

## THE SPENAZUMA MINING SWINDLE

By GEORGE H. SMALLEY

There were no blue-sky laws to interfere with the high-handed operations of wild-cat mining promotions during the palmy 90's in Arizona. The territory furnished a lucrative field for exploitation. Legend and romance, combined with rich assay returns, had long before given world renown to Arizona as a rich mining field. The fame of Rich Hill, whose wealth in native chunks of lustrous gold fell into the hands of early explorers; the discovery of "Munson's Chunk," a huge mass of native silver found north of Globe, the golden wealth of the Vulture and Harqua Hala mines; the lost diggings of "The Frenchman" and "Dutch Jacob," which to this day are eagerly sought by prospectors; the romantic fame of old Tombstone, and in later years the development of the Copper Queen, the United Verde, the Old Dominion and other great copper mines, had blazed an alluring halo on the southwestern horizon.

"Doctor" Richard C. Flower, head of the Flower Medical Company in New York City, looked upon Arizona as presenting an ideal location for a great mining swindle, and when the New York papers carried stories of the opening of the San Carlos Strip, he decided that the opportune time had arrived. The white man had been held aloof from the mineral section of the Apache reservation until 1899, and now the barrier had been raised and the mineral lands opened for exploitation. A traditional treasure chest of the Indians now lay bare for prospector and miner to delve into its secret, the newspaper story said. Doctor Flower became intensely interested. His keen, subtle mind conceived at once another plan for making money; honey-combed with gold was this bonanza which cropped out as he read. He was intensely practical, never wasting his time thinking unless the process promised to evolve a plan for easy money. His new scheme for quick riches was clearly defined in his mind when he finished reading the story.

Doctor Flower's illicit patent medicine business in Thirty-fourth street, New York City, in which he had been engaged for many years at great profit, was petering out. Magazines and newspapers were now waging war against him and his kind, and laws were proposed which would expose his quack practices. He knew that his medicinal concoctions would never stand the test of government scrutiny, and he was smart enough to know it was time to take on something new.

So the Flower Medical Company went out of business over

night, and the next day there loomed on doors and windows of the doctor's suite of offices in New York City the magic word "Gold." The offices were remodeled and lavishly refurnished in keeping with the word.

A ten million dollar corporation was formed over night, and it is said that when the attorney who drew up the incorporation papers asked the doctor what name he should give it, the reply was: "Any name which will make them spend the mazuma." The facetious attorney found suggestion for a name in the slang of the doctor, and when the articles were completed they bore the name, "Spenazuma Mining Company."

And today in Arizona that name is linked with the greatest mining swindle the southwest has ever known. It is written in the official history of the state, and old prospectors, sitting about campfires in the mountains, still relate the exploits of Doctor Flower. Outlaws of another type—Black Jack, Billy Stiles, Burt Alvord—who held up trains and stages in the late 90's, often amused themselves relating incidents of the outlawry of the crafty New Yorker who held up his victims with gorgeous gold-bordered stock certificates of the Spenazuma Mining Company.

Doctor Flower artfully let down the bars of his corral a few days before his departure for Arizona. In Southwestern terms, he "laid an ambush." He caused stories of the organization of the ten million dollar Spenazuma Mining Company to appear in the New York newspapers, describing the rich mineral field which his company had discovered. Legitimate mining men paid no attention to the stories, but there were thousands of gullible patrons who eagerly stampeded for a place on the "ground floor" of this new flotation.

The certificates of stock which they purchased were deeply bordered in gold, and nuggets seemed to hang from the word "Spenazuma" ready to fall into the lap of the fortunate purchaser. Shares were sold for \$10, the par value, and hundreds of thousands of dollars enriched the treasury of the Spenazuma Mining Company before Doctor Flower had reached Arizona in his search for the mining claims and the rich ore bodies which the certificates of stock prematurely represented.

