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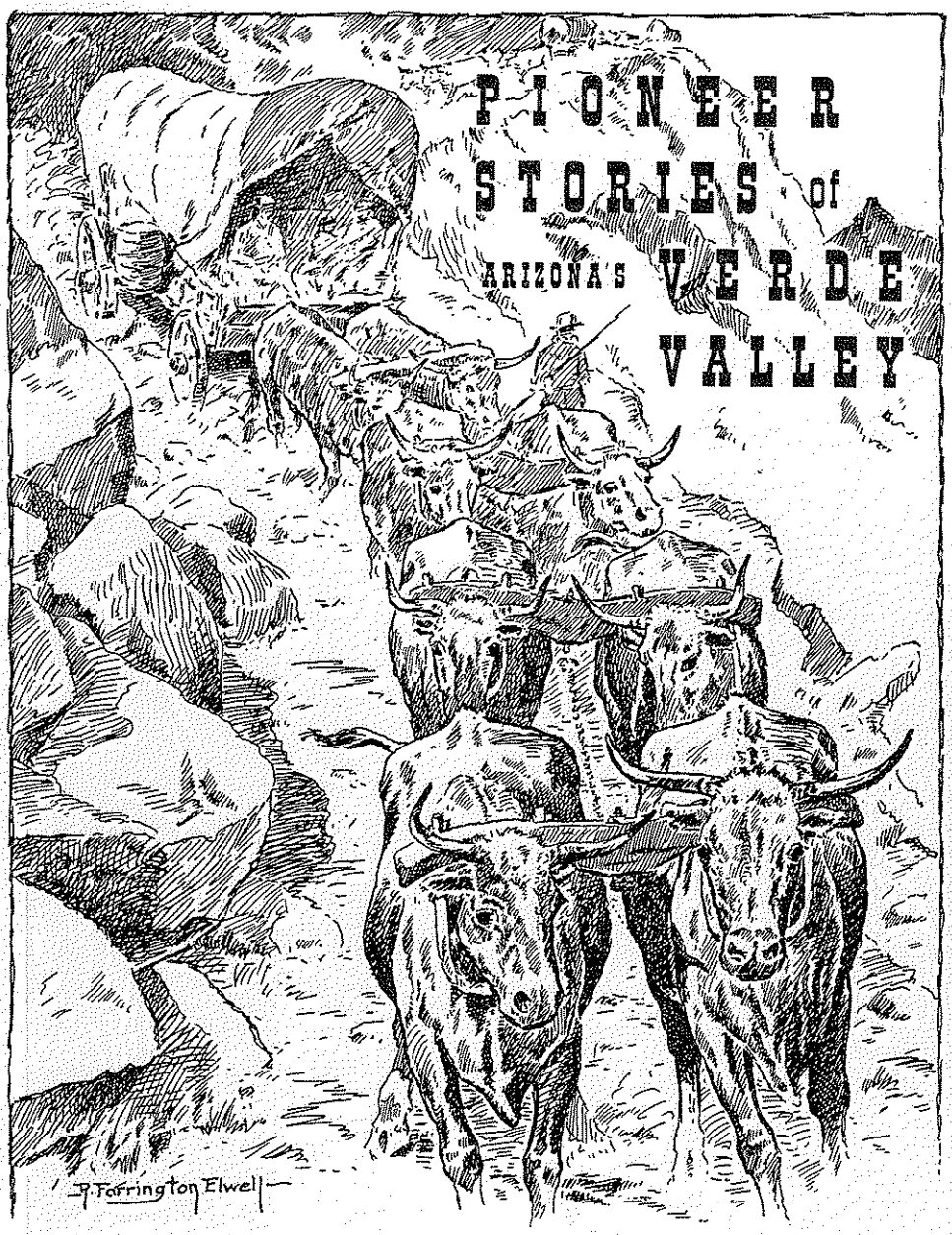

PIONEER STORIES

of Arizona's

VERDE VALLEY

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The Verde Valley Pioneers Association

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Dedicated . . .

To those old timers whose courage, strength and perseverance tamed one of America's last continental frontiers and made the Verde Valley so good a place to live.

This fourth printing of "Pioneer Stories of the Verde Valley" is presented by the Camp Verde Historical Society, organized in January 1972.

The Society is the successor to the Fort Verde Museum Association, and is dedicated to preserving the history of Camp Verde and the Verde Valley for future generations.

Corrections:

Page 125 Ewan Witt teacher at Middle Verde School in 1877 instead of 1886

Page 153 Wingfield and Rogers killed on July 2, 1899 instead of June 2.

Page 171 Picture is of Mrs. Anna Scott, not Ida Zalesky.

PIONEER STORIES

OF

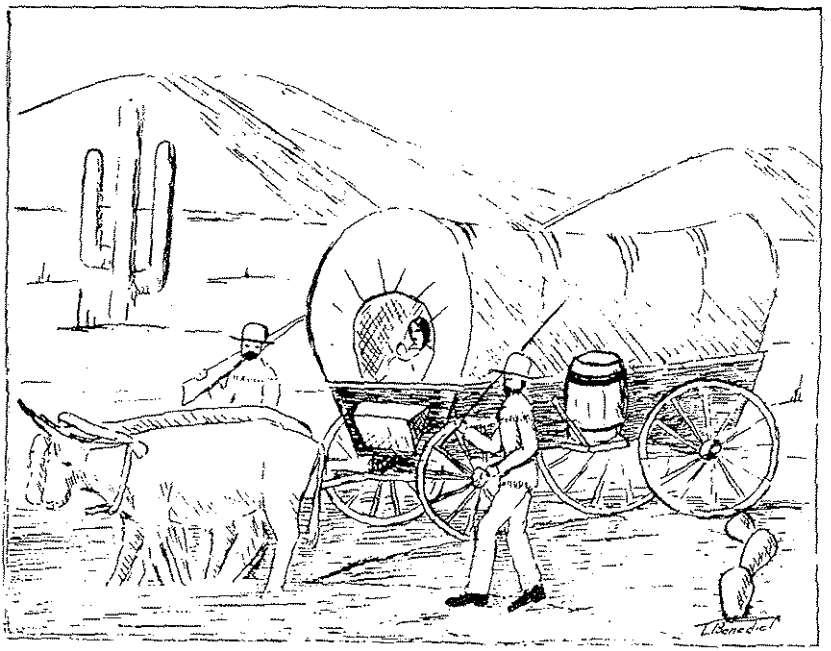
THE VERDE VALLEY

OF

ARIZONA

AS TOLD BY THEMSELVES
AND COMPILED BY THE
BOOK COMMITTEE

Published December, 1933



THE HISTORY OF CAMP VERDE

By Ruth Wingfield

Geographically, Camp Verde is situated on the fertile banks of the Verde River. The latitude is 34 degrees and 34 seconds north, and longitude is 35 degrees west from Washington. With an altitude of only three thousand five hundred feet, consequently, the climate is moderate. High surrounding mountains lend protection against extremes of temperatures. Thus a pleasant season may be warranted nearly any time of the year.

