court. Walking to the judge's desk, Duffield declared that he was unarmed. No doubt word had reached him of what he might expect if he presumed any further upon the dignity of the court and the course of justice. The trial now proceeded in an orderly way. The old ruffian was compelled to pay a heavy fine and was placed under a thousand dollar bond to keep the peace for a year.

But peace and sobriety were experiences unknown to M. B. Duffield. To round out his turbulent career I must append a few more of his misdeeds and misfortunes. Some of them antedating the incidents described above. The following comment, referring to Duffield, appeared in THE ARIZONIAN of March 26, 1870: “Although the major's hostility to us evinced itself

upon only six or eight occasions, yet it is true that he seemed inclined to make every man his enemy." A few days afterward, Duffield and the editor met in a saloon, and Duffield, with the most dire threats and oaths, swore that he would crush the newspaper man to a pulp and sweep him from the face of the earth.

About two months later, June 25, at two o'clock in the night, Duffield was attacked in cold blood by two Mexicans while he was asleep in bed. The purpose was to murder him and steal his horses and other property. The assault was made apparently with a dagger and a hatchet. Before he could gain an upright position he had received a very severe wound on the left shoulder. One of the weapons severed the thumb of his right hand, but seizing his revolver with his left hand, Duffield made the best defense he could, finally driving off his assailants, though not until they had inflicted eleven wounds, two of them very deep.

One would suppose that after such an experience as this the fight would all be out of the old man, and, indeed, he never was quite the same afterwards, yet, from the temper of the following communication published in *THE ARIZONIAN* of March 18, 1871, it is easy to surmise that he would still find trouble along the way:

"Mr. Dooner—Sir: As I have heard of some abusive article in a low-lived paper in this town, called, I believe, the 'Citizen', and which I do not descend to read, I would ask that you please publish the enclosed letter which is a true copy of one written and handed to me by Hon. J. Titus; it will explain itself. I wish it published simply for the benefit of the old, gray-headed vagabond, reprobate and cowardly villian, J. Wasson, surveyor-general, and editor of the above named imbecile sheet, whose lifetime of low villainy and cowardice has caused the Almighty to even turn the hair of his head white at a premature age, as a caution to the world that he is marked to be avoided.

Do this and oblige M. B. Duffield."

Then follows a commendatory letter from John Titus, dated March 29, 1869, to the Postmaster-General of the United States supporting Duffield for the Special Mail Agency of the Pacific Coast.

Duffield met a violent death near Tombstone (according to Charles D. Poston) in 1875. But John G. Bourke, in *ON THE BORDER WITH CROOK*, assigns a date several years later. He laid claim to an interest in the Brunckow mine, which a certain Mr. Holmes was in possession of. Duffield came out to the

property to make good his claim, when he was confronted by the property owner and warned not to approach a step farther. Duffield, however, calmly and steadily continued to advance. Holmes raised his double-barreled shot-gun and told him that if he approached a step nearer he would shoot. Duffield still continued to advance, when Holmes shot at him at close range and killed him. Duffield's reputation for belligerency was so well established that the coroner's jury brought in a verdict of justifiable homicide and let Holmes go free.

CHAPTER VII.

Civilization Comes Full Circle

By Frank C. Lockwood

Being now an incorporated town with a population of three thousand or more Tucson, step by step, came to enjoy the comforts and conveniences, and the educational, aesthetic and religious advantages of other western cities. A well-known figure on the streets was the water-carrier, Irish Martin Toughey, with his mule and water cart. He drew it from the delicious spring just north of the Elysian Grove, in the hollow to the west of the Wishing Shrine. In November, 1873, Hiram S. Stevens erected the first windmill in Tucson in his backyard, and just about the same time, perhaps a little earlier, Mr. L. C. Hughes sowed grass-seed on his lawn and began growing shade-trees. March 16, 1872, the Fifth Cavalry Band gave a musical concert of very high order in Tucson, and March 30, of the same year, J. S. Mansfield advertised the opening of a circulating library at his Pioneers News Depot. November 1, 1873, a meeting was called to organize a Young Men's Literary Society. From this time on the club met regularly every week, and young Mr. Albert Steinfeld's name appears as one of the members who early took a place on the program. Early on the morning of December 2, 1873, the first telegram was received in Tucson, coming over the military wire that General Crook had just completed by way of Yuma.

Schools and Churches

Sometime during 1867 Augusta Brichta was placed in charge of a public school in Tucson—the first one ever conducted here. The trustees were W. H. Oury, J. B. Allen, and W. W. Williams. The school was attended by fifty-five boys and ran for about six months when it was closed for lack of funds. About July 7, 1869, in the Hodges House, a school was opened under the direction of two ladies and a gentleman from Sonora. Says THE ARIZONIAN of July 10, 1869, "During the day the young idea is instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and toward evening a second relief falls in to study vocal and instrumental music. We wish these enterprising people every success and may they receive sufficient patronage to induce them to remain with us." As no further notice of this experiment appears in future issues of the paper, we suppose that the little spark went out in darkness.

However, the time was now almost at hand when worthy and flourishing schools were to be founded, both for girls and boys—institutions that have continued to live and grow from that day to this. As early as May, 1869, there is a news local to the effect that Mrs. W. S. Oury, Mrs. J. Fernandez, and Mrs. J. Anderson had been exerting themselves so unceasingly that they had almost completed an attractive school building for girls, by donations from the public. This school was known as the Convent, and on June 7, 1870, several Sisters of St. Joseph, who reached Tucson in May, coming by way of California and Yuma, opened a school in the Convent in Church Plaza. The school prospered at once, and from that day to this has been a source of great pride to the citizens of Tucson. But as yet Tucson had never had a successful free public school. This came at last, March 4, 1872. There was a note in the paper in November, 1871, to the effect that the trustees of the district were preparing to open a school, and on November 15 of that year the supervisors authorized the expenditure of not more than \$16.00 a month for the renting of a building, and not more than \$300.00 to furnish it with desks, blackboards, etc. The building secured was at the northwest corner of Meyer and McCormick Streets. John Spring was the teacher employed. Thirty-four students—all boys—were enrolled the first day, but at the end of three months this number had doubled. The leading citizens, both Mexican and American, took a deep interest in the school from the first. A group of prominent men, including Gov. A. P. K. Safford, Dr. F. H. Goodwin, Dr. R. S. Wilbur, and Messrs. F. S. Leon, J. M. Elias, Joaquin Telles, Rufijio Pecheco, Leopoldo Carrillo, Francisco Romero, Francisco Ruelas, Leonardo Apodaco, Sam Hughes and John Wasson, visited the school on April 16, and did much to inspire the boys to secure an education. They were astonished and delighted to notice the progress that had been made during the few weeks the school had been operating. At the opening of the second term the building would not hold half of the pupils.

It was not until early in February, 1873, that the first free public school for girls was opened in Tucson. The school was conducted in a room in the Old Pioneer Brewery Building by Mrs. L. C. Hughes, who had recently come from Pennsylvania. It began with only three pupils, but by the end of the first month there were about thirty enrolled. The session closed the last of April, and though there was still some money in the treasury, Mrs. Hughes announced that her health would not permit her to conduct the school longer. The girls had made very satisfactory progress.

The trustees and Governor Safford at once began to bestir themselves to find new women teachers. They heard of a good teacher in Stockton, California, Miss Maria Wakefield, and were able to persuade her and her friend, Miss Harriet Bolton, to come to Tucson as teachers. These ladies began their work November 6, 1873. They had both served in the schools of our neighbor state for four years and were among the best teachers in the West. They taught the boys and girls in separate rooms, one taking charge of the boys and the other of the girls. There was an average attendance of fifty boys and twenty-five girls this year.

Writing to the commissioner of education in November, 1873, Governor Safford says: "The average price paid to teachers is one hundred dollars. They are mostly females. I prefer them for several reasons." He gives as his second reason that "they are not so liable (as men) to become dissatisfied with their occupation and change to other duties which they consider more profitable." Wise as he was in the ways of men, Governor Safford seems never quite to have discerned the inwardness of woman's heart and mind. Before the school year was over both of these excellent young women who had come to dare the desert, face the Apaches, and lead the soft-eyed, gentle-voiced little Arizona children in the paths of learning, married two of the leading men in the territory; Miss Wakefield became the wife of Mr. E. N. Fish and the mother of Mrs. Clara Fish Roberts, and Miss Bolton married the Governor's intimate friend, John Wasson, the Surveyor-General of Arizona.

