

FEATURES
OF AN
ARIZONA
LIBRARY



BY
DR. J. A. MUNK

Press of
TIMES-MIRROR PRINTING AND BINDING HOUSE
Los Angeles, California

With all good wishes
from J A Munn

FEATURES OF AN ARIZONA LIBRARY

BEING A SKIMMING OF THE HIGH LIGHTS REGARDING
BOOKS, PEOPLE AND EVENTS AS EMBODIED IN THE
MUNK LIBRARY OF ARIZONIANA IN THE
SOUTHWEST MUSEUM IN LOS ANGELES
AND RECOGNIZED AS THE RAREST
COLLECTION OF BOOKS ON
ARIZONA EXTANT

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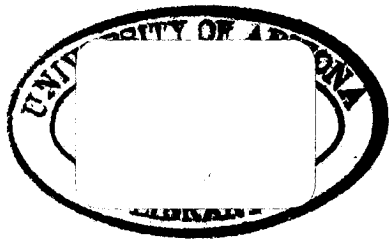
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Los Angeles, California

1926



Features of an Arizona Library

After Columbus discovered America, a stream of immigration commenced pouring into the country, that has not ceased to date.

The first arrivals were the Spaniards, who came seeking conquest and to broaden the boundaries of their Church. The English craved religious liberty and freedom from kingly rule. The Germans wanted to find new homes and farms to cultivate; while the French sought sport and adventure. Additional immigrants came from every other nation under the sun.

This heterogeneous admixture of humanity became amalgamated *en masse* and eventually evolved the modern American citizen.

The records of all these people have been preserved in manuscripts and books, and are

now the history and literature of the United States, of which Arizona is an important part.

Such a mass of books is bound to contain a variety of interesting matter. Their contents must naturally be mostly of a serious nature, yet they also contain enough variety to make some of them amusing.

Much of this material is related to the Arizona country, and has been collected during the past forty years, in the Munk Library of Arizoniana in the Southwest Museum in Los Angeles.

Arizona was fortunate in the choice of her state name. The name, Hassayampa, was likewise suitably selected for one of her rivers. Both names are euphonious and attractive and are words to conjure with. They reveal the true spirit of hardship, sacrifice and service that make for enduring happiness.

There is a legend of the Hassayampa extant that is interesting. The stream is located in central Arizona, flows from north to south and empties into the Gila River. The name is of Indian origin and means "smooth flowing water."

The source of the legend is ambiguous, but evidently it originated in the saying that "he who drinks from the Hassayampa River will never again be able to speak the truth."

Many changes have been wrought in the legend, since it started on its devious journey, each version being given a separate twist to suit the whim of the narrator, until now it may mean anything, or nothing. Only thoughtless liars are tolerated in Arizona. Alkali Ike was lynched many years ago.

An old trail parallels the Hassayampa River as it meanders down to meet the Gila River and then goes on beyond, where it merges into a road that leads into the rich mineral regions of the Pimeria and of the Papagueria and on down south into Old Mexico. The prospector and his "bearded pard" in former years often traveled the road together, as they sometimes worked double, and found plenty of excitement in their isolation, when they chanced to meet Apaches on the trail.

Arizona has been called the land of visions

and dreams, and not without reason, as these qualities are personified in the old prospector. He was ever hunting a fortune and always expecting to "strike it rich." Although frequently disappointed, he never tired of his quest.

During the early days, many reports came up the trail of rich strikes that were being made, some true and others false, and these yarns undoubtedly helped to establish, if they did not actually originate the legend.

Under these circumstances, the prospector received the name of "Hassayamper," which name has stuck to him ever since.

Not only that, but the name spread abroad and was accepted as the nickname of all residents of Arizona. The name has traveled even beyond the state limits and was adopted by the Los Angeles Colony of former Arizona residents, who have organized and taken the name of the Hassayampa Society of Southern California.

My object in preparing this feature article is for the purpose of calling the reader's at-

tention to books of merit that contain some unusual information concerning Arizona, that cannot be readily obtained from any other source.

The first book cited as belonging to this feature class is *NAPOLEON BONAPARTE'S FIRST CAMPAIGN*, by Herbert H. Sargent, written and dated at Fort Bowie in 1884. He was a first lieutenant in the Second United States Cavalry, who happened to be stationed at that frontier post in the very heart of Apache-land.

The book tells nothing about Arizona, but it was indited on Arizona soil, which identifies it as an Arizona item. It was written at a time when the military spirit ran high in the army, which must have incited the author to write a book about Napoleon, who was the greatest of all warriors.

Apache Pass, where Fort Bowie was located, but now abandoned, was a favorite resort of the Indians, and a dangerous place for a white man to live, for whose protection

the fort was established. Many acts of robbery, torture and death were committed by the savages. In frequent bloody fights scores of white men were killed and buried in a graveyard near the fort.

All overland travel to California by the southern route during the gold rush had to go through Apache Pass in order to get water, and the place was regarded as the most dangerous spot of the entire route.