Historically, Camp Verde is one of Arizona's outstanding centers of pioneer days.

Settlement began soon after the organization of the Territorial Government and the establishment of Prescott, Arizona. Among the earliest groups of hardy pioneers who attempted to settle the banks of the Verde River, there was a party consisting of Dr. J. M. Swetnam, William L. Osborn, Clayton M. Ralston, Henry D. Morse, Jake Ramstein, Thomas Ruff, Edward A. Boblett, James Parrish, and James Robinson. Early in January in the year 1865, they left Prescott on foot. However, one horse packed with blankets, cooking utensils, and sufficient provisions to last them ten days was taken along. They knew the danger of the Apaches, but they were well armed.

Their route followed the road to Woolsey's ranch, twenty-five miles east of Prescott; thence along the Chaves' Trail to the head of Copper Canyon where they were guided by an Indian trail to the Verde River. Originally the river was called the San Francisco River, according to K. S. Woolsey, Lieutenant Colonel of Commanding Volunteers from the Weaver and Walker mines, in his report of August 28,1864, but later the name was changed. At that time the river was only fifty feet wide and two feet deep. It was grown up with moss, while now it has a wide bed which carries large floods every spring.

After a trip of three days, the party reached the river bank, waded across, and camped on the other side. Although it was midwinter there were traces of spring in the valley as contrasted to the snow in Prescott. Black grama grass waved in the breeze. The men were pleased. Early next morning they divided into two groups to explore the surrounding country for a site. One took the Clear Creek region then called Clear Fork, while the other explored around the Beaver Creek tributary. After three or four days they decided to settle in the v-shaped point between the Verde River and Clear Creek. The site had many advantages. Water could be brought from Clear Creek for irrigation, and most essential of all, the position was advantageous in instance of an Indian attack. The latter offered them a great deal of concern as moccasin tracks had been found, and one party excitedly related that they had seen a group of Indians in the distance.

Soon the group returned to Prescott to make preparations for establishing a settlement. At Fort Whipple everyone tried to persuade them to abandon the venture. But early in February they set forth with a party of nineteen. Supplies and provisions were loaded in six wagons drawn by oxen. Four days later they reached the Verde Valley.

Trouble first came, not from the Indians, but from dissension among themselves over the site. Some were dissatisfied with the location. The weather was disagreeable and stormy. All were impatient at the delay, as they wished to get shelters built as soon as possible. Finally J. M. Melvin, Thomas Ruff, C. M. Ralston, Mac Foster, Edward Boblett, John Lang, and Jake Ramstein pitched camp at the place previously chosen between the river and Clear Fork. Work began the next morning. An old ruin aided in the construction of an enclosure sixty feet long and forty feet wide. A well was dug, and after two surveys—the first was not exact and a waste of time—a ditch and dam were completed.

As quickly as possible and with few implements, the land was cleared. By May 10th over two hundred acres had been planted in barley, wheat, corn, potatoes, beans, melons, and garden truck. In August the first load of barley was taken to Prescott. It was not good grain, but it was the result of hard labor. The stems were so short that they could not be cut well with a scythe and cradle, so the men pulled the barley like flax, beat it out with flails, or tramped it out with oxen, and the grain was separated from the chaff by a man standing on a stool. He poured the heads slowly on the ground, letting the wind blow the chaff and straw away. Naturally some of the gravel and dirt remained in the grain. At first the quartermaster at Fort Whipple refused to take the poor grade of barley. In San Francisco a much better quality could be purchased. Dr. Swetnam told him that the soldiers were sent to protect the settlers, but they stayed at the fort while the settlers went into regions surrounded by Apaches and did all they could to develop the country; then after all manner of hardships, the quartermaster refused to buy their product at any price. He believed that it was the duty of the fort to help them by buying the barley. After this conversation, the quartermaster offered the regular price and finally made arrangements to purchase all the grain and corn that could be raised.

Indians disturbed the settlers a great deal. Lots of corn and grain were stolen. A group of Indians was caught driving away some of the cattle. As a protection two or three men were stationed on guard at the fort all the time. On the night of August 22nd when the corn was ripe, the men decided to keep watch in the corn field. About two o'clock Dr. Swetnam and Polk James took their turn in the field. As they watched, the moon slipped behind a cloud. Swetnam shot at something that moved in front of him. It fell, and he quickly dragged the prostrate body nearer. Instantly arrows flew around them; then all was still. The two men sat silently listening, fearing every moment that another shower of arrows

Monument to Pioneers

would come. Breathlessly with guns loaded, they waited, trying to quiet their excited minds. Soon, however, they realized that the rustling sound was only the wind among the corn leaves. Swetnam examined what he believed to be the inanimate body of an Indian. In surprise he discovered it to be a bag made of an Indian blanket, filled with corn.

In response to the pressing call for more protection, the commander at Fort Whipple detailed Lieutenant Baty with sixteen men to go into the valley about the middle of September. Soon he proved to be a coward and was relieved by Lieutenant McNeal who with a small reinforcement realized the danger and became of notable assistance to the settlers.

How much we owe these hardy pioneers! Altho the danger was not so great after the troops came, they suffered fearlessly during the days of organization. Profits were small and labor was difficult. Nearly all of the farms had been built near the fort. Dr. Swetnam settled on what is known as the Shield Ranch. This ranch, situated at the point where the Verde River and Clear Creek come together, became recognized as the first permanent settlement.

As the establishment slowly grew, the need for a more advantageous position was realized. Camp Lincoln was established for this purpose in 1864 or 1865, two miles from the present site, on the east bank of the Verde River. It was on the old Santa Fe and Apache Trail and was effective in protecting the settlers on the Verde by operating against the Apaches east of the river. The volunteers who located Camp Lincoln came across the Mogollon Mountains, via Chavez Lake (afterward called Stoneman Lake by John J. Marion). They consisted of New Mexico volunteers, Colonel Chavez, and one company under Captain Cervantes.

Supplies were secured from Whipple. The old mail trail from the army fort east of Camp Lincoln came over Baker's Butte, then crossed the Verde ruins, and over the west range through Government Gap, past the old stone house in Agua Fria Valley, and over Lynch Creek hill to Fort Whipple. A road it was termed, yet it was merely two dim trails.

The settlers and soldiers in Camp Lincoln followed these lines of travel. Wales Arnold was post trader at the post. He came into Arizona in 1864 or before, enroute to Mexico with a command of soldiers. At Yuma he was honorably discharged. From there he came to Fort Lincoln.