At Bowie, where Doctor Flower left the Southern Pacific train to await the departure of the Gila Valley, Globe & Northern Railway which would take him to the end of the line at Geronimo, he met Captain Tevis, a veteran of the southwest, whose greatest pride was a collection of rare minerals which he displayed in a large cabinet in the Tevis Hotel. There Doctor Flower saw specimens of mineral which dazzled before his eyes; gold cling-

ing in nuggets and wire strands to a white quartz setting; pyrites of copper in brilliant metallic luster; arteries of native silver showing through huge rocks—products of world-known Arizona mines. The wealth of the Copper Queen, the United Verde, the Old Dominion, the Vulture, the Silver King, and the earlier days when Tombstone was producing its millions, were all proudly described by Captain Tevis as they sped the time. Doctor Flower offered to pay a handsome price for the collection, but the Captain would not listen. But generosity, which was uppermost in the southwest in those days, would not allow his guest to leave without at least one specimen as a gift, and Doctor Flower lost no time in shipping it to his New York office, where it was labeled and held up to stock patrons as a product of the Spenazuma.

The raging flood waters of the Gila long ago claimed the town of Geronimo which Doctor Flower looked upon as he left the combination freight and passenger train which brought him from Bowie. The sun was slipping down the western slope of Mount Turnbull, leaving the motley settlement in a ghastly glare of light and gloom. Ominous shadows filled the deep arroyas of the mesas at the edge of the settlement. Cowboys squatted about in groups resting on boot heels; teamsters cursed as they herded mules and horses to feeding bins. From the saloon came rasping notes of canned melodies, mingled with shouts of men and women. Doctor Flower stood for a moment gazing at the box houses, tents and jackals. His gaze fell upon a more pretentious building with a large sign designating it a hotel. He strode down the lane which served for teams, horsemen and pedestrians, passing campfires with bed rolls strewn about, his progress impeded by the deep sand. He might have thought that he was trudging towards the end of the world, but to the pioneer this well groomed easterner was but viewing the old West on its way to oblivion.

As he approached the hotel he was cordially greeted by a good-natured six-footer, whose attire was that of the cowpuncher just in from a hard ride. Doctor Flower handed over his bags when the man informed him that he was the hotel clerk when he was not cowpunching. When they reached the hotel at the end of the lane, a cowboy was squatted in the doorway. The "clerk" bent his six feet of bone and muscle and the cowboy fell sprawling in the sand. As he guided the doctor through the narrow corridor the clerk explained that the cowboy was a no-good train-robber who had held up a Texas express single-handed, and some

of the cowmen found him useful at times, so he was in the hands of his friends and fairly safe from arrest.

The "clerk" was Bill Duncan and the train robber was Alkali Tom, and these two rode out of Geronimo the next day with the New Yorker headed for the San Carlos Strip. On the long trail up Goodwin wash Duncan entertained the easterner with stories of the escapades of Black Jack, a notorious outlaw who was keeping Sheriff Scott White of Cochise County and Sheriff Bob Leatherwood of Pima quite busy. The latter, Duncan told him, had recently been ambushed by the desperado down near the border, losing one of his men in the fight which ensued. Doctor Flower intended to capitalize the outlawry of the organized bands operating in the territory at that time, and he got some valuable material from Duncan for this use. It would give color to his mining publicity.

Long before they reached Black Rock, a great barren monolith of red sandstone at the foot of Granite Mountain, Duncan pointed out a strange figure which the contour of the great projection threw in clear relief against the skyline, explaining that the Apaches referred to it as Monctezuma, a god watching over their lands. As Duncan talked the doctor thought of the capital he could make of the apparition. He would call it Spenazuma, a son of Monctezuma, guarding the mineral of the Spenazuma Mining Company. And when the prospectus of the company was afterwards issued this story was embellished by the artists and publicity men.

They stopped to rest in a grove of sycamores at the foot of Black Rock, and as the doctor looked about the thought that here was the spot he was looking for caused him to make mental note of its advantages. In the low hills near Black Rock he found signs of mineral deposits, but Duncan explained that the efforts of prospectors had failed to find anything of value.

Running water, cool shade from the great sycamores, a sign of mineral, and the monolith with Spenazuma on guard—an ideal setting he concluded. Location was all he sought—a weird environment in the wilderness edging the Apaches, the rendezvous of outlaws, a rich mineral district on the mountain with secret trails over which pack trains could bring ore if he needed it. He pictured in his mind the mining camp he would bring into life at Black Rock. He gazed up at Mount Turnbull, showing its bald peak above the timber line resembling a faded brocade of old silk; he surveyed the formidable Granite Mountain which they must ascend over a rough trail to gain the mountain country where the San Carlos Strip lay with its wealth of gold

and copper. He thought of the feverish activity of men digging and blasting in the new mining district, while here at Black Rock and for miles and miles there was solitude.

