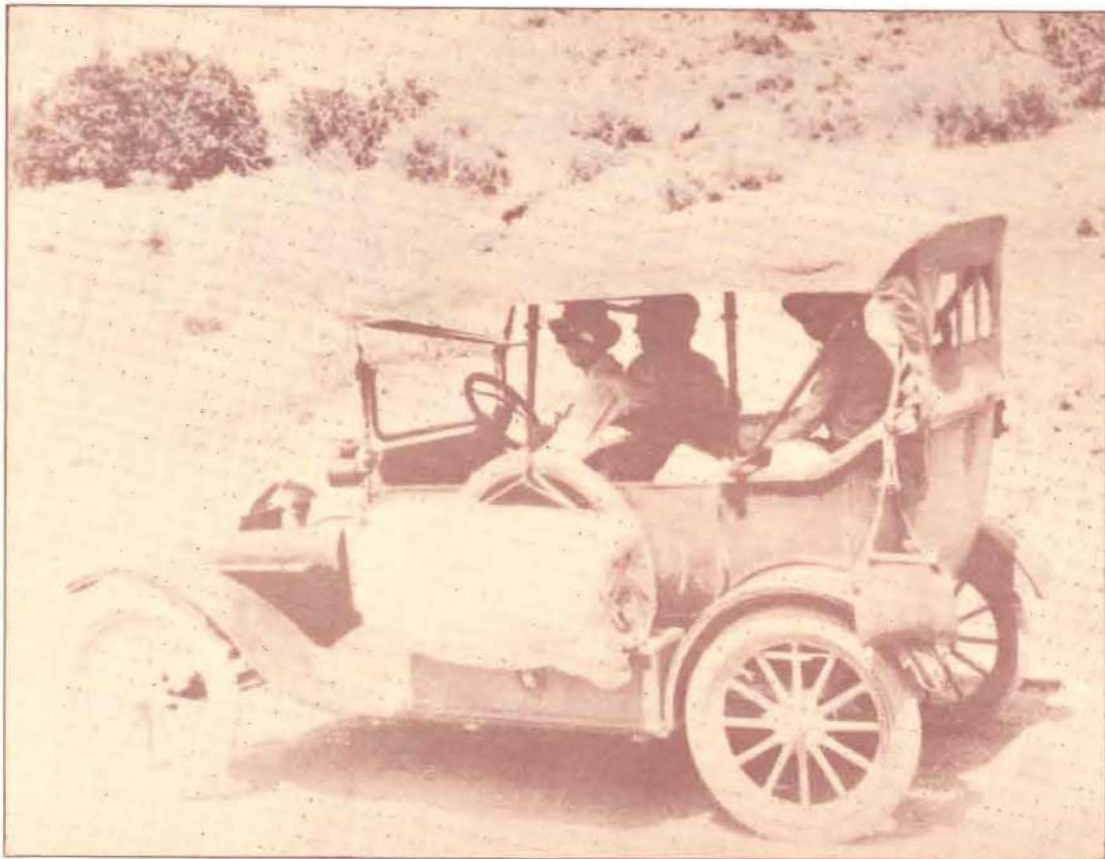


# THE COCHISE QUARTERLY

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Front Cover: 1916 Ford taking "girls" to Grand Canyon (1918).

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### Editor's Note

Ten years ago, in 1976, Helon Thompson Hendrix jotted down this "Memory" and sent a copy to her fellow teachers who participated in the trip to the Grand Canyon. The three, in addition to Helon, were: Ellen Maher Johnson, Helen Brown Kelling, and Ruth Woodward Collins. In her covering letter to Ruth, Helon wrote, in part, "... Van Dyke says 'Memory is a capricious creature . . . she picks up pebbles from the shore of life, and keeps them as treasures.' Ruth gave her copy of this "pebble" to the Museum of the Cochise County Historical and Archaeological Society. It is printed now in honor of these four highly thought of teachers.

### A MEMORY

by Helon T. Hendrix

This story is being told especially for Betty Kelley, my niece, and my grandson, Jim Hendrix. Both of them insist that it must be told, Jim even bringing a tape recorder, thinking it would be easier for me. However, I haven't yet mastered that creative thing, so shall try writing it first.

In the early 1900s, Douglas, Arizona, was a nice town on the border between Mexico and our state. Much of it had been purchased and built by and for the Phelps Dodge Copper Co. when it built the big smelter a few miles to the west. The schools were good, an army unit was stationed there in case Pancho Villa continued his activity along the border, so there was much to attract good young teachers.

Four of us lived in the same home during the school year 1917-18, and together we developed the dream of a *real* trip to the Grand Canyon and of seeing many other beauties of our state as we went.

My family, the Thompsons, were ranchers near Dos Cabezas, in Sulphur Spring Valley. They were most cooperative, loaning us a car, a 1916 Model T Ford, equipping it with as much storage space as possible for camping, leaving small space for the four of us. They gave us much advice as to changing tires, and we did appreciate that many times on the trip. Fortunately, road conditions were not mentioned, for had we known about that, we might not have started. At that time, the only paving was in the larger towns, and the roads were generally, from fair to rough, and too many, we found, were *rougher*.

We had each received a bonus of \$25.00, and that \$100.00 was our cash in hand. Of course, we each found more as needed.



Helen was our banker, and we named her "Hetty Green" after a woman financier of the day. I was "Barney Oldfield", a famous racer, as I was the only one who could drive. Ruth, our Home Economics teacher, was our food supplier, and Ellen, the youngest, was our general helper. I'm sorry I can't remember the names we gave those two.

We were ready, school was over, reports and books were in, so we started. It was late May, 1918 and our three week trip began. First stop was the Thompson Ranch, where all parts were inspected, and there we spent the night.

The next day we passed through Willcox, then a cattle shipping point, after noon, and about four o'clock we were breezing along on a sandy road when we stopped moving, with the engine purring beautifully. I thought we were stuck in the sand until Ellen called out, "The thing in the middle of the wheel is turning like mad, but the wheel isn't turning." That was our first experience with a broken hub, and we hadn't been told of this possibility. What could we do, miles from anywhere?

Help arrived as we wondered and worried. A young man who worked in Willcox and lived a few miles further along this road came along on his way home. He, bless him, towed us to his place, where he was dismantling an old Ford. We spent our first night of really camping in his yard among the chickens. As the young man promised, he put in a hub, and the next morning said, "You are all fixed now, and it won't happen again."

We believed him and went happily on our way to the Graham Mountains to cross to the San Simon Valley. We were climbing now, the road was good, and all was well, we thought. But — it *did* happen again; *the other hub broke*. Fortunately, we were on a level spot, **for**, as I learned later, we had no brakes on the Ford when the hub broke. **Again**, what to do! We were on the sunny side of the hill and it was really too warm, so something had to be done *now*. Ellen and I put oranges in our shirts in case of thirst, for we had no idea how far we would have to walk for help. After about a mile, we saw, on a nearby hillside, a man putting salt blocks into a light wagon. When we told him of our trouble, he adjusted his wad of chewing tobacco and said, "Git in, I'll see what I can do. I hain't never left no women in distress." Just then we heard a car on the road we had left below, so we yelled and waved frantically. The car stopped, and down the hill we went in the wagon, scattering oranges among the salt blocks.

In a lovely roadster were two cattlemen from Willcox. At our question about our friends in the Ford, one said, "Oh, that's too bad, for we just turned the car around so they could **coast** back down to the valley." I didn't believe that and said so. After a big **laugh**, they told us they put the car under some trees and would send help as **soon** as they reached a mechanic who would come out to us. We had a good camp there until the mechanic arrived and did the necessary repairs. We followed him to his shop where, Helen said later, we all helped make some other repairs. I don't remember that. I suppose I must have been in shock!



Now we headed north, through the San Carlos Indian reservation and on to Roosevelt Dam. That was our first goal, and it was worth the trip. That beautiful water and the marvelous dam that held it thrilled us. I am sure that Ruth, our swimmer, had a dip in the beautiful water, for I remember I kept warning her of the dead trees still visible down in the lake.

Nearby is the Tonto Indian Ruin. This was my first sight of a pre-historic Indian ruin. I loved sitting on one of the huge stones looking out over the land below and thinking of the people who lived there so long ago.

Saying goodbye to the “Beautiful Water” and breaking camp, we left early one morning. Now we are off down the Apache Trail, which I thought would never end. It was rough, narrow, winding road that seemed to go over every peak ahead. We were lucky, no trouble, but we still remember the man on Fish Creek Hill. He came to us, showing us a small piece of metal. It was his universal joint. Until then we didn’t know we had a universal joint to worry about, but now we prayed that all our joints were strong.

That night we were down on the desert, and in the dark looked for a place to camp. We went to bed thinking we were away from it all, but when morning came, found we were only a few yards off the main road into Mesa. Here Helen bought a new hub, “Just in case *it* happens again.” The hub was not needed so rode safely under the back seat until we were home.

In Phoenix we did stop long enough to look at the Capitol with its copper dome and a few other buildings, but we cared little for cities. Arizona’s natural beauty was what we wanted. We drove north on Central with its lovely trees, turned west and found the Black Canyon road. This was the old, old road by way of Bumble Bee and rough was no name for it. Just below Bumble Bee was a small sign on an especially bad hill, “Flats Fixed — 1 Mi.” We didn’t need that help, just fresh water and a place to camp.

The next day we were in the city of Prescott. Here we camped at Lake Watson for a few days, not knowing that the city’s sewer lines emptied into the lake. But we loved our days by the lake, and drove about a bit, seeing the Pioneer Home, the first Governor’s Mansion, Arizona’s first schoolhouse, and many of the nice homes. I fell in love with Prescott, and was happy to make my home there ten years later.

Our next camp was at Del Rio Springs in Chino Valley. There tank cars were filled with water for the Grand Canyon, and this made us feel we were nearing our ultimate goal. That night was cold, and in the morning our Ford refused to respond to our many crankings — no self-starters, we cranked. We knew that a hill might help, so we *pushed*, backed her up a convenient small hill, and let gravity and compression turn the stubborn engine over as we coasted down. I thought of that morning each time I passed that spot in later years.



I seem to be stressing car troubles and rough roads, but we were loving all of it — the desert, the plains, the mountains and cliffs. It was adventure, and we were free, glad to be alive and part of it all.

From Williams we went north, and at last we chugged into the campground at Grand Canyon Village. We soon found that our roadside camping equipment was not right for here, so we found rooms for our stay. Then we rushed to the Canyon Rim. What a view, and what a feeling came to me! I shall not attempt a description; it is sublime, and words fail me. You shall have to read what others have written. In later years I have tried to show my feelings about the Canyon in my paintings, but I have never been able to come near my aim. You must go, see, and feel it yourself.

We hiked along the rim trails to each point with a different view. We listened and talked with anyone who had been to the river, impatient for the day to come when we would go.

The Yavapai Trail and the river bridge were not open yet, so ours was a one day trip down Bright Angel Trail on mules. We were ready, and with four other riders and a guide set off for an unforgettable day. Down the trail we went, beauty everywhere if you could relax and enjoy it. It is a bit disconcerting to have your mule stop, turn facing eternity, to nibble at a bit of grass on the edge of the trail. We did dismount at Indian Gardens for a rest stop, then on again, always down. I remember especially the trail down Devil's Corkscrew, where we seemed to go in every direction.

We finally reached the mighty Colorado River, rolling and tossing on its way to the Pacific Ocean through this gorgeous chasm it had made for its own use. Now to rest, then a box lunch while listening to the river's roar and looking at the cliffs now far above us.

Too soon, it was time to mount our mules and start back. We were tired now, and the way seemed long. When we reached the rim and staggered from our mules, we felt much as they did when they shook themselves, brayed, and trotted off for food and rest.

One day Ellen and I rode seven miles to The Hermit's Rest, with many different views of the river, a mere thread of silver so far below. At the Rest we had refreshments and a visit with other tourists, among them two rather handsome French officers. Our talk with them was mainly smiles, as we knew no French and their English was limited; but it was different and fun. Every day was a joy, but, at last, it had to end, so we packed and rolled off south.

We passed Flagstaff with the beautiful San Francisco Peaks, then we saw the Painted Desert. We didn't go on east, as we had planned, to the Petrified Forest; I was the only driver, and I had had it. We turned south through Long Valley. It was, indeed, a long valley to the Mogollon Rim.