In February 1865 Arizona was transferred from the Department of New Mexico to the Department of California. January 4th, 1866, the following year, H. S. Washburn was ordered to take command of the fort. The command consisted of Company A.: Lieutenant Cervantes, thirty-five men; Company E.: eighty-eight men and one second lieutenant. Captain Washburn did commendable work, but the settlers suffered a great deal. On September 12, 1866, in his report, he said the Indians were harvesting the corn at the rate of thirty to forty bushels nightly. All of his soldiers were sick, and twelve men had to be kept on the Clear Creek settlement.

The seriousness of the situation is depicted by many stories that are still told. In 1867 or 1868 Lieutenant Cradlebough was sent from Whipple to the valley with a detachment of soldiers. Jackson McCracken, the discoverer of the famous mine which bears his name was with the party. The first night out after they had picketed their horses and made camp, the slumbering soldiers were awakened in the night by a shower of bullets and arrows. Nearly all the horses were killed in the attack, but only one man was shot down. McCracken hugged a small sapling tree about six inches in diameter for protection. He was a stout man, and years after in telling the story, he said he would have given all of Arizona to have had that tree six inches larger.

Another experience that has been retold many times is of a party of fifteen prospectors who in 1869 outfitted themselves in Santa Fe, New Mexico, and came into the eastern portion of Arizona, looking for placer diggings. They were successful, but the Indians attacked them while they were at work, killed four or five of the party, and took the provisions and animals. The party came straggling down Clear Creek where they met a detachment of soldiers. The soldiers, believing them to be Indians, fired more than fifty shots before the half-starved men could convince them of their mistake.

Camp Lincoln was on the wrong side of the river, and the small mesa was not large enough for the amount of buildings required. In 1870 General Crook and Colonel Grover selected the present site and called it Camp Verde. The government sawed the lumber on Cherry Creek and built the Cherry Creek road. Colonel Grover of the Third Cavalry laid out the post and placed the buildings. The garrison was built in 1870 and 1871.

Colyer, in 1871, established a temporary reservation for the Indians near Camp Verde as it was the dividing line between the Apaches and Yavapais. The Indians were in a pitiful condition. Dissention was prevalent. The white men had taken the farming land in the valley away from them. Some were starving. In the Red Rocks, north of Camp Verde, redskins who had found refuge in the rough precipitious canyons

were routed by the troops in 1872. Eventually two thousand Apaches surrendered unconditionally in April 1873. During the same year at Camp Verde about two hundred twenty-four Indians, mostly Apache Mohaves, were transferred to the Indian reservation. No time was lost in putting them to work as there was much to be done in establishing the reservation on an organized basis so that it would be of benefit to the Indians. Colonel Julius W. Mason supervised the construction of an irrigation ditch while Walter S. Schuyler had immediate charge of the reservation. Tools were few. Some were sent from Fort Whipple, but many of the men had to use sharpened sticks hardened in the fire. The Apaches soon completed the ditch. It was five miles long with a width of four feet and a depth of three feet. Forty-seven acres of land were cleared and planted in melons and other garden truck. Preparations for planting corn and barley on a large scale were made. The Indians were happy. Prospects were bright, but the "ring" of Federal officers secured the issue of peremptory orders that the Indians should leave at once for the mouth of the San Carlos to be herded with the other tribes. This removal, made in March 1875, was in charge of Special Commissioner Dudley. On the way the Tontos and Yavapais had a fight among themselves in which five were killed. They were not in favor of the move; many ran away.

As the Indians were gradually subdued, settlers established their own ranches. Many today are designated by the names given them in these early days. The Verde Ranch was settled by Judge Wells and his father in 1860 or 1864. The old pioneer ranch known as the Diamond S Ranch was located at nearly the same time. M. K. Lerty settled in about 1870 in the present Fain place. Among those who came in at this time were John and George Hance. They were merely boys when in December 1868, by way of Grief Hill, they entered the valley. Hugh Richards was the post trader at Camp Verde from the erecting of the buildings until 1872. He then sold out to Head and Company. Later they sold to McRogers and Wingfield. The settlement of Camp Verde proper began in about 1879 or 1880. Wales Arnold, Joe Burroughs, Bob Bell, and Bill Wilson settled on Beaver Creek. Captain Jackson settled on Oak Creek in 1878.

The camp was abandoned by the soldiers in 1890.

During the year 1875 cattle were driven in from Texas and gradually the surrounding hills were stocked as the country was well suited to that occupation. The ranges came to be recognized as those of the best in Arizona. Overstocking resulted, but the Forest Service came to the rescue. Measures were adopted to protect the watersheds.

Farms dotted the river's edge. Gardening and fruit growing were profitable. Irrigation on a very large scale was a prob'em. It was solved by the construction of the Wood's ditch. With the growth in settlement came the need for roads.. The town, in time, was at the junction of two highways; one from Phoenix via Prescott to Flagstaff, and the other from Phoenix via Globe. Schools, too, found their

place in the community. In 1916 a grammar school was built, and later a small high school was constructed. It burned a few years after. However it was replaced in 1923. Perhaps the greatest boon has been the location of a sodium sulphate mine by a man named Baker who came from Los Angeles, California. The control of the mine has changed hands a number of times. Operation has never been stable, but some interest has been maintained. After the mining towns of Jerome and Clarkdale were established, numbers of miners located claims for copper and gold mines in the hills around Camp Verde, but a large deposit has never been found.

The archaeologist and historian have discovered a very interesting field in the vicinity. Montezuma Castle and Wells are only a few miles from Camp Verde. Down the river there are more Indian dwellings. One of the strangest things about the sodium sulphate mine is that stone tools have been found in the very heart of the deposit. All through, layers of woven fabric have been discovered. Torches, Indian sandals made of fiber resembling Yucca fiber, have been unearthed. Two Indian bodies partially preserved by the chemical reaction of the deposit, were uncovered. One of the Indian squaws living in Camp Verde, claimed the first body to be that of her father. However after much persuasion, some of the old timers who knew where her father was buried, convinced her that she was mistaken. Captain Smiley, an Indian recognized by the government for his service in capturing Geronimo, lives in the Indian village near the town. Another item of interest to the historian is the "Apache Battle Ground" which is forty miles east of Camp Verde, near Long Valley.

There in a rather secluded spot between the hills, Camp Verde seems to lessen the link between the lives of the Indians, the pioneers, and ourselves. Indian dwellings, the soldiers' old adobe buildings, their parade ground, and tales repeated by old timers vivify our relations with those hardy men who bravely made their way before us. Camp Verde kindles our interest in the early days. For this reason it will be remembered.

PICTURES ON OPPOSITE PAGE

"The Desert Shall Blossom as The Rose." Top, the Munds family crossing the desert. Center, C. C. Callaway plowing. Bottom, a typical Verde Valley home.