Bill Duncan had stretched out under a sycamore tree and fallen asleep. Alkali Tom, resting on his boot heel and quietly smoking a cigarette, looked up when Doctor Flower squatted beside him.

"I've got a job for you, Alkali," whispered the doctor. "I want you to ride with my men, be their guide—and don't talk."

Alkali, silent as the desert itself on the ride from Geronimo, nodded a dumb understanding.

"Do not let anyone bother them, and remember, don't tell Duncan or anyone else that you are employed by me, understand?" Duncan's honesty was too apparent, and the doctor knew that he could not use him; but he stood confidently before Alkali with a wad of bills in his hand.

Alkali's sharp eyes searched the doctor's countenance to find out what it all meant. He gazed at the roll of bills, then nodded his assent. The appearance of the doctor in his natty riding outfit, fashioned for Fifth Avenue, the florid, clean-shaven face and soft hands, had impressed Alkali. The figure was strangely out of place in the great gray desert where the attire of men took on the sombre drab of the sage.

Alkali was engaged in shoving a roll of greenbacks deep into the pocket of his under-pants when Duncan awoke.

Nightfall found them cozily resting about the fireplace in Uncle Billy Albrighton's mountain cabin in the San Carlos Strip. They set out early the next morning to visit the different claims where work was in progress. They found rich ore in abundance at the grass roots in many of the workings, and Doctor Flower bought a cargo of the richest specimens for shipment to his New York office.

At the foot of Granite Mountain, on the descent from the Strip, they rested again at Black Rock, and Doctor Flower surveyed the scene glowingly. Almost as barren of mineral as the great sandstone projection, yet there was a charm of romance in the location which the doctor had seized upon the day before. Now that he was assured of mineral in the San Carlos Strip, he could see the realization of his plan.

When the party reached Geronimo the doctor sent long telegrams to New York City. The next day he hunted up the prospectors who owned the claims at Black Rock, bonded or bought them outright for a small sum, and sent the prospectors out to

locate the adjoining ground for miles in the name of the Spenazuma Mining Company. Alkali rode with them.

The Spenazuma mining camp rose out of the foothills of the Santa Teresa Mountains with the same celerity that attended the formation of the company in New York City. The sycamore grove beneath the shadow of Black Rock, with the image of Spenazuma looking off across the great open spaces of mesa and valley towards the Cordileros de Gila range, became the scene of bustling activity. Phil Contzen brought his crew of surveyors from Tucson, artisans came with their saws and hammers, miners were brought from Globe, freighters brought in lumber and box houses rose in the shades of the sycamores.

In a short time Spenazuma was ready for the photographer. Albert Buehman came from Tucson with his camera and the superintendent of the camp kept him busy taking pictures of miners armed with picks and poised for blows at innocent country rock; carpenters on scaffolds with hammers raised before a flimsy framework which was to be a mill; miners standing at a windlass, rope straining with a bucket filled with rocks without a sign of mineral in them. The veteran photographer smiled as he worked. He knew that chunks of rock would become nuggets of gold under Doctor Flower's magic touch, and whatever the pictures lacked would be supplied in gilded phrases, alluring description and extravagant claims.

Had all this been done in the year 1928 instead of 1899 it would have been looked upon as a motion picture location of a western thriller.

Stories of Spenazuma wealth spread throughout eastern and midwestern cities and towns. New York City newspapers contained advertisements of the Spenazuma Mining Company, the great ten million dollar corporation of Doctor Flower. Space was lavishly used, superlatives describing the great opportunity of the century. A gold-bordered prospectus, sent broadcast to lists of "selected investors," was replete in extravagant description. Albert Buehman's photography showed great buckets filled with ore, gilded by the art of printing into pure gold; Black Rock appeared more like a great, massive gold projection than a sandstone dyke, and the features of Spenazuma bore a contented smile.

Reports of "eminent" mining engineers, whose names could not be found in the annals of the renown, appeared in the prospectus, each trying to outdo the other in lavish description of the new El Dorado. "Professor T. A. Halchu, of Longhorn, Montana, the great gold and copper expert of two continents," whose

report exhausted all superlatives, was never known to exist outside the pages of the prospectus.

