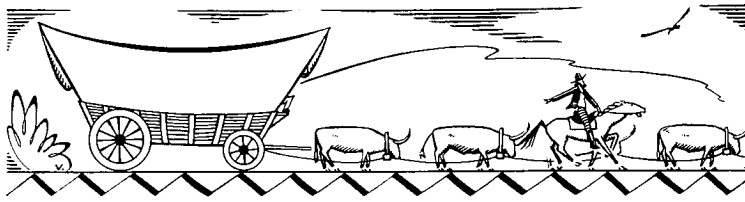

As Told by the Pioneers

MRS. SAMUEL HUGHES, Tucson

(Reminiscences, 1930)

I was born right here in Tucson and have lived here all my life. My father was John Santa Cruz. Our family home was right across from the present location of the Tucson Woman's Club and faced toward the east. The street was then called Pearl street; it ran up to Pennington street but not through it and ended on a line that runs almost directly back of the Steinfeld store. At that time there were three houses on this street (North Main), our own, the Romero place and Pachecho's house.

I was only ten months old when my father died of cholera, and when I was eight years old I lost my mother. The rest of the time up until I was married I made my home with my sister, Mrs. Hiram Stevens. I was married in 1862. Mr. Hughes was a Welchman; he came to Arizona from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He first opened up a butcher shop and soon after turned it into a general store. He and my brother-in-law, Hiram Stevens, were partners. This is the store that was sold to E. N. Fish.

Mr. Hughes and I were married on May 27 at the San Xavier Mission. We went out early in the morning. Mr. and Mrs. Stevens and Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Contzen went with us. We had good horses and drove out in a two-seated buggy or what might be called a light spring wagon, a surrey I guess it was, and it had a white top. I had a number of friends out at San Xavier and they all got to-

gether and came in to see me married. We went out to the Mission for we wanted to be married on Wednesday and the priest did not come to Tucson except on Saturday when he came to hold services, so he asked us to come out there. Was it hot on our wedding day? Well, if it was, we didn't know anything about it. We got back to Tucson about two o'clock in the afternoon. We had our wedding dinner at the Stevens home and had a good many friends with us.

Just a week after we were married Mr. Hughes came in about noon and told me to go over to the store and buy a supply of things. "Get everything you need and get plenty," he said. You know, it was the custom in those days to lay in a big lot of cloth and keep a full trunk of things to make. I remember he said, "Get plenty to sew and get enough to pack away." But I had a trunk full already at least I didn't want to buy any more just then so I said, "I don't want anything." And he looked at me and asked, "Well, why don't you?" So I told him I didn't want to buy anything just then as I wanted our own home and would help him save money to get it. I said, "I want a home first, before I buy anything else." He didn't answer me or say anything more about going to the store. In the evening he came home for supper and came up to me and said, "Well, how do you feel?" I told him I was all right. Then he asked again, "But how do you feel?" Then I looked at my dress, thinking maybe it was torn, for he kept looking at me "kinda" funny, so I thought there was something the matter with the way I looked—finally I thought he was making fun of me and I turned around and said, "What makes you keep asking me how I feel?" He laughed and said, "I wondered—because you are in your own house now." Then he explained, "Hiram and I made a trade this afternoon. Hiram is going to build a new house and he and your sister will live with us till it is finished." And so they did . . . . . It was in 1868 when we moved into this house (223 North Main) and I've lived here ever since.

Oh yes, my wedding dress! It was black taffeta silk made with a big skirt trimmed with four ruffles. No, I

Mrs. Samuel Hughes

didn't wear hoop skirts. I wore a black lace mantilla. I was just dying to wear white for my wedding, but an aunt of mine insisted that I wear black. She said a wedding was a serious thing and just as solemn as a funeral. So I

respected her wishes and wore black, though I did not want to.

We had been married three years when we took our wedding journey to California. Mr. and Mrs. Stevens went with us. We had a new spring wagon with a white top and we outfitted for the trip by taking a camping supply, and we took a cook with us—a Negro boy named Ralph—a whitish looking Negro with a lot of black freckles on his face.

