

THE COCHISE QUARTERLY

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Mastott Miners, Dos Cabezas, Ariz., May 1915

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Rougue of the Mascot Mine.....	3
Apache Indians in Eastern Sonora (during the first half of the 1900s).....	17

Mark Twain is credited with having said,
*“A mine is a hole in the ground,
the owner of which is a liar.”*

Front Cover: Mascot Miners (original photo given by Ray Wein, Dos Cabezas, Arizona, February 1971 to the authors. Ray's father, is standing in front of tunnel post, right side.)

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The Cochise Quarterly, a journal of Arizona history and archaeology, contains articles by qualified writers as well as reviews of books on history and archaeology in this area. It is a CCHAS publication. Contributions are welcome. Manuscripts should be submitted to the Editorial Committee, P.O. Box 818, Douglas, AZ 85608-0818.

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THOMAS N. McCAULEY: ROGUE OF THE MASCOT MINE

by Edward H. Saxton and Phil C. Bowman

Depending upon your point of view, Thomas N. McCauley was either a swindler or a saint. To the thousands of gullible stockholders whom he imaginatively fleeced - while holding out hope for great riches from their investment in Mascot Copper Mine at Dos Cabezas, Arizona, he should have been a rogue of the first water. But even today, those who worked for him at the mine speak reverently of him, calling that period "the happiest days of my life." Another said, "Mr. McCauley was the finest Christian gentleman I ever knew."

Thomas Newton McCauley, a slightly-built man, always neatly attired in tailor-made suits, sat stunned in his chair. Eight specialists who had examined him, and now his own physician, were telling him that they all concurred in the diagnosis: T.N. McCauley, one of the most successful realtors in Chicago, is a sick man, incapable of recovering from a series of ailments which allow him no resistance.

McCauley and his doctor had been friends for many years. So now, fighting the shock, McCauley knew he could count on being told the truth; but nothing had prepared him for this, "You have just a short time to live."

McCauley's ascetic face must have been more ashen than usual as he let the fateful news sink in. Only 45 years old, at the peak of his career, the very thought of quitting and simply waiting for the end just would not have appealed to him at all.

Finally, in his squeaky high-pitched voice he managed to ask the cheerless question, "Doctor, is there nothing that I can do?" Eyeing his patient somberly for a few moments, the physician then offered the time honored advice so many doctors gave their hopeless patients in the year 1905. Perhaps McCauley could prolong his life somewhat if he moved out West and away from Chicago's harsh climate. A slender straw, but McCauley clutched at it.

As he strolled the two blocks back to his own plush realty office in the Harris Trust Co. building, threatening clouds, like porridge grown cold, stretched from horizon to horizon. The icy January wind whipping off Lake Michigan cut through even his heavy overcoat, just as the doctor's report had cut through his life. He must have been assailed by doubts. He should take his physician's advice, yet how could he leave behind everything he had accomplished? How would he survive without his lucrative real estate and financial enterprises? What would his wife think about leaving their beautiful and comfortable home? What would life be like without his many business associates and friends?

He and his wife, an attractive and socially active woman, had to assess the situation. Their only child, a girl, had passed away a few years before. The McCauleys were wealthy; there would be no financial problems. Business and home could be sold. Everyone knew of people who had been cured in the healthy climate of the West.

So McCauley went about the sad tasks of closing his business and arranging a new life. A month later the McCauleys sold their home and moved to Denver.

McCauley was used to moving. His mother, Mary Keen McCauley, was from Tennessee; his father, William R. McCauley, from Kentucky. Their son Thomas had been born on their farm in Washington County, Illinois, March 27, 1860. During his youth he shoveled grain in an elevator for a dollar a day and thought he had the best job in the world.

But when his father died a poor man, despite his ambitious son's improvements to the home farm, Thomas left to become a candy butch on the Illinois Central Railroad. The bleakness and poverty of his life in southern Illinois had left its mark: Thomas McCauley seemed to prize money above all else. And a gift for selling almost anything led him to progress rapidly.

In Denver the McCauleys found a lovely house in a fashionable neighborhood. There they began to settle into their new life in the West. In about three months they received a visitor - a long-time friend. Captain Ben W. Tibbey, a mining engineer who had served as superintendent of the Parrot Mining Co. of Butte, Montana, in 1880. Subsequently, Tibbey worked for years in Alamos, Sonora, Mexico. Now, at about age 50, he was a house guest at the McCauleys' Denver home.

Very likely the Denver visit was no accident, because the friend had brought with him a sample of feathered copper ore which undoubtedly led to the next momentous step in McCauley's career. The friend told him of the country from which the copper ore had come — the rugged Dos Cabezas Mountains of northern Cochise County, in the southeast corner of Arizona Territory. He spoke of the old prospector working his claim in the hills. He added his opinion that a large copper property could be developed on the spot where the ore sample was found, because a vast deposit of mineral wealth lay beneath the surface. Tibbey suggested that further investigation might justify substantial financial investment.

