

DR. JAMES DOUGLAS

By JOE CHISHOLM

Doctor James Douglas was an empire builder.

Looking back through the perspective of half a century I see his lean and energetic figure—serious eyes blending the fires of seer and worker—looming against the back drop of Arizona's past as the Far-Southwest's most useful pioneer.

Many other homeric characters stand out vividly in my memory of Apacheland. Bill Greene, gambling and dynamic copper king. John Slaughter and Tom Rynning, the law bringers. General George Crook, most efficient and yet most humane of soldier warders against the Apaches. John P. Clum, courageous and honest Indian agent, who perhaps did more than the military to keep the savage red men within bounds.

They were all magnificent men, all essential to founding and upbuilding of a state out where white men had planted their last precarious outposts on the farthest rim of Anglo-Saxon civilization. But Douglas, when all of their achievements have been weighed, was the greatest builder of them all.

Up in the Mule Mountains in the lower right-hand corner of Arizona where he began that work which has meant so much for the state and contiguous regions, there were other useful men, iron pioneers without whom that *terra incognita* never could have been won and held for our breed: Judge Duncan, Horace Stillman, my revered dad who, with his pick-handle and prayer book maintained law and order at the head of Mule Gulch. But Professor Douglas was more useful than they because his aristocracy, learning, and world-wide contact with institutions gave him a greater leverage in doing things.

When he first went into the Mules he was already known to the mining world as a man who understood just about all that could be learned of metallurgy and its

practical application to mining. But he was heralded by no brass bands or chambers of commerce. The most popular bartender in Mule Pass (now Bisbee) in those days was the nearest institution they had to what we now call chambers of commerce in Phoenix or Los Angeles. The Professor had to take the best or worst of it along with the rest of the hard-boiled frontiersmen, going in there on horseback if he missed the Sandy Bob stage from Tombstone.

In the beginning we used to regard him as what might nowadays be called a high-hatter, although as I grew older I came to realize that he didn't even think about himself. He was too busy for any self-esteem. He was the busiest man I ever knew. It was that abstracted air of his as he went among the miners, mule-skinners and the rest of the r'aring boys, intent always on his work, that led them to misunderstand him in those first far days.

A story related of him, if it be true, illustrates that abstraction of his. It is to the effect that once when the stage-coach was held up between Tombstone and Bisbee the highwaymen found it necessary to tell the Professor a second time to get out and "stick 'em up," but Douglas asked them in his courteous if absent-minded way, not to bother him, please. Probably he was figuring out how much copper ore he could gather in the Mules for the new electrolytic process of which he was the foremost expert in the United States.

But, busy though he might be, he was always courteous. If he wished one of us kids to run an errand for him he would not speak to us in the only language to which we were accustomed—"Hey! You little son of an asterisk, I'll give you two-bits if you'll run over to Kate Sweeney's or Sol Israel's and git me a noospaper."

No sir! When Professor Douglas wanted a newspaper and was too busy to gallop over on his own long legs and get it himself, he would say, "Young man, could I induce you to get me a newspaper from Miss Sweeney's

news-stand? And I shall be up at the Queen shaft by then."

Or by the time I caught up with him he would probably be away off at the Atlanta shaft he was just starting. Always I'd have earned my ten-cent tip by the time I would have caught up with the striding Professor. He was always working like a government mule and naturally saw no reason why the rest of the world shouldn't be on the job, too.

He was a cultured man who spoke correct English. For instance, he pronounced the word "induce" properly, but to our ears, used to our own pronunciation of "indooce," he seemed to say "injuce." And the Professor certainly "injuiced" people to do things, what with his superior knowledge and unceasing work.

He was a doctor of literature and a lot of other learned things before he laid off for his well-earned eon or two of rest; but he was Professor to us in the frontier days, and that title has always stuck with the old-timers.

It was only natural that later James Douglas had an LL. D. conferred upon him and came to have other titles added to his name, for among his forbears were many distinguished men. The Douglas family, in fact, is one of the most powerful and romantic in the stirring annals of Scotland.

