

MEMOIRS OF JACK P. MILLS



Born April 23, 1892 near Danville, Boyle County, Kentucky.

Parents

Father -- Henry Mills, Pulaski County, Kentucky.

Mother -- Elizabeth Jane Catron, Dallas, Kentucky.



The Mills family in 1900 at Middlesboro, Kentucky.



The three Mills brothers; Jack, Henry and Will.

About the first thing I remember to write, is that along with my parents, we were visiting some people, and while playing with the children, some one gave each of us a small candle, the kind used for cake decoration. I rushed in to show mine to my father and he thought it was a stick of candy and that I wanted him to take a bite. He bit it and of course saw it wasn't. But that really ruined my day. I had to cry and that didn't help any.

Next I recall my father plowing up the Irish potatoes and feeding them to the hogs. Bringing in baskets of ears of corn and using it for fuel. Corn to burn was cheaper than coal. No one had money to use and many people lost all they had, some even their homes. This was during the Cleveland Administration from 1893 - 1897. I was three and one half or four years old.

My parents were forced to have a public sale in order to pay some debts, and to find another place to rent or live on.

My father left to look for a new location and my mother and I were to take the horse and buggy and meet my father at some point.

All I remember regarding the trip is that after we traveled some distance and it was nearly sun down, we stopped at a place where my mother knew some people. It seems there was a religious meeting in progress near by and that night they all went and also took me along. I soon went to sleep and slept through all the meeting.

When the meeting ended, Mother was trying to wake me up so we could leave, and the preacher came along and seeing Mother trying to wake me, he grabbed me and shook me like shaking a sack of corn, and he said, "You didn't stay awake and hear my sermon. You are going to hell." You know, I have had no use for preachers from that date. Of course he had me crying and Mother was a little put out.

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The place where my mother and I were to meet my father was on a plantation near Mt. Vernon, Kentucky, several miles from where we had been living near Lancaster.

Here I went to my first school. I really wasn't old enough, but the teacher was staying at our place and she said I could go with her. In those days the teachers boarded around. That is, they stayed at one place awhile, and then at another home. That was the only way they could get teachers for the country schools.

I remember some funny things that took place at that school.

There were no out door privies, and the boys and girls used the brush thickets nearby.

When you wished to go out you left your book or slate in the door way, and retrieved it when you came back. This worked O.K. most of the time, but some times some older boy would hide the book or slate and so sometimes there would be two out. The teacher would raise merry hell, but she didn't stop the racket.

One time some large boys put me up to shoot the teacher with my pop gun. We used green black haws to shoot in the popguns that were made from alder limbs. These were small cane-like stalks and you could make a rod and punch out the pith or inside part and they made extra good popguns. I loaded my gun and aimed it at the teacher. When it went off it made a real loud noise, and the haw hit the teacher on the nose. Did she work me over! Used a long willow stick and then put me over in a corner and made me stand there for two hours. I didn't shoot her any more. I sure was in bad.

While here near Mt. Vernon, one day I went to town with my father. It was voting day. The Democrat and Republican parties had places where you could get a badge and also a bite to eat. Another boy and I worked a racket. We were only about five or six years old. We would be Democrats at one place and Republicans at the other. After about two times at each place we quit.

I believe this was the last election in Kentucky where they went up, gave their name, and called out who they wanted. There were fist fights and some shooting in those days.

From near Mt. Vernon we moved to Bell County, near Middlesboro, Kentucky.

My father went to work for the Yellow Creek Coal and Lumber Company, in charge of carpenter work.

My brother Will went to work for the telephone outfit.

My parents had leased some property from the Colsons. It was about 1½ miles from town.

Here I started to school and went up in the grades pretty fast. In four years I had finished the 6th grade. Was extra good in reading and history, no good in spelling.

Middlesboro was a town laid out and built by some rich English who started several enterprises just before the Cleveland Administration. It only took them a few years to fold up. The only thing left in 1900 was the iron smelter, steel plant and stone works. They, at one time, could boast of having a large glass factory and the Baldwin Locomotive Works along with the iron smelter, steel mill, etc.

The streets were extra wide and all main streets came to a central point in the center of town, where there was a large water fountain and places for horses to drink. The water for the town was furnished from Fern Lake, which was situated on top of a mountain, just a short ways from town.

Middlesboro was the largest town in Bell County and was the center of a large feud country, Most noted right in the area was the Colson - Ball Feud. Near was the Turner Feud between two brothers, Jack Turner and Ben Turner.

One famous gunman on the Ben Turner side was General Sowders, whom it is said killed ten men during the time the feud was at its peak.

There was also the Hatfield and McCoy area not far away.

When the soldiers came back from the Spanish-American War of 1898, that is, the men who were with the famous black horse troupe from Middlesboro and others who fought in Cuba, I remember my parents taking me along in the big crowd that met these soldiers at the train.

At the school the teachers got up plays and we kids enjoyed acting. One little girl just my age, named Docia Roark, and I were in all the plays and both of us were little devils. We got into all kinds of mischief. The city allowed the school to put these plays on in the large theater in main town. It was a large place and seated many people.

At this same theater we saw Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Chaplin, and Mary Pickford in their first appearance in public.

My preacher brother Henry moved to Middlesboro around 1900. Some times the three of us brothers would go to Fern Lake to fish. We have a picture of us three made at the lake. Will rigged up a way to take the picture, using a string and a small wooden trigger and stone on top to trip the camera. I spent many Saturdays fishing below the dam in the large pond that was the start of a small creek. Fern Lake had many mountain streams running into it, so there was a large overflow.

My father made me a small boat that I used on the creek or small river that ran through the Colson property where we lived. Col. David G. Colson of the famous Black Horse troupe didn't get home with the first men that got back from Cuba. It seems that while with Col. Teddy Roosevelt at San Juan, Colson and his first Lieutenant had some trouble and when they got back to the United States they met in a large hotel lobby one day and proceeded to settle their troubles. The colonel killed the lieutenant, but the lieutenant shot the colonel several times. After the colonel got well and came home I met him one day down by the creek where I was fishing. He and I took to each other

at first meet. He wanted to get in my boat and fish and he and I spent many days on the creek. One time he got me to help him catch a swarm of honey bees. They had settled in a large pear tree in the Colson orchard. The colonel had a paralyzed arm, result of his shootout, so I went with him on several trips to help drive. He also let me shoot some of his guns. He had all kinds.

I remember the memorial service held for President McKinley. My brother's church building was the largest in town, so it was agreed to hold the service there. All the preachers were invited and my brother asked the Catholic priest to come, and everyone of the damn preachers got mad, but they all came, and to cap it off -- you see my brother didn't like the preachers acting so, for the priest and his followers were Americans -- my brother asked the priest to deliver the main address. That sure fixed my brother with that religious outfit. Seems they hated Catholics. It sure raised hell at the next church conference. My brother was in line to be elected Bishop. The preachers all got together and defeated him. Some religion. In those days the general church groups were against the Catholic people. Personally I have no use for any of the religions for they are all man made. God didn't start any.

One time my father and I went to town in the wagon to pick up some supplies. My father left me to hold the horse while he went into a store. We were just close by a saloon and in front of it was a Negro boy boot black, all set up for the day's business. About five minutes had passed when we heard shooting, and up the street I saw a man come out of an alley way and head down the street towards where I was parked. He was headed for an alley just back of our wagon. The officers who were chasing him came out of the alley behind him and just opposite the wagon they shot him down. That Negro boy left there like a hound dog after a rabbit.

The officers carried the fellow away at once.

My father came out of the store and saw that something had happened. The Negro boy came back and he told my father all about the shooting and that I didn't run. I couldn't turn loose the horse and jump out and run, and why do so -- there was shooting all the time in that country.

One morning on the way to school I found a .38 revolver in the road. I had to cross a bridge yet going on into town, so I hid the gun under the bridge. All through school that day about all I was interested in was for school to be out so I could retrieve the hidden gun. I took it home and my brother Will said he knew the gun and would take it and give it to the fellow -- that he must have been drunk and lost it out of his pocket.

Another time I found a brass knucks -- that's a contraption made of brass and fits over four fingers and is used to fight with. They are heavy, dangerous, and against the law to have. Well, I took these home and was showing off how hit and all that. I picked up a large bottle and holding it in my left hand I struck it with the knucks as hard as I could. Yes, the glass bottle broke and it cut my hand and blood sure spurted. My brother Will made fun of me, and my parents were about ready to give me a spanking. The scar from that cut showed for many years. I don't know what became of the knucks.

My brother Will and I got in many fights. He was 8 or 9 years older and bossed me all the time, and so we had trouble. I'd get mad enough to throw rocks at him. Then when he caught me I'd get a good beating.

The famous John Robinson Shows came to Middlesboro in 1901 and I had unusual experience for a 9 year old. The show consisted of many shows and one or two public acts free for the people to see.

I don't think I could name all of the shows, but they had Osa the Snake eater, for one. I got a dime from my father to go see that one. Seems that appealed to me. I went to the gate and dropped in my dime. I was the only one just then, and some person yelled that Spede, the high Diver was going to jump and everyone was rushing down to see that. So I was stuck, for Osa the

ake Eater wasn't ready until they had more people. The ticket collector
ouldn't give back my dime so I could go see the Diver. I was crying and
pretty mad. Just about that time a large, tall, man, dressed in black, with
a large Stetson hat on and with two large revolvers in holsters hanging from
his belt came by. He saw me crying and wanted to know why. I told him my
troubles. He said something to the man at the ticket gate and then turned
to me and said, "You stop crying. Here's your dime and you can go see the
Diver and come back and see Osa. But first, let me look at your shirt sleeve
cuff." He did, then he took some kind of a pen from his pocket and wrote two
or three words and made a mark of some kind on the inside of the cuff and said,
"You tell your mother I said for you to wear this shirt every day the show is
in town, and you can go see every show here any day -- just show this cuff to
the ticket person." I did and I visited every show, some two or more times.

I found out this was John Robinson in person. He was a man that allowed
no trouble around the show. He just saw my predicament and I think the fellow
that wouldn't give my dime back got told a few things that I didn't understand.

About this time I decided to smoke a pipe. I was with a grown man in our
wagon who my father had doing some work, and he obliged me with the pipe and
some tobacco. This was pure leaves, just like they pull from the stalk. I
filled the pipe and lit up. All went fine for several minutes, then bang! --
was I sick! Gee, I saw stars, moons, and I threw up my dinner. No, I didn't
smoke any more homespun or any other kind for several years.

My brother Will was shot and killed December 25, 1902. He was waylaid
and shot from ambush. Seems it took five to do the job and no one could ex-
plain why. Even at the trials at Pineville, Kentucky, the county seat of Bell
county, could the killers explain why they did it. Being five to try, it took

several court sessions.

I was a witness and being in the court house one day I saw an unusual thing take place. The two lawyers on the case, one for the defendant, and the prosecuting attorney got in a hot argument, and it got so hot that they both drew guns and it looked like something would happen quick, and it did. Judge Moss, the presiding judge came up from his seat with a revolver in each hand and cried out, "Gentlemen, if there is to be any shooting in this Court room I'll do it, so hand over your guns to the Sheriff and lets go on with business of the day. Calm yourselves, Gentlemen."

Nearly every man carried guns in those days. This court scene didn't scare me -- it was interesting.

Soon after these trials were over we moved to London, Kentucky where my father went to work for an outfit that did carpenter work, owned a large saw mill and planing outfit. I started to school at Sue Bennett Memorial, a private college started by Sue Bennett's sister and named in honor of Miss Sue Bennett, an English missionary that died while doing mission work. The school or college taught all grades from first to a degree from college. The grade school part was in a small building separate from the college main. I started in their high school department and was to finish and graduate with a college degree in the class of 1912.

Here we were trained in carpenter work and had military training under an ex-major of the 33rd Ohio Infantry.

When not in school I worked for the outfit where my father worked. Today they wouldn't allow a boy to work. By the time I was fourteen years old I was working on house jobs with German carpenters that were with the outfit and had already been running equipment in the mill, making mantels and housed-in stairs.

These German men not only learned me the carpenter trade, but how to swear and I still do a pretty good job even at both.

In working with the carpenters at London and in the big mill, I could take a frow and make boards to cover house roofs. These boards were 6 or 8 inches wide, one half inch thick and thirty inches long. We were taught concrete work, had to paint, and we put in 10 hours a day and got fifty cents per day. The men only received one dollar. The housed-in stairs we made in the mill and took them to the job where the stair jacks were ready set and placed these on the jacks. We also were taught to shingle house roofs. The only thing in the mill I didn't take to was the turning lathe. The lumber we used was all No. 1. The rough lumber when cut from the logs, like one inch, two inches, was stacked with cleats between each layer and it dried this way for three years before being run through the planer to be used on houses, cabinets, and what ever. Lumber dried or seasoned this way did not warp.

I was also doing pretty good in school during school session. We had books in our classes in those days they don't have today, and never heard of being on the list.

I was taking Latin, Ancient History, Higher Math and English pretty young. Here at Sue Bennett there was no nonsense allowed. You were expected to work.

Our military drill was on two days a week. We had guns furnished by the state, and we were part of the state guard. Our guns were army 30 - 40 rifles. We had uniforms and the Major sure made us keep our guns clean and our uniforms clean. We had inspection one time by the State Army Staff. There were three of the Governor's men present. We first lined up for review, then we were put through all kinds of drill and had a sham battle. One smart kid had a live shell. We were only supposed to have shells with caps only. When we did our firing the bullet from that kid's shell fell on a house where some men were working. They got the bullet and the sheriff and came to where we



Jack and Vera Mills.



Vera Burton -- the girl Jack married.

were. Our officer told them our boys had no live ammunition, and to get out of our way. We had a contest before we were dismissed. When you made a mistake you dropped out and waited to fall in line later. A Japanese boy won the prize.

We were then marched over to the College and dismissed, but each had to stand and have his gun inspected before he could put his gun in the gun rack. The Major easily spotted the gun that fired the live shell and that boy really caught hell. The Major saved him from going to jail, but he sure didn't pull any more stunts.

My grandfather died in 1906 and my mother and I went to the funeral. It was near Dallas, Kentucky. My grandfather had a very large plantation. At the beginning of the Civil War he had over 100 slaves. At his funeral near the home on the plantation, there were sixteen old ex-slaves present, and they took on and cried more than the family. My grandfather had furnished them land and built them all good homes. They worked some for him and on other plantations and at other places, like sawmills, cutting logs, and teaming, etc. In 1907 my father passed away, and my mother took me and moved to Highland, Kentucky, where she and Father had just bought a small farm, part of a large plantation, shortly before he died.

Highland, Kentucky was a small place on the turnpike between Stanford and Wayensburg and other points south. People got their mail by rural routes. We were able to get mail by two routes. Stanford had a rural system that traveled along the turnpike for three miles. All the rest of that route was on county roads and was pretty rough. There were two general stores, two churches, and three schools near. Our place had two tenants and as to how many acres of land, I don't remember. There was quite a bit of timber land, and we grew corn, oats, wheat, tobacco, buckwheat, sorghum cane, and some hogs and cattle and horses and mules to farm with. Tobacco and sorghum cane were the pay crops.

Here I met some Hatfields, also some of the McCoys. The Hatfield boy and I became great pals. It was against the law to play baseball on Sundays in those days. But one Sunday a bunch of us boys gathered at the Hatfield decided to play ball. Well, we laid out a ball diamond right near the house and got lined up to play. The first thing was for all the boys that had pistols to hang them up on the fence near by, along with the coats and hats that some didn't want on while playing. We got to going pretty good and soon something went contrary to some one and a fight started. My pal Hatfield and I didn't agree on the subject, so we started to fight. Some boy yelled "Get the guns before they do", and so things were going pretty fast. My pal was beating heck out of me, and about that time some one grabbed me and him and really gave us both a good beating. It was his mother who saw the fight and came out from the house. She told me "you get home" and she told all the others to go. For some time my pal and I wouldn't speak, but we finally made up and were good pals for years. Had another good pal, but his name was Warfield, not Hatfield.

After about two years here at this place my Preacher brother and my mother decided that I should go back to school at a religious college, finish my college work and be a minister in the Methodist Church. I didn't care to go, but my mother loaded me up and went along to Stanford where we boarded the train for Kingswood, Kentucky. This was a small town or village started by a retired preacher, one Dr. Hughes. He had purchased a large plantation and built a college building, girls and boys dormitories, a nice residence, and several other buildings. After some paper ads he had several families move in and soon they had a general store and post office. Several people bought lots and some got a few acres, and it was a fair sized layout when we landed there.

