

## THE THIRTEENTH ARIZONA TERRITORIAL LEGISLATURE

In the year 1910, M. M. Rice, better known as "Mike" Rice, to his numerous Arizona friends, wrote the following account of the Session of the Thirteenth Legislature and incidents connected therewith. Rice was a brilliant newspaper man, and during the session was a reporter for the Prescott Courier. The results attained by what was afterwards designated as the "Bloody Thirteenth" and the "Thieving Thirteenth," brought rebuke from many in Arizona, because of its extravagance, but it must be said that this session did much which has since proved as greatly beneficial to Arizona. The Thirteenth Legislature passed the bill appropriating the first money for the Arizona University, at Tucson, and for the Arizona Insane Asylum.

By M. M. RICE

The Thirteenth Legislative Assembly of the territory of Arizona, held in Prescott in 1885, has been dubbed with many ungracious names by thoughtless critics and commentators. One of the pet appellations is the "thieving, bloody, fighting Thirteenth."

Much can be adduced for and against the body of solons assembled on that auspicious occasion, to draft and insert in the statute books, measures for the weal or woe of the commonwealth of Arizona.

Many impediments prevailed ere members-elect assembled together from their various constituencies, as transportation was not so well perfected 25 years ago as it is today, and as storms and washouts were the order of the day during that eventful winter. Every possible method of transportation was adopted to reach the capital.

Well does the scribe of these lines remember seeing one of the prominent statesmen of old Pima County, emulating the Man of Sorrow, by journeying into Prescott on the back of a jackass.

The organization of both houses was an episode full of strenuousity and holds the territorial record for endurance and pugnacity.

The political and combative complication of both houses was equally divided between the two parties. Thomas A.

Weedin of Pinal County was the caucus nominee of the Democrats for the presidency of the council, and Dr. Frank Ainsworth of Yavapai county the Republican standard-bearer. Colonel John Dorrington of Yuma was temporary president, and on the first ballot of 6 to 6 a battle was precipitated that lasted for six days and away into many of the nights. Once during balloting C. C. Stephens and Bob Leatherwood of Pima were acting as tellers. Leatherwood, in the excitement of his grave responsibility, forgot to cast his vote, and on the result being announced Ainsworth, by all parliamentary rules, was elected president; but the colonel would not permit a mean nor technical advantage, and another ballot was ordered, resulting in the usual tie. Many such instances, serious and humorous, transpired in the council chamber during those six days.

Although the political pot bubbled uncompromisingly, the best of goodfellowship prevailed, and organization was at last accomplished through Weedin's diplomacy in securing the chairmanship of the most important committees, coupled with a fair division of the clerical force, for himself and adherents, by relinquishing claim to presidential honors to the physician of Yavapai. Fay, the editor of the Flagstaff Champion, was elected chief clerk.

The Democrats presented Levi Ruggles, who was elected as an independent (although a dyed-in-the-wool Republican), as their standard-bearer for speaker of the house; the Republicans naming H. G. Rollins of Pima for that honor.

This brought about one of the bitterest contests in the annals of Arizona Legislatures.

### Bartering Votes

Sam Purdy of Yuma forced the endorsement of Ruggles in the Democratic caucus, and loyally the Democrats supported their nominee through a battle lasting 12 days. If the inside history of this issue were published, many men whose heads were held high, and were esteemed by their fellows, would be branded as traitors, bribe givers and takers. It was Purdy's vote that defeated Ruggles and his perfidy destroyed the usefulness of a brilliant man during the session. There are many men alive today who know what Purdy received for that vote, also that the man giving the bribe was a high carpetbag federal official.

John Marion of the Courier unmercifully flayed the Yuma county member for his dastardly delinquency, and there came near being a serious meeting between the two men, but while

Purdy could orate, his early fiasco with Pat Hamilton proved that he could not fight, and he swallowed Marion's invective as he would one of his much-loved cocktails.

Purdy's treachery gave the Republicans full control of the organization by the election of General Rollins as speaker, and to their credit, be it said, they were generous to their opponents by an equal division of the spoils in the appointment of the committees and the clerical force. Morris Goldwater was elected chief clerk; Harry Carpenter, assistant clerk; Charley Shibell, journal clerk, and Salvation Army W. A. Cuddy, sergeant-at-arms.