Professor Douglas' grandfather was a man of talents, and his father one of broad culture and one of the most distinguished men of science in Canada. The latter, also James Douglas, took his career in his own hands at an early age. Complaining when twelve years old that the standard of education in the Academy at Woodhouse Grove, Scotland, was below that to which he was accustomed, he ran away from the institution where his father had placed him and became indentured to a physician.

Later he entered the medical department of Edinburgh University. His first summer holiday was spent aboard a Greenland whaler. After graduating as a surgeon at Edinburgh and London he entered the services of

the East India Company, but later returned to England and took charge of Sir Gregor MacGregor's fatal colony to the Mosquito Coast of Central America. More dead than alive he was rescued from the Black River by a Yankee skipper and taken to Boston.

After his recovery his success as a surgeon led to his appointment as Professor of Anatomy at the Auburn Medical College. From there he went to Canada, where he built up a large practice, became noted for his scientific attainments, and founded the Dominion's first public institution for the care of the insane.

His son, the James Douglas of this narrative, was born in Quebec, November 4, 1837. As a boy he was much in the company of his brilliant father and received much inspiration from him. He entered the University of Edinburgh in 1855. After two years he returned to Canada and completed his studies at Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, receiving his A. B. in 1858.

He then returned to Edinburgh, took a course in theology and was admitted as a licentiate of the Church of Scotland. This theological training, along the broadest lines of scholarship, proved to him a valuable asset, for not only was all his life to be dominated by deep religious conviction and Christian spirit, but the experience he received in public speaking and the literary tastes he developed during this period colored his whole career.

And Professor Douglas' religious outlook was as broad as all humanity. In the early days of Bisbee, when the monthly advent of the Catholic priest afforded the wild camp's only public worship, I have seen the Professor and my dad, one of the Church of Scotland, the other a Roman Catholic, kneeling devoutly on the floor of the ramshackle wooden school house in Brewery Gulch, before the altar—the teacher's desk surmounted with burning candles whittled to fit into the necks of empty beer bottles—as each pored over his own bible while burly Father Gallagher celebrated mass.

After Douglas' second return to Canada he travelled extensively with his father in Europe and the Orient, visiting Egypt three times and bringing back important archaeological collections which today may be seen in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.

When his father's health failed James Douglas studied medicine that he might assist the elder Douglas and carry on the work of the Quebec Asylum for the Insane which his father had established and which was still largely in an experimental state. His father also had invested heavily in gold and copper mining properties in Canada and the United States; so, while studying medicine, the son interested himself in mining and metallurgy in an endeavor to conserve his father's investments.

Thus he was led away from his chosen path of literary and religious work, and his father's mining properties proving for the most part unfortunate, James Douglas was compelled to make a living as best he could out of an occasional fee and lectures on chemistry and metallurgy. But he entered these new fields of endeavor with the same keen intelligence, enthusiasm and honesty of purpose that he always displayed in whatever he attempted.

And that honesty of Douglas' cannot be over estimated. It was to that quality as much as to his profound knowledge and energy that the Phelps Dodge mining and concomitant industries throughout the Southwest became such tremendous assets to the country. Never a dollar of their money was used in speculation. Every penny of it went into honest development and faithful upbuilding, and other capitalists in their region were held to that line of straightforward industry by the conditions Douglas had established.

He was professor of chemistry at Morrin College, Quebec, for three years, and while there began, in association with his life-long friend, the late Dr. Thomas Sterry Hunt, experimenting with the hydro-metallurgy of copper. Those methods have since proved invaluable to the copper industry.

His keen powers of observation and description, coupled with his wide scientific knowledge, soon created a demand for his services as an investigator and mining expert. It was in this capacity that he became acquainted with Mr. Dodge and Mr. James, of Phelps, Dodge & Company, and it was upon his advice that they became interested in the Detroit Copper Company and later acquired the Atlanta, Copper Queen, and other copper properties at Bisbee and elsewhere in Arizona and Mexico which developed under his management into the greatest factor in the building of the Far-Southwest.

