

THE PLEASANT VALLEY WAR OF 1887

Its Genesis, History and Necrology

By WILL C. BARNES

(Concluded)

William Graham.

Killed near Pleasant Valley in the latter part of July, 1887.

From all available information this, the youngest of the Graham family, was shot from ambush as he rode down a lonely trail between Payson and Pleasant Valley. The boy was but eighteen years old when he fell a victim to the feud that was to engulf his whole family.

As to who did it, there are two claimants to the rather doubtful distinction. John Tewksbury is said to have once claimed that he did it. Earle R. Forrest, who has written a very full account of this war, states plainly that "William Graham, a boy of eighteen, was shot by J. D. Houck, a Tewksbury partisan who had been driven to the brush and was fighting alone."

Some years after the war Houck, then living at Holbrook, told the writer the story of the killing. He was in his cups at the time but knew very well what he was saying and to whom it was said. The gist of his story was that he was over in the valley scouting round with a warrant for the arrest of Jim Stott for horse stealing when he and young Graham met almost face to face on the trail not far from the valley. "We both drew at sight of one another," said Houck, "but I shot first and got him."

Houck was very quick on the trigger and a dead shot. In June, 1931, Charles E. Perkins told me the following remarkable story of this killing which has never before been made public.

Be it remembered that Perkins never left his store during that eventful summer of 1887 except to go out and help bury some unfortunate victim of the feud. His

store was used openly by both sides as a source of supplies and he probably knows more real facts about the whole trouble than any other living person.

"Bill Graham was not alone when he was killed," says Perkins, "but was with a cowboy named Ellenwood. Graham was some distance ahead of Ellenwood when the shooting took place. Ellenwood hurried away from the spot just as fast as his horse could carry him. He wasn't a partisan of the Graham faction, but merely a foot-loose cowboy riding the chuck line. He laid low for an hour or two and then crept back to the point where the shooting occurred. On the way he met poor Bill seriously wounded but able to crawl along with terrible suffering. Ellenwood, with great difficulty, helped the poor devil till they came to a ranch where he stayed with Graham for nearly two weeks, doing his best to save his life. He was too badly wounded, however, and died at last. The ranch where he laid was known as the Haigler place, owned by a cattleman of that name. It was on Haigler creek just above its junction with Marsh creek, about half way between the valley and Payson."

John Paine.

Killed about August 9th, 1887, at the Newton, Middleton, or Wilson ranch, on Wilson Creek. Best known as the Newton ranch.

Paine was a cowboy in the employ of the Aztec Land and Cattle Co. (the well-known Hashknife outfit). He was living with his family at what was known as "Four Mile Spring," a few miles southwest of the town of Taylor, in Navajo County. His main job was to see that no sheep herds watered at the springs or grazed on the adjacent range.

The man was unusually well qualified for such a job. He feared nothing that walked and loved a fight. He was pretty bad, drank excessively and was always ready to make a "six shooter play."

He had a wife and three children. I recall we took

up a collection around the Hashknife wagon on the round up to send his family back to Texas after he was killed.

Fish says Paine was a bold, bad man and used to attack lone sheep herders and beat them up. As I recall Paine's operations, no sheep herders ever got that close to him. They surely gave the gentlemanly guardian of the Four Mile range a wide berth.

When the news of the Pleasant Valley trouble and the disappearance of Old Man Blevins reached the north side of the mountain, Paine, always ready for a scrap, joined Tom Tucker, Bob Gillespie and Hampden (Henry) Blevins on an excursion to the valley ostensibly to look up the old man. Fish says there was another man in the party whom he calls "Thomas Covington, alias Edward Clark." This man I cannot identify. I certainly never saw him and I saw the party start for the valley. Tucker and Gillespie were working for the Hashknife outfit. Blevins was a stray. He had no job nor any visible means of support that any of us could locate.

We were camped at the Big Dry Lake some thirty miles south of Holbrook on the summer round up. There were two wagons, the Hashknife and my own. Tucker and Blevins rode into camp about sunset as we were eating supper. That night all sorts of conferences and "medicine talks" were going on around the camp.