EARLY HISTORY OF JEROME

EXTRACT FROM JEROME REPORTER

December 28, 1899

The history of the Jerome of today known to all boards of trade commences in 1873, with the advent of a party of prospectors in the Verde Valley. The personnel of this little band of men was such as would lead to expectations of great things from them. At their head was Captain John D. Boyd, a man of vast experience in mining and with him the O'Daugherty brothers, John and Ed.; the former an expert assayer, the latter a graduate of a medical college. To these men belongs the honor of blazing the way for those who have followed. With an acumen that has no parallel they judged the field correctly on their first trip. Locations made in a few short months are worth today hundreds of millions.

In 1873 they located the North and South Chrome, the North and South Azure, the Gift and the North and South Venture— now the United Verde mine—and the Cliff; farther south the Oak and adjacent claims now known as the Copper Chief and the Iron King mines. These properties were so well thought of that millionaires fought over them in courts for years.

It must not be thought that this band of experienced men did not realize the value of the property or that they were deficient as to the understanding of the legal steps necessary to secure it to them. Their assays showed $35 in gold and $100 in silver. The new field was organized into a new mining district; rules and regulations were formulated that stand and govern to this day. Captain Boyd was made president. G. V. Kell, who had joined them, was the first recorder of the district.

Professor G. A. Treadwell was one of the first friends of the mine, and the promoter who organized a company to work it. In the directorate was ex-Governor Tritle and John Thomas. The financial backer was the famous and oft-times notorious capitalist, Jerome of New York. Mr. Jerome made it a condition precedent to his investment that the camp be called Jerome.

In 1884 the original United Verde Copper Company found itself in sore straits. Bad weather, unruly teamsters, refractory ores and an inability to raise money on copper bullion on the dump made it necessary for the company to suspend operations.

W. A. Clark of Montana had seen samples of United Verde ore at the New Orleans Exposition, and upon learning that the interests were on the market, visited Jerome, in company with J. L. Giroux, then a mine foreman for Mr. Clark in Montana. Previous to this time, no less eminent mining experts than Prof. Douglass had passed adverse sentence upon the property. Messrs. Clark and Giroux made a thorough examination of the mine and proposed to the company that they operate it under a lease for three months, with privilege of purchasing the property at the expiration of that time. The

G. W. Hull
"Daddy of Jerome"

original company was capitalized at three millions — 300,000 $10 shares—160,000 shares were placed in escrow to be taken by Mr. Clark at $1 a share. In four months' time under the management of Superintendent Giroux, enough bullion had been produced to take the stock out of escrow, and immediately thereafter Mr. Clark began buying in all the stock possible until today it is stated that he owns over 92 percent of all the entire stock.

The construction of the United Verde and Pacific railway, 26 miles long, connecting Jerome and Jerome Junction, is one of the greatest achievements in railroad building. Forty-five degree curves are common, and the grades encountered are in places 3 percent. This also is the property of Mr. Clark and has for its Superintendent J. F. Wheaton. Gen. R. H. G. Minty is the Auditor. The traffic taxes the road to the bursting point.

As the smelter and mine were extended, the swift camp of Jerome kept pace. At first but a small gathering of canvas and pine board shacks, it rapidly became a city closely built up of pretentious edifices. Five times the fire fiend has invaded the town, the most disastrous visitation occuring in September, 1898, when the entire business portion, and a large part of the resident district were swept away. The repeated ravages of fire at last awoke the citizens of Jerome to a realization of the necessity of an incorporation, that a united effort might be made to prevent the yearly destruction of the town. It was incorporated and a Council appointed by the Board of Supervisors, consisting of the well-known citizens Michael Bradley, Arthur Cordiner, Doane Merrill, W. M. Munds, and R. S. Sturmer. These men named Mr. Munds, Mayor; R. E. McDowell, Clerk; F H. Perkins, Building Inspector; J. C. Duff, Street Commissioner; Frank Ferfuson, Marshal, and Thomas Miller, Deputy. These officers faced a most trying condition. The democratic methods of a mining camp were yet dear to property owners who objected strenuously to reasonable ordinances. In spite of all this, stringent fire and building regulations were drafted and today we have as a monument to their steadfastness a modern town of brick and stone, with cement sidewalks, graded streets, electric lights and telephone system, and a model police surveliance.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MINING CONGRESS JOURNAL

There were various plants operated at Jerome up to 1915. The demand for increased capacity and facilities for treating lower grade ores which could not be secured at the Jerome site on account of topographic limitations and the caving of the ground due to mining operations immediately below had made imperative the construction of a new plant at a more favorable site.

Difficulties of transportation into the district via U. V. and Pacific Railway, a narrow gauge road, added to the cost of operation.

Preliminary investigation of possible sites for the proposed Clarkdale Smelter was undertaken in 1910 and the present location was fixed as lending itself most satisfactorily to all aspects of the problem in hand. Ground was broken in 1912, and the first furnace blown in on May 26, 1915.

The rated capacity of the plant as designed and built was 4,500,000 pounds of copper per month with 5 per cent ore. There are about 900 men on the payroll during normal times.

The town of Clarkdale was laid out in 1914. It is generally spoken of as a model town. The streets are wide. In the center of the town is a large plaza dotted with trees and shrubs, and covered with grass. All the business houses and most of the dwellings are made of brick.