When one considers that background of ancestry and education, and the man's eternal energy, it is not difficult to reach the conviction that once Professor James Douglas had gone into the Apache-infested Mule Mountains in quest of ore it was just about certain he would find it, and develop it, if those crags contained any.

He came into that community of a few hundred souls when it was known only as Mule Pass. Jack Dunn, George Warren, Pie Allen, and a few more of that now half-forgotten vanguard were there ahead of the Professor. Maybe Judge Duncan, Horace Stillman, Jim Kreigbaum, and my dad were also there before him. But he was one of the first.

Although my dad was one of that region's most colorful pioneers, this is not his story; yet I'll have to touch upon his life somewhat to tell the story of Douglas. I have known few more useful men than my father. He was a carpenter, justice of the peace, coroner, maker of coffins, conductor of funerals, reader of the burial service over the dead of all creeds, and, as possessor of the camp's only legal library, was rated by the miners, cow-punchers, gamblers and rounders as the court of last resort in all legal squabbles. The "library" consisted of a badly battered book containing the Revised Statutes of 1873 of the Territory of Arizona. He held court in the rear of the White House saloon, where he often found it necessary to break up a game of stud that he might use

the poker table as a desk to open court with the necessary pomp and circumstance.

Division Superintendent Longstreet of the Southern Pacific had sent my father down to Tucson from San Francisco in 1879 to erect some buildings there at the rail's end: a freight house, loading platform, etc. He sent about twenty carpenters along in charge of my dad. But the morning after they arrived there wasn't a single wood-butcher on the job. The mining excitements of Tombstone, Silver King, the Quijotoas, Total Wreck and Harshaw held too strong a lure for the boys.

Even the regular Southern Pacific telegraph operator had succumbed to the excitement and joined one of the morning rushes. But my father dug up an emergency brass-pounder somewhere and got a message through to Longstreet asking him to send another load of carpenters. Then he went over to where his bedding was rolled up and sat down on it to inhale his old corncob.

A lanky man, probably ten years younger than my dad, say just past forty, came along and engaged the disgruntled carpenter in conversation. It must have been a wild talk-fest. The younger man was Professor Douglas. Both he and my dad were as full of conversation as most Hoot Men. Both were Scotch Canucks. But finally they chiselled out of each other that the darned country was nothing to get over-excited about.

Then in the course of another period, probably an hour, they learned each others' names, that dad was going to build a railway station if he could make any condemned carpenters stand hitched long enough, and that the Professor was going up into that misbegotten defile in the Mules known as Mule Pass in quest of copper ore.

I haven't got the straight of it yet as to which of them got into Mule Pass first. Neither the Professor nor my dad was what you might call voluble. But later when the Professor was sinking the Atlanta shaft at Bisbee and there really were about four hundred people in that wild pass my dad was framing timbers to hold the shaft up.

I used to carry my father's lunch up the steep mountainside at noon and listen to him and the Professor spilling conversation around at the rate of about twenty words an hour while my dad smoked his rotten old corncob and the Professor looked at it askance and sniffed in profound disapproval. Not that he would ever let down from the courtly consideration he showed to everybody. But he would sometimes suggest that he might bring some good tobacco on his next trip from New York. My father would get that and let his eyes twinkle a bit and ask the Professor if he believed in tariff reform, or maybe it would be predestination.

The only thing they ever got a good argument worked up about was something to do with General Sherman. It seemed that he came through Tucson while my dad and the Professor were "visiting" there. President Grant or some other president had sent Sherman down that way to see if the United States could induce Mexico to take Arizona back without fighting about it. Some of General Sherman's folks were mixed up with "demonetization" of silver, as I remember it. The Professor wasn't much to discuss politics, but I heard him tell my dad that Cleveland probably was right about the gold standard. My father, though, was lined up with the rest of the Westerners of those days, who thought that without plenty of silver money we'd never amount to much.