Ed Rogers, foreman of the Hashknife wagon, told me that Tucker, Paine, Gillespie and Blevins were going over to Pleasant Valley to try and find out something about the old Man Blevins, and as they put it "start a little old war of our own." Rogers and I did our very best to talk them out of going but were unable to convince them there was any danger in the trip. After borrowing all the surplus ammunition in camp, they left at daylight the next morning but without a pack horse or supplies of any kind, except those of war. This was on or about August 3d, 1887.

The rest of their expedition comes in piecemeal but is fairly well substantiated.

On August 9th these men rode up to what is known in Pleasant Valley circles variously as the Middleton, the Newton or the Wilson ranch, on what is now known as Wilson creek but at that time called Middleton creek. It is a short distance below the old Ellison ranch. Old Man Middleton brought one of the first herds of good cattle into the valley from Oregon about 1875 or '76. Vosberg and Newton bought him out later on and established the Flying V Brand and ranch. This place was their head-quarter ranch. Wilson, by the way, was a brother-in-law of Middleton.

They rode up to the ranch boldly and, without dismounting, hailed the house and asked if they could get something to eat. "We are keeping no hotel for such as you," was the surly reply to their inquiry. The cabin was loop-holed—as in fact were probably all cabins in Tonto Basin at that time,

A few words passed. Tucker and his party swung their horses and started to ride away. A volley from the house killed Paine and Blevins and wounded Tucker and Gillespie. Also two horses dropped at the fire.

Just who was in the cabin and did the shooting is not known nor probably ever will be. It was not Tewksbury property. Newton nor Vosburg, nor their manager, Ketcherside, were, none of them, on the side of the Tewksburys. They were trying awfully hard to be neutral—a difficult part at that time. The Grahams, however, always maintained that the cabin was occupied only by Ed and Jim Tewksbury. There are indications, however, that possibly Jim Roberts was with them. In all probability the Tewksburys were scouting round looking for some of their enemies and found the cabin open and unoccupied—nobody locked their doors in those early years. It didn't look hospitable to do so.

They made themselves at home. Some unkind fate threw four of their enemies directly into their hands.

Jim Roberts was a horseraiser with a little place on the head of Tonto Creek "Under the Rim." He declared

he had lost several horses, especially a valuable stallion. This he charged to some of the Graham crowd. To even matters up he threw in with the Tewksbury side.

"Jim was their very best fighting man," one old timer who went through the war tells me. When Mulvenon came through the valley on his second trip he coaxed Roberts to join his posse, which he did. Roberts, in 1927, gained considerable fame and notoriety when at Clarksdale and acting as deputy sheriff, he, single-handed and alone, shot and killed a fleeing bank robber who, after holding up the bank, was escaping in an auto. He was 73 years old at the time.

This fight at the Newton or Middleton ranch was the actual opening battle of the Pleasant Valley war. When Sheriff Mulvenon and his posse reached the place, about August 2, 1887, they found the log house and barn burned. There were two newly made graves near by and the bodies of two dead saddle horses not far off. Charles E. Perkins, the store keeper at Pleasant Valley, says he and John Meadows from Payson went over and buried the men a few days after the fight. Nobody knows who burned the buildings. The Grahams, according to two different men, always declared they did not do it.

Mulvenon looked the place over carefully for some evidences that might lead to the detection of the crime but found nothing worth while. He realized that his posse of but five men was far too small to meet the situation and went back to Prescott, where they arrived safe and sound on September 4, 1887.

Meantime, the territorial papers and also the San Francisco and Los Angeles dailies carried rather lurid stories to the effect that Sheriff Mulvenon and his whole party had been ambushed in Tonto Basin by some of the factions, and everybody killed.

The Prescott Journal Miner of September 2nd, 1887, says:

"Sheriff Mulvenon and all of his posse have been killed in Tonto

Basin. We have wired Holbrook and Globe but get no reliable information from either."

The issue of the next day, September 3, carries a short announcement covered by a wire from Camp Verde announcing the safe arrival of the Sheriff and party at that military post.

The Globe Silver Belt of August 3d, 1887, carries a short interview with George Newton, who had just returned to Globe from a hasty visit to his ranch (the Middleton or Newton ranch). Newton said that all that was left of the ranch property was the huge stone chimney and fireplace. Near at hand were two new graves and beyond them the dead bodies of two saddle horses. Newton estimated the loss to the firm at above \$1,500.