Emissaries appeared in eastern cities and villages, one H. B. Clifford boldly advertising himself as "Commissioner of Arizona." He gave free lectures, illustrated with lantern slides, which showed the great mines of Arizona. "If you purchase mining stocks," he advised, "buy those of the big companies." Slides showing the activities at Spenazuma were shown with those of the "big companies." In his lecture he linked the Spenazuma Mining Company with the Copper Queen, the United Verde, the Old Dominion and others, describing how the stocks of those companies at one time sold for scarcely nothing and now were hard to get at any price. A map on the wall showed the Spenazuma on a direct line with the Old Dominion and Copper Queen, and with a ruler he traced the mineral belt through Spenazuma ground.

He concluded his discourse with the assurance that as commissioner of Arizona he would be glad to meet anyone at his hotel and give them confidential information regarding the best mining stocks to purchase. When they came to his room the following day he loaded them down with Spenazuma stock at \$10 per share. Many other agents worked in the rural districts making a house-to-house canvass with great success.

Leaving the operations at the Spenazuma camp in the hands of his superintendent, Doctor Flower spent the most of his time in New York City watching the fruition of his scheme. Hundreds of thousands of dollars flowed into the offices of the Spenazuma Mining Company. It came from eastern states principally, but here and there throughout the Middle West men and women subscribed to the stock. Charley Wemple, an Arizona mining man, well known in those days as the "Antimony King," one day received a letter from his niece in Michigan stating that she had put \$5,000, her entire savings, into Spenazuma stock. Afterwards he learned that his uncle had bought this stock to the limit of his cash and was only prevented from purchasing more when his wife refused to sign a mortgage on their home.

Masters of publicity prepared the advertisements which appeared from day to day extolling the name of Spenazuma until it became a synonym for gold in many humble homes. "Ten square miles of gold-bearing ground, with millions in its bed-rock—five thousand feet of tunnels and shafts—the greatest ore-bearing fissure ever discovered, two miles in width and values doubling every few feet—thousands of tons of rich ore on the

dumps." And the greater the space consumed, the more extravagant became the claims.

Hard-headed men were swept off their feet, plunging wildly into Doctor Flower's net. The villagers of Tivoli in New York State put every dollar they could scrape together into Spenazuma stock, the total aggregating more than \$60,000. A chance such as this had never before come to the hard-working people of this settlement, and led by one of their leading citizens they were stampeded.

The stock rose to \$12 a share, and when the Spenazuma Mining Company declared a dividend—without an ounce of ore having left the Spenazuma claims—it went to \$15.

A ten million dollar corporation, its shares selling far above par, was creating a great stir in eastern rural settlements; a mining boom was on and going at full blast, yet outside of the upper Gila it was unknown in Arizona. But there were only 150,000 people in Arizona in 1899, including 25,000 Indians, and they were scattered over 113,000 square miles of mountain, plain and valley. And so Spenazuma grew to gigantic size upon the New England horizon.

Geronimo thrived in the reflected glory of Spenazuma. The glad hand of Bill Duncan was extended to many strangers now, and Alkali Tom looked them over from the depths of his broad-brimmed hat. Then came Doctor Flower to arrange for entertaining a large party of easterners who were coming to visit the mine. He inspected the progress at the camp and gave implicit instructions to his men. Every detail for this important event was arranged by him. The doctor warned his superintendent that there must be no slip of the tongue, no misstep on the part of him or his men.

The stage was set for the coup d'état. Doctor Flower chuckled as he rode alongside Alkali Tom on the down trail to Geronimo. He was thinking of the story Bill Duncan told him of the ambush which Black Jack laid for Sheriff Leatherwood; and riding silently Alkali Tom was ruminating over the difference between branding in a corral with the bars up and on the open range.

A sudden impulse caused Doctor Flower to check his horse. He was laughing as Alkali Tom looked about bewildered.

"See that point of rocks on the side of the trail yonder?" exclaimed the doctor. He pointed to a massive dyke jutting the wash.

Alkali scanned the huge rock as though he had seen it for the first time; but he had never attempted to pass it without

detouring to the farthest edge of the canyon. It always suggested a Texas sheriff to him.

"Reckon thar's a ambush laid thar?" whispered Alkali, his hand on his gun.