My mother rented an apartment near the school and I enrolled. Besides all the subjects required to follow an academic course, we had three bibles to

study -- English Version, Revised Version, and The Godby Translation. As mother had left the home place in the hands of the tenants she decided to return home and let me go it alone. Altogether I spent about two and one-half years at Kingswood. Almost three years. I cut cord wood for folks to make money. At the end of one year the President, Dr. Hughes, asked me to stay and do some needed work around the main layout and also supervise some farm work.

Sometime in between this school work and when I quit this college and went to Berea College, I had answered an ad put out by the Davey tree people, of Kent, Ohio, for a young man to report to their foreman, H. P. Worthington, at Lexington, Kentucky for work and to learn the trade and be one of their men. I reported to him and worked about three months. He was tough, knew his job and we got along fine.

All of my expenses were paid. We lived in a nice boarding house and our meals were good. We were working on the James B. Hoggin place called Elendorf, or Green Hills. It was out a few miles from town. We rode the interurban cars out and took a basket lunch. There were only three of us, the foreman and another young fellow and myself. I really took to the job like a squirrel, for it was climbing trees, using ropes, hand saws and long augers to drill holes for eye bolts to tie large limbs to the main tree to keep them from splitting and killing the tree. We also filled large cavities at the bottom with cement, after first treating the wood to kill insects, termites and fungus.

We tried a little fire in one tree that was in a pretty bad shape. Well, this man, Hoggin, was an old man, some 80 odd years old, married to a 19 year-old girl (second wife), and he was a devil -- treated the servants like animals or worse. He worked 500 one dollar a day hands on the place. Some of the

finest horses in the world were stabled here, and there was also a large dairy many cows. Old Hoggin swore by elm trees and swore pretty loud also, so in trying the fire on the tree mentioned above, we had trouble. The tree had a real large hollow and much fungus. It was not worth trying to save, but we had ideas of trying, that is, the foreman did. Well, the darn thing was so dry inside that it really started to burn and we couldn't put it out. So we had some quick work to do before old Hoggin found out one tree was a goner.

We cut the tree down, dug out the stump and after the Negroes had hauled the entire tree, stump etc. away, we put turf all over where the tree had been. All went well. No one spilled the beans and we finished the job and left the tree with Hoggin. I decided not to go with the Davey Tree outfit and returned to Kingswood.

During this time my mother had married again and now I had a stepfather to contend with. Well, back to Kingswood I went to live in the Club House, a building put up by Dr. Hughes for boys that didn't like to live in the dormitory. There was a dining room, kitchen and quarters for the woman that took care of all, plus the cooking etc. We did our own washing. Boiled our clothes and I guess did a pretty good job. There was an old maid living near that did our ironing. Things didn't cost much. Our board was one dollar and fifty cents per week. The Club quarters cost us very little -- we had to keep it clean, make our own beds, wash the bedding and by all means make no extra noise and retire early. On Sundays two boys were allowed to invite their girl friends or some boy for dinner. Two boys each week had to get in the wood and start the fire in the cook stove for the cook and go to the store for the provisions using a list furnished by the cook. There were 4 rooms in the Club building and at this time there were 8 boys. All of us boys enjoyed doing the work required. We had plenty to eat and a variety. The old lady who did the cooking treated all of us just like her kid.

I had a real good friend who boarded up town and went to school. His

name was Percy Tucker. His people had one of the largest plantations in the state. It was a few miles from Kingswood. Percy went home on week ends and he asked me to go home with him one week, and I did. On Friday a Negro boy came in to Kingswood with a two horse carriage, leading a saddle horse for himself to ride back. The Negro boy left the outfit for Percy and me and he left for home. We couldn't leave until after school, so we were late getting to the plantation. Took us about 3 hours drive. When we arrived a Negro boy took the team and another Negro boy carried our luggage in. As we were late the folks gave us a small lunch and we went to bed.

Saturday morning after breakfast I was shown around the main home and buildings. There were 16 Negro families living on the plantation. They had a small school house and a teacher furnished by the Tuckers. They treated these Negroes well and the Negroes were well satisfied. Tobacco was the main crop here, yet they grew corn, oats, wheat and most all things grown on a large plantation. Also had a fairly large orchard of various fruit trees. We decided to go hunting for rabbit and quail. So with a gun each and two Negro boys to carry ammunition and the game, provided we got any, we set out over a large grass land area. There were acres and acres of woodland and grassland to hunt over. After some two hours we gave the guns to the Negro boys to take home and Percy and I walked over to the highway where there was a store and post office. This was also on the plantation and run by a family for the Tuckers. After a visit here, meeting some nearby friends of Percy's we returned to the home place. We had a nice visit and on Sunday we returned to Kingswood.

Things went all right until one day Professor Hughes called me in the office and said "You have quit Latin and also are not doing much in Bible study. You belong to the 1912 class and since you refuse to go on with Latin you can't graduate.

So I left Kingswood in mid term. On my way home I stopped in London, Kentucky and went to see Dr. Lewis, whom I knew pretty well, to see if I could enroll at Sue Bennett and take up bookkeeping. He said "Why did you quit Kingswood?" Well, I just plainly said, "None of your business." That was pretty rude. So he said, "You can't go to school here." I said "Well, I'll go to Berea." and I asked him to let me use his phone. He did and didn't object me calling over to Berea. They said come on over. I went over to Berea and started a course in business, bought a typewriter, all the books, paper etc. needed, pens, pencil and settled in to learn a business or something.

My roommate and I belonged to the fire department. One night the city alarm went off and the code indicated the girls' dormitory was on fire. My buddy awoke before I did and he just raised up his foot and gave my bottom a hard kick. It sure put me out in a hurry - almost went out over the edge. We both dressed real quick and rushed out into the hall. The fire was just across from our dorm, not the girls' dorm as the code indicated. Our fighting equipment was right by our building. There were no horse drawn carts. We pulled the hose carts by hand. It was easy. The fire had a real good start. Some drunk had started the fire in the livery stable just across from us. Our supply of water was furnished from a lake high up and we only had gravity flow, and no air pressure. We had 4 or 5 outfits fighting the blaze. Our hose was 4 inch and it took two good chaps to handle the nozzle. With all our effort, we were losing. The chief resorted to powder and blew two or three houses over into the flames in order to keep the fire from spreading. We lost the entire block, houses, stores, livery stable, and all the horses. The horses wouldn't come out, and if one did, would fight and get back. It was a pity the drunk didn't burn up, but he got out and got in our way until the law got him and took him away.

One day a free for all fight started in the dining room. The rule regarding seats at tables included one that if a person had to go to the hospital their seat was held for them. One boy near our table went to the hospital, and shortly after, a day or so, a new fellow arrived and they gave him the old boy's seat temporarily until they could get him located. The dining hall head seemed a little slow in doing so, and after several days the old boy came back and got in the hall early and took his old seat and was visiting with his old pals, when in came the new boy and, being pretty strong and also a little on the aggressive side, he grabbed the old boy and yanked him up out of the seat, telling him this was his seat. Well, the old boy put up a fight, but being a little weak yet from his hospital stay, the new boy floored him. The other boys got in on the deal and the eight or nine men waiters rushed over to stop the fight, and the teachers from up at the head tables were yelling for order. No order possible.

The fight was getting worse. My extra special buddy was a fellow from Harlin, Kentucky, named Josiah Creek. He loved to fight. So he got excited and said, "Let's get over there and help out." In order to get out was a job - the tables were crowded and you had to move slow and easy to get in and out of the dining room. Well, old Creek said, "Let's upset the table and get out". He told the two girls at our table to watch their dresses, so up went the table and on its side or edge.

We got in the fight, and in the meantime, the fight was carried out of the building and on to the large lawn. The police got there and settled the row pretty quick. They didn't arrest anyone, just raised a little hell, and told all of us devils to cut it out. There were a few black eyes and a little bloody noses. The girls got a big kick out of that scrap. For quite a spell the police wouldn't allow the boys to gather in gangs for fear of the fight breaking out again.

I received notice from home that my stepfather and my mother wanted me to

quit my course, come home and take the teachers examination and teach the district school. So I closed up the work, got rid of my typewriter, books etc. In order to take a teachers exam there at that time, you had to have papers from the State Normal School, or a preparatory school. As Berea could fill that bill, being a preparatory set up, all that I had to do was just go across the hall, sign in, and go to work, as I had enough credits to qualify already. I only had to spend one week, and I was ready to go home, go to the county seat and take the exam. They were playing politics in those days. My stepfather, Civil War Vet, and Republican, wanted me to teach the school near us. It had 85 students and was a first class, requiring a first class certificate, and paid \$50.00 per month. That was big money in those days. A teacher had more to do and more responsibility than the teachers today.

While taking the exam at the county seat, one of the examining board, a county official who was also a friend of mine, told me that the county superintendent didn't want me to teach the school my stepfather had in mind, and he thought that he wouldn't give me a first class certificate, regardless of my grades. So it worked out that way. I made 85 to 100 on every thing except spelling. I got a second class certificate. Made me mad, and I told the superintendent that I would take the exam again in two weeks. He said, "I don't think it will help." I took it again and it didn't. Same high grade, same second class certificate. The superintendent was a Democrat and he had a niece he wanted to have the school. It was the best school in the county, that is in the country, not towns.

There was another school two miles from our home in another district. I knew many of the people in that district, also knew there were some tough kids. The year before they had knifed the teacher. The district had a tough name. I went to see the trustee in this district. He talked to me quite awhile, and

finally said, "You know how things are here. I will give you the school, but I don't think you can handle it." I said, "I can handle it." In those days the people in the district used the school building any time they wanted it, for meetings, dances, etc. This school had only 35 pupils and paid the big sum of \$30.00 per month.

Before school the teacher had to have the supplies that were furnished by the county, on hand, the building and grounds ready. A few days before time to start school I went down to the school buildings and looked over all and put up a sign telling the older boys to meet me there to help clean up and get ready for the opening, and set a day. Several large fellows were there and we did a real good job, had all the benches in place, desks were lined up, I put my desk back close to the door, not up front. That way I could see what was going on. When we had all in good shape and were going home, one boy, who was carrying a revolver said, "What are you going to do Monday when I come and have my gun?" I said, "We will see Monday. We are not in school now." Another had a dangerous knife. He had about the same to ask, and got the same answer. Well, on Monday morning no one was late, in fact, the students were all ahead of me. Some inside, others outside. The doors on the schools were never locked. People took care of their buildings in those days.

When I got inside all the kids were getting around trying to get a seat and of course watching me. I pulled off my coat, hung it up and proceeded to unfasten the shoulder holster containing one of the finest guns Colt ever made -- a 32 - 20 Police Positive Special, 6 inch barrel on a 38 frame. This shot a Winchester shell. I hung it up along side the coat and said, "Now if any of you fellows have a gun or any thing you know you don't need here at school, take care of it here today and leave it at home tomorrow. Guess they did, for I never had any trouble while there, and those big boys tried to please.

Our water had to be brought from a well over a quarter mile away. The big fellows would take it time about to go get water. Two would take the buckets and go for the water. Never any trouble on that.

My preacher brother at one time came to visit and not wanting to have us drive ten miles to Stanford, he got off the train at a small station about three miles from my school, walked there and would go the other two miles along with me. He was a little late and met some kids on the way, school was just out, I was still cleaning up the place. My brother asked the kids, "Been to school? Who's your teacher?". He said one said, "Jack Mills", and another about eight years old, a little boy by the name of Charlie Miracle, son of one of the Miracle feudists that lived near, spoke up and said, "Yes, and if you did something wrong, he would beat hell out of you." My brother wanted to know if I did.

We got up some little plays for Hallowe'en night and of course all the parents were going to be there all decked out in their best. Everything was all set, and I had to go home for something, and was a little late. I had plenty of help to take care of things, so I didn't worry about being a few minutes late. When I got there the house was crowded and some outside. As I went in the door, I saw one of the Miracle boys sitting close to the door and that he had a Winchester rifle standing by him. I said, "What's up?" He said, "You just go ahead and run the program. We will take care of things." On the way up toward the front I passed an old man sitting there with a shotgun. I saw at once it was the old man Miracle, father of the nine families of Miracles living near, all feudists. I asked him what was up that they were armed. He said, "Some one had said that some toughs from another district were going to come up and turn over the out houses and shoot up the party." And by heck, he and the boys would take care of that, and that some of the boys were posted outside where they could see the program through the windows and see anyone coming up to do damage to the out houses, etc. Well, the toughs didn't



Jack and Billy the Bronk at the Martinez Lake which had been dry for 100 years.



Jack and brother's wife in 1912 at the old Cimmaron Jail.
Note gun in window.

U. Guess news got out that the Miracles were loaded for business. They had come over from Tennessee, and no doubt had done enough shooting over there to not mind a little here.

If the parents of some kid sent word they wanted you to come stay all night, shell corn, hull beans, or go possum hunting, you went. That was one thing they had fun at. I visited them all for such. At the bean hulling and corn shelling there were always the neighbors and many others. The grown girls and boys were there to court a little and dance some. Always refreshments and a good time. Good old country meals and a good bed for the teacher. The teacher who couldn't fill the required friendship and be one of them, wasn't liked and didn't last long. So here at Highland, teaching school for a livelihood, I went to many country parties and meetings. Part time I was with Hatfield boys and some times with other good friends. There were plenty of girls to make court to if one so desired. I didn't care to get too friendly with any, did not have marrying on my mind. Some of my friends got married and we all got together and shivareed the newly weds.

Before leaving these parts, I had joined Odd Fellow Lodge at Stanford, and also the Masonic Order before we left for New Mexico. One day a fellow came to our place and told me I was wanted at a place about halfway from Highland to Stanford. I knew it was something to do with the Odd Fellows. It seems a member that operated a fairly large tobacco plantation had been killed and robbed by two Negroes, and they were being held in jail at Stanford. The boys wanted to go in, take them out, and hang them. So it was necessary to send in scouts, look over the situation and see if it could be done without some shooting.

Another member and myself went into Stanford to look it over. I knew the jailer pretty well, and so I went to see him. In those days the jailer's family lived in part of the jail. Things quite different than now. Well, of taking a prisoner out by force and the jailer putting up any kind

a resistance might harm his family. He knew what I was after, and knew we had men to storm the jail if need be, but also that we were going to know just how he stood and all. Well, he said that he told the sheriff that he was going to depend on the sheriff to take care of things. The sheriff was a Negro over -- that's what we called his type. He had gathered over 100 Negroes into town and had them armed and deputized as officers. So that settled that. He would have to kill a few dozen and perhaps some good white men would get killed. So my friend and I went back and told the boys to just forget it for now and we would see what the court did. They were sent up for life and they got them out of town and to the state prison before something took place with a hemp rope.

In Highland one night several of us boys and girls were at some kind of a meeting, I don't remember, but I do recall that after the meeting several of us were walking along going home. My friend, Holly Warfield and I were together. We passed a group where a friend that had gotten some whiskey and was pretty well lit, was causing some trouble. As we passed he called Holly by name and said, "Go to hell you son of a bitch." Now that's fighting language. Without thinking Holly, who by the way had a knife in his hand whittling on a stick as we went along, just stepped back and stuck his knife in that friend. We proceeded on down the pike and didn't stop to see the results. Holly said, "I shouldn't have done that." The next morning I went to see about the boy that was knifed. His father was Justice of the Peace in our district. He asked me all about the affair. I told him and he said for me to go get Warfield and bring him to his house and that the boys must shake hands and be friends, not enemies. They had been for years, it was only a boy drunk and other not thinking of results. He also didn't want any court action. I got Holly and the boys were agreeable with each other and things were settled O.K. I never heard of any trouble after that.

Along about this time I had met a very nice girl that was living some three miles from us. She came to visit some neighbors nearly every Sunday. She had a stepmother and an 8 or 10 year old stepsister, and a father that most everyone was afraid of. The boys were afraid to pay court to her for the old man would demand they marry at once. He was that kind. Well, I wasn't interested to pay court as they say, I only thought the girl needed someone to wake the old man up. One Sunday I was driving our outfit, a darn good horse and buggy, so I told the girl I would take her home. She said, "You know my father." I said "Yep, I'm not afraid of your father. You and I are only friends, not sweethearts, and he should allow you to get around some before you find a fellow you want to marry." She was 16, I was past 21. Oh well, she said she would risk it, for she knew me. So we got in the buggy and headed for her home. About one half mile down the turnpike we met her father in his buggy. He pulled up pretty close and looking the girl in the face, he said, "Where are you going?" In the meantime I had very slowly laid the lines over the dash board and was all set for what might take place. I beat the girl to the answer -- I said, "I am taking her home. It's quite a walk and as I had my buggy I said she could get in and I'd take her home."

