

# An Arizona Pioneer

## Memoirs of Sam Aaron

*Edited by* JACOB R. MARCUS

### INTRODUCTION

Only the American Far West of almost a hundred years ago could breed a man like Sam Aaron.

Like his father, and many another Jewish businessman of that generation, he wandered from town to town and from business to business, looking for greater adventures and larger opportunities in the green, lush fields beyond the horizon and across the mountains. While still in his early forties, Sam finally settled down to the prosaic life of selling men's suits, but by that time he had crowded in enough adventure to fill half a dozen lives.

He was born in Salt Lake City in 1866, of a family that had already made and lost a fortune in the California of the 1850's. His folks finally drifted to Butte, Montana, in the 1870's, by way of Galveston and New York. At the age of eleven, in Butte, Sam was already a shrewd, seasoned businessman, out to make a dollar, fast! During the next two or three years he traveled extensively through Oregon, California, and the Arizona territory, particularly the last, where he settled for a time in the rough-and-ready Tombstone of Wyatt Earp and the brothers Schieffelin.

From Arizona, Sam moved about to Mexico, and back to California — even to Pittsburgh for a while — and on to Colorado, Oregon, Idaho, and back again, and at intervals to California, where he finally lit and stayed put. He mined, clerked, sold clothes on the road, ran a saloon, a gambling house, and even a bucket shop; he herded a theatrical company from town to town and ended up as a clothing merchant. But, in his memoirs, he made even that business exciting. At intervals, Sam helped organize labor unions. Here was a man both picturesque and picaresque.

Sometime in the 1920's, after he had settled down in Stockton,

California, he began to write the story of his life. Only the first part of his memoirs — the part which tells of his childhood days and what befell him in Arizona — is published in this issue. The reader is reminded that these are the adventures of a boy still in his teens!

Sam was occasionally hazy about dates and details, but he did not, consciously at least, draw the long bow. He was proud of the slogan on which he built a successful clothing business: "What Sam Says Is So." Let us not forget that this manuscript touches on events which took place a generation or more before they were put into writing, and one can forget a great deal in forty years.

Sam Aaron died in Pomona, California, on September 29, 1940, while on a visit to that city. He was given a Jewish funeral by the rabbi of the Stockton Reform congregation, of which he was a member, but it is reported that his Catholic wife buried his ashes in a Catholic cemetery.

A friend, Rabbi Samuel A. Halperin — Sam liked rabbis — was given a copy of these memoirs, apparently already typed, and made a few inconsequential editorial changes. For the most part, those corrections in Sam's English and diction have been ignored, and the original text has been restored. After all, a boy who was gambling in saloons in Butte at the "ripe" age of eleven never had the advantage of taking English I at the university. Ultimately, the typescript came into the hands of the Reverend Dr. Solomon B. Freehof of Pittsburgh, and he turned it over to the American Jewish Archives. The original typescript numbers fifty-one pages; the first sixteen are now published here, for the first time.

## TO DOCTOR GILBERT

The man who called me a liar, I dedicate these memoirs.

## WHAT SAM SAYS IS SO

Being the life story, observations, and philosophy of Sam Aaron, a Main Street clothing merchant, but a former pioneer of the frontier, as told to his friends during a night of wake.

"So Joe Gianelli died."<sup>1</sup> Sam Aaron picked up the afternoon newspaper, and the first line he read was about the death of the father of his chum, B. R. Gianelli.

A number of friends gathered that evening in the house of the departed to be with the family, to dispel the gloom caused by the death of the head of the family. I was asked to tell stories of my life in Arizona. So I related an incident how the cowboys used to take empty tomato cans, and put them one on each side of the road and, while in the saddle, would start their horses on a dead gallop and begin to shoot at these cans. These cowboys were such experts at it that people began to bet on the one that could put more shots into the cans. *My friend* Dr. Gilbert<sup>2</sup> said, "Gee, Sam, quit your lying, tell us something that *did* happen." And from that hour on, until 8:00 A.M. the next day, I did not stop and related my past. Naturally, the people assembled, who knew nothing of frontier life, could not believe that things as related in this narrative did happen. To keep my memoirs pure, I have eliminated details of the dives of the demimonds and similar people. But to prove that I was not a liar, I invited my friends to check up on the various dates and statements I made. The various books about frontier life that have appeared lately will confirm a number of my experiences.

<sup>1</sup> Joe Gianelli (1853-1923), a native of Genoa, was a well-known wholesale grocer in Stockton. B. R. Gianelli, a salesman, was probably his son Basilio.

The editor here wishes to express his thanks to the Public Library of Stockton, to the California State Library (Allan R. Ortley), to the California Historical Society (Mr. James de T. Abajian), to Mr. Samuel Sokobin, and to Rabbi Bernard D. Rosenberg for their courtesies in supplying him with historical data. They have been most gracious.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Gilbert here is probably Adrian J. Gilbert, who practiced dentistry in Stockton from 1898 to 1952. He died in 1953 at the age of seventy-nine.

I hope that these humble pages will help to keep alive the memoirs of the early history of the frontier.

Sam Aaron,  
116 East Main Street,  
Stockton, California.

Edited by his "Father Confessor," Rabbi Samuel A. Halperin.

There is a man in Stockton, Cal.,  
3,000 miles away  
Who sells a \$15.00 suit,  
Like giving it away.  
116 E. Main Street is his number,  
And Aaron gets the dough.  
For this I send by Uncle Sam,  
For What Sam Says Is So.

Caro Roma<sup>3</sup>

In 1866 I first saw daylight in Salt Lake City, having the distinction of being the first Jewish boy born there. I was unable to navigate until I was five years old. The doctors had to use braces on me.

My father was a frontiersman, always going toward new districts. He loved frontier life and saw there opportunities to make money. Dad was a merchant. In my early youth money was scarce, and Dad used to trade for butter, eggs, and hides, bring them to the city, and sell them on the market.

Prior to my birth, my father and his brothers in the early fifties were considered the king-merchants of California. They used to use the "pinch" system for money, putting in their thumbs and forefingers in a sack of gold dust brought by the miners. They practiced with their thumbs, to be able to "pinch" more than the average person, and they kept the gold dust in buckskin sacks. They would accumulate from \$100,000 to \$150,000 in gold dust and bring it to S. W. Rosenstock in San Francisco for deposit. Rosenstock was a millionaire.<sup>4</sup> Dad never received or paid interest. He, Rosenstock, would purchase property with that gold dust.

<sup>3</sup> Caro Roma (1866-1937) was a California writer, composer, and prima donna.