The council conceded nothing in the line of appointments that was not absolutely wrung from them by the persistence of Weedin and his supporters, although they wanted to be reasonable in the allotment of clerk hire.

Both houses were exceedingly liberal as to the number of attaches necessary to transcribe the proceedings, each member having at the ratio of a clerk and a fraction per capita, the roster standing 36 members and 42 clerks. As the members had the undisputed right to choose their personal attendants, some embraced the opportunity of making it a close corporation family affair; one councilman from Pima placed his handsome young wife and his son on the payroll, for which, among other indiscretions, he was afterward publicly rebuked by his constituents and narrowly escaped being mobbed at an indignation meeting called for that purpose at the opera house in Tucson. A few members were shameful in the appointment of unsavory females, who performed no duties other than to cater to their owners and sign the vouchers.

### **Epoch in Arizona History**

Organization having been at last accomplished, the sagacity of assembled learning settled down to a legislative program that has created an epoch in Arizona's history, never antedated, and impossible of duplication.

There were many measures of merit passed into law by the Thirteenth and some of the most vicious measures imposed upon the people. The famous Mickey Stewart of Flagstaff has to his credit the paternity of some of the shady propositions that marred the records and created many a good old row.

Stewart was a character impossible of conception. He had many admirable qualities that made him a hail fellow in a social way, but was entirely devoid of the attributes that tended to create confidence in any measure he might espouse; his sole

desire in legislative life, and as a lobbyist, was the introduction of "coinch" bills, and his palm always itched for the "mazuma" of corporate influences, yet he had the merit of a genuine "stand-patter" and would carry his aggression to the extent of physical attack on his opponents.

One case in point that came near ending in a tragedy. He had an issue with Tom Weedin of Pinal county on the floor of the council, in which severe recriminations were bandied. During recess one day, as Mr. Weedin, accompanied by Captain Bridwell, the member from Graham, was turning the corner on Cortez street, Stewart secured possession of a wrench used in a city hydrant, and rushing up behind Weedin attempted to brain him with the three-foot bar. Only Weedin's agility saved him from serious injury or perhaps instant death. Stewart had several contests during the session of lesser moment.

Stewart had many friends in the territory, as his later nomination for delegates to congress proved, and he died, as he lived, callous to the opinion of God or man, as his dying remarks to his attending physician—the late Dr. Brennen—were ample proof. When he was informed that his demise was only a matter of minutes, he replied: "Well Doctor, if God Almighty had nothing better on hand than trying to make an angel of Mickey Stewart I have no further protest to make," and poor Stewart turned his face to the wall and gave up the ghost.

### Legislator Pugnacious

Captain Bridwell of Graham county was another of the militant members of the council worthy of mention in these memoirs. Without having the traditional "chip on his shoulder," he was ever ready to resent a wrong and thrash an aggressor. He did so on one occasion when a French professor of Clifton cast insinuations on his name and reputation. In Bridwell's life in the territory he was known as "Beauford," and was a famous Government scout. He had his name changed, as many of the "old-timers" did, by the infamous "divorce legislature." This the Frenchman learned and he cast it up to the Captain in a public resort in Prescott. It was soon that the Frenchman and the floor met, eyeglasses were smashed and "Frenchy" gathered himself together considerably dilapidated, but still in the ring. The denizen of Paree challenged Bridwell to a duel, according to code, the member from Graham accepted the defi, and chose his well known weapon, the Colt. Here the professor flunked. He drew the line at a gun play, but agreed to fight with his favorite "poignard" in French style. As no such weapons were to be

had short of his native Paris, friends interfered, the Frenchman's wrath was appeased, and the matter ended by explanation and apologies.