Step by step with the schools the influence of the Protestant Churches began to be felt. Few and far between were the services held by Protestant ministers in these early days, but as soon as American families began to move in zealous preachers came also. THE ARIZONIAN of April 11, 1869, announces that Rev. J. W. Fleming, from Florence, will hold services in the court house on Sunday. In the spring of 1872 General O. O. Howard visited Tucson, and with him was Rev. E. P. Smith, at that time Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Howard writes in his book "My Life Among Our Hostile Indians":

"Nine-tenths of the people of Tucson were Mexicans. For them the Roman Catholics had a very respectable church edifice full of images and pictures appropriate to their faith. There being no other church in Tucson, my friend and companion, Rev. E. P. Smith, was asked to hold a Protestant service. He did so in

a hall, where during the first Sabbath the English-speaking people, almost without exception, gathered to listen and participate.”

January 26, 1873, and again, February 2, Rev. Mr. Reeder preached in the courtroom, and at the close of the February service a Bible class was organized with Judge Titus as teacher. May 23, 1874, a local in the CITIZEN announces that the Episcopal Bishop Whittaker, of the Diocese of Nevada and Arizona is in town and will hold divine services in the court house the following Sunday evening. Good seed must have been sown at this time, as in April, 1875, the same paper states that services of the Episcopal Church will be held in the court house, by Rev. F. O. Barstow, every Sunday at 11:00 a. m. until further notice.

However, the Presbyterian Church was the first Protestant organization to gain a permanent foothold in The Old Pueblo. The Hon. John P. Clum calls my attention to this quotation from the LIFE OF REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D. D. “Last Sabbath (in April, 1876) I held the first Presbyterian service * * * and organized the first Presbyterian Church ever organized in the Territory. Services were held in the court house with an attendance of about one hundred. John P. Clum, formerly elder at Santa Fe, was made ruling elder * * * They hope to build by next fall an adobe church with board floor. The whole Protestant element of the community gives the new movement their hearty sympathy. Sabbath afternoon the Governor was invited to dine with me, and in the evening we had a praise meeting. They have a number of good singers among the citizens.” Mr. Clum states that an organ was used at that service which he had shipped from San Francisco to San Carlos in 1875, and had later presented to this congregation.

From early September, 1877, there were frequent notices in the paper that Rev. J. E. Anderson was holding regular preaching services in the court house each Sunday, followed by afternoon Sunday school. At first it is not clear what denomination he is leading. The Protestants of the community all seem to be co-operating cheerfully and liberally without reference to denominationalism. Mr. Anderson was evidently an earnest, eloquent, broad-minded Christian minister, popular with all sects and classes. November 12, 1877, his organization came together and took steps to found a Presbyterian Church. At this time a board of trustees was elected consisting of W. W. Williams, Samuel Hughes, John Wasson, E. N. Fish and F. L.

Austin. At once plans were made for the erection of a church building. The city offered to sell a suitable lot for the church in the western part of the Court House Plaza for \$350.00. On May 23, 1877, Mr. Anderson states that this proposition has been accepted. Without delay work was begun on a structure 28x58 of stone and adobe. Two parlors were built at the rear of the audience room, 16x20. The corner stone was laid June 16, 1878.

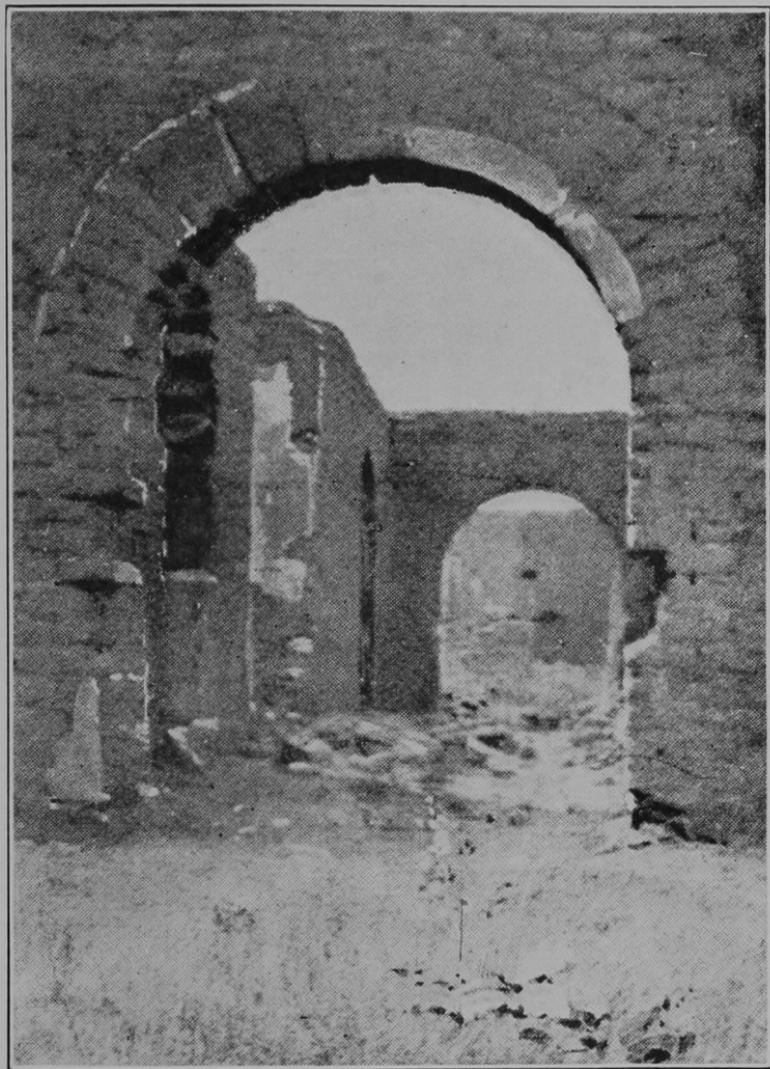
Next in order came the Methodist Episcopal Church. This society was organized October 12, 1879, by Rev. George H. Adams. The following were the nine foundation members: Robert Eccleston, William G. Mills, Alfred D. Otis, Kate B. Otis, Adria Buckalew Preston, Mrs. C. Wilt, Laurie Seawell and Mrs. E. J. Hughes. The first Board of Trustees consisted of W. G. Mills, A. D. Otis, Robert Eccleston, Samuel Hughes and Thomas W. Seawell. Among the early pastors of this church, serving in 1882-3, was Rev. Joseph F. Berry, later a bishop of the Methodist Church.

April 7, 1881, the First Baptist Church of Tucson was organized by Dr. Uriah Gregory. There were six charter members, but the records of the organization preserve only the names of Dr. and Mrs. Gregory. The recognition services were held in the old Presbyterian Church, Sunday, May 15, 1881. The old adobe structure on North Stone Avenue, near Council street, the first meeting house erected by the congregation, was dedicated June 22, 1882. Dr. Gregory remained as pastor of the Church continuously until 1888.

The Congregational Church was organized in November, 1881. The first pastor was Rev. L. B. Tenney, who served in 1881-2. The charter members were Charles E. Dailey, Louise M. Dailey, Mattie E. Davis, Sarah B. Stiles, Theodore L. Stiles, Stella E. Buehman (nee Morehouse), Mary J. Hall, Adolph G. Buttner and Mary L. Williams (nee Tenney).

Social and Recreational Life of Tucson in the Late Seventies

Life in Tucson never seems to have been dull, and the social instincts seem to have had free and full indulgence. THE ARIZONIAN, THE TUCSON CITIZEN and later the ARIZONA WEEKLY STAR with wit, breeziness and vivacity chronicle the weekly scene and shoot folly as it flies. Indeed, the newspapers must have constituted a chief enjoyment of the time.