<sup>4</sup> Samuel W. Rosenstock (1832-1902) was a San Francisco boot and shoe wholesaler

Yreka, near Mt. Shasta, and Cottonwood were my Dad's headquarters. He had two general merchandise stores. Once Dad conceived an idea of making a clean-up by sending a sixteen-mule team trail wagon through Utah loaded with whiskey to be landed in Montana. Going through Utah, the whiskey was confiscated by the Mormons, and the teamster ran away with the team. A sad venture for Dad's clean-up, for he lost heavily.

After leaving California my father made his headquarters in Salt Lake, Utah, where yours truly first saw this world. After we stayed in Salt Lake two years, Dad started for Galveston, Texas, and from there to New Orleans across the Gulf of Mexico. From New Orleans we went to New York by boat. I was then four years old. Dad stayed in New York a short while, and his feet got itchy for the West. In my eighth year I nearly lost my life, due to a race with a butcher wagon during which I was struck by a horse's foot in my head. This laid me up for eight weeks. I hovered between life and death, and I was expected to go out of the picture any minute. But fate was with me and kept me here as it did in later years.

In 1876 the Centennial was held in Philadelphia. We saw it and, believe me, it was a marvelous sight for that time. In 1877, on my eleventh year, our family consisted of four children, three girls and myself. Father was then in Butte City, Montana, and he then sent for us. It was a tough trip crossing the continent on train to Ogden, Utah. The trains moved slowly in those days, and stopped at different stations for meals. So we stopped at North LaPlatte, Nebraska, and four or five men asked me to come with them into a saloon. To my delight and pleasure I saw Buffalo Bill in that saloon, a government scout employed by the U. S. A. Government.

As a kid, I was disappointed, in a measure, of seeing the scout dressed as he was. I always pictured him in a buckskin coat with fringes. He was attired in black moleskin trousers with a white shirt and black tie, and a black five-gallon hat. Out of his watch pocket hung a charm, a twenty-dollar gold piece. Believe me, he was picturesque. To me he looked like a

who came to that city about the year 1850. His firm was known as Rosenstock & Price. Rosenstock was a prominent member of Temple Emanu-El. He left an estate of over a million dollars. (*San Francisco Call*, April 2 and 9, 1902; March 29, 1903; *San Francisco Chronicle*, March 28, 1903. I owe these references to the San Francisco Public Library, to Mr. Samuel Sokobin, and to Mr. James de T. Abajian of the California Historical Society.)

giant, with his black, curly hair hanging down to his shoulders, black goatee and moustache, a very sharp nose, and piercing eyes. The men asked Bill to have a drink. First he declined, excusing himself, then stepped toward the window and looked out toward the prairie to his house, which was about half a mile away, and said, "I guess the old lady cannot see me from where she is, and I will turn up one up with you." After taking the drink he started to tell us a story, and at the most interesting point the damned fool conductor hollered "All aboard!" So you can imagine how I felt. I always tried after that to get the finish of that story.

After four or five hours on the train we saw in the distance big herds of buffaloes. That was on the second of July, 1877. The train was stalled between Cheyenne and Ogden. There was a bevy of grasshoppers which made the track slippery. We pulled into Ogden about 6:30 P.M., on July 3rd, 1877, and we retired early. I got the kick of my young life when I woke up on the Fourth of July to witness a Fourth of July celebration started with a parade one half block long, consisting of a fire brigade pulling with a rope a one-hand pump. After leaving New York it looked like a toy, and I had a good laugh. On the fifth of July we started for Butte on a six-horse stage. They had to change stages every twenty or twenty-five miles where they had water. The dust and dirt covered us completely. The Indians were still on the war path. Custer's Massacre happened only a few months prior to our arrival. The stage driver pointed out to me, while riding with him in the booth, the knoll or hill where General Custer had made his last stand. Naturally, mother was very much frightened. We children did not realize the danger we were in. It took us twenty-three days to make this journey. Finally we arrived in Butte. It was a wonderful sight to me. The town was built on top of the mountains. Ninety per cent of the population were men, miners. The total population was about 2,500. There were thirty-two saloons, two dives, and a few fast houses. There was a golden opportunity to get rich, as money was like water, with no value. It could be gotten very easily.

I started to be an apple vendor after school hours, having a "corner" on apples. I paid \$8.00 a box and sold as high as two boxes a night at the rate of two apples for twenty-five cents (150 to 160 apples in a box). These apples were very small (like crab apples) and came from Salt Lake City on stages. Being a kid, but tall for my age, everybody took a liking to me. I would enter a saloon (and these saloons had gambling tables for

various games), the proprietors would say, "How much, Sammy?" — and whatever would hit my tongue, I would say.

They would pay me without counting. The proprietor would take my basket with apples, pass it around, then he would take me over to a gambling table and would reach over the layout and put his hand into the check rack and take the required amounts in checks or chips and put them in my hand. I would stand at the table to the end of the deal to cash in and get my money for the chips. But having the gambling instinct in my make-up, I would pass to one of the players some checks to make a bet for me. I either betted on the ace or jack or told him to bet on some card. Naturally enough, these men would encourage me by placing my bet and would like to see me win. In less than three months I filled a large-size pickle jar with twenty-dollar gold pieces. This caused my downfall. It hampered me in my future, as my sole ambition at that time was to be able to wet my finger and pull a card out of the faro box. I wanted to be a faro dealer.

Dad got hooked by staking a gambler who double-crossed him, and father got disgusted and pulled up stakes and left for Oregon, taking the family with him. Later that gambler, I. M. Murray, died and left forty million dollars.<sup>5</sup> We rode on sleighs out of Montana. It was winter when we crossed through California in 1878 on the way to Oregon. We went to Oakland, Oregon (southern part of Oregon). Dad stayed there about one and a half years, and we then went to San Francisco. From there father started for Arizona. In 1881 Tombstone was the gold center, discovered 1879 by [the] Schieffelin Brothers.<sup>6</sup> After two years in the Arizona territory father sent for me. He had a small general store in Charleston, Arizona. The reason father sent for me was because he was

<sup>5</sup> I. M. Murray, probably Jim or James A. Murray, of Butte, Montana, was a native of Ireland, where he was born in 1838. He died in Monterey, California, on May 11, 1921. In his early days he was a professional gambler. Later, in the 1890's, he was a real estate speculator, mine enterpriser, and banker. His nephew was U. S. Senator James Edward Murray. James A. Murray was reputed to be a "shrewd operator." (C. B. Glasscock, *The War of the Copper Kings*, pp. 143 ff.; *Copper Camp*, pp. 116-17, 277; *Butte Miner*, May 12, 1921.)