Among the noted chiefs who took part in these campaigns were Coloradas Mangas, Cochise and Geronimo, who represented the various Apache tribes; and the officers who led the army against them were Generals Crook, Howard, Chaffee and Miles. Nearly every unit of the frontier army at some time was engaged in the war, which lasted from 1870 to 1886.

The records of this conflict can be found in government reports, personal memoirs and regimental histories. After many years of terrorism, the hostiles were eventually conquered by General Miles in 1886. The

prisoners were marched to Bowie Station under guard, where they were put on board a train of cars and transported to Fort Marion in distant Florida. That act ended Arizona's greatest scourge, since which time there has been peace.

It may not be generally known, but much Arizona literature had its origin in Apache-land. Some fine literary talent was developed in the army during those eventful years. One writer of exceptional merit was Captain Charles King, who took a part in all of the Apache campaigns. His becoming a writer was wholly due to an accident. While out one day on a scout in Sunset Pass, he received a shot that shattered his arm. This wound compelled him to retire from active service for a time, when he commenced writing books. His first book was THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER, which was such a success that he kept right on writing stories. He was familiar with every phase of army life and knew how to make good use of his knowledge. I have accumulated more than thirty of his

books and all of them make entertaining reading.

Another literary genius of frontier times was Major John G. Bourke. His book, *ON THE BORDER WITH CROOK*, is a true story of Apache warfare. He was with General Crook through all of his Indian campaigns and saw some hard fighting. He is also the author of several scientific works, *THE MOQUI SNAKE DANCE* and *SCATALOGIC RITES OF ALL NATIONS*, besides many monographs on minor subjects.

There was much more excitement in the country, besides what the army and Indians furnished, caused by bandits and desperadoes who infested that region.

In *WHEN THE WEST WAS YOUNG*, Frederick R. Bechdolt tells of life as it was lived in Tombstone in its days of prosperity. At that time Arizona was a "No Man's Land" where there was no law and order, and when thugs and six shooters ruled the land. Men were often shot down upon the street on sight, and nobody would interfere. Like all

frontier towns, Tombstone also had its "Boot Hill" graveyard, where men were buried, who had died with their boots on.

Alfred Henry Lewis was a warm friend of Arizona, who wrote a series of WOLFVILLE story-books that describe life on the border.

The central figure in these stories is called the Old Cattleman, who evidently was invented for the occasion. Wolfville was an imaginary town that was built upon the reputation and traditions of Tombstone in its palmy days. The Old Cattleman's lingo was supposed to represent the language of the range, but it was a speech that was never heard spoken.

In his quaint way the Old Cattleman tells of his many courtships, although he was never married, and of other episodes in his eventful life that are amusing. However, his stories are made up of such a long rigmarole of palaver that they become monotonous and tiresome; yet, nevertheless, they form an important link in the chain of Arizona's literature.

The WOLFVILLE books are illustrated by Frederick Remington, whose drawings are always attractive. He was the master delineator of western life and his pictures are readily recognized on sight and without the aid of his signature.

His style of drawing and types of scenery, men and animals, were distinctly his own and could not be imitated by other artists. He also wrote some books that are noteworthy. It is not often that a talent for both writing and drawing is found in the same person.

He unfortunately died while yet in his prime, the victim of a surgical operation for appendicitis, at a time when the world could ill afford to lose him. His designs adorn the books of many of our western writers.

A highly humorous account of life in a frontier town on the Mexican border is contained in a book called CALABASAS, written by James Cable Brown. He describes the different types of men and women that belong to such a community and are found in saloons, gambling dens and dance halls. The story

is written in such a realistic manner that the reader is impressed with its veracity.

The place is naturally attractive, and must have been popular, as full page pictures of it are found in the published reports of A. B. Gray's SURVEY OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD, and of the SONORA EXPLORING AND MINING COMPANY, and in Charles D. Poston's APACHE-LAND.

In former years Calabasas was a Mexican military post, and after that it became a rendezvous for a company of United States dragoons. It was also the headquarters of a cattle ranch, and lastly was selected as a town site. The town started off with high hopes and expectations, but the boom bubble soon burst, when the town went flat. Its growth was predicated on the coming of a promised railroad that never came, as it was switched to Nogales.

The town of Willcox had its origin when the Southern Pacific Railroad arrived there on its eastward trend in 1880. It soon became a trade center for supplying the outlying

military posts, mines and cattle ranches. Freighters for points in the interior also used it for their headquarters, where they did their outfitting. It, too, had its days of excitement with wild Indians, soldiers and cowboys, but it is now a peaceable town that is developing oil and cotton.

The Southern Pacific Railroad has the lowest grade of any transcontinental line in the United States. Its long track of 2,500 miles extends from New Orleans to San Francisco, and its low grade and mild climate make it an attractive route for travel and traffic.

The summit of the Sunset Route is at Paisano in Texas, where the elevation is 5,082 feet; and its next highest point is at the Dragoon summit, twenty-one miles west of Willcox, which has an elevation of 4,613 feet.

The first book that was ever written about Willcox is entitled ARIZONA, OR THE ARRIVALS, and was composed by Sarah J. Tedford, M.D., a woman doctor from Los

Angeles. She seems to have been a religious enthusiast of the assertive missionary type, and came with her family on the first train that rolled into Willcox.