We drove first to Arivaca then to Altar, camping along the way. In about two weeks we got to Hermosillo where we camped six days, then we sent the wagon and outfit back to Tucson with this boy, and we took the stage for Guaymas. We left at four o'clock in the morning, stopped for dinner at Saragosa and got to Guaymas at six o'clock in the evening. From there we took a steamer bound for San Francisco. We were on the water seventeen days. No, we did not get sea sick. We landed in San Francisco at eleven o'clock on the morning of the Fourth of July. I'll never forget it. The town seemed pretty big to me and there was lots of shooting going on and it seemed as though everybody was out celebrating. In the evening they had fireworks, I had never seen any before and I think they were the nicest fireworks I have ever seen in my life. We stayed at the Ross Hotel on Montgomery street. We stayed there six weeks.

When we left San Francisco we went by steamer down to Santa Barbara, that is, Mr. Hughes and I went that way. Mr. and Mrs. Stevens took the stage. When we got there they came to meet us with a gentleman in a little old wagon. I looked at that wagon and said, "Is that the best you can afford down here?" You see, I had been used to the hacks in San Francisco. When I said that about the wagon, Sister pinched me. As we drove up to the hotel the dogs began to bark. So I said, "I haven't heard dogs bark for a long time, what is this place, a ranch?" The Sister pinched me again. You see, Santa Barbara was just a mission then and there was only this one hotel in the place and the man driving the wagon was the owner of the

hotel. That is why Sister kept pinching me—she wanted me to stop making fun of things.

From Santa Barbara we all took the stage for Los Angeles. We left about three o'clock in the afternoon and got there at eleven the next morning. We stayed at the Union Hotel for three weeks, then we got some housekeeping rooms and remained there until the last part of February, 1868.

While we were in Los Angeles, Mr. Hughes did a lot of buying. He got two teams of fine mules—you know we drove the eight-mule teams in those days. He also got a pair of fine white driving horses and a new buggy. We drove all the way back to Tucson with this outfit and it took us thirty days to get here. I knew that as soon as Mr. Hughes got those things home they would be turned into cash. I wanted to use that driving team a little. I wanted to drive around town and show it off; it was nice and new. Mr. Hughes left me home, then went right down to the corral and came back in just a little while and I said, "Where's the team?" He laughed and said, "In my pocket." He sold everything just as soon as he got down there. He said the men were waiting for him with their money and when they offered it to him he took it.

Those were very lively days, those times in the sixties and early seventies. The Indians were very bad most of the time and it seemed as though there was always something happening. We had so much trouble with the Indians I have been timid ever since. We had two ranches and I never saw either of them. We had one ranch on the Ajo road that was said to be very pretty; then we had another at Camp Crittenden. Mr. Hughes had a store near the camp where he sold supplies to the soldiers. I did go up to the store once, but just once and then I had an escort of soldiers.

Among the white men prominent here at that time were the Oury boys, Grant and Bill. Bill was a real Indian fighter and he was always ready to go when there was any fighting to do. One of the biggest of the early fights with the Indians was up in Aravaipa. Oury had a part in

that, and I helped to make the bullets. That was in the fall of '63 or spring of '64, I don't remember exactly. The Indians were very bad and they kept stealing our stock. The people got tired of the way the Indians were doing, so what were they going to do? They decided the only thing to do was to give the Indians a good whipping. After the Indians got a good whipping they would be quiet for quite a while. The men were sure it was the Aravaipa Apaches doing the stealing. The men always trailed them first to be sure, usually there were several Indian scouts who led the way; these were the tame Apaches and they were friendly. When the crowd went to Aravaipa canyon, there were three of these Indians for leaders.

There were a good many Indians killed and a lot brought in as captives, and they brought a lot of little ones into Tucson, too. These children were divided up among a number of us, but none of them lived long. They just drooped and got weak and died.

The Camp Grant Massacre came some time later, along in the spring of 1871, in April. The Indians had been very bad all winter and they got very bold and kept coming closer and closer, right up to our very doors. We had a brush fence on the east side of our place and one night Hiram woke up and saw Indians inside the fence after the cattle. Well it was about daybreak and he called to Mr. Hughes that the Indians were taking the cattle, but Mr. Hughes didn't get up; he said to let them alone. He wasn't going after them all alone. The Apache Indians never attack any one at night—usually they attack about daybreak. I know when Mr. Hughes had the store at Camp Crittenden and used to go back and forth several times a week, he always managed to go so he would travel during the night. He would leave here about four in the afternoon.