<sup>6</sup> The Schieffelen (Schieffelin) brothers were Edward and Al. Ed was born about 1847 in Pennsylvania. The brothers gave the name of Tombstone to the town where they first located their mines in 1878. The town itself was laid out in 1879. (F. C. Lockwood, *Pioneer Days in Arizona*, pp. 200-14; H. H. Bancroft, *History of the Pacific States of North America*, Vol. XII; *Arizona and New Mexico, 1530-1888*, p. 589.)

appointed assignee for the Springer Hackess bankruptcy.<sup>7</sup> That involved a failure of more than half a million dollars, so I took care of the store with his partner. My father had a wonderful reputation for honesty and integrity, and the Sheriff of Couchese [Cochise] County had made a proposition to Dad to turn this matter to him for a consideration of many dollars. But Dad's honesty was such that he gave the Sheriff a laugh. The *Tombstone Epitaph* gave Dad quite a write-up in 1881-82. To show you the method of business Springer Hackess did — they had thousands and thousands of cords of wood in the mountains, which was kept on record, by the plateaus on a chart. Dad did not know a thing about this wood; so it was looted. (The wood was used for fuel for the smelters in the mills, as there was no coal). Springer's store did a tremendous volume of business with Mexican smugglers. The town of Charleston lay alongside of San Pedro River, which was about 400 miles long, ten miles from Tombstone, fifteen miles from Huachuca (Wachuka) mountains, and thirty-five miles from the Mexican border. These Mexican smugglers would have as high as three hundred burros. They would buy calicos, jewelry, and everything that would carry a revenue in Mexico. Some of these outfits would have merchandise valued at \$100,000 or more. And most of the goods were paid for in *dobie* dollars, Mexican silver coin, larger than U. S. A. dollars, and generally it took two Mexican dollars for one U. S. A. dollar.

Many of these smuggling trains, when they had to be unloaded, were ambushed by rustlers. These rustlers were made up, for the greater part, of renegades who infested Arizona. Most of them came from Texas because they feared the Rangers. A good many of these rustlers were widely known throughout the U. S. A. by their escapades.

The Clantons were comprised of father, mother, and three boys; Ike the oldest, Fin the second, and Billy was the kid. They were the leaders of a gang of fifty. They lived in mud houses alongside the San Pedro River.

<sup>7</sup> Henry Springer was a pioneer New Mexico trader who founded Springerville, Arizona, in 1871 (R. K. Wyllys, *Arizona*, p. 218).

Sidney Hackes was a merchant in Charleston, Arizona, in 1882. He was then twenty-four years of age. (This note was supplied by the Tombstone Restoration Commission through the courtesy of its president, Mrs. Edna G. Landin.)

During the early 1880's the firm of Springer & Hackes, of Charleston, carried stocks valued at from \$50,000 to \$100,000. (*The Tombstone Prospector*, June 14, 1889. This information was supplied by Eleanor B. Sloan of the Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society, Tucson.)

Their escapades were many, but my connections with those men came about through the fact that they had placed confidence in me and would bring their money to me to hold and divide it up among them.

I will say this, that they held themselves aloof of any crime against the United States Government. They would not hold up a stage, bother the mail, but would steal as high as 2,000 cattle at one time in Mexico. They would start in Sonora, Mexico, and would drive forth everything they could lay their eyes on. And by the time they would get to the American line, their loot would be big. They would dispose of this cattle at \$3.00 to \$4.00 per head. The Earbs [Earps] boys were U. S. marshalls and deputies. One deputy, called "Doc Halliday," had a reputation of being the quickest man in the territory on the trigger. He had this advantage, that if he stood sideways, he could hardly be seen — he was so thin. The stages would be held up mostly going from Tombstone to a town called Fairbanks, Arizona, which was the terminal of the railroad. That stage always carried an armed messenger. There was one messenger whom they all feared — his name was [Robert] Paul, who was afterward the Sheriff of Pimo [Pima] County (Tucson). The Erbs [Earps] and their combinations would commit depredations, and immediately blame it on the Clantons. And there was always a feud between the Clantons and the Erbs. Whenever they met there was sure to be a killing. They carried on a guerilla warfare as long as they were in the territory. The Erbs all wore steel shirts. Billy Clanton — sixteen years old — was in Tombstone one day when there were six horsemen riding up the street who belonged to the Erbs faction, and they spotted Billy and started to shoot. All cowboys, Clantons, carried a brace of two guns and a belt of ammunition at all times. When Billy was first shot he dropped to the ground and emptied his right hand gun until his enemies' bullets hit his right arm. He immediately reached with his left hand, pulled his other gun, and emptied it before they got him.

That night one of the Erbs [Morgan] was playing billiards in a saloon, and the window was open. Someone shoved a gun through the window and killed him. . . . The Erbs took back the body of one [Morgan] Erb to California for burial. The Erbs thought that Stillwell [Frank Stilwell, a friend of the Clantons] had something to do with the death of their brother. They rode across the country (eighty miles) over the mountains to beat

the train. On Stillwell's arrival in Tucson, and as he got off the train, his body was choked full of lead.<sup>8</sup>

The Tombstone Mill and Mining Company<sup>9</sup> made Charleston their headquarters on account of the abundance of water for mining. My father had a store eighty miles from Tucson in [Charleston] a small town. Prior to his departure he owed a thousand dollars to a wholesaler in Tucson — Oberfelder.<sup>10</sup> He left with me \$955.00, telling me that the teamster, Bill Bass, would give me \$45.00 to pay off Oberfelder. But I had too much money; I was then eighteen years old and could not wait until the next morning. Gambling was an easy way to win the \$45.00 and get an early start. But I lost the entire amount (\$955.00). Dad was eighty miles away — no way of reaching him — so I applied to Mr. George Cheney, superintendent of the mill, for a job, telling him what I had done, and that I wanted to make good. He looked at me and said, "Sam, it isn't in your make-up

<sup>8</sup> The Clantons, "cowboys" or rustlers, included the father, N. H. Clanton, and his sons Joseph Isaac (Ike), Phineas (Phin), and William (Billy), still in his teens. The "Old Man," Ike, and Billy died of violence. Phin served in the territorial penitentiary at Yuma, Arizona.

The Earps during the Arizona days included Wyatt and his brothers Virgil and Morgan. They were peace officers, apparently of dubious repute.

Dr. John H. Holliday, a dentist of Valdosta, Georgia, a consumptive, was a gambler and desperado. He was close to the Earps. He died in a Colorado sanatorium, probably of consumption, about the year 1895.

Billy Clanton and his "cowboy" friends, the McLowrys (McLowerys), were killed at the O. K. Corral in Tombstone, in October, 1881, by the Earps and Doc Holliday. After the fight at the O. K. Corral, the Earps and Holliday were charged with murder. H. Solomon, a Tombstone Jewish banker, offered to go bail for Wyatt Earp.

Morgan Earp was assassinated in a saloon on March 18, 1882, probably by Frank Stilwell. The latter, a friend of the Clantons, was in turn assassinated in Tucson, on March 22, 1882. The Earps did not ride horseback overland to Tucson, but took a train to that city where, in all probability, they participated in the assassination of Stilwell.