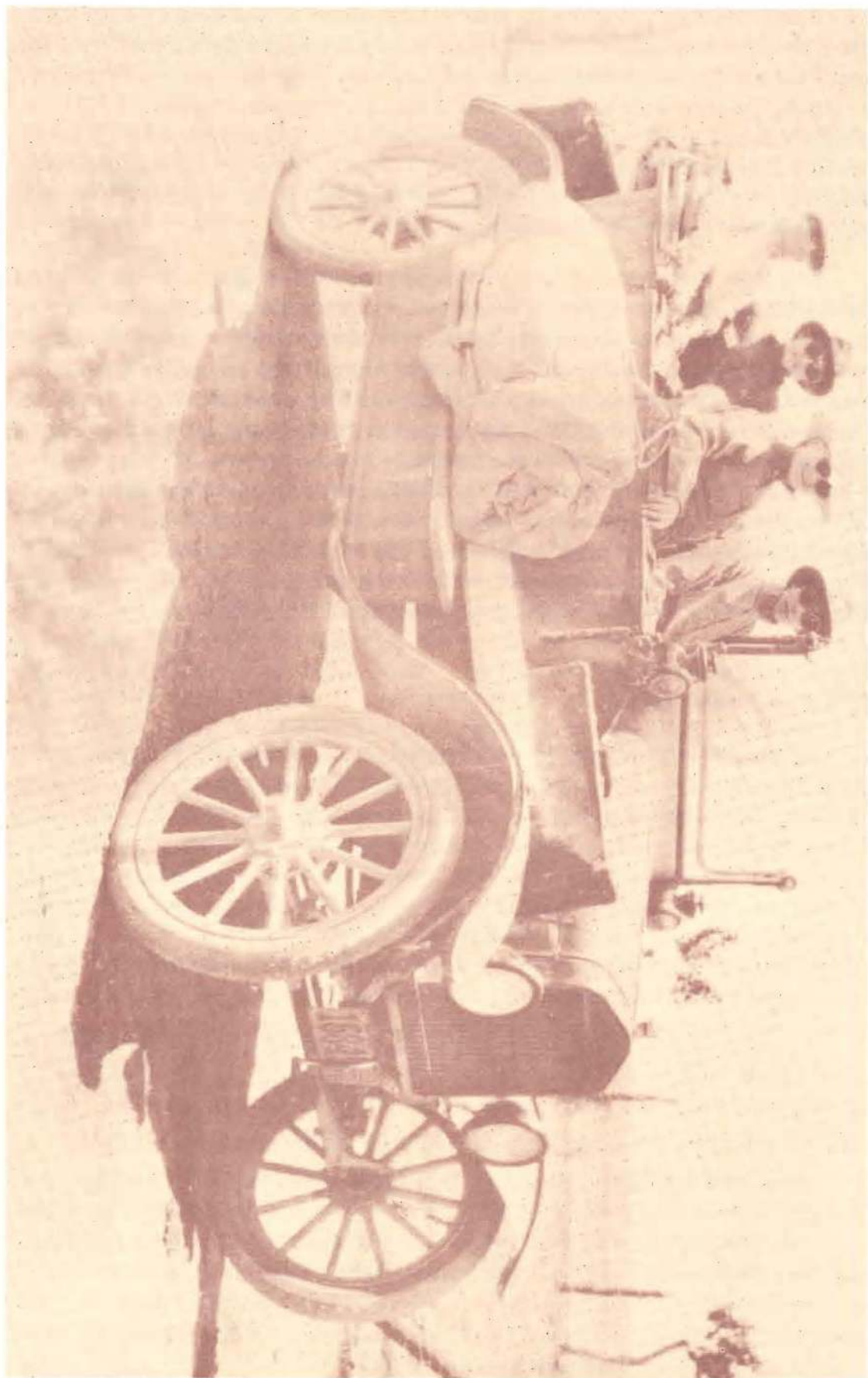
The road down Strawberry Hill was extremely rough and we soon came upon an elderly couple whose car was stuck on a boulder in the middle of the road. Of course, we all piled out to help, and we lifted and pushed the car off its perch. On they went amid their many thanks in broken English. We followed and camped in Pine. Later, when we went to the general store for supplies, the merchant said, "Oh, it's you! A fellow was just in here and said in broken English, 'We ver stuck on that hill and der ver four vemins in *pants* who didn't act like vemins, dey got out and pushed'."

Our next *must see* was the Tonto Natural Bridge, just west of the road from Pine to Payson. A sign at the top of a very steep hill warned that we go down at our own risk, but down we went to a small ranch house. There we had sandwiches and coffee with a permit to go to the bridge, across a nice meadow where a small tree grew. The bridge is where a small creek comes out from *under* this small meadow. The arch is high, showing it has been a long time in the making. The creek has an unusual peculiarity: articles left for some time in its waters become impregnated with lime and minerals to become fossilized. We didn't stay there long enough for that to happen to us. Returning, we were half way up that steep hill when the Ford faltered, so I yelled, "All out!". The passengers obeyed and walked while I rode grandly to the top and parked among the pines. My plan was to greet them tearfully at the top with the news that the car had gone over the side of the cliff, but they looked so tired when they barely staggered up, I couldn't do it. But most of the weariness was a sham, so the joke was on me.

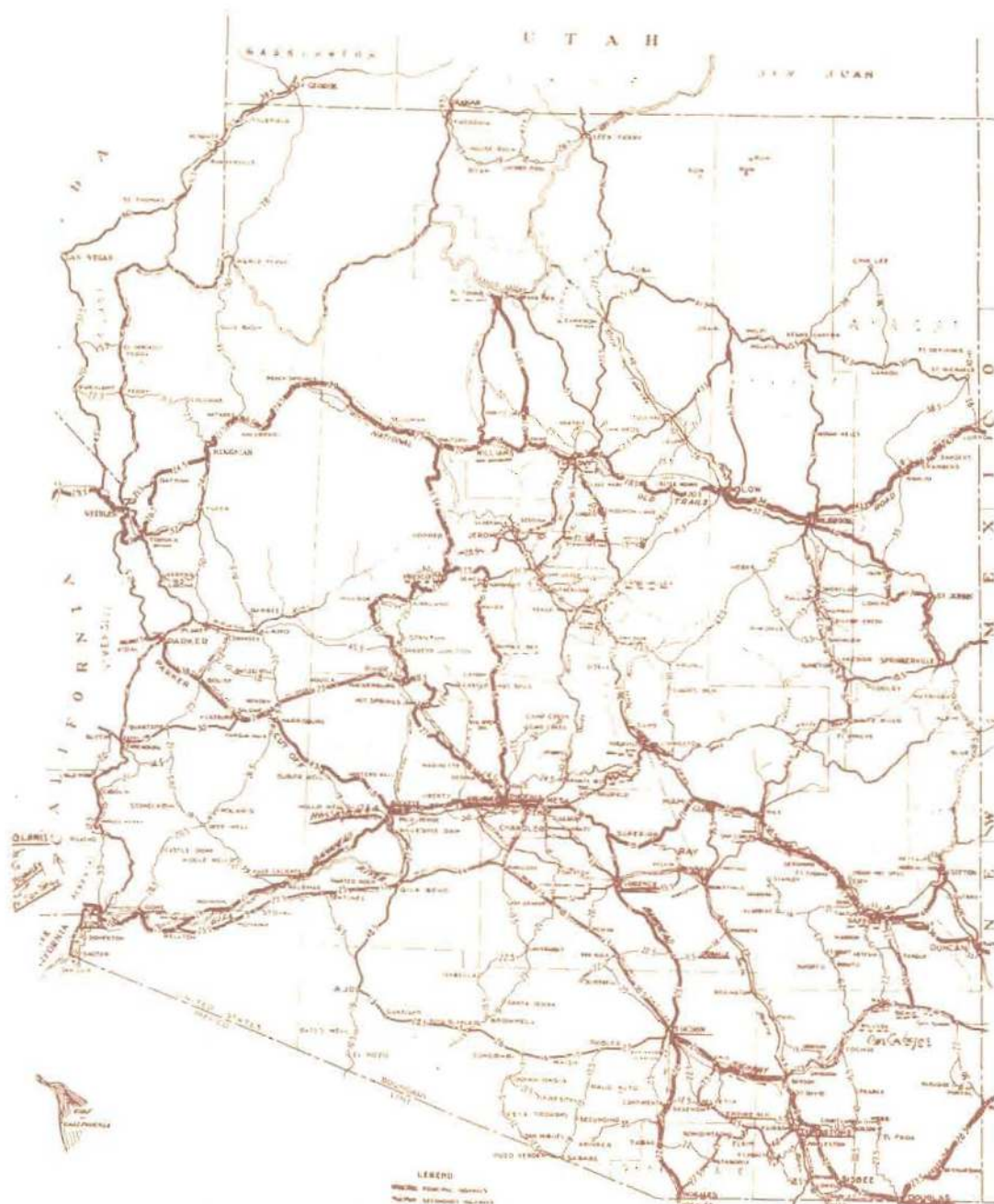
We passed through Payson and headed for the Tonto River, which, with the Salt River, forms Roosevelt Lake. We followed the lake shore, looking down into that "Beautiful Water" and thinking of our adventures since we had seen it before. Suddenly our thoughts were interrupted; the rope that held our precious bedding on the side of the car *broke*. Down the slope that roll bounded with our screams and prayers. It stopped against a small bush a few feet above the "Beautiful Water", and Ruth and Ellen scrambled down and brought it back to fasten it more securely. We crossed the dam and headed south and had no more near tragedies, only an occasional flat tire.

We came to Bowie on the Southern Pacific Railway and crossed the rails as we had at Willcox when we started the trip. It was nearly noon, and seeing the Harvey House and knowing of its good food, we stopped there. Helen counted our cash and we ordered dinner accordingly, so spending it all.

Happy and well fed but penniless, we headed for the Apache Pass and drove through. There we didn't stop to look for Old Fort Bowie, as we had planned; rather, as an old horse nearing home, we wanted to go on faster. After a few more hours we reached the Thompson Ranch and felt safe at home. After food, rest and real sleep, the unnecessary things were unloaded from the Ford, our trusty steed, and we drove to Douglas. We were home from a wonderful three weeks trip, a dream come true, we all agreed. ■







AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF ARIZONA  
ROAD MAP OF THE  
STATE OF ARIZONA  
SUPPLIED FROM OFFICIAL DATA  
BY  
WHEELIGHT CONSULTING ENGINEER



[1920-21]

### A Note About The Author

A year or so after Bob Ellis' death, in December 1983, his widow Helen came across this little story with a covering note:

A young "Buck" in the graduating class of the 1913 Waco (Texas) High School, I had ridden by train to spend the summer with an uncle in Douglas, and obtained a job as delivery boy with the Wamel Grocery Store. Three weeks later, walking home after work one afternoon, I learned that a neighbor, Mr. Hines, was leaving next morning for California in a new Cadillac touring car. He had sold the car to a lady wanting it delivered in California, where she was going by train; roads and conditions in those days were unsuitable for ladies driving alone. Grabbing a possibility of going along filled the remainder of my day; also releasing my job and obtaining permission to accompany Mr. Hines. A few experiences on this five-day trip make up this story.

Helen tells us that after two years at Baylor University (Waco), Bob moved with his family to Glendale, Arizona where he helped his father on their ranch raising melons. In 1917, the family moved to Douglas, homesteading on a quarter-acre back of the present-day county fairgrounds.

Bob started working for the El Paso & Southwestern Railroad in March of 1918, was inducted into the armed forces in May, honorably discharged in November. Returning to Douglas and the railroad, he stayed on when Southern Pacific acquired EP&SW in November 1924. He retired in August 1960. Bob loved the Douglas Depot where he officed, Helen says, and took many snapshots of it. His hobbies were photography and music. He played all instruments, reading notes but preferring to play by ear. During his long life here, he played in dance bands in and around Douglas. He will be remembered by all who knew him for the fine and fun person he was.



**ROBERT ELLIS**

This vignette of his trip to San Diego, written in 1953, will no doubt bring back memories to those who attempted such trips back then.



## 40-ODD YEARS AGO

by Robert D. Ellis

Our back wheels, spinning madly to gain traction, sank deeper and deeper until with hubs imbedded in sticky, gooey, adobe mud, they ceased to move, 45 miles west of Phoenix in the middle of Centennial Wash. It was August of the year 1913, and across the shimmering desert for as far as one could see, not a soul was in sight.

Well, in a way we had asked for this, since it was at our solicitation we had been given permission to come along. The day before at 5:00 A.M., we had left Douglas in a brand new Cadillac touring car. Mr. Bertrand G. Hines was driving, with young Joe Hunt and me as passengers.

Our way was varied; dusty, muddy, and with short stretches smooth and level, where momentarily we could attain the dizzying speed of thirty miles an hour before slowing down again, twisting, turning, up and down around foothills and arroyos.

Nine dusty miles west from Tombstone, we reached the San Pedro River. Early floods had washed out the bridge. A crew of laborers from the State Prison in Florence was doing preliminary work on its replacement. We had no choice but to ford the river. Rushing muddy water filled the channel, bank to bank, though apparently not deep. "Wade out in there, young fellow, and see how deep she is." Mr. Hines had a gift of command equal to his sturdy frame, but inside was a heart as big as the car he drove.

Pants were rolled up, off came our shoes, and in we waded. Up and up crept the rushing tide. Near the middle it reached inches above my knees, the onrushing force almost sweeping me off my feet. Out again, I stood beside the car for Mr. Hines to measure.

The water apparently would miss the carburetor. The wheels were high, and the motor rode well up in its mountings. Instead of easing down the bank into the water, Mr. Hines backed up some distance and made a rushing start, in the hope momentum would take us across, should the motor fail.

When we hit the water, a sheet of spray rose to dizzying heights and came down like a cloudburst as we plowed beneath it. The top had been folded back before leaving Douglas. Little imagination is needed to conjure up the picture we made of three drowned rats. There we sat, in the San Pedro, with the engine dead.