The book is a literary curiosity and was evidently written for a serious purpose. Much of it is so stupid and absurd that it sounds silly and has to be read to be fully appreciated.

THE FIGHTING FOOL, by Dane Coolidge, is a second book about Willcox. It describes a train robbery which took place just out of Willcox in 1900. The safe in the express car was blown open with dynamite and Mexican silver dollars were scattered for quite a distance along the railroad right of way. The gang of bandits who did the deed made a successful haul and got away with it for the time being. Three of its members, Alvord, Downing and Stiles, were residents of Willcox, and were not suspected for some time, but when discovered, they were arrested, tried and sent to jail.

A third book, THE LONG DIM TRAIL, by

Forrestine Hooker, and also about Willcox, is a novel of thrilling interest and tells about life on the Hooker ranch and in the Sulphur Spring Valley. Its characters are taken from real life and it correctly portrays the manners and habits of the cowboy of that period. The persons and events described are readily recognized by the reader who is acquainted with the place.

Mrs. Hooker was the first woman to call attention to the unjust Arizona law that gives to the husband the entire control of the children in a family. Even the Arizona Indians knew better than to do that, as among them the home and children belong exclusively to the mother.

The Sierra Bonita Ranch was established by Henry C. Hooker in 1873, and it became one of the show places in Arizona. With the generous hospitality of the pioneer, he kept open house to all travelers who chanced to come that way. The lone wayfarer was always made welcome at the Hooker Hacienda. During his life the proprietor made his ranch

a rendezvous for all army officers, artists, authors and scientists, whose duties or inclination took them into that country.

Among these itinerants happened to be one named Edward Stewart White, who wrote a book called THE KILLER, in which he slanders Mr. Hooker by innuendo in an unjustifiable manner. The writer of the book had broken bread with his host and had assuredly received every courtesy that was due any guest, yet he basely turned upon him like a cur and bit the hand that fed him.

I knew Colonel Hooker very well and visited him often in his home, where I always found him to be the same genial, courteous gentleman. It pains me to have his name maligned and I cannot refrain from saying a good word in vindication of my old friend.

Augustus Thomas, the dramatist, wrote his great play of ARIZONA at the Hooker ranch. He found some of his characters among the people that he met at Fort Grant and others among the employees on the ranch. The play was a great success and held the stage for

many years. Later it was written into a readable romance by Cyrus Townsend Brady.

Speaking of actors reminds me of something that I read recently in Frederick Warde's book on FIFTY YEARS OF MAKE BELIEVE, in which he relates a ludicrous experience that happened in Tucson. His theatrical company decided to make a tour of the Southwest in the fall of 1884, that included Tucson in its itinerary.

When they arrived in town they found their show house to be a one-story adobe building, which had a small stage, but no seats. During the day people could be seen coming from every direction carrying their seats that ranged from a school bench to an upholstered rocking-chair.

He also mentions that during the performance and after each applause there was a loud noise of fluttering wings from the gallery, that was disconcerting to the actors, but laughable to the audience. After the show it was discovered that a flock of pigeons had made the loft above the stage their roost-

ing place, and the applause disturbed their rest.

Prior to 1880 Tucson was a sleepy Mexican village of one-story adobe houses with no accommodations. If a traveler wished to stay overnight and had his own blankets, he could make his bed on the floor of some saloon, or in a vacant corner of the horse corral. Major Bourke writes that the first time he saw Tucson, in 1869, there was not a hotel nor wood floor in the town. The floors were all made of hard packed clay that was as good as cement in dry weather.

After the railroad came to town there was a complete change, and the squat village of mud houses grew rapidly into the modern, progressive city that it is today.

In 1881 Tucson issued its first BUSINESS DIRECTORY, which indicated unusual business enterprise for a dead frontier town, that was much to its credit. Some book dealers do not seem to know about this edition, and speak of the 1883 edition as the first issue. Both editions are now very scarce and a copy

of either one is seldom seen. They are mute evidence, however, as first steps to future greatness in showing that the town was alive and ready to grapple with the problems of modern prosperity as they appeared.

The new cactus book from Washington, *THE CACTACEÆ*, by N. L. Britton and J. N. Rose consists of three thick quarto volumes illustrated by colored plates and is the last word in cactus botany. The selling price of the set is seventy-five dollars, which is claimed to be the actual cost of production. It is a valuable work, but has been brought out in a shabby manner. The paper and type are good, but the books are flimsily bound in paper covers. Such an important work deserves better treatment and should have been substantially bound in stiff covers to withstand the wear and tear of usage.

The work naturally contains a description of the Giant Cactus, which is an unusual vegetable growth, that is only found in the Gila Valley of Arizona. It is the wonder plant of the desert; and its blossom has been

appropriately chosen as the state flower of Arizona.

Ever since the time of its discovery the plant has been known by the scientific name of *Cereus giganteus*, but in this new book its name has been arbitrarily changed to *Carnegea gigantea*, for which there is no excuse. It appears to the layman, that this thing was done to coddle a millionaire for his money, and to make science truckle to wealth, which is wandering far from the high ideals of its glorious past.