Although some of the facts of the Earp-Clanton feud and the Stilwell killing are still in dispute, it would seem that Aaron's account is somewhat garbled. (Douglas D. Martin, *Tombstone's Epitaph*, pp. 177-203, 204 ff.; John Myers Myers, *The Last Chance*, pp. 84, 115-17, 151, 238; Frank C. Lockwood, *Pioneer Days in Arizona*, pp. 283-85; W. M. Raine, *Famous Sheriffs and Western Outlaws*, pp. 92 ff.; Stuart N. Lake, *Wyatt Earp*, 1931, pp. 232 *et passim*, p. 300; Joseph Miller, *Arizona, the Last Frontier*, pp. 140 ff.)

<sup>9</sup> The Tombstone Mining and Milling Company was formed by the Schieffelins and their associates about the year 1878 (Myers, *The Last Chance*, p. 33).

<sup>10</sup> Tobias and Max Oberfelder, of San Francisco, had a branch in Tucson: Oberfelder & Co. There was also a Tombstone, Arizona, branch. In 1884 the Tucson firm advertised: "Wholesale & Retail Trunks and Hardware, Mill and Mine Supplies, Farm Imp[lemen]ts." (This information was supplied by Eleanor B. Sloan of the Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society.) In the 1880's the San Francisco branch dealt primarily in wholesale wines and liquors.

to work in a mill around a smelter." I asked him, "Why?" He said, "You are Jewish, and Jews don't do this kind of work." I pleaded with him for a chance to prove whether I had the stuff in me or not. He saw that I was persistent, and he put me to work the next morning at seven A.M. That was the first pair of overalls I ever wore, and I reported for duty at the mill. My first job was to feed the rockbreakers. It was a twenty-stamp mill. Not knowing the art of feeding the mill and breaking the rock, I made very hard work of it. At the end of my first shift (eight hours), I could not straighten and could not close my hands. But I went back to work the next day and worked just as hard as the first day. But on third shift, I discovered the art of hitting the seam of the rock, which made my work much easier. I received \$3.50 a day for my work. Just as I finished my third shift, the superintendent approached me and told me to report in the mill tomorrow morning and gave me a job emptying the tanks after they were filled with sand. It took two and a half hours to fill the tanks and one half hour to empty them. We had a rest between times. It was like eating lemon cream pies as compared to my first job. From then on I was raised. I worked in the mill three months, and they wanted to make an "amalgamator"<sup>11</sup> out of me, but I objected, as the mercury has a bad effect on the amalgamators.

They then moved me over to the smelter and put me to wheeling charges. We used to hit the chute and let the coke go into the wheelbarrow, and weigh it, three wheelbarrows of coke to one of sand, one flux, two ore, and wheel it to the top of the furnace and the feeder would put it in. Before long I was brought downstairs and made pot-wrestler (dumping out the slag). Then I was made tapper; afterwards a night-boss. The ore that we handled was hard to smelt. Ten men lost jobs not being able to handle it. Finally we got a man from Elko, Jack Reynolds, who knew his business. He was paid \$20.00 a day for his services. And there was not a finer man afloat than Jack. He succeeded in his work but used to go on periodic drunks. He would work three or four months and then lay down on the job. He stayed drunk until his money was gone and got the delirium tremens before he could quit. Some times he would be away four or five weeks. In the meantime the furnace would start to kick and buck, she would start to freeze, and we would have a hell of a time. Nobody

<sup>11</sup> The amalgamator extracted the precious metal from the ore by adding mercury.

knew Jack's secret of handling the furnace right. The tourists would watch the furnace and its peculiar behavior. I used to run my hand through the molten lava in front of the tourists while the lava was red hot — that was the way we took samples — and scattered the slag all over, so we told the tourists. The furnace was a deadly place to work at. Men were coming and going on account of the arsenic and lead poison. The effect was so great that you could take the sourest lemon and eat it, and it would taste sweet.

The only medical relief we could get was from Park City, Utah. There was a doctor who knew how to handle these cases. The boys could find relief by putting a hoop around the neck and legs and put pillows against the stomach and holding themselves in that position.

One time there was a fight in the feed room between the feeder and the chargewheeler. The feeder hit the chargewheeler with a shovel, shoved his body into the furnace and his lunch can with him, leaving no evidence behind him. About eight months after this fight, this man took sick and held his secret until he knew he was going to die. He then confessed on his deathbed.

The town of Charleston had a payroll of 250 people, mostly men who worked for the smelters day or night. Some poor mortal would be shuffled off every morning. They had a saying, "We had a man for breakfast." There was no place in the U. S. A. that had the repute for killing people like Charleston, Arizona. There was the first opportunity I had to have my wish granted that I made in Butte to be able to wet my finger. In other words, I started to be a faro-dealer and was nicknamed "The Lucky Jew Kid." I had as high as thirty-two Chinamen playing against me at one time.

We resorted to a limit in those games. If there were two similar cards and there was a bet made against one of those cards, also if the two cards came at the same time, the player would have to lose half his money ("you would be slit of your dough"). The limit in that case was \$25.00. Five or six Chinamen would stake one of their countrymen and if he was lucky they would secure more money and would bet \$150.00 on a card among themselves. That hurt the game, and I lost \$1,800.00 one night, and it took two months to get even. The reason was that all one could win is \$6.00 each time, but they could beat you out of \$100.00. Whenever the game was against them, they would quit early. There was one China-

man, Charles Kay, who was a fine casino player and a seven-up player. He could retain the course of the fifty-two cards in his memory. He knew the last card held by his opponents. He played seven-up one afternoon for \$10.00 a game. They used to put the money in the center of the table. A stranger came that day and was playing Charles Kay seven-up for ten dollars a game. This fellow must have been short of cash for he started to cheat. After trying to cheat Charles and reaching to grab the pot, Charles drew his long-pointed dagger concealed in his pants, pinned his hand to the table to prevent him from pulling down the pot. At that time we had an appointed Justice of the Peace by the name of Katzenstein, who would try to settle cases, but he was unsuccessful as every man had his own law.

I used to get \$8.50 a day for dealing the faro bank, but our games would only last twelve or fifteen days. The reason was that the payments by the smelter and mill were made on the fifth of the month; \$130.00 was the average pay envelope. That money would find itself in a few hands because of gambling and drinking, fifteen days later.