So when these Indians got so bad and so much stock was being stolen (it got to be most every night), the Indians were trailed. They went usually from San Xavier back of the Tucson mountains, crossed in front of the Tortillitas, then on the Oracle road and on to Mammoth and then to their rancheria near Camp Grant. The men followed them

not once, but a number of times, and every time they followed the same road, so they were sure it was the Camp Grant Indians doing the stealing. They reported to the officer then in command of the fort. I don't remember his name. But this officer wouldn't believe what the men said. So when things got so bad, they told him if he didn't take care of the Indians the citizens would, but he didn't pay any attention to the warning and of course, when the citizens got ready to go out, they didn't tell him they were coming. He had been warned that they were going to do something, so the citizens got together and had a meeting and decided that something must be done to put a stop to this stealing. Juan Elias was one of the leaders and of course Bill Oury was the leader of them all; he had just lost a fine lot of cattle and was anxious to do something. I don't know how many Americans went. I am sure there were more than six. I know a young man went who worked in Fish's store. The men didn't want him to go—he was so young. But they couldn't do anything with him so he went and was killed; he was the only one of the Tucson people who was killed. Bob Leatherwood went, Marion Samaniego, Charley Shibell and Jimmie Lee —this Jimmie Lee ran the flour mill out at Silver Lake. The white men did the planning. No, Mr. Hughes did not go to Camp Grant but he furnished the means to go; he approved of the plan and gave the ammunition and the arms; yes, they were given out from this very room we are sitting in. The Mexicans and the Papagos out at San Xavier helped out. Our wagon was loaded with supplies, the arms, the grub and the ammunition, and went out during the day to a place that had been decided on as a meeting place, out on the Tanque Verde road not far from old Fort Lowell. Of course, there was no Camp Lowell there then. The citizens left one or two at a time during the day. The Indians did not go through Tucson at all but left San Xavier and took a trail southeast of Tucson and met the rest at this camping place at the foot of the Rincons. There was a guard sent out to keep people from going to Camp Grant, so no one else got out there.

When the killing was over the news was brought in to Mr. Hughes by Jimmie Lee and he said the crowd was on the way in but had no water and nothing to eat. So Mr. Hughes got some help and we filled up a hayrack we had with bread and other things to eat and barrels of water. There was a well right across the road from this house and the barrels were filled there. This wagon of supplies was taken out to what was then called the Nine Mile Water Hole. After the crowd had been fed, they separated. The whites and Mexicans came on into Tucson and the Indians went back over their regular trail to San Xavier.

The Indians immediately went into mourning as is their custom after a killing. They did not go to their homes but went up into that little mountain beyond San Xavier called Black mountain. Their wives took their grub to them, then when they had eaten it they broke the dishes, for they never use anything they have had while they have been mourning.

I don't know the names of the officers who were at Camp Grant then. No, I didn't know Lieutenant Whitman and I never heard of Captain Stanbury.

Well, we finally got peace, but not till after the citizens took things in their own hands. I don't think we can give much credit to the troops—not all of it anyway. What was the matter with the troops? Well, one thing, they were never ready to do anything. They seemed to want to take so much time, they always had to wait for something—their horses and saddles, and then they always had to go and get something to eat before they could go any place. But ah! The citizens! They were different. They were always ready. They were the ones who looked out for the Indians and found out who was stealing our cattle. The soldiers were looking after the protection of the Indians but the citizens were left to protect themselves. Their saddles and horses were always ready, their guns too, and probably a little penole, they usually took a little with them; and when the time came for them to go, they went and they didn't stop for anything.

Yes, George Hand wrote quite a diary, so I hear, and he

told the truth, too, about a lot of things; you see he was in it. Well, everybody had been suffering so much, everybody was glad when the Indians were killed. In those days we all stood together; the men were all like brothers.