Hampden Blevins

He was commonly known as "Hamp" among the cowboys at Holbrook. Fish in his story calls him Henry. He was one of the four who came over into Pleasant Valley with Paine and Tucker, the son of Old Man Blevins, and, as the writer remembers him, a very peaceable, decent sort of a chap. He was a half brother to Andy Cooper, killed later by Sheriff Owens at Holbrook. Had Hamp remained in Holbrook he no doubt would have fallen in that fight which swept the whole male side of his family out of existence.

He was killed on August 9th, 1887, with Paine at the Newton or Middleton ranch, and was buried there by Charles Perkins and John Meadows a few days after the affair.

Henry Middleton.

Fish in his manuscript says:

"On September 1, 1887, John and Ed Tewsbury and John Roberts killed Henry Middleton and wounded Joe Ellenwood at the Tewsbury ranch in Pleasant Valley."

Just who this man was is not very clearly known. Charles E. Perkins feels sure he was a wandering Hashknife cowboy. He must have changed his name when he

went over into the Basin looking for trouble, for as far as my recollection goes there was no man working for the Hashknife company at that time by that name. Men acquainted with the Middleton family that first settled on what is now known as Wilson Creek, declare he was not of that family. He was likely a "stray."

At any rate a man by this name was killed. Of that there is clear evidence. Mulvenon reported his death as occurring "near Perkins store." This could well have been for Perkins' store was not far from the old Tewksbury ranch. Perkins says Middleton came into the valley with some other men but left it and joined forces with Joe Ellenwood whom he met one day.

They drifted round the region for several days and were waylaid by the Tewksburys and Middleton killed and Ellenwood wounded. Three days later John Tewksbury himself lay dead in front of, or very close to this same ranch.

Mr. Perkins says he helped bury Middleton, furnishing the rough box in which he was placed. It was fashioned from pieces of old packing boxes in which goods for his store came. He says further that the first time he ever saw Middleton he noticed the thumb on his left hand was missing.

John Tewksbury.

The Flagstaff Champion of September 10th, says:

"On September 3, 1887, one of the Graham gang killed John Tewksbury and William Jacobs. Sheriff Mulvenon and Deputies Francis and Odell and a posse again started for the Basin. They were to meet Jim Houck and a party from Apache county at Payson."

This was Mulvenon's second trip into the Basin to make arrests and try and put a stop to the war.

John Tewksbury and Bill Jacobs had come to the family home in Pleasant Valley for some unknown purpose. Tewksbury's wife was at the ranch as was John Tewksbury, senior, the aged and nearly helpless father of the Tewksbury boys. There is no question as to who did the killing. The Grahams had lost a member of their fam-

ily, young Bill Graham, and at least four of their adherents and sympathizers. It was high time for reprisals before all of them were wiped out.

Securely entrenched on an adjacent hillside, the Graham men watched the Tewksbury cabin. As their victims rode towards it, both were riddled with bullets fired from ambush. They fell from their horses and lay there staring at the sky with sightless eyes, in plain sight of the home.

Much romance has been woven around this killing. The favorite story is to the effect that the Grahams from their secure position, their rifles trained on the bodies night and day, kept Mrs. Tewksbury or the father from coming out into the open and burying or securing the two bodies. They lay in plain sight, rooted around by the loose hogs, common all over the valley in those days, and in fact being devoured under her very eyes.

She is said finally to have defied the attackers, and with her own hands and facing the rifles of the enemy, went out from the cabin and, alone and unaided, buried the two torn, sun-swollen bodies. Nor was a shot fired at her.

A very romantic, compelling story. The actual facts are that for several days the Grahams did keep guard over the cabin, in all probability hoping that more of the Tewksburys would ride along and they could cut more notches in their rifle stocks. However, over at Payson, a little hamlet some twenty-five miles to the northwest, Justice of the Peace John Meadows, than whom there was no braver, more daring man in all the valley, hearing of the affair saddled up his horse and rode over to the Tewksbury place to investigate. Whether he forced the Grahams to withdraw or they did so before he arrived on the scene is not known. Perkins says they had gone before Meadows arrived. Doubtless they knew he was on the road. News travelled fast in those days.