The house had its combative members who exercised their prerogatives in fistic endeavors to a considerable extent. One of the most serious conflicts was that between the Hon. Lafayette Nash, now justice of the peace in Miami, but at that time a representative of Yavapai, and Representative Brown of the same county. The trouble originated over some local measure that the gentlemen disagreed over. The mixup happened on the floor of the house, just as a recess was announced. Who the aggressor was in this affair I cannot recall, but I witnessed the conflict and it looked for a time as if it would result in bloodshed. Speaker Rollins had just proclaimed a recess after a heated debate, and the members were dispersing when loud words rang out through the chamber, and two powerful men were engaged near their desks in a hard fight, both striking and clinching. Cuddy, the sergeant-at-arms deserted his post, and ran down the stairway, leaving the combatants to finish their controversy in one of the most finished battles of the session of battles of fisticuffs and ballots. The speaker tried to restore order and the dignity of his position, but it was useless. Finally some members acted as peacemakers and the gentlemen were separated and expressions of apology smoothed over what for a time appeared a very serious conflict.

### Satire Starts Battle

A near fight occurred between one of the newspaper correspondents from the South and the "Old War Horse of the Huachuchoas," General Wardwell. The cause was a letter to a Tucson paper, satirizing the member for his speech on the Woman's suffrage bill of which he was the advocate and introducer. The lobby was filled on the occasion of this debate, by the ladies of Prescott, and the General was primed for the occasion, being somewhat of a ladies' man. He was, several times called to order in the heat of his advocacy. Sam Purdy was a bitter opponent of the bill and took the floor against its passage. A page was called to the reporter's desk and he was instructed to hand a communication to the member from Yuma as follows:

Great Genii of Parnassian love  
Come forth from out your sacred realm,  
And guide the legislative craft  
Through breakers that do overwhelm,

Guide her o'er bars and reefs,  
To any port, e'en that of Hell,  
But steer her not along the coast,  
That's cruised by Mariner Wardwell.

Purdy, after glancing at the note, faced the speaker, and in stentorian tones read the phillippic. Wardwell dropped to his seat nonplussed by the rhyme and its manner of delivery; the effect of his speech was lost on the house and lobby, and, crest-fallen, he succumbed to peals of laughter.

The next day the general sought out the author of the rhyme, with a blacksnake whip, even carrying it to the floor of the house, threatening a severe castigation, but in this instance better counsel prevailed, and the dear old general accepted an apology and the matter ended, as was intended, in a mirthful meeting. Of course there were bar-room mixups, engendered by muddlers and men who had axes to grind, but this is a record of the so-called fights that gave rise to the combative reputation of the "Bloody Thirteenth."

### Laws Enacted

The measures that affected the prosperity of the Territory, and became laws, were many; although at the time of their passage they were severely condemned by the howlers interested in their defeat. Who would say today with any degree of sincerity, that the Territorial University bill; the Normal School bill; the Insane Asylum bill; the Phoenix & Maricopa Railroad bill; and bills improving roads and the building of bridges across turbulent streams; were vicious measures although protest against all measures were numerous at that time?

True, a great debt was heaped up against the people, that at the time seemed short of bankruptcy; but the future proved this legislature gave an impetus to capital, as prior to 1885, very little foreign investment existed in Arizona; every measure passed that session was of some advantage to the people in the end.

Our insane patients were maintained in California at enormous expense in transportation and support. The young men and women of the Territory who desired an education above the A. B. C. standard, were compelled to seek that boon in other subdivisions of the nation; or eke out a semi-scholastic course in unsanitary school rooms presided over by tutors, many of whom were incompetent, and others who had no heart in their work caused by pitiable surroundings of adobe walls and dirt floors.

Our ranchers, miners and freighters were compelled to cross unfordable streams, and many drowned in bridgeless mountain and valley torrents, and even the princely "Burro-Puncher" was annually obliged to add to his already overloaded "associate" a riata and a mesquite pole to extricate his ship of the desert from mud and mire.

Encouragement was given to the construction of proper methods of transportation by the enactments of this notorious Legislature; the railroad measures were all good; had not grafters and confidence men butted into the same and used the bonds appropriated for their development. The Phoenix and Maricopa Railroad accomplished more towards the development of our greatest valley than all other agencies combined.

The bill creating the Prescott and Seligman Railroad in Yavapai county was a worthy measure, but the people lost all benefits to be derived from that proposition, by later legislation exempting future railroad construction from taxation, giving certain combinations power to utterly destroy this enterprise and obliterate it from the map. The history of this road and its destruction smells in the nostrils of the people of Yavapai to the present day.