George Wharton James was a unique character in his day, and his conduct did not always reflect credit on his name. In literature he was regarded as the stormy petrel of the Pacific. He was a prolific and voluminous writer and wrote many books on Arizona. He was energetic and roamed the deserts far and wide in search of material for his books. His one distinguishing trait was to use many adjectives and adverbs in long sentences that had no meaning; but his various activities undoubtedly helped to popularize the west.

A TRAMP ACROSS THE CONTINENT, by Charles F. Lummis, is the story of a wonderful journey, wonderfully told; but he is mistaken when he says that his was "the longest walk for pleasure on record." He either overlooked, or was ignorant of the fact that he had a predecessor who antedated him by fifteen years. Lummis started from Cincinnati in 1884 and traveled through a settled country to Kansas City and from there on followed the Santa Fe Trail through northern Arizona to Los Angeles.

Stephen Powers in his book, A FOOT AND ALONE, describes a similar journey that was also made for pleasure in 1868. Lummis walked from Cincinnati to Los Angeles, a distance of approximately two thousand miles, while Powers walked from Raleigh, North Carolina, to San Francisco, a distance of three thousand miles, fully one thousand miles farther than Lummis walked. Powers walked every foot of the way, as he decided before starting, that he would not ride any part of the way, even if he had a chance to ride.

Powers went by the southern route through southern Arizona, over a road that was much longer and more dangerous than the northern road and through a wilderness country that was full of hostile Indians, which made the journey a double hardship and hazard. He was surprised and captured by a band of roving Apaches on the Yuma road, when he purposely acted foolish to make his captors think that he was crazy, and so, then, they let him go.

The excellent illustrations drawn by the author add much to the interest of the book. Its frontispiece is a striking moonlight scene of a cabin home in the piney woods of North Carolina. "A Night With the Shepherds" is another fine piece of work that was subsequently borrowed and reproduced in a life of Buffalo Bill. It pictures a scene of wild life, where five rough looking men are in a log cabin in the backwoods roasting and eating out of hand, rib steaks done brown over an open fire. The men are certainly as tough looking customers as one could wish to see.

HISTORY OF THE CLIFTON-MORENCI MINING DISTRICT, by James Colquhoun is a little gem of English diction that is not often met.

It is a scientific work, yet it is free from the stilted, technical language of ultra-science, that is usually found in such books. Only plain, simple words are used that a layman can pronounce and understand.

A company of prospectors known as the "Rawhidlers" left Silver City, New Mexico, in the month of May, 1872, to prospect in the Gila River country, which was the Apache's hunting ground, for gold.

They fortunately escaped meeting or having any difficulty with the Indians, but instead of finding any gold, they discovered copper.

The development of this copper property is an amazing story that is told in an entertaining manner. Naturally there were many difficulties to encounter and overcome, but the work grew steadily, and gradually expanded into one of the large mines of Arizona. At various stages of its progress, the

author acted as engineer, superintendent and manager and carried on the work to perfection. After many years of faithful service, he resigned his position to enjoy a well-earned rest.

THE QUIJOTOA MINING DISTRICT GUIDE BOOK, by Bascom A. Stephens, is a well-written prospectus and is better composed than the average of such documents. On a superficial showing the camp suddenly developed a boom that was not justified and proved to be of short duration.

Among the notables that arrived during the boom in 1884, was Harry Ellington Brook, an experienced newspaper man, who started a paper called "The Prospector," that had a brief existence. He then left Quijotoa and spent a year in Tucson and Tombstone, when he made another move and went to Los Angeles, where he had charge of the health department of the LOS ANGELES TIMES, which he conducted successfully for many years and served a large and intelligent clientele of interested readers.

He wrote his reminiscences, which were published in twenty serial chapters in the LOS ANGELES MINING REVIEW during 1910, in which he relates many interesting details of men and events of the early days in Arizona.

THE CONQUEST OF NEW MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA, by P. St. George Cook, gives a good description of conditions as they existed on the frontier, when the West was new.

After taking possession of New Mexico in 1846, General Stephen W. Kearny, Commander of the Army of the West, who was in a hurry to get to California, left Santa Fe in advance with an escort of one hundred picked men to make the journey. Not to consume unnecessary time by traveling over a long road, the men were mounted on mules, and with a pack train, took a short cut over the mountains from the Rio Grande to the Gila River. An account of their journey is found in Lieut. William M. Emery's NOTES OF A MILITARY RECONNAISSANCE, which gave advance information of a new route to California.

The main army of infantry, which included the Mormon Battalion, was commanded by Colonel Cook. Its principal duty was to convoy a wagon train over a new road to the Pacific Coast. The wagons could not follow the cavalry over the mountains, but had to make a wide detour to the south to find a road that they could travel. Their road led through the Guadalupe Pass to the head waters of the San Pedro River, and thence down that stream to Tucson. At the Pima villages they joined the Kearny trail and from there on the two forces traveled the same road, but apart, to California.