With Perkins' help, Meadows dug two graves and buried the bodies just where they fell. "It was not possible

to move them. They were badly torn by the hogs," says Perkins, "and decomposition had gone so far that burying them was a most disagreeable task. All we did was to dig two very shallow graves and roll the swollen, mutilated bodies into them with our shovels."

None of the old timers can explain how or why the Graham crowd dared remain on guard over the Tewksbury home for these days. They must have known that Perkins was in his store, and that there was bound to be more or less travel through the valley, which would naturally carry the news to the outside world. Yet according to Perkins they certainly did stand guard over the bodies for at least three, if not four days.

Up to this time the Tewksburys seem to have had by far the best of the war. Excepting the Indian sheep herder shot in February, none of their men had even been wounded, while they had inflicted terrible punishment on their opponents. It was, however, the last real pitched battle between the factions.

William Jacobs.

Killed with John Tewksbury on September 3d, 1887. Jacobs and John Tewksbury were said to have been fast friends. They died together without a chance to fire a shot or escape from the trap they rode into. We know very little as to Jacobs' part in the general warfare. If he took an active part in any of the affrays, there is no reliable record of it. From all accounts Jacobs was just an ordinary sheep herder of German descent, with very little education. He had a band of Daggs Brothers sheep which he was running on shares. It has been claimed that it was his bringing these sheep into the valley which brought on the trouble.

Contrary to the general belief, especially among historians and writers, the Pleasant Valley War was not one between sheep and cattle men. The sheep were merely an incident in it, a part of the Tewksburys' plan to harrass the Grahams.

John Graham and Charles Blevins.

The exact date of this double killing by the posse under Sheriff Mulvenon at the Perkins store in Pleasant Valley cannot be given. The warrants on which he acted were sworn out and issued from the office of Justice of the Peace John Meadows, of Payson. The records of his office were all destroyed by fire and cannot be examined for this information.

The Prescott Journal Miner of September 8th, 1887, states that:

"A conference over the Tonto Basin troubles was held yesterday in the Governor's office between Governor Zulick, John C. Herdon, District Attorney, and Sheriff Mulvenon. At this conference it was decided to raise a strong posse to go over into the Basin and clean things up."

The same paper of September 9th, says:

"Sheriff Mulvenon and Deputies George Bristow, E. M. Tackett and S. J. Sullivan will leave for Pleasant Valley tomorrow. They will be joined at Payson by Deputy Dan Francis and a posse of men from Flagstaff making a party of some 16 or 17 men."

On September 15th, the Journal Miner says editorially that the whole party was held up at the Verde river crossing by unusually high water in that stream.

The Globe Silver Belt of October 1 carries an account of the killing of Graham and Blevins by Mulvenon, which would indicate its occurrence in the latter days of September. As nearly as Mr. Perkins can give the date, the Sheriff's party reached his store about September 29 or 30, 1887. In order to keep his movements secret, Mulvenon, when he got into the Basin, held up and took with his party every person they met on the road. From men who were in the region and know the facts, it is learned that Mulvenon came to the Perkins store ahead of his posse, talked the situation over with one or two men there, and rode off. At that time Perkins was building a stone residence adjoining his store building. The walls were up, about five or six feet with a number of openings for doors and windows. Mulvenon returned that afternoon, sent

about half of his party down the trail with all the horses and kept the dismounted men with him.

They busied themselves during the night in turning the unfinished building into a very snug fortress. The windows and doors were partly filled with rock laid so as to provide plenty of port holes. This is the building that still stands, the only stopping place for travellers in the valley.

This sending away of part of his posse and all the horses was a clever stunt. It was also doubtless the origin of the item that appeared in many of the territorial papers in the early part of October, 1887, to the effect that "rumors had come from the Pleasant Valley that Sheriff Mulvenon's whole posse had lost their horses at the hands of some of the outlaws and were afoot."

Mulvenon's ruse was a success. Early the next morning his men saw two mounted men ride into the valley, stopping some distance from the store. They carefully surveyed the scene, rode slowly and at some distance from the buildings in a wide circle entirely round them. Apparently satisfied the place was deserted, they rode slowly up to the new building. As they reached it and leaned forward in their saddles trying to discover what, if anything, was behind those walls, Mulvenon stepped out from one corner of the new building, a double barrelled shot gun in his hands.