### Shady Bond Deals

The Tucson and Globe bonds while conceived in a proper spirit, were manipulated by a band of pirates, who have not been brought to justice to the present time; many of them are past prosecution but some still cumber the neighborhood. No attempt was made to construct the road according to the terms of its legislative creation, but the people are still paying interest on the bonds.

During the progress of these enactments, the people of Yavapai, Pima, Maricopa and Globe, had their representatives at the capital, and urgently pressed the bills. Committees of the whole, from day to day, heard pleadings and remonstrances, and members were even threatened with bodily injury on their return home if they did not incorporate them into law. I have seen the late governor, F. A. Tritle, appear before both houses sitting in committee of the whole, and with tears in his eyes plead eloquently for the passage of the Prescott and Seligman railroad bond bill.

Colonel A. E. Head, a leading merchant of Prescott, pledged his fortune and business future to the successful construction of this road; Bashford, Goldwater, John G. Campbell, and many other leading men of the city and county not only pleaded for, but demanded the bill. They got it—but, oh, what a sad

awakening! In a few years the property was absolutely destroyed, the ties and rails were removed by Senator W. A. Clark who purchased the material from a bankrupt company, the operating material was sold or consigned to the junk shop. Faro dealers and sure thing men became millionaires, through their original relations with this defunct enterprise, while the sons and daughters of the original founders were peoned for years to pay interest on the bonds.

One of the best measures enacted by the 13th Legislature, was the creation of the office of Commissioner of Immigration, and the installation therein of Patrick Hamilton, one of the ablest writers that the West ever produced. His salary of \$5,000 a year was honestly earned; his compilation of the resources of Arizona was an able work, and has done more to attract the attention of the world to the undeveloped wealth of the Territory than all the literature since produced. It is a classic and ought to be adopted as a textbook and placed on the desk of every pupil in every school in the territory. Hamilton held the office for two years, when it was abolished by the succeeding legislature, who were as radically economical as the 13th appeared extravagant.

#### Fourteenth Economical

I will here digress to state that this body of Solons were so honest with the people, that they performed their own clerical work, and in thanks for their assiduous retrenchment and parsimony, they have been dubbed the "Measly, Stingy 14th," so it can be seen that this body of citizens who performed their duty according to their lights, have passed into history "unknown, unhonored and unsung."

The next important measure I recall was the futile attempt to create a new county out of the counties of Cochise and Graham and named by its sponsors, "Sierra Bonita," with Willcox as the seat of government. Captain Bridwell was Councilman from Graham, but resided at Aravaipa, hence his interests were with the new county hence he strongly supported the bill. This left Graham in an unenviable position as the only home votes she possessed, were Jim Sias and Tom Hunter, members of the lower house; but Graham did not despond over votes, as she held up her sleeve the wherewith to acquire them, in the shape of an all powerful "third house," and a corps of lobbyists that had no superior in any legislative body in the history of the territory.

Judge Egan—then and since—the able attorney of the Arizona Copper Company, was assisted in this enterprise by

Judge T. J. Fitzgerald of Camp Thomas, as suave a gentleman in convincing a "doubting-Thomas," as any man who ever cajoled a dubious legislator with his palm up. Peter J. Bolan, the district attorney of Graham county, "THE MAN WHO WENT TO SCHOOL WID PARNELL," was there, and the French "professor" from Clifton, added to the gaiety of the occasion, by his presence as a master entertainer. Rooms were equipped in elegant style; elaborate spreads occupied the mahogany, and the sideboard was continually adorned by the choicest brands of wet goods and imported Havanas.

The presiding genius at this caravansary of good cheer, was Judge Sias, dubbed by his admirers "Tooth-Pick Jim." The ever smiling countenance of Judge Egan beamed cordially on the guests and the mottoes, "no heeltaps" and "may good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both," were the slogans of the daylight and midnight hours. Banker, beggar, dolt and scribe, were on equal social footing in the enjoyment of the good things of life provided by the founders of this home of mirth.