He wanted to know where her little sister was. Seemed she was down the road at an aunt's house. So I said, "We will go by and pick her up and take her home." He pulled out and didn't say any more. Some fellows that were visiting on the road not far away sure thought the fire works would break loose. Her father was Casr McGuffy and known as bad tempered and quick on the draw. I don't know just how he felt, and don't care, for I was well prepared, and that I am sure he knew. He was road foreman on our dirt roads and I had been around him a few times. I took the girl and little half sister home, and told the girl that I was coming to see her next Sunday afternoon and to tell her father I was. I went and spent about one hour. Everything seemed O.K.

trouble.

Before leaving I told her I was coming the next Sunday and take her for a ride a few miles to see where her mother was laid to rest. She had said she had never been there. I told her to tell the old man. So I made the trip and that was my last, for I was leaving for Knoxville, Tennessee, and might not see any of them again. I told the old man goodbye and told him to let that girl get around more. I told her goodbye and never saw her again, for when I returned from Knoxville, my mother and I left for New Mexico.

At Knoxville I stayed at a boarding house near the railroad yards and didn't have to walk very far to the trains. Our run was from Knoxville south to Ettewa, Tennessee, and north to Corbin, Kentucky. Sometimes we had to dead head from Knoxville to Corbin to pick up a train coming south. In Corbin there was a nice boarding house for trainmen. I made these trips several times.

One time on the way north from Knoxville, we had orders to pick up some loaded coal gondolas at a large coal mine, to add to our train going straight through to Corbin, the next division. When we approached the mine center, and were near the track where these loaded cars were, I went down along the engine and down onto the cow catcher to get ready to step off and get the switch and go back and cut loose the engine and go in to get the cars. As the engineer slowed and stopped, I got off and pulled my keys ready to unlock the switch. I noticed an old lady standing near, but didn't pay any mind, until she said, "You ain't gonner unlock that air, fur ye ain't taking no cars." I said, "What's wrong, don't you want the coal to go out?" She had a Winchester rifle and told me she would shoot and I am quite sure she would. There was a strike on, and the miners didn't want these cars moved until the strike was settled. The engineer said, "O.K., Grandma, " and to me he said, "Crawl on, we are going." He gave the high ball whistle and we left. It was about a two hour run from there before we stopped in Corbin. The conductor came up and asked what happened. We told him and he sure laughed.

That was tame as to what took place on a south run one day, when we were on a local freight. Only had about fifteen cars, all loaded with stuff to be unloaded at stations along the route. We had to unload large drums of oil and large boxes, and many heavy things. The crew was made up of five men, engineer, fireman, conductor, and two brakemen. While at one stop near where we had a meet order to clear the line for a double header, fast passenger train, my brake buddy and I had just finished the job here and wondered why the train wasn't being moved to clear for the fast train. The fireman said, "The conductor and engineer are having a fist fight." Sure enough. They were going at it. We asked the fireman to pull the train. He said he couldn't do so for the engineer was there on the ground and the law didn't allow him to do so. Well, my brake buddy jumped up on the step and into the engine and yelled for me to attend to the switch. He gave that throttle all it would take and pulled that short train as fast as it could be done. He cleared the switch and I threw it closed right under that damn fast passenger train. Another ten inches would have caused the damndest wreck the Louisville and Nashville Railroad had ever had. We pulled out on the main line and proceeded south to Ettawa. The engineer and conductor didn't have much to say to each other.

Back at Knoxville things sure went into action. The fast passenger train's crew reported the affair. All caught hell, but me. I did just what my job called for. My buddy violated the law and rules, the conductor and engineer were held to blame and the fireman could have moved the train.

Soon after this, I returned home. I could have stayed with the railroad but Mother was trading our place sight unseen with a party in New Mexico. They also hadn't seen our place. But boy, they got a bargain and I think they knew if they got one acre and a house they were gainers. Their place was a dry land homestead out on the flats of New Mexico, where it seldom rained and was so dry that even many drilled wells at 500 to 600 feet turned up a dry hole.

There were a few dug wells that did have some water. This place Mother got had a hand dug well 140 feet to water and it was in a small rock basin. Just enough water for house use and 6 or 8 cattle.

We told our tenants that they were going to stay on, for we knew no one got rid of good ones. They were extra good and ones we thought the most of lived quite some distance on the east edge of our place, next to a small country road. One time they had a little five year old girl take sick, and the doctor thought she would die. They had to sit up with her day and night. They also had quite a bit of work to take care of. One day I told them I'd come over at nine-thirty or ten that night and sit up with the child. About five that afternoon it set in to rain and when it came time for me to go fill my promise it was still raining some. There was a small stream of water running through our place between where they lived and our home. When I reached the stream it was running a foot deep. Well, I promised to be there. I pulled off my shoes and socks, rolled up the pants and went in. Made it across and got to the house by ten o'clock. I was glad I went, the little girl was so glad that the "Boss" as they called me, had come to sit by her. Although sick some three weeks, she got well, which many had doubted.

While I was teaching I was called to go to Bristol, Tennessee - Virginia to appear in the Chancery Court as a witness. My preacher brother and his wife were separated and he wanted a divorce. So he was getting it in the court at Bristol, Tennessee. Where they lived in South Carolina they would not allow a divorce, only a decree of separation. So my brother had quit the ministry, took a job with the Southern Railroad as traveling auditor and a home in Bristol. His wife was hitting the bottle pretty heavy and wouldn't quit. He got the divorce o.k.

While at Bristol I was the guest of a well known doctor there, that was a friend of my brother. He, the doctor, put us up at the Bristol Hotel and we certainly were treated to the best. I had to go back home and finish the school term. My brother soon got married again, and took the new wife and went to Cimarron, New Mexico as a minister in the North Methodist Church. He was originally Southern Methodist.

When I finished my teaching spell my brother invited me out to New Mexico to see them. He also wanted me to bring two beagle hounds for Mrs. Chase. They sent me the money to buy them. I found a fellow that followed the hounds and also went to the annual fox hunt and races at Crab Orchard, Kentucky. He secured two beautiful hounds, male and female, and I was all set to travel. In those days you could ship dogs along with the baggage man on the through baggage cars by paying him a few dollars, and you now and then, at long stops, walk the dogs. Easy, go, no? I got the dogs through Louisville, St. Louis, Kansas City, and to Raton, New Mexico, o.k.

At Raton we had a layover and changed trains and rail company. While waiting around I met up with a cowboy and we talked quite a lot. (Later I found out he was sent there to see if I was on the Santa Fe train that came in that a.m.) It seems he got on the train I got on going to Cimarron. Of course, being a greenhorn from the east I didn't see the whys and so forth. He had asked me some funny questions and all in all, he knew one hell of a lot about me in that short time. When we arrived at Cimarron it was dark. When the train stopped I was up and ready to get off. As I got out on the platform, I saw my brother standing there with some men. He said, "Hello, kid, welcome to the west." And those darn fellows started shooting. I was on the ground by that time. When they started I didn't know, so I reached for my gun, that I

carried in a shoulder holster. My brother grabbed me and said, "Don't, don't! Leave your gun. They are putting on a welcome for you. They are the Mounted Police and that is Fred Lambert, the famous Chief."

My brother introduced us and we had a big laugh. While at Cimarron on this visit, I got to know Lambert very well. He furnished me a horse to ride while there.

Next day after landing, my brother and I took the two hounds out to Mrs. Chase, at the ranch. Being winter, there was some snow and I was introduced to several young boys and girls. They took me for night sledding and picnicing on French Lake. It was named for Captain French, an English brother of General French of WWI. He owned a ranch nearby. I also got to see the famous mill and get a picture of it. Also took a picture at the old jail, the old home of Maxwell and the famous Lambert Hotel run by Fred Lambert's father and mother. I had a great time the month I was there. Hated to go back to Highland. When I got back it was shortly after that I went to Knoxville, Tennessee to railroad a spell.

Mother and I got all packed and started for New Mexico. The darn railroad routed us a long way around to keep us on their trains, when we could have been routed on another road that would have been nearer. On the trip we met a couple going to Tyrone, New Mexico mining camp. The man was some official of some kind. At that time little did I think I would be interested in that area in 1970 or around that time. (There were several prehistoric indian sites near there.)

At Dalhart, Texas we had to change trains. While walking around I saw an old lady sitting on a bench who looked like she was lost, and she was looking me over. She called me to her side and said, "You are wearing an emblem like my husband wears." I asked her where she was going and she told me. She was at the wrong depot and her train was due pretty soon. I had

plenty of time so I told Mother the situation and I got the old lady's suitcase and let her hold on to me, and took her over to the other depot. She was old and really didn't know just how to get from one place to another. Some one some place had put her on a train to go back to Texas, and they thought she would know how to change trains and depots. Before I got her on the train she had to take, I found out that she would be met where she was headed. That was a good deed and I am glad to have been of service. No doubt some one helped my mother in later years and I know some have been of help to my wife.

Mother and I finally got to Cimarron. My brother had a house rented for us to move into. I got a job with the Continental Tie and Lumber Company. While working there I met Hal Rainey, a young fellow out from Cincinnati, Ohio. He was just out of school and was really just out to see the country. He liked to work so he could meet other people around on jobs. He didn't need the money. His people were cotton brokers and had offices in both Cincinnati and New Orleans. He and I wrote to each other for many years.

Next I went to work for the Chase Ranch. I had been telling them about our famous Kentucky horses and mules and how we rode them -- how we broke the mules for wagon use and to ride. Well, Mr. Chase said that I should go ride with the cowboys and learn cow work. The cowboys were out early and gone before I had eaten breakfast. They had their own cook outfit and I was in the home with the Chases. Old Chase said "Hurry up and get going and catch up with the boys." I went to the barn and there wasn't a horse any place, only a lone mule. So I told Chase and he said, "Well, ride the mule, you said you did in Kentucky." So I got the mule and brought him over to the tack room which had all kinds of equipment. I got out a saddle and put it on the mule. I climbed into the saddle and about that time, the mule lowered his head, and bellowed and then came high and fast. I went up and up and landed about 30 feet from

where we had started, flat on my back. As I hit the ground some ten cowpunchers appeared from around hay stacks, bunk house, etc. They were hid waiting to see the show. The horses were also hidden. Broke my pocket watch and hurt my back. They all yelled and sure enjoyed the show. We all had to go to town to celebrate the fact I had been given the true western treatment greenhorns get. The boys and Chase drank plenty and had a good time telling any cowboys that came in, the story and introducing me. I only took one small drink. I never cared for alcohol. They gave me a good horse and it wasn't long before I could catch and saddle my own. In fact, you did or you might have to walk.

Chase soon had me take charge of their big apple orchard and not help work cattle. They also had milk cows and a large garden. Grew acres of cabbage. There were several Indians and Mexicans working in the orchards and gardens. Many boxes of apples and many crates of cabbage were sold to Phelps Dodge at Dawson Coal Mines. There was a railroad through the ranch on its way to the large timber area, where logs were cut into planks of all sizes and taken by said train to the large mill at Cimarron. At one place in the orchard they had a small siding where we could load cars with loose as well as boxed apples.

The Chase Ranch extended up the Pontiel for 40 miles. East and west, I know nothing as to how far. At one time they had ten thousand cattle and nineteen cow punchers. At the end of WWI they were down to 1000 and 2 cowboys. The Chase brothers who ran the outfit were gamblers and drunks.

I was smoking a pipe when I landed at Cimarron. One day Mason Chase was playing with one of the Mexican help and some way broke his pipe. It was a gift to Chase from his class at Yale and he sure felt bad about it. At the time I was in town at Judge Hickman's office. (Hickman was ranch secretary.) Chase came in while I was there, and using the name he always called me, "Cussen Calamity" he said, "Give me your pipe, you don't need it." It was almost like his,



Gwendolin and Jackie Mills at various ages.

Calabash gourd with amber stem and Meerschau bowl. I gave him the pipe and my can of tobacco and I said, "Here you old Bear, take it and I will quit smoking." Haven't smoked from that day to now!

I handled the orchard work many seasons for Chase. Besides storing apples in the cellars, we loaded many farmers, ranchers and others with 40 to 100 bushels in wagons. These people came for miles, some from west Texas, and took some three to five days each way. The parents of the girl I later married, came from Solano, two days each way and one day loading. These long trips were to some just a picnic outing. The orchard was known for many miles away. One year I loaded out 54 wagons with an average of 40 bushels per wagon.

I had Mexicans and quite a few Indians from Taos, New Mexico. Gold Tooth John, Chief at Taos at that time had two sons working there with me. They were graduates from Carlyle University. This was their second season with us.

There was a long row of rooms where the Mexicans and Indians lived, while picking apples or working the gardens.

The Indians were extra good friends of Chases. So on the way home from school they came by the ranch and stayed over night. They went on home, and after a short stay came back to work in the orchard. From school they were dressed like any American. They did have their hair still long. Refused to have it cut off. When they came back they had on regular indian dress, hair hanging down with feather at top, head band, levis with bottom cut out and a large shawl around their shoulders. One boy's name was Severina, the other Marosetone. I asked them why they dressed this way now, when dressed different coming home from school. They said "didn't like the white man's way". They called me Jahona. Guess that was for Jack. They said "It means sawmill."

One day Chase called one of the cowboys and myself to get our guns ready to go to town. At town Judge Hickman told us they were going to hunt for a cow thief. A rancher just west of town had some stolen and butchered near his feed lots and hay stacks. Well, we went over and checked and rode the

brush country looking for tracks and after some two or three hours Chase sent the cowboy back to the ranch, and he and I went back to Old Town. Here, Chase told me to ride to a certain street near a Mexican run store and to watch a certain back yard and to stop anyone coming out, and if they were armed for me to shoot to kill. I didn't at that moment know just what was up. But I learned darn quick.

Chase had tied his horse to a hitching rack and was going in the front door of the joint! He had picked up some information, at one place while we were searching, from a Mexican that told him that at this joint he might find the beef or at least part of it. Seems Chase had a way with Mexicans. He could talk Spanish fluently. He thought that perhaps the party that killed the animals might be hiding here and would run when he went in the front. And of course I'd get him. The fellow wasn't there, but part of the meat was. The Mexican that ran the joint told Chase who sold it to him. So that was that. Chase came out and called for me to come over where he was, and told me that the brother-in-law of the rancher was the guilty party. Seems he was a renegade. So Chase and I went back to the rancher's home and Chase told him the bad news. He didn't bring any charges so the guy got away with the crime.

One night Chase and I were in town and he and Jody Hickman were attending to some ranch business and we were to meet over in Old Town at Lambert's Hotel.

I started out to go on over ahead of them. Going down one street I ran into a Mexican coming along and as this was mostly Mexican section, he didn't like a gringo being in the area, so he called me a dirty name and wanted to fight. --But he said I had a gun. Said if I would take it off he would fight. Like a damn fool I peeled off the gun and coat and as to a fight, he didn't get to first base. I broke his nose and knocked him for a row and might have killed him, but about that time Chase and Judge Hickman showed up. They put

stop to the fight and gave me hell for pulling off my gun. Said "Never!" Some Mexican could have come along, got the gun, shot me and that would have been it! That cussing taught me a lesson and after that I never thought of pulling off my gun.

One time Chase had an ad out wanting a professional bronk buster. We had 50 horses ready to break. The cowboy wouldn't fool with them. Chase got a reply and we were to meet the fellow in Cimarron at a certain time. Chase was bent on having some fun with the fellow, so he had one of the workers bring up a horse we used on the wagon that could throw the best rider going. He was a natural pitcher and had had a lot of training in doing tricks. So we had a good excuse to have the horse on the wagon. We had a load of packed apples to take in to ship, so we met the horse breaker. He and Chase got to talking and Chase asked many questions and of course got to where he was ready to have some fun. We were close to the depot, and the team and wagon were just a few yards away. Chase told the fellow he couldn't ride that old horse hitched to the wagon.

The fellow fell for the bait. The Mexican that was driving the team unhitched them, pulled the harness from the old horse, and let the horse breaker have him. This fellow had his own saddle, so he put it on the horse and got on. The old horse was just waiting for Chase to say "Go to it, Brownie".

The fellow wasn't quick enough -- that horse threw him over his head right now. The fellow sure was put out, and he thought sure Chase wouldn't hire him. But Chase laughed and told the fellow it was o.k. This old horse was a trick animal and not used any more except to have some fun. The fellow worked breaking horses for nearly a year -- fifty young horses was a lot to handle.

One time while working for Chase I went with eight car loads of cattle to Kansas City. Sure had some experience. Just before that I had been in

train service with the Santa Fe. When I reached Raton, I joined up with several cowboys that had cars of cattle. I had come in on the small road that only ran from Raton to Ute Park. These other fellows had come in on the Santa Fe main line from the south.

When on the road a certain number of hours the cattle have to be unloaded some place, watered and fed. One fellow and myself were caught at Salina, Kansas. When we unloaded we noticed the pens were in poor shape. But the railroad was responsible.