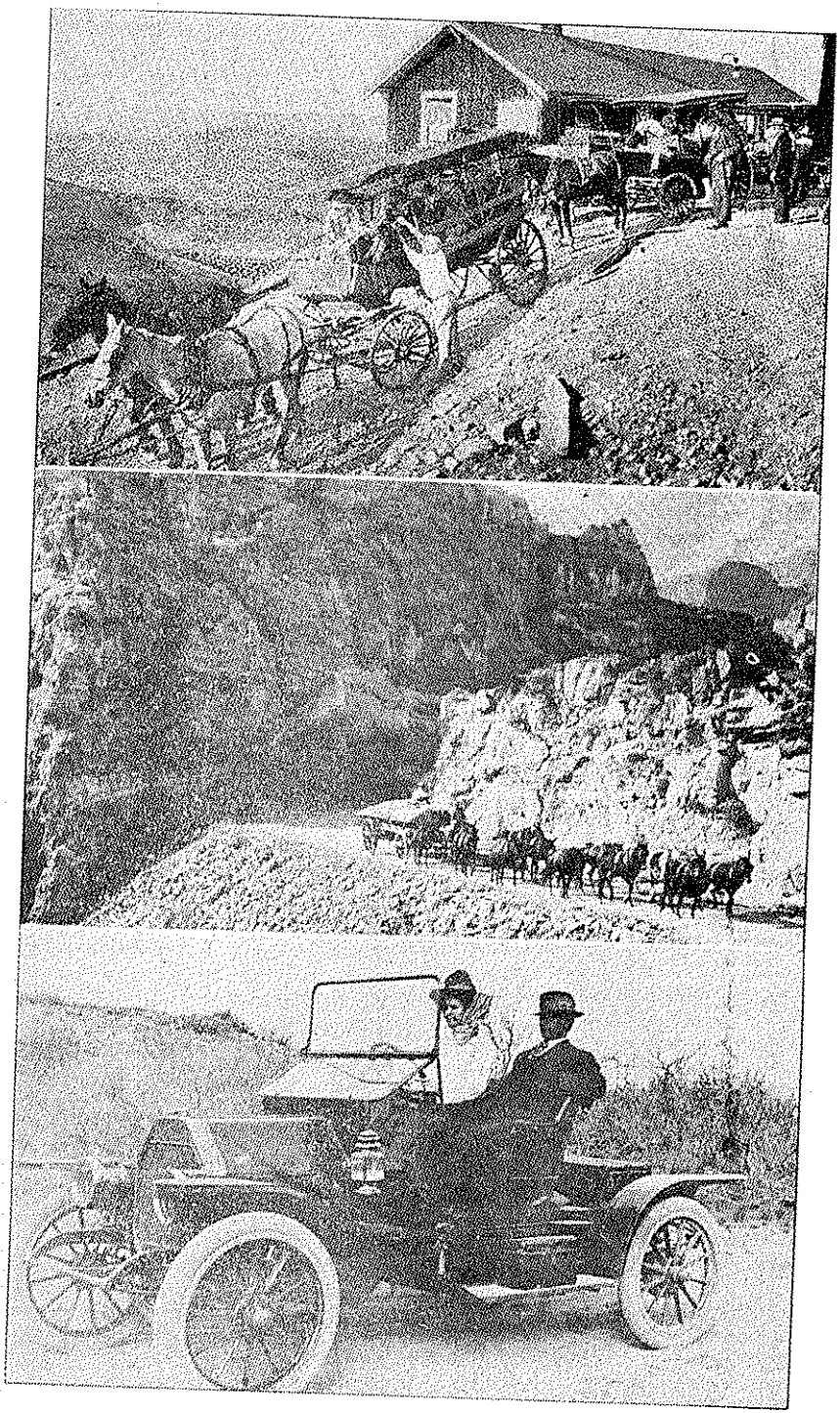
The Clarkdale School District has six modern brick buildings including domestic science, manual training, domestic art, and auto mechanics departments.

South of Clarkdale is another smelter town first called Verde then later named Clemenceau. The town and smelter were built in 1917-18 and operated by the U. V. X. Company. In normal times there are between 400 and 500 men on the payroll.

Between the two towns, Clarkdale and Clemenceau, has sprung the busy little town of Cottonwood. These three towns afford an excellent market for the produce of the Verde Valley.

PICTURES ON OPPOSITE PAGE

Top, view of Jerome, arrival of train at U. V. & P. depot. Center, stage coach. Bottom, Dr. Hawkins in the first auto in Jerome.



MEMORIES

by Mrs. Mary Boyer

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Boyer and Their First Home Built at Tapco.

I was born in Bloomington, Illinois, November 15, 1857. The greater part of my childhood was spent at my birthplace but in later years we moved to Canola, Kansas. It was here that I met James R. Boyer, (later my husband) who was at that time a merchant. On the tenth day of April, when I was sixteen, we were married and a year later left with ox-teams for Arizona. In October 1874 we arrived in what was then known as Fort Verde and made camp near what is now known as the Old "Calloway" ranch. My mother, Nan Darling Sessions, was so appalled at the sight of the valley that she begged to be taken right back to Kansas out of this "wild country."

The Verde River at that time was just about the size of the Woods ditch of today. Wild mustard and grass grew profusely everywhere and large cottonwood trees could be seen in the distance. The Black Hills and Squaw Peak loomed large and forbidding into the sky as if trying to hide some of the Apache Indians which roamed the country at that time.

My husband and brother-in-law, Bill Allen, took their ox-teams and grubbed wild hay for the Fort and traded for supplies. On one occasion the commissary clerk told them, "A little more hay and less dirt would suit them better." (The wagons and all were weighed and in getting the hay lots of soil would still cling to the roots.)

Jim (my husband) had his first

PICTURES ON OPPOSITE PAGE

Top, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ralston, on their Golden Wedding Anniversary, April 12, 1925. *Second row, left, E. A. Jordan and friends; right, E. W. Monroe, E. J. Monroe, Chas. Harbeson and Joe Tompkins. Third row, right, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Monroe. Bottom row, left, Mr. and Mrs. James Page; right, the old Casner home on Beaver Creek.*

job in Arizona at the Bullwhacker mine located near Dewey. I was the only woman at the mine who owned chickens and I sold all of the eggs at two dollars and fifty cents a dozen.

From Bullwhacker we moved to Cherry Creek, where there was a government saw mill. Here my husband made as high as twenty dollars a day hauling logs to the fort (whose name had been changed to Camp Sandy) and various places. As I was very fond of buttermilk, frequently he would bring me some from the valley. On one of his trips he bought me a five gallon can but on the way back to Cherry, at a place known as Toe-Nail Point, the oxen became frightened and turned the wagon over spilling the can which hit first one side of the canyon and then the other, making a perfect rainbow of buttermilk in the sky. (From then on the place became known as Buttermilk Gulch.)

At Cherry there was a large adobe house that the soldiers had used when they were stationed there and on days when the men were working all the women and children met there in fear of the Indians. Each day runners were sent out to keep watch. This special morning was Johnson's turn and early in the morning he left to make his rounds. Towards dusk he came dashing in. His hat had been lost and his saddle was all but slipping from his exhausted horse. He told us of how he had been chased by the Indians for miles and miles and finally shot in the leg. Taking him into the house we found that he had not been shot, but that in his wild ride a mesquite branch had hit his boot with such force that it resemb'ed a gun report, and in his fright thought that he had really been wounded.

Some time later we moved to what is now known as Tapco, (several miles above the present site of Clarkdale) and took up a ranch. While living there we had several Indian scares but none of them of a serious nature. The Jerome mines could then be bought for four span of mules.

From Tapco we moved to what is now known as Bumble Bee and ran a station for the stage running from Prescott to Phoenix. On one occasion the officers caught a desperado known by many as old Jack Swelling and on their way to Phoenix with him they stopped at our station over night. He was very dangerous and had to be kept in chains. I remember that I was so frightened that I never closed my eyes that night for fear of his getting loose.

During my life I have traveled considerably but always have returned to Arizona. Mr. Boyer died in 1930 at the age of 81. I have 10 children, 24 grandchildren and 23 great-grandchildren.

LOOKING BACK ACROSS THE YEARS

Since my sister, Mrs. Naomi Strahan, has already told of the trek our family, the James Oliver Bristow branch, made from Missouri to Cottonwood, in 1875, and since I was only two years old at the time, I shall skip that, and start with my first memory of our home in Arizona, where the town of Cottonwood now stands.