"So you have been thinking of the same thing—an ideal place for a hold-up, eh? It just struck me that my eastern friends who are coming out to visit the mine would enjoy something of that sort. It would give them something to talk about when they returned home—in fact, they might be disappointed if they did not meet with some unusual experience in this wild country. We have told them a lot about the outlawry in Arizona—why not give them a thrill of the Wild West? Black Jack and his band of outlaws will do the job for a price, I am sure. I do not want anybody hurt, understand—shooting, yelling and cries of 'Hands up!'; the drivers will check their horses and the stages come to a sudden stop—then the line-up of the occupants in a row with hands high—they will be scared to death. I will have a roll of bills myself, and the rest of them will have some money—altogether it will make quite a pot. What say you, Alkali, my boy?"

"Black Jack cain't take on no job fur some time," drawled Alkali. "He's got all he can do tu keep outa th' way o' th' law atter holdin' up th' Southern Pacific express at Stein's Pass a few days ago, and th' sheriff's chasin' him."

A sinister smile played about the doctor's lips. He was determined to carry out his plan.

"Then I guess you will have to do the job yourself. Rustle up some cowboys while I am away—you know how to do it."

Alkali was accustomed to strange commands from his boss, and he had never failed him yet; but it was some minutes before he spoke:

"Air yu sartin thar won't be no Texans in th' crowd?"

"Nothing but New Yorkers," the doctor assured him.

"I'll 'tend to th' job, then," replied Alkali. "Thar's riders in these hills thet's n'er been gutted, an' I reckon they'll be hankerin' a'ter some easy money."

Doctor Flower departed for New York the next morning, certain that he had left nothing undone.

During the following weeks while the doctor was busy gathering his party together from various rural settlements for the journey to the Southwest, Alkali Tom was recruiting a band of cowboys from the ranges for the ambushade at the point of rocks in Goodwin wash. He went about the task meticulously. Bronco Bill, Chacon, Climax Jim, Code Estes, Bill Smith, and other

notorious free-lance operators in devious forms of outlawry in Southeastern Arizona, would welcome a revel so soft, but Alkali did not invite any of that class to his party. They might have been participants in spite of him had they known of the visit of the easterners. The personnel of Alkali's party was of the elite; cowboys who worked hard and played boisterously; who drank hard liquor when in town, and between drinks took occasional shots at the moon and stars. The sloping roofs of some of the saloons testified to the exuberance of their mirth. Constable Dory Morris was about the only person who paid any attention to them on such occasions. Taking their forty-fives was the greatest punishment he could inflict, and this usually resulted in breaking up the carousal. Several days before the arrival of Doctor Flower's party the constable had all of their guns.

When the Pullmans rolled into Geronimo with Doctor Flower and his party, Alkali rounded up his cowboys. Constable Morris gave them their guns and was surprised to see them gallop out of town when everybody was looking forward to greeting the easterners. Bill Duncan saw them go and scratched his head thoughtfully; Byrd Brooks, justice of the peace, saw fleeting fees in the cloud of dust that rose after them as the cowboys sifted through the sage. J. N. Porter, cowman, wondered why they went together—if ranchbound they would go in different directions.

Geronimo turned out one hundred strong to welcome the easterners. Apache Indians squatted beside the track and looked on curiously. Doctor Flower beamed as he introduced his guests to the leading citizens. There was but little time to lose, he explained, as he must have his party back by nightfall; they would be more comfortable in the Pullman cars. Concord stages, drawn by four horses, and driven by men heavily armed, were waiting, and the doctor hurried his guests into them. After whispered directions to the drivers, the doctor took his place on the high seat beside the driver of the leading coach; whips snapped over the heads of the ringleaders, and soon the coaches were hidden in a cloud of dust.

Sometime before the stages started, Bill Duncan slipped away from the crowd, mounted his horse and picked up the trail of Alkali and his band, which led him over the undulating hills towards the point of rocks.

As the caravan neared the massive rock where the hold-up was to take place, the doctor shot nervous glances here and there, expecting at any moment to hear the wild shouting of the cowboys and the bang of six-shooters. The drivers tugged at the

reins and the coaches were now slowly moving into the shadow of the massive dyke. The doctor craned his neck as the point of rock was reached, and as the stage passed on out of the shadow into the bright sunlight, he looked about bewildered. The old-time stage driver shot a cynical glance at the doctor and burst out laughing. Pallid in anticipation of an exciting holdup, the doctor's face now took on a glow of red and his eyes snapped. The driver stood up in the boot and raising his hands high above his head, mockingly gave a cat-cry which echoed in the hills and canyons. The drivers of the stages which followed were laughing heartily. Innocent of the thrill they had missed, the occupants of the coaches laughed and joked—but to Doctor Flower it was derisive banter. He drew himself down in the seat sullenly.