We went to a hotel and put up for the night. Next morning we went down to get loaded and ready for the first freight through. When we arrived there were cattle scattered all over the place. The pens had fallen apart. My cowboy friend and I refused to help. We didn't want to unload the evening before, so we just sat on the fence and let the fellows the railroad company had hired to round up the cattle and load them. It was easy to tell my 8 cars, for they were white faced two year olds, with one or two strays from the Matt Heck Ranch that we had. One of those was never found or at least for our load. We got to Kansas City late that night.

Next day I was with the agent that handled my 8 car load. Prices were low. The big packers had their men there to buy. I was near three, sitting on their horses when they agreed among themselves what they were each to buy. The way they did was to ride up to a pen and the one that was to buy that bunch would say so much, and the rest would say "O.K. Won't give any more." They were pretty slick. The highest price paid was 7¢ per pound. I saw an old farmer that had a carload of big cattle that weighed 1800 to 2000 apiece, get only 5¢. He sure was mad, but the packers wouldn't raise one cent.

Several of us fellows there that had cattle went on a tour of Cudahy Packing plant. We saw them kill hogs, sheep and cattle, dress each and saw

ere they smoked meat, put meat in cans, and watched the inspectors. Saw one turn down a cow carcass, put it on the soap track and after it had gone a short distance another inspector checked the carcass and put it back on line "one", or o.k. One of the boys was pretty drunk and he asked some pertinent questions. In fact, several of us questioned some things, so the guy got us out of there in one hurry.

Another time while at Chases, about the time the contract was let to build Eagle's Nest Dam, I was called to deliver a message for Charles Springer. Springer was owner and boss of the Eagle Nest Project and many other things that were and had been connected with the Maxwell Land Grant. One evening about eight p.m. after I had gone upstairs to retire, Chase called me to come down, I was wanted. When I went down he said, "You are to take a message for Springer to Eagle Nest tonight. Get your gun and get a rifle for your saddle. The Mexican will have your horse saddled and ready as soon as you are, and you are riding the best horse on the ranch." I knew that horse. He stood 16 hands and was heavy and not only a beauty, but could unload you if you didn't know your business. As I knew the horse I was well pleased, for I knew I had a horse for that trip!

It was about 26 miles to Ute Park over a fair county road running along parallel with the railroad. From Ute Park to Eagle Nest was about 12 or 14 miles. I had never been over either. I went down to Springer house and Springer gave me a large envelope sealed and covered with a good waterproof material. It was snowing and I was wearing good heavy clothing and had a good slicker. I put the envelope in an inside pocket and then Springer said, "You deliver this to the Superintendent at the Eagle Nest Camp, that is in charge. I want it delivered tonight. It's a hard ride and it's snowing. You will be o.k. until you get to Ute Park. After that you must be very careful, you could be

held up, shot or anything. You are armed and Chase says I can depend on you. When you reach Ute Park, you will see the only road leading on, follow it for about one-half mile and you will see a certain marker. Take the trail leading off from it in the direction you are headed and that will lead you to the camp by a short cut, keeping you off of the main road. Watch your step. Shoot to kill any one that tries to stop you. It's dangerous. Go, and good luck."

In spite of the cold and snow we made it. It was between midnight and four a.m. when I got there. I don't really remember the time. The darn guy I was to meet had passed me over on the main road, he going to Ute Park, and me going to the camp.

At the camp they took good care of my horse, got me something to eat, and a cot to rest on for a short time. I didn't tell the fellows my business, only that I wanted to see the fellow in charge about a job. They swallowed that, so as soon as I could start back I did so, and caught the guy at the Hotel in Ute Park. He had thought Springer couldn't get anyone to come through in that kind of weather. There was a lot of trouble, law suits and much hard feeling over the property Springer had taken from the ranchers in that area in order to build the dam. Two ranch homes were taken and where they stood, later, the lake was 150 feet deep.

While working for the Chase Ranch if we were in town we had two places to hang out. At Judge Hickman's office or the Oxford Hotel and Bar. This was quite a large building, two stories. Upstairs the hotel part, down stairs, Bar, restaurant, pool hall and gambling part, and a large stove at one side with benches and chairs where people that didn't care to drink or gamble could sit and visit.

There was a preacher who visited there quite often. He would get a Coca-Cola or cup of coffee and visit with the cowboys that came there. He was called the horse racing preacher. He would run horse races with the boys. They didn't go to church, but every darn one of them sent money to the church. This

Oxford Hotel was owned by a fellow by the name of Bill Davis. He didn't drink, was a professional gambler. He liked the horse race preacher very much. One day while there to eat, a drunk came in from some other bar and started telling the fellows that were up at the bar end of the room what he thought of the preacher and called him a dirty name. Davis, who happened to be behind the bar just then told the drunk to shut up and if he said any more about the preacher he'd get hit. The drunk popped off again and Davis picked up a small glass sitting on the counter and let fly at the drunk. You bet it floored him, almost killed him. After they poured a few pints of water on him and got him up they threw him out the door. He didn't come back any more to cuss a preacher.

We will now go back to 1914 and get ready to go to Solano, New Mexico, where Mother had traded our Kentucky place for land. There was a preacher down there by the name of Gaskill. It seems he and my preacher brother were working on this deal. He was called the horse trading preacher. Seems he had talked my brother into having Mother buy two horses and a buggy from him. The buggy didn't have a top. Just an open affair. I went to Solano to check on things and get that buggy and horses and arrange for the moving of a house and barn Mother had bought. While at Solano I stayed at this preacher's house. He had a young sister-in-law living with them, a girl 15 or 16. One day while I was there she had a visitor. I came in with the preacher and was getting ready to take off for Cimarron and the sister-in-law introduced me to her girl friend. This was the girl I married later. Her name was Vera Marie Burton. But after I left she told her friend, "Don't he think he's smart!" A few years after that the preacher's sister-in-law told me what Vera said. I sure didn't make a hit with her then. That same year I met Vera's Mother and I told her that when her daughter grew up I was going to marry her. She said, "How do you know you are?" You see I fell for that girl even if she didn't think much of me at that time. I had made up my mind that I was going to win her some time.

More later, but I went back to Cimarron and we got lined up to move and I told my mother I had found the girl I'd been looking for.

We borrowed a wagon and team from Chase Ranch and my brother and I loaded our goods and headed for Solano. It was early spring and some snow here and there, plenty ice at night. First day we made it to Taylor Springs just after we cross the Canadian River. We camped here close by the river, (which was foolish), for it was much colder by the water where it froze that night. We should have camped one half mile away from the river. The next day we got to Mills, New Mexico. This small village was named for Territorial Governor Mills who owned a large holding near. We stayed here three or four days. We were letting the teams rest.

The fellows who ran the stables and feed lots and small hotel were from Edinburgh, Scotland. Hadn't been in the United States very long.

Next day we made our place between Roy and Solano. We were about two miles from Solano. My mother and I lived in the dugout until the house that was moved in was ready for use. It was a 4 room affair. The barn also was moved in. We had to build fences, clean out the dug well and many things. The cattle and sheep men were running cattle and sheep all over the country. They didn't like the homesteaders and tried many ways to run them out. There were only 40 acres of our 160 that was fenced. I didn't like the way the sheep men did and told one fellow to get his sheep off Mother's place and keep them off.

In two or three days he drove about 2000 sheep onto our place and he and another herder came along. Well, I went in the house, got my 8 mm. German gun and went out to see what I could do. Mother ran out after me yelling, "Don't kill one!" I told her not to worry. They were just about 500 yards distant, just good range for me. I laid the gun over a fence post near and at the crack of the gun I got one fellow's hat. At that time I was a crack shot with a rifle or shot gun. Well, those fellows left there in quick haste, not

even retrieving the hat. They never came back any more, but I had company in a few days. The sheriff of Mora County came riding in and told me that the Mexican sheep herder said I had shot and tried to kill him and that he had a warrant for me. I told the sheriff I shot to get his hat, not to kill him, that if I had wanted I could have shot him through the head or down lower. And if he wanted me to show him how to do so, I could. He didn't serve the warrant. The judge at Ray, New Mexico, who had issued the warrant, told me that the sheriff came back and told him that he thought the sheep men had better stay away from our place, and that he just tore up the warrant.

We will give a few things that took place in the Solano area from 1914 to 1917. I tried some dry farming -- beans, corn and some millet for hay. Didn't make enough to pay for the bean harvest. Had some feed. Mother and I joined in all the activities going that we could. The people were most all friendly. The town of Solano had one general store and post office, a good school, one church, depot and section house, four or five small houses. At one time it had three or more stores, a hotel, two or three saloons and one had a few girls. In fact, it was just a western frontier town. When the homesteaders saw they couldn't make a go and started leaving, the town folded up.

During this time I was elected Justice of the Peace, and was appointed United States Commissioner, by Judge John Pope, United States Judge at Santa Fe. As Justice, we had several cases of all kinds. One time two fellows fell out and one filed a complaint. The constable and I were out on a ride and he had some papers to serve on this one guy. It so happened that we caught the two fellows not too far from each other, so the Constable, John Mackey, and I decided to hold court right out there on horseback. We did.

We told those two fellows to ride over there by us and John served the papers and I declared court open. I asked each one a few questions, and I said to John, "I think these fellows better shake hands and behave or we will send

them both to circuit court at Mora. They did what we suggested and went home and no more trouble.

We didn't collect any money for the court. John served many papers and was at all court hearings and didn't get a dime. I never fined anyone and never collected anything unless for the cases sent to the Circuit Court.

While I was Justice of the Peace and before Vera and I were married, I was called on to go a few miles from Solano to marry a couple. These were Mexicans and were from near Mora, the County Seat, and they were Catholic. The Priest wouldn't marry them because they were divorced. I went with the fellow who came for me, and this couple was unable to speak any English. So I had to use an interpreter. I sent the certificate to Mora for recording and to be sent back to me for delivery to the couple. When it came back I asked Vera to ride along with me on the trip to deliver the papers.

When we got to the Mexican home where they were staying, (there was only one very large room), we were asked to come in and I introduced Vera and about that time a grown boy came along and seeing they had company, and he had on old work clothes, he decided he should change to better ones, so he proceeded to do so. Vera saw what was taking place and was sure embarrassed, and was sure trying to get me to get her out of there. The Mexicans didn't think any thing of changing clothes, etc.

A short time before Vera and I were married, an affair took place at Roy, New Mexico, that might be of interest. The town and outlying territory were building a large new school building. One night, when the job was about one-half finished, the place caught on fire. It was completely destroyed. The people, owing to some complaints from the Catholics in town, got it in their heads that the priest had started the fire, and they went and arrested him and put him in jail. Then a few damn fools said they would just take him out and hang him. The news spread like wild fire. I didn't know anything about this at the time. Well, the Knights of Columbus at Raton, New Mexico got the word

and organized a group of about twenty car loads, well armed and headed for Roy.

The outfit around Roy were armed and things were looking pretty serious. Some one got word to T. E. Mitchell, one of the big state leaders, and he sent a runner to tell me and ask me to meet him at Roy at once. I had to ride horse-back for some fourteen miles to get there. He and I met just in time. We got some of the town leaders together, both white and some Mexican Catholics, and we sent two runners in a car to head off the fellows coming from Raton, and to send them back. Mitchell and I could handle the situation. We got some of the fools together and told them to go home and put their guns away and no priest would be fool enough to set fire to a school house.

After Mitchell and I made some checks, we came to the conclusion that there was some dirty work some place, and that it pointed toward the contractor. We went to the jail, got the priest out and took him home, and told him to stay there until things settled down. In about three days they had the contractor under arrest for the arson job. He did it for insurance. Well, he learned a lesson. Mitchell and I saved the Priest from the mob. After Vera and I were married, and had even gone to California, and would come back to New Mexico on a visit, the Priest would hear we were visiting and would send word to please come see him. Which I did!

Another time while Justice of the Peace and before Vera and I were married, a Mexican woman filed a complaint against her brother, who lived in another county, 30 miles from my district. It really wasn't legal for me to do anything, unless we could catch the fellow in my districe. There seemed to be several Mexicans connected some way, and one leader among them said that I could get the fellow to come to Solano and also that the fellow was not guilty.

My constable made contact with the man and he came to Solano and he had a Deputy Sheriff from his county with him to see that we dind't try any stunts. We didn't even intend to serve papers on him, but they didn't know that. I ex-

explained to the Deputy Sheriff what I thought ought to be done and we carried that out. The fellow agreed to return on a certain date, face his sister on the charge, and let us hear the witness and decide the case. He came on the date set. He didn't have to do so, but he knew I'd do what we promised. I had a good reputation with the Mexicans and whites in doing fair, regardless. After I heard about six witnesses I could see that the sister was just mad and her charges were all false. So I made her pay all the costs and sent all home with warning that they had better stop fighting and settle down.

Another time while living in the Solano area, the Deputy Sheriff of Mora County came by and told me that the Masons had a new lodge at Roy, New Mexico, and they asked him to come the night they were opening for their first time to put on work and they had a candidate. He asked would I go if he came for me. He knew I was a Mason, member of a Kentucky lodge. I agreed to go on the night he named. He came for me in his Ford car. He had the only one in miles around. We got to the hall and he knew a few fellows and introduced me around. There were many present -- several had come miles to visit. After a few minutes he came to me and said, "Come, let's get out of here." I was surprised and said, "What's up?" He said, "Did you see who they were going to admit?" I had noticed a fellow sitting alone and not having anything much to say to anyone. The Deputy said, "That fellow they are going to take in is a man I helped send to the Pen for train robbery some thirty-five years ago and he has only been out a short time. So I don't care to meet him personally or as a Mason. I don't see how this bunch of Masons can take him in." I agreed. Since then I have seen all kinds either in the Masonic lodge or just joining. In fact, one having the highest degree in the higher bodies, lied and stole mine and Vera's home in California. It seems money can get them in any lodge or church.

We had some horse stealing in our area, and the sheriff got on the trail, followed them out of our county, up through Colfax County and over the pass into Colorado. He caught up with them and arrested all -- there were three. He had a Ford car and he just loaded them in and beat it back into New Mexico before they could stop him. Brought them straight to Solano and sent for me.

Well, we saw a chance for some cowmen to use a rope. The only way clear was for me to allow them to post bond and to set a time for them to appear at Mora, the county seat, for trial before the circuit judge. Otherwise I'd have to issue papers to the sheriff to take them on to Mora. Well, he and I were willing to allow the bond provided the cowmen had the rope business lined up and would be well out of town etc. The sheriff put out feelers and the Constable would come in now and then and pass me the news. The prisoners were fastened to the sheriff's car and didn't know what we were waiting about. The arn cowmen and their cowboys got cold feet and so we just sent the prisoners on over to Mora, 140 miles by road.

Another time a Mexican boy got jilted by his girl friend and killed himself, about 25 miles from Solano. John came to get me and said they had sent word for us to come soon. You see, John and I had a place to hold court up town, but my office was there at Mother's and John was a dry land farmer and raised some cattle. We pulled out for the long ride. After about 15 or 16 miles we hit a straight road running east and west. After 3 or 4 more miles, I said to John, "You know, I think this is the boundary line between Mora County and San Miguel, and if it is the line and they live south of this road we can't hold the inquest."

Well, we went on and sure enough, they were out of our county. The only thing now was for them to send a runner to Trementina 90 miles south over on the Canadian River. So John and I had to tell nem what to do to take care of the corpse and we returned home. They had to use ice to take care of the sit-

uation. They had plenty stored in an underground ice house. Many people had those, for the summer gets really hot and dry.

We had several cases in the years I served. I was called to bring my docket to Mora, the county seat to show all the cases and why no money sent to the county. Well, I went to Mora explained to the county board that John and I didn't collect anything for our service. They were surprised at that. You see, in those days a Justice could really make it if he wanted to. The Justice got no salary, just what he stuck the people. During all this time I was making up to that girl. We were getting along pretty fair. I still had hopes. I did more work as United States Commissioner than Justice of the Peace. There were many people filing on land, proving up on land, filing their reports on farming and other things that needed a seal, etc. One time I had to sit on a case filed by the government against a wealthy Mexican over a land deal.

Two very high up lawyers came out from Washington to handle the case, one for the government, one for the defendant. We had to have interpreters and a special clerk. The interpreter was the government interpreter to the Phillipines for the President at that time, 1914 or 1915. Every word, question, and answer had to be English, Spanish. It was my duty to see that all was carried out according to the law and to rule on questions that arose between the lawyers. There were many witnesses. The United States Marshal had served all the papers and the entire deal was unknown to me until I was notified that the case had been ordered to be held before me because all the nearby judges or commissioners in that part of New Mexico were said to be biased.