But, both being Scotch, they couldn't see the use of wasting wind on something that wasn't bringing them in any money. The Professor was looking for ore and my dad was pulling for him so that his own good four bucks per day would continue rolling in for timber-framing. Most of the talk during the noon hour was about the Atlanta shaft.

Anyhow, eventually Douglas caught Ballard, Riley & Martin—original owners of the Copper Queen—with the goods on them. He lined them up into a regular bunch of copper producers and finally bought them out. Beginning there he founded the greatest industry the Far-South-

west has ever had. So a word about the beginning of it will not be amiss.

The Professor had a shrewd Cousin Jack (Cornishman) by name of John Prout as mine foreman. The Professor, I realized later, was shrewder than Prout, was watching him. And my dad was an interested observer of the game. My father would come up out of the shaft after swinging the timbers in place so that the miners wouldn't lose any time, and probably have to tell a messenger from town that he couldn't come down to the White House to try another horse thief for a day or two, until they got another set or two of timbers in place and blocked up. Then while he caught his breath he and the Professor would talk things over. I would listen while I waited to take home the empty dinner pail.

The Professor would tell my father that he had induced his people to put another ten or fifteen thousand into the sinking of the shaft and that he hoped they would strike ore before the funds gave out. My dad would grunt hearty assent while he chewed his grub, and would hope too. I know that my father knew where the ore was. I think the Professor thought that my dad knew, but he wouldn't ask him anything. That wasn't the Professor's way. And that needs explaining.

The Rundle boys, who were working for the adjoining Copper Queen Company, lived in the same building with our family. Mrs. John Rundle rented half the house from us and her husband's two brothers boarded with her and her husband. Evenings they would sit on the porch and talk. And sing. All the Cornish people are fine singers. Prout, Professor Douglas' foreman, boarded with the Rundles. In the evening the conversation would go something like this:

"Damme, John Prout, we can 'ear thy boys in Atlanta shaft 'ammering right above we. And us belong being in rich ore right below thee."

One day Professor Douglas said to my dad: "I had almost decided to quit trying to induce my people to in-

vest more money in this Atlanta. But my foreman said he felt so sure, because of the present formation being cut by the shaft, that we would strike ore within another fifty feet, that he would put up his savings of five thousand dollars to keep the work going. I don't care to have him invest in the venture, but such positive belief on the part of an experienced miner like John Prout has almost convinced me that I should go a little deeper."

Then the Professor regarded my dad intently, whether in expectation of some comment or in disapproval of the rotten corncob I did not then know. But after letting it sink in a while the dad grunted, removed the corncob and said: "John Prout never had five thousand dollars in his life."

The Professor made no comment on that. Perhaps he had found out what he was after. Those canny Scots may be short on words but they do a lot of thinking.

So the Professor went a little deeper and caught the Copper Queen people drifting in his ground—and in ore.

In his writings about the Warren (Bisbee) district's ore development the Professor said nothing about that incident. Perhaps he would have considered any talk about that to be gossip. I think, though, the Professor had a strong hunch right along that John Prout had inside information about how deep the ore lay. The two companies had a law suit and later compromised and consolidated and the company came to be known as the Copper Queen Consolidated. Anyhow the Phelps Dodge people took their plunge into copper as a result of Douglas' activities up in the Mules. For a long time after the consolidation of the two properties most of the ore whose mining and reduction built cities and railroads and cattle industry in that region came out of the Atlanta claim.

From the very beginning Professor Douglas took an intense interest in the people whom he considered dependent on his mining activities. I remember hazily how he deplored the necessity of denuding the Mule Mountains around Bisbee of their trees. I know he was laughed at

by the miners because he even went among the lowly Mexican wood-choppers in his desire to find some way of replanting oaks, cedars, and junipers his mines and smelter were using for fuel. He would even talk to us kids about it, for although he learned to speak and read and write Spanish he didn't have time to acquire the cross-cut-saw Mexican-Yaqui lingo we knew. He needed us as interpreters now and then.