Bridge workmen brought in a span of mules, hooked a chain over our front axle, and dragged us out on the opposite bank. Some hours later, Mr. Hines having dried out the ignition and cleaned the carburetor, we were on our way.



The road at that time ran through Huachuca Siding (now Campstone) on up the mesa around Squaw Butte, then through the Empire Ranch country, emerging from the mountains far south of Tucson.

Out on a level stretch of desert, we saw a wisp of black smoke in the distance, curling upward from what seemed to be a locomotive, moving ahead of us. But there were no railroads in this region. It didn't seem to be a mirage, for surely our eyes could discern the black object way ahead. Then we caught up with its tracks, huge broad wheelmarks, with V-shaped cleats, as shown by indentations in the soft desert soil. It was a tractor. This particular stretch was comparatively good and we soon overtook our "locomotive." The driver made his own roadway beside the regular trail, so as not to disrupt the traveled route, which at that time constituted the "highway" to Tucson. The pattern of his tracks was rather intriguing, so pulling over behind him we made a snapshot with the old Eastman Kodak.

That afternoon at 5:30 we arrived in Tucson — one hundred and twenty-five miles in twelve and a half hours. We really were making time. And so, to the Elks Club. Both Mr. Hines and Mr. Hunt were members of the fraternity, and a "tall cool one" in that summer heat was most refreshing to them. Mine was sodawater, but it surely was good.

Next morning by five o'clock, we were rolling along part of the route now known as U. S. 80, past Oracle Junction, and then across the desert to Florence. Rains had carpeted the landscape with desert flowers, and beyond Florence toward the northeast towered the mysterious Superstition Mountains. They seemed to stand out in stately grandeur, aloof, menacing, foreboding, yet with a rugged beauty in pastel shadings of blue, violet, rose, which created a subtle yearning in one to draw closer. Mr. Hines regaled us with tales of the "Lost Dutchman Mine", for which the Superstitions have long been famous, and which up to that early period had drawn many adventurous souls too close for their ultimate good.

In Phoenix, we sought the Elks Club. This seemed to be "headquarters" for Mr. Hines in every place of any size where we stopped, Tucson, Phoenix, Brawley, or San Diego, and before reaching our destination, that organization had made an all-time high in my youthful point of view. To this day, there is a warm spot in my heart for that group of loyal Americans whose qualities of charity, benevolence, fidelity and justice have been so outstanding.

To one reared in a farming community of the south, vegetation of the Arizona desert proved most intriguing. We travelled through miles of cholla, that scrubby multi-branched, angled and twisted cactus whose needle-like spines are so closely set, marvelling at how the little Cactus Wren could possibly find its way in between them for nesting. But they did, and so were protected from many of their natural enemies. On many hillsides, masses of ocotillo grew close



to the road, long, graceful, green branches tipped with rust-red blossoms. Along the banks of sandy washes, palo verde thrived in abundance. Long tendril-like green leaves interlaced myriads of tiny golden yellow petals. Viewed at a distance, each tree was a buoyant veil of gold, a bouquet within itself, adding color to the tawny brown and tan of the dust-dry desert.

Snuggling close to the ground at a slight angle, the squat barrel cactus seemed like fat-bellied little penguins wobbling short-legged over the sand toward us. Mr. Hines explained that in an emergency these could prolong life of one stranded in the desert. Their capacity for water storage is served by a network of fine fibrous roots near the surface which absorb moisture when available. But the majestic saguaro was monarch of the desert; in May disporting not one crown, but many, each uplifting arm holding aloft a tiara of creamy-white blossoms. Towering in sturdy yet graceful dignity, many reared forty feet or more into the sunlight.

Instead of spending the night in Phoenix, we decided to drive on to Buckeye some thirty-five miles toward the west. This would help us reach Yuma next day, across some of the hottest and less-inhabited portion of the desert. So, Buckeye it was, for the night. One thing will remain in memory; long before daybreak next morning, we were seated at breakfast table when fried eggs were brought in. There were three of us. There must have been at least two dozen fried eggs on that enormous platter. We dared not smile for fear of hurting the feelings of the kindhearted and generous soul who served us, and who had taken us in for the night. So with fried eggs, big double-decker biscuits, and thick slices of bacon topped off with a pot of black coffee, we were well-fortified for the ordeal ahead.

A few miles out of Buckeye, we crossed the Hassayampa and turned southwest toward Agua Caliente, unsuspecting the difficulties awaiting us in the Centennial Wash. Through most of the year such a desert wash is dry, presenting only the problem of deep sand; during the wet season, rains to the north drain through this wash to its confluence with the Gila near the present location of Gillespie Dam. This had happened only days before our arrival, and enough adobe soil had drifted in to create slick mudholes through which our smooth-tread tires moved with difficulty.

Our rear wheels began to spin, and the next thing we knew, hubs were touching ground. We cut brush and tried to trample this into the soft ground ahead of and under the tires. The longer and harder we worked, the deeper we seemed to sink.

No traveler had come up behind us, none was in sight across the sun-baked desert ahead, and it was nearing noon. About a mile back, we had passed a lone cabin some distance from the road, too far in fact to observe whether or



not it was inhabited. It fell my lot to walk back, in the hope of finding help, preferably a team to pull us out. Instead, there was a lone Mexican man with a small mule and one very poor sorrel horse. Nearby stood a light spring wagon. To me, this outfit didn't look like it could pull anything, but it was our only hope. Speaking no Spanish, it was difficult to get my meaning across, but finally through gestures, pantomime, and just plain kindness of his heart, we managed to understand one another. Anyway, hitching up this team, we headed back toward the car.

To our great good fortune, two automobiles had arrived on the opposite side of the wash, one a Buick touring car, the other an Oldsmobile. The Olds, in pulling in close enough to tie a rope between our front axle and his own, became stuck. The Buick found harder ground to the left of the Olds, and was already backing up, with Mr. Hines and the Cadillac in tow, back wheels spinning in the mud. After reaching solid ground, it was Mr. Hines turn to help pull out the imbedded Olds.

All of this took time. It was past noon when we bid our new friends goodbye and continued toward the Hot Springs. Old Sol was really out for business and no fooling. Reaching the shade of the lone hotel in Agua Caliente, we holed up like lizards for the rest of that day. The hot mineral springs at this location possess certain medicinal qualities, which even in that remote region attracted visitors. On a more popular route today, they would doubtless be well patronized; but progress has left them isolated some miles from paved U. S. 80 near Sentinel.

There was one stretch of ninety miles along which we would find no water and no habitation. With an automobile and three people, a mishap of any consequence could be serious. But Mr. Hines was resourceful. We had been told that tomato juice was excellent for quenching thirst should one's supply of water run low. At that period of time, tomato juice as such wasn't on the market to our knowledge, so Mr. Hines had laid in a supply of large cans of tomatoes "with puree." We encountered no great need, but these were refreshing.

As the hot afternoon wore on at the Springs, Mr. Hines became convinced that the sensible thing to do was to travel that night. The desert would be much cooler. We waited until long after dark before venturing forth again. It was bright moonlight, and the odd shapes of desert growth and rock formations about small hillocks created an eerie and fascinating scene as we moved through the night. No great amount of speed could be made and it was well beyond daylight when we reached Dome, some 20-odd miles east of Yuma.

From Dome into Yuma was one chuck hole after another. The dry adobe soil was powdered flour fine. There was no road. Instead, the trail spread out here like a huge fan where each individual going this way had apparently chosen



his own believed-best route across the flats in order to avoid the dust. You would drop into a chuck-hole down to the hubs, only to spray dust skyward, bounce out on the other side, move a few feet and submerge again to repeat the operation. Four or five miles an hour was the best we could do. It was past noon when we reached Yuma.

Enroute all the way from Buckeye, one encouraging thing had buoyed our spirits from time to time. This was in the form of simple little pennant-shaped green painted signs. Stuck on the end of a post every 15 or 20 miles its legend proclaimed: "Riley's Garage - Yuma" — followed by the number of miles from that particular point to Yuma. When one bears in mind this was open country with no directional signs such as line our pavements today, these little markers were really a welcome sign. Anyway, Mr. Hines made the remark that any man who was energetic enough to sign-post that desolate country deserved patronage, and that if we ever did get to Yuma, we would land in Riley's Garage. And we did.

Riley not only administered to the needs of our car but gave us valuable advice about road conditions ahead, suggesting that we wait until after dark when the desert again would cool somewhat; and instead of following a route which led directly west from Yuma, that we go by way of Glamis.

Here let us digress a moment. Some years later the route via Glamis was less-favored due to stretches of "planked road" laid nearer the border between Yuma and San Diego. This consisted of long boards in two foot wide strips, laid end to end and held together by cleats and wire with similar parallel strips separated a foot or two. These sections formed a pathway over which automobile wheels could move. The entire roadway could accommodate only one car at a time, hence turnouts had to be constructed at intervals to permit meeting cars moving in the opposite direction to pass. But since this "planked road" came into being some years after our experience we missed the opportunity of trying out this romantic stretch. So, for us, at the time of which we write it was by way of Glamis, which necessitated crossing the five-mile-wide sandy wash by that name.

We were warned this would probably be our worst hazard and that the sensible thing to do upon reaching its edge, was to partially deflate our tires to give better traction in the deep sand and if we once got started across, not to stop under any circumstance until the far side was reached. Should we encounter other cars stuck in the wash, we must endeavor to pass them by if there were former tracks we could follow, but not leave the beaten path or we would find ourselves in the same fix. In addition to this information, Riley offered to go along and drive us through — for \$25.00.

Mr. Hines, being confident of his own ability, decided to go it alone. Late in the afternoon, just before sundown, we bade Mr. Riley goodbye and moved slowly down the dusty road to the edge of the river.



The Colorado is wide at Yuma. It is muddy. There was no bridge. The only means of crossing were by train over the railroad bridge, or by ferry, which operated a few hundred yards upstream from the bridge. We had no choice. The ferry, a wide, flat, home-made, rather insecure-looking affair, was moored at the near bank, gang-plank extending toward us as we stopped on the sandy shore. Five dollars was the fee for the automobile and the three of us. After receiving his pay, the owner dropped the portal chain from across the roadway, and we cautiously chugged into place on its deck. That's one time I was darned interested in the brakes on that Cadillac. The water off the other end of that ferry surely looked deep.

Safely across, we bade our benefactor goodbye, and headed west toward the dusty haze of the setting sun. Somewhere in the next ten or twelve miles we turned northward in the general direction of Glamis. Far to the north, flashes of lightning from a thunderstorm were visible, which we took as a good omen. Mr. Riley had mentioned that if we were lucky, it just might be that rain would precede us, and if this was not too heavy, it would help pack down the loose sand of the wash. Our luck held. Soon the oppressive desert heat gave way to a cool, refreshing, moisture-laden breeze. Welcome to our parched faces, it was heavenly to breathe. The moon came up as we moved along and driving became a pleasure.

We could smell the rain, but it was too far away to reach us. It did, however, descend on Glamis, and when we arrived, Mr. Hines stopped to consider the best plan of action. We tried the sand on foot. It was moist and seemed to pack somewhat. Off in the moonlit distance, we could see two or three cars stranded.

What to do? Should the tires be deflated? If we let them down too much and encountered good going, it might rim-cut them badly. Mr. Hines finally decided against it. Cautiously, as one might approach the brink of a precipice, probably having in mind our previous experience in the San Pedro, he eased the front wheels out into the sandy waste.

The sand held. Motor in low gear to give us maximum power, he gradually increased our speed, trying not to make the wheels bounce. Once you make them "chatter", your traction is broken and trouble assured. On we moved, farther and farther from our entrance point. Could we keep it up? Would we make it across? Soon the first stalled car was overtaken. We dared not stop. Generous souls from its darkened interior called to us NOT to stop.

"Keep moving," they shouted. "Don't stop. We'll get out all right." Encouraging words, yes; but we felt guilty not to lend a hand, knowing they were in axle deep. Onward we crept, fearful at every bend in the trail.

Could we afford to shift into second gear? The momentary release of power might be just the thing to cripple our effort. The old motor hummed, but managed not to overheat and passed up a total of five cars which had less good fortune.



Emerging from the last sandy stretch, we stopped on solid ground. It was a relief to be through. The firm footing renewed our confidence and called for a celebration; not with something ice cold, which would have been welcome, but with our last and only can of tomatoes "with puree." Boy, but it tasted good. The others had been distributed, one to each of the stalled cars we passed in the wash. It was the least we could do. Thus was exhausted our supply of tomatoes.

All the way from Douglas, my feet had been resting against a huge roll of gunny sacks, or grain sacks. There must have been twelve or fifteen of them tied with bailing wire, in the tonneau of the car. Early on the trip, curious inquiry as to "why all the sacks", elicited from Mr. Hines only the reply, "Oh, we might need them for something."

Now, shouldering the roll of sacks with one hand, and taking the car jack in the other, he said, "Come on, boys, bring the shovel and that block of wood, and let's go help those folks. We can't just drive away and leave them stranded."

So, with these items and a canteen of water, we started back into the wash, Indian file. Very little was said since walking in heavy sand took most of our energy. As we trudged along through the moonlight, which to me never seemed brighter anywhere than in the thin air of this desert country, the plaintive wail of a lone coyote way off in the distance reached our ears. It was a lonesome sound, and to my boyish imagination, conjured up tales of Fennimore Cooper's "Leather Stocking Series."