Between times they used to start "flyers" — faro banks. That gambling would be subject to a "tap," in other words, one could bet for the entire amount — no limit — hence the name "flyer." Many a man made a stake on next to nothing. We had a box — Jack Quinan was then my partner; he imported it — a faro box. We paid \$112.00 for it. It was a crooked box that could be worked straight or crooked. Jack and I used to work the game on the "flyer" by giving them this crooked box and playing against them, but we never laid up any money. That kind of dough has no weight to it and cannot stick. Many strangers used to hang around, and nobody cared whether they lost their money. The majority of people on the frontier lived on their wits, but everybody was happy.

The Mexicans were a whole lot like the Indians when it came to liquor, and they were very suspicious of the Gringo. Two Mexicans entered the saloon one night when the game was in progress. One of them made a bet of one dollar and turned his back to the game. In the meantime the dealer made a deal and the Mexican lost his dollar. The dealer made another deal and covered the other card. By that time the Mexican turned around and saw that his money was gone and, not having seen the operation, accused another player of taking his money. He started to raise a rough-house and called the dealer a s.o.b. in Mexican when I walked to him and tried to explain the transaction. But Mr. Mexican would not listen and

wanted to fight. I immediately invited him out of the place. His partner had a forty-five-caliber Smith & Wessen projecting from his holster. I hollered to my partner, who was in the back of the bar, to cover him. We had on the drain board of the bar a sawed-off shotgun, which Jack immediately picked up and covered the Mexican. As I got to the door this Mexican turned to fight, and I was fortunate enough to knock him out with one punch. I then took away from him a big knife. Jack put it among the collection of guns and knives.

A short while after the Mexican gave a yell and I said to him in Spanish, "Keep quiet." He in turn said, "God damned fool." I took him to the door and he walked with me quietly; he threw his hand on the gun. I had no time to pull my gun, but put one hand on the open door and the other hand against the casing, lifted my foot and kicked him in the chin. He swung back to about forty-five degrees, held his balance, and leaned forward, and fell flat on his nose, bleeding heavily. I took his gun away, searched his person, left him lie near his friend, and put his gun on the bar. He lay on the floor for about an hour, then came back into the saloon, approached and said to me, "Good boy" (in Mexican), pleading with me to give him back the knife and pistol, which request I denied. The defeated Mexican respects his enemy, but you have to have your eye on them continually as they are very treacherous.

I absolutely knew no fear in my young days; nothing was too hard or too dangerous to undertake. I'd go into the wilds and ride for days without seeing a human being. The Indian warfare was on. The Apaches were on the warpath, killing and stealing, headed by their great chief, Geronimo. During that warfare half of the U. S. A. troops tried to capture him. They were led by General [George] Crook.

Geronimo threw up a flag of truce and asked for a conference. We civilians asked Crook to turn him over to us; we wanted to do away with him. Crook refused our request. It was not in accordance with his code of ethics. Geronimo wanted to surrender on certain conditions, but Crook refused. So Geronimo immediately put his fingers to his nose and departed. And the government sent General Nelson Miles to replace General Crook. Miles met with the Mexican authorities and they banked [hemmed in?] the Indians and captured Geronimo. The reason this warfare lasted a long time is that the government system was such then they would appoint as guides from the reservations relatives of the fighting Indians, and expect



*Montgomery Foto Service, Kansas City, Mo.*

WYATT EARP  
Marshal of the Old West



these Indians to run down their own blood relations. The government allowed them thirty rounds of ammunition a day. Some Indians would hide this ammunition in horse blankets; others would hide it along the road. They would serve as guides for a month or longer and then scout back to the reservation and be discharged. The former guides would then break loose from their reservation, and would join their relatives, and give them the hidden ammunition, and thus keep them armed. In those days all reservations were controlled by the Indian agencies in Washington, D.C. Those agencies caused the restlessness of the Indians. Instead of giving them the allotment, they would hold back some of it, and the Indian was always in need and, therefore, committed crimes. He felt he was being cheated of what was due him.

The Indian himself had a good many principles — that is, the male. But the squaw was awful. She believed in mutilating the body of a white until it could not be recognized. [On] one occasion, within one-half a mile of Fort Hauchas [Huachuca], in a charcoal camp, five workmen were killed. The cook, a Chinaman, and two more escaped. The Chinaman wrapped his bedding around his neck and ran away. Mr. Childs and Stormy Jim, who worked at that camp, put up a good fight and killed one of the redskins. They cut his [the Indian's] head off and brought it into Charleston. We buried the five boys in one grave. They were disfigured.

I took the Indian skull, burned off the flesh and hair, sandpapered it, and made a beautiful skull. We, the town of Charleston, presented Mr. Childs and Stormy Jim with two beautiful Winchester rifles. The butts had gold and silver plates on them with proper inscriptions.

In front of the saloon we had a flagpole about thirty-five feet high, tapered down, and five feet from the top was the hole for the flag rope. Stormy Jim was lying outside of the saloon one night, and in the morning when he awoke the first thing his eyes rested on was the ball on the flagpole. So he shot it off with the new gun, which was presented to him. I said, "Jim, I have something I want you to do. Climb that pole and put the Indian skull on it instead. For it is the only Indian that was ever killed in Arizona." He said, "I cannot climb the pole, Sam." I said, "I will get you a pair of climbers at the telegraph office." So I got the climbers. He asked for a drink to steady him up. He made eight trials and became so drunk that he could not place that skull on the pole.

The government made Charleston headquarters for its telegraph and

had runners to the fort fifteen miles away. The government had carbine rifles, but did not know the Winchester. I was demonstrating a Winchester to one of the runners and pointed it at his stomach, but I could not get the hammer down. I was pulling it, and it accidentally went off. I missed the runner a sixteenth of an inch, and the bullet went through three planks [planks?] and went into the wall.

We had windows in our saloon, eight panes to a sash. A man by the name of McKinnen came to us and I befriended him. He had been acquitted for killing a deputy sheriff at Prescott or Wilcox. He made his headquarters in Charleston. I staked him many times. One morning I came to work and Mac was on the outside. He put his gun over his arm, shot at a stovepipe across the street in a Chinese restaurant, and put a hole in the pipe. He must have been insane, as he got up and shot out eight panes of glass. Not being satisfied with that, he took his gun and broke the sash of all the windows. His actions hurt me very much, as I had just finished covering the billiard table with a new cloth. All the bits of glass came on the cloth and ruined it. I went outside and accosted him. He at once grabbed me by the coat around the neck, with his gun over my head, ready to strike.

There was a cowboy sitting near us with his feet cocked up against the wall and his chair tilted back. When he saw what was going on he at once took out his forty-five-caliber Smith & Wesson six-shooter with his silk handkerchief in his hand and the gun on his lap. Mac saw the flash of the cowboy's gun and let go of me and picked a fight with the cowboy. I went into the saloon and got my sawed-off gun and placed it on the bar. When Mac entered the saloon, I covered him and said, "Come over here and throw your gun on the bar," which he did. I said to him, "Never enter this place again. You are no man. Get out and don't come here again." He said, "I am going to kill that Jew s.o.b." So I chased him with the shotgun. I and the cowboy ran after him. Mac disappeared into a Mexican house, and I returned to get a Winchester and came back. I ordered the Mexican out of the house. The Mexican said that Mac was not there, but the cowboy said that he did not see him leave. We never saw him again.