McCauley thought it over. He was sentenced to the West by his health. Why not develop a financial interest out here and satisfy the dictates of his medical advisor at the same time?

The experience promised by his fertile imagination of what the potential could be prompted him in the spring of 1905 to travel to Willcox, Arizona, a cattle town of 1,000 population on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, 65 miles east of Tucson.

In Willcox, McCauley boarded a stage for the trip out to the small mountain town of Dos Cabezas, 16 miles to the southeast. On this journey the Midwesterner no doubt was introduced to a new experience, common to the area. The road crosses a dry lake known as the Willcox Playa. On a calm, hot day McCauley would have seen, through the heat waves, what appeared to be a beautiful expanse of blue water, welcome sight on this dry plain. Small islands, trees and low buildings would seem to be close by. Many travelers had seen this desert mirage in the past. Two miles after passing through Willcox Playa the Dos Cabezas stage route crossed the old Butterfield Overland Mail road.

Upon arrival at Dos Cabezas, McCauley sought out the old prospector and found him living about three miles north of town - up the steep slope leading to the Dos Cabezas (two heads) peaks, which dominate the narrow valley in which the town is situated. The towering Chiricahua Mountains form the southern rim of the defile.

The miner was existing in a primitive manner - a one-room wooden cabin was his abode. He slept on a bale of hay spread on the floor and cooked his meager fare in a frying pan over an outdoor fire.

Working alone, the bearded and unkempt prospector had driven a tunnel into the mountain above his cabin. The steep and rocky trail to his mine could be climbed only on foot. Not even a burro could be used to pack out the ore. But true to Tibbey's appraisal of the mine, the tunnel did show six feet of good carbonate copper ore. According to an assay office report, which the miner showed to McCauley, samples averaged 40% copper along with some gold and silver. McCauley looked over this property and several other claims adjoining it.

Now at this point two different stories surface. A Tucson newspaper reporter published a romantic tale in the *Arizona Daily Star*. It told how McCauley bought out the old prospector, lived in the cabin, cooked his meals in a frying pan, and worked the claim. It spoke of how he then moved into an adobe house in Dos Cabezas and how this eventually became headquarters for the Mascot Copper Co.

What actually happened must have been quite different. McCauley was a financier, not a miner. This contrasting version regarding the origin of the Mascot Mine appeared in the authoritative *Copper Handbook* published by M. A. Donahue & Co. of Chicago in 1908: "A mysterious gentleman calling himself Mr. Page appeared on the Dos Cabezas scene, accompanied by a mining engineer, Captain B. W. Tibbey. These two men prospected in the Dos Cabezas area from 1905 to 1907 and filed on a number of claims covering an area of 600 acres. Page, whose real name happened to be Thomas N. McCauley, organized the Mascot Copper Co. in May 1907, with a capitalization of \$10 million. After a slight delay, caused by the panic of 1907, development began on a large scale."

McCauley, the promotional genius, lost no time in starting publicity. Glowing accounts of the great ore bodies appeared in the weekly *Arizona Range News* published in Willcox on October 18, 1907. One typical headline proclaimed: "MANY THOUSANDS OF TONS OF ORE IN SIGHT - PROPERTY BIDS FAIR TO BECOME ARIZONA'S GREATEST COPPER PRODUCER." The editor was on McCauley's payroll.

Captain Tibbey served as consulting engineer and geologist with Mascot Copper Co. He attended all the important meetings and accompanied directors, stockholders, and prospective investors on tours of the mine. The captain appears to have been on the scene because of his mining expertise and ability to get along well with people. Tibbey was a short, stout man, always neatly attired in a black suit and hat. He wore a long white beard, cut straight across the bottom. It seemed that he always had a cigar in his hand.

The arrival of Tibbey and McCauley in 1905 was by no means the first interest evidenced in the mineral potential held by the rugged Dos Cabezas Mountains. P. K. Hinkley in his "Pioneer Days In Arizona" column, appearing in the *Arizona Daily Star* of May 12, 1911, observed that the first important mining claim there was the Juniper, located by John Casey in 1878. Although Casey did not have the capital to develop the mine, he refused to sell or lease it for many years.

Finally, in April 1903, the Chicago and Arizona Copper Co. was organized by a group of Casey's businessmen friends. Thomas B. Chattman of Dos Cabezas was president. Others interested in the venture were W. F. Nichols, Pablo Soto, and James J. Riggs. After developing the Juniper Mine, they leased it to various outfits who worked it with varying degrees of success. John Casey died in 1904, and when the probate court ordered the estate closed in 1909, Pablo Soto attempted to sell the property for the Chicago and Arizona Copper Co.

Pablo and his brother owned a general mercantile store in Willcox. Evidence indicates he put forth considerable effort to sell the property at a good figure. He reported faithfully to Chattman, who, in the meantime, had moved to Tucson. On September 6, 1906, he wrote Chattman, reporting that he had taken Captain Tibbey and Leonard G. Hardy, a Salt Lake City mining man, out to inspect the Dos Cabezas property. He says Tibbey told him, "You have the best show on earth to make some money out of it and I advise you to hold on to it by all means. There is all kinds of copper there and the only question is to go down after it. You will probably have to tunnel in 500 feet to tap the sulphide ore."