The first car in the wash, carrying two men, a woman, and a boy ten or twelve years old, was not over half a mile from where we stopped. The next was about a quarter of a mile away, facing west, and the third was only a few hundred yards beyond, headed toward Yuma. As we approached the first car, the men came forward to meet us, profuse in their expressions of gratitude. They had been stalled since about one o'clock that afternoon and efforts to dig themselves out had only put them in deeper. Their statements were all too true, for arriving at the car, it was evident they really were down in the sand. Well, we had come to help so Mr. Hines took charge.

Folding one of the sacks into a large pad, he placed the block of wood on this as support for the jack. (The piece of wood was a short 3 x 12 cut for a jack base before leaving Douglas.) The first few levered motions of the jack handle did little more than drive our base support into the sand. Then it began to hold. There was a slight creak in the car springs as pressure mounted beneath the axle and soon the nearest rear wheel began to lift, ever so slightly at first, then with increasing speed at every downward stroke of the lever. Up and up, the old wheel moved, until at maximum height of the jack, it was at least half-way out of the hole. Moist sand was shoveled under the tire and packed down as best we could, and the operation repeated. The second try brought the wheel



up to where we had to shift our efforts to the opposite side, as the back of the car was canting too much. The driver had a shovel and jack of his own, but no block of wood. So, using the shovel as a base, Mr. Hines folded another sack for it to rest on, and we started on that side. After a time, these see-sawing moves from one rear wheel to the other lifted them clear. Holes were filled in and the sand smoothed up to the front wheels. A grain sack folded lengthwise was spread beneath each rear wheel and two more overlapped ahead of these on each side.

The front wheels were not down badly at all, so long gradually sloping troughs were shoveled ahead in the sand. Mr. Hines asked if the lady could drive? Fortunately, she could. His plan was for the men to pull and push forward by grasping the fenders on either side while we boys shoved from the rear. It must be teamwork so as not to lose any advantage gained.

With everyone in place and the motor racing, he began to count. On the word, "GO," the old car lurched forward, much as a bullfrog stretches its legs, and then lands "ker-plop" on its belly. From beneath the rear wheels, grain sacks shot backward like dirt between a dog's hind legs when he is digging in a gopher hole. With a bump and thud, the old car settled back in the sand, the motor dead. It even seemed to groan; at least we did. Nothing to do but set to work again.

The difficulty had been that apparently the lady had let the clutch in too quickly, giving the car a momentary boost and killing the motor. This time, a different scheme was used. Instead of just spreading the empty sacks over the sand, Mr. Hines suggested we fill them about one-fourth with sand to give them body and furnish a better grip. With this slight change and a soothing word of caution to the driver to just ease the clutch in, we again took our places. This time, on the signal, we could feel the old car tremble and shudder. It was almost like an athlete tightening his belt as he draws in that last enormous breath of air before dashing forward. Then, slowly, we began to move.

"Now, give her the gas," Mr. Hines called. The tires took hold firmly and under the force of our combined efforts, momentum was soon gained. Cheers from the group rent the stillness of the desert night as the shadowy figure of the car was swallowed up in distant moonlight. A thrill of pride filled us as the far-off headlights moved in a wide arc until facing directly toward us and then came to a stop. This was the signal agreed upon, so we would know the car was safely out.

Profiting from our recent experience, we gathered up and emptied the sacks, and with greater confidence, approached the job of extricating the second car, which had two men. Taking turnabout at the jacks and the shovels, we soon had this car on its way.



A few hundred yards more brought us to the car going toward Yuma. Our confidence was growing with experience. All of the cars had stalled while the sand was hot and dry. The evening's thunder-shower had changed the picture; all they needed was just the chance to start moving on a level surface, such as that provided by the partially filled sacks. With the three occupants in the car, Mr. Hines gave the word, "GO" and the last car moved into the night.

Gathering up tools and canteen, we turned our weary steps toward the west and our own car. Our very bones ached but our hearts were light. Through the ingenuity of Mr. Hines, we had been successful in helping our fellow man.

Hours later, we entered Imperial Valley, and around two or three in the morning stopped to sleep at the hotel in Brawley. The sun was high in the morning sky before we were on our way.

We stopped near the foothills which emerge from the desert east of San Diego for a few minutes rest and to let the motor cool, having just moved through another sandy stretch of road. Before us lay a smooth graded stretch winding up into the hills, a most welcome sight after our experiences in sandhills and arroyos. We turned for one last glance at the desert behind, when to our wonder, we saw a tiny car approaching twisting, turning in a cloud of dust, gouging its way left and right through the sand. As it "chuck-a chuck-chucked" to a stop, it was a sight to behold.

Two young fellows, knights of the road, had removed everything surplus from the little Model-T. No top, no sides, no fenders, no running boards. Just the chassis, wheels and motor. Two bucket seats were mounted low on the frame with a built-in box behind for their duffel. A coil of rope hung beside the hood from the side light, much as a cowboy hangs his lariat from the saddle horn. Crossways on the floor beneath the driver's knees was a "Prest-O-Lite" tank of gas for the light. Near the left side, on the rear, hung an old, oil taillight. A couple of extra casings atop the rear box, crowned with an old canvas bag, completed their equipment. Mud caked the wheels. They had come from some place up in Nebraska or Wyoming, headed for Los Angeles. They looked tired but happy. After a friendly chat, we were on our way, leaving them to follow, as good solid ground lay before us and we knew their road troubles, as well as our own, were practically over.

Whatever became of Mr. Hines is unknown. But wherever he is, if still living, it is my sincere wish that he know how thoroughly the lad with the long legs enjoyed his company. Mr. Hines provided one of the outstanding adventures of my youth. His generosity, his kindness, self-reliance and capability, endeared him to one who sincerely regrets not having kept in touch through the years.

In the following years, it has been my good fortune to travel most of Arizona's highways, that excellent system of paved roads of which the State should be justly proud, but no trip will ever hold for me the romance of that first boyhood journey over the desert highways of Arizona. ■

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In February of 1864, Absolam Benton Harvey (1837-1899) left San Francisco, California by ship accompanied by several young men. They disembarked at San Pedro and, after buying mules and horses, started a drive across-the desert for Tucson, Arizona, where they expected to find gold.

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## **ABSOLAM BENTON HARVEY'S DIARY**

**(February-September 1864)**

**February 13, 1864** - With Virg, start on board stage for Los Angeles, twenty-five miles distant. Leave Kellogg in charge to look to the landing of our wagons and provisions. Arrive in Los Angeles at 1 P.M. Los Angeles is pleasantly located on a small stream of the same name by which it is watered. Like all Spanish or Mexican towns, it is irregularly laid out, the streets being narrow and as devious as sin. The houses are mostly built of adobes excepting a few built during the past four years which are of brick. The town in every respect presents the appearance of age, and shows signs of decay. Its glory has departed. The country surrounding, excepting a small quantity enclosed within the city limits, is valueless except for grazing purpose, and, at the time, even more than useless for that, as the cattle are dying by the hundreds for want of grass.

Sheep and horses fare no better. The country is dry and burnt, and nature's breast refuses to yield her children the proper nourishment. I don't remember to have ever seen a more dreary and desolate country inhabited by civilized man.

In consequence of the scarcity of hay and other feed, mules in condition for the road are very high. Don't know how I shall manage to get teams.

**February 15** - Hired horse and buggy and went out to "El Monte". Bought three span of mules at \$121, \$135 and \$190 for pair, and returned same evening to Los Angeles.

**February 16** - Bought three horses and one mule, paying \$400 for same. Made preparations to go back to San Pedro after the boys and wagons. Found someone had stolen my overcoat containing many little things I had picked up for my journey. Arrived at San Pedro at 8:00 P.M., tired and sore.

**February 17** - Found the boys all right. They had landed all our traps and made a break at camping out. Tomlinson and Co., having by mistake sent our harness to Los Angeles, we were compelled to rig out harness of old straps and pieces to get to Los Angeles. This delayed us until near noon. So far, indeed, was the day used up, that we only reached the "Half-Way" House at dusk, where we shot some ground squirrels and had a fine pot pie.

The country over which we travelled was slightly rolling, and very dry, but presented the appearance of being very good grassland, when it was seasonable.

**February 18** - Left "Half-Way" House at sunrise, and reached Los Angeles at noon. Camped in Tomlinson and Co.'s hay yard, and contended for possession of the same with the fleas. They out-numbered us, but we straightened millions of them, and valiantly held the ground. I suffered but little from the conflict as I happen to be blessed by nature with a hide too thick or blood that poisons them.



**February 19** - Remained at Los Angeles fixing and getting our outfit together.

**February 21** - Find as much trouble in making the first start from camp as emigrants generally do. Everything is new and works stiff, and many little essentials have been forgotten, but our mules are harnessed and for the first time fastened to the wagons, four mules on one, three horses and one mule to the other and two bronchos leading behind. We leave Los Angeles. It is a very warm Sabbath morning and the citizens in summer clothing are going to church. We hear many chimes as we cross the little stream and travel along the dusty, sandy road, bordered on either side by living fences enclosing groves of orange, lime and walnut trees beside thousands of the wine-producing vine.

After travelling five or six miles, we stopped and untied our two bronchos, and now commenced the effort of stubborn nature to contend against reason. It was a big job to get the harness on them the first time, but by throwing them, we accomplished it, and again started on our way, and reached El Monte a few minutes before sunset.

**February 22** - El Monte is a settlement twelve miles from Los Angeles and contains several thousand acres of the best tillable land in this county. But being covered by Spanish Grants, the curse of the land, the improvements are of a temporary nature.

Today has been very warm and dusty. Travelled sixteen miles without water. Made twenty miles and camp about sunset. D. Hower killed a white goose today.

**February 23** - Left camp before sunrise. I went hunting, killed two ducks, and had to walk eight miles to our wagons. Came to wagons just before they reached Chino Ranch, an old Spanish grant covering miles of the surrounding country. It appears very dry now, but I think it has been the most valuable rancho in this country. Fabulous reports are told of the number of heads of stock that at one time roamed over its green acres; 180,000 head are said to have grazed here at once.

After leaving this place, went hunting again, killed three brant [wild geese]. Dan killed a fine goose. Camped at 4:00 P.M. on the bank of the Santa Ana River. While we were at supper, an old Mexican came along and told us if we did not cross the river before morning, we would not be able to get over before noon next day as the river would rise during the night from the melting of the snows in the mountains, and the sand in the bed being quick, we could not pull over.

Hitched up and moved down to crossing at dark. All hands had to wade but the drivers, Kellogg and Bill Martin and Virgil, who had a sprained ankle. After much trouble, reached camp on opposite side at eight o'clock.



**February 28** - All hands worn out, none having slept during the night. Started from camp at 9 A.M. A company of cavalry passed us as we left camp, bound for Tucson. Made Warner's Ranch in good season having travelled seventeen-and-a-half miles. Road good. This country thus far barren and destitute of feed.

**February 29** - Another very cold night but not much wind. Bought forty-nine pounds of barley at 5 cents, sold an extra set of mule harness for \$15. Good road to San Felipe, which point we reached at four o'clock. The company of cavalry are here also. Davidson, formerly of Manor, Indian Valley, is a trooper. Country: barren mountains with alkali plains between, upon which grows a rank salty grass unfit for horse-feed in any other country but this.