The hearing lasted six days. During the time I cited the county sheriff for contempt of court. He came in the court room and paid no attention that court was in session. He started to talk to one fellow and of course interfered with a lawyer who was talking to a witness. So I really ate him out and reported him to the circuit judge at Mora, and he almost lost his job. When this

case ended I had to send all the papers, everything the special clerk had, etc., by the Marshal to the United States Land Commission in Washington, D. C.

On one trip to Mora on court business I visited with the Circuit Judge one morning for two hours while court went along. Sure couldn't be done today. The judge asked me to sit up beside him. He opened court and started the first case. It got started and the judge just let the attorneys have at it, and turned to me and started talking fairly low about some hunting trip he had been on the day before. Now and then he would check on just how the case was going. He and I fished, hunted for two hours while the district attorney carried on. The sheriff had told me that morning I'd have a good visit with the judge and I sure did. This sheriff was Mexican.

While I was United States Commissioner I was called to Santa Fe as a witness in the United States Court. When the clerk, swearing me in, asked my name, I replied, "Jack P. Mills." The judge hit his gavel on his desk so hard that it caused a silence you could have heard a pin drop, and bawled me out, saying, "There is no such name as Jack, it is John." And I spoke right up and said I knew my name, and he ordered the United States Marshal to arrest me at once and take me to jail. The Marshal came forward and said, "Come." I did. The Judge said, "You are in contempt of court."

When I got in the hall I told the Marshal I wanted a telephone and a call to Washington, D. C., and showed him my commission and my name. He looked that over and said he had better not take me anywhere, but he would go back to see the judge. He was gone about 10 minutes and came back and said I was wanted back in the court room. The judge refused to apologize. He was Judge Colin Neblett. I was sworn in this time as Jack P. Mills. The judge just looked mad.

Sometime the last of 1915 I asked Vera to marry me. She agreed and I asked her father for his consent. He thought it over and said, "O.K." Next needed was a ring. In 1914 I had purchased a railroad watch from the Burling-

on Watch Co. and they also had rings to sell. The watch I still have, now in 1982, and it is still running. Keeps good time. In 1916 I used it while in train service with the Santa Fe. Since they had rings I got Vera's size and sent for a small diamond ring.

When the 1916 -- 640 acres filing law went into effect I decided to file on 640 and raise a few cattle. The fellow that took my application and showed me the land made a mistake. There was a water hole or spring on the 640, so he pointed out. I filed and at once put up a small one room building, and established residence. About that time a cattle and sheep man showed up and informed me he owned the spring or water hole. When the line markers were located and lines run, the fellow sure owned the spring. The fellow that took my money to file gave me back some money, and the land office said I could transfer my filing if I could find something. Another cattle man bought the building, so I didn't lose anything.

I decided to go to Raton and hire out to the Santa Fe for train service.

My brother lived in Raton and I boarded with them. My run was from Raton to LaJunta, Colorado. They sent me out on a run without me having even been over the division. Well, the boys were O.K., so I made the trip, and it didn't take long to learn the road. I made many trips, was also subject to call to serve as conductor on passenger trains. Was on one boxcar train, over the Raton Pass when the engineer lost the air, and we had to set brakes by hand. We didn't stop the train until after we had gone through Trinidad and out on the flat where the Katy from Texas crosses the Santa Fe track.

On one trip the fireman got sick just after we left the yards in LaJunta. The engineer and I changed off shoveling coal all the way to Raton, 105 miles! The engineer was a half breed Indian named Lalamo. He and I didn't report or let on that the fireman was sick. We made the fireman sit up on his side as we entered the yards at Raton. If the engineer and I hadn't done what we did,

the engineer would have stopped the train at the first siding we could get in, and pull the train in off the main line and go to the call box and send for another fireman, which would have delayed that train and caused no end of trouble. What we did made good friends with other service men.

In 1916 Vera, the girl I was to marry, went to Iowa on a visit. Knowing the date she was to leave Solano for the trip, I took a few days leave from the Sante Fe and went to Solano to go with her to Tucumcari and see her on the Golden State Limited going north. I knew the train crew on the Dawson to Tucumcari very well and while visiting with them at Solano, the few minutes they were loading and unloading, I told them Vera was going north and sure hoped we made Tucumcari in time. They also knew Vera and her folks.

When we were entering the yards at Tucumcari we saw the Golden State Limited was just moving from the depot and also traveling in two sections.

Our engineer gave a certain signal and the other engineer answered. I had to get Vera off our train on to the ground with our train still moving. The conductor helped us and I took her running across toward the other train, which was slowing a little and its conductor was down on the lower step waiting to help get Vera on it. He took her by the arm and pulled her up on to the step and I caught the next car. The conductor put Vera in a seat and I explained to him real quick where she was going, etc. As we were both trainmen and also members of the Masonic Fraternity, things went O. K. He said he would look after the girl. He did. She rode all the way to Kansas City before he got her a ticket.

The conductor had given the high ball and the train was picking up speed pretty fast, being a double header. He said, "Can you get off?" I told him "Sure!" I hit the ground going pretty fast. I walked back to the depot, got Vera's baggage and put it on Section Two, billed to her destination. Then I sent her a train message in care of the conductor. She told me later that he

delivered the message and said, "He must be your sweetheart." She said he was real nice to her and at Kansas City got her ticket from there on to Iowa.

After getting her baggage taken care of, I caught the next train headed for Dawson, so I could get back to the Santa Fe Road.

Vera and I had set June 2, 1917 to get married. The war had just started and all had to sign up for the draft.

Not long after I got back to Raton and made a few trips I quit the rail service and went to Cimarron and back to work for Chase.

It was while on this short time in 1916 with Chase that I went to Kansas City with cattle. On this trip my cowboy friend asked the girl serving at the Harvey House why my meal cost less than his. She said, "He's a railroader, don't you see his badge on his cap?". I had failed to turn in my badge when I quit. So at the next stop for meals, I told the girl my friend was also a fellow breaking in and also entitled to a discount.

So leaving Chase Ranch I went home to take care of things for Mother. Had several things to do before June 1917. People thought the war would be over in no time. But it was not.

In 1916 soon after I left Raton, my brother Henry moved to Clayton, New Mexico. He was a pastor at the Methodist Church. After I went home from the Chase Ranch I decided to get a car of some kind. My brother found one for me, a Model T Ford, second hand, at \$50.00. It was in fairly good shape. So I had the car and the date for Vera and I to get married was soon.

On June 27, 1917 my brother came over from Clayton and performed the ceremony uniting Vera and I in marriage. We were married at Vera's home. Besides her parents, my mother and of course my brother and his wife, Vera's brothers, Charles and Noel and his wife and two small girls were at the wedding.

We went to Clayton on our honeymoon. Spent several days there. On our return we went to live in with my mother, which was wrong. No man should take

to live in with his mother.

We had to find some place to go, and as I had sold the small shack on 640 where I had filed, we checked around and found a 240 acre homestead that had been returned to the government which we could file on. The Land Office allowed me to transfer my filing on the 640 to this 240. This 240 acres had a small roughly laid up rock house, about 12 X 14 feet, with tin roof and dirt floor. We went there and started out on our first year of married life. Things were really tough. Had to haul water in barrels to drink and for house use.

The water we hauled was from the home of a neighbor some one mile away. For stock we drove to water at a spring in a canyon near, which was on our 640. We had to do some fencing and also haul wood to burn for fuel.

We made out the winter O.K. Meantime, we sold the Ford car. As it is required that you farm so much land in order to prove up on a claim, I got some equipment to farm with and so in the spring of 1918 I got some land ready.

During this time I got a notice from the draft board that I was exempt from the draft for a short time. As I hadn't put in for such, and my mother hadn't, we didn't know how come, and to this day we don't. We think we may know, but not certain. As Charles Springer was head of the draft board and the Chase Outfit wanted me to come to the ranch and work, (Charles Springer was Chase's brother-in-law), that could have been the source.

Although the war was going, the school board at Solano was building a new school building, and needed large flat stone for foundation. As there were layers of it on our 240, I took a contract to furnish the stone. This stone had to be cut 18 inches wide and it was 4 to 6 inches thick, and from 2 to 5 feet long. Pretty heavy material. I had a skid system rigged up to load it on my wagon. Had about three and one half miles to haul it. I also worked

on the job sifting sand and helping mix concrete.

In April our first child arrived. We took Vera to Roy, New Mexico, where one Dr. Self and wife ran a small hospital. Our first was a girl and we named her Gwendolin Marie.

It was now fall 1918 and Vera and I closed up the rock house and went to Cimarron. I had charge of the apple picking, storing and also filling orders to ship out and loading wagons for farmers and the like that came for many miles to buy apples.

Chase couldn't get anyone to nail apple boxes together, so Vera said she could try. So we fixed up a small pie pan for nails, on three legs, so a lighted candle could be placed under it to warm the nails. It is over 7,000 feet high at the ranch and it was pretty cold in a building where there was no proviso for heat. The box material was in bundles. Ends, side, and bottom. There was a template to set up to place the ends in to start. Vera could turn out 200 boxes a day. Our baby was very small and Vera kept her lying or sitting in an apple box. One day Chase came by and seeing the baby, said to Vera, "Is it human?" That sure made Vera mad and I don't think she ever forgave Chase.

In 1918 the flu was killing people everywhere. Vera came down sick and we had quite a time. This ended her making boxes. The baby needed attention and I had to work. Stan Chase's wife, Zeta, came in every day to help. The doctor came in every other day and he was so worn out he would say, "Don't let me go to sleep. I must keep going." He was the only doctor in 50 miles. He sure had his hands full.

When Vera was well enough and able to make it by train to Solano, we got ready to send her down to her mother's. We would have to get her and the baby to Colfax to get on the train. Colfax is about 15 miles from the Chase Ranch. Chase's brother-in-law, Charles Springer, knew of this trip to be made. So he set it all up. He sent his car, a Marmon 34 and his chauffeur and also set up

he schedule with the train crew to be sure to get Vera on the train at a certain time. In other words, not to leave before the regular time it was set to leave Colfax. The chauffeur just came in and picked Vera up in his arms and carried her out and put her in the car. I took the baby. I was also sick and couldn't do much. At Colfax the train was waiting. You couldn't get a car close to the depot, so the chauffeur just picked Vera up and took her across from the road to the train, put her on the train, and came back, got the baby and Vera's suitcase and she was on the way. Her parents were to meet her at Solano. I had a team and wagon to follow overland later. It was a 75 mile trip and it was winter.

When I left Cimarron with the wagon and team I only made it to Abbott where I was caught in a snow storm. Had to stay there a few days and then had to hire another team and driver to help me. The snow was two feet deep. The chauffeur and I with the two teams made it to Roy, New Mexico. It was a hard drive. The man left me there and took his team, but I had to send his double tree and singles back on the train. The snow was melting now, and soon I went on to Solano where Vera was with her parents.

When Vera was able we went on to our claim and started again to improve conditions. We got some lumber and built a small room out from the rock part. We built it so it could be moved. We wanted to build out near the county road, up away from the cap rock. It not only was rough, but it was dangerous. There were large rattlesnakes in the brush and the rocks and we killed several.

We got a Land Bank loan and with some more material we moved the one room up near the road and added two rooms and a porch. Got a small barn shed put up and got a well driller to try for a well. He drilled only a 4 inch hole, and went down 140 feet. Got enough water for a few cattle and house use. We put up a small 8 foot windmill. We had a dug cellar and a small place for some storage.

One summer we got Vera's father's mule team and wagon and made a trip to

Canyon Largo down on Red River to get peaches. It was an all day drive to get there. You have to cross the river seven times before you finally get into the village. It's a fairly deep canyon area. This place was settled at about the same time as Santa Fe -- some three hundred years old. We got our fruit and came back over all those crossings to stay over night on our side of the river with a Mexican family I had met when I was Justice of the Peace. They gave us the only room that had a plank floor and an iron bedstead. We had the baby with us and they sure made over her. At supper that night they opened a can of peaches they had hauled over land some 80 miles. This when they had fresh peaches lying on the ground and in large trees in the yard! But they wanted to see how nice they could be to us. After supper they showed Vera and I how to string chilis. We had a nice visit with them.

On our return we were to stop by a goat ranch to pick up two small goats. We got in there just at lunch time. We had to eat with them or else make them sore. So we ate, and they had a small girl about our's age so they sure took care of our baby girl. We got the goats and left there in a hard rain. Made travel by wagon and team slow.

We made another trip to Canyon Largo another season. Many of those people had never seen a train or auto. They saw a plane or so go over the area and they were very much afraid. A few of their boys had been sent to fight and when those that came back told them of the outside world they were dumbfounded.

Vera made butter and saved the eggs. Sometimes she could have enough to swap at the store in Roy. Vera still has a knife and a pan she got in Roy the first three years of our marriage.

In 1920 - 21 we joined with the people in our part of Mora County to help form a new county. We were 140 miles from the county seat. T. E. Mitchell, one of the leading men of the state and a good friend of ours, wanted the new county to be at Mosquero provided the issue could be put through.

After several meetings, petitions, etc. all taken up with the officials at Santa Fe, the division of Mora County, part of San Miguel, and one other, was allowed. A committee was formed to have a big celebration and dedication at Mosquero.

Governor Mechman was the chief speaker and after all the speaking was over the crowd was lined up for a pan rama picture. Believe it or not, Vera is standing by the Governor and I am standing near holding our little girl. Certain persons were named to act as county officials until a time could be set to hold a convention to nominate candidates to run for the offices needed. Vera and I were two of the four from our precinct that went to the meeting. Both parties were represented and all the proceedings had to be in both English and Spanish. We had some extra good men to do the interpreting. There was one fellow the Republicans wanted nominated, and no one wanted the job for one reason the chairman didn't like this fellow and being some what dirty, he wouldn't recognize anyone that wanted the floor. That was settled by T. E. Mitchell for he knew who could get the floor and although that party didn't like the man they wanted, Mitchell also knew he could get this friend of his to do it. It was me, and so I took the job.

They wanted a certain party nominated to run for sheriff. I was in the rear of the building so I went up front to be close when things quieted down, and the chairman asked if any more nominations. I got up and stepping forward, addressed the chairman and called for the best interpreter on the job, and proceeded to nominate the fellow the Republicans wanted for sheriff. The chairman was surprised, the fellow nominated was certainly surprised. Things sure were quiet. The chairman called for a vote and it was 100%. At the general election held pretty soon this fellow was elected. So the new county started out with a bang. A small court house was built and things settled down to normal. The new county did fair for several years, then it started down.

The dust bowl hit that part of the state and many small farmers and outfits left. Roy is larger than the county seat and to be honest, we should never have set up the new county. It was called Harding County.

Back to Solano 1921-22

In January 1922 our son Jack Jr. was born. The doctor brought a nurse with him from Roy, and Vera gave birth to the baby in our home.

That year we had a good crop of wheat coming on that showed it might make some 40 bushels per acre. For a dry farm this was an unusual crop.

Vera's father owned a combine and was going to harvest for us on Monday. He had pulled the combine in on Saturday afternoon ready to start Monday.

Between Saturday and Monday we had one of those western hail storms. The hail was large as quail eggs. It beat the wheat down and into the ground. You couldn't tell that there had ever been any wheat. It also cut the roof all to pieces on our house, it being a felt roof. Things in the house were wet and sure was a mess.

Monday morning I went to Roy to get material to recover the roof. Not having any money, I told one of my friends that had a large store and lumber yard the situation, and he said, "Go get the material you need and pay me when you can." He was a Jew and also a member of the Roy Odd Fellow Lodge, which I also was a member. It wasn't being lodge members that caused him to be so kind hearted. He was one very thoughtful man and was ready to help anyone that was trying to be honest and work.

I got metal enough to cover the house and enough nails to nail it on. It took Vera quite a while to get everything dry and things back in place.

Vera's sister, Norma, heard of our loss and at that time where she lived, Los Angeles, there was plenty of carpenter work. She wrote why not come out and work under her husband, who was Foreman for Charley Walker. They didn't know I had ever been on a house job, and thought I would have to learn from first

base.

I left Vera and our two children with her parents at Solano, and went to California. I landed in Los Angeles July 4, 1922. Vera came later. At first we lived in an apartment at her sister's.

I had to secure a few tools, and went out on the job with Vera's brother-in-law and started to get acquainted with the crew and see what it was all about. I was put to work with one fellow who was to work with me and break me in on their system, etc. When this fellow found out I knew a little about carpenter work, it worked out fine. He and I became good friends and were with Walker for two or three years.

Vera and I only stayed in the apartment at her sister's two or three months. We then moved a short ways from them into better quarters. I rode to work with another fellow that worked on the same job.