We first lived in a dug-out in the east bank of the canyon running back of the present jail. My father dug a square, back into the bank, then built the front of pickets or poles, and the roof of poles covered with dirt. He dug another small room in the bank behind the main room where my mother kept milk which was a very important part of our food.

My father brought several milk cows from Missouri. One of these had to work in the harness with an ox, when one of the oxen would get too footsore. We started with two yoke of oxen, but my father sold one yoke in New Mexico. He also brought with him a two year old filly, too young to work so the oxen had to do all the plowing, and hitched to the wagon, were our only means of conveyance when we wanted to go somewhere for some time. About a year later my father got a small mare that he hitched with the tall filly and a funny looking team they made! I can still see my father reaching out to urge the short legged mare to keep up with her long legged team-mate, and hear his "Get up there, you Doll!"

My father farmed a piece of land in the river bottom above Cottonwood, first taking out a ditch from the Verde for irrigating it. He raised corn and all the garden stuff he could for food, fresh and to store for winter.

At first there were no fences, and the younger members of the family herded livestock day times and corralled it at night. Later the men built fences of rails and the stock could be turned loose.

Then my father built a log house on level ground above our dug-out and across the canyon.

In those days malaria was common. Everyone had it in the summer. There were few, if any, floods, and the Verde River spread out wide, and so shallow you could cross it on clumps of grass. Willows and undergrowth were so heavy all over the river bed that the water was forced into standing pools which bred mosquitos. That may have been the cause of the malaria. Some thought we may have had it when we came, but when the run-off got bigger and the river was cleaned out occasionally with a flood, the malaria disappeared. My father used to say we were all sick, but that it never showed at the dinner table. Quinine was the only medicine we ever took for it, and it was a terrible job to get that down us children! My mother tried various devices, one being to wrap the bitter powder in the thin skin inside an eggshell and get us to swallow it. Often she would take a hot iron and make a very thin sheet of bread dough, then roll the quinine in that. She also wrapped it in onion skin successfully.

After a few years of this my father decided to sell out in the Valley where the feed was not so good and move to the mountains where it was better. First we moved to Oak Creek and then on to Beaver Creek where we lived at what is now Soda Springs, and my father irrigated a garden with the warm soda water.

Once, while there, everyone was warned that the Indians were on a raid and that we should all get together for protection. All the neighbors, four or five families of

us, went to the Montezuma Well Ranch, then owned by Bill Wingfield and where there was an adobe house with portholes to shoot through in case of attack. When the Indians broke out from the reservations and went on these raids, the soldiers from Camp Verde would go out and hunt them up and make them go back where they belonged. We stayed at the Well Ranch several days, for safety, camping near our wagons, and cooking over camp fires, till word that the danger was over. But we didn't see any Indians.

Another time we were warned of "Indian Scare," as we called it, when we were on the mountain, the spring after our parents' death. The Cliff family, our family, I think the Isaac Jones family and perhaps the Strahans, all went to the Henry Wingfield place, where Bill Wingfield was building a log house, and we camped in the unfinished house. We saw no Indians, but we did see the soldiers go by, and some said they had Indians with them.

Once my sisters went to a nearby Indian camp and asked an old woman if she would show them some scalps. She grinned and picked up a sack from the ground, but a buck standing near shook his head and she put the sack down.

Soon after we went to Beaver Creek, we began moving the cattle, for which we had traded the Cottonwood farm, to the mountain for the summer, and we gradually lost the malaria. We went to a place called Bear Springs, east of Stoneman's Lake. We used to get so hungry for fruit and vegetables, and once when my father made a ride to the Valley, he brought back a few tomatoes. We had a pine-log house with a quaking aspen log kitchen built onto it.

My older brothers and sisters went to school in Cottonwood, but the first winter on Beaver Creek there was no school. The second winter the parents of children built a log schoolhouse and I started to school there with Ed Mulholland for my teacher. We had only such schoolbooks as the older children of the families owned, and very few of them. My sister and I had only spellers, so we studied nothing but spelling. We had two lessons a day and we learned so many words, big words, too, that when we got readers, the next winter, we just sailed through them. We finished our first readers, couldn't get second ones, and jumped to third readers with no trouble. I guess we got some arithmetic books, too, that second year, and we also got slates and slate pencils. The children sat on long plank benches; there were no desks. The teacher had a desk and a chair that he must have furnished himself. There was no glass for the windows and on cold or stormy days the shutters had to be closed, but quite a bit of light came through the shakes on the roof, and the fireplace gave light, too.

In the spring when the creek was up, my father would take us to a narrow place and fell a tree across the creek for us to cross on to go to school. Often the tree would be carried away by the high water and he would have to fell another the next morning, but there were plenty of trees. One morning he cut an alder for us, and he told me and a neighbor child, Julie Jones, to wait while he led my sister across. I waited, but Julie started across alone. As he turned, off she went into the flood water! He made a leap and caught her as she hit the water, and set her, soaking wet and bawling, on the other bank, where she ran to the Cliff's house for dry clothing.

It was while we were living on

Beaver Creek that my father and Shelby Hutcheson had to make a trip to Prescott for supplies, in January. It was cold and stormy, and they camped at night on the long, slow journey with wagons. My father caught a severe cold, becoming worse as they went on. When they camped in Prescott, he died. He was buried in the Middle Verde Cemetery during a storm, in which my mother contracted pneumonia, and in a few days was laid beside him. My oldest brother, Conway, and his wife, Mollie, took the responsiblity, then, of caring for five orphaned youngsters, ranging from two to twelve years of age.

By Lenora Bristow Lee

CHILDREN OF YESTERDAY

William Dempsey Powell

Julia Allen Powell

We, the children of yesterday's, agree that we are a part of all that we have met.

William Dempsey Powell's ancestors came from England, pilgrims of English and Scotch descent, who settled in Virginia, and migrated West. Also, his forefathers fought in the War of 1812.

He was born on New Year's Day, 1846, in Carlsville, Illinois. Childhood memories were of farm life, cow pastures, buying, fattening and marketing.

At the age of sixteen he volunteered in the 152nd North Division Illinois regiment and served with "Union Forces."

After the war he went to Kansas, and located a cattle ranch at Little Caney River. In 1870 he met and married Miss Julia Allen.

Her ancestors came from England, pilgrims of English and Scotch descent, who settled in Virginia and migrated West, near Whiteville, Kentucky. She was born on September 17th, 1846. Childhood memories were of farm life, cow pastures, honking geese that supplied feathers for feather beds, pillows and food. They mi-

CHARLES DOUGLAS WILLARD

I am a pioneer of the State of Arizona, having lived in the Verde Valley for the past 75 years. I am 95½ years old and although I have been handicapped with blindness since 1945, I am quite active and apparently in good health for I seldom have an ache nor a pain. I always enjoy visiting with my many friends and guided by a rope I walk two miles a day. I am very much interested in politics and local and world events and manage to keep well informed through information gained from my radio, relatives, friends and readers. I live with my daughter and son-in-law, the Ersel Garrisons, in Cottonwood.