The army was poorly equipped for making the journey, and suffered extreme hardships. The men were thinly clad and much of the time were half starved for food and parched for water. Thus the ragamuffin soldiers straggled and struggled on, footsore and weary to the bone. No other army ever saw such hardships, as no other army ever faced like conditions. The march of the army is graphically described by Daniel

Tyler in his HISTORY OF THE MORMON BATTALION. Only a few out of the many wagons that started on the journey survived the trip, but they had the distinction of being the first wagons that had ever crossed the continent by the southern route.

Raphael Pumpelly in his book, ACROSS AMERICA AND ASIA, gives a graphic account of his experience on his first trip to Arizona in 1860.

He left Fort Smith on a journey of sixteen days of continuous travel, in a stage-coach and over a rough road to Tucson. The stage was crowded, and the passengers who occupied the two seats facing each other, had to dovetail their legs in order to sit down, and then only could they take their seats by a tight squeeze. There was little chance to eat, sleep or rest, as the stage stopped only long enough at the stations to change horses.

By the time that the stage reached Tucson, the travelers were worn out. Mr. Pumpelly hardly knew what he was doing when he got off the stage, but stepping into the first door

that he saw standing open, he dropped on the floor and went to sleep, and never woke up until the next day. If a strong man could not stand this strenuous trip, how could a weakling or an invalid endure it?

He lost no time getting out of town and immediately hired a team and drove out to the mine. He speaks in praise of the beautiful scenery and the salubrious climate of the Santa Cruz Valley, but was horrified at the awful living conditions that he found there. Everything seemed to be in a turmoil and theft and murder were being committed every day. No man knew when his life was safe. Before the year ended, all of his associates at the mine were assassinated, and he did not know when his turn would come. Conditions finally became so desperate that he and his only surviving companion decided that they must flee to save themselves. They gathered up a few loose valuables and took them to Tubac. From there the two men struck out across the desert on horseback for the Pacific Coast, where they arrived in safety.

After the new government was established in California, it had a new enemy to fight, the Confederates and Indians. Civil war had been declared, and a call was made for volunteers. An organization of volunteers was soon formed, which was called the California Column that was mustered into the service under the command of General James H. Carelton, and was soon ready to take the field. Thus it is seen that our army had to fight its way west across the desert in 1846 to win California, and then had to fight its way back east again in 1862 to clear the country of rebels and Indians.

As the California Column marched forward into the enemy's country, details of soldiers were sent out in various directions as scouts, and other squads of soldiers were stationed at strategic points for the protection of travelers and settlers. Many of these men chose to remain permanently in the country, and then became the pioneers of Arizona.

RECORDS OF CALIFORNIA MEN IN THE WAR

OF THE REBELLION, by Richard H. Norton, gives the name and service of every California soldier in a permanent record.

LIFE AMONG THE APACHES was written by John C. Cremony, who knew the Apaches better than any other man that lived on the frontier, and his description of the Apache character is the best account that we have. He was captain of a company in the California Column and a former member and interpreter of the Mexican Boundary Commission under John R. Bartlett. He spoke Spanish fluently, and understood the Apache language perfectly. A second edition of his book was published in 1878, in which are added six full page pictures of Apache life.

In 1863, J. Ross Browne and Charles D. Poston, in a joint expedition, followed the California Column into Arizona, and their ADVENTURES IN THE APACHE COUNTRY make a thrilling narrative of what they saw and heard on their tour through the state.

The people who reside in Arizona today can scarcely have a conception of what those

endured who went there as pioneers to live. There was hardly a day that they were not in danger of torture and death from Indians, who were out on the warpath to kill and destroy, and many did make the supreme sacrifice.

APACHE-LAND, written in verse, is one of several books that Charles D. Poston wrote and touches every phase of his life. He was Arizona's most distinguished citizen, and is called the "Father of Arizona."

He first entered Arizona in 1854, and was always active in behalf of the best interests of the state. He was elected as Arizona's first Congressman, and was also appointed as its first Indian agent. During the years that followed, he was honored with many minor commissions and responsibilities, which he faithfully discharged. He really loved Arizona, and never tired of sounding her praises.

He traveled abroad extensively, and when he visited India, became fascinated with its religion of sun-worship, which cult he tried to connect with the ancient religion of the

cliff dwellers, but they did not coincide. He also wrote two books on *THE PARSEES* and *THE SUNWORSHIPPERS*, that attracted some attention. These books are now scarce.

In his lifetime he was heard to express a wish that he might be buried on a hill near Florence, known as Poston's Butte, where he expected to erect a sun temple, that was never built.

After his death his friends carried out his wish for sepulture and built him a monument where his body was laid to rest with appropriate ceremonies.

I have more than fifty different small volumes of verse in my library that have something to say about Arizona and the Southwest.

Badger Clark's ode to *BACON* will touch the heart of every old-timer, who has ever wielded a frying pan and inhaled its savory odors.

J. W. Lloyd's *MY ARIZONA BEDROOM* will be appreciated by those who dote on ghosts and night scenery.

The verses of Sharlot Hall in CACTUS AND PINE have much merit, as she excels all other local talent.