My boss gave me hell for not killing Mac, but it is no easy matter to take life, no matter how hard-boiled you are. There is something that stops you.

I became acquainted with a remarkable man. His name was Jerry

Barton.<sup>12</sup> He stuttered. Jerry was raised in Tennessee, and he came to Arizona because he was a renegade. While in Tennessee he stole a ride back of a carriage. A Negro was coachman of this carriage; the Negro got off, caught Jerry, and kicked him. Jerry could not stand this disgrace, so he got a gun and killed the Negro. After that he killed three white men with his hands, broke their necks. However, he escaped the law. He had a fine personality and was joyful. Jerry ran a saloon and a dance hall, employed several Mexican girls and Mexicans to play, and made a lot of money. His money came easy and went easy. He was in Charleston three years.

All of us used to go to Tombstone, occasionally, for our amusements. It was a large, wealthy town, beautiful saloons with mirrors and silver-back bars. The theatre was called the "Bird Cage."<sup>13</sup> It was a vaudeville and dive house. Money was free and easy. Jim Viesner<sup>14</sup> owned the Viesner mines. When drunk he destroyed hats and clothes and replaced them with complete outfits from his own store. The "Can-Can Restaurant" was also there. Delmonico, New York, gave no better food. Everything in season was to be had; it catered to gamblers, and they paid the price.

On the bars in the saloons they had quinine powder — served it with whiskey. Even the pigs used to shake. The water gave us chills and fever every other day.

The saloons: The custom in the old saloons was to give away drinks from 5 to 7 A.M. In the gambling rooms every once in a while the game-keeper would order drinks for the gamblers at his own expense. All liquor left in the glasses after being brought back to the bar would be dumped into a demijohn. We would sell the Mexicans this liquor for one dollar a bottle. That was my money-making scheme. I was considered to be the finest cocktail mixer in Charleston. I will tell you the secret: because I used the remnants of all drinks. The free drinks were given out of this

<sup>12</sup> According to Myers, *The Last Chance*, p. 96, Barton, a bartender and constable, was a notorious criminal and killer. He was sent to the territorial prison at Yuma for killing a man with his bare fist. (See also D. D. Martin, *Tombstone's Epitaph*, pp. 63-64.)

<sup>13</sup> The Bird Cage Theater is described in *Arizona. . . A State Guide*, ed. by Joseph Miller, New York, 1956, pp. 245-46.

<sup>14</sup> This was, probably, Jim Vizina, a wealthy mining man and property owner, who was aligned with the Earp faction (Myers, *The Last Chance*, p. 176; Lake, *Wyatt Earp*, pp. 252, 306).

mixture. A great drink was the "stone fence" made out of whiskey and cider, half and half. Many a man became a fiend by using absinthe.

This is the way we served it: we used to put in a small portion of absinthe at the bottom of the glass and adding water from a pitcher by making it stream drop by drop into the absinthe. When the glass was filled after three or four minutes, then the drink was ready to be served. It looked like milk. You had to cultivate a taste for it. It was brought in there originally by the French Canadians who came in numbers. One could not stand very many of these drinks. It would make him almost insane.

I also made my first corner on brains. There was one steer killed every three days and I got the brains. I paid a premium for it. There were large herds of antelope on the mesas. But it was very hard to get close enough to kill them. They had a sensitive smell and looked very cute. We would have to go against the wind so they would not get our smell.

The Wachuka [Huachuca] mountains are beautiful. There was not much mineral or ore in them but plenty of wild game, wild turkeys by the thousands; many a mountain lion (puma). The country was full of coyotes.

I finally made up the thousand dollars in my mine work and gambling.

When I was sixteen-seventeen years old, I was appointed U. S. Deputy Marshal under Mead.<sup>25</sup> My duties were to transact U. S. business on this line of Mexico and the U. S. Reservations. I was called to go to Fort Wachuka [Huachuca] to arrest two Mexicans on suspicion of murder. I went with another man by the name of Russel, whom I deputized. We had a buckboard wagon with two horses, and I went on horseback. We started from Charleston. On my arrival I lined up sixteen Mexicans and selected the two suspects that we went after and took them back to Tombstone before the U. S. Commissioner. He arraigned them and then we gave them the third degree. We took them out singly with an interpreter, and we put a card over the Mexican's heart, blindfolded him, then had a deputy step back about ten paces with a gun in his hand. The interpreter would tell them that this was his last hour on earth and that he better confess, as he was going to be shot after the counting of three. The inter-

<sup>25</sup> W. K. Meade was U. S. marshal in Tucson (H. H. Bancroft, *Arizona and New Mexico*, p. 628).

preter called in Spanish, "one, two," and then stop[ped] to remove the bandage and repeat the same ordeal, but all the Mexicans would say was, "Kin savvy nothing." "We do not understand a thing." So we turned them loose, for the U. S. Government treated [prisoners] well in its prison; and it cost us too much to keep them.

The soldiers were paid off every two months, getting about \$60 every pay. Right off the reservation there were saloons and women. The money would last a very short while. There was no value in it for the soldier.

The Indians would make oiyas [ollas], crocks, and would sell them at all prices, two bits or more. These crocks would keep the water cool.

The government compelled a person holding a mining claim to do one hundred dollars' worth of assessment work to hold it. A fellow by the name of Roy Brooks was in the Dragoon Mountains, which are about sixty miles from Charleston. One could see the range from the town. He had a claim and was doing the assessment work on it. His father in Charleston was suddenly taken dangerously ill. They wanted a volunteer to go and inform Roy. At that time the Apache Indians were on the war path, headed by Geronimo. Their path was over and around the mountains. But I had no fear, being young. So I undertook to carry the message. I saddled my horse and left Charleston at 5 A.M. and started for the mountains, which were pointed out to me. I arrived at the mountains at about 4 P.M. The only trail that I could go up was the one Brooks entered the mountains by buckboard. The wheels left a trail two weeks before. My mind was so intent on the trail that I kept on riding and lost it. So I kept on climbing the mountain. Finally I discovered that I was lost, but I had passed a shack downhill. As I was on top of the mountain I got off my horse, kept the guide rope in my hand and fired six shots in rapid succession, and waited to see if I could hear an answer. Failing to get a response, and as it was getting dark, I made up my mind to go back to the shack I passed before, to camp for the night. On my way down the hill a light appeared, and I could not ride fast enough to get [to] it. If it were an Indian camp I would have ridden right into it. To my surprise it was the camp of a little French Canadian who had his door open with a bell in his hands ringing for his burro. I told him my message and asked him if he could locate Brooks for me. He said that he would go himself and get him as I could never find him. He went after Brooks and came back with him. He started for Charleston. I could not go on with him as my horse

was tired out. So I stayed three days with the Frenchman. He said it was getting too hot for him, as the Indians were getting desperate, and we went back together to Charleston. [Due to my] not returning home on the second day, a posse was formed to search for me. We met them about eight miles from Charleston. Old Man Brooks had passed away after his son arrived.