Soto also informed Chattman that Tibbey even promised to try "to get a good monied company to take hold of the property for us." He said, "We must make up our minds that we will allow them plenty of time to develop the mine and that it will take at least \$100 thousand to put the property on a paying basis."

Soto continued in his letter, "Now, Chatt, what do you think we better do about the assessment work on the tunnel? Captain Tibbey advised us to drive in there. I swear I hardly know what to do. Let me know what you think about the advice."

Now, on the surface, this appears to be good advice from Tibbey, and offers Soto hope for the future. But actually the captain was softening him up. McCauley and Tibbey had already examined the property in 1905 and decided to buy up what claims they could. When Tibbey told Soto he would try "to get a good monied company to take hold of the property for us" he already knew that McCauley and his Chicago friends would buy it. Moreover, the Mr. Hardy to whom Soto referred had examined the properties the year before and reported most favorably to McCauley. He even hinted strongly that he himself would be a good man to manage the operations.

Hardy's letter to McCauley, dated November 16, 1905, was a glowing report asserting, in part, "Some of these veins I inspected are what may be termed contact fissure veins. The mineralization in many places is well defined along the surface for thousands of feet and much high grade copper ore exists near the surface...I believe at the secondary enrichment zones and at the cross sections of the fissure veins that you may expect large bodies of high grade copper ore."

Clearly McCauley was ready to buy. His and Tibbey's inspection, plus the Hardy report, supplemented by a still later favorable report from Tucson mining engineer, William Kemp, all indicated that the Mascot Mine enterprise appeared to be on firm ground insofar as favorable mineralization was concerned. McCauley's thrust into the rich Arizona mining industry seemed timely and logical. He had given the matter careful thought from 1905 to 1907, so it was no snap decision.

The solid possibilities of this fertile field offered great hope for the future to a man with such dynamic leadership qualities, a vivid imagination, and the priceless advantage of true promotional genius. Certainly McCauley was no "flash in the pan." His personal magnetism and promotional ability would stand him in good stead. He was a man who made the most of his opportunities.

When this boy from Illinois moved on to the Arizona stage, copper shares in large producing companies had a market value of \$5 billion and Arizona led the nation in copper production. Since the industry began, late in the 19th century, its copper companies had paid over \$100 million in dividends. In 1907, when Mascot was incorporated, about 100,000 people worked in Arizona's copper industry. Cochise County, where Mascot was located, was producing about a third of the territory's copper. Companies whose very names spelled successful copper mining were operating profitably throughout the territory: Phelps Dodge, Calumet and Arizona, Shattuck, Ray Consolidated, United Verde, Old Dominion, Inspiration Consolidated, Miami, and Arizona Copper. These names acted as magnets to draw McCauley into his mining enterprises.

McCauley and the captain moved slowly. Spurred by success of other copper companies, armed with Hardy's favorable report, and bolstered by Tibbey's enthusiasm, they went about acquiring mining claims in quiet fashion. It is quite evident that they took their time, since they arrived in 1905, but incorporation papers for the Mascot Mine were not filed until April 15, 1907.

The incorporation papers on file in the Recorder's office in Bisbee, the Cochise County seat, show neither McCauley nor Tibbey as incorporators or directors. Perhaps they simply preferred to stay out of the limelight at the start. Tibbey's son-in-law, Edmund A. Ely of Chicago, was listed both as a director and incorporator. Edgar A. Rogers and W. H. Bramel were named as incorporators. Other directors included Bramel (president), C. W. Parks (vice president), Rogers (secretary-treasurer), F. H. Osterhaut, M. Brodie, and D. S. Stevenson. Incorporation was completed on May 18, 1907.



D. S. STEVENSON



T. N. McCAULEY

Perhaps Ely's help was important, as he was an official of Western Finance of Denver, later a holding company for Mascot funds.

The authorized amount of capital stock provided for in the articles of incorporation amounted to \$10 million divided into one million shares at par value of \$10 each, a significant figure when nation-wide promotion of stock sales began.

So, with incorporation, the Mascot Copper Co. of Arizona Territory was launched. It promised to be an exciting trip, much like a roller coaster ride.

In the early 1900s, McCauley, the promotional genius, used methods common to land developers today: testimonials by prominent people, the friend-to-friend approach, the appeal for workers to become capitalists, even the \$10 down and \$10 dollars a month installment plan for stock purchase. McCauley composed a promotional brochure entitled "An Interesting Subject" which is so well done that you want to rush out and buy Mascot Mine stock even today. Greatness by association is the appeal. The brochure is based on concentric circles radiating out from the Mascot Mine at the very center. The circles enfold such great mines as those at Courtland, Gleeson, Tombstone, the Copper Queen, Shattuck and C & A in Bisbee, the Old Dominion and others in the Globe area, even the United Verde clear up at Jerome. The pitch invites the working man to become a capitalist by investing just \$10 a month.