Hidden in the low hills a mile away, Bill Duncan was riding with Alkali and the bunch of sorrowful cowboys towards Geronimo. "Whether it was just fun or a real holdup one, you would have been damn fools to pull anything like that," he was expositulating. "Those easterners, 'cept Doc, are no fools—they would have you all in jail. You were wise to let the joke rest where it is, on the Doc."

The utter perversity of a train robber who turned yellow at a chance for a little innocent fun was in the doctor's thoughts, and he chuckled as he recalled Alkali's ugly description of the intestinal robustness of the cowboys. The comedy which Doctor Flower planned to inject into his serious drama had completely failed and he was disappointed.

But the stages were now reaching a point on the mesa where the features of Spenzazuma appeared to the best advantage on the crest of Black Rock, and Doctor Flower dismissed all thought of the incident at once. He halted the caravan and the occupants of the stages got down and grouped about him as he pointed out the phenomenon. Centuries had been at work upon the quaint image sculptured in stone, but it remained for Doctor Flower to make it an alluring figure in a romantic story. Every member of the party had read the story in the prospectus of the Spenzazuma Mining Company, and all were now listening attentively to the doctor's elucidation of the tradition. Coronado, searching for the Seven Cities of Cibola, with streets paved with gold, had nothing like this to guide him.

When the doctor had finished his eloquent recital, the members of his party were thrilled and anxious to reach Spenzazuma Camp to witness all the doctor had described.

The blasting at the camp could be heard long before the stages reached there. The canyons echoed and re-echoed the bombardment which was going on. Every blast of dynamite meant dividends they were assured by the doctor who was now riding in one of the coaches.

Led by the superintendent, the camp turned out to greet the easterners. After they had shaken the dust from their clothes and washed it off their faces and hands, Doctor Flower took them over the trails to the workings. They were shown great dumps of ore; they looked into dark tunnels and peered down shafts, saw the men at work with pick and shovel and heard the clang of sledge hammers on the steel drills. On the surface the product of the tunnels and shafts was in plain sight, which was evidence enough for them, so none entered the workings. A great expanse of table land, effulgent in golden poppies of May, was pointed out by the doctor. They had read the description of it in the prospectus of the company—"ten miles of gold-laden ground which would produce its millions." They visited the mill, its framework in place, and machinery lying by ready to be installed.

Doctor Flower talked garrulously, using terms that his guests could not understand as he described the process of extraction. Not one of them had ever been in a mining country. The doctor had selected his guests from the rural districts of New England with great circumspection. They had been thoroughly sold by his agents, and now that they had seen for themselves they were enthusiastic, ready and willing to believe anything he told them.

It was a jolly party of near millionaires that sat down upon the crude benches at the luncheon table and talked of their good fortune as they feasted. Doctor Flower was in a happy mood as he listened to the plans of his guests for spreading among their friends the opportunity of a lifetime.

Beneath the sweeping branches of age-old sycamore trees were a dozen guest cottages built of canvas and lumber which the guests sought after luncheon for a rest before resuming the journey to Geronimo. In front of each cottage there was a bin filled with specimens of rich ore which the guests stopped to admire. Doctor Flower urged them to take with them as many specimens as they desired to show to their friends.

It was dusk when the stages pulled into Geronimo. Alkali Tom noted the scowl on the face of Doctor Flower when they met, but it did not disturb him. He explained Bill Duncan's interference with the hold-up in the few minutes of conversation which ensued, and when the doctor hurried away to join his

guests Alkali Tom was still on the payroll of the Spenazuma Mining Company.

The arrant promoter was jubilant as he wrote long telegrams and dispatched them to his New York office. The master stroke of his Spenazuma promotion would soon be felt in hundreds of New England villages, and he was now sure that the full ten million issue of stock would be eagerly sought when his guests reached their homes and became willing missionaries among their friends. His fortune was now within his grasp and Doctor Flower planned to work quickly.

Arizona had been the scene of many doubtful mining promotions, some of them bare-faced frauds, but none had equalled the Spenazuma in magnitude and boldness. Doctor Flower would have made his millions as he planned except for the vision of an Arizona pioneer. In 1897, two years before the Spenazuma Mining Company was organized, Bucky O'Neill saw the menace to mining through fraudulent operations. He suggested that a survey be made of the territory and publicity given to the mining industry, extolling honest effort to develop mineral resources and exposing fraud. Legitimate mining operations were threatened by the stigma which was fast gaining foothold and destroying confidence in Arizona as a mining center. He proposed a mining department in the Arizona Republican, then a small daily paper published in Phoenix. The plan was approved and I was assigned to the task of riding over the sparsely settled territory to write up the mining industry as I found it.