Every summer in the early eighties the folk of the mining camps died off like flies from dysentery and the other dread maladies that came along with typhoid. And then Professor Douglas would come hurrying into the Mules and induce the miners to come to the little school house—later to the library building he induced his people to build—and lecture them about adopting the best methods of sanitation known in those days. And he didn't limit himself to lecturing. Plenty of work he did along that line himself.

A lot those booze-fighting, faro-playing hombres cared about that sanitation fad of his. They got their clothes washed by the Mexican women every few months and "lived natural." But the Professor was shrewd, diplomatic. He got one of those projectors they called magic lanterns in those far days and had it always salted away there some place. Then when his thirst for travel and scientific research would be cut short by a hurry-up message that the deadly typhoid was once again slithering through Mule Pass he would come rolling in on the stage-coach with one of those old-fashioned valises full of photographic plates he had collected from everywhere—among the turreted cities of England and Scotland, in France, Germany, pictures of natives along the Nile hoisting water with wheels.

I don't remember if he ever brought any pictures of Sullivan and Kilrain and their contemporaries, but he would have had he thought that would get the miners interested in his illustrated talks and gathered in the hall so that he could explain sanitation and other essential mat-

ters for their welfare. He was a resourceful man. He wished the boys to listen to things they must understand if Bisbee were to be fit to live in. And he surely made them listen.

Long before the days of sewers and the other necessities without which we could not now live the Professor had that camp in the Mules on a health basis that was something to talk about among miners and cowpunchers throughout the Far-Southwest.

Before then you could see the stricken miners lying on canvas cots in Brewery Gulch and along Mule Pass (today's Main street of Bisbee) white as sheets, their scared but game partners fanning them to keep down the fever. No chance of getting over it they knew. The last of Jimmie Carr's prairie-schooners had unloaded their coke and store supplies and started back with all the sick boys they could pull over the grade to Tombstone and the overloaded hospital.

But after the hard-working professor had pounded some sense into those wild but not unreasonable boys and had got things cleaned up something as Leonard Wood did later in Cuba and Gorgas in Panama, there were no more clean sweeps by Old Man Death in the Mules.

James Douglas had six children, two sons and four daughters. We knew only the two boys in Arizona. They were Walter and James S. Walter Douglas for years was head of the great mining industry which owed its existence to the Professor. And Walter kept the Bisbee mines and the other Phelps Dodge camps up to the high grade the founders of that great institution aimed at. There never was a stockade in any Douglas mining or smelting town. You could trade with the company store in any of those communities or with the smallest independent merchants. It was all O. K. with the Phelps Dodge folk. They made up the deficit of the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. and kept up country clubs for those who wished to play golf and tennis.

Of course I could think, if I tried hard, of some things for which Walter Douglas should be censured. Such, for instance, as buying controlling interest in the newspaper known as the Bisbee Review so that he could fire me. But even in that fell deed he has been commended by some benighted folk who say that all that ever was the matter with Arizona journalism was the misfortune of me being mixed up with it.

The Professor's other son, whom we used to call "Rawhide Jimmie," fooled the whole family by developing one of the greatest copper mines of the Southwest, the United Verde Extension; so they don't call him "Rawhide Jimmie" any more. It may be well to explain that in the early days a small mine, or partly proved mining prospect, was always known as a rawhide outfit. While Walter was placed at the head of the famed Copper Queen from the beginning, the Professor's older son used to be put in charge of rawhide prospects all over the Southwest and Northern Mexico. So naturally he came to be known as "Rawhide Jimmie."