After about three years I went to work for another contractor. The fifth year in Los Angeles I went to work for one R. J. Van Ness, a builder from New York. I was Foreman and General Superintendent for him. While with Van Ness we built the famous house called "Three Palms", on the corner of Carolwood Drive and Beverly Boulevard. This was the home that Rudy Valee paid \$125,000 for in the Twenties, and took his first wife, the fireman's daughter from Santa Monica.

This was built in Prohibition days and I perhaps know something about the house that the owner today doesn't know, and would sure be surprised if told. It is a secret about the carport.

Part of this house was built on a 40 foot green fill and the architect tried out a new setup. It would be interesting to know the results today.

The John A. Platt Co. from Canada came in to Los Angeles and contracted to build the Chateau des Fleurs, a 52 apartment hotel for Mr. and Mrs. Rabb, owners of the Los Angeles Dairy Co. P. A. Patricks was hired as the General Superintendent and he contacted me and asked me to take over as general foreman.

I did so, and after putting up a small office building and getting all the foundation work taken care of, we started to line up a crew.

This Patricks was quite a drinker and although it was Prohibition time he seemed to keep plenty to drink, and before the job was finished I had full responsibility, for he just sat in the office and left it all to me.

At the peak I had 42 carpenters, 32 brick layers (they had a sub-foreman), 18 plumbers, and 16 electricians, two saw men and 4 laborers.

The roof was cut on 32 and 12 --very steep. It was covered with slate and we had special roofers from the east do the roofing. To cut the timbers for the roof I had a carpenter that was expert in cutting roofs. This was also what was known as an all electric home. The light company pulled a 40,000 volt line into the transformer room. This room was specially built and the door had special safety locks.

The first person to move in this building was Jack Astor from London, England, and the second was Mary Astor, no relation to Jack. She was only about 18 years old and didn't have much know how, yet she was in the movies.

While in Los Angeles Vera and I traveled most all the roads out of town in all directions and saw most of the surrounding country and even made two trips to Catalina Island. We took the children one trip.

Near the Chateau des Fleurs was the home of Conrad Naegle, movie star. On two occasions some of the crew and myself chartered a fishing boat and on one we invited Naegle to go with us. He had only been married a few days, and the boys liked him, so they thought they would celebrate his marriage. We caught plenty of fish the trip we were on. The boat outfit furnished lines, rods and live bait. Although Prohibition and against the law on the boat, someone had a bottle. Naegle had enough to just feel extra good. He was dressed in a pretty fancy suit for fishing and he sure got plenty fish scales. When we landed that evening his new wife was at the pier to meet the boat. Feeling extra good,

Naegle caught his wife up in his arms and said, "Darling, I have had a wonderful time." Everyone had to laugh.

Another time we hired the boat and took our wives. Vera caught a large three foot barracuda. She was excited and it almost pulled her overboard. She yelled for help and no one went, they just helped her yell. She got the fish on board. We were all on the upper deck and the gun rail was only 18 inches high, so it was enough to scare Vera or anyone out 8 or 10 miles on the ocean. We had a good time and brought home lots of fish.

During the 10 years Vera and I lived in Los Angeles we bought two lots on Duane Street, just off Echo Park Avenue and built a small house. It was on a hill and the only way to get up to it was by stairs. For our car we rented a garage at the foot of the hill. We were close to school and there was a good grocery store on the corner, and opposite on the other corner, a drug store, and meet car service on Echo Park Avenue.

Vera's health was pretty good for a few years and then the damp climate began to give trouble. She came down with pneumonia and the hospital staff gave her up, saying she would die. But she fooled them, and rallied enough for us to take her to New Mexico.

This was just at the time all the banks in the United States closed and the big depression started. Vera had been doing some work for an outfit making fancy garments for people connected with the movies. Not only sewing, but also acting as purchasing agent, selecting the material they used in their work. The money Vera made she was putting in a bank in a savings account. The first bank in the United States to close was the bank she was dealing with. So all this didn't help any.

Our doctor said we needed to get Vera to a dry climate, so when she rallied out of the worst at the hospital, we fixed up a make shift bed on the back seat of our car and pulled out for New Mexico.

I don't remember how long we were on the road getting there, or where we had to stop. Do remember we stayed one night at Phoenix, Arizona.

After we left Phoenix and reached the mining town of Superior going on towards Globe, we had to climb quite a grade before we reached Miami. Going up the grade suddenly Vera started to cough up matter from her lungs. She sure got rid of a lot of phlegm and while at first it had us worried, it really was a relief to her and she felt better and we were all pleased.

Before we left Los Angeles we rented our place to a lady and her two sons, and also we had met a party that wanted to trade some property at Manitou Springs, Colorado, for our Los Angeles property.

It took Vera some time to get well enough to go from Solano, where we had taken her, to Manitou. The party had given us a key to the building. After we had checked the property we went down to Colorado Springs to the court house to check on the county records. After I told the clerk what we wanted and about our property in California, he said, "You are a stranger here and it is a good thing you came here to my office and told me the situation. This party you are trying to deal with is wanted by the law and agents located here will be glad to find this party. You are lucky you have signed no papers. That party can't furnish you with a title to the hotel property."

At that time we had an ad in a paper trying to find someone with property to trade ours with, providing it was where we thought it would be a good climate location for Vera.

After we came back to Solano from Manitou, we settled down to wait a spell to see what would happen.

In the meantime some mail sent to us at our Los Angeles address, this regarding our ad in the paper about a trade, was opened by mistake by the people that had our place rented. They saw that we were interested in trading property.

They had 720 acres of land in Arizona near Webb. After a few letters had passed between us and Vera felt able to make a fairly long trip, we left the two children with their grandmother at Solano and we pulled out for Webb, Arizona.

We got to Douglas and found out how to get on Highway 666 that went up through Sulphur Springs Valley and where Webb was located. Just north of Elfrida we saw a young fellow standing by a gate close to the road and we pulled over and asked him the way to Webb and a certain property. He told us how to get over to Webb, which was about one mile north and one mile west. The property we named he didn't know anything about, but after we turned west at the next road, there on the south side was the home of Mr. Giles and he might be able to tell us.

Close by was a large field of extra good looking corn. So I said to the boy, "You sure have some nice looking corn." He said, "Yes, Mister, and we don't feed it to hogs." We found out later this was the Belasco place and the old man was no doubt making a little 'red-eye'. Later we discovered the boy was Arnold Belasco and I teased him a little on the subject of feeding hogs. He is a good friend of ours and lives in Douglas.

This place was in pretty bad shape. Some people were living there free rent to look after what was left. The house needed a new roof, windmill was in need of repair. The renter or caretaker didn't care what happened to the property. After looking it all over, we went on to Los Angeles and went to see our renter to talk over the prospect of a trade.

The property was an estate, and was held by attorneys Ellwood and Ross at Bisbee, Arizona. The people, named Eastman, couldn't sign any papers, but the oldest son, a man who was a Master Mason and had also gone into the higher bodies and had been elected a 33rd degree Mason, and was from Des Moines, Iowa, said that we could just go on down, take over the place and that we would get a

title as soon as possible. It seems one heir was not of age and the Eastmans had no power to sign any papers. We signed no papers, it was all Brother Masons agreement. Result --

We had a mortgage on our place in California and with this Arizona property held up and with back taxes due we lost the property here and our home in California. This Brother Mason took the Mills to a cleaning. Full explanation follows later.

Vera and I, after our talk with these people, thinking all would be O. K. went back to Solano where the children were and made preparations to leave for Arizona. Two friends of ours, Frank and Alice Hughes, were leaving for California just at this time and they were taking an empty truck and they could take our stuff that we needed to take and go by the place at Webb, as it would not be any out of the way they were going.

The Hughes had a young boy along that was also going to California. We had a nice trip. Landed in Douglas October 12, 1933, spent the night at a motel and next morning drove out to Webb. We unloaded what little we had on Hughes' truck. They looked around a little to see just what we had come to, and then pulled out for California.

We got busy getting things in shape to have a place to sleep and to cook. The place was in some mess. The next day I went over to a place on the county road about one-half mile distance, to see if I could get some information regarding schools, mail service, etc. I knocked at the door and a woman answered. I told her who I was and that we had just moved in the place south of them. I asked if her husband was there. She looked me in the face and said, "Mister, I will tell you for someone else will -- Mr. Nichols and I are not married." So I, having seen much of that kind of thing in Los Angeles, said, "I don't give a damn. That's your affair."

Vera was sick the first week and this woman came over to offer her help. We got the children started to school. Both had to ride a bus. Our boy rode a bus to the Webb School and the girl rode a bus to Pearce where the high school was located. The first month I was busy fixing doors, windows, and put a new roof on the house. In December I heard that the Forest Service wanted a man that could do carpenter work, also plaster to go to Portal Arizona, some 60 miles northwest of Douglas.

We needed money pretty badly so I took tools to do either, for not only being a good carpenter, I could plaster or stucco on equal with anyone. I reported to the Ranger at Portal and he lined me up on what had to be done. I was to sleep in a tent where the CCC foremen were located and eat at the CCC Camp. This didn't cost much. I had brought a cot and bedding.

There was more cement, plastering, stucco work to do than carpenter work. There were several days work and it was real cold weather. Did lots of work at the Ranger Station and the Ranger wanted his house stuccoed. It was a brick and had been laid up fairly rough. In order to keep it from freezing, the Forest Service secured from the war department a tent large enough to cover the house, and they set up two or three Sibley stoves around and two CCC boys were detailed to take care of the stoves day and night.

While there my daughter got sick and my wife needed me at home. She got some neighbor to get a telephone message to the Forest Service at Douglas and through to the Ranger. I left at once to come home and I came over the mountain instead of the long way around by Rodeo and Douglas. The Ranger told me how to go and that my car, a '27 model Oldsmobile, could pull the grade. The CCC boys were working part of the road and it was in fair shape. It was snowing on the top, but I got through O.K. When I could I went back and finished work at the Ranger's house. The last was plaster some inside walls.

In 1934 we put out a fairly large garden. Now we were also trying to get the land deal settled. Through a party I had met at Bisbee, I found out that the Eastmans couldn't do anything for one heir wasn't of age yet. The law firm of Ellwood and Ross that were the administrators were getting tired of the affair, for they were not being paid and they didn't see any chance to be paid. There was \$750.00 back taxes and the state was ready to take action any time Ellwood and Ross released the property.

We had a good garden in 1934 and Vera canned tomatoes and sold some in Douglas. We also had chickens and Vera traded eggs at the store in McNeal for things needed.

By 1935 we were at the place where something had to be done. A friend I had met told us, "You get the \$750.00 to pay the taxes and have it ready and I will have Ellwood and Ross release the property. You pay the taxes and the state will see you get the title."

Vera and I tried the banks in Douglas, Bisbee and the private bank at Willcox. They wouldn't lend one cent.

Charlie Reams, an engineer on the Southern Pacific, out of Douglas had 160 acres of land joining this property we were trying to deal for, and knowing conditions made us a proposition. This place was called the Tomahawk Ranch. So Reams said, "If you will give me half interest in the Tomahawk I will put up the \$750.00 to pay the taxes. We agreed and a time set. On the day we were to go to the court house, my friend made arrangements for the law firm to release the property.

On the morning we were to go to Bisbee the law firm released the property but before I got there a fellow that the Eastmans had sent to Bisbee several weeks before and had checked and knew what we were getting done, was just waiting, unbeknown to us. He was set with the \$750.00 in cash ready to pay the state and take over, just about two hours ahead of me. So we lost the deal, also our

property in Los Angeles. We couldn't pay the mortgage we owed. Now we had to move, but we refused to rush out until we could get something settled about the trade of furniture, etc.

Reams came to our rescue as to a place to move to. He said we could move on to his place, fix it up -- he would furnish the material -- and we could live there as long as we wished. We found a party in Los Angeles that would take up the mortgage there and pay us a little for a title. We got that done and moved to the Reams place. We dug a well by hand. It was 4 feet in diameter and 42 feet deep. Found a 5000 gallon tank for water up at Courtland. We got the tank, well and water going and some work on the interior of the house before we left the Eastman property. The Eastmans didn't get the property either. The money that paid the taxes and the scoundrel that was at Bisbee was furnished by some California women. The scoundrel, a man by the name of Koontz, moved to the place to hold it until they could find a buyer. George Berry, a retired businessman from Los Angeles came along and bought it.

My next job was at Ft. Huachuca. Two other fellows here in the valley got jobs there, so we rode over together and for a week at a time we ate and slept there at the fort.

The Post Engineer and the Foreman at the army shop found out I had been a Foreman in Los Angeles, so they put me in charge of quite a lot of men. They were remodeling the houses that were occupied by the officers. House # 1, the house the Post Commander used was the first to be completely done over. It was a two story adobe, thick walls and the floor was hardwood. Part of the floors had to be replaced. The entire roof had to be worked. All the old shingles were taken off. It had a large overhang with a beautiful redwood cornice. This redwood had been brought from California. It could all have been saved and used again, but they ordered it just torn off and it was hauled out and burned. The roof on House #1 and the other four or five old houses were covered with asbestos

and all the cornices were replaced with just common pine.

A party by the name of Lee Cade had a young cow come fresh and she was of milk breed, but had never been broke in or tamed. Cade said, "If you would take her and break her in you could keep her for awhile to have the milk." Our boy and Vera were taking care of the cow and breaking her to milk. Our daughter was finishing high school and getting ready for the University at Tucson.

Next, or No. 3 job was at Benson on the booster plant for El Paso Natural Gas Co. Several fellows from Douglas and the valley were working there. Most of us stayed at motels and we ate with a lady that had started a place to eat just to take care of the crews that were working on the plant.

Went back to work at the fort for a short time. Most of the work was repair of old buildings.

One of the fellows that was at Benson said several carpenters could get work in Douglas with Taylor and Powell. So I went to see and they put me to work. The first thing Taylor wanted to know was if I knew anything about balloon type construction. I told him I had experience on any and all types. He took me up to a balloon type building they had just put up and wanted me to start there. As soon as I saw what they had done, I knew they didn't know anything about that kind of work. Although Taylor was the contractor and had hired me, I said, "Why did you put the frame work up without cutting out the windows and door openings?" He looked at me like I was a damn fool. So I said, "Now you will have to erect staging to do your cutout and that's extra work and time lost." Well, he didn't have any more to say. He saw he didn't know his trade. So we started getting up staging and proceeded with the work. There were four or five of us. I was with the firm on several jobs and at different times.

One here I will tell about. One morning I was told to take one or two men and meet both Taylor and Powell at the corner of 9th Street and A Avenue. It

was an old place owned by Mr. Mackey, owner of the Gadsden Hotel. It was to be made into two apartments. The contractors pulled out and I started the crew to work. Short time passed and Mr. Mackey showed up. He looked around and proceeded to tell me how to do and what to do. I said, "Mr. Mackey, I work and take orders from Taylor and Powell. They will have to tell me what you are telling me for they have told me just what to do and I carry out orders." He said, "I will get them and bring them here." He did and he told me just what he wanted and they just stood there. Then he said, "I am going to Cloudcroft, New Mexico for thirty days, and when I get back if this is not done as I say, Taylor and Powell will not get one dime." And he turned and walked out. Boy, those two guys just looked at me and said, "Do just what he asked you to do and we are leaving it to you."

When Mackey got back I was just on the finish end and he looked it all over and came up to me and said, "You are the first damn man to do what I asked to be done. If there is ever anything I can do for you, let me know. Taylor and Powell will get paid."

In between 1935 and 1960 I did many fair size jobs and some real small ones. Will try to cover some of them. They may not be listed in order.

After WWII we were busy all the time.

When I had finished the first hitch with Taylor and Powell I dismantled the old Douglas Country Club building on Twelfth Street, owned by Floyd Kimble. This was a well built unit and had maple floors. Kimble just had us pile the lumber in segregated piles. There was a large high flag pole. That was burned at the ground and let fall. Much material wasted.

After this short job I was back to the Army Base and worked some more for the Post Engineer. Along about this time we had traded our Oldsmobile in and had gotten a new Dodge car. The Dodge cost \$750.00. They allowed me \$50.00

for the Olds, so I was driving it to the Fort. They had new work and some ep●s going on. I was there several weeks.

After the hitch at the Fort, Clarence Davis and Pauline, a girl he was oing to marry, came to see me about building a house for them down on the Bill Davis Ranch.

Clarence's house walls were to be adobe. They were already making adobes and we had the foundation trenches dug and set forms and poured the concrete and then set to work to make door and window frames. First we made up a make-shift bench and some horses to work on. Things went fine. Clarence worked on the job and Pauline helped Clarence's mother cook and run errands. Some Mexican fellows from near Webb made and laid the adobes. Clarence and I did all the wiring. The house roof was covered with asbestos shingles. Pauline designed the house and she and Clarence were well pleased with the way it all turned out. Th● married, moved into the house, raised two children and remained at this home for some 40 years. Clarence died there and then Pauline moved to Safford.