"Boys," he said, "you know me. I have warrants for your arrest. Surrender."

Both riders wheeled their horses as one. Both drew, or attempted to draw their guns. Both fell from their horses, dead. A charge from Mulvenon's shot gun tore a great hole in the neck of Graham's mount. At the same instant came a volley from inside the wall. Blevin's body was fairly riddled. Graham had two holes clear through him. Mulvenon afterwards told a friend that he simply couldn't bear to shoot Graham and shot at his horse, hoping he would give up and surrender.

Mulvenon's party buried the two and continued on their way round the valley.

Thus John Graham was the second member of the family to fall in the feud. Charley Blevin's father and one brother, Hampden, had been killed early in the war while but three short weeks before, a brother, Sam Houston Blevins, a half brother, Andy Cooper, and a brother-in-law, Mose Roberts, had gone to death before the rifle of Sheriff Owens at Holbrook. A brother, John Blevins, wounded in the same fight at Holbrook, was the sole remaining male member of the tribe.

Al Rose.

Rose was killed a few days after the fight at Perkins store. The exact date is not known. It was undoubtedly in the latter part of October. The Globe Silver Belt of October 15th, 1887, carries this item:

"George A. Newton returned to Globe on Tuesday last from Payson. He says Al Rose and Miguel Apocada were examined before Justice of the Peace Meadows and discharged. Ed and Jim Tewksbury, Jim Roberts and Joe Boyer were bound over to the Grand Jury to meet at Prescott on November 7th."

Rose then was alive on the fifteenth of October. Rose had previously been reported killed in many of the of the territorial papers. The Globe Belt of October 1st has this item:

"Sheriff Mulvenon went to Al Rose's cabin and found he had not been killed but only shot at. Mulvenon asked Rose to come along with him. Rose refused to surrender at first but finally gave it up and went with his party. With him Mulvenon brought a man named Miguel."

Some of the papers called this man McGill. He was Miguel Apocada. Nothing more is heard of him in this trouble. He dropped completely out of sight when turned loose by Meadows.

Fish in his manuscript says:

"A few days after the killing of Blevins and Graham in Pleasant Valley, Al Rose who was a Graham sympathizer, was found dead over on Spring Creek with eleven bullet holes in his body."

The Prescott Courier of November 7th, 1887, says:

"An unsigned wire from Camp Verde to John Marion of Prescott says, 'A man came here today who says Al Rose was murdered by masked men. This man helped bury Rose.'"

An editorial in the same issue says:

"Mr. Sixby of Tonto Basin says that Louis Naeglin told him that Rose was killed at the Houdon ranch. Naeglin says he was present at the killing, having stopped over night with Rose. After the killing the men left the ranch without any further attempts at shooting or trouble."

It is evident from this testimony that an attempt was made to kill Rose some time in September but no harm was done him.

Then, some time after the trial at Payson on October 15th, when he was turned loose by Justice Meadows, Rose was shot and killed at or near his ranch on Spring Creek, or the Houdon as it was often called. This closes the list of deaths of well known men in the war. Mr. Perkins believes sincerely that at least six more men were shot down along lonely trails by partisans of one side of the other. He gives the name of only one, however, which he can vouch for. He helped two other men bury a man named Elliott in a lonely glade not far from the valley some time after the Rose killing. Of this man nothing is known beyond the fact that he married a widow in the valley by the name of Mrs. Bishop. He was a sort of drifter and as far as Perkins knows, had taken no part in the trouble on either side. Doubtless all of these unknowns were men passing through the valley or lured there by the tales of warfare. Drifting round the valley they were bumped off as suspicious characters, their names not asked nor known. They were strangers and the warring men on both sides were taking no chances. They shot first and investigated afterwards. It was the safest way.

The list of wounded men is not as long as might be expected. Usually in war the wounded outnumber the dead two to one. Here, however, the matter was reversed. Those Pleasant Valley feudists surely shot to kill.

John Gilliland.