In the spring of 1899 while enroute to the San Carlos Strip to write articles describing the development there, I stopped at Geronimo and there I met Bill Duncan, who told me about the Spenazuma. We rode out to the camp together and looked things over. All of the bluster of a week before, when Doctor Flower entertained the easterners at the camp, was gone. There were a few men at work, but the superintendent was lounging in a hammock beneath a sycamore tree. We were informed that the property was not open to the inspection of strangers. At the store we bought some sardines and crackers and feasted sumptuously. The storekeeper, when I asked him to sell us some candles, looked us over critically and refused. They were kept in stock for the use of the miners, he said. Duncan winked at me and I strolled over to the counter where he was still munching his lunch.

"Talk to him, and I'll get them," he whispered.

Leisurely I went to the opposite counter where the storekeeper was standing and engaged him in conversation. Later

when we left the store and mounted our horses, Duncan opened his shirt-front and displayed several candles.

So Bill Duncan stood guard while I entered the workings of the Spenazuma Mining Company. We visited four tunnels and three shafts, all of them representing but a few hundred feet of work, and none revealing ore of value.

But on the dumps there was rich ore which had not come out of the workings of the Spenazuma. Where did it come from? Duncan shook his head thoughtfully.

The framework of a building, its foundation the bare ground and the heaviest timbers but four by six inches, presented a ridiculous contrast to the massive structures legitimate mining companies use for housing ore crushers and concentrators. Work had been abandoned on the building, for it had served its purpose during the visit of the easterners.

It was plain that the Spenazuma had been "salted." To find out where the ore came from that was on the dumps was necessary before the story would be complete. Duncan said it resembled ore from the Henrietta in the San Carlos Strip or from the Marblehead in Arivaipa Canyon.

At Geronimo that night I met Alkali Tom. He was more than anxious to ride with me, I thought. We started out the next morning for the San Carlos Strip. Bill Duncan wanted to go along, but business detained him. Alex Hunt and Byrd Brooks recommended Alkali to me, the latter stating that if he did not behave there was a warrant in his office for robbing a train in Texas which he would serve on him.

In the San Carlos Strip I learned that claim owners in the Stanley Butte, Deer Creek and Arivaipa districts had sold ore to Doctor Flower which had been packed to the Spenazuma camp. Ore from the Marblehead claims owned by L. L. Wight had been purchased by Doctor Flower and shipped direct to the offices of the Spenazuma Mining Company in New York City, where it was placed on display for the delectation of the more astute investors who wanted to see what they were buying.

We camped at Apache Springs on the trail out of the Strip, and Alkali said he would get me the fastest horse on the range to ride to Geronimo.

"Jes' turn 'er loose when you get thar and she'll come back," said Alkali.

I was anxious to send out special dispatches to eastern and western newspapers, and write my story for the Arizona Republican, for I was now convinced that here was one of the most

bare-faced frauds that had ever been attempted in the Southwest.

Alkali Tom had been with me while I sought information from claim owners about the ores that Doctor Flower had purchased, and I noted his interest. The following morning when he watched me ride away on a spirited horse he had caught for me, there was a sinister smile on his face which I did not fathom at the time; but I was soon to know its portent. I had not gone many miles when I noticed a horseman coming at full speed through the cedars and underbrush. My horse was too fast for any ordinary cow pony to overtake, and when I reached Geronimo I could see the dust of the horseman far up the trail. The train was about to leave for Bowie and I barely had time to put my horse in the corral, buy a bale of hay for it, and instruct the corral man to turn it loose after it had fed and been watered. Then I was on the train and away.

I afterwards learned from Byrd Brooks that the horse I rode was owned by Jim Hinton, well known in those parts. It was his favorite riding animal, and when he saw me riding down the trail at full speed astride his pet steed he thought the horse was being stolen. Alkali Tom knew I would be killed if Hinton should see me riding away on his horse, and he also knew that Hinton had camped the night before on the trail which I must take, so he planned to serve his master and have me killed as a horsethief. When Hinton rode into Geronimo he hunted up Byrd Brooks and requested a warrant for the thief who stole his horse. Brooks told him that his horse was in the corral and the man who rode it to Geronimo was a newspaper correspondent. Hinton told the justice of the peace that he could catch me at the next station, where the train stopped for some time, and a short trail lessened the distance; but Byrd Brooks would not issue the warrant, so I was allowed to go on my way innocent of the charge of horse-stealing.