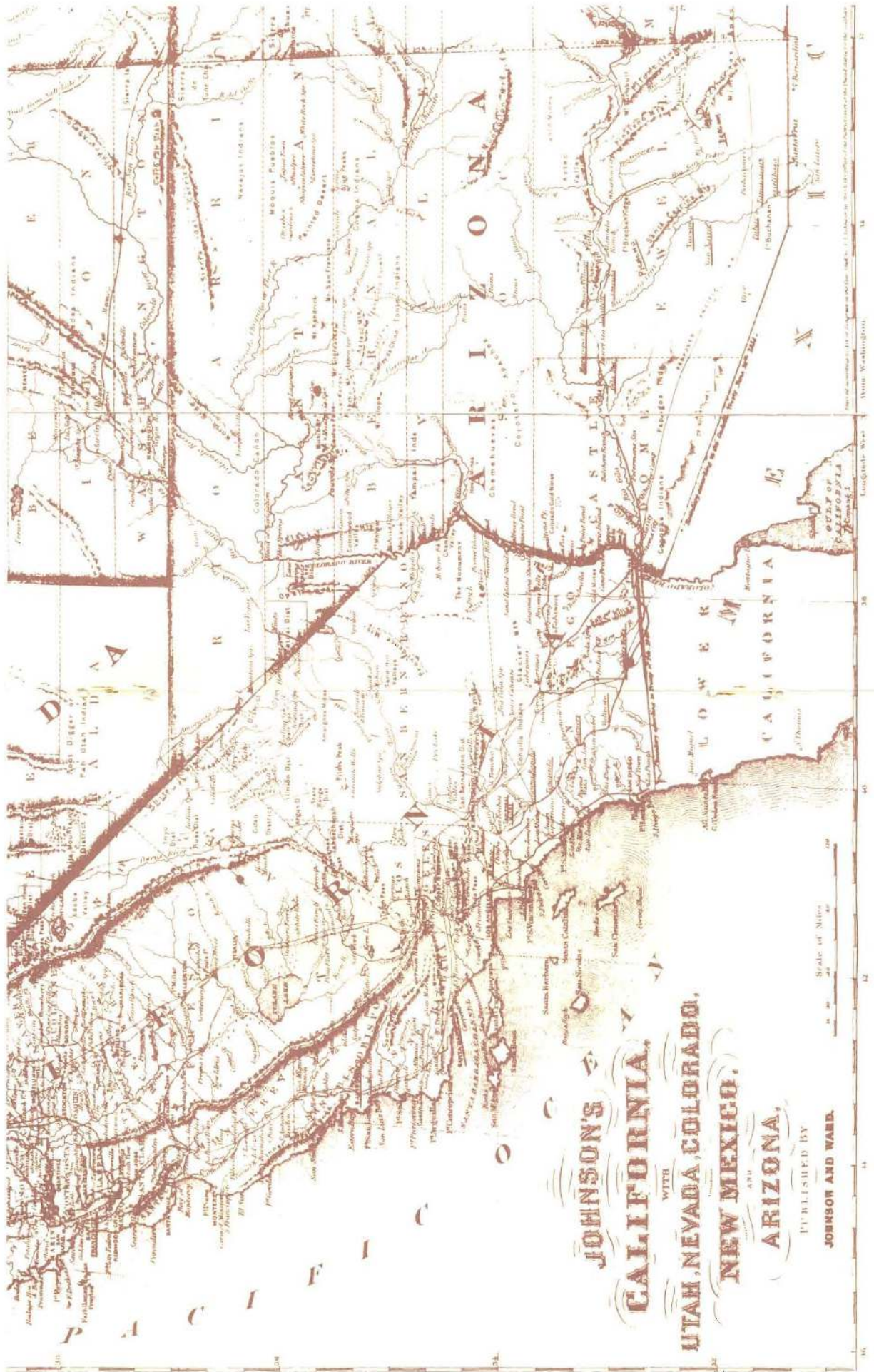
**March 1** - Left San Felipe at 7 A.M. Passed Indian rancheria and taking an Indian trail reached Vallecito at half past twelve noon, hours in advance of the team and saving at least eight miles of travel. The road for teams, the boys report, was bad and called the distance eighteen miles. The Ranch at Vallecito is kept by a Union woman who sells most miserable decoction which she calls whiskey. The country continues to grow more destitute of water and if possible, vegetation is scarcer. The cavalry are still with us. The captain and other officers appear very kind and courteous. They are all well mounted and I think they can do the Apaches some damage. Sick mule is recovering. Sold Mexican some flour. It is now twenty days since we left San Francisco. Am getting so used to walking that I do not feel wearied at a ten or fifteen mile walk. Think I can go thirty by the time I reach Pinos Altos.

**March 2** - Left camp at four o'clock in the morning and traveling nine miles through heavy sand made Palm Springs at half-past eight. Plenty of water. Ruins of an old mail station. Remained at Palm Springs until 2:00 P.M. Heavy road to Carizo Creek Station. Wagons did not arrive until dark.

**March 3** - Left camp at 5:00 A.M. Very heavy road for eight miles, then for four miles a little better. Thence to Hale's Wells, deep sand. From Hale's Wells the road is very sandy for five miles. Then it runs out onto an alkali flat and with one or two exceptions is excellent to Indian Wells, which last point we reached at 10:00 P.M., having made thirty-two miles without water for the stock. The mules and horses suffered dreadfully and were almost giving out when we camped.

The last two days' travel the country has become, if possible, more barren. Immense sand tracks stretch off in every direction almost as far as the eye can reach. A country cursed of God could look but little more desolate and dreary. Virgil's foot continues to give him pain and trouble. All the boys are well and in fine spirits except Bill Martin who suffers extremely at having to walk over the desert. The cavalry are still with us. Indian Wells afford an abundance of water.







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**March 4** - Intend to remain here until three o'clock. Killed some quail this morning. Travelled until 10:30 P.M. Unharnessed and slept till 2:30 A.M. when we started for the Alamo Wells, the roughest road to travel we have yet found. Sand the entire distance, very deep sand. Lay down after the train started and took a good nap. Had a hot sandy walk to pay for it.

**March 5** - Arrived at the Alamo Wells at 10:00 A.M. Rested until 5:00 P.M. Travelled until midnight, most of the time over a fair road, not good, but not so bad as we have become accustomed to.

**March 6** - Left Sackett's old wells at noon. Found Cook's Wells at 4:00 P.M., intending to go nine miles to the river Colorado, but finding more sand, we were compelled to camp without water. All hands tired and sleepy. One mule gave out.

**March 7** - Made river early, heard of grass in the neighborhood. Went to hunt for game. Walked for three hours over a sand plain without water. Found a little grass. Shot a coyote. Found tailloa grass three miles from road. Boys took animals to it and they did well, looking full when they came in.

**March 8** - Mules returned from grass at noon. Left camp at one o'clock and made camp at Fort Yuma at sunset. Did not visit the fort this evening .

**March 9 - 10** - Got up early, went to fort and got my permit or passport to Tucson. Fort Yuma is situated on a knoll or point at left hand side of the river. Came near and camped at 12 M. Mules on fair grass.

**March 13** - Broke camp, travelling up right bank of the Gila over sandy alkali plains. Reached site of once prosperous Gila City where once were congregated over 1,000 souls engaged in working the rich placer diggings found back of the town. Owing to the absence of water, the process of mining was called dry washing. Today has been very warm and dusty. If this be winter weather I had rather be in some other country in August. Stock getting weak. Will be compelled to stop on first grass to be found. Have had as yet no grass on which stock would fatten. Don't think it possible to take machinery through this waste with the means at our command. Water bad — grass ditto.

**March 14** - Stood guard last night for the first time. Had the after watch. Left camp at 5:00 A.M. Travelling up right bank of Gila. Country barren. Bleak rocky hills on each side of river. Scanty vegetation with a small quantity of gritta grass on the uplands, though four or five miles from the road. Camped at 10:30 A.M. one mile from Mission Camp.

**March 15** - Over the same character of country. Antelope Peak at one o'clock. In the evening, government express rider passed, leaving letters for Virge and myself which came to Fort Yuma the day we left. Glad to hear from old Plumas, the first tiding we had had from home since we left San Francisco.



**March 16** - Are lying over and probably will remain two or three days. We have good grass and the stock is very weak. This country produces but one article in abundance. I do not think I ever saw a finer quality of sand for mechanical purposes than covers the face of all Arizona that I have seen. Have tried fishing in the Gila and Colorado with poor success. The fish are inferior and difficult to catch, nibbling like old experts at stealing bait. Tried for an hour to catch one last night. He ate a whole quail for me, then went off to sleep away his surfeit. Have to abandon fishing with the hook.

**March 17** - Read the first newspaper today that have seen since leaving Los Angeles. Although no later than the 25th of last month, devoured its contents more eagerly than I ever did the morning papers at San Francisco. How eager one is to get any news from the inside, not having heard from, and hardly having seen anyone who had left civilization since we did. I almost felt that a view of the obits columns of the Sacramento Union would be a treat. I judge it is the same with others, as the copy of the Union I had the pleasure to grasp was so worn and flimsy with use that I could hardly hold it to read.

Will break camp again tonight. Hear reports of Indian troubles ahead and bad sand for the next five or six miles.

**March 18** - Left camp last evening at 5:00 P.M. Deep sand for five miles. Made camp at 11:00 P.M. at government station. Found scattered hay for animals and this morning Uncle Sam's again. A citizen of Mexican descent, having been invited by us to breakfast, allowed us to help ourselves to hay from the stack. The hay is of inferior quality, being the dry Letitia grass almost as coarse as sagebrush. Does not seem to give the animals any strength. Am anxiously awaiting the driver and freight train from Tucson from which we hope to get a little barley or wheat. The wagon master is an old friend of Martin's and we think he will divide Uncle Sam's property with us. Poor old uncle has to suffer, but it is consoling to know he is rich enough to stand it. This poor Mexican here has been as much afraid he would be caught giving us a hundred pounds of hay as many contractors would have been of a fraud of thousands. I think this is the first time he has sinned. I felt a little regret at being the cause of his first fault, but he has not sense enough to do much damage and my stock is very weak. I fear some of them will give out before I reach the Pima Villages. The road is speedy death to animals. Burros have stood the trip better than I could expect. If I had known what the road was I would not have dared undertake it with my outfit and money. If I get to the Pima Villages safe, I will be able to procure feed there to recondition my stock. Virge is very impatient to get through and would kill all the stock by driving if I would let him. There is a limit to stock endurance and I do not wish to reach that limit. It would not be pleasant to be left hard aground in this desert country.

Wonder how all are at home. If mother mourns for her only son. If she knows where he is. I do hope I may be successful on the return, and I will make



her a home where I will be content to remain near her. Sophronia, I expect, misses my frequent visits to Marysville, and Father, though he says but little, thinks of me too. If he and Ned can keep the business going at home, all will be well no matter how I may turn out. They have a heavy task before them.

Old Cap DeHaven will take pleasure in receiving and answering my letters and I think he is my friend if I have a friend. What have I done to have friends? My soul is depressed at the question as though there was a consciousness of unworthiness, a want of that unselfishness which delights in others' happiness. Well, I feel lonely today and I will not yield to sad influences. No bright prospects are before me of peace and quiet joy on earth. They were denied years ago. Wealth I may win. Position I might earn and will strive for, for Mother's and sisters' sake, but I feel that their happiness will be my only joy. Strange world. How different is my life from that of my old schoolmates and playmates of early childhood. Yet it is my choice in some respects and I would not change with them. How slight a thing will change the current of a life. But for one slight but mighty cause, I would soon be occupying a widely different sphere of life. A graduate of Asbury University, a student and practitioner of law; who could place the bounds of my success? Now I am a dreamer on the desert sands of Arizona, suffering privations and dangers of no slight nature, for Gold, Gold that cannot bring name or peace to me, and my wanderings are causing distress to those who love me. God in his wisdom has made the human heart of tough material, and time weakens our deepest griefs. They will be better able to bear my absence as time passes and I do not return. May God bless them all and care for them.

**March 19** - Leaving the Mohawk Station at 4:00 P.M., passed the road leading to the Arizona copper mine and made a dry camp at dark. Left camp this morning at sunrise and nooning at Shady **Camp**, and made camp on Salt Grass. One horse very sick tonight. Road heavy **and** grass scarce. Stock grown **weak**. I fear for the next hundred miles. Once over that I will find feed and Indians plenty. I would choose more grass at the risk of a small fight.

**Sunday - March 20** - Left camp at half past 9:00 A.M. Road to Stancoix dusty and heavy. Day warm — even hot. Made Stancoix at 1:30. The station is kept by a man named "Shorty", a gassy jovial soul. His life is a lonesome one. He often passes weeks without seeing a single human being and when a traveller comes, he pours forth the volume of words that have accumulated. He talked us all to sleep last night and was out this morning before we were up. He has been a great traveller over the country toward which we are moving and has been at the Walker and Weaver mines — gives them a bad name.

**March 21** - Taking a trail this morning on foot, we made a cut-off on the trains of two or three miles. Grass very scant and water at distant intervals. Water and grass together and impossibility in nature. The road only nears the river once in six to twelve miles and grass is always one to four miles from the river. Are now half way to Piños Altos.



The first half has been the worst road for grass and sand. The next will be the worst for Indians. This is certainly the worst country in the world to travel over. The scarcity of grass and water make it exceedingly hard on stock. Today noon is a fair instance. Our wagons are at least one-and-a-half miles from grass on one side and a half a mile from grass on the other; making four miles the animals are compelled to travel from the grass to drink.

**March 22** - Left camp yesterday at 5:30 P.M. and arrived at Burke's station at 7:30. Grass on marsh distant one-and-one-half miles. Will remain here until five o'clock this evening. Yesterday two gentlemen from the Pima Villages passed; one, Mr. Allen, is a government contractor. He considers us safe from the Indians until we reach the Maricopa Hills. Says we will find grass green three miles this side of Gila Bend. The appearance of the country is improving slightly as we get away from Fort Yuma. The bottoms are not susceptible of cultivation and the uplands are nothing but banks of sand with scant vegetation. The mountains are distant and look barren. Can see nothing but burnt rock. It rained a little last night, not enough to settle the dust, but enough to frighten us with a wetting.

**March 23** - Left Burke Station at 4:00 P.M. Sandy roads for four miles with an upward grade until we reached the foot of the hills leading on to the mesa, or table land, from which point, with the exception of two or three hills, the road was excellent until we reached dry camp at 11:00. Found good grass.

**24** - Travelling two or three miles, we made Oatman flat, a small sandy stretch at the mouth of a ravine celebrated as the scene of the murder of the Oatman family in 1851 by the Tonto [Yavapai] Apaches. A rude wooden paling marks the spot where their remains are buried. As there was no grass, we only remained long enough to get breakfast. Climbing a very steep hill, we followed the mesa for five or six miles and, descending another as rugged, we followed a ravine to the summit of a range of mountains, and again coming to the valley of Gila after four or five miles came to Kenyon Station at 9:00 P.M. Got some hay for stock and supper for ourselves and soon I was sound asleep.