Arizona appears to be well represented by both poetry and prose. Two fugitive anonymous poems entitled THE HASSAYAMPER and THE DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND are to the point. They are classics.

THE GREAT DIAMOND HOAX, by Asbury Harpending, is a complete exposé of the greatest mining swindle that was ever perpetrated. It happened in Arizona in 1870 in the little-known region of the Navajo country.

Arizona is rich in both minerals and precious stones, but there are no diamonds. There are always enough hardships encountered in trying to develop a new country by honest efforts, without being handicapped by fraudulent methods of unscrupulous persons.

The diamond hoax was cunningly devised and executed by two common miners, who salted the ground with a lot of genuine, but worthless, diamonds that were bought in Africa.

After a searching investigation of the proposition from every angle, a group of the most astute scientists and financiers of that day were completely deceived by the showing made, when an organization was formed to develop the property, that was bonded for ten million dollars and involved the United States, England and Africa.

Clarence King, the government geologist, fortunately detected and exposed the fraud in time to save the investors from suffering any serious loss; and it was only a close call that saved them. It created a great sensation for a season, that gradually subsided and finally died out.

The report of Royal A. Johnson on the ALLEGED PERALTA GRANT, promoted by James Addison Reavis, was another attempted fraud on Arizona, that failed. If the claim had been allowed, it would have taken the heart out of Arizona in a double sense, and would have dispossessed most of its early settlers of their homes. The claim appeared to be plausible on its face, as there were

plenty of documents presented, if they were genuine, to prove the title. They were so convincing, indeed, that many persons were deceived into believing that they were true.

By the use of specious arguments and false titles some of the land found purchasers, and other persons foolishly loaned the promoter money on futile promises to pay, that provided him with enough cash to travel abroad and live in luxury.

When the documents were filed in the surveyor-general's office at Tucson for acceptance, they were closely scrutinized and checked, which proved them to be false, and the claim was denied. The promoter was arrested on criminal charges and was tried and found guilty in the Federal court and sentenced to prison. After his release, he voluntarily confessed his guilt in order to ease his conscience.

Under the alluring title of SANTA TERESA, William Thomas Whitlock has woven an unusual story of duplicity about a woman impostor, who posed as the patron saint of the Yaqui Indians.

She claimed to possess supernatural powers, to perform miracles and heal the sick by the laying on of hands. She traveled about the country like a gypsy with a retinue of afflicted people following her.

According to MCCLINTOCK'S HISTORY, her true name was Maria Teresa Urea, who was married to Jose Rodriguez in Clifton in August, 1900. They soon separated, when she went to Los Angeles, which ended her saintly career.

THE DESERT SHIP, by John Bloundelle-Burton, is a dignified English tale of adventure by land and sea. The story is founded on an old legend of a Spanish galleon that was stranded on the Colorado Desert on the Coast of the Vermillion Sea.

The stout ship "True Heart" was sent out from England on a cruise in search of the lost ship and sailed for the Gulf of California in 1814.

Searching parties were landed and sent out to find the ship, of which the natives had some knowledge and called it the "Water-house."

In their wanderings the sailors must have traveled over a portion of Arizona, as the names of Apache and Maricopa are frequently mentioned. After a time they saw something loom up in the distance, that proved to be the object of their search.

Many tales of the desert are purely imaginary, but are attractive, because of their atmosphere of mystery. Under the circumstances, it is best not to believe them all, and even the story of the "DESERT SHIP" must be taken with a grain of salt. The book, however, is an Arizona item as it describes the Arizona country and mentions some Arizona names.

Dr. J. Walter Fewkes has made a study of the ETHNOLOGY AND ARCHAEOLOGY OF THE SOUTHWEST during the past forty years. He was especially interested in the Hopis, who have many rites and ceremonies that he investigated and described in his books. The Hopis are an unusually interesting people, and he tells us all about them.

INDIANS OF THE ENCHANTED DESERT, by

Leo Crane, is one of the latest and best contributions to Arizona literature. He was the agent of the Hopis for eight consecutive years, and exerted a wonderfully good influence over them.

His style of writing is very pleasing, and whoever commences to read the book will be sure to finish it.

Herbert E. Gregory, in his two books of THE NAVAJO COUNTRY and of the GEOLOGY OF THE NAVAJO COUNTRY, tells all about the Navajo Reservation. It is a wild, weird land that is little known and some parts of it are even yet inaccessible to travel. It is a highly picturesque and attractive region, as is, also, the Navajo himself. Any one who is studying that country will find these works a useful aid.

The Franciscan Fathers of the Catholic mission at Saint Michaels, have compiled and printed on their own press, an ETHNOLOGIC DICTIONARY and a VOCABULARY OF THE NAVAJO LANGUAGE, that will be found invaluable to any one, who is studying their

speech. These volumes were published in small editions, and copies are now exceedingly scarce and hard to get.

Books in Spanish, German and French are, also, interesting features of such a library, but require separate treatment that I am not prepared to give.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF EDWARD FITZGERALD BEALE, by Stephen Bonsal, is the record of an active and useful life, that is well worth preserving. One event in his life that is particularly worthy of mention in this connection, is the camel episode, which is fully described in this volume.