I am the son of Joel and Mary Vinyard Willard, who were the parents of twelve children. My mother was from Plattsville, Wisconsin, and my father was from Gascanade County, Missouri. They crossed the plains in '49 with a large caravan. I was born on a ranch September 12, 1858, in Lake County near Lake Port, California. At the time of my birth the Nation was just 82 years old.

In 1863 my parents moved to Los Angeles, where my mother and we children lived for about three years while my father prospected in Arizona. Los Angeles was then about the size of Cottonwood and was infested with criminals from everywhere and many of them were hung in the heart of the city by a Vigilante Committee. On April 14, 1865, President Lincoln was assassinated and the entire city went into mourning and hung black crepe on their door knobs.

In 1866 we moved to my grandfather Alexander Hamilton Willard's ranch in Sacramento Valley, about 16 miles from Sacramento, California. It was a very beautiful valley, the soil was rich black loam and the grass was green all through the year. We raised lots of fruit, wheat, barley, oats and hay and sold hay in Franklin for $7.00 a ton and grain for about three quarters of a cent a pound. Our fences were built of boards and a gang plow pulled by four horses was used to cultivate the land. All the children went barefooted because there were no shoes available and we walked 3 miles to school in Franklin. My grandfather, who was named for Alexander Hamilton, was a member of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, which was organized in 1804. He was buried in Franklin and a government headstone still stands at his grave in the Franklin cemetery.

In 1870 we moved to Pine Valley Nevada, which was 15 miles from Palisade and 90 miles from Eureka. My father bought cattle and horses and we raised oats and hay for the stock but were unable to raise many vegetables because it was so cold. Wild game such as sage and pine hens, grouse and deer were plentiful.

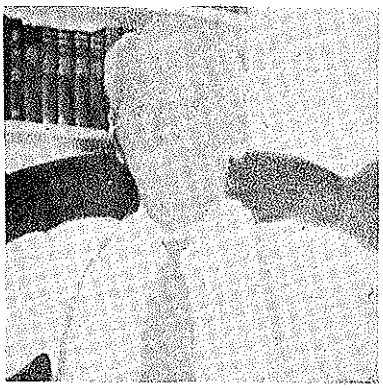
In September 1878 my father and five boys started for Arizona, driving our cattle and horses along with us. My father was an invalid at that time and he had to ride in a covered wagon. Feed was scarce and we lost many cattle along the way. We crossed the Colorado River at Stone's Ferry, the wagon was ferried across and we swam our horses and cattle over. We reached Dolan Springs, near Chloride and Kingman, Arizona, in December 1878 where my father died of pneumonia. We buried him there and later (1915) we transferred his remains to the Cottonwood cemetery. From Dolan Springs we traveled to the Baker ranch, which is now called Perkinsville, then down the Verde River and settled on a ranch in 1879 across the river from what is now the town of Clarkdale.

In 1885 my mother came from

Nevada via Flagstaff and homesteaded land in Cottonwood. We planted an orchard and raised grain, hay and garden truck and my mother had the large brick house built which still stands.

When I first saw the Verde Valley it was a hunter's and stockman's paradise. Wild game was everywhere and the grass was knee high and plentiful. The land was like a sponge and when it rained the water was absorbed into the ground immediately, so very little ran into the river channel and the small amount that did run into the river bed, stood in pools which became stagnant and polluted with malaria germs, consequently many people were stricken with malaria, but they had to administer their own medicine, such as calomel and quinine, because there were no doctors available. Most everybody that came to the Verde Valley brought cattle, horses or sheep with them and the stock soon trampled the spongy land down to solid ground, thus causing the rain water to run into the river channel, which was then only about 100 feet wide and the flood waters often rose to six or seven feet high, causing the river to cut into banks, change the course of the main river channel and the river bed spread to half a mile wide in places.

There were very few Indians left in that part of the country, most of them had been transferred to the San Carlos Reservation. There were only a few scattered ranches in Upper Verde Valley at that time, I recall the Duffs, Ed and Frank Jordan, Wingfields, Strahans, Hawkins, Carrolls and VanDerens. The nearest store and post office was located at the Government Post in Camp Verde and whenever any of the Upper Verde ranchers made a trip to Camp Verde they brought back all the mail for our part of the country and left it at the Strahan ranch



Charles Douglas Willard

and everyone picked up their mail from there. We bought a few of our supplies from the Post but hauled most of them from Prescott via the Cherry Creek road. Toenail Point on Cherry Creek was so steep on the east side that four horses could hardly pull an empty wagon up the grade. It took us at least four days to make the trip. We paid $3.00 for a 50 pound sack of flour, about $1.00 a pound for coffee and 25 cents a pound for sugar. We bought most of our potatoes from ranches on the Mogollon Mountains. Cattle increased so fast they were only worth $7.00 a head. Once I supplied the Gov. Post with 249 cords of wood and hauled it 11 miles for $7.00 a cord. Between 1885 and 1890 my brother Mack organized the Cottonwood Post Office and the Strahans built and operated the first store in Cottonwood.

In 1890 I owned some land and built my own home across the road from my mother's place and on June 11 of that year I married Ettie Jane Scott, who was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Scott who had come from California and settled in the Verde Valley in 1883. We had six children, two boys and four girls.

About 1892 Wm. A. Clark sent Joe Giroux from Butte, Montana,

to Jerome to do some prospecting, and as a result, the United Verde Copper mine was developed and Jerome grew to a lively mining town. Later, James Douglas opened up the Little Daisy mine and it was called the United Verde Extension Mining Co. I then started up a dairy at my home and peddled milk to customers in Jerome for about five years, then I bought the Jerome Dairy and operated it for about ten years. It still retains the name of Jerome Dairy.

In 1903 I joined the Masonic Lodge No. 14 in Jerome and in 1953 I received my fifty year Masonic pin of which I am very proud.

About 1913 the railroad was built from Drake to Clarkdale and Clarkdale grew from the grass roots and in May 1915 the Clarkdale smelter was started up by the United Verde Copper Co. It closed June 6, 1950.

About 1916 the Clemenceau smelter was started up by the United Verde Extension Mining Co. and Clemenceau was built. The smelter closed in 1935.

In 1916 I sank two artesian wells in Cottonwood and bought three more in Smelter City and these wells have supplied Smelter City and Cottonwood with water ever since that time. I also built the Willard Hall, Cottonwood Garage and several dwellings in Cottonwood.

I am the only one living of the Joel Willard family. My two daughters, Jennie Garrison and Alice Handcock, and I are the only ones left of my family.