**25** - Left Kenyon Station at 3:00 P.M. and travelled until 10:00 P.M. Good road. Found nice green feed for stock. Called this camp Green Pastures.

**March 26** - We are camped on excellent grass. Better than I thought I should find in this sterile country. It seems that nothing can be depended upon in this region. Just as I was going to stop and tie up the teams without grass because they could go no further from sheer exhaustion and starvation, when the hope of being able to reach the Pima Villages had about died out in my heart, I stepped out upon a fine soft meadow, the rich green grass making a soft carpet for my feet and giving more pleasure to my weary body than ever did the softest sofas or ottomans. It was rest for it took the pressure off my brain. It was food and strength to my failing and worn-out stock, a priceless boon found when least expected. Shall remain here several days. Fifty-two miles to the Pima Villages.



Learned yesterday that the gentleman in company with Mr. Allen was the celebrated J. Ross Browne; I ought to have known him by the close resemblance he bore in his dress to the, as I suppose, caricatures of himself in Harpers Magazine. Wonder what he is doing in this country and if he has as funny a time of it as he did in Denmark. Guess he looks at the women's legs instead of their looking at his.

**March 27th** - Found still better feed back from road at mountain flat. Sent stock out there this morning and they have just returned. Dan killed a fine antelope. Beans! take a back seat. Come to my lips those delicious morsels of juiciness! Tomorrow, if I am capable of packing what I eat tonight, I shall see if I can't kill one. Think it will be nice jerked. I have just tasted its juicy fragrance cooked by another mode. The boys are all well. Virge has recovered from his lameness. We are pleasantly camped and well situated except water is unhandy. Stock doing well.

**March 28 - 29** - Boys hunting. Killed in all four antelope.

**March 30** - Came by Gila Bend last evening. Leave at 3:30 for Maricopa Wells, a drive of 48 miles ahead.

**March 31** - Arrived here at half past two. Travelled two hours on foot. Several head of stock gave out. Will be compelled to lay over for two weeks on the first good grass I find. Indians in great numbers in camp. They are fine looking Indians and appear superior to any California Indians I ever saw. Altogether more manly and intelligent. Some of them are armed with government arms.

**April 3** - Left Wells at 9:00 A.M. Rode through alkali flats for three miles and then through Pima Villages to station. Bought 700 pounds of wheat from Indians by paying twice the usual price — could have bought more if the silver of the party had been more extensive. Reached station at 4:00 P.M.

**April 4** - Made Socitone [Sacaton] Station ten miles from Pima Villages. Station poor grass.

**April 5** - Left camp at 5:30 A.M. Made Oneida Station at 11:00 A.M. Road good. No grass and no water but some contained in flats from last rain, very bad and the color of chocolate. Will leave here at 3:00 and endeavor to reach grass said to be but six miles distant. Did not find grass but was compelled to drive to station, distant twelve miles which we reached at 8:00 P.M.

**April 6** - Am laying over today. I am on herding duty together with Deloss. As we herd, we are cutting hay with a spade to feed the animals tonight. Cutting hay with a spade! Wouldn't that sound like a traveler's story to Hoosiers? The hay is good and of the kind of grass known as "gremer-amer."



Virge and Blake went on to Tucson today with Col. Brown and party. We will remain here perhaps tomorrow. Had another Indian scare last evening. Bloodless and fightless as before. I ran three-quarters of a mile to get a shot and had my trouble for my pains.

**April 7** - My birthday. I spent it lounging around camp.

**April 9** - Left camp at 4:00 A.M. Arrived at Picacho at 10:00 A.M. Left Picacho at 4:00 P.M. Travelled twelve miles and made dry camp at 10:00 P.M. Allen's freight train camped with us.

**April 10** - Left dry camp at 4:00 A.M. and made Points of Mountain at 11:00 A.M. Will remain a day or two. Seventeen miles from Tucson.

**April 14** - Drove on to Tucson arriving 4:00 P.M.

**April 16th** - Drove out to camp to rest stock nine miles from town.

**April 20th** - Made trade this morning with wagon master of Mexican train to haul all my freight to Rio Mimbres for one little sorrel bronco mule. Will drive into Tucson again today.

**April 21** - Left Tucson at 1:00 P.M. Again on the road in company with three Mexican trains escorted by fifteen cavalry and fifteen infantry. Drove fifteen miles and made dry camp.

**April 22** - Made Cienega at 7:00 A.M. Remain here today.

**April 23** - Left camp at 2:00 P.M. Made dry camp at sunset.

**April 24** - Made San Pedro crossing at 7:30 A.M. Six soldiers are here. Our escort is a nuisance and a humbug.

**April 25** - Left San Pedro at 12:00 P.M. Dry camp opposite Dragoon Springs.

**April 26** - Arrived at Sulphur Springs at 7:30 A.M. Left the springs at 1:00 P.M., drove fifteen miles and made dry camp.

**April 27** - Crossed summit of Apache Pass at sunrise. Passed Fort Bowie at 8:00 A.M. and camped at springs a half mile from same. Remained until 2:00 P.M. and drove ten miles to dry camp.

**April 28** - Made San Simon Cienega at 8:00 A.M. Remain here until 1:00 P.M. and drive until sunset to dry camp.

**April 29** - Made Light End or Wells at 3:00 A.M. having stopped at dry camp but one hour, then driving all night. Leave Light End at 2:00 P.M. and drive until dark. Cook supper and roll on again. Passing dry stations.



**May 1** - Reach Cow Springs at 9:00 A.M. Distant from Piñõs Altos 30 miles. Can see the range of mountains on which it is situated.

**May 2** - Break camp at 1:00 P.M., taking the road for old Fort McLean. Drive twelve miles and camp.

**May 3** - Arrive at fort at 8:00 A.M., remaining all day.

**May 4** - Left Fort McLean at 1:00 P.M., drove fourteen miles and camped on dry ridge.

**May 5** - Arrived at Piñõs Altos at 10:00 A.M.

**May 13** - Have prospected Martin's ledges and am sorely disappointed in them. They will not, in my opinion, satisfy machinery. Nothing now remains for me to do but sell my outfit, discharge my debts and men and seek wealth in another quarter. I do not know which end of the road to take, but I think I shall go into Sonora and if I do not like the country, return to California via Guaymas. Kellogg will accompany me.

**July 1** - Quite an interval has elapsed since I have written anything in my diary. I left Pinos Altos on the 12th of May and arrived Camp Menores (?) on the 15th. There I found Captain Whitlock and Company 2, 5th Infantry, California volunteers. Was kindly received by all. I felt as though all Company 2 were old friends although I was not acquainted with a great many of them. The whole camp was at our disposal, our possessions were replenished and our stock herded. Whitlock is liked by his men who would not exchange him for any captain in the column.

**July 2, 3, 4th** - Still traveling down the San Simon toward the Rio Gila. Water very scarce and grass not abundant. Passed the "Fourth", the glorious 4th, in as dreary a desert as I have yet seen. Hot and dusty, we reached the Gila at dark. Not a shout, not a Huzzah, nothing to remind one that this is the anniversary of our independence. How different was it with me last "Fourth". Then I was surrounded by a multitude of smiling happy faces. Happy homes and families surrounded me, whilst here all was desolation. Nature seems exhausted and appears to make no effort as in more favored climes to clothe herself in green, but willingly assumes her somber garb of dusty gray.

On the Gila I find the same unchanged aspect to everything which prevailed below the Pima Villages. The valley appears at some time to have been destroyed by fire as completely as Sodom and Gomorrah. Here is found the ruins of an old "Pueblo". Traces of houses can be found for many miles, and from their size and magnitude, once this valley contained a large population. Now it would not support a score of long-eared rabbits.

Thirty miles down, we leave the river and turning off to the left three miles brings us to Fort Goodwin in the morning.



**July 7** - At Fort Goodwin, in command of Col. Rigg, are stationed some five or six companies of California Volunteers. The site of the fort is very pleasant, having an abundance of good water and wood, but grass is scarce. It is planned to make this a permanent post, if the want of hay does not prevent. On the little stream running by the fort are sorry cornfields of the Apaches, the first I have seen as it is the first place I have been where corn could be raised.

Remained here until the afternoon of the 16th when I started for Tucson.

**July 17** - Very rough road today. My stock lost strength at Ft. Goodwin. Was compelled to stop and let the train leave me so I could rest my stock for a time. Reached camp at 9:00 P.M.

**July 18, 19, 20, 22** - Travelling from one waterhole to another. Am now at the Cimiza [sic], thirty-five miles from Tucson. Left Cimiza [sic] at 4:00 P.M. and made dry camp.

**July 23** - Arrived at Tucson at noon, camped at the edge of town. Thomas is quite sick. Gave him a huge dose of calomel and oil. Sluiced him out. Think he will survive.

**July 24** - Sold my team and wagon and most of my outfit. If I have no bad luck will leave for Guaymas in a day or two. Tucson is a very dull town and will be more so when the few soldiers now here are taken away, which will be in a few days.

**July 27** - Leaving Tucson for Guaymas in Don Manuel Yangos' train. Am homeward bound. I am truly satisfied with Arizona and Sonora, too, if it has larger and richer mines.

Camped tonight one and a half miles from Tucson at the mill.

**July 28** - Left camp at daylight, passing old mission of San Xavier. Camped for breakfast. Starting again at eleven, travelled until dark and made dry camp, passing all day deserted ranchos, ruined dwellings and abandoned fields. Truly the Apaches have been so far the victors in every campaign, completing the destruction of miles upon miles of country formerly adapted to stock breeding and once spotted with fat herds.

**July 29** - Leaving camp at daybreak, we reached this place, Tubac, at noon. It is peopled by a few soldiers, contractors and an officer of customs. Of the several hundred former inhabitants, many have been killed by the Apaches and the remainder have sought homes in less exposed regions.

At the earnest solicitation of Mr. Ward, collector of customs for this section of Arizona, I have consented to stop with him for a month or so and look at the mines of this vicinity.



## Tourist Regulations for Visitors to Mexico

U.S. citizens are not required to have passports to visit Mexico, but must have proof of citizenship (such as birth certificates, voter's registration, passport, etc.). Naturalized U.S. citizens must carry naturalization certificates or U.S. passports. Alien residents in the U.S. should consult nearest Mexican Consulate or Mexican Government Tourist Office. All persons regardless of age must carry the (free) tourist card obtainable at the border or from any Mexican Consulate or Mexican Government Tourist Office in the U.S. or Canada.

A valid passport is no longer required when entering Mexico or returning to the U.S., unless you have traveled to other continents or to Central or South America.

Car permits are obtainable at the border upon presentation of proof of ownership, registration, certificate of title or a notarized affidavit that the applicant is the owner or drives with the permission of the owner. These permits must be turned in to the Mexican customs at the border on returning to the U.S. Canadian and American insurance is not valid in

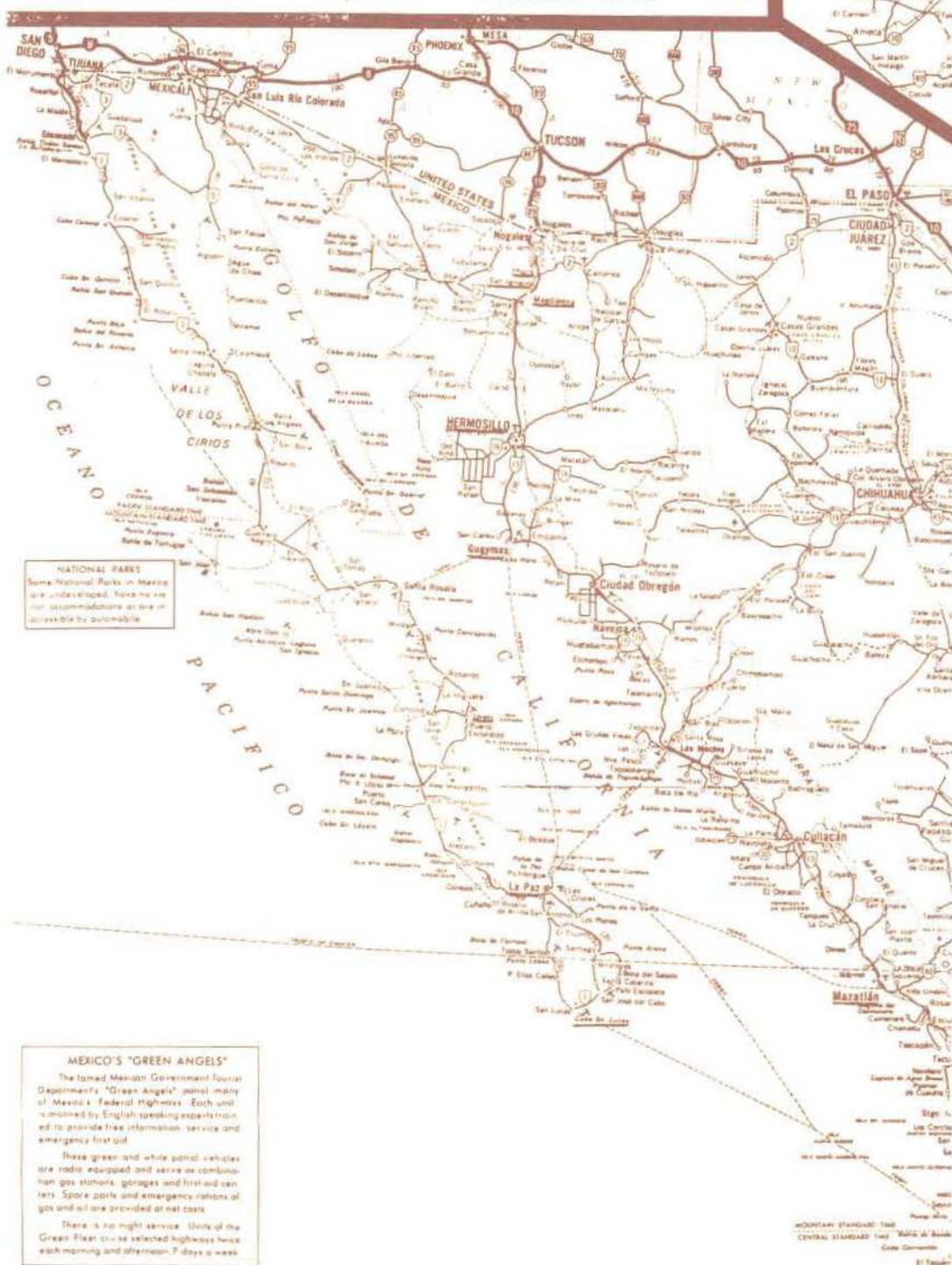
Mexico. Short term tourist insurance is available at most ports of entry. Citizens of U.S. and Canada are not required to have the tourist card and passport or car permit if visits to border towns are less than 72 hours. Gasoline is readily available on main highways. On other roads fill tank often.