The difficult problem of travel and transportation into the almost unknown and uninhabited region of the far West, in his day, was waiting to be solved. The use of the camel as a substitute for the horse and mule was suggested by General Beale to Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War, who gave it favorable consideration, and arrangements were immediately made for carrying out the plan. An agent was sent abroad to purchase a herd

of camels to make the test. Seventy-seven of these ungainly creatures were bought and landed on the gulf coast of Texas in 1855, and were distributed among the various military posts that were located on the frontier.

General Beale used some of the camels on his exploring expeditions, and found them to be very satisfactory. They did everything that was required of them, even to the swimming of rivers, which they swam better than the horses.

The animals were willing and kind, but found themselves in a strange land and unaccustomed to the prejudices and rough habits of their new masters. Their living cost nothing, as they ate the greasewood and other worthless desert plants, which grew along the trail, that no other animal would touch, and they picked up a good living where other animals would starve. They were the real burden bearers of every outfit, and even carried extra loads of hay and water for the horses and mules, when there was no local supply to be had.

General Beale was enthusiastic in his praise of the good qualities of the camel, but for some unaccountable reason, they were generally disliked. The men considered them a nuisance and the horses, mules and oxen would shy and stampede at the sight of them. They were gradually used less and less and finally were all turned loose on the desert, where they became scattered and disappeared.

By the courtesy of Daniel H. Newhall, Pershing Square Building, New York, a book-dealer friend, I acquired recently a copy of Special Session Doc. No. 6, 1853, which contains some important correspondence of the MEXICO BOUNDARY COMMISSION that seldom sees the light. He said that it was the first copy that he had seen in a long experience of book buying and selling, and that the item was very scarce.

The report contains letters which were written by members of the Commission that included the names of Alex. H. H. Stuart, Secretary of the Interior; John R. Bartlett, Commissioner in charge, and W. H. Emery,

A. B. Gray, A. W. Whipple, J. D. Graham and T. H. Webb of the staff.

From the tenor of these letters, it appears that there was much disagreement and dissatisfaction among the men. Every man seemed to be gifted with some particular defect or deficiency, and all lacked the spirit of harmony and cooperation. The only man among them who felt his responsibility and held his poise was Major William H. Emery, who by his good judgment and self-control held the Commission together and gave it leadership, and he also completed its report.

A most unfortunate incident that cast a mantle of gloom over the party, was the murder of its Commander, Lieutenant Colonel L. S. Craig, on its journey to Yuma. Two deserting soldiers were met on the road, whom the Commander tried to persuade with kind words to return to their allegiance, when they suddenly turned and shot him and his single companion to death, and then hastened to make their escape across the desert. When the news of the murder reached headquarters,

Indian trailers were sent after them and soon caught and brought them back. They were taken to San Diego, where they were court-martialled and hung.

An account of the killing of Lieut. Col. Craig is given in the Senate report by Dr. Thomas H. Webb, and also in an article in the Illustrated News of April 2, 1853, with a half-page drawing on the hanging scene that is very impressive. The paper came with the Senate Report. These two accounts of the crime are the only mention of the event that I have seen in all of my reading about the Southwest, and confirms the statement of my New York friend, that the item is extremely rare, and that the news of the crime could not have been widely circulated. The opening of the Old West to white civilization was full of tragedy, from which cruel fate it is not yet wholly free, and possibly never will be.

THE POKER RUBAIYAT is perhaps the most unique feature that can be found in any Arizona library. Kirk La Shell supplied the

text, Frank Holme furnished the illustrations and the *Bander-log Press* did the printing.

The following statement made by James H. McClintock in a letter to an inquiring friend, gives some interesting information:

“The *Bander-log Press* was purely a creation of Frank Holme, a Chicago cartoonist and artist of a very lovable sort, who contracted consumption and who was sent to Phoenix by an association of about one hundred well-known newspaper men and writers. Here I had the privilege of rather close association with him, until the time of his death.

“In order to repay the support that was given him, he issued a number of hand-made works with special reference to the POKER RUBAIYAT, written by Kirk La Shell. He issued also, an Indian romance by W. H. Robinson and several pamphlets notable for their artistic value. The distribution of these works, primarily to the *Bander-log Press* subscribers—and I think of none was there an edition of over five hundred copies; hence, present acquisition would be both difficult and expensive.

“The *Bander-log Press* died with Holme and with him died one of the most original artists America has ever known and one of the most charming personalities.”

The pamphlets, referred to above, are three in number, written by George Ade and illustrated by Holme, and are listed as numbers 1, 2 and 3 in the Strenuous Lad's Library.

The masterpiece of the *Bander-log Press* productions is the POKER RUBAIYAT, which consists of a series of quatrains on draw poker, paraphrasing Fitzgerald's version of the RUBAIYAT, by Omar, and is practically all hand made.

The illustrations number twelve full page colored designs, including title page and colored initial court cards. The cuts were carved out of wood blocks with a jack knife by Frank Holme, who also made the designs. The lineaments of the players as described in the text and depicted in the drawings are true to life, and are readily recognized when seen by any one who is familiar with the game.