#### **"Damn Expenses—We Want Results"**

The Cochise delegation opposed to the new county, conjointly called the place their home. Billy Harwood, senator from Cochise, led the southern county van in opposition to "Sarah Bonita" as the approaching infant was facetiously named. Whoever supplied the funds to maintain this resort were not parsimonious, as there was no stint, the chief sentiment expressed was "damn expenses, we want results."

Madison W. Stewart, of Willcox, and Fort Grant, as good a man as ever engraved his name on the roster of Arizona Pioneers or of Territorial progress, with his lieutenants, Bridwell, Percy and Nichols, were leaders in advocacy of the new county. They, with others, also held their levees, though not so ostentatiously as the Graham crowd, nor with such final effectiveness, although parsimony in entertainment could not be accredited to them.

The bill was introduced in the early part of the session in the lower house, and after numerous complications, it finally passed that body by a small majority.

It was in her advent to the Council that the poor babe "Sarah" was denuded of her accouchment vestments. The success in the house allayed any fears that Stewart might entertain as to unreliability of promises—being a man of honor himself he judged others accordingly—the house action in this matter was strictly "on the square" with Stewart. He had ample assurance of a majority of one on final passage in the Council, so the

enemies of the bill appeared crestfallen, and Stewart's backers equally elated; but the surprise of the session was great, when the Council member whose vote was depended on showed absence on final roll-call and was not to be found by anxious seekers. Thus "Sarah Bonita" was strangled by eleven vigorous men, six voting against and five for the baby county.

### Bucky Won a Watch

"Bucky" O'Neil has been credited with the defeat of the new county bill. It was said that it was "Bucky's" entertaining qualities that led to its defeat, but he always modestly disclaimed any participation in the disappearance of the recreant member. But it is of record that the famous "Rough-Rider" was later presented with a handsome gold watch by the opponents of Sierra Bonita county, Billy Harwood making the presentation speech.

The final measure of moment that engaged the attention of the session was a bill providing for the issuance of further bonds on Maricopa and Yavapai counties, for the purpose of connecting the Seligman & Prescott and the Phoenix & Maricopa lines, from both terminals to the county line. Yavapai was strongly in favor of its consummation, but the people of Maricopa were opposed to incurring a further bonded indebtedness. Ex-District Judge De Forrest Porter was a member of the house from Phoenix. He was plied with lobbying protests from the people of the valley, and telegrams threatening him with dire results, came to his desk in the final days of the session if he permitted the passage of the bill.

As he was personally compromised through other matters in the early legislation, to its support, and he personally desired to see its passage, the protests and threats placed him between the "devil and the deep sea." The friends of the bill held the club of previous promise over his head, while his constituents held the knife of political and social menace at his throat. He presented on that closing night of the session a pitiable spectacle, tears rolled down his cheeks like a whipped baby, he appealed again and again in his masterful periods, to his merciless tormentors, to release him from his promise to vote for the bill, but the Yavapai fellows were obdurate. The third reading and final passage came up about 10 o'clock on the night of adjournment, and the appropriation bill was still to be considered, and there were too many interested in that important document to let any other consideration impede it. There were howls and catcalls for final disposition of the bond bill.

### Walks Out with Bill

Porter again and again used his eloquence to stave off the passage, and when completely exhausted he resorted to subterfuge to get possession of the bill; asking as a special privilege, to examine it before final vote, that he thought he detected an error in its final form. The clerk was instructed by the speaker to hand the document to the judge, and as soon as it was placed in his possession he deliberately walked into the lobby, and disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him.

This bold and brazen act aroused the house to a man and pandemonium prevailed. The speaker, shocked by the act, called on the sergeant-at-arms to immediately produce Porter before the bar of the house, and appointed a number of assistants to enforce the mandate of the chair.

The history of this search was never written before, by any of the participants, but it is a fact that every resort that Porter was known to frequent and every private residence where he was known to be socially entertained, were diligently explored from cellar to attic—even the private apartments of his sleeping wife were invaded by the sleuths—but to no purpose, except the humiliation of a good woman. When the sergeant at arms reported his failure to locate the judge, the feeling became intense, and by a unanimous vote DeForrest Porter was expelled from the house, this act forever debarring him the right to hold an office of trust or participate in the rights of citizenship.

