



As Told by the Pioneers

BERNARDO CAVIGLIA

(Reminiscences as told to Mrs. Geo. Kitt, Jan 12, 1928)

I was born in Genoa, Italy, September 8, 1857. Came to this country about 1876 with three or four other Italians. We thought we would all make our fortunes in two or three years and return to Italy with a sack of gold pieces.

We struck right out for Eureka, Nevada, where we chopped wood and burned charcoal for six or seven years. That was not making a fortune very fast so when we heard of the big strike in Leadville, Colorado, we started for that place.

After staying there a very short time two of us came to Tombstone, Arizona. Of course we had to travel through a very bad Indian country where we heard of three men having been recently killed but the Indians did not bother us. One Indian was even so kind as to take me up behind him on his horse and ride me for a short distance. He wanted me to get on in front but I objected. We were walking and driving a couple of burros in front of us with our blankets, etc. Guess the Indian just wanted to see if we had any money or not and when he found that we had none he decided he had allowed me to ride far enough.

We two threw in our lot with five or six Italian farmers from California who were supplying Tombstone and the country between there and the San Pedro River. There was no Fairbank at that time, just some ranches. Kimbal owned

a ranch near the old iron railroad bridge and Herrick had a ranch a little farther down which he rented. We took out a dam up near the bridge. We also owned a ranch about two miles up the Babocomari from Fairbank.

We had a few cattle too. We were on the roundup in 1883 when Geronimo was out on a raid and several Mexicans were killed just across the line. Never had any of my stock stolen either by Indians or rustlers but had a man come into my house and steal some money and a pistol. Have a good idea who it was but that did me no good, things went on just the same. I knew some of the men who were supposed to be bad, Joe Brooks, Pete Martinelles, who was an Italian Swiss, and others.

In 1887 I moved to Arivaca where I have a store and a few cattle. I have a son twenty-four years old living in Arivaca. His mother died when he was a little baby. We had only been married ten months and twelve days and I have been a widower ever since. Arivaca is not as it used to be. When I first came there were lots of ranches around but now they are all eaten up by the big companies. We manage to make a pretty good living though and when I get real tired of the store I lock it up, put the key in my pocket and come to town.

MRS. A. Y. SMITH

(An Indian Adventure)

Forty years ago, 1895, I came to Arizona with my sick mother. The same year I met and married A. Y. Smith. We had a wonderful life, full of interest, adventure, and romance.

From the first I loved Arizona, for its clear vaulted skies, big open spaces, and vast distances—but unfortunately I was a tenderfoot, and believed every wild story I heard.

The Apaches had been recently placed on reservations but I was quite sure some of them were left lurking behind the tall yuccas or hiding in the foothills.

I came, as a bride, to the Commonwealth Mine in Pearce, then a rousing, rip-roaring bonanza mining camp. Many of the "bad men" from Tombstone made it their rendezvous.

My first venture out of the camp was with a group of other newcomers. We decided to brave the wilds and picnic in Old Cochise Stronghold, nine miles away. In hacks and buggies we started out early one morning. It was a very lovely but lonely drive and we seemed a long time in reaching the beautiful old fortress of stone.

We had a day of exploration. We climbed the steep granite walls of the stronghold, also we listened much of the time to wild Indian stories told by an old-timer there.

When we started back we were not only tired but a bit apprehensive of our lonely drive home. After we had gone about three miles we were terrified to see a wild looking Indian ride from behind a foothill right towards us and upon reaching our hack he circled furiously round and round us, frightening our horses and terrifying us nearly to death. He thrust his ugly scarred face right into ours, leering hideously. Behind us were two buggies with more ladies in them. He rode around them the same way, waving his arms about and yelling in a most savage way. We drove as fast as our horses would go. We came shortly to a loaded wagon. The driver and both horses were gone. We concluded the driver had been killed and the horses stolen by the Indians that we were very sure were lurking behind the foothills near us.

To the north of us we could see another figure moving over some object on the ground; the murdered driver of the wagon we concluded. We now expected that a band of Indians would swoop down upon us from the near-by hills any minute, and we would all be massacred.

Our driver, just out from the East, was fervently praying out loud and the rest of us silently joined him. We were not molested, however, and in due time reached home and told our terrifying story.

It naturally got circulated and the next day the sheriff of the county called upon me and asked me for an exact

account of our adventure. I gave it, with plenty of color. He then told us that the day before our party had surprised two cattle thieves in the act of killing a C. C. Cattle Company's calf and that the Indian, a Yaqui, was trying to divert our attention from his partner, a notorious "bad man," who was hovering over the calf they had killed. After we drove out of sight they rode for the Mexican border, leaving their wagon behind them and were not seen again in that vicinity.

I am sure no real Indian encounter was ever fraught with more fear and seeming reality than was ours, however amusing it may seem now in retrospection.

JOSEPH ANDERSON, GREATERVILLE

(Reminiscences as told to Mrs. Geo. Kitt in 1928)

I came out to Arizona to be with my brother John at Greaterville. Before I got to the place it had as many as 200 or 250 people, a few of them American women. But American women did not take kindly to the place. Even when I got there it was pretty lively and very wild. I did not care for that kind of excitement and have never drunk a drop of liquor in my life and do not intend to. There were a lot of Mexican saloons and a lot of Mexican miners. They had only hand machines and did individual placer mining, but they made a fair living, that is if they had used it for a living. But they spent all their money in the saloons while their families suffered dreadfully. Things were always done on a small scale, though a man from Chicago got interested, had capital and was going to put up big machinery. He was at Greaterville with his agent when for some reason he started out to Sonoita on a burro. Evidently he was waylaid by Indians and shot so that ended that project.