

REMINISCENCES

By JOE T. McKINNEY

(Continued)

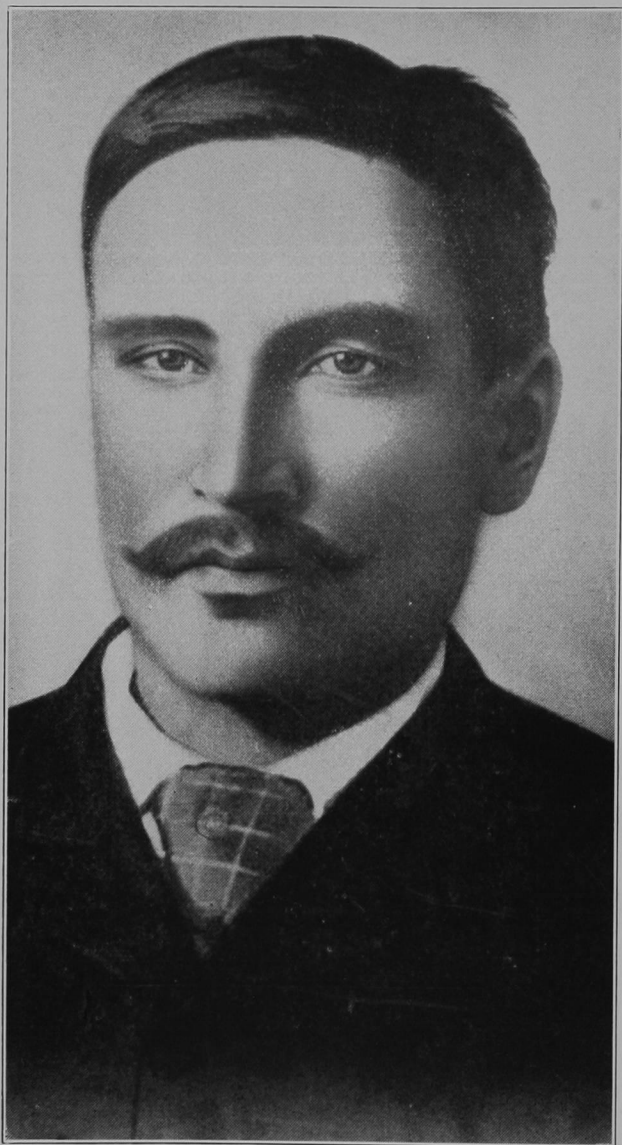
He replied "It's all right, Joe, if you want me you can get me, I've done nothing and I am not going to make any resistance." We had breakfast with them and went on back to Winslow. Shortly after that I ran onto Bob Glasspie at one of the Hash Knife camps and the poor fellow thought I was after him. I assured him I was not and quieted his fears. He showed me his wound which was not yet healed. Brown was never heard of. He and Gorton were both bad ones and the country was better off by losing both of them. Jacoby was finally tried for the killing of Gorton and acquitted at St. Johns. While we were at the camp at Sunset Pass all was pleasant enough but after we went away and the boys got to talking matters over John Allred got on the warpath strictly at me for surprising his camp looking for Louie Brown. I was called away again right away about some outlawry and was not in Winslow when Allred came in with the avowed purpose of killing me. He told Skaggs that he intended to kill me.

After my return Skaggs told me about it and told me to be careful. It was not many days until the Hash Knife wagon and round-up came near Winslow and "Old Dad" the Cook came in for a supply of grub. I told "Old Dad" to tell John Allred that I heard he wanted to see me on very important business and as I was liable to be called away any time he had better come in at once if he wanted to see me. When he reached camp he sang it out in his usual tone of voice: "Joe McKinney said to tell John Allred that he heard he wanted to see him on important business and if he did he had better come in right away as he didn't want him to be disappointed about seeing him any more." The boys all knew what that meant. Allred took the boss (Jim Salters) to one

side and asked him if he would ride to town with him to see that he got a square deal.

That evening I had been out to supper at Skagg's and came in just about dark and approached the back end of the saloon that adjoined Breed's store and looking through I could see two horses with saddles on tied in front. I approached the bar and the bartender said, "He is here and Jim Salters is with him," I told him to hand me my shotgun. I took it and walked out and met them in front of Breed's Store. We met and spoke our usual salutations. I then said, "Well, John I heard you wanted to see me on very important business and if so let your business be known." He said, "Who told you that I wanted to see you." I replied, "You don't deny being here looking for me do you?" He then said, "Why were you at my camp looking for Louie Brown?" I replied, "I was there, I have no explanations to make; If you mean to do anything get busy." He made no move to do anything so I had him unbuckle his pistol belt and hand his pistol to me and as he did so I said, "You are a dangerous man to have around with a pistol. You won't fight but you are liable to shoot some one in the back and murder them." At this Jim commenced to whine. "Now, Joe this ain't right," and commenced to draw his pistol. I stood with my shotgun cocked and in my right hand so that I could have torn him to pieces in a second. I told him that I would hate to kill him and that he had better stop. He was about half shot with red-eye, which was his condition usually when in town.