After cooler thought a few members regretted their haste in the matter of expulsion, as it not only outlawed the distracted man, but it cast an irreparable reproach on his innocent family. The Honorable Selim Franklin of Tucson, in the most eloquent and pathetic speech of the session, succeeded in convincing the members that expulsion was too drastic and by appealing to the most sacred feelings of the body, the degrading resolution was rescinded and Porter was let down with a vote of censure.

### Disappearance Killed Judge

It was afterwards ascertained that the judge was within earshot of the whole proceedings, having, with the assistance of some confederate in his escapade, climbed into the attic of the building where he lay concealed until morning. DeForrest Porter made good to his Phoenix friends, his action killed the bill, but it also killed the judge, as he never appeared the same man again. He lived but a short time after the event recorded.

Captain Watkins, the one-armed member from Gila county—and the most incorruptible man in that body of men—withdraw from the house with indignation, after making one of the most scathing speeches on the session's delinquency.

The appropriation bill was finally passed, and the sergeant at arms, Cuddy, went rushing through the lobby, exclaiming "The Lord bless the people from the page with his little fist up to the Governor with both hands; we are all up to our shoulders into the sack." The passage of the appropriation bill restored the good humor of the solons and Bob Connell, a member from Yavapai, donated a number of jugs of good old Kentucky bourbon and an abundance of good Havanas, and with Pete Bolan keeping back the hands of the clock, the song and story, expressions of good fellowship, regrets for hard feelings created in the heat of debate, the Thirteenth Legislature adjourned sine die, some members returning to their homes, honored for their records, and others to receive the disapprobation of their former friends and neighbors.

With all their failings the Thirteenth Legislature created more beneficent laws than any of its predecessors or successors.

The Bloody Thirteenth, was born in a turmoil and deep travail, and expired in a halo of glory.

### **The Third House**

The third house, or lobby, is an institution without authority of law; yet it is one of the appendages of every legislative body in every state and territory of the union, and even to the Congress of the nation. From its first inception to date the greatest reformers and thinkers from sanctum, rostrum and pulpit, have hurled anathemas at its head in futile attempts to eliminate it from the body politic. It is as thoroughly organized, and part of our political system, as the law creating, or any of the established departments of government. It is vicious, inexcusable and intolerable, yet it is tolerated. In its ranks are to be found the profoundest mind and the most despicable degenerate. It fattens on duplicity and prospers on the cupidity of man. Many states are penalizing the lobby, and Dakota has a clause in its constitution eliminating it from her boundaries.

The Bloody Thirteenth had her third house, but not in the sense to fit the above application. It was a social club and not devoted to the purpose of predatory incursions on the rights of the people.

Like all organizations instituted for purposes of entertainment and good fellowship, some undesirables crept in and by individual acts tended to discredit the whole. The few survivors can challenge one mean or corrupt act to be truthfully laid at its door.

Its roster contained the names of the most reputable men of the territory, of a quarter century ago. It was accused of being an organized lobby, but was not devoted to that pernicious system in any form. It was known as "The Arizona Press Club."

In anticipation of the convening of the legislature of 1885, the people of Prescott, who are traditionally known for their hospitality, secured the spacious residence of former Governor John C. Fremont, renovated the same and installed every convenience for the comfort of their anticipated guests, with card rooms, chess rooms, and reception rooms, grand piano and other paraphernalia of entertainment. Ex-Chief Justice French was the chairman of the committee having the place in charge.

### Arizona Press Club

It was here that Governor Tritle and wife gave their receptions and levees. It was in this environment that the "Press Club" was organized. The Thirteenth Legislature contained a number of newspaper proprietors and attending it were many correspondents of the coast and territorial press.

The charter members of the club were Pat Hamilton, "Bucky" O'Neil, Thomas F. Weedin, John Marion, John A. Dorrington, Charley Beach, George W. Brown, R. C. Brown, George W. Tinker, Sam Purdy, M. M. Rice, W. T. Burke and W. A. Cuddy. These were the newspaper owners and correspondents at the capital.