This man whom Fish calls Gillen and some writers Gilman, was James Stinson's range foreman in 1886. That fall he and Ed Tewksbury met one day on the range. They exchanged some rather heated words over the alleged disappearance of a number of the Stinson cattle and several first class saddle horses.

Gilliland was not afraid to speak his mind on this subject and Tewksbury naturally resented his insinuations. A friendly exchange of shots closed the incident.

Ketcherside tells me that Tewksbury once told him of the affair with considerable merriment.

"We was both a foot," Tewksbury explained, "Old John got sort of wringy an' was talking pretty strong about some folks stealin' some of Jim Stinson's cows. Nachelly I denied it. John he gits madder an' madder an' starts to draw his pistol. We both fired together. He missed me clean. I gits him through the leg. John he broke an' ran one way an' I sure hit the grit the other. Didn't want to hurt John nohow."

It's probably safe to say that this was the first shot fired in the Pleasant Valley War.

Tom Tucker.

Tucker was wounded in the fight on August 9, 1887, at the Middleton or Newton ranch, when Blevins and Paine were killed. Tucker, I believe, was born and raised in New Mexico. He had been working for the Hashknife Cattle Co. over near Holbrook for some time and was a first class cow hand. He was a big, good-natured chap, not hunting trouble of any kind. Old Man Blevins was missing, however, and he was willing to help find him.

Tucker was badly wounded, being shot in the right side just above the nipple. His horse carried him from the fight until he slipped from his saddle, exhausted from loss of blood and pain. He fell unconscious. How long he lay he never knew. He was roused in the night by a tremendous rainstorm followed by plenty of hail, a not uncommon thing in that region. The cold revived him. In this condition, with an iron nerve he dragged himself al-

ternately unconscious, and then able to move slowly, for an hour or two.

He finally reached the ranch of Robert Sigsby, or Sixby, who took him in, dressed his wounds and cared for him as well as he could. Sigsby said afterwards that when Tucker came, his wound, which was wide open and uncovered, was fly-blown and maggoty, and the man was in a frightful condition.

Tucker stayed with Sigsby for some time until his wound was healed sufficiently to enable him to ride. Then he slipped away from Sigsby's one dark night for Holbrook and safety. Accompanied by Bob Gillespie the two came to the round up wagons which, oddly enough, were camped at the Big Dry Lake, the very spot from which they started for the basin some time before.

Both showed plainly the effects of their adventure. They stayed exactly one night with us and at daylight the next morning "drifted yonderly" for New Mexico. In 1905, when the writer was Secretary of the New Mexico Cattle Sanitary Board, Tucker was our cattle inspector at Socorro.

"When I crossed the line into New Mexico," he once confided to me, "this country over here looked awful good to me. I headed straight for the old Rio Grande and never again had any hankering to see Arizona." Perkins agrees with the story of Tucker's wound being fly-blown. Says it was in terrible shape. He probably saw Tucker soon after he reached the Sigsby place.

Bob Gillespie.

Like Tucker, Bob was working for the Hashknife company over on the Holbrook range. He was a Texan of rather low mentality. To be led rather than a leader. He followed Tucker blindly and looked only for adventure—which they both secured in rather large measure.

Several historians and writers mention Gillespie's name as among the killed at the Newton ranch on August 9th, 1887. But I myself saw him when he and Tucker

rode into our camp at the Big Dry Lake in September, 1887. He was even then sitting sideways in his saddle from the effect of his wound. The bullet that struck him first went clear through the cantle of his saddle, then in and out of the fleshy part of his buttock.

"I was a leanin' down low over my hosses neck," he explained, "a ridin' for dear life an' a lammin' the old skate with my quirt; me aimin' to git out there jist as fast as I could, when I gits this here little souvenir."

Gillespie never told any one of us where he had been in the meantime, but in all probability he had been with Tucker while he was in hiding for the two came out of the valley together. No one, not even Tucker, ever knew what became of Gillespie at the New Mexico line. The two chastened and sobered warriors parted, each going his own way.

Joseph Ellenwood.

Wounded on September 17th, 1887, near the Tewksbury place in Pleasant Valley.