Courtesy of the *Overland Monthly*

CRUMBLING WALLS OF FORT LOWELL

There was no more vivid center of life in Tucson in the days of which I write than Fort Lowell. The post was established, May 20, 1862, as Camp Lowell, in the suburbs of Tucson, about five hundred yards east of the village—that is, in the space now occupied by the Santa Rita Hotel and Library and Armory Parks. The post was evacuated September 15, 1864, but was reoccupied in May, 1865. August 26 it was made a permanent post and was named Camp Lowell, in honor of Brigadier General C. R. Lowell, killed at Cedar Creek, Virginia, during the Civil War.

March 28, 1873, an order was issued directing that Camp Lowell be removed to a site about seven miles northeast of Tucson on Rillito Creek. The reservation on which the fort was now built included seventy-eight square miles, or 49,920 acres. The military reservation of Camp Lowell was announced in General Order 33, Department of Arizona, November 26, 1875. The name of the post was changed from Camp Lowell to Fort Lowell, April 5, 1879. July 2, 1882, an ordnance depot was established at Fort Lowell. July 8, 1882, since the fort of late had been used primarily for quartermaster and ordnance stores, the commanding general of the army gave it as his opinion that it was no longer needed as a frontier military post. About January 15, 1891, it having been rumored that the fort was to be abandoned, Tucson citizens petitioned for its retention. On January 28, the Secretary of War decided that there was no longer need of a military post there, and on February 14, 1891, the post was abandoned. February 24, the President ordered that the War Department transfer the reservation to the Interior Department. Accordingly, on March 6, 1891, in War Department General Order No. 24, the transfer was announced. April 10, 1891, the fort and reservation were given over by the military authorities.

The facts as stated above were conveyed to me in a letter from the War Department, the Adjutant General's Office, under date of April 12, 1930.

As there were from two to four companies always stationed at Fort Lowell there were of course many officers—some of them with wives and families in residence there, so it was Tucson's most brilliant social asset. We learn from a newspaper item of June 26, 1875, that the fort had been in process of building for two years. Up to that time the Government had spent \$19,000 in this work, but it was expected that \$10,000 more would be required to complete the plans. There were

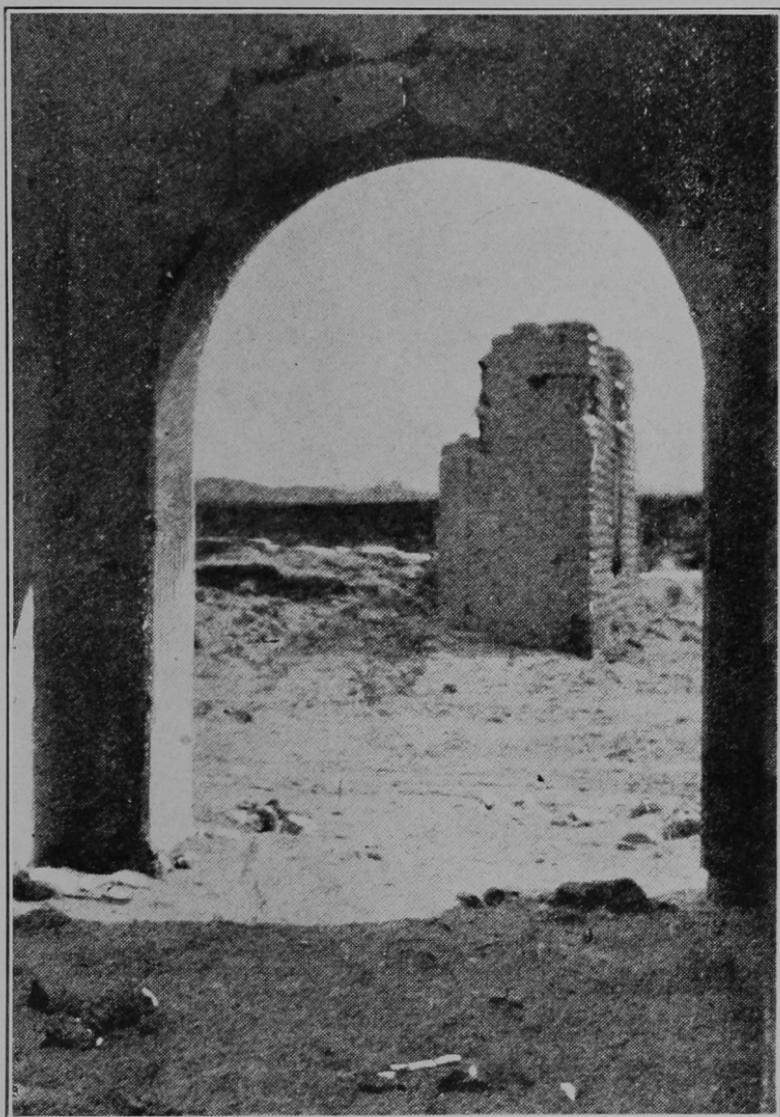
seven sets of officers quarters, two sets of quarters for infantry and one for cavalry companies, one for the regimental band, and, in addition, suitable, well built offices for the post adjutant and quartermaster, storehouses, guardhouse and corrals. It was one of the very best posts in the territory. Ladies and gentlemen from Tucson were frequently invited to some social festivity at the fort, and, on the other hand, officers and their wives added to the gaiety of fashionable parties given in town.

At the quarters of the post sutler, on the evening of April 27, 1875, the officers of the Eighth Infantry gave a stirrup cup entertainment to the officers of the Fifth Cavalry, who were on the point of leaving the post. As the account of this event given in the TUCSON CITIZEN is a good example of the social life of that day, and also well illustrates the journalistic manner of the time, I quote the item:

“The building was tastefully decorated and from the main entrance shown down upon the entering guest the names in illuminated letters of Col. W. B. Royall and Captain Emil Adam, and Lieutenants W. C. Forbush and C. H. Rockwell. Invitations had been issued to the various ladies and gentlemen and these, added to the society of the camp, made a “goodly company.” All went merry as a marriage bell. The music by the Fifth Cavalry Band couldn't help but be good; the dances were happily arranged; the ladies were good-natured the men were more bearable than usual (several of them brought out new neckties, but space will not permit description of these), and in fact all who were present felt that it was good for them to be there. The supper and wines were excellent, and altogether when the party broke up, ‘just before the dawning,’ the officers who gave and the officers who received this compliment had a large addition made to the pleasant memories of their lives.”

To show that joyousness and tragedy were near of kin in those stirring days, I here add a story that Mrs. Clara Fish Roberts tells. This incident took place a few years later than the event recorded above.

“One evening, Father and Mother were invited out to Fort Lowell for dinner. When they got ready to come home, as the Apache Indians were very bad at that time, General Carr said he had better send an escort with them. Mr. Robinson, the other man who was



Courtesy of the *Overland Monthly*

DUST TO DUST—RUINS OF FORT LOWELL

there, said, 'I won't wait for an escort, I can drive into town in twenty minutes.' My father stated that he also could drive in in twenty minutes if Robinson could, but mother said, 'No, we had better not take the risk. I am not willing to go.' Mr. Robinson started out ahead and mother and father came in slower with the escort. When they got into town mother was worried about Mr. Robinson, so she inquired about him. Upon investigation they found his span of horses waiting at the gate to be let in, and his body lying in the bottom of the buggy. It was a warm evening and there was a light breeze blowing. The supposition is that his coat blew back and exposed the bosom of his stiff white shirt as an excellent target for the Indians."