Extra bond radios may be used in Mexico. Tourists visiting Mexico need no longer remove them before entering. It is recommended that you insure locally as to usable channels.

It is against the law to take firearms to Mexico, except on trips exclusively for hunting, in which case the interested party should contact in advance the nearest Mexican Consulate for details.

Each U.S. resident may bring into the U.S. free of duty articles purchased in Mexico for personal or household use and not intended for resale to an aggregate fair retail value of \$300 if he has not claimed the exemption during the preceding 30 days. Make local inquiry for further exemptions.

Correct as of date of publication. Subject to change.





In the immediate neighborhood there are several noted mines: El Cerro Colorado, El Patagonia, Esa Santa Rita. The names of the Yuavavia [Guevavi?] and Coravia, besides many of less note, and two or three old mines which cannot be found at present. I shall remain for probably thirty days in this section.

**July 30** - Thomas left me yesterday and went to the Cerro Colorado mine to obtain work. He left the train between stations and disappeared in the brush by the wayside with his blankets, gun, pistol, accouterments and carpet bag. A good load for a man to carry in this warm climate. I am now alone, but am pleasantly situated among strangers, the guest of Mr. Ward who has gone to the Cerro Colorado mine today and will return tomorrow when we will commence a prospecting cruise [sic].

**July 31** - Ward returned at noon. Don Yuigo [?] with him. We will first visit a district known as Huaberira [?] and owned by Gandaro, formerly governor of Sonora.

Gandaro is a resident of this place. He is a fine-favored old gentleman of some fifty-five or sixty years. I have met him frequently, but as he speaks no English and I no Spanish, we hold but little converse. I think him opposed to Americans and much prejudiced in favor of Sonoran civilization. No part of the globe, in his estimation, equals Sonora. He would oppose all change there except holding the position of governor again. Don Zinigo [Zuniga?], a representative of that Resquivia [?] party, is of a different class and appears more enlightened and to perceive the benefits to accrue to Sonora from an influx of Americans. Altogether more liberal and extended in his views; if he is a fair exponent of the Resquiveria [?] party, I wish them a continuance of power. Zinigo [?] has visited New York and Washington and speaks English, and has had good opportunities to judge for himself and having less of the prejudice of the Gandaro, freely acknowledges our superiority as a nation. He is a good Union man.

**August 13** - Have been to Guevari to see some old mines in that section. Passed by the mission of Tumacacori and Mexican fort of Calabazas to the ruins of the old mission of Guevari. Found twelve old mines, none of which appear to be more than ordinarily rich. I do not think I could make over \$10.00 per ton out them. The Old Mission grant covers the valley of the Santa Cruz river for several leagues, and the valley here is the finest I have seen in Arizona.

**August 14** - Left Tubac for Guaymas. Camped at Agua Fria, three miles from Calabazas. Two deserters came to camp tonight at 12:00 A.M. Two dirty thieves of whom their companions were glad to be rid.

**August 15** - Left camp at 4:00 A.M. Passed the line between Sonora and Arizona at 10:00 A.M. Saw some Apache signs. Am traveling with Mexican train in company with two discharged soldiers. Sgts. Jones and Hamblin,



formerly of Major McClellan's Company and taken prisoners with McClellan at Pimas Villages. They parted with their Company with every token of high esteem of their comrades. We also have two padres of the Catholic persuasion traveling with us. They are very clever and accomplished gentlemen. Leaving the Rio Santa Cruz and Calabazas, we follow the Portero Valley for twelve or fifteen miles. The country is improving as I travel south - an abundance of grass on every hand. Passing over a low range of hills, we made camp for dinner on the head waters of Rio San Ignacio, a beautiful country, low ranges of mountains around, thick with rich green grass. Pretty valley, grass waist high, yet it is not inhabited on account of the Apaches. Passed this afternoon where the Indians a few days since killed a Mexican boy.

**August 16** - Made a pleasant camp last night. Early this morning passed the ruins of an old hacienda. I never yet saw such beautiful pasturage. I can place no limit to the cattle that could be raised here. Traveled through Aliso Canyon crossing the Rio Ignacio some dozen times. It is here a nice pleasant stream of pure water bounded by a thick forest of sycamore trees from which the canyon takes its name. Made a nooning at a corn field, first we have seen of life in Sonora.

**August 17** - The evening of yesterday, passed the ruins of an old village and camped at a farm, consisting of a corn field grown over with weeds. The houses were of the kind known as *jacales*. Everything indicated a total lack of energy and industry. Today we have been passing a series of little villages. First in order was Imuris, then Ranchita, La Mesa, Krenata [?], and San Ignacio. At Kennata [?] the people were celebrating a feast day and there was a bountiful display of fruits of the melon kind. At San Ignacio there is a fine old mission church in a very good state of preservation. The soil under cultivation appears productive but there is precious little of it. We have enjoyed today the pleasure of eating pomegranates, figs, peaches and melons.

I visited some of the orchards. All appear as if they grew by chance. No regularity in their planting and no attention paid to their growing. The two deserters who overtook us at the boundry line are drunk today and will probably be expelled from the train. I do not know how they are to get through the country.

**August 18** - Left San Ignacio at 3:00 P.M. and drove to Magdalena. At this place is the largest mission I have yet seen. I can but wonder at the immense power of the Jesuit fathers who so early came as missionaries to this country. A string of missions running from San Xavier near Tucson to Chile was established as early as 1680 and although the Jesuits were driven from this country as early as 1767, all the old buildings are a hundred years old.

The tillable land has not increased in quantity, but there is more water. I judge there are not as many inhabitants as formerly. Eggs two bits per dozen. Am living in style. Eggs every meal.



Father Boco tells me that the report of rich mines worked by the Jesuits is all false.

Left Magdalena at 8:00 A.M. Villages every few miles. Have had several additional natives join the train. The two deserters have not made their appearance since we left Magdalena. Country covered with rich grass. Melons one dime a piece.

**August 19** - Before I got awake, the train had already reached a mining camp just as the sun rose. After breakfast went over to see the mines. There are nothing but small veins of quartz running through a granite lead rock without any well defined leads. I looked in vain for a piece of rock in which I could see the "oro". The Mexican estimated a pile of rock weighing probably 3½ tons at three or four ounces.

Leaving the mines which are situated at the base of a low range of hills, we crossed a beautiful plain for twenty-four miles and camped at Laguna. Water is colored and bad tasting, but cleaned it with cactus to the astonishment of the padres.

Left camp at Laguna at 3:00 A.M. and drove to an old ranch for breakfast. An old rectangular adobe building, six or eight small ones for the peons, three or four corrals and you have a Mexican farm. No fields, no gardens.

**August 21** - Drove last night ten miles to dry camp. Road since leaving Magdalena has led across dry uplands similar to the plains near Marysville, California, except that they are covered with a thick growth of mesquite. Breakfasted at another cattle ranch, having travelled thirty-six miles since 3:00 P.M. yesterday. Have bathed twice today in the tank. Water very warm. Mexican wanted owner of the train to pay three centavos an animal for drinking water. Will leave at 4:00 P.M. and make another dry camp tonight. A young Frenchman joined us at Coavavia [?]. He is a scientific man and pronounces the mines of Arizona and North Eastern Sonora a humbug. I agree with "Science."

**August 22** - Drove last night until 10:00 P.M. and camped in a dark grove. Came very near putting an end to my travels by stepping off a precipice. Saw my danger just in time to save my bacon. Arrived this morning at 8:00 A.M. at the Hacienda de La Labor. This is indeed a fine place, a specimen of the lordly style. A shady avenue of cottonwood trees over a mile in length. Mill to the right. Barns and to the left viaduct of burnt brick. Pool for bathing — village of Yaqui Indians. Broad fields of growing cotton in bloom. Left La Labor at 4:00 P.M.

**August 23** - Dry camp last night passing in the dusk of evening the hacienda of the Yenigos "Alimite." [sp?] This is also a very fine place — one of the



finest in Sonora, but it was too dark for me to distinguish anything. This grant of land at this hacienda is some six leagues long, taking up the entire valley of the San Miguel for that distance. Immense granaries. Arrived in Hermosillo in the evening having laid off at a farm house six hours.

**August 24** - Hermosillo is the largest town in Sonora. There are some very fine buildings and several large wholesale stores doing apparently a large business. Evidence of great wealth in the hands of a few, but the mass of people are very poor. The great difficulty in this land is the great scarcity of water. There is but little more water here than in Arizona. What tillable land there is sustains an immense population. Indeed, it is a mystery to me how so many can exist. The poor appear to live upon watermelons. Even the dogs and burros eat them, and they can be seen eating them at all hours.

Every article of food is much higher here than I could expect. For a small chunk of beef, devoid of bone or fat, I pay 25¢. Eggs 25¢ for a dozen. Butter is not to be had at any price.

Will remain here ten or twelve days. Can see no difference in the morals here and at Mesilla. Total want of virtue among the females, all who from the highest to the lowest, will for a consideration.

**August 25** - Have spent this day as yesterday in quiet during the heat of the day. In the morning go out marketing and purchase the supplies for the day and in the evening seeing the sights and doing the town. Today a very amusing incident occurred. Mr. A. R. Hamblin and self were out on a little excursion in search of pleasure when he essayed a feat performed very frequently in this country as well as in all civilized regions, in which he failed twice to his great chagrin and the amusement of others.

**26th August to 30th** - Have been a week in Hermosillo. Have enjoyed my stay very much. Rambled around the town in the evening watching the costumes of the inhabitants, especially of the señoritas. Quiet naps at home during the heat of the day is the usual program of the day.

Nothing is done here during the hours between 10:00 A.M. and 3:00 P.M., but all is life and bustle from 4:00 P.M. until midnight. The streets are then filled with gay cavaliers and gaily dressed señoras and señoritas with their never to be forgotten head dresses. No woman ever wears a bonnet or a hat, but a long string or scarf of cotton or silk thrown over the head in the center and the ends so drawn around as to completely hide every portion of the face except the eyes. It is exciting to see a beautiful figure approaching with a grace unequalled, every feature except the eyes concealed to entice one to get one peep at something more. The foot print of a No. 2 is probably all your reward. This custom of head dressing is a great aid in flirtation as it is an almost total disguise.



Ralf is continually furnishing us with food for mirth, but last night he had an adventure that has kept him in hot water, and Jones and I amused. It seems that while Jones and I were out walking, a youthful and gay damsel so enamoured the boy that forgetting all of his former experience, he was inveigled into promising to call upon her immediately after our return. When we did return, without telling us where he was going, or when he would return, he left us in great haste, putting on his blouse as he went. Without money and without script, without means of defense and alone, he started upon his night wandering not knowing where his inamorata lived; but full of confidence and hope that fortune would lead him aright, he went forth. He returned two or three hours after, minus a beautiful ring which his captain gave him upon his departure from Tubac. We did not make any inquiries of him as to where he had been, but observing the ring gone this morning, we had some excuse from the boy as to its whereabouts. Finally, by his contradictory answer one assumed that the *mujer* had coveted it.

We boned him so much about it that as soon as he got his breakfast he put out in search of the fair one and by some means obtained his ring. How he got it and why he gave it away on such short acquaintance, imagination alone can tell.