Later, of course, General Crook came. He was liked pretty well, but oh, we all liked Miles better. Yes, General Miles and Lawton sat right here in this room and talked things over with Mr. Hughes, and Mr. Hughes told them just how to do with the Indians so the people could have peace and they did just as they were told. Of course, that is why I like General Miles better. I know Mr. Hughes advised him and I know General Miles followed the advice.

ISAAC GOLDBERG

(Original Manuscript[1])

To my respected brethren of the Society of Arizona Pioneers:

This writing shows how the first pioneers of Arizona suffered from Apache Indians and desperadoes and from want of water and food; also, how we opened new trails and roads. Whenever I look back upon those eventful days, my eyes fill with tears to think of the dangers we encountered and the hardships we experienced then, not knowing when we might lose our property, our scalps, and our lives. There was no protection for either life or property at that period, for territorial organization had not yet been effected. When we had a lawsuit or the like on our hands, we were compelled to travel to New Mexico, a thousand miles distant. An Apache would not attack face to face, and could see you coming without your knowing of his proximity.

The Apache could imitate the cries and movements of animals such as coyotes and other denizens of the desert and, whenever you heard or beheld anything of the kind,

[1] Original in archives of Arizona Pioneers Historical Society, written in June, 1894.

you trembled as you thought of the direful consequences, if Apaches.

Those treacherous savages travelled in bands numbering from fifty to two hundred, and waylaid you while progressing slowly through formidable thickets and rocks. The foremost of them would allow you to pass unharmed, then the others would yell and shoot. At this, you would likely retreat, but only to be relentlessly slain by the closing in advance guard of your demoniacal enemies. They scalped you, took off your clothes, and let the mutilated corpse lie in the road, or elsewhere. If they caught you alive, they removed your shoes, cut flesh from the soles of your feet, and tied you to the tail of a squaw-ridden horse. Then they took you to the nearest rancheria, made a war dance around you, scalped you, pulled off your clothes, and threw your flesh away. Thus we suffered from those fiends in human form.

I will now proceed to tell you what induced me to go to Arizona.

One day in 1863, a Mexican, Don Juan Quarez by name, brought from La Paz, Arizona, on the Colorado river, a chunk of gold valued at $1,000. It looked exactly like the hand of a human being. He brought besides this rich and rare specimen, fifty ounces of smaller nuggets, all of them pure gold. Then came a period of memorable excitement. Everybody wanted to go to the promising "diggings." From San Bernardino to La Paz, the freight charge was fifteen cents per pound, and when I arrived there, flour cost from thirty to forty dollars a hundred. People had little to eat besides mesquite beans and river fish. I sold empty dry goods boxes to get back my freight expense of fifteen cents per pound.

Those boxes were used for coffins, furniture, and other purposes. Every evening, the miners and gamblers would spread their blankets upon the streets, and play card games for the nuggets which were daily found in abundance by those who searched the adjacent "placers." Water for drinking and culinary purposes was sold at one dollar the ten-gallon kegful. It so happened, shortly after my ar-

rival, that a thief, who had been stealing from stores and other places, was at last caught. There was, of course, no law officer to confine and try the culprit, so the miners and citizens held a meeting, and sentenced him to receive twenty-five lashes. These were promptly and lustily given, and after the affair was over, they handed him five dollars in cash, telling him that if he dared again to visit the settlement, he would receive a double dose of the same back medicine. You may be sure that the rascal did not return, and that the community was no more troubled by thieves. We could leave all our property unguarded, and yet miss not a single cent's worth of anything.

Another "diggings" was discovered in 1864, known as "Viver's diggings."[2] Accompanied by a friend named Burnett, I went there shortly after hearing the news. On the journey, our water had given out except one cupful; we had forty miles of desert before us, what were we to do? Should we drink it "straight," or "make coffee"? My pardner said, "Coffee by all means," but, as he went to bring the package to the fire, he stumbled, causing the water to be spilt on the ground.

Getting excited at our precarious situation, and thinking that we could reach the nearest settlement, Vivers, by riding fast, we urged our famished horses to their utmost speed, but did not accomplish more than twenty miles of the distance.