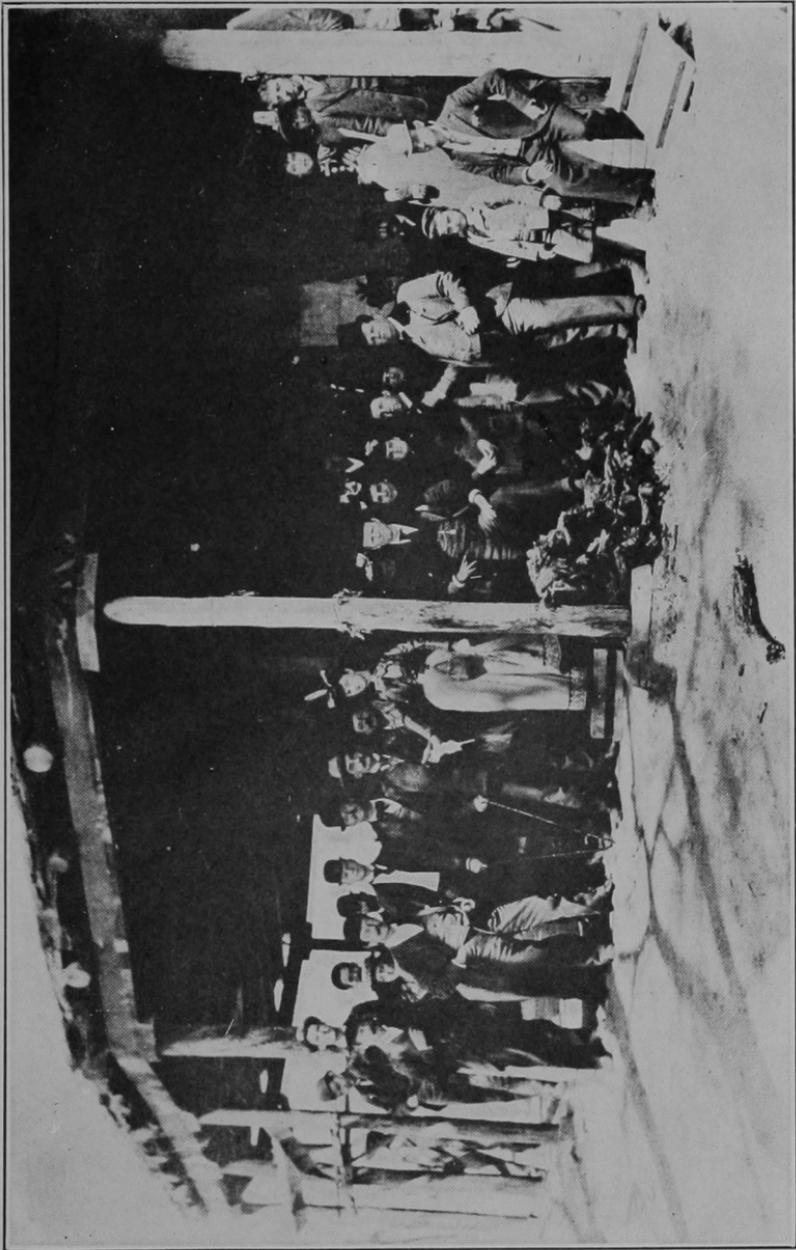
Levin's Park vied with the fort as a center of colorful activity and social enjoyment. Alexander Levin was a Prussian by birth and a brewer by occupation. He came to Tucson in 1863. He was a man of boundless circumference and activity. We find him incessantly occupied in buying and selling, building and tearing down, renovating and refitting, enlarging, planting, brewing, feasting and advertising. His brewery was early famous, and from time to time we see from his advertisements that he is running a hotel, is opening a new bar-room, has bought a new saloon. His fame reached its zenith in the development of Levin's Park, located at the foot of Pennington Street on the land adjoining the Santa Cruz stream (there was then no ugly river embankment).

In March, 1875, Levin experimented with eucalyptus trees in his gardens—planting them in all sorts of soil and at all depths. He had pepper trees, also. He planted hundreds of cottonwoods, and had many varieties of roses, pinks, and other kinds of flowers. The dancing pavilion was surrounded by beds of aromatic flowers; the walks were graveled—and the whole surroundings were attractive. The park contained about seven acres—all fenced and with a guard at the gate so that the guests were not subject to disagreeable intrusion. Almost every convenience and device conceivable for the entertainment of man—and woman too—that was possible in such a remote desert were provided. There was a skating rink, bowling alley, shooting gallery and dancing pavilion. Drinks and refreshments were dispensed on the premises, and benches and tables were conveniently distributed in agreeable and shady spots. Levin was one of the very first to introduce ice as a Tucson luxury. Celebrations of every kind were observed here, and

there were frequent band concerts of high order. Fashionable private balls were given in the pavilion, and also dances of a semi-public nature, for all of which Levin provided music of excellent quality. The string band of the Sixth Cavalry gave particular delight to Levin's patrons. It was said that this orchestra provided the best music to be enjoyed in the Southwest, rendering the lancers and the fashionable German—much to the satisfaction of Tucson's elite. In the fall of 1878 Levin began the erection of Park Hall, for use as a theater. It was planned to seat 2000 people, and was Tucson's first attempt at a real theater and opera house. After the coming of the railroad good stock companies played here, and occasionally the community was able to secure good light opera. In that building Joseph Jefferson played Rip Van Winkle, and many other actors of reputation appeared here.

Up to a recent date, from time out of mind, August 28 was celebrated in Tucson as the chief festal day of the year—that being the date upon which Augustine, patron saint of Tucson, died. No other annual event vied with this. People from a hundred miles around came flocking to Tucson, from village and country-side, to take part in this great festival. Nor was the celebration limited to a single day. In the seventies and eighties from ten days to two weeks were whiled away in noise and merry-making. Visitors from a distance would come with their blankets and coarser articles of food and sleep in the Plaza or on the desert. In town all ordinary business affairs were suspended during the festal period. Scant time was given to religious observance—the early mass in the Cathedral on the morning of the twenty-eighth sufficing for this. From that time on the community thought of nothing but eating, drinking, dancing, gambling and every other sport that the mind of man could conceive. There was not much quarrelsomeness and downright drunkenness, but at the close many a visitor and citizen went home aching and swollen as to head and much flattened as to fortune.

About 1875, the Americans being now in control, the city saw a chance to secure revenue from the Feast of St. Augustine, so the city fathers designated the old Parade Grounds, now the site of the Santa Rita Hotel, as the place for the festivities, and auctioned the right to conduct the fiesta to the highest bidder. He then sold the various concessions as he saw fit. "One of the best loved attractions was the "Raw-hide Band," consisting of two violins, a guitar or two and a bass drum—always a bass drum. The music produced by the Mexican musicians from these



Courtesy of the Overland Monthly

PARK HALL—LEVIN'S GARDENS

instruments was the greatest attraction of the fiesta. A ramada or grass-thatched shed was constructed for the dancing, and always achieved the name of the "bull-pen." The ramada occupied the center of the grounds and around it were placed the various concessions, in booths, tents and stands, where games, foods, dainties of all sorts and curious objects might be purchased and played."

We now get back to Alex Levin. By the late seventies he had developed his park to the attractive condition described above. What more natural than that he should desire to cater to the wide range of enjoyment ushered in by the Feast of St. Augustine. He went about it very astutely. He let the city fathers proceed as usual to auction off the concessions, but, for his part, he engaged a wandering opera troupe to come and discourse sweet music at the park—and besides he had cold beer on tap. As a result, the fiesta this particular year was held in Levin's Park, and thereafter the city officers were not able to compete with him. It continued year after year to be a gay, colorful and prolonged celebration—dominated by the sentiment and customs of the Latin world. The carnival spirit prevailed and while there were excesses it was not often that affairs grew riotous. About a generation ago, when public opinion turned strongly against gambling, the fiesta was abolished so that few Americans now in Tucson remember it in its heyday.

Street Life Between 1875 and 1885

For the true interpretation of life on the streets, in the stores and public places of Tucson, just preceding and following the coming of the railroad, we have come to look to a half dozen natives or near natives who were children or very young people at that time. Mrs. Clara Fish Roberts, a native daughter, has many anecdotes of those days, and much intimate knowledge of the home life, the church and the schools at that time. For example, this account of the Annual Balls of The Arizona Pioneer Society:

"I am not sure that there were Pioneer Balls anywhere except over the present Orndorff Hotel, which was then the Cosmopolitan. When the building was first built it was only one story. It was divided in half. The west room was used for dancing at these balls, and the east room was used as a banquet hall. The south side of the entrance was taken up with a stairway, back of which was the cloak room, and that was the passageway from the dancing room to the banquet hall. To the

Pioneers' Ball every member of the family was invited, whether a few weeks old or very aged. I went into the dressing room one evening and stumbled over a little bundle on the floor, and found that a baby was wrapped in it. There were a lot of these little rolls pushed back there under their blankets. They were rolled up and tucked away where people wouldn't step on them. One night one of the babies began to cry. I was terribly worried, because I thought the right mother wouldn't know it was her baby crying, but she came and quieted the baby.