There was a shooting scrape one morning at 7:30 A.M. Deputy Sheriff McDowell . . . was a partner of Jack Schwartz in his saloon and . . . was a wonderful fellow until he got a few drinks in him. The night before he [McDowell] was looking for George Ellis, foreman of the brickyard at the smelter. McDowell said the first time he would throw his eyes on Ellis he would get him. In the morning McDowell was standing on the porch of his saloon with his back turned. Ellis stood in the doorway of another saloon and shot McDowell through the lungs. George Ellis was arrested and brought to trial, and during the trial, while he was taken out for lunch, it was arranged that he was to escape. He asked the Deputy Sheriff to permit him to step into the saloon, which he was permitted to do, and he kept on going through the back door which was about twenty-five feet from the San Pedro. There was a horse saddled, with rifles and grub. He mounted and started for California. A posse was formed and started for Mexico. Ellis got away. McDowell survived the shooting but went insane, and was put into an asylum.

There was a young blacksmith who would go on periodical drunks about every two months. There were two saloons, right one to the other [next to each other]. He came into my place first and asked me for a drink. I refused to give it to him, as he was my friend, so he went into the saloon next door, threw a dollar on the bar and asked for a drink, which the bartender, a young Kansas City fellow, gave him. He put a glass and bottle up. The blacksmith said, "Take one yourself." He poured him one and gave him his change. The blacksmith wanted more money and argued with the fellow. Finally the boy said, "Let my drink go. Here is your change." The blacksmith became offended and ran out. He lived right across the street, so he loaded his gun and tried to buckle it on his belt, but the belt would not buckle. He threw the gun against the wall and the belt on the floor and went outside. In the meantime this Kansas City boy stepped from behind the bar with a sawed-off shotgun and stood behind the door. The blacksmith, instead of coming back to the saloon, walked

about thirty feet right into another saloon. He was in there not more than two minutes and came out, running into his house, picked up the belt, and it snapped at once. He picked up his gun and came out of his house. I called to the bartender from Kansas City to be careful; instead, he [the blacksmith] went to the saloon he just ran out from, gun on his shoulder, and he was aiming at another fellow who came out of the side door with a six-shooter in his hands. The blacksmith saw him and kept on walking toward the corner. As he reached it, the other fellow raised his gun, and just as the blacksmith's head appeared he shot and killed him instantly. The law was that no one had a right to touch the body until the coroner came. A Mexican woman named Laird threw her dress over her head and crawled a whole block until she reached the body and kissed it and then got up and walked away. "Self defense" was the verdict of the jury, and he was acquitted. The Kansas City bartender was very scared, as he did not know that the other fellow killed the blacksmith. He broke his gun open and showed to me that all cartridges were in.

#### BISBEE, ARIZONA

My father saw an opportunity for me in Bisbee, forty miles from Charleston. He stocked a sixteen-mule-team trail wagon with groceries and general merchandise and started me in business there. I lasted just exactly thirteen days in that business. Things came too slow for me at that time, and I started to gamble, and those were the results.

The town of Bisbee was kept up by the Copper Queen Mining Company, situated in a canyon, where it was impossible for two wagons to pass one another, as the canyon was very narrow and the houses were built on the slopes.

The Copper Queen Mine was discovered by a man by the name of [George] Warren.<sup>16</sup> He was prospecting. It was and is one of the largest copper mines in the world. Warren's only ambition was to be able to get the booze. He sold this mine for several hundred dollars, but the Copper

<sup>16</sup> George Warren discovered copper in 1877 in what is the Bisbee, Warren, and Lowell area. The Copper Queen Mine, discovered by him, is said to have paid its owners over a hundred million dollars. (Wylllys, *Arizona*, pp. 220, 286. For stories about George Warren, see Miller, *Arizona, the Last Frontier*, p. 36.)

Queen had allotted him a monthly allowance after the mine was developed, and erected his statue, a life-size monument for him, which is there now.

One evening a Mexican walked into Robert's saloon and stood watching a game of faro. He put his hand on the shoulder of one of the players, who resented it by dropping his shoulder and causing the Mexican to fall forward. The Mexican was drunk. However, he got up, left the saloon, came back in ten minutes, stood at the door, fired eleven shots into the crowd, and wounded two and killed one. A posse was formed. It rained slightly so they had no trouble in trailing this Mexican to his adobe. They found him on his bed feigning sleep, and they looked under his bed where they found the rifle, which was still warm. They lynched him in a tree.

A store owned by a man by the name of [Joe] Goldwater was held up one day about 4:30 in the afternoon by four riders who came into town. Two of them entered the store while the other two stood on guard, back to back, with two six-shooters in their hands, and kept on shooting to keep the people away. They killed three people. The two men in the store choked Goldwater and took away his money. The four backed out of town, shooting, and escaped to Mexico, about twenty miles. Three months later they were captured in Mexico and brought back to Tombstone. It was claimed that the job was put up by a man by the name of Heath [John Heith], who was a bartender at that time, at Bisbee, Arizona. Heath was also arrested and brought to Tombstone. While the trial was in progress a vigilante committee was formed by the citizens, and Heath was taken out of jail by overpowering the Chief of Police. They got a hold of Heath and hung him on a telegraph pole. Before his body was pulled up he asked the crowd not to fill his body full of lead, and they obeyed. The other four fellows ([Dan] Dowd and three others) were condemned to die by hanging. One week prior to their final passage, John L. Sullivan, then the champion heavyweight of the world, was touring the country and had stopped at Tombstone. While there he visited the jail, and [Daniel] Kelly, one of the men to be executed — he wrote poetry — said to Sullivan, "You have the reputation of being a champion, you can knock them out, one at the time, but we have a man here who can beat you." Sullivan in his astonishment asked him, "Who?" and Kelly said, "His name is [J. H.] Ward — he is the Sheriff — next Friday he is going to knock us out." It was quite a joke for Sullivan. But not so when the day of the execution arrived. They built the gallows and they had

sacks of sand to balance the bodies. Sheriff Ward was so nervous that he could not cut the cord, but Sheriff Paul, from Pimo County (Tucson), had taken a knife and cut the rope for him, dropping the four bodies; and they died like sticks.<sup>17</sup>