Our animals succumbed to hunger, thirst, and fatigue, and were abandoned to their fate. We threw away our shoes, clothes, and hats, although 'twas the month of July, the hottest period of the year, for we were rapidly becoming crazy with the thoughts of our awful jeopardy.

But we kept on, after having had sense enough to repose for some time in the shade of a tree, until we reached Vickenburg.[3] The people there carefully attended to our wants, and after considerable trouble, restored us to health and vigor.

Only those who have similarly suffered can adequately

[2] Probably Weaver's Diggings.
[3] Wickenburg.

realize the dangers and discomforts of the inhospitable and trackless desert.

A Mexican lost his horse, while working at "Viver's diggings," and went to the summit of Antelope peak, the highest of the neighboring mountains. As he neared the apex he stumbled over what he fancied a piece of rock, but it was a lump of pure gold. With his butcher knife he proceeded to dig up the soil, and in an hour or so, took out over three thousand dollars[4] worth of the yellow treasure.

On his return with his remarkably lucky "find" great excitement ensued, and everybody wondered to think that the precious metal lay so abundantly near-by, and in so strange a locality. Had the Mexican kept the matter secret, he could easily have secured a fortune in a few days, but like the generality of his countrymen, he could not "stand" prosperity, and actually imagined himself "rich."

With what he had found, and $3,000 more given him by the miners for his claim as discoverer, he went to Tucson and gambled off the "whole pile" in a few days.

From Viver's I went to Prescott, and on the road I met Col. Woolsey with fifty volunteers, all brave citizens, returning from the slaughter of a band of Apaches. The savages were first seen standing upon a hilltop, waving the white flag of "peace." At the return of the signal by the soldiers, the Indians descended and were invited to participate in the midday repast. They would not, however, seat themselves at the victuals, unless blankets were provided for their *fundamental* ease and comfort.

This was done, and they freely partook of the only edible presented to their savage attention—the delicious and wholesome pinole. While thus engaged, Col. Woolsey scratched his nose, a digital movement which had been agreed upon as the signal for the wholesale slaughter of their dusky guests, and each man accordingly "took his Indian," and made him everlastingly "good."

But *one* white man got "bitten" in this unexpected "tak-

[4] McClintock, *History of Arizona*, vol. 1. ". . . Peeple's own language . . . by just scratching around in the gravel with our butcher-knives, we obtained over $1,800 worth of nuggets before evening."

ing-off," an over-hasty volunteer who, thinking that he could especially distinguish himself by slaying two savages, fired at a couple in quick succession. He unfortunately failed in "downing" the nearest Apache who immediately thrust his lance with fatal effect.

This terrible affair is known as "Col. Woolsey's Pinole Treaty," and resulted, as above described, in the slaughter of the whole of the Indians present, with the loss of but one settler's life.

A great deal of valuable property consisting chiefly of buckskins, guns, lances, and mescal was secured by the victors, some of whom yet live to remember and relate the dark deeds of the eventful days of old.

Shortly after this memorable meeting, I reached my destination, Prescott, and was delighted to ascertain that territorial organization had just been effected. The name of the first governor was Goodwin; the secretary, McCormick. The official abode of the first legislature was a large log house, and Prescott itself was hardly distinguishable from the surrounding wilderness, by reason of the many pine trees, and other aboriginal growths which everywhere abounded.

My barroom paraphernalia consisted simply of two bottles and a cup on the rude counter which concealed sundry barbels of whiskey. My barkeeper, a brave man indeed, was a deserted soldier with an abbreviated or chawed-off nose. I paid him one hundred dollars a month in addition to board, and could really well afford to do so, for I had neither rent nor license hanging over me, and got fifty cents for each dram retailed. One dollar greenbacks were then worth only forty-five cents, but I had no reason to complain of that fact, or the scarcity of their appearance.