"I do not remember of any occasion when my father did not call off the dances. The Virginia reel, the lancers, the quadrille, and the waltz were the principal dances. In one corner of the room the young children had their own square dances. We used to have lots of fun. The banquet table at these dances was always laden with turkeys, mince pies and Mexican eats (prepared by the best of cooks) and the finest of wines. After the party was over everyone was expected to carry home all they could. They would come with a white cloth and just fill it full of whatever happened to be left. By the time the banquet hall was emptied there wasn't much left to eat."

It has been customary to dub Mr. Mose Drachman Tucson's official pioneer. In a way he is a native son, since his father and mother had been permanent residents here several years before he was born in San Francisco. They returned while he was an infant in arms, and from that time he has made his home here continuously. He was an active inquiring boy of the streets in the early eighties who knew everyone and whom everyone knew. I quote some of his remarks about the Tucson of his boyhood. "Tucson was a dead town. You could fire a cannon down Congress Street without fear of hitting anyone. All the buildings were of adobe. The biggest excitement of the day was the arrival of the stage. It would come in at Main Street and drive up to the post office and everyone would gather around. Another big event was the arrival of a freight team. The driver would control his team of sixteen mules with one line. There were three wagons in a train—two of them trailers.

"The number of faro games was the business barometer of that day—three games meant good business; two, not so good; one, poor business. A saloon once open, always open. It required three shifts to operate it. The Fashion Saloon brought in a couple of singing girls and everyone flocked to this place. They were fine looking girls. Men would be introduced to them and then treat them to drinks. There was a private room where

you could drink and talk. All this meant good business for the saloon. At the old Opera House there were variety shows—with girls, singing, dancing—and liquor. The girls would come out to the boxes, singing and giving out liquor. No respectable lady attended these shows. The Opera House was where The Park View Hotel is now.

“The leading men of the town were gamblers and saloon-keepers. So far as being true to their word was concerned, no better men ever lived than these gamblers of Tucson. The men who gave the ground for the university were three old-time gamblers—Ben C. Parker, Milt Aldrich and E. B. Gifford. They were gamblers who never turned a crooked card. I remember when I was a boy that I put a bet down at a roulette wheel. E. C. Haynes, an old time gambler, looked me up the next day and said, ‘Young man, if ever I catch you betting in a gambling place again I’ll beat you up!’ Often, when a boy would slip into temptation that way these men would give him his money back. These gamblers sometimes gave me good advice. Said one of them to me, ‘I notice you are taking some interest in politics: never make a promise hastily, but once you make it, never break it. And no matter what a man does for you, you are never under obligation to do a wrong for him.’

“We had boosters then who were known as ‘The Sons of Rest.’ One needed them in politics. Take ‘Frying-Pan Charley.’ He was a crazy gambler. One day some one told him his card was about to come up. He ran out of his restaurant with his frying-pan in his hand and made his bet. That was the way he got the name ‘Frying-pan Charlie’. One day a man went in and ordered breakfast. ‘Frying-pan Charley’ said, ‘Excuse me a minute, I haven’t a thing in the house, and I haven’t any money. But if you’ll give me some I’ll go out and get something for your breakfast and cook it for you.’ The man gave him the money and out he went. After a long time the customer got tired waiting for his breakfast and went out to look for him. He found him outside gambling, and already the money advanced for the breakfast was gone.”

It would require a chapter to picture the business life of Tucson in the eighties. One need only talk with Mr. Albert Steinfeld, Mr. A. M. Franklin, Mr. George Kitt and other merchants of that day who still live here to learn all about it. There were two rival hotels by that time—the Cosmopolitan and the Palace, and each afforded fairly good accommodations. Life on the streets was primitive in many respects. Papago women

sold most of the hay bought by private citizens—carrying great bunches of it into town on their backs in **quijos**, and selling it at five or ten cents a load.

Mr. A. M. Franklin tells very entertainingly of his first experiences with Mexican Dons from Sonora, when he was a newcomer clerking in the store of his uncle, L. M. Jacobs. These Mexican gentlemen would come from beyond the border with pack-trains bearing produce to be exchanged for American goods. A **mozo** would have one burro loaded with **dobe** money—Mexican silver dollars. The customer would have his **mozo** bring the bag of money into the store, and then he would proceed to make his purchases—one article at a time. Having decided to buy a particular article, he would take possession of it, and then have his servant count out the requisite amount of silver. This process he would repeat, paying for each item as he bought it, until he had supplied himself with everything he wanted.

Mr. Franklin tells of an experience he had with a certain Don Juan Salazar—a most dignified and punctilious cavalier from Sonora. Don Juan, while making his purchases as described above, politely asked Mr. Franklin for a light for his cigarette.

“At that time I was smoking the last of my own cigarette and handed it to Don Juan with a bow. He lighted his cigarette from my stub and handed it back to me, with quite a flourish to indicate his thanks.

“Throw it away,” I said, as the cigarette was about done for anyway.

“Sir,” exclaimed the Don hotly, “Why this insult?”

“Pardon me,” I answered, “what insult?”

Don Juan simply give me a withering glance and proudly strode away. The main office of the house had not yet been opened and later Don Juan was seen by me to stroll into the store and go directly to the office of Mr. Jacobs. Shortly afterwards I was called into the office and bluntly asked:

“What occasion was there for you to insult Don Juan?”

I was very much astonished and replied, “If I insulted Don Juan I assure you Mr. Jacobs it was unintentional. I do know, however, that he took offence at something.”

“Just repeat what occurred,” Mr. Jacobs asked.

I told him.



Courtesy of the Overland Monthly

PAPAGO WOMEN WITH QUIJOS

“Do you not know that when you hand your cigarette to anyone for a light that the proper and courteous thing to do when the cigarette is returned to you is to take it and continue to smoke it?”

“I don't think I quite understand you, Mr. Jacobs.”

“It's very simple. When you told Don Juan to throw your cigarette away after he had lighted his own from it, you were implying that it had been polluted and you had no further use for it. That is the way he looked at it. You were practically accusing him of contaminating your cigarette by contact with his fingers.”

Knowing what a good customer Don Juan was and that he was a thorough gentleman I offered my apology to him. We shook hands, the Don bowed like an old time cavalier, and we parted the best of friends.

Coming of the Railroad and the University

For decades Tucson had longed mightily for a railroad. From 1870 on discussion is rife and hope ever stronger. Finally, on March 20, 1880, at 11:00 a. m., the first railroad train enters the ancient pueblo. It is a special and carries Mr. Charles Crocker, president of the Southern Pacific, and a score or more of the other officers of the road, together with other distinguished visitors. Thousands of citizens had gathered at the station to see this first train enter the town. During the day excitement ran high. Says the ARIZONA WEEKLY STAR, “the guests were received amidst the roar of cannons and martial music, toasts, speeches and a grand soiree.” W. S. Oury gave the speech of welcome. Estevan Ochoa presented the president of the road with a silver spike, made by Richard Gird's own hand from the first bullion produced by the Tough Nut Mine. The banquet at Park Hall in Levin's Gardens was the supreme event of the day, though the ball in evening vied with it in splendor. Charles D. Poston presided as toastmaster and the witty, inimitable Thomas Fitch was the chief oratorical star of the occasion.

A high point in the proceedings was the interchange of telegrams between other cities and with various dignitaries. The President of the United States, General Fremont, and the cities of Los Angeles and San Francisco were notified that Tucson was now connected with the outside world. Then it was proposed very likely by Tom Fitch, that a message be dispatched to the

Pope. The telegram was accordingly sent, Bishop Salpointe joining Mayor Leatherwood in this greeting. It read as follows:

“To His Holiness, the Pope of Rome, Italy,

“The Mayor of Tucson begs the honor of reminding Your Holiness that this ancient and honorable pueblo was founded by the Spaniards more than three centuries ago and to inform Your Holiness that a railroad from San Francisco, California, now connects us with the Christian world.