Although I have experienced many hardships and sorrows in the Verde Valley, life has also been very good to me in many ways and I have no regrets that I settled here so many years ago.

Singing Wagon Wheels

By Roy Bell, 1949

Hark! Wagon wheels are coming down the hill.
My Mother spoke, we children were still.
For hours she'd waited for that welcome sound.
Our Dad was on the road and homeward bound.

Hark! Wagon wheels are in the rocky lane.
And we knew our waiting had not been in vain,
For Dad was coming home from towns afar,
Bringing loads of good things, tucked in can and jar.

Hark! Wagon wheels are turning in the gate.
The time has come, we won't have to wait,
For we know we'll find it, tucked away beneath the seat.
The "grub box," where we always find a treat.

Hark! The wagon wheels we hear no more.
We're busy now with grub-box on kitchen floor,
And Dad is washing at the home made sink,
While Mother fixes things for him to eat and drink.

We find bananas soft and brown,
A can of sweetened milk, a bit of cheese he bought in town.
A battered can of Quail brand jam,
And perhaps a tiny slice of ham.

But at last when Dad is fed,
And Mother says: "Now off to bed."
I wonder if you know how good it feels,
To fall asleep and dream of Singing Wagon Wheels.

old Pump House about eight miles south of Flagstaff. In 1896 they moved back to Oak Creek on the ranch that was known for years as the Old Purtymun place. Gold owns it now.

Steve and Martha had nine children, six boys and three girls. One of the little girls died when she was a baby. In 1901 the only children going to school, district number 4 in Oak Creek, were children of two families, the Purtymuns and the Thompsons. Later two of the Purtymun boys married two of the Thompson girls.

When Steve and Martha Purtymun's last child was two years old they separated and some time later she married Jim Cook. He had five children that she helped raise. Mother Cook was a typical pioneer woman. She did anything from ranching to the finest needlework. She was a wonderful observer of nature and enjoyed things that most people would pass by and never see.

They moved from Oak Creek to Lonesome Valley and finished raising their families on the place that is now known as the Hide-Out. Jim Cook raised horses and shipped them back east as long as there was a market. After all the children were grown and left home, they once more moved back to Oak Creek. Grandma Cook as everyone called her at this time, out-lived both her husbands and four of her children. She passed away December 1951 and would have been 94 years old the following March.

Written by: Mrs. Kenneth Greenwell, daughter of Albert Purtymun.

JESSIE BELLE SHELLEY, PIONEER

Jessie Belle Shelley was born July 24th, 1873 in Baker City, Oregon. Her father was William Wallace Nichols, who with his wife Lucinda, the former Lucinda Roach, raised cattle and horses. In 1877 the Nichols family decided to go to Nevada and they drove cattle and horses from Baker City to Bullionville, Nevada where they intended to settle; but in 1879 they decided to push into the virgin Territory of Arizona and again they drove horses and cattle into the Territory. They swam all the livestock except one prize stallion across the Colorado River. They ferried him across.

They landed in the Verde Valley that year and bought the rights of a man named Isaac Jones who began homesteading what was an unnamed tract of land traversed by an old wagon road leading from Oak Creek to Jerome. The Nichols built a rock house out of soft stone and the flat became known as "Rock House Flat." That stone house still stands and the flat was the scene of a great rehabilitation of soil project when owned by a Mr. Robert Hardgraves.

The road mentioned crossed one end of the land and where it crosses the Verde River it is still known as "Scott's Crossing." The family held Rock House Flat, homesteaded it, and lived there many years. They took their cattle and horses into the mountains about Jerome in summer. Had a summer cabin in Walnut Creek, one in Mescal Gulch, and tent houses in Deception Gulch and other places.

At that time Jerome was but a prospect and a man named Giroux

and the McKinnon brothers seemed to own what was then called the Eureka Group of mining claims. A mining engineer was sent into the district to inspect the Eureka Group by the late Senator W. A. Clark of Montana who sponsored its development to the extent that it became one of the world's greatest copper producers.

The Nichols furnished the Town of Jerome and its miners with beef, eggs and butter and before water was piped into the town, packed water into the settlement on burros; using 5 gallon oil cans for containers.

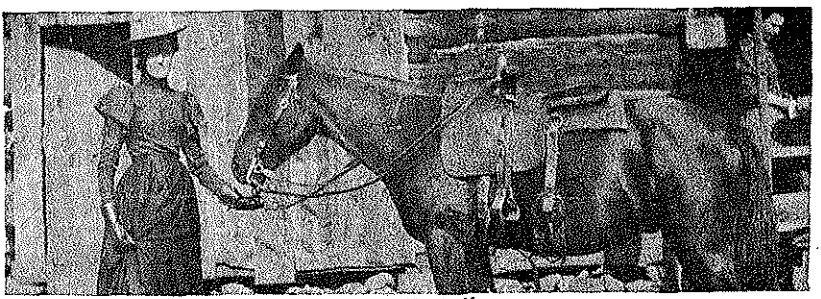
Mrs. Shelley's first schooling took place in the old Cottonwood School House then located in the north end of what is now Cottonwood Cemetery. Her first teacher, she recalls, was a man named Hoofer. She later attended the early day Jerome Public Schools. The first preacher she knew was Parson Windes, father of Dudley Windes, one of Arizona's Chief Justices.

December 26th, 1903, she married Frank Shelley, a miner, who worked in the mines above Jerome. Late in 1904 a son, Ray Vernon Shelley, was born to the couple on the spot now occupied by the Jerome Dairy. He was 19 months old when he was accidentally drowned in the Old Indian Reservation Ditch, now called the Cottonwood Ditch.

In 1913 the Shelleys established a cattle ranch on the lower end of Garland Prairie southwest of Flagstaff. After they were there a year, Frank Shelley decided he did not like the cattle business and left the country. Mrs. Shelley continued until 1936, having built up a fine cattle outfit. It became too cold for her. Bill Gray, her nephew, helped her along until he went to World War I and after that a Mexican named Dick Sedillo helped her until she gave up her mountain interests entirely.

She now lives in retirement on property she owns near Cottonwood. In her family of the Nichols, Arthur Nichols of Mayer, Arizona, and herself are the only survivors. Originally, Mrs. Shelley's mother was married to a man named Gardner. They had two children, a son, Ollie, and a daughter, Carrie, both deceased. Then she had two full brothers, John Nichols, deceased, and Arthur, already mentioned. She had two full sisters, Eva Gray, mother of the late William Gray, and the late Alice Mickle, mother of Mrs. Fred Boyd.

She says there was lots of malaria fever in the Verde Valley when she first came to it. The Verde River flowed in a definite course with grass covered banks as those were the days before erosion began too badly in the valley. Those days farmers raised good crops on the mountain. There was plenty of rain in summer and lots of snow in winter.



Jessie Bell Shelley