One morning, as I entered the barroom, my "fancy" dispenser of "exhilarating fluid" asked me if I desired a nice "cocktail" compounded, and I had hardly assented when a rough customer, whom I did not previously observe, told me with a frightful oath, that I must take a drink at his expense instead, accompanying his request with a terrific display of murderous weapons. Filling the tin cup to the

brim with fiery liquid, he ordered its instant disappearance on pain of death, and I seemingly complied with the rudely accentuated demand. But, when I had consumed a portion of the unrelished draught, I abruptly dashed the remainder into the blood-shot eyes of the demented ruffian. This unexpected attack so confused him (making him temporarily blind) that the barkeeper and I had but little difficulty in overpowering, disarming, and binding him, prior to confining him in an adjacent log pen. Although he soon escaped from our "chamber of penance," owing to the frailty of its construction, he could not find me to wreak his vengeance upon my innocent head, and shortly afterwards, becomingly apologized for his abominable "meanness."

Thus we pioneers of Arizona were afflicted by desperados, foes frequently as dreadful as the detested and dangerous aborigines.

In those days of bold adventure, we usually traveled with as many associates as possible, and I will, although almost unwillingly, remember that when I prepared for my lengthy trip back from Prescott to Viver, I expected to be accompanied by six others. But owing to the business which delayed me, I was obliged to proceed alone, with the expectation of catching up with them. By my diligence as a pursuing horseman, I did overtake my friends at a few miles from our destination—only they were dismounted and dead.

Few, except pioneers, have witnessed a sight like that which almost unmanned me, and caused the cold chills of death itself to invade my trembling frame. There they lay, all six of them, not only lifeless, but naked and shockingly mutilated from head to foot. Barbarity had accomplished its worst upon the bodies of my lately breathing friends, as though implacably angry because their souls were beyond the reach of the relentless scalping knife.

With a heavy heart, I hurried into Viver and gave the alarm. The citizens hastened to the disastrous scene, and gave the victims a common burial.

From Viver I went to Tucson, a some-time deserted

city, with the buildings mostly in ruins; but nevertheless, I opened a business there, for there was a good indication of an early return of prosperity.

Quite a while after my arrival at this ancient "presidio," an escaped captive, i. e., a person who had been in infancy carried off by the marauding Apaches but had tired of his unnatural associations, came from the Santa Catalina mountains, and reported that upon the very summit of the Cañada del Oro was gold in abundance. I hastily organized a company of explorers and prospectors consisting of P. W. Dooner (now of Los Angeles), General Siegel, Jack Shubling, and eight Mexicans—all good citizens. We took one burro laden with a few days' provisions, expecting to return shortly with pockets full of nuggets. But on reaching our destination, we found, instead of gold pieces, large "chunks" of isinglass.

Much disappointed, we stood and gazed at the vast area of country which lay far below, and resolved on immediate return to Tucson. I asked the guide how many days would probably be consumed in journeying, and he answered "two," but no less than eight days had expired ere we reached our goal.

Almost incredible hardships attended and encumbered our progress homewards: narrow, steep trails, between dreadful abysses, exhausting tracts of rocky sterility, and patches of "brush" so thick and thorny that our wearied bodies lost their coverings, and our blistered feet their leather protectors. We were nearly naked, barefoot, and on the very brink of starvation, for we had no food except a small quantity of pinole and some wild grapes.

The Tucsonians, wondering at our delay and anxious for our safety, successfully solicited governmental aid, and, had we not returned ere hope was utterly extinguished in their hearts, a large company of citizens and soldiers would have hunted, but I am afraid, *in vain,* to discover our whereabouts.

During this dangerous expedition, I found a mine, the rock from which assayed rich, but the contents yet remain undisturbed, owing to its uncommon inaccessibility. We

had, however, attained the distinction of being the first explorers of the terribly precipitous heights known as the Santa Catalina mountains.

The complete narration of my innumerable experiences as an Arizona pioneer would fill many more pages than those already occupied, and I therefore, for the sake of brevity, and to render by reminiscences permanently interesting—especially to "old pioneers"—add but the following incident to finish the burden of my story. Captain Chequita[5] and Eskimimzin,[6] two "big" Apache chiefs, came down to Old Camp Grant and "made peace" with the government, but nevertheless continued their hostile practices. Mass meetings were held at the courthouse, and resolutions passed to the effect that the whole of the people of the nation should be made acquainted with the actual condition of affairs in Arizona.