BANQUET IN THE FAIRMONT HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO, Banner "Mascot Flowers" was above where the women were seated (back left).

One of McCauley's most successful promotional schemes, however, was entertainment of a highly influential group of citizens at banquets in the Fairmont Hotel on San Francisco's Nob Hill. Officers and directors entertained both stockholders and prospectives, promising spectacular returns on investments in what they called the potentially richest copper mine in Arizona. Next day, prospects boarded special cars of the Southern Pacific Railroad for the trip down to Los Angeles. Here the cars were attached to an eastbound SP train for the trip to Willcox, Arizona. At Willcox, these guests on their free trip to Arizona were then transferred to the Mascot and Western Railroad for the 16-mile ride out to the mine at Dos Cabezas. Prior to their own railroad, prospects stayed overnight in a Willcox hotel, where the proprietor told them they were "lambs being led to the slaughter".



Photo of DIRECTORS MEETING AT THE MINE

The red carpet treatment at the mine included a tour of the many showcase facilities above ground, before the guests were taken down in the mine. Their guide ceremoniously chipped off samples of beautiful peacock copper ore for each person. Then around a bend in the tunnel he would say, "And here's another rich vein of ore." Actually it was the same vein from which they had samples.

Next day when the visitors were returned to Willcox, the prominent persons were herded into the offices of the *Arizona Range News*. Here McCauley's editor recorded their glowing testimonials. These were printed in a special edition of the *Range News* which was whisked out of Arizona for distribution to other prospects from Mascot offices in New York, Chicago, Denver, and San Francisco.

The Mascot Mine promoters also gained maximum mileage from testimonials by such prominent people as an ex-Governor of Arizona, the President of the Bank of California, and the Assistant Treasurer of the United States, as well as a prominent Montana banker. But McCauley kept the common touch—producing another glowing recommendation from a man who once worked at the mine, headlined as "A Practical Miner's Views." And the directors even managed to win over the Arizona Corporation Commissioners whose reports make good copy for further promotion.

But there was one Arizona official McCauley and friends could never influence: one of the "good guys," Dean G. M. Butler of the University of Arizona College of Mines. He also served as Director of the Arizona Bureau of Mines. McCauley refused him permission to make a geological examination

of the mine, so his penchant for fairness put him right in the middle. He was caught between his professional wish to see a good mine developed at Dos Cabezas and his professional responsibility to defend the interests of investors and the good name of the Bureau of Mines. In a lengthy exchange of letters between the two men, McCauley became vindictive and even prevailed on Arizona friends to pressure Butler for a favorable report. But the dean stood his ground and proved to be one of the bright lights in an otherwise shady promotion, which went on for a quarter century.

While Mascot and its successor, Central Copper Co., fleeced investors of \$8 million over its 25-year span, the mine produced but \$850 thousand worth of ore. Yet, McCauley made the most of public relations gimmicks which helped the company appear substantial and prosperous to stockholders and prospects alike.

For example, when the company built the railroad from Willcox to Dos Cabezas, enthusiastic crowds gathered for the celebration starting the line; the promotional success was repeated for the driving of a copper spike signalling completion of the line.

Other efforts to show stability and wise investment included: above-ground mine-site facilities, Mascot Townsite with homes for workers, company newspapers.

Nation-wide stock selling drives produced 70,000 stockholders. Stock was sold over the counter in stores, through friend-to-friend sales and by high-pressure salesmen. Through devious means, McCauley avoided paying any dividends or issuing stock certificates — even when stockholders were paid up! He successfully avoided listing on the New York Stock Exchange.



GEORGE L. RAMSEY



JOHN W. PROUT

The secretary to Mine Superintendent John Prout asked her boss if she could buy some stock. His reply; "No, Ruth, you don't want any of this stock."

Despite these shenanigans, employees at the mine were fond of McCauley and other directors, who paid them well, providing recreation, Christmas parties for the children, and a helping hand in time of need.

One lady told us, "Mr. McCauley was the finest Christian gentleman I ever knew. My father was a mine foreman. When he was taken sick, Mr. McCauley paid his hospital and doctor bills as well as funeral expenses when he died. Then he continued to pay my mother father's full salary for a year after his death."

On January 9, 1924, the company moved its New York headquarters to Dos Cabezas. The reason given in a tongue-in-cheek account which appeared in the "*Engineering Mining Journal Press*" was re-published in the "*Mines Handbook*" of 1924.

Not long ago a certain mining company, forestalling an injunction obtained by the Attorney General of New York, moved its offices, bag and baggage, from New York to the more salubrious climate of Cochise County, Arizona, where the mine is situated. Among the impediments were included 28 stenographers - few of whom had ever been west of Hoboken, New Jersey. The cowboys of a nearby town, much taken by Broadway looks and manners, promoted a dance and invited the ladies. They accepted.