“Asking your Benediction:

“R. N. LEATHERWOOD, Mayor,

“J. B. SALPOINTE, Vic. Ap.”

In due time, when the jollification was at its height, Fitch arose and read the following reply:

“Leatherwood, Mayor,

“Tucson, Arizona.

“It gives the Pope much pleasure to know Tucson is connected with outside world by rail. But where in H--l is Tucson?”

The mayor and many of the banqueters had by this time reached such a state of mind that the hoax was not questioned. But in the sober and cold light of the day after the mayor realized that he had been victimized.

In January, 1877, the capital was removed from Tucson to Prescott. The Old Pueblo could not reconcile itself to this loss, and each time the legislature met the main issue was whether Tucson should recover its lost treasure. After Pima County had elected its representatives to the Thirteenth Legislature in the fall of 1884, Mr. J. S. Mansfeld, a prominent citizen and active politician, invited the five newly elected members of the lower house to his store for the purpose of coming to some agreement as to what Tucson should try to bring home from the coming session. The conclusion was to give up the fight for the capital once for all and reach for some other good plum. There had been talk recently of the founding of a state university, and Mr. Mansfeld was of the opinion that Pima County should put in for that. Others thought it would be desirable to get the territorial prison away from Yuma, and there was some talk of securing the insane asylum. The consensus of opinion was, though, that the proposed university was the best thing in prospect at that time.

The real democracy had not yet spoken, however. Soon after the five representatives had left for their long, hard journey to Prescott, a mass meeting of the citizens of the Old Pueblo was called. It was then and there clamorously decided that Tucson did not want a university, but did want and was determined to have the capital. As an evidence of their faith and strong desire, they raised a "sack" of \$4,000 and sent the redoubtable Fred Maish to Prescott with it.

When Mr. Maish arrived at the capital he invited the five members of the lower house to his room in what was referred to as a hotel—Prescott's best. Maish occupied the only chair in the apartment. His guests he seated on the bed. Mr. Selim M. Franklin, the youngest man in the Pima delegation, and the man who triumphantly carried the act creating the university through the lower house, gave the writer a spirited account of the matter which is here summarized.

Maish told them that his fellow townsmen did not want the university but did crave to have the capital returned. He said if there were any who doubted, he had with him a sum of \$4,000 as a solid argument to the contrary, and even went so far as to say that if there were still stubborn and unreasonable men who questioned his logic that additional funds would be forthcoming. It was in vain that the five Pima County statesmen made known to Mr. Maish that seven members of the council—a majority of that body—had entered into a compact to oppose the removal of the capital. They told him, moreover, that the member of the upper house from Yavapai County would send to some other realm—better or worse than earth—any member of the combination in the council who dared to break the promises he had entered into.

All of this availed not at all; with a wave of his hand Mr. Maish brushed away all arguments and obstacles:

"Boys," said he, "there is another 'sack' where this one came from and another one after that if we need it. Tucson will get the capital all right. I will attend to that. Here are some bills. Go out and treat the boys and set the good work going."

With this, he handed a twenty dollar bill to each member. They took it and went their way. A jolly time was had; old animosities disappeared under the mellowing influence of drink and under the magic spell of good will that had been evoked the rules were suspended in the lower house and a bill was passed to take the capital back to Tucson. But as the weeks

went by and his bag of money dwindled, Maish found the members of the upper house as obdurate as ever. Mr. C. C. Stephens, who was the member of the council from the south, did not dare to break his agreement with his colleagues, and as a result, when the legislators returned to Tucson with nothing to show but the gift of the university, a mass meeting of enraged citizens was called and Mr. Stephens was denounced in the most colorful pioneer language of the day.

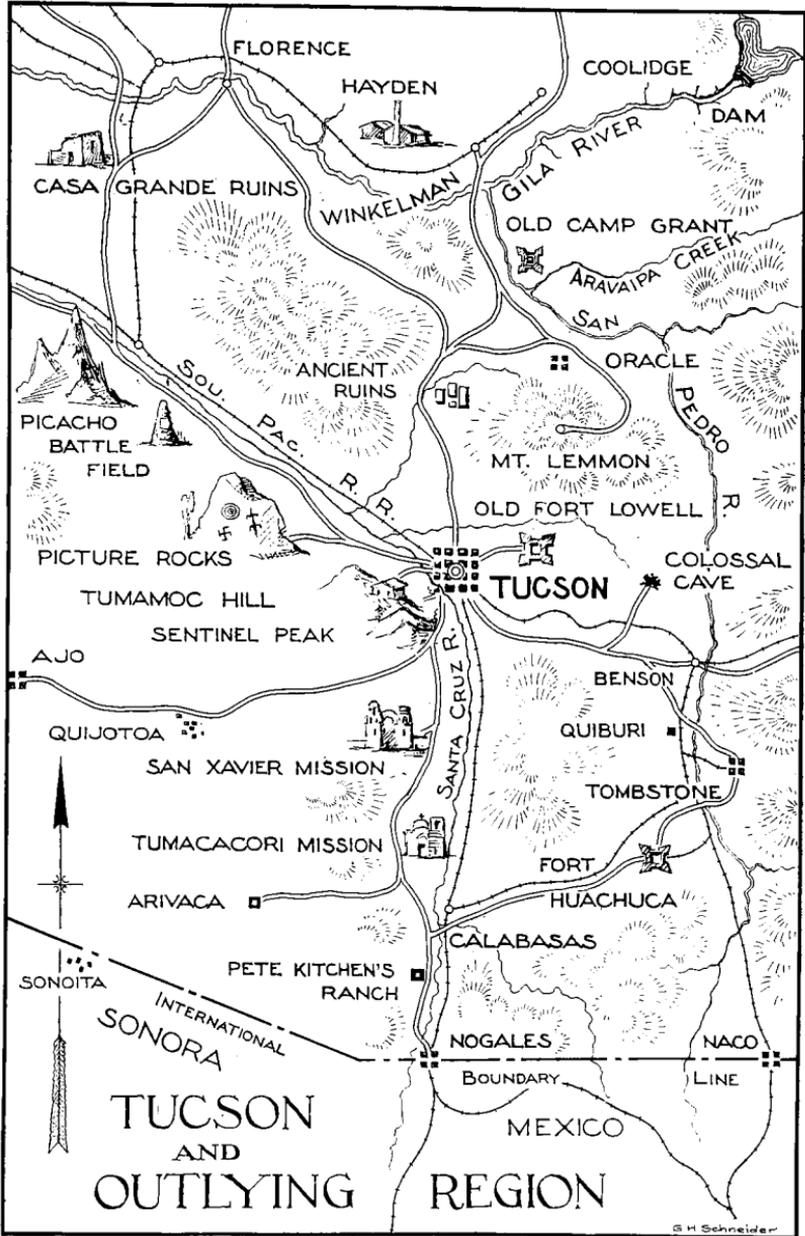
The legislature had made provision for twenty-five thousand dollars to support the university, but before this could become available, forty acres of unencumbered land near Tucson must be conveyed to the territory as a location for the university. No one wanted the university, so no land was offered to the regents. At last, late in 1886, when the appropriation from the territory was about to lapse, Mr. Charles Straus, Superintendent of Public Instruction, took steps to save the day. Through his efforts, three leading gamblers of the town—the men of real weight at that time—came to the front and bought one hundred and sixty acres where the university now stands. Forty acres of this they donated for university purposes. And thus “sweetness and light” came to the Old Pueblo.

A Look Around

It is time to bring this story to a close. With a telegraph line, a through railroad, a state university and daily papers, the antiquarian need pursue his task no farther. From 1885 on, he who will may read the record of Tucson's progress. I must not close, though, without a word to the tourist who desires to orient himself with reference to ancient Tucson.

Let the stranger within our gates go to the “Wishing Shrine” at the south end of Main street. And, first, it should be noted that, while the “Wishing Shrine” has been a landmark for scarcely more than a generation, it is now—to the young and the curious at least—the best known spot in town. Of the many accounts concerning its origin the following related by Mrs. C. B. Perkins is perhaps as good as any, for they all agree in general.