After they were ready to go home I gave Allred his pistol and advised him to behave himself. The next day a lot of cowboys were in town and as they were drinking and milling about in the saloon I saw my man Allred standing beside the front door with his pistol drawn almost around in front of him, and his eye watching me. Presently I slipped out the back door and had my pistol against him from behind. He was very much frightened and did not deny my charge that he was standing there



Ed Teuksbury, leader of the Teuksbury family in the Pleasant Valley War, from a photograph by Miller taken in Globe during 1891. Ed Teuksbury had become a deputy sheriff of Gila County following the war, and died in Globe of tuberculosis on April 21, 1904.

to shoot me, but promised me that if I would spare him he would never hurt me. I told him that to spare him might cost me my life but I couldn't murder him. I kept my eye on him when he was near me after that and he told parties that I watched him closely, but to tell me that he would never harm me. He left that country soon after that and I heard he died with fever in the Salt River valley. He did not belong to the Allred family of Pima.

I could have killed Jim Salters and been justified in doing so but I felt that he was so slow that I was taking no chances in begging him to lay off that pistol. He was ever my friend afterwards and often said that I spared his life. The whole side of his face was shot off of him after that in Winslow by Mike Roach and he was finally killed up in the N. W. corner of Arizona, near the Utah and Colorado line, and the man was exonerated who killed him. I look on him as being a man who would give a man every opportunity to kill him and be acquitted for doing so, but was absolutely harmless himself. When he got shot in the face he had had the bartender out dancing and would occasionally drop a shot about his feet. Mike was a real Irishman and witty too. He kept insisting on Jim that it was about time to take another drink and finally Jim let him go behind the bar to set up the drinks when Mike raised a shotgun and then it was too bad for poor Jim. Mike helped to nurse him back to life again. They were a rough bunch. Mike would walk in to see Jim and say, "How are you feeling today? Do you feel like making some body dance?" They were good hearted fellows. Mike helped to pay his bills while he was shot and waited on him as tho they were the best of friends.

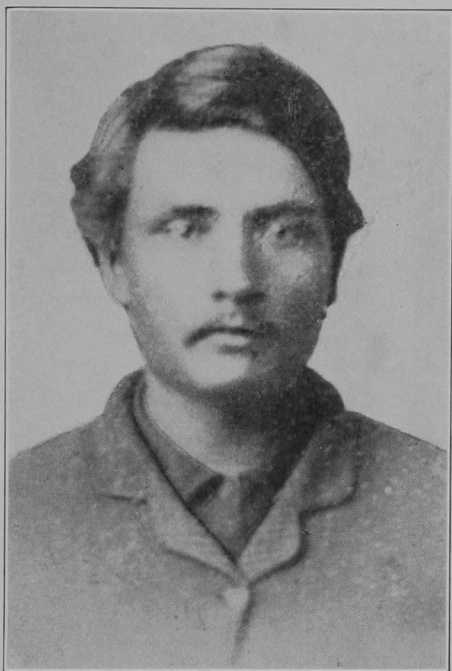
I rode and scouted with Jim Houck and Hook Larson a great deal and as they were both associated with the Tewksburys they familiarized me with the doings constantly in Pleasant Valley. Jim Houck told me that he himself killed Billy Graham as he was crossing a lit-

the creek north of where the Grahams lived. He said he lived to reach home and stayed with his horse 'till he got there. He said, "Of course I had a warrant for his arrest."

Houck carried a commission as deputy sheriff under Owens. On one trip through that country I had Jim Houck and Ed Tewksbury with me. One thing was noticeable about Ed Tewksbury. When we would be approaching a ranch or cabin where we would be expecting to find trouble, and I would be keeping my eye on every corner of the place, I would lose Ed Tewksbury and would not see him until we were satisfied there was no danger. Then Ed would emerge from behind a tree. He would always be in a place where he could do execution but where he would not be noticed.

Ed Tewksbury told me that Al Rose was killed by Glen Reynolds. He said that they were at the Houdon place looking for some parties that they thought might be stopping around there, and were lying down behind a brush fence when Al Rose came out of the house early one morning and Glen Reynolds arose and beckoned Rose to come to him. He said Rose was undecided what to do for a time and would start to come and then stop and finally broke for the house when Reynolds killed him with a shotgun.

In my trips in the Valley I saw the spot where the Grahams killed John Tewksbury and Bill Jacobs. I also **went over the battle field** where Middleton was killed, and I think that Joe Ellenwood was wounded in the same battle. Jim Roberts showed me where each man was and their position. The Tewksburys laid flat on the ground and would get a rock about the size of their heads or larger and place it in front of them which would protect their bodies from the bullets of their enemy as the bullets would hit the rock in front of their heads. "After the battle was over," he said, "we moved to the top of that little sharp knoll that stands just north of where the shooting occurred and let them come and get



John Tewksbury, killed with Bill Jacobs as they rode their horses to the Tewksbury ranch-house on September 3, 1887. They were shot from ambush by the Graham faction.

their wounded." He said, "We sat right above them on that little sugar loaf hill and saw them, every move they made, and didn't fire a shot at them."

Much has been written about the killing of John Tewksbury and Jacobs and the Grahams standing guard over them and letting the hogs eat them. The facts are they were killed while out after their horses one morning. The rest of the Tewksbury party could plainly hear the shooting that was taking the lives of their companions. They fled like wild cattle. I have often thought it strange that they did not go to their rescue. The Grahams stayed there after they had killed them. Mrs. John Tewksbury went to the scene of killing and asked for the bodies of her husband and Jacobs. Tom Graham acted as spokesman and promptly replied to her, "No, the hogs have got to eat them." The fact is the hogs did not eat them nor did they touch the bodies of those men. John Meadows who was Justice of the Peace there at that time came and told the Grahams to get away from there or he would have men come and put them away. I am no writer and not writing a wild, weird story, as I have heard so many times about this Pleasant Valley unpleasantness. People have written who know nothing about it.

(To be continued)