Now, one of the problems at this property is a scarcity of water. Only about 20 gallons per minute are available, but the New York stenographers knew nothing about a water scarcity. The girls all took a bath and went to the dance. Had a swell time, too, they say. But the mine had to shut down until the tanks were replenished.

It is understood that there is an opening here for an efficiency engineer who can figure out a plan to provide baths for the stenographers and supply enough water to keep the mine going at the same time. This problem is most serious on Saturday nights.

The secretaries were housed in the "girls' dormitory" up the hill from the general offices. A story goes that the girls had set out their prettiest dresses in which to attend another party in Willcox. To their horror they saw a fire level the dormitory. Mr. McCauley directed the superintendent's secretary to take all of them into Willcox, where he paid the bill for new outfits. The girls attended the dance and all declared they had a good time.



OFFICE GIRLS AND FRIENDS

McCauley was kind to animals, too. Many cats made their homes under the kitchen at the dining hall. In those days, pets existed on table scraps for the most part. But whenever McCauley came to the camp, he brought a case of canned cat food (rare in those days). His instructions were: "feed those cats."

Musicians in the camp formed the "Merry Miners' Dance Band" which played for dances not only at the camp recreation hall on Saturday nights but also at country schools in Cochise County. The company also fielded a semi-pro baseball team which played other mining company teams Sunday afternoons. When interviewed in recent years, several former Mascot employees smiled when recalling their time at Dos Cabezas and said, "Those were the happiest days of my life."

Eventually — and with obvious good reason — many stockholders became dissatisfied with stock which paid no dividends and issued no certificates — just money receipts. McCauley still managed to calm them down by letter, the special newspaper editions, copies of smelter receipts, and even gifts of paperweights made of simulated gold coins stacked under the motto — "Great Mines Take Time to Develop."

Mascot Copper Company's great thrust for stock sales peaked out just before World War I. But Mascot directors always landed on their feet.

First, they signed over a 20-year lease of the properties to ASARCO, which, after nine months of operation, returned the mine to its original owners. They

then organized the Central Copper Co., taking over all of the Mascot assets. Some have been so unkind as to infer that ASARCO ripped out what good ore there was before terminating their lease.

Once again, a great drive for stock sales was mounted. Renewed activity at Dos Cabezas peaked in 1927-28, then started to decline. However, before the public could learn of the downswing, McCauley and directors moved in to Tucson to a more promising field: a diversified holding company which they organized and called Southwestern Securities.

When McCauley and his directors moved into Tucson to form Southwestern, they employed fascinating techniques to bridge the gap. They not only retained the confidence of many stockholders, but even raised additional investment money, acquired the Consolidated National Bank and erected the tallest building in Tucson.

McCauley composed an inviting letter, indicating that the falling price of copper no longer justified mining at Dos Cabezas but that a diversified holding company in growing Tucson promised many money-making opportunities which justified their further investment. A brochure pictured two bridges crossing a canyon of financial ruin. One, a rickety wooden affair, was labeled "Central Copper Co." The other, an imposing modern concrete structure, stable as the Rock of Gibraltar, bore the name "Southwestern Securities." Funds poured into the new and exciting venture.

Various other companies were organized under the umbrella of Southwestern Securities via McCauley's pitch to attract eastern money into the development of Tucson. This all appears to have been a well-planned and carefully considered step in the overall strategy of progressing from Mascot to Central to Southwestern.

The amazing endeavor lasted over a quarter of a century, pumping more than \$8 million into the three southeastern Arizona enterprises. Southwestern Securities might even have succeeded, had it not been caught up in the Great Depression.

Eventually, the Southwestern's various companies were either bought up by employees and outside interests, or they folded quietly, one by one, during the Depression. Directors either died or simply faded away. None was ever prosecuted or indicted. A former Mascot employee, visiting Los Angeles, called McCauley's apartment and learned from a maid that the last she had heard, McCauley was on a yacht cruising beyond the three-mile limit to avoid Internal Revenue agents.

The Mascot was a mine that existed, yet never really did — or did it?



ORE CARS AT MOUTH OF TUNNEL

SOURCES

Files of Mascot/Central Copper Co. in University of Arizona Library, Special Collections section

Copper Handbook, M.A. Donahue & Co. of Chicago. 1908.

Arizona Range News, Willcox, Arizona Oct. 18, 1907.

Cochise County Recorder's Office, Bisbee, Arizona

Files, University of Arizona College of Mines

Engineering Mining Journal Press & Mines Handbook of 1924

Tombstone Epitaph

Arizona Daily Star

Interviews by Bowman and Saxton with former employees of Mascot/Central Copper Co. or family members: Mary L. Swanner, Tucson; Mrs. D.K. Roberts, Lake Montezuma, Arizona; Mrs. P.M. Acuff, Napa, California; Mrs. Ruth Nichols Troutman, Willcox; Walter Clapp, Tucson.