A certain young man, a sheep herder, Juan Oliveras, worked on a ranch for Dr. F. H. Goodwin, Mrs. Perkins' father, in the late seventies. With him lived his wife and his father-in-law. In Tucson lived Juan's mother-in-law with whom he had become infatuated. One day he came to town, and quite unsuspectingly his father-in-law came into Tucson a little later and



TUCSON AND OUTLYING REGION

surprised his wife and Juan in their guilty love. A quarrel ensued, the young man was thrown out of the house. Seizing an axe, the older man killed the youth, and then fled to Sonora. It was the Mexican custom to bury a man who came to such a violent end without ceremony where he fell. His grave was a most dismal and wretched spot when first seen by the writer fourteen years ago. It was somewhat off the road in a tangled, ugly thicket of grass, grease-wood and catsclaw—with stones, tincans and refuse all about. But one could not pass the place however dark the night or late the hour, without seeing lighted candles flickering there. And so it had been for a full generation. Some pious Mexican woman had from the first placed candles on the grave of this lost man, with devout prayers for his salvation. For many years now young girls in town and sentimental college students have made wishes and then placed candles on the shrine, a tradition having gradually grown up that if one would make a wish, and set lighted candles on the grave, her wish would come true—provided the candles did not go out before morning.

Standing, then, at this romantic spot, facing north on Main street, let the stranger look about. Just in front of him, on the west side of the street was the fine flour-mill of Mr. W. E. Scott, built in the early seventies. Next to this, now 264-6 Main Street, was the home of Mr. Scott. Opposite Mr. Scott's residence at the corner of Main and McCormick Streets was the Governor's Mansion, now demolished. Near here, at 219 Main, still stands the house of Sabino Otero, a prominent Mexican pioneer. Across the street, was Bill Oury's home, in a building now occupied by the Pima Lumber Company. If one will continue straight north on Main Street past Congress (the center of business in 1870) and Ott and Pennington, he will come to Alameda Street, where the gate of the walled city opened to the fields and the old mission across the river a mile to the south and west. No. 141 Main Street was the home of Mr. E. N. Fish in the sixties. This property ran as far south as Alameda Street—and the large lot extending back on Alameda Street was Mr. Fish's carriage house and corral. Hiram Steven's home was the property from 153-163 Main; and Mr. Stevens also owned all that is now the Knox Corbett house and lawn.

Let us suppose that the sight-seer is still standing at the "Wishing Shrine" and has seen all that I have just described only in his mind's eye. I want him now to face west, so that I may give him a more extended view of things as they were. Down the bank a hundred feet to the west was a perennial and imme-

morial spring—the chief water supply of the village for generations. There is now a well at this spot surrounded by a corral. A hundred years ago if one had lifted his eyes and looked straight off to Sentinel Peak and the Desert Laboratory, on the slope of Tumamoc Hill, he would have seen no river bed and crumbling bank but instead a widespread low valley covered with mesquite and sacaton grass as high as a man's head. When the river was at flood the whole valley was covered with water, and at all times little acequias ran rippling through the valley with stretches of verdure wherever they flowed.

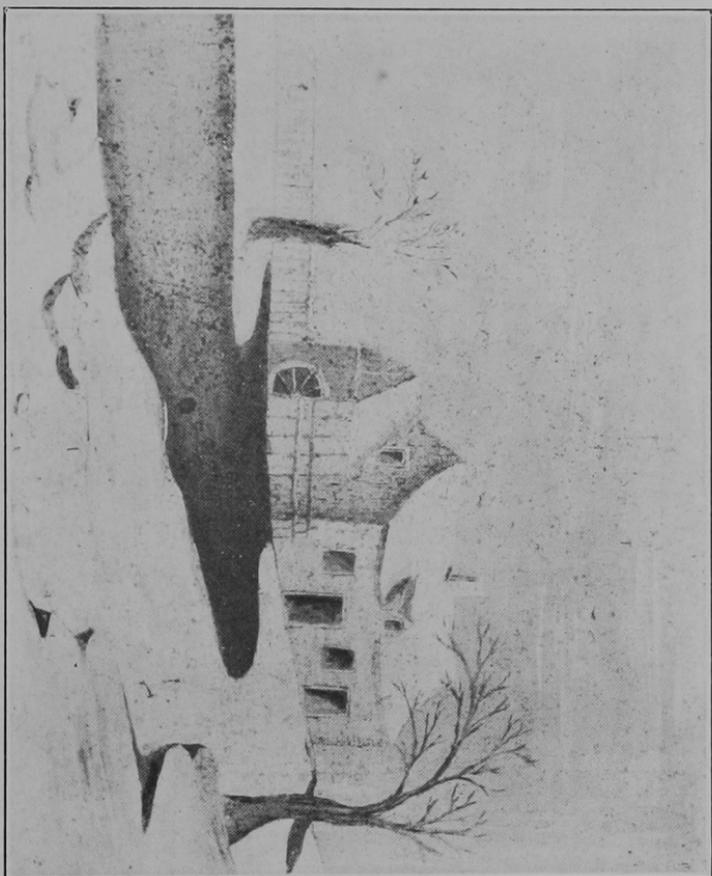
Of old, the main road to Nogales and the south was by Main Street. If one could go directly south two or three miles he would come to the ancient Mexican east and west road. Turning west on this road one crosses the river bed, and in so doing passes on his left the site of the Silver Lake Mill—the first one established in Tucson. To the north and east of the main road into Tucson, which one strikes at the Mission Swimming Pool, is the Old Silver Lake location. A dam was erected some time in the eighties running eastward from the toe of Sentinel Peak. There were boats on this lake and it was a popular resort for several years. A little canal led water to the Old Warner Mill (the second one in Tucson) the ruins of which still stand at the foot of "A" Mountain. One hundred feet to the south of this mill are two or three big holes in the black rock, where Papago women used to grind their corn.

From Warner's Mill, an old Mexican road runs east across the valley. A thousand feet east of the mill, and two hundred feet south of the road is the first and oldest date palm in Arizona. It is a seedling tree—a male—so has borne no fruit. Standing erect and distinct as it does it is an interesting specimen to the horticulturalist. A little farther to the east, just off the road to the north, are the ruins of the old adobe mission church, described in Chapter I, and pictured in Bartlett's Sketch of 1852. Here can be traced the foundations of the first manual training school in Arizona, where the priests taught the Indian boys various manual arts as far back as the time of Garces—possibly in Jesuit times.

Sources of Information

Interviews with many early Arizona Pioneers—both Mexican and American.

Unpublished Letters, Journals, and Reminiscences of soldiers, priests and pioneers.



SILVER LAKE MILL
Erected by James Lee, 1862

The Tucson Newspapers of the Sixties, Seventies, and Eighties—THE ARIZONIAN, the TUCSON CITIZEN, and the ARIZONA WEEKLY STAR.

The Original Membership Book of the Pioneers' Historical Society.

Kino's Memoirs of Pimeria Alta, 2 vols., Herbert E. Bolton.
Arizona and New Mexico, H. H. Bancroft.

On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer, Garces, 2 vols., Elliott Couves.

Arizona—The Youngest State, vols. I, II, J. H. McClintock.

Personal Narrative, 2 vols., John R. Bartlett.

History of Arizona, 8 vols., T. E. Farish.

The History of Arizona, Sidney R. DeLong.

History of the Mormon Battalion, D. Tyler.

Across America and Asia, vol. I, Raphael Pumpelly.

Adventures in the Apache Country, J. Ross Browne.

On the Border with Crook, John G. Bourke.

Handbook of Arizona, R. J. Hinton.

Soldiers of the Cross, J. S. Salpointe.

Arizona Characters, Frank C. Lockwood.

Life of Bishop Machebeuf, W. J. Howlett.

The Explanation of Tucson's Coat of Arms

In this seal nine symbols are interwoven. The design represents chronologically the history of the ancient pueblo of Tucson. The period of the Spanish Conquest is indicated by the Pillars of Hercules; the period of Mexican domination is typified by the Mexican Eagle; the sovereignty of the United States is represented by the American Eagle; and the epoch of Statehood is symbolized by the Star of Arizona.