Between 1934 and 1939 while Vera and Jackie were doing extra work, milking, a cow, raising calves on a bottle and later a bucket, raising chickens and keeping things going, I was taking any carpenter work I could get. In that period I added three rooms and a bath to the Harold Stark home, also remodeled the kitchen.

Although in 1937 we needed money, Vera and I decided we would try to buy some land and at some time build a home. We checked around and found three or four places fairly cheap. We wanted just raw land. A friend from Tucson was down our way, and I took him to see two places. At one place he said it would be what we needed. So we found out the address of the owner and wrote regarding the property. The man said it was for sale and that the title was clear, and the price was \$1000.00. We didn't have five cents, but we went to see John Crowell, head of the Bank of Douglas and he agreed to buy the place for us, but

first he would contact the owner, also get it put through escrow and when all was O.K. he would close the deal and take my new Dodge car for security. Wouldn't have the land at all. The title was O.K. and the deal went through. So in 1938 we owned a piece of land. It was grazing land, part covered with mesquite. We had a well drilled and as there was an old windmill over a dry hole near the old homestead house, we had a fellow take it down and work it over. We then got material and made a tower and put the mill up. Got a pump and set it to work. There was a small depression near which the original owner had used for water pumped out of a hand dug well. When we got this going we rented the place to a neighbor for two years to run some cattle.

We were to pay the bank so much each month. I thought about the fact that the Phelps Dodge paid smoke damage easements. By that, if you sold them an easement you couldn't collect damage. This being grazing land and we had no intention of farming, I could see no reason why we shouldn't sell an easement. I went to see Smokie (W. W.) Jones, the fellow who handled the smoke complaints for Phelps Dodge. He said, "You live on, or own property north of the line we take easements on." I said, "Turn it in and let's see." He said he would do so, but he figured they would turn it down. He was surprised! They bought the easement and paid \$1.50 per acre. They gave me a check for \$240.00. I went and paid that to the bank on what I owed.

So that was the condition when I left home to go to work at Morenci.

I did some work for Ralph Cowan at the ranch and did several days work on an apartment he owned in Douglas. Had quite a time to get my pay. Had to, at last, tell him I was going to report him to the State Board. He was a State Senator from this district. While working at his home, I ate lunch there and one day a cowhand came in to eat and Mrs. Cowan came in and gave him some mail. I saw the name on the letters and where they were from. Knowing of something that happened around 1910-12 at Cimarron, New Mexico, not thinking, I said a few things and asked a question. The man didn't answer, just picked up his mail

left without eating his lunch. I was correct, but I should have said nothing. This man had been in South America for many years.

I did some work for a lady on a ranch near Gleason, Arizona.

Along the beginning of 1937 work was slowing down. I didn't have work for awhile. In the late fall of 1939 I met Mr. Clarke, General Superintendent at the smelter in Douglas, on the street and after visiting a few minutes, he asked about me working. (We had met quite awhile before and were mutual friends.) I had to tell him I needed a job pretty badly. He said, "Why don't you go to Morenci and start working for the Phelps Dodge Co.? I will write a note to them to put you on."

Two or three weeks later I decided to go up to Morenci and apply for a job. When I got there, instead of going to the personnel office, I went to the shop to see Ole Olson, the Foreman, who I knew in Douglas before he was sent to Morenci. He told me they were not hiring any men, and didn't need any. So I came back home. I stopped by the post office for my mail and there was a letter from Phelps Dodge telling me to report for work. So I went back and reported at the office where I should have gone first. The man at the office desk said, "Olson don't hire and he don't fire. We do that and we have a letter from Clarke. You go to see our doctor and tomorrow you go to work. Don't think you will work under Olson, you will work under Scaling, the Foreman working on the flume building."

I went out with this crew in a large truck and we went about two miles down along a canyon to where they were putting up trestle work to carry the flume in which the tailings ran on their way to a spill down the canyon. Most of the crew were fellows afraid of their job. The Foreman seemed also to be afraid he might do something wrong and lose his job. One fellow seemed independent and he and I at once became good friends. I didn't see anything to worry about. I had always tried to do what I was hired to do and I have never been afraid of any Boss.

One day we were working on some new flume towers and boxes and it was extra cold, some snow on the ground. The Foreman took all of us fellows up the hill a little way to where the flume operator had a small building with a large pot bellied stove to warm up in. We were getting a little warm and just feeling fine when the Foreman looked out and saw Whitneau the big shot in charge at Morenci, coming up the hill. He had left his driver and car where our work was, and was headed up to the shack. The Foreman got all excited and said, "Come on quick, we will all be fired."

I didn't move. I was still cold and wanted to warm up. One young fellow said, "If you are not running, I'm also not. I'll stay." The Foreman and the other fellows went out and down toward the job. They met Whitneau and he said to the Foreman, "Been on a picnic?" You know, that Foreman was scared. He nearly ran on down the hill. Whitneau came on up to the shack and came in and said, "Hi, boys. It's damn cold." We said "Yes", and after he warmed his hands a little and was ready to go, we joined him and visited all the way down to his car. Our Foreman was having a fit. He said we would be fired. Well, we didn't get fired and we made friends with Whitneau.

Along in May 1940, the Boy Scout Camp in Hanigan Meadows in the White Mountains needed some work. Several of the men in our crew and others offered our services to do the work. The Phelps Dodge Corporation was furnishing all the material, food, transportation, etc. Some of us needed bed tarps. The only thing we knew of was the heavy 20 ounce waterproof canvas used at the leaching plant. We couldn't buy it, for the store didn't have any. Several tried to get the Foreman to see about getting it some way. Like everything else, he was afraid to go and see Whitneau.

I told the Foreman and all the boys that I was going to get that canvas. I went to the general office and right into Whitneau and told him what we wanted and why. Well, he said, "You stop by here tomorrow and see me." I did, and he had an order made out to the warehouse Foreman to let any fellow that wanted

canvas to have it, and whatever amount he needed. Our Foreman couldn't believe what his eyes saw. I, for my part, got a piece 6 feet wide and 20 feet long. It cost me \$4.00. Now here in 1982 I still have half of the piece and it is good.

I noticed that this Foreman had been with the company for over 25 years and never anything but just a Foreman. If he had had any guts he could have been Superintendent of the Mill. I was with Phelps Dodge people for about seven months. In 1940 Mr. Davis from the Dawson Coal Field was brought to Morenci to take over Whitneau job. I met Davis the first day he reported on the job and made friends right off. The Bechtel Company came in to Morenci to build the large plant -- a complete copper reduction works, plus a shop that turned out material for the army during WWII.

I wanted to quit Phelps Dodge and go on this big job. I told Mr. Davis my wishes and he cleared me through their office and gave me a letter to Bechtel telling them my standing with the Phelps Dodge and recommended me for a Foreman's job. I was hired as a General Foreman, not Carpenter Foreman. Everything being union, I had to get a union card through the Carpenters Local at Safford, Arizona, that was handling the union affairs. When all this took place, Vera was left taking care of our belongings at Webb or Elfrida. Our daughter was married and our boy had gone to California to work for some business man. So I brought Vera to Morenci. We lived in a tent put up on some lots up in Morenci near the hotel and store. They ran water and electric lights in for me. I really don't remember if the company collected anything for this or not. Vera and I had extra good friends connected with the company. They needed men that knew what they were doing and did it, and those they took care of. Later on we lived in one of the small houses they built for the key men.

Several things I can write about the job.

It was all under FBI. The government furnished some \$40,000,000.00 of the \$125,000,000.00 that the job cost. As General Foreman I helped lay out many projects ahead of carpenters, laborers, etc. I worked very close with Mr.

William Healy, the engineer in charge of field work. He was with Wilbur Jurdan, borrowed from Anaconda Copper Company to design and build the large, complete plant at Morenci.

This Morenci job was pushed very fast, most of all the different crafts on the site were staffed by extra good men from laborers to special engineers. The women in the camps stayed pretty close together. When an accident occurred there was an alarm whistle sounded and the women would get together and wait to see who's husband was hurt or even killed. We lost one carpenter, three steel workers, two electricians, and as I recall, four or five one morning on a labor gang.

In our work, at any time, any layout work calling for survey work, we had access to five engineer crews. You called the one nearest or one that could switch over long enough to run your needed work.

The men of the different crafts or trades (all being union) thought they needed some kind of grievance committee. So each outfit selected one member to be on the said committee. I was elected Chairman of the bunch. Everything went fine until the Bechtel Co. sent a new man out from Los Angeles to take over and the man at the Morenci job was going to another place they needed him. The new fellow, as soon as he landed started trouble. Said the Arizona men were no good and that he was bringing men from California to take over the jobs we were all doing. It affected every craft on the works. This fellow moved markers, changed some layouts and was firing men for absolutely no cause. One of the most important Bechtel men, on the Morenci job was the man that was in charge of building the Golden Gate Bridge (Mitchell), at San Francisco, California. He was in charge of all carpenter work and lots of other, in fact, he was kind of a watch dog for Bechtel. He and I were also extra good friends.

He got hold of me and said we had to get that new man sent back to California and quick. He also said, "This fellow is going to lay off some 16 key

men and you also, since you are Chairman of the Grievance Committee. He can't fire you, and that he knows, but by laying you off he thinks he can bust the union setup and bring in men from California." He also said things were boiling. "You have been so busy that you haven't seen what I have, and know. You and I must set a trap. If he trips the trap I can get him fired and things will go on O.K. to the finish." So we set a trap.

This man would change a marker just enough, after the engineers set one, that some one would make a mistake, causing delay, waste of material, and then he would have an excuse to fire one or more. We got one engineer and crew to set some special lines and points for us, then we had them run the lines according to the plans and mark them with special crayon. The special lines and points were what could be used to establish the true points needed. The new California dirty bird didn't know that the Bechtel watch dog and the FBI were laying for him.

He laid off 16 men, and told me he was laying me off for a few days, and that the work was pretty well caught up and all such. They were not paying the men laid off, but I was told by my friend to demand my pay and get it or raise hell, and also to see that the unions didn't strike and tie up the hill. The damn superintendent didn't want to pay me, but I drew out my watch, laid it on the table and said, "Double time until I get my check." I got the check.

By the time I got to Clifton down the hill, there were dozens of men getting ready to strike, some were armed and things were boiling. I had my instructions what to do -- I told Vera to get ready, we were leaving town at once, headed for home. I got hold of a man I could trust and told him to get to the hall where all the men were gathering to take a vote. Me not being there to open the meeting, my fill-in would start. I said, "After the vote you take the floor at once and tell the boys I said don't strike or tie up the hill yet, wait until you hear from me. Things will be O.K."

Things went as I expected. They voted to tie up the hill and perhaps kill someone. My friend got up and told the boys my message. Big Jim, head of the Kaiser Steel that had all the steel contract, told the boys lets take another vote and do what Jack says. He knows something. The vote carried 100%. Two days later the new man sprung the trap and got sent down the road.

After a short time Vera and I were back on the job. Wages in general were raised and the job settled down very peacefully and harmony prevailed until the job was completed. I think all the men in the crafts enjoyed working on that job.

While at Morenci we had to move from the Ream place to the place we had purchased and where we are today -- 1982. The Bechtel Company would not let me have one day off from the job. Vera had to have help, so we had one of my helpers on the job report in sick, and he took our small truck and went with Vera to move the furniture, etc. This boy was only 16 and an eastern kid, and knew nothing about rabbits and country life. In the late evenings Vera would let him take the .22 rifle and hunt out in the mesquite brush. He had a good time shooting, she said, besides he really worked the three days moving things.

They had to store most everything in the garage that Jackie, our boy, and I had built when we first bought the place. The man over me, knowing the deal got a kick out of teasing the boy about being so sick and off the job.

From the Morenci job we went to Fort Huachuca. Here I went to work for Thwait's. The job was let to Dell Webb, Morsen-Newtonson and Thwait's. The job was almost finished, and when over, Thwait's wanted me to go with them to another job, but the Post Engineer at the Base offered me the job of Foreman over all the army work on the Post. Same money as with the contractors, so I took it.

While working for Thwait's, Vera and I lived in a tent. After I went to work for the army I got permission from Mr. Fry to build a one room shack there in Fry, just outside the fort. I was to sell it back to him at cost later.

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I paid \$5.00 per month rent. We had water, lights and there was a setup of outdoor privys for use.

The Negro situation (soldiers) was so bad that all of us living in the Fry area were armed. One night some soldiers were down in the off limits area. The M.P.s were down there and two soldiers were drunk and in rounding them up, an M.P. shot and killed one right under our window, and he yelled at the sergeant in charge to go get the othersone -- he had shot him, but didn't kill him. All of the M. P.s were Negroes. They seemed to like to kill each other.

Another time some soldiers were down in there and I took Vera and went up to the Post gate to get the M. P.s to come down and get them out of our area. The head M. P. was a Negro major. I took Vera right along, for it wasn't safe for her without an escort. I was armed. In case of such emergency the Provost allowed me to carry a gun. When Vera and I entered the office, the Major jumped up and said, "What is it, sir?" I told him. He gave a command and a large Negro sergeant came out of the guard room, saluted, and the major told him to go with me, and that he knew what to do.

We went out to get in my truck, and he to get his motorcycle. My truck was loaded with soldiers. They thought we were going on up to the post. Well, the sergeant made quick work of getting them out of the truck. We then turned and went out of the post, down in to Fry.

When we got to our house, the sergeant parked the motorcycle and took off with his gun and flashlight. You could see soldiers running in all directions. About thirty minutes later the sergeant came back, knocked on our door. When I asked who it was, he said, "This is the sergeant. I have run all the men away. If they come back in the night, you just shoot 'em and I'll come get 'em in the morning." He meant it.

After several months the Army Engineer told me that I would have to go check with the Personnel Officer, for I was working Civil Service men and that I

wasn't Civil Service. Also said he knew that I would quit for Civil Service paid less than they were paying me. They had hired me over the counter -- they needed a foreman.

I went to see the Personnel Officer, a second lieutenant and a dumb one at that. He asked my name, then wanted to know if I had anyone in the service. I said, "Yes, a son." Then of all things, he asked me where he was. I said, "It is none of your damn business." He said, "Im a lieutenant and you can't talk to me that way." I asked "How long have you been in the army?" Like a damn fool he told me. So I said, "If you will get up out of your chair, I will show you what a fifty-year-old man can do to a damn lieutenant." He didn't get up. So I went back over and told the Lt. Colonel -- Engineer -- what was said, etc. When the lieutenant had asked me where my son was he had violated certain army rules.

So I left and reported to the board at Douglas that I was ready for another job.

While working this hitch for the army before my run-in with the second lieutenant, I did many things for the army.

One time I had to inspect the small landing field at Hereford, Arizona, a few miles south and east of the Fort. It really wasn't a part of the Fort -- belonged to a large base in west Texas. But they wanted this Fort Engineer to inspect the job. So he sent me.

At the job I met the contractor and he furnished me the plans and specifications and took me through the buildings. I had to check the runways also. I had my Negro driver, a soldier from the Quartermasters take me along the runways. They were over a mile long. On the way I saw a shed stacked full of kegs of nails. When we got back to the buildings and office, the Lt. Colonel had arrived and asked me had I checked all and what was my verdict. All was fair, and I decided to O.K. the contract, so he could collect. But before signing as Inspector and O.K.ing the job, I asked him about the stack of nails. The Lt.

Colonel and the Contractor went into a serious consultation while my driver and I looked over the buildings again. When we came out the Colonel said everything was O.K., just O.K. the contract. So I signed the papers and filed away the knowledge about the nails. I used that later.

The office at Douglas sent me to the Douglas Air Base to work for a contractor putting up the hospital. I had hardly got going when a fellow drove up asking for Jack Mills. He came over where I was working and said, "Pack up, you are going back to the fort on a Class A job for Gilbert E. Olsen. You are the only Class A Foreman or superintendent in these parts."

So, back to the Fort. I checked the job and said I'd not come back unless I was furnished a place for Vera and me to live. They got busy and the army moved in a large trailer for us, and parked it in the upper part of the post near about 6 trailers occupied by officers.

The job was to build one half mile railroad, a concrete oil tank, and some furnace work at the hospital power unit. I didn't know how to build railroad bed or lay track, but I found an ex track foreman and he did that and I took care of the other.