My special dispatches which appeared the next morning in New York City and other eastern newspapers brought consternation to the Spnazuma Mining Company's offices. Doctor Flower and his guests had just returned from Arizona with lurid stories of vast mineral wealth in the Spnazuma claims, and the promoter and his agents were facing a harvest of profit from the renewed enthusiasm which now seized the Hudson Valley villagers. The campaign of stock selling was at its height when the blow struck. The expose came like a blast of dynamite; it completely shattered the stock-selling plans. A campaign of defense was organized at once; newspaper space was used in the

New England States and in such Arizona newspapers as the company could reach with influence or money.

A lawyer was sent to Arizona from New York to threaten the editor of the Arizona Republican with a libel suit. Harvey Lee, the business manager, told him to go ahead with his suit. The attorney then offered me \$5,000 if I would prepare another story in which I would say that I had been mistaken and that upon further examination of the property I found it to be a worthy one. The offer was rejected and the attorney appealed to Harvey Lee without avail. The newspaper stood back of me, and Governor N. O. Murphy gave his support in the issuance of an official proclamation warning eastern investors against the Spenazuma Mining Company.

But this was not the end of Doctor Flower in Arizona. He organized the Lone Pine Mining Company, and a month after I had exposed the Spenazuma this new camp was going at full blast. I rode out to the Spenazuma and found it completely deserted, and then went to the west slope of the Graham mountains to look over Doctor Flower's new "Celestia" camp. Dory Morris, who had some claims in that district, rode with me to examine the claims in the Celestia camp.

It was soon evident to me that Doctor Flower's men knew of my presence on the property. As I stuck my head out of a shaft I was examining, Dory Morris yelled to me to duck. Then followed the dull thud of lead against the rocks. After what seemed to me a very long time, I heard Morris call to me to come out. Back in the timber a long distance were two men with rifles. We decided to ride up to them. A man who said he was the superintendent of the camp stood resting his arm on his rifle. When I accused him of shooting at me he said he was hunting rabbits. He ordered me off the claims, and as I had seen all that was necessary for another story, which might have been lost had we remained, we rode on back to Geronimo. The "Celestia" camp of the Lone Pine Mining Company soon passed out of existence, and that was the end of Doctor Flower in Arizona.

But this was but the beginning of the career of Doctor Flower as a national character. He operated under the names of Oxford and Montgomery after the expose of his Arizona swindling schemes. He was arrested many times and hundreds of indictments were found against him. His greatest individual haul was made when he persuaded the widow of Theodore Hagerman, a wealthy New Yorker, to invest \$1,000,000 in one of his schemes. He served a term on Blackwell's Island for swindling, but he was out in two years and back at his old nefarious game.

He was arrested on two occasions after that, jumping bail bonds of \$25,000 in each instance. Doctor Flower was regarded by New York City police as one of the cleverest swindlers in America. In 1916 he was taken into custody at Toronto after a chase which extended over the whole of North America and part of South America. While out on bail awaiting trial he died suddenly in a Hoboken theater in 1916.

Bill Duncan, who assisted me in exposing the Spenazuma swindle, is an honored citizen of Globe. There he is affectionately known as "Dunk." He has repeatedly been elected assessor of Gila county because of his ability and sterling qualities. Byrd Brooks, who was justice of the peace at Geronimo in those days, and who saved me from the clutches of angry Jim Hinton, is a business man living in Tucson. Dory Morris was living in the Gila Valley the last time I saw him; Alex Hunt is a merchant in the Gila Valley, and Alkali Tom was killed while rustling cattle.

Bucky O'Neill, who foresaw the future of Arizona mining threatened, was killed in battle at San Juan Hill during the Spanish-American War. I never look upon his sculptured figure in the Prescott courtyard that the words he uttered before leaving for the front do not come to me: "Who would not give his life for a star?" The star which he fought for found its place upon the American Flag thirteen years later. His courageous life is an epic story, which we who knew him and appreciated his worth take pride in recalling.