This was promptly done, but nothing of consequence resulted, chiefly owing to the apathy of the general Government, which, instead of protecting its much-harrassed citizens, extended almost every possible description of assistance to their implacable enemies, the sanguinary Apaches. Another mass meeting was held at the same place, five or six of the bravest citizens calling and conducting it, and, as a result, a very large body of loyal Pagago Indians, accompanied by about fifty Mexicans, were led by their white commanders to Arequipa[7] Canyon, where nearly five-hundred Apaches were found encamped, and were mercilessly slain.

Then, and not until then, did "Uncle Sam" realize that it was his bounden duty to prefer the claims of his suffering children to those of their savage tormentors, and hastened to make ample amends for his reprehensible neglect in the much-troubled past.

Thus the sturdy Arizona pioneer unflinchingly faced the dangers of the unsubdued wilderness, and, fighting, fell!

[5] "Chiquito," Bancroft, *History of Arizona,* vol. XVII, p. 548.
[6] "Eskimenzin" *Ibid.*, p. 560.
"Eskimizin" Connell, *Apaches, Past and Present.*
[7] Arivaipa.

It may, indeed, he truly said, in concluding this humble and incomplete sketch of the never-to-be-forgotten "days of gold," and "Auld Lang Syne," that Arizona is the chief grave-yard of those heroic American and foreign-born pioneers who boldly surrendered their valuable lives for the good and glory of the "great republic," and the irrepressible advances of conquering civilization.

That the grand example they unfailingly set, as the earnest disciples of liberty, integrity, and all-pervading courage, may be inflexibly followed by their favored descendants, is the cherished desire of your loving brother.

CHARLES M. CLARK, CANYON LAKE

(Reminiscences, 1935)

Years ago (1877) I had a small store in Phoenix on Washington street adjoining the alley next to the old Donofrio building on the south side of Washington, between Central and First streets. At the time, all the streets of what was then Phoenix, had water running in an *acequia* on each side of the street for the big cottonwood trees in which the municipality bred and raised, literally millions of fuzzy caterpillars each year. These ditches were also the source of supply for domestic water along their courses.

I built a canvas room in the rear of my store; the frame of two-by-four-inch scantling and the whole of the walls covered by white *manta* or unbleached domestic. The walls were about seven feet high and there was no roof.

I built a frame up to the top of the walls upon which I put a galvanized iron washtub into which I had soldered a projecting pipe and elbow, leading out about two feet from the tub. Into the elbow, I fastened the "sprinkler" from a garden sprinkler or watering pot. This was my reservoir and shower system. Down on the ground (dirt) floor I built a rack upon which sat one of the flaring lip bath tubs, such as the Arizona Pioneers Historical Society received from "Baldy" George Brown's estate.

I dug a ditch from the Town ditch alongside my store building, through the canvas backed room and out and back into the Town ditch. I provided a tin bucket, built a ladder up to the reservoir and there it was—*the first bathroom in Phoenix.* I got a lot of joy out of that combination each summer night before going to bed and my friends became so insistent that I put a charge of fifty cents per bath on it and threw it open to the public, with the option of selection lying with me.

Previous to that elaborate bath house, I had secured a whiskey barrel and sawed it across the middle. This held the water but had no foot rest in it. As I remember that bath house paid my rent and sometimes my bill at the Chinaman's restaurant. Patrons were required to bring their own towels and were privileged in the use of the water bucket and the ladder in filling the tub at the top. There were no restrictions on the amount of water used, except that of their personal ability to climb that ladder with a bucket of water each trip.

I had one patron, "finicky" and peculiar, who insisted upon coming every evening the last thing before going to bed and filling the reservoir that it might be cool for his morning bath. As the revenue therefrom was $15 per calendar month, excepting on leap years, I granted him the franchise, exclusively.

That old style Sitz Bath was a comfort in its day. I had mine shipped from San Francisco by ocean steamer, around Lower California and up the Gulf to Guaymas, thence by river steamer to Yuma, where 'twas transferred to mule train freighter for Phoenix. The bath room was finished before I ordered the Sitz, so for the first season's patronage I introduced a plain wash tub which the demand outgrew and I was *compelled* to introduce more *modern* improvement.