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Phil Bowman and Ed Saxton first met in 1935 when Ed was Scout Executive of Cochise County Council, Boy Scouts of America, and Phil was Scoutmaster of Troop 1, Bisbee.

Ed, still single, lived with the Charles A. (Cinco) Nichols' family in Douglas. The Scout Office was on the second floor of the bank building at 10th and G in Douglas.

Phil C. Bowman was born and raised in Springfield, Missouri. In 1927, he came west to work in the Phelps Dodge mine at Morenci. From there he moved to Bisbee with Phelps Dodge and worked underground and then in the assay office. During World War II, he served in the Army as a recruiter of WACs. At war's end, Phil joined the Arizona State Department of Employment. He worked in Phoenix, then as District manager at Flagstaff. After several years there, he was transferred as District Manager in the Douglas office, where he served until he retired.

Phil was an active volunteer with Boy Scouts of America for many years. He received the Silver Beaver Award for distinguished service to boyhood. He was active in the Episcopal Church, Kiwanis, Elks, CCHAS and community service organizations. His wife, Lola, died in Douglas a few years ago. Phil now resides at the Elks Home in Tucson.

Edward H. Saxton was born and raised in Los Angeles where he graduated from Chapman College in 1933. His excellent Scouting experience in Troop 78, Los Angeles, led him to a professional career with the Boy Scouts of America. After serving as Scoutmaster, camp director and other volunteer jobs in Los Angeles, he attended the National Training School for Scout Executives in New Jersey. His first assignment was to Phoenix and then, in 1935, he became Scout Executive of the Cochise County Council in Douglas. Following many happy experiences there, he served in five California councils: Fresno, San Luis Obispo, San Bernardino (15 years), and Glendale.

Upon retirement, Ed became a free lance writer. Most of his work has been in Westerns, with Bowman; also in forestry, business, and industrial trade journals. He is published in many national and regional magazines. He taught writing classes in the Adult Education Department of Capistrano Unified School District for ten years.

Ed belongs to the Episcopal church, has done volunteer work in Scouting since his retirement and has been a member of the 20/30 Club, Lions, Kiwanis in Douglas, and is a 40-year Rotarian. He is in an Orange County writers' club in San Clemente. Ed and his wife, Jane, live in San Capistrano, California.

EDITORS' COMMENTS

"Rogue of the Mascot Mines" is a summary of the full ten-chapter story of the Mascot-Central Copper Company-Southwest Securities Company, written over the years by Ed Saxton based on the research of Phil Bowman.

Ed writes, "All we know about McCauley's death is that it occurred of natural causes in a San Francisco hospital in 1938. Phil did intensive research and found no records of any legal actions against the companies or directors. Nor was anything reported by the Mascot people interviewed. About the present status of the mine — independent individuals are eking out an existence on claims.

"Legal documents, smelter receipts, minutes of Board meetings, and a vast array of advertisements, reports, etc., are available in the Special Collections Section, University of Arizona Library, Tucson. Much of this material is included in the book-length manuscript, but is not included here for space reasons. Nor has this article been foot-noted as is the full manuscript, which we hope some day to publish."

APACHE INDIANS IN EASTERN SONORA

by Alvin Fenn

Articles found in a cave

Once my father and Uncle George were in a group hunting in eastern Sonora, and found an obstructed cave. They broke into the cave and found bales of dried meat, rawhide sacks with shelled acorns, and manzanita berries. There were several other articles in the cave, and all of the men brought something back with them. I remember my uncle brought back two Indian dolls. The man doll was dressed in buckskin, with a replica of a 30:30 rifle hung on his shoulder. The woman doll had a small infant on her back; crude bells were fastened to the bottom of her buckskin skirt. My father brought me a small crude saddle they had made.

Incident at a spring

In 1928, while my father and brother were working a mine in Las Cantelas, some ranchers came and reported that the Apaches had stolen their horses. They wanted help and ammunition. My father, brother and a Tarahumara Indian, Juanito — reared since the age of 15 by my father — went with the ranchers.

On the second day they were catching up with the Indians when it was getting late, so they decided to camp near a spring my father knew of, and to follow the Indians up a ridge in the morning. However, the Indians had camped near the spring and were surprised by the ranchers coming up the ravine. This gave the ranchers and my father time to get off their horses and behind some rocks. The Indians ran and hid, but in doing so four of them were killed.