#### CHARLESTON, ARIZONA

The town of Charleston was beginning to die, as the mines were petering out; the mills and the smelter were about to be shut down. I had to look for new fields. I got acquainted with two cowpunchers, Pony Deal, who was thirty-three years old and dark, and the other, John Barnes, was twenty-one years old and blond. They were leaving the territory of Arizona, and they wanted me to go to New Mexico with them, which I had promised to do. My horse was all ready with bags and guns at 4 P.M. to leave. An old man about sixty-five years old, who heard of my agreement with the boys, had taken me back in the yard of the saloon and in a whispered voice said, "Sam, you don't know what you are doing; you don't belong to that class, and don't say a word to anybody about my saying this." He was afraid. He stopped me for a moment, but I said, "Why, I can take care of myself. I know what it is all about." But my mind began to roam and wonder and ponder why he did this. It kind of got on my nerves. When the time arrived for our departure I said, "Fellows, I have changed my mind. Instead of going to New Mexico, I am going back home to California."

They tried to persuade me, but nothing doing. About five days later they were arrested in New Mexico for burning a house down and killing a man and a woman. They hung Deal on an empty lot, and Joh[n]ny Barnes was sent to the Missouri State Penitentiary — they had no penitentiary

<sup>17</sup> This incident is the Bisbee Massacre of 1883. Six men, apparently led by John Heith (Heath), conspired to hold up the store of Castaneda & Company, owned by A. A. Castaneda and Joe Goldwater, a Jew. (Goldwater was the granduncle of Barry Goldwater, U. S. Senator from Arizona since 1953. See Joseph Stocker, *Jewish Roots in Arizona*, pp. 7 ff.) The five, in addition to Heith, were Omer W. Sample, William E. Delaney, Dan Dowd, Daniel Kelly, and James Howard. During the robbery, the desperados killed four people. All were later caught. Heith was lynched on February 22, 1884. The other five were later hanged, legally, all at one time. Sam Aaron's account varies in several details from that given in Joseph Miller, *Arizona, the Last Frontier*, pp. 218 ff. Cf., also, Martin, *Tombstone's Epitaph*, pp. 224-34.

in New Mexico at that time. His hair turned white over night. It was a narrow escape for me. Again fate was kind to me.<sup>18</sup>

The miners in Tombstone were striking for higher pay, and the company had enough ore at their mills and smelters at Charleston to keep going three or four months. The miners sent a committee to Charleston asking for the support of the mill and smelter men (nonunion) to go out on strike in sympathy. I was elected as chairman, called the meeting of the smelter and mill men, and we decided to walk out and help the miners. We shut down the plant. There was a Welshman who had a brother working in this smelter, and they had a prospect of copper mining. You could see the native copper in the ore in the Whetstone Mountains [a few miles northwest of Charleston]. Eight of us agreed to go over and work this prospect. We had no money to start with. We dug trails, cut trees, and put up charcoal pits for charcoal making. We built a furnace, and in order to create a blast strong enough to melt the ore, we had to move our fan at about 2,000 revolutions per minute. We built a fan wheel out of wood and covered it with sheet iron, and the power used was a mule windlass, making the wheel big and reducing the fan wheel. After three days our improvised machinery went to splinters as it could not stand the strain. The mine was a very rich one. I was there about six months and was getting into a very delapidated shape; so were my cloth[e]s, and my shoes. I looked a sad plight. Any place where I entered to eat gave me the cold shoulder and turned me down. They blamed me for calling the strike.

The miners won their strike, but we went to them to help us to get reinstated, but they said, "Nothing doing"; so we got the worst of it, and I was out of luck.

I joined an outfit to go into Mexico and buy cattle to bring them back into the U. S. A. to sell. Those cattle had small bodies, large heads and horns. In Sonora, Mexico, about thirty-five miles from the line (border), was one of our first camps.

Water is very scarce there, and at times when it did rain it downpoured in a cloudburst. The natives make a dam and save the water out of the

<sup>18</sup> Pony Deal and John Barnes, friends of the Clantons, were said to be rustlers and outlaws. Pony Deal may have been a stagecoach bandit. Deal and Barnes were enemies of Wyatt Earp. Myers, *The Last Chance*, pp. 86, 127-28, 183, 200-2, 216, 226, 237, reports that Barnes died of wounds inflicted by Earp and that Deal was killed in a gunfight.

canyon, and the water stays there, covered with a green scum. The cattle and the humans used that water.

The Mexicans at that time did not have much use for a "Gringo." They charged twenty-five cents for a canteen of water. Their mode of living was very primitive. They would kill a beef by shooting him in the head, and they would lay the carcass on its back, skin the hide down the center of the body, and remove the flesh in chunks. They would strip the flesh and salt it and throw it over a line for sun curing. The climatic condition would spoil the meat in a few hours unless cured.

The children up to nine or ten years old would run around naked, and no morals were known to the peons. All they wanted was tobacco and blankets. The country was very rich. They could do mine prospecting in a crude way, melt the ore of silver, make a sheet of silver about  $\frac{1}{4}$ " by 18" by 12"; this would net them about \$200.00. They would not work any more until that money was gone.

I purchased a pony from an Apache Indian, which was in my possession for about nine months prior to my entry into Mexico. While at this camp the Mexicans had sprung a brand on me, similar to the one on my pony, and claimed the horse. We went before the Don Pedro and he told us that this was the custom of the country, if they could show the brand. The only alternative I had was to buy the horse all over again, so I asked them how much they wanted for the horse. They said, "\$35.00," so I said, "Good," in Spanish, and "I will give them the money tomorrow." I told the boys that I was going to steal my own horse and ride him over the line. About 1:30 A.M. I saddled the old boy and rode in across the line, taking a chance of a Mexican bullet, and I waited for my outfit to come back. They brought out 1,500 head of cattle. We drove them to Tucson, about 100 miles, to load them on a trip to ship them to Anaheim, California. Unloading at Anaheim, California, we drove the cattle out about six miles to pretty fair pasture to fatten them. There was no fence law at that time, but there was a fence running alongside the road. We put a temporary fence up. On the opposite end was a deep gully (wash out) about thirty feet deep, that corralled the cattle in pretty fair, but a jackass, then unbeknown, was with the cattle, started to bray, and frightened the cattle. They first came to the fence and could not carry it, turned around and went to the chasm, turned again and came to the fence, and carried it with them. In the morning, when daylight broke, we had dis-

covered about forty head in this gully that we had to kill. We had a hell of a time to round up the cattle. It took us four days to do it. These cattle in Mexico used to eat mesquite brush, but this wonderful clover was like giving them castor oil. The cattle cost us \$7.75 to land in California. We figured we were going to make some money, but the venture was a failure. . . .

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