The honorary members were: General George Crook, Captain Bourke, Governor F. A. Tritle, Ex-Chief Justice French, Ex-Chief Justice Sumner Howard, John C. Herndon, Chief Justice Wright, Clark Churchill, Frank Hereford, Morris Goldwater, Harry Carpenter, Joe Dauphin, Judge Mark Egan, Ned McGowen, Will Nash and Billy Harwood, and others whose names have passed the writer's memory.

Pat Hamilton was made president, "Bucky" O'Neil secretary and M. M. Rice treasurer. An assessment of \$20 per capita was levied on the charter members to defray incidental expenses and secure quarters for the club, but this was found unnecessary, as the "Press Club" was tendered the use of the citizen's retreat for all social purposes, so it was able to start with \$300 in the treasury.

Containing as it did many legislators in both houses, it wielded a powerful influence on the proceedings of the law makers, and many vicious enactments were strangled in their conception by the vigilance of its members, and many meritorious ones, that would have gone to destruction, became laws, through its hearty support.

The "Press Club" had its individual failings, in that some of its members would stray from the straight and narrow path of "beastly sobriety," as Purdy coined the quotation, and adorned the surroundings with the Celtic poet's conception of earthly pleasure:

"Fill the bumper fair,  
Every drop we sprinkle  
O'er the brow of care  
Smooths away a wrinkle."

This was the extreme extent of their erring, graciously pardoned in those strenuous times. Their practice is better illustrated in the club's adopted motto: "As we journey through life, we live by the way;" and many lived up to the motto through life with fidelity.

The officers of the Post were frequently guests of the club, and also prominent transient visitors to the capital, and here wisdom, wit and nonsense combined with the clink of glasses and wreaths of Havana smoke, whiled away many an evening, while the solons were exhausting their energies in trying to solve the intricacies of fare and freight bills, the regulation of range brands and the legal merits of sheep dip.

### Arrange Regal Feast

One function for which the club became famous was the banquet tendered the officers at Whipple barracks, the federal and territorial officials and members of the legislature. No such elaborate event was ever pulled off in Arizona before, nor has it been equalled since. The recollection of it still lingers proudly in the memory of its living participants.

The affair was first suggested by "Bucky" O'Neill, and with him suggestion was action. A committee of three, consisting of the president, secretary and treasurer, was appointed on ways and means for its accomplishments.

In those days—as now—newspaper men and scribes were not round shouldered from packing an over-plus of coined metal, and the wherewith gave the committee many nights of deep thought; the number of guests to be entertained and method of entertaining was duly considered, and with less than \$300 in

the treasury, nothing very elaborate could be accomplished; however, it would be in bad form for a "Press Club" representing the thought, morals, virtues and development of a territory as grand as Arizona, to do anything in a half-hearted manner, or on a cheap and limited basis.

O'Neil stood for a feast that would go down to posterity. "Bucky" never stood for anything by halves, he was never known to split a bet. One hundred people must be seated at that festive board; the other members of the committee, carried away by his enthusiasm, coincided; but how? The thoughtful secretary says: "Let's pass the hat." His excellency the governor was consulted on this momentous question. "Bucky" presented his plan in this inimitable style. In the shape of an engrossed bill from the third house, the executive signed the bill and attached to his signature a \$50 subscription, suggesting further that if O'Neil could tax ex-judge French for a similar amount, he would double the donation. It is hardly necessary to record that the governor was not compelled to double. The judge passed us up. M. W. Stewart and Judge Egan contributed handsomely, the legislative members chipped in all the way from \$20 down to two sheep, tendered by Bill Imus, member from Mohave. Bill said he didn't care for swell chuck, but he adored mutton; and, by the way, William was the member who, after a motion was made and seconded, arose to his feet and said: "Mr. Speaker, I third that motion."

Captain Watkins informed the collection committee that he preferred seeing fellows pay for their own board, not from parsimony, for he was a generous man, but he did not like to encourage the solicitation of alms.

A certain railroad attorney who could not use O'Neil in some of his schemes, sarcastically replied when asked for a dole, that he would willingly issue free transportation to the whole club on condition of permanent emigration, but he reconsidered and came forward with a 50 spot; and so it went.