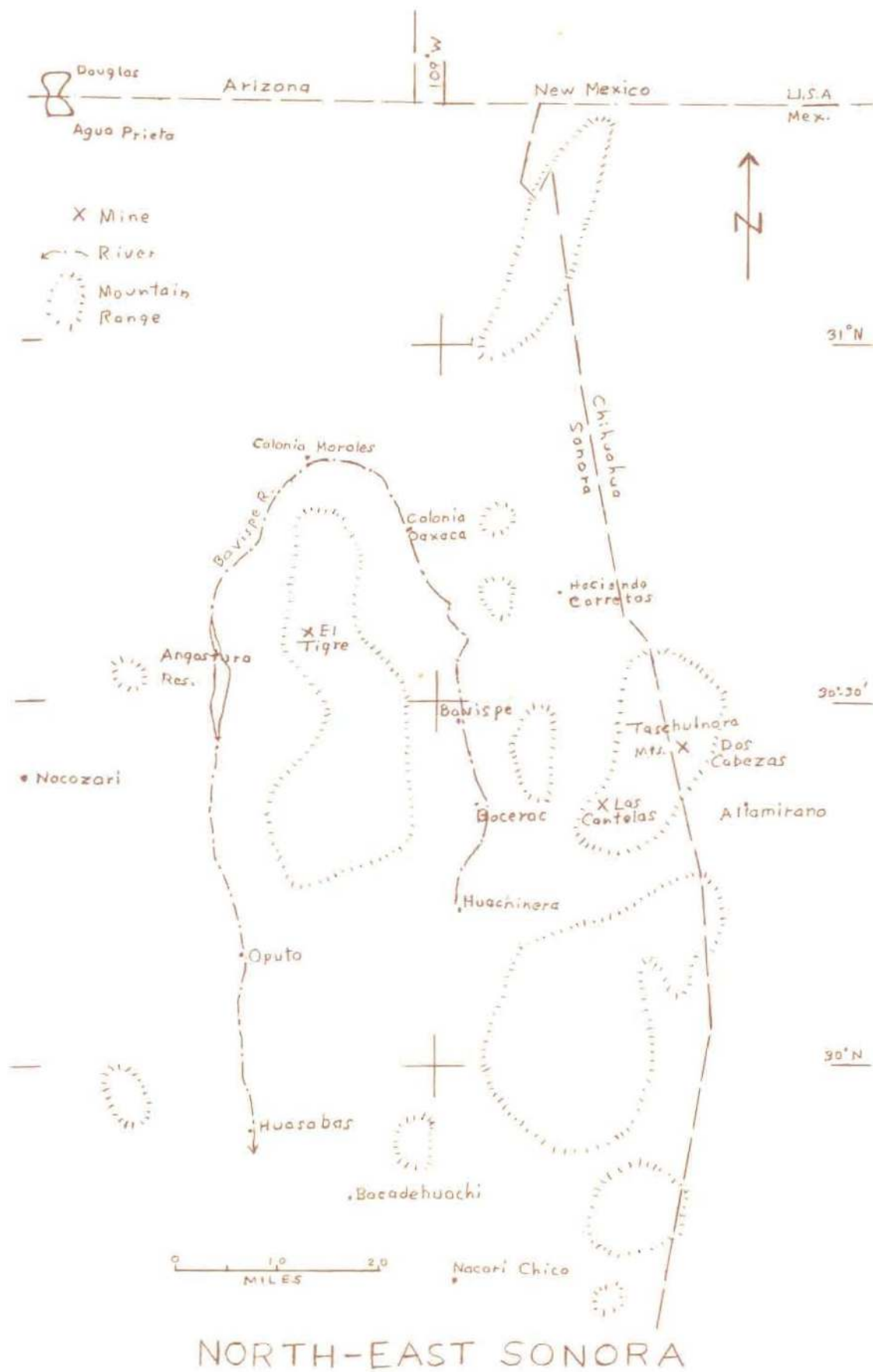
The ranchers reported the incident to authorities in Bacerac.

Incident while hunting the Tayopa mine

In 1932, after the death of his wife, an uncle came from California to be with us. He, like my father, believed in all the stories about the Tayopa mine.

On one trip, my father, uncle and I went looking in the Tasahuinora Mountains. This was several years before Mr. Thayne captured an Apache girl. We had seen Apache signs on an earlier trip.

We passed by the old Dos Cabezas silver mine, shut down since the revolution. We stopped and had a cup of coffee with the watchman, and mentioned that we were going into the mountains. The second night out it began to rain, so we camped on a solid rock ridge. We pitched a tent, and covered the saddles with a canvas. Next morning we were getting breakfast when we noticed the dog looking across a canyon and growling. We thought it might be an animal so did not pay any attention to him. My father served his plate and had just sat down on the covered saddles to eat when the shooting began. We all ran to the tent, since we had left our rifles there because of the rain.



The shots came from the direction the dog was growling at. We were sure it was Apaches, so we fortified ourselves for the attack. While we were running to the tent a bullet hit the rock in front of me, and splinters from the rock hit my right hand. Three bullets went through the tent, and one of them splattered mud and rock on my uncle's face and drew some blood. After about an hour of waiting, my father told me to get the horses, and said if I saw anything, to shoot and investigate later. Since the horses were hobbled, they were not far from camp. We packed the horses, and circled around to where the shots had come from. We found where three horses had been tied up, and three sets of tracks where the men had returned from the spot where the shots had come from. We followed the tracks to the Dos Cabezas mine. My father asked the watchman who they were, but he said he didn't know them. My father knew better, so after trying to get it out of him with no success, my father told me to get my rope and we would hang him to a tree.