The minor epochs of Tucson's history are—the era of Christianization, represented by the arms of the Society of Jesus against a blue background of hope; the progress of religion under the Franciscans represented by the arms of the Order of St. Francis of Assisi against a green background typifying the development of agriculture; the period of the Presidio, represented by a wall, over-topped by a black hill against a red background, indicative of the Apache warfare of that time; and, finally, the brief space of Confederate occupation, represented by the battle

flag of the Confederacy against a white background typifying the peace that followed the Civil War. The colors in the background have a two-fold significance; for they represent the national colors of both the United States and Mexico—red, white and blue, and red, white and green.

Acknowledgment is hereby made to the Library of the University of Arizona, The Public Library of the City of Los Angeles, and the Pioneers Historical Society for access to material used in the preparation of this volume.

The authors desire to express their appreciation of the intelligent and sympathetic aid rendered by Miss Winifred Walcutt in typing this manuscript for the press.

CURRENT COMMENT

DAN R. WILLIAMSON

H. C. Stillman

H. C. Stillman, aged 82, was instantly killed on the night of June 9, when an automobile in which he was a passenger was struck by another machine near Globe. Mr. Stillman was secretary of the Douglas Business Men's Protective Association, and had attended a meeting of this organization at Prescott, and was en route to Douglas by way of the Coolidge Dam when the accident occurred which took his life and that of W. W. Arr, of Globe, and seriously injured Robert Hamilton, secretary of the Bisbee Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. Stillman was a native of Connecticut, having been born and reared at Bridgeport. He came to Arizona in 1880, coming first to Bisbee, then called Mule Gulch, as an employee of a construction company, and had charge of the first load of freight ever shipped by rail from Tucson to Fairbank. He remained in Bisbee, being one of the organizers of that city and served the city as postmaster for one term. He was one of the first men to do excavating work on the Copper Queen Mine. He served as a deputy under Sheriff Behan, first sheriff of Cochise County. He also served as an agent for the Wells-Fargo Express Company in the days in Arizona when a man was virtually taking his life in his hands to act in such capacity. Mr. Stillman was a real pioneer of the Hell-roarin', rip-snortin' Arizona that was, and he recorded for the office of Arizona State Historian stories of his early experiences. Among these is the graphic account of the activities of the Heath gang of robbers and murderers. They culminated their career of crime by the wanton robbery and murder of several prominent citizens of Bisbee, and the enraged citizens of that city and Tombstone proclaimed, practically, a Roman holiday and hanged four of the gang at a public hanging in the latter city in the early eighties.

While of an advanced age, Mr. Stillman was as active as a man many years his junior, and was one of the most prominent workers in the civic affairs of the City of Douglas. He was the last veteran of the Civil War in that district, and was the pre-

siding officer at the last Memorial Day services a few days prior to his death.

Mr. Stillman is survived by his wife, to whom he had been married nearly sixty years, a daughter, two sons, two sisters and a brother.

H. M. Woods

Henry Morgan Woods, pioneer of Cochise County, died at his home in Bisbee on June 2. He was born at Southboro, Mass., in 1855, and came to Arizona in 1879. With the exception of two years, he lived continuously in Cochise County from the time of his arrival in Arizona. During the boom days of Tombstone, Mr. Woods was foreman of the historic Contention Mine. The family moved to Bisbee in the early '90's, where Mr. Wood was employed by the Copper Queen Company, who retired him on pension in 1917.

Mr. Woods was for many years a member of the Bisbee school board, and he served his district in the territorial legislature for four years, beginning in 1898. He was a Mason of high degree, and held important offices in this lodge and the O. E. S.

Mr. Woods' first wife was Letta May Steele, of Tombstone. Five children were born to them, three of whom survive. Mrs. Woods died in 1910, and several years later Mr. Woods married Mrs. Emma Farrington, who also survives him. One of the children, Miss Gladys Woods, makes her home in Phoenix.

Ruth Guernsey Kelly

Mrs. Ruth G. Kelly died in Los Angeles on June 4, following a short illness from pneumonia. Mrs. Kelly was a pioneer of the State of Arizona, having arrived in Solomonville, where she taught school, in 1896. She also lived at Bisbee, Clifton and Tucson before coming to Phoenix where she made her home until about a year ago. She was connected with the state library as assistant librarian from 1923 to 1927, and she also worked for the state highway department.

Mrs. Kelly was born at Bloomfield, Iowa, in 1875, the daughter of Jennie C. and Henry Guernsey. She is survived by the aged mother, four children—W. H. Kelly, former owner of the Tombstone Epitaph, now with the Arizona Daily Star, Tucson; Samuel G. Kelly, lieutenant in the United States Navy; Mrs. A. B. Stevens, Los Angeles; Alice Jane Kelly, employe of the Arizona Corporation Commission, and now in Los Angeles on leave of absence; three grandchildrtn, children of Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, three brothers and two sisters. One of the sisters, Mrs. E. L. Shaw, is a resident of Phoenix and was called to Los Angeles when Mrs. Kelly's condition became serious. This is the second time within six months that the hand of death has claimed a member of this family, Major Geo. H. Kelly, State Historian, Mrs. Kelly's father-in-law, having passed away last November.

Funeral services were held for Mrs. Kelly on June 7, with burial in Pomona beside the grave of a brother who was killed accidentally several years ago. By order of Governor Phillips, the flag at the state house was placed at half-mast during the funeral hour, from 10 to 11.

Eliza Campbell

Eliza Campbell, aged 79, wife of Dan Campbell, and mother of former Governor Thomas E. Campbell, died at her home in Prescott on June 17. She had been a resident of Arizona since 1873, coming to Fort Whipple as a bride in that year. She is a native of Ireland, and came to America with her parents at the age of ten.

Besides the son mentioned, the survivors are the husband and three other children—Mrs. Fred Juleff, Bisbee; Mrs Lila Campbell Duffy, Phoenix, and Harry Campbell, Florence. Two grandchildren, Allen and Brodie Campbell, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Campbell, also survive.

When the REVIEW went to press the funeral of Mrs. Campbell had not been held, awaiting the arrival of the son, Tom Campbell, who sailed from Spain on June 16. He will come by plane to Prescott from New York immediately upon his arrival in New York, which is expected to be about June 24.

James Henry East

James Henry East died at his home in Douglas on June 13, at the age of 77.

"Jim" East, a native of Illinois, came to Douglas more than 25 years ago from Texas, where he settled in 1870. He was prominently active in the business and political life of Oldham County, Texas, for many years, serving that county as sheriff for two terms. His wide experience in early life gave him a colorful background, and at one time he was associated with Pat Garrett, then celebrated sheriff of Lincoln County, New Mexico. He helped Garrett stamp out cattle rustling in that county, and to East was assigned the job of taking the notorious outlaw, Billy the Kid, to Albuquerque to be turned over to Gov. Lew Wallace. Other than to admit this fact, Judge East always modestly declined to discuss this incident.

While Judge East came to Douglas to spend a life of retirement, twice he served that city as chief of police. At the time of his death he was judge of the police court, having been appointed to that position by former Mayor Haymore.

Judge East is survived by his wife, Nettie Bouldin East, member of a pioneer Douglas family, to whom he was married December 6, 1884. Mrs. East is a native of Virginia.

Judge East was a life member of the Douglas Lodge of Elks.

JOHN C GREENWAY STATUE UNVEILED

On Saturday, May 24th, 1930, Arizona presented to the nation a bronze statue of John Campbell Greenway to take its place among other memorials of our illustrious dead in Statuary Hall, in the National Capital, Washington, D C.

This heroic figure, by Gutzon Borgium, is the first statue of a World War veteran to be placed in Statuary Hall. Greenway served both in the World War and the Spanish-American War.

He was a noted mining engineer, and it is largely through his foresight and vision that the low grade ores of the desert country were developed; the great Ajo Mine made the outstand-

ing success that it is, and the beautiful camp of Ajo became a by-word of efficiency as well as beauty, and a model that all might be proud to follow.

Among those attending was Frank Hitchcock, former Postmaster General and now a publisher of Tucson.

Tributes at the ceremony of the unveiling were paid by Senators Ashurst and Hayden and Representative Douglas.

General Greenway's wife and young son, Jack, are residents of Arizona, Mrs. Greenway being one of the outstanding women of the West.