In twenty-four hours the club's treasury was swelled to the sum of \$1,500—remember readers, this was in Prescott. How long would it take to raise that sum for a simple feed in other capital cities? Well, never mind—

### **\$10.25 Per Plate**

The funds secured, the next step was where to find a commodious place to pull off the event. While old Prescott was chuck full of get there and generosity, unlike many of its contemporaries, that was that winter decidedly short on empty

spaces. Howey Hall was at last secured and committees appointed to complete the arrangements. Frank Ingoldsby and Joe Dauphin were past masters in the art of decoration, and the result detracted nothing from their reputation. The contract on menu was given Ben Butler—100 plates at \$10.25 per plate. This supper gave Ben his start to his present financial success in Phoenix.

Flowers were imported from California; the liquids were supplied by C. P. Head, and Bob Connell, a member of the lower house, supplied the Havanas. The menu was printed on the government press at the Post through the courtesy of General Crook, "Bucky" O'Neil setting the type, which was sufficient in itself to attest to its style. It was on embossed satin and the specimens are rare today and considered by their possessors valuable souvenirs. The preparations occupied several weeks, every member contributing time and talent to make it a success.

The long expected night at last arrived and who alive today who were present can forget it. The hall was resplendent with decorations appropriate to so august an occasion.

Remember, it was a stag party; but the good ladies of Prescott were not ignored by any means. They were invited to feast their eyes on the brilliancy of the hall and decorations—brilliant for those days of oil lamps and wax candles—ante rooms were supplied with refreshments for their special use, but they deeply regretted that they could not partake in the main event, and—'twere better so.

The hour at last arrived, and what an hour, with the Fort Whipple Military Band discoursing its strains across the plaza, the principal guests of the evening assembled, General Crook and his staff in all the gorgeousness of military apparel, with decorations won on many a hard fought battle field, before the present generation of Arizonians saw light of day and when many of us present gray haired lads were young. Next came the governor and his staff, the federal officers, territorial officials and the members of the legislature—all except Watkins and the man who offered to donate the sheep. The club members were in position to receive their guests. Pat Hamilton occupied the seat of honor and acted as toastmaster. There were just 100 men who occupied a position seated in a hollow square before a well appointed spread as any epicure might desire.

### **Feast of Reason—Flow of Soul**

The "feast of reason and flow of soul" was prolonged into the "wee sma' hours." General H. G. Rollins, Arizona's classic

orator, Captain Bourke, the most brilliant after dinner speaker in the department of the West, Summer Howard, the eloquent jurist, Governor Tritle, a man of forcible delivery, Pete Bolan, with his exuberant Celtic wit and fascinating blarney, Tom Weedin, the irrepressible, Mickey Stewart, the facetious, Sam Purdy, whose tongue was tipped with satire, and many others capable of impromptu expression.

Harry Carpenter, Joe Dauphin, "Baldy" Brown and Frank Ingoldsby, the famous quartet—where could be found their superior? Not in the territory then, nor since—dear old friends, your strains of harmony are now mingling with the music of the spheres—and few of that night are left to write your obituary.

Such a gathering of brilliant men, soldiers, civilians and artisans and every honorable vocation then obtaining in the young and growing territory, and to think that the majority of them are no more—too bad, too bad; have we duplicated them? Perhaps.

There is hardly any pleasure unaccompanied with pain, the pleasure of knowing these pioneers of the past, and particularly on the occasion described in this record, as members and guests of the Press Club of the Thirteenth, has been sadly marred by an attack made on the club by the Los Angeles Times of that date. Otis never attacked a band of pickets in a labor strike with greater venom, than he did this generous, brave and wholesouled body of men, and I am charitable enough to think that the editor of the Times was sadly misinformed as to their character by evil designers; however, the tirade was gratuitous.

After the adjournment the "Press Club" disintegrated, each member returning to his home and his calling all to continue through life friends and brothers.

Thus ended this congregation of a remarkable body of men from every avenue of life.

It was a third house, 'tis true, but it will live long in memory's pathway, to those who knew, loved and respected the men who composed it.

(Note: In this account of the Thirteenth Legislature every line is from memory after a lapse of 25 years, no references were sought nor notes resorted to. Some names have been forgotten and some slight inaccuracies may have crept in, but the general facts and circumstances are absolutely correct.

M. M. Rice.)