Funny adventures occur daily. Life in Hermosillo is different from life in Arizona. As we are living quietly in a portion of this town occupied by families, we have many visitors who drop in upon us in every conceivable manner and upon the most trivial excuses, in order, as it appears, to learn the customs of Americans. We can understand little they say but have funny times talking to the pretty ones by signs.

Tennison, who deserted at Tubac, is here sick and without money. I went to see him yesterday. Bought him some medicine - says he is going back to give himself up. Truly this is a bad country for a man without a good trade. He went afoot to Guaymas and back and the last five days was sick each day with ague. I told him at Tubac how it would be but he would not heed my warning. He regrets very much that he ever left his company.

A.R.H. swears that if I continue to record his adventures in Hermosillo, that he will break my neck. He thinks it enough to get into so many scrapes without having them put on the record.

The weather is horrid — torrid, excessively hot. I can find no place except in an *hamaca* where I will not sweat at rest.

**August 31st** - The weather is excessively hot. Stripped to my shirt and drawers I am dripping as I sit in the coolest portion of the house.

I have no means of comparison to tell how hot it is but suppose eggs would roast in the sand, but it is too hot for the hens and eggs on "non nest." I think even if they laid today they would be hard boiled or baked.



It is said to be still warmer in Guaymas and hotter as the steamer goes south to Mazatlán. If so, I fear I will reach San Francisco a dry mummy but not three thousand years old. It is too warm to sleep, think or breathe. Breathing here makes one sweat.

**September 1st 1864** - Yesterday Jones and I tried Hamblin for various offenses committed in Hermosillo. I was judge, Jones prosecuting attorney, and Hamblin in his own behalf. He was proven guilty on each count and sentenced to publicity in San Francisco. Jones was charged with the execution of the sentence. We are becoming quite extensively acquainted. Find the people kind and friendly toward strangers. We have had many visitors. None have refused to eat with us and as today is known to be our last here, we had a dinner sent us by some neighbors. It consisted of a nice roast chicken dressed with "raisins" and chopped meat and spices. Also a roast of beef dressed with onion, chilis and other spices not known, and various other dishes. Ralph enjoyed it hugely.

We leave for Guaymas tomorrow with many pleasant recollections of my week in Hermo.

**Sept. 2 to 5** - Left Hermosillo in the morning at 4:00 A.M. on a mud-wagon with six wild mules attached. They are hitched to the wagon in a style I never saw practiced in any other land, two to the pole and four abreast at the lead. The passengers get in the wagon first, then the mules are fastened and the driver mounts to his seat, and taking the reins, the four are swung into place. While two men hold them, a third fastens the traces and at a word, the holders let go and we are off at a full run. A regular stampede, every mule running his full speed. We left the city before it was light and drove eighteen miles to breakfast at six o'clock. Changed mules for a thirty-mile drive. Wild untamed mules. We are off like a shot. All the driver tries to do is keep them in the road for the first six or seven miles. Reach station at 10:15 and changes mules again. Here we got the wildest team of the route. They are also the smallest and quickest. We left this station at a runaway gait and never slackened for twelve miles to a station where we dined. Then another drive of thirty-five miles and we hitched on a wild team of six mares and ran into Guaymas at nine in the evening, having stopped at each station about one hour.

Guaymas is pleasantly located on a beautiful bay but as it is surrounded by mountains it is the hottest place in all Sonora. It is not so large as Hermosillo and for the only seaport is very dull. It appears to be dying out. Many homes are unfinished and appear to have been so for years as the brick & mortar are decaying; no bustle & life as in "American" seaports. By American I mean the U.S. I think Guaymas at one time must have had a much greater trade than at present. I cannot fathom the cause of the decay except that the mines have proved unremunerative.



We have suffered from the heat a great deal. Even the nights are so hot that we cannot sleep and the only time I am comfortable is when I am in the clear water of the bay.

Last night we had music by the band in the plaza in front of the hotel where we are stopping. All the people and their children were out to see and hear. During the playing, a funeral procession left the wharf and rowed across the bay. Lights twinkling over the waters, the sad mission and the music produced feelings never to be forgotten.

Am stopping at a French hotel, fairly good. Coffee when you rise, breakfast at nine and dinner at four. We have about a dozen courses at dinner. Sleep in the street. Everybody sleeps in the street because it is the coolest and only place you can get a breath of fresh air. With nothing on but shirt and drawers, at first one has a curious feeling endeavoring to sleep upon a cot with hundreds passing every moment. This morning I was awakened by the merry chattering of a dozen señoritas as they passed my cot on the way to mass. Young, pretty and not over sixteen. My first impulse was to cover up but that was impossible as there was nothing on the cot but myself and sheet. I begin to think I will make a fair Sonoran in a few more weeks. I have got about as lazy as any of them and they do nothing but keep cool and flirt with the señoritas. I can go one-half the program already.

**Sept 6th 1864** - Had a fine sail around the harbor and returned at 2:00 P.M. - took a nap and awoke at five to find that the two padres had arrived. They greeted me cordially and we are mutually gratified to find ourselves the occupants of the same hotel in Guaymas. After dining, took a walk and smoke with Father Messea. An hour of pleasant conversation and the servant brings out our cots and arranges them in a row by the sidewalk. I retire to rest, occupying the largest dormitory in the world with the bright stars twinkling in my face and the gentle breeze pleurably fanning my face.

**Sept 8th** - Most of the foreign residents here sympathize with the South. The Americans are almost all of them from the South and they give direction to public sentiment as they are always talking. No other papers are received and all the news received is from cessation quarters. A rebel victory is magnified and a defeat is never mentioned.

This is a miserable country. Trade is stagnant and every enterprise is dead. The mines are unproductive. The tillable land is so limited that the future of Sonora does not appear bright. There is no water power, and no means of becoming a manufacturing country. No timber, scant water and worse grazing. I think Sonora can never aspire to our exalted position as state or nation. The silver and gold lead of which so much has been said are small veins lying horizontal or in broken masses, not well defined and perfect as in Washoe, descending into the earth perpendicular or almost so, but torn up and broken



by volcanic action. All is confusion. A deposit here, another there, everything is uncertain and confused. Today a vein shows a large quantity of metal, tomorrow it has disappeared, no trace of lead even remaining. I think Sonora, Arizona and New Mexico the poorest mining regions on the American continent.

It is very dull here in Guaymas, nothing to interest the stranger. No public resorts — no amusements — no libraries — nothing remains but to eat and sleep. No wonder the people are immoral. They have nothing else to think of. The ladies can find no excitement or amusement except in flirtation. And a señora would as soon expect to be transferred bodily to heaven as to be true to her lord. The women are lonely and the men thieves from the necessity of doing something. Humankind cannot be wholly idle and if not doing good and progressing, they will do evil and retrogress. The Mexicans surely are retrograding, if they have not already found the lowest depth of sensuality and debasement. No one can fully realize the condition of this country until he has travelled through it and even then it is difficult to believe the evidence of his own senses.

Have done literally nothing today. Rose at five, had coffee at six, and smoked and read and wrote until noon. Went to sleep and slept four hours. Dinner at 5:45. This evening raining - am afraid rain will prevent the band from playing on the plaza as it is usual for it to do every Thursday and Sunday night. Am not very well this evening. Thought I could endure as much rest as anyone but find my constitution will not stand so much sleep. My appetite is failing and a general disorganization is imminent. Must do something.

The soldiers are posting notices that citizens of Guaymas must pay to the government 20,000 pesos for next month's taxes. Next month the collector will be around and the amount will be paid and questions will be asked. All who fail to pay at once will be sold out on the instant. There is no delay here about such matters. It is the only point when the government is prompt. It is keenly alive to the necessity of having money on hand and in the Treasury.

**Sep. 9** - Steamer arrived at 9:30 A.M. Few passengers. Was not able to touch at Mazatlán owing to the stress of weather. Have procured my passport but not my ticket. No news of importance from the states. Expected to hear of the fall of Richmond.

**Sep. 10th** - With the excitement consequent upon the arrival of the steamer yesterday, time passed off much more pleasantly than any day since my arrival in Guaymas. Got out my passport on which I am put down as a married man of dark hair, fair complexion, tall and with a regular nose, grey eyes and "huge" whiskers. Steamer will not sail until Monday. Have been examining some machinery just landed. It looks like models from the patent office, so light and fragile I should not think of power sufficient for a Corn Cracker. I can almost carry the heaviest piece of casting upon my shoulder. The stamp complete will not weigh over 250 pounds. The engine has about 8 horse power.



**11th** - Put 500 dollars in treasury notes in the hands of the purser of the J. L. Stevens as security for three steerage tickets for myself and two soldier boys with me. I do this in order to accommodate the soldiers as their papers are not exactly satisfactory to the officers of the boat and to make less trouble in San Francisco. We sail tomorrow.

**12th** - Have prepared everything and will go on board at 12 noon. Nothing of note transpired except the leaving of Father Messea who detained us for a quarter hour. Went on board at 1:00 P.M. and sailed at 6:30. Light wind in the evening.

**13** - The wind of yesterday evening freshened into quite a gale before morning. Hove to at San Loretta [Loreto] at 8:00 A.M. Are loading freight and passengers. A very slow operation as the vessel is two miles from the beach. Considerable sport this morning shark fishing. Succeeded in landing one on deck that measured ten feet from tip to tip. Could see many in the water twice that length. Calm and pleasant. Sea quiet as a mill pond.

**14th** - Left Loretta [Loreto], its white church in the distance, at 5:00 P.M. Sailing between islands and the mainland through narrow straits - calm clear water smooth as a large river. Just breeze enough to render it pleasant on deck. Went to sleep on deck and was awakened by a shower of rain which caused me to run below at 11:00 P.M. Awoke this morning at five, and lying in my berth could look upon the shore not three hundred yards distant. At seven passed the pilot boat and, receiving a pilot on board, dropped anchor at 7:30 at the harbor of La Paz. La Paz presents quite a pretty appearance from the ship — but the country has the same brown dry look that has become so irksome to my eyes.

**15th** - Went ashore yesterday and today. Was much disappointed in the place as it looked so pretty and picturesque from the boat. I found only a few mud hovels and a dozen half-pretentious buildings erected by foreigners. Before the mining excitement, a few fishermen's huts were all there was of La Paz and when the cause dies, as it is slowly dying, it will go back to its former position. There is no other foundation for a town. The mines here are of the same character as in Sonora. Rich ore and small deposits — no ledges of permanent character. But one mill has yet been erected upon the Peninsula and none will follow as it will in all probability prove a failure. Everybody is discouraged and silver mining has got a setback that it will not recover from in years. It will affect good mines as well as poor and put an end to prosperity.

**Sep 16th** - Last night La Paz was illuminated in honor of the coming day which is the anniversary of Mexican Independence, their Fourth of July. I can see but little cause of rejoicing as a worse government and worst governed set of wretches don't live on this sphere. Ignorance is truly bliss in their case. They could not appreciate a good government and don't know a bad one when they have it.

We raise anchor at 6:00 A.M. and are now off for Mazatlán.



**17** - Sea rough last night, very heavy swell. Ship rolling very much. Quite a storm of rain in the evening. This morning we had a little excitement on board. One of the main hawsers, in being passed from port to port, got foul of the wheel and the engine was stopped. Everyone running to learn the cause of the stoppage caused quite a lively time. Are in sight of land at 9:00 A.M. and will probably cast anchor at Mazatlán by noon. I fear it will be too rough to discharge freight and if so we may be detained four or five days. Delays are always dangerous, it is said. This one will be irksome. I am getting anxious to put foot in California. Once there, I will be in no hurry to leave it. Steamship traveling is very dull — not near so exciting as mule-back riding among the Apache. Anchored off Mazatlán at 11:00 A.M. Discharging freight. Sea much more quiet than I expected. A very pretty city is Mazatlán viewed from the deck of a heaving ship. Appears much larger than Guaymas. Some large and conspicuous buildings, and a cotton factory is just visible to the right of the main town. We have just been visited by an officer from one of her B.M. [British Majesty's] ships of war anchored outside of us. Don't know his business on board and don't care.

**September 18th** - Discharged cargo today to the amount of seven lighters. At noon the Mexicans refused to do any more work as it is Sunday. We'll get the rest out tomorrow and will be off by night, I hope. Monotony is the order, loll around on deck, smoke, eat & sleep. The vessel lays so as to receive the full swell of the sea and keeps up a constant rolling from side to side. Have not had a laugh since coming aboard. Everyone dull as if having a ticket to a funeral.

**19** - Discharged a little freight and sailed for Cape St. Lucas at 5:00 P.M.

**20th** - Arrived at Cape St. Lucas [Cabo San Lucas] at 1:30 P.M. and left again at 4:00 P.M.

**21** - Weather pleasant, getting cooler since we passed the Cape.

**22nd** - Nothing to change the monotony of a sea voyage. The passengers spend their time as best they can, eating and sleeping and wishing they were in San Francisco. Passed Senu Island at noon. Tom Ogg Shaw is a steerage passenger from Mazatlán. He is intending to locate at Mazatlán for five years and will speculate in the land & cotton, brim-full of hope and energy. I hope he will succeed. He will, if success can be won by close attention, a clear head and industry. He is a fine specimen of the go-ahead venturing business man of the U.S.

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(This is the end of the typescript sent to Harriette Glenn.)