When James H. McClintock wrote his HISTORY OF ARIZONA, the work had to be done on a contract that required haste, and was finished in one year. It happened, fortunately, that when the call was made to write the book, it found a man who was fully qualified and equipped for the task, and resulted in the publication of the first and only complete history of the state.

Colonel McClintock obtained much of his data from books that are in my Arizona Library, but the bulk of his material was derived from original sources that are on file in his own office, that were gathered during his long residence in the state.

The chapter on "Arizona's War Record" is a thrilling tale of achievement, of which the state may well feel proud. In it reference is made to a flag episode that is a fine example of patriotic fervor. When the Rough Riders were ready to entrain to go to the front, it was discovered that they had no flag to march under. The women at once came to the rescue and made a silk flag, which was

mounted upon a staff with a bunch of bright ribbons.

This banner was the headquarters' flag of the army during the war.

When the American fleet arrived in Cuban waters, its guns promptly shelled the enemy upon the shore and on the hill above Daiquiri, which made the Spaniards retreat. The flag of the Arizona squadron was then quickly landed and rushed up the hill and mounted above the fort, where its rich folds of silken banners floated on the breeze and signaled the victory won.

A quick-witted Arizona captain saw the flag flying, and recognizing its significance, threw up his hat and yelled, "Howl, you Arizona men—it's our flag!" when bedlam broke loose. Their enthusiasm spread rapidly to the other troop vessels that were anchored in the bay, until it grew into a mighty chorus of cheers from twenty thousand men, that made the welkin ring. At the same time the bands played, "There's a Hot Time in the Old Town." Other noises were added to the

din when the bells rang, whistles blew, fire-arms popped and cannons boomed their salute to the flag. Such a scene of wild excitement happens only once in a lifetime, when pandemonium reigns.

THE LITTLE BOOK OF THE FLAG mentions this occurrence with approval, as a memory to be cherished.

The Captain who started the rumpus was James H. McClintock, who was too modest to mention his own name, but his identity is now revealed. He was captain of a company in Colonel Roosevelt's regiment of Rough Riders, and also holds a Colonel's Commission in the State Militia.

The story of Arizona, as related in this book, is as interesting as a romance, yet it is all true. It is packed full of facts, and nothing of importance seems to have escaped the author's scrutiny. The Apache Wars are fully treated and nowhere else can this information be found in such a compact body. If you want to know anything about Arizona, consult MCCLINTOCK'S HISTORY, where you

will be sure to find it, as the information is all there. The work is different from most other books in that it is not padded with unrelated and unimportant detail, that has no meaning and is a bore to read.

Since the year 1897, Colonel McClintock has been the Arizona correspondent of the LOS ANGELES TIMES, as well as of several other periodicals, except during the time he was in the Spanish War, where he was seriously wounded. This full record of men and events during many years, and of his personal knowledge has been catalogued and filed, where it is ready for instant use.

His vast correspondence has thus been preserved and arranged in chronological order in seven large folio volumes for reference. Where these books will find a permanent home has not yet been fully decided, but they are too valuable for Arizona to lose, and ought never to leave the state.

A fireproof building of concrete is essential to insure the safety of a library from fire, and that the state now has in the new library

building on the University campus. Herein should be collected a complete Arizona library that ought to contain a copy of every book that has ever been written about Arizona. A good start has already been made in the present library at the University, but that is only a beginning.

While the men are waiting and preparing to make the drive for such a library, the women, through their clubs, are busy in securing all the books and documents that they can find on Arizona. These already amount to a considerable number, and more are seen waiting in the offing.

In my many trips back and forth over the state in past years, I was impressed by the lack of interest that was manifested by the people for anything but politics and the making of the almighty dollar. But in more recent years, since the women's clubs were organized, there has been a noticeable change in the public spirit for improvement that augurs well for the future. This change is especially apparent in both the men and wo-

men in an increased appreciation of the wonderful history and literature of Arizona, which is a priceless asset.

The women are always leaders in any movement that has for its object the betterment of community life. The home and family are their chief concern, as these things are the very foundation of good society and stable government, on which our happiness and success depend.

The process of collecting a library on any separate subject, book by book, is slow work that requires time and patience to finish; yet the single method of acquiring books is the only system that is ordinarily available, and is better than nothing, as even dropping water will in time wear away stone.

Books may be acquired by various means, either by purchase, gift, or loan, as the circumstances may determine. There are a number of private libraries in the state, which must contain many Arizona books, that could be combined to advantage in one large central library at the University, where they would

be safe for all time. The books in their enlarged capacity would also render better service. There would be an efficient librarian to check all outgoing and incoming books, that would prevent the loss of books. In a home that is built of combustible material, there is great danger from fire, and there is also the additional risk of friends borrowing books, who forget to return them. Should they safely pass these ordeals and the books remain in the family, sooner or later they will surely become scattered, when they finally fall into the hands of careless and uninterested heirs, who do not care for books, as a library cannot always be kept intact in the home. Such a contribution of books *en bloc* would greatly facilitate the rapid growth of a library that should be the pride of the state.