The watchman immediately said: "No, no! I will tell you." He gave us names, and told us they were from Altamirana, Chihuahua, a settlement about twenty miles east of the Dos Cabezas mine. We were working the "Las Cantelas" gold mine. When we would clean up the *arrastra* we collected the gold with mercury, as an amalgam, which we put in small wide-mouthed bottles, holding about an ounce. Somehow the story of bottles turned into gallons of gold. The would-be robbers must have thought we were taking several gallons of gold through the mountains, to the U.S.A.

We reported this incident in Bacerac, but they could do nothing, since it happened in Chihuahua. The three men disappeared from the area, however.

Apaches tried to steal our horses

Uncle George and I were hunting the Tayopa mine, about 70 miles southeast of Nacori Chico. In those days there were no cattle ranches in this area, because people were afraid of Apaches.

One evening, we camped in the bottom of a canyon to sleep. During the night our dog growled and barked every little while; and the horses did not leave camp, as they ususally do. We thought there might be a lion or bear near. We had killed a bear a few miles from there six months earlier. At dawn the horses began to go away from the camp to graze. After breakfast, as the sun was warming up, I started after the horses. I had gone a short distance when I saw fresh Indian tracks, since the rain the night before. The dog was with me, so I felt safe. As I passed by a large boulder I saw where an Indian had been watching us. He must have walked back and forth to keep warm, because there were several tracks. I think that the dog was what deterred him from attacking us during the night, or stealing our horses.

That day we went to a small ranch, and asked the rancher if he had seen any sign of Apaches recently. He told us that they had stolen some horses from them two days before. This discouraged us from continuing our hunt for the Tayopa mine in this area. This was the nearest I came to seeing an Apache.

Apaches kidnap a boy

The following is the story of a kidnapping that I heard from the Fimbres family in Nacori Chico.

Francisco Fimbres, his wife, and a small boy lived near Nacori Chico. He was taking his wife to Nacori Chico to have another baby when Apaches attacked them. He shot the only bullet in his rifle, and then ran for help. In the meantime the Apaches killed his wife and took the boy.

Francisco and his brothers made several trips, hunting the Apaches. One day they found tracks of two Apaches who had passed through the mountains east of Nacori, travelling north. The Fimbres brothers watched the Apache trail for several days, thinking that they would return the same way. In about two weeks they spotted two Indians coming from the north. They waited for them to come through a saddle pass. Here they caught them in a cross-fire, and killed both of them. One was a woman.

Later they found the boy that the Indians had kidnapped butchered in the same place they had killed his mother. It was thought local Apaches had contact with the ones in the Apache reservations in the U.S. After the boy was killed, my father made several trips with the Fimbres brothers, hunting the Apaches. At this time we were working a mine east of Nacori Chico, named "El Robi."

Lupe's cave

Lupe Fimbres and her mother were travelling in the mountains when they found a long narrow cave. Her mother told her to go into the cave and see what she could find; but she was afraid because it was dark. Her mother was angry, and pushed her down the slope at the mouth of the cave. As she fell, she cut her forehead; she showed us the scar. Then the mother made a torch, and both of them went into the long narrow cave. They found clay pots full of some heavy metal. They dumped the metal from two pots, and took them to carry water in.

Lupe told Cayetano that if he married her she would take him to the "cave," supposedly a mine tunnel which was the Tayopa mine. But, after they were married, she could never find the cave.

I spent several months with my father and an uncle hunting the Tayopo mine. We saw some very beautiful country. In those days there were no ranches anywhere in the mountains because the Mexicans were afraid of the Indians. I think that the story of the Tayopa mine was a fable. Looking back, I can see that there was no geological formation in this area where a mine could possibly be.

Carretos ranch killing

In the early 1900s there was a family, parents and two teenage girls, travelling by wagon from Colonia Deblan, Chihuahua, to Colonia Oaxaca, in Sonora. The Apaches killed all four of them. This was on the Hacienda de Carretas, near where I found the camp mentioned above.

An Apache girl

The last I heard of any Apaches in the area was when Elmer Thayne was travelling across the Tasahuinora Mountains east of Bavispe. While he was going to Casas Grandes, he heard his dog barking. Looking for the reason, he found an Apache girl in a tree. She appeared to be about nine years old.

Shortly after this, I went to the state of San Luis Potosi, and never knew whatever happened to her.

I don't believe stories of Apaches in the 1950s, since most of all that area was settled by then with cattle ranches.

About the Author

Alven Fenn was born in the Mormon Colonia Oaxaca on the upper (north flowing part) of the Bavispe River in Sonora. A former mine superintendent at Cananea, he now lives in Tucson. His first school at the El Tigre mine, a building still standing, is located on a mountain east of the north end of Angostura reservoir.

Editors Note

The brief article is an oral history as told to CCHAS member, William B. Loring, by Mr. Fenn.

The map on page 18 is by Dr. Loring.



ALVIN FENN