Ellenwood, or Underwood as some call him, was evidently a roving cow person. Nobody seems to know where he came from or where he went to after the fighting was over. He first came into the picture when young Bill Graham was killed. According to Perkins, Ellenwood helped the badly wounded boy to a place of safety, where he nursed him till the latter died. He again broke into the lime light when riding near the Tewksbury place in the valley with Henry Middleton. Here the two were ambushed.

The story of this fight comes from a reliable source. Middleton fell from his horse, dead at the first volley. Ellenwood, unhurt, dismounted and ran to the shelter of a nearby tree. There, gun in hand, he was attempting to get a pot shot at some of his attackers. The tree was rather small and he accidentally exposed one leg. This caught the eyes of one of the concealed warriors, who promptly drew a bead upon it, planting a calibre 45 rifle bullet below the knee. Suffering agonies, Ellenwood held his

ground till dark. Then with the aid of some friendly sympathizer he was placed on a horse and rode to the nearest doctor, at the San Carlos Apache Indian agency. Here he evidently recovered fully, for the *Globe Silver Belt* of January 14th, 1888—almost five months later—says:

“Joseph Ellenwood was brought yesterday from San Carlos, where Doctor Davis has been treating him for a gunshot wound received in the Pleasant Valley trouble. Ellenwood is under arrest on a bench warrant issued from Yavapai county. Sheriff Mulvenon reported this man as being wounded by the Tewksburys in Pleasant Valley, in the Belt of Oct. 1, 1887.”

This closes the list of known killed and wounded in the Pleasant Valley war. Several writers have listed a few other names but close investigation proves them in error.

Jake Lauffer, for example:

He is reported as wounded at the Houdon ranch on Spring Creek on August 4th, 1888. This, be it noted, was almost a year after the war in the valley, which ended in the fall of 1887.

One well known man has told the writer that:

“Jake Lauffer talked too d—d much for his own good of things of which he knew nothing. That’s why they took a shot at him.”

The *Flagstaff Champion* of August 18th, 1888, carries the following item:

“Jim Houck, who is from the Tonto Basin, says Jake Lauffer was shot at and his arm broken by ambushed assassins, at his ranch about two weeks ago, August 5. Two other men, Cody and Colman, on their way to Lauffer’s ranch were shot at. Only Cody’s horse was wounded. This, says Mr. Houck, was done by Jeff Wilson, Jim Scott and Jim Stott who were arrested by Houck and his posse, on warrants sworn out for their capture. The persons, however were taken from them by an armed mob of some 40 masked men who hung them after taking them some distance down the road.”

This refers, of course, to the triple hanging in Apache county on August 12, 1888, at a point on the Verde road where the trail from Heber crossed it. It had absolutely no connection with the Pleasant Valley troubles of the year before.

George A. Newton of Globe.

Newton has also been listed by several writers as having lost his life in this war. Newton was a jeweler in Globe and was also a partner with J. J. Vosburg in the Flying V cattle in the Valley. It was at the Newton or Middleton ranch that Paine and Blevins were killed and Tucker and Gillespie wounded.

The claim was made that Newton had started for his ranch but never reached it. "He disappeared in some very mysterious manner," one report states. His widow was said to have advertised a reward of one thousand dollars for the discovery of his body or evidence of his death, in order that she might secure a ten thousand dollar life insurance on her husband.

The facts are that Newton was alive and well as late as September, 1891. About that time he started from Globe for his ranch, leading a large, very long-legged pack horse loaded with supplies. A few miles from the Redman crossing of the Salt River, a man named Crampton met Newton and warned him that the crossing of the river could not be made because of high water. He advised Newton to turn back and wait till the river was lower. Newton, however, said he could put his pack on his saddle horse and ride the long-legged pack horse and make it in perfect safety. They parted, Crampton going to Globe and Newton continuing his journey.

Jim Ketcherside and Crampton have both told me of the long hunt for Newton's body. The river was searched on both sides for many miles. The pack horse, with pack intact, was found half buried on a sand bar, but Newton's body nor his saddle horse was never discovered. In the pack was a bunch of letters Newton was taking to the ranch for the neighbors. Among them was one for Ketcherside, water soaked and blurred but still legible. It is understood that Mrs. Newton finally received from the insurance company the full amount of his life insurance policy.