In connection with this I recall an amusing circumstance. A teamster by name of Jim Durnell, who needed a jerkline for his mule team, was said to have purloined the boarding mistress' clothesline at the Senator mine when James S. Douglas was in charge of that property up in the Bradshaw Mountains. Thereafter whenever they met they would greet each other caustically as "Rawhide Jimmie" and "Clothesline Jimmie."

When James S. Douglas had established himself as a mining millionaire in his own right he was now and then moved to ask me when we cut each others' trails around Arizona, as if his memory were vague about the matter, if my father wasn't the carpenter who used to live in Bisbee. Considering that I was always a good hobo hard-rock miner who had never asked the Douglasses for anything, not even a job, that used to get me wringy, which probably was Jimmie's intention. I considered that as a carpenter my grand old dad was as top-hand in his line

as any mining millionaire who ever came down the pike.

But when Jimmie and I got Woodrow Wilson elected I decided to overlook all that sort of thing. One thing the Douglas clan and I always agreed about was that matter of the immortal principles—whatever they are—of Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson. Jimmie's son, Lewis, is now Arizona's Democratic congressman.

How we got Wilson elected was like this. I hit the border from up Gila county way somewhere around midnight the night of the presidential election in 1916. It looked rocky as the mischief for us Jeffersonians and Jacksonians. Uncle Billy Plaster, last of the first Texas Rangers, was standing on a corner champing his spitting tobacco. He was also demanding of an outraged Democratic world, "When th' battle of Noo Orleans was fit, whar was Andy Jackson?"

Along about three o'clock in the morning Major George Kelly came boiling out of his Douglas newspaper office and told us that Ohio and California had gone Democratic. Right then and there Major Kelly, Uncle Billy and I started a three-man parade. We hadn't gone far until we encountered a disconsolate mining millionaire who looked as if he hadn't more than fifteen cents, Mex, left between him and the poor house. That was James S. Douglas.

But when we imparted the glad news he glowed like an arc-light, figured right away that he might be able to pull a few dimes out of the wreck after all. Then we started a four-man parade. We went over to the Gadsden hotel and Jimmie hired the Seventeenth Cavalry band, or as much of them as could still navigate after helping the black Republicans celebrate Hughes' victory all night. Then we visited every prominent Republican in Douglas, especially those who had political jobs or had gone to bed early after betting their last cartwheel on Charles Evans Hughes.

I suppose there are still indignant Republicans in Douglas who think we should be prosecuted to the full

extent of the law for our daylight-saving efforts at that time, making leading citizens come out on the front porch at three in the morning and stand at attention while the band played "Dixie" and Uncle Billy Plaster told 'em about the great achievements of the gal-lorious old Democratic party.

But all Arizonans are good sports. After they got over their first paroxysm of cussing and caught the spirit of the thing they would tuck their nightgowns into their pants and come along with us to dig out some other overjoyed Hamiltonians to stand around in their shirt-tails and shiver while the Seventeenth Cavalry band discoursed popular Tammany melodies.

A few prominent Republicans escaped over to the U. S. Cavalry post or across the border to the Mexican customs house. You couldn't be expected to capture all of them, travelling light like that in their shirt-tails and our technique being cramped by the reports coming our way regularly that the provost guard was trying to run down the Seventeenth Cavalry band and us.

Sometimes I have thought that Doctor Douglas would roll over in his grave if he knew what an awful time his son Jimmie and the Cavalry band had raised along the border.

But the Doctor's sense of humor was healthy. Otherwise he couldn't have been so kind and helpful. Moreover, Jimmie made a thorough job of mopping up the border Republicans that night, and Doctor Douglas always admired thoroughness.

Bisbee, Douglas, Naco, Globe, Morenci, Clifton, Nacosari down in Mexico, with their modern mining plants and smelters and railroads; the El Paso & Southwestern Railway System; the coal mines of New Mexico and the rail lines that tap them—all those great enterprises and many others allied with them have sprung from Professor Douglas' hustling thoroughness around the Mule Mountains when it was a toss-up whether the Apaches or the whites would make their claim to Mule Pass stick.