The oil tank was mostly underground. The army had cut through where we were to set forms and erect the tank. It was 25 feet in diameter and 20 feet high. The ground was cut back plenty for safety and we were going O. K. A government inspector came along and said, "Have the banks cut back more." I didn't do so. There was plenty of room and all were safe. After some 50 or 60 days the tank was ready for inspection and we were ready to turn in a complete job on railroad work and hospital. The same government inspector showed up. He saw I hadn't cut back the banks as he had ordered, and he raised hell, rushed up like he was going to hit me and told the Camp Inspector that was along to call the Military Police and have me arrested and taken off the army post. He was getting worse all the time. I noticed one of my men walk up pretty close

he had a wrecking bar in his hand. He said, right low, to me, "I'll kill that son bitch if he hits you." Well, he failed to arrest me or throw me out of the post. He tried, even called Washington and told them I didn't obey him. He was a damn fool. The Post Inspector said the government men were always causing trouble.

From this job Vera and I went home and I reported for work again. This time I was sent to work for the Air Force at the Douglas Field. I told them they didn't need a Foreman, but I went over and reported to the Personnel Officer, a sergeant. He sent me to talk with the Shop Foreman. They were having a coffee break and he didn't want to talk until that was over. But I changed his mind. He was a young punk and knew nothing about the work and had no respect for the fighting men. I told him what I thought of coffee breaks and boys over seas fighting and they didn't have a coffee break.

He told me they needed men in the shop, but that with my rating I'd draw more than he did. The personnel Officer told him to put me in the shop to work. I went to work at my rating pay \$3300 -- the foreman was \$2200. A few days after I went to work they brought the men in from Mather Field, California, along with the B 24s and B 25s. The commanding officer put some soldiers in the shops along side the civilians. The civilians didn't like it. They were damn fools. Some were drawing big wages and the soldier boys only \$50.00 per month. Two boys were put in our shop and I made the Foreman get an extra bench and put the boys with me. These two boys and I became very close friends. The Foreman got fired and a fellow working in the shop took over. It was a funny deal.

The major in charge of the shops came to me and said, "You will have to take over as Foreman." I said, "No, my wages are \$3300.00 and the Foreman's \$2200.00." He said, "You are the only one holding a rating and under the rules it's you." I said, "No." He then wanted to know just what to do. I said, "I will make a statement that this fellow, Jim Coryell, has a Civil Service

I refuse to take the job, and have it signed before a Notary Public." Which I did, and things went fairly well. This fellow didn't like the soldier boys and didn't like for me to let them go smoke, etc. We had some secret work that the rest of the shop were not to let know about. The two soldiers and I were allowed to go into the restricted area for certain things, connected with our work. We made a special box that fit in the bomb bay of a B 25 to haul supplies from Mather Field. We also crated a rear gun to ship. The workers in the shop didn't know it was a gun! We left the barrels at a safe place until we had everything ready, then brought in the barrels wrapped so no one could see they were gun barrels.

The Foreman didn't like these two boys and one got fed up from the way he was treated and refused to obey the Foreman. So he turned the boy in to the officer, a major in charge, and the boy was called to the officer's office. The shop Foreman was full bent to have the soldier punished. It happened at that time I was in a position to use some power, unknown to some. I had to help the soldier. I went down to see the General Foreman and told him to get over to the officer's office and protect this soldier or I'd go to Colonel Dyers Headquarters and before I left there, he wouldn't have a job. The General Foreman went at once and a short time later the soldier boy came in and said to me, "I guess I owe it to you that I wasn't busted." The only thing I said was, "Connie you can't stay in this camp, you will be transferred. You won out over a shop Foreman, a first Lieutenant, a Captain and a Major." He had his orders in one hour. He was being sent to North Carolina, to be briefed and sent to a point of the coast of South Africa. The soldier's name was Connie Peshaw, his home Sacramento, California.

It so happened that a captain was flying to Mather that night to get a special load of material that we would need the next morning. I told the boy to go see the captain and at once, and that he would take the boy along and help

im get transportation into Sacramento for two or three hours, in which time he
ould see his folks and come back with the captain before daylight. It was
st moving, but he made it.

The boy left the next morning and later on to a point of South Africa
here he opened a shop for the army to do something needed. I visited the boy
t his home in Sacramento after the war was over. He and his father ran a
abinet shop.

It so happened that I could help an ordnance officer that needed supplies
and couldn't get an order for them. This was a traveling ordnance and was
headed for San Diego.

They needed material for work on B 24s and 25s. Most every place they
asked for supplies they were turned down. The sergeant driving the van was
telling the two soldier boys that worked with me about their trouble. One of
the boys said, "I'll bet old Jack can get the material you need." He knew, and
so did the sergeant that the material needed was here to be had if only they
could get the order. When they told me, I said, "Get me a list of what is needed."
One of the boys got the sergeant to secure a list from his captain that was in
charge.

The sergeant brought me the list and I took it over to the supply house
and asked the soldier in charge to fill it for me. He looked the list over and
said, "You sure are not going to use it here, must be to go out and must be
boxed." I said, "Sure. Just put it all out on the ramp and let me know when
ready." With a broad smile and a wink the work started.

Two hours later the soldier let me know all was out and ready. I sent for
the ordnance sergeant and told him to back his van up to that ramp, load those
es and get out of the area and forget where he loaded. Thirty minutes later
the ordnance captain came in to see me and said, "I don't know how you did it,
but we appreciate your help and sure thank you. We are leaving this minute."

I told him the material was there to use and that I didn't see why not use it, and it was easy for me to get, for the supply officer had orders to fill any order I had for material.

We had two boys out to visit us one weekend. These boys were a long way from home and didn't know when they would be sent overseas, so they appreciated us having them come out. They had to sleep on cots in part of the garage -- we were in another part. We didn't have the house yet. We took the boys up to Courtland to look around and they met Yokum, the well known old timer there. He did his best to show them a good time. We all rode in our car up to the well known turquoise mine just back west of Courtland.

Those boys have kept in touch with us ever since -- they write each Christmas, giving details of their doings for the past year, and we write them.

Our son had written us from some place where he was in service and said if he got back he'd like to go dig on a prehistoric indian ruin. So when we had a day we could, we went to Bowie, Arizona to see a rancher named Burns Blanton, who had some ruins on his place. He had been letting people dig for so much on certain small strips, or rooms. It was damaged over quite some area, but we told him we would give him \$25.00 for a 5 year privilege to dig on the site and no one was to be allowed to dig on it during this time. He agreed, and we drew up a contract right there on a piece of paper and he signed it and we gave him \$25.00. He stood by his contract.

When Jackie got home from the service, he took his wife and baby, whom he hadn't seen for two years, and went with us to the site and did some digging. During the 5 years called for in the contract, Vera and I when possible spent a few days now and then on the site.

While the war was going on and we were there at the air base, Vera and I couldn't get any work done toward starting the house. The foundation was in

the war started, and the gypsum blocks were on the job. As soon as the ended, and I was free to start the house, we did. Vera helped wherever she could.

I had to make window and door frames, pour concrete lintels and sills and line up my corners and start block laying. We got the walls up and the roof on without any mishap.

A contractor came out from Douglas to see if I would go to Douglas and build a bowling alley building. I needed money, so I went to see about the job. The only plans he had were a few lines drawn on a piece of paper. He tried to tell what was needed, etc. I could see the work needed was very simple, but he wasn't ready. He had pulled a boner on leveling the site and needed some more work done. So I said, "When ready I will get a crew and build it for you. In the meantime I will work on my house."

When it was ready I got a crew and put up forms for the footings. The contractor had a mixer, so with some real good men, we got a good start. We had some extra good block layers and that went fine. Then the contractor, with his wife and sister-in-law went on a vacation. Just pulled out, didn't say a thing about the payroll, etc. Some of the boys had worked for him on another job and said, "He will pay." I had things well along by the time he returned. He had taken the job for \$11,000.00. I estimated it would cost \$21,000.00.

There wasn't any lumber coming into Douglas at this time except from Old Mexico, and only one yard handled it. The contractor was almost broke. He just didn't know the game. I needed roof timbers. Two trucks came in from Mexico loaded with just the material I needed. The lumber dealer didn't want to let the contractor have the two loads unless he paid cash. Well, the contractor didn't have it, and it was after five o'clock. I needed that two loads of material, so I went to see the fellows that were building the bowling alley, and told them the situation and that if they wanted that building to use any

soon, to see if they could get enough cash from friends to pay the Mexican drivers. They started out and by nine they had the cash. In the meantime I had been holding the Mexicans. They didn't exactly like to wait, but they trusted my word that we would get the money. As soon as they got the cash they unloaded the lumber just where I wanted it. It was 11 p.m.

These fellows had to go from Douglas along pretty close to the border between Arizona and Mexico on into New Mexico and cross over into Mexico at a point just south of Cloverdale in order to get home. They were bringing the lumber from Dublan.

We got busy on the house again. It was just finish one room at a time. We had the kitchen so we could use part. We were still living in the garage.

About this time Bud McCormick from Toledo, Ohio, came along and wanted me to build a guest ranch for him, just a few miles east of Elfrida. I went with him to see the location. It was on a slope with about five feet fall per hundred feet. His plans called for level building. The fellow who drew the plans never saw Arizona, let alone the hill McCormick had picked for a building. His plans cost him \$1400.00.

When McCormick realized that the land had such a fall, he didn't know what to do. In fact, McCormick didn't know one thing about how you even started construction. He said, "What can we do?" Its very easy -- just step the room units in each wing down on the contour and have the main lounge, kitchen, dining room and help quarters on one level. He seemed lost, but finally said, "Can you do it?" Certainly!

The plans called for 16 fireplaces and chimneys. This, I showed him was a crazy idea. First place, it would require lots of material and then expert brick men that knew their trade and I knew of no one qualified. And also it would call for either wood or have grates for coal, and where would he get it? So we decided on one at the end room of each wing, and two in the main lounge and dining room.

He said he figured to build it for \$65,000.00. I checked the plans and after counting on getting labor a little under scale, I said it would cost \$125,000.00. He held to the \$65,000.00 and I said, "O.K., we will go as far as we can, then you go to your mother and get \$65,000.00 more and we will finish." Before he had used up his \$65,000.00 he borrowed \$30,000.00 from a Bisbee Bank and \$30,000.00 from a Douglas Bank. How I knew this was one day the Bisbee banker came driving up and asked who was in charge and he wanted to check the books. Well, I told him I was in charge, but I showed the books to no one. He and McCormick settled some way. The banker from Douglas also came out. When he saw who was in charge he said, "O.K., I know there's no crooked work here." He was the banker where I did business.

Vera and I finished our house. We built a tower to put a large water tank on so we could have running water to the house. We had a windmill over our well. I had built the windmill tower and raised it ourselves. For the tank tower we used 8 x 8 straight grain timbers for the post, 2 x 6 for braces, 4 x 12 for cross timbers at top and floored over them with 2 x 6. The posts were set on concrete bases and fastened with bolts through an ell iron. We put the tower up in two sections. Vera turned the hoist and I guided the sections into place. To put up the tank, we built a runway with 2 x 6s set about 150 feet back and up to the top of the platform. Vera again handled the hoist and I kept the tank on the skids straight so as not to fall. We got everything up O.K. and soon had it so the windmill could start pumping water into the tank.

Next was to get another job. I did a job for Tony Baker, putting up four houses on Ninth Street in Douglas.

After that I went to work for the Frontier Construction Co., an outfit from California. They put up some houses on east Tenth Street where the old army camp was located at Douglas during World War I. On this job, Vera and I moved our small camp trailer into Douglas and had it on property owned by Mrs. Kelly. While the house work was going on, the company took a contract to build

swimming pool for the city just off Fifteenth Street near the park. They put me in charge as it was a Class A job and they needed a Foreman there all the time.

From 1940 to the Korean War several things took place in between jobs.

Our boy had written from some army location where they were fighting, that if he got back from the war he would like to go dig on a prehistoric indian site. While he was in high school he had spent one summer with Dr. Cummins at Kinishba on the Apache Indian Reservation near White River. So we started out to have a place if and when he got back. We found and tied up a large ruin 9 miles south of Bowie. We had permission from Les Kuykendall to excavate on his place, near the old Ash Creek School. The Amerind Foundation was going to excavate the old indian ruin and mission near Fairbanks, Arizona, and needed a small building to house equipment. I had Mr. Fulton get the material and I went to the location and built a small 8 x 16 foot building on skids so it could be loaded on a trailer and removed later. I did this free, and Mr. Fulton wanted Vera and me to join the staff and work on the site. We did later, but just then Vera and I took our camp trailer and went to Maxwell, California to build a home for our daughter.

When we had finished her home and returned to Arizona, Mr. Fulton had a road built into the site where I had put up the shed for them, so Vera and I could pull our camp trailer in, and we worked with the Amerind quite a spell. Vera helped in the lab and I worked with DiPeso in the field digging. Several years later Vera and I were present at a meeting where Dr. DiPeso gave a lecture and showed slides of this particular dig. He knew we were in the audience, so one of the pictures was of me taking something jout of the ground. (I broke my knife blade in doing so.) DiPeso liked to tease, and he said, "That fellow is in the audience, and you should have heard what he said when he broke his knife blade." He said enough so that people there knew that we were on the dig and turned to glare at me. After DiPeso got to the end of the lecture and show,

he said to the audience, "I must now apologize to Jack. He understands."

We went home from the dig after a few weeks and, as the Korean War was going, there was work at Ft. Huachuca again. I went there for M. M. Sundt from Tucson. We had several different things there.

As a Foreman, Sundt's manager gave me the job to build "Little Tokyo" a false front target range. They were in a rush for this, so I picked a crew from the men working for Sundt, that I knew were extra good. We were almost finished when the engineer on the job found one target that didn't have any control or any information as to what was intended. They were frantic -- would have to send the plans to Los Angeles for information, etc. and delay completion. I checked for myself and I could see no reason for panic. It was easy to take care of it and no need for the plans to be sent any place. I explained and told them that when they got back to the office to call Col. Campbell, the commanding officer at headquarters and tell him that I wanted him up Garden Canyon at once. They thought I was crazy, calling an army colonel. Well it so happened that Col. Campbell and I were friends. He came out and wanted to know what in the hell I wanted him out there for. I showed him the plans and explained what was wrong. He checked the plans and I showed him that they were corrected by the same person that drew them, and why the mistake. The colonel said, "Can you take care of it so I can have this range by tomorrow afternoon?" I said "Yes." He said, "O.K., you do so and if anyone gives you static, refer them to me and I will take care of that."

So that evening when I checked in at the office I told them the job would be finished by ten the next day. All I had to do on that target that was giving the engineers static was to run a cable from the control dugout to the target, and equip it with a hand lever so the person in the control room could operate it.

A few days later the General Superintendent for Sundt called me from another project and said, "They want you in Tucson tomorrow morning on a hot job that needs pushing." So I rushed down to camp where we were living in our camp trailer, and told Vera, "We are going to Tucson and quick." In thirty minutes we were hooked on to the truck and headed for Tucson. I reported at the Sundt head office and was lined up on what was wanted and what had been done. Work was underway.

The walls were concrete block. It was a commercial building and wanted as soon as possible. The company had hired a new field superintendent and I told him I needed a telephone and office or tool shed at once. After some delay we got the shed -- never did get the phone.

I had sent for a carpenter out of Douglas to take care of some special work on the job and soon needed six more carpenters. I was to rush the job. The general superintendent said he couldn't get any carpenters, that the Union wouldn't let him have any. He was in bad with the Union, and all of Sundt's men were Union. Well, I said "When you get back to the office call the Union hall and tell them that Jack Mills wants 6 carpenters." He called and the 6 needed men were there in just thirty minutes. There were several men waiting at the hall for work.

In three days more I wanted six more carpenters. Then I asked for plumbers and electricians back on the job to finish up their work. The damn field superintendent said they couldn't all work on the job together. I said, "I want them right now." He didn't get them and I was up against it. Either I got them quick or I would have to close the job. The darn fool didn't know anything about work. So I told him to go get all the men's pay and ask Sundt what they wanted me to do. He went and got the men's checks and said that Sundt wanted me at the office. He thought he could now bring the plumbers, etc. I told him he was too late and that the job was tied up. I went up to the office

and told them the story. I told them it would take a week or more to get done what should have already been done. And I said, "What now?" T. M. Sundt said, "Well, go back to the Fort. I will fire this fellow. We thought he knew construction." The Sundt Company paid all my expenses in making all these moves, etc. I went back to Ft. Huachuca. When we were through there, they paid my expenses home and that was that for now.

After the Korean War we were on several jobs, we did some more work around home, built a guest quarters and museum to house our prehistoric indian material we were collecting.

We went to Casas Grande, Mexico to see the big ruins that Charley DiPeso with the Amerind was excavating. We had a real nice trip and visit with the DiPesos at their home in Dublan, just on the edge of Casas.

Our next job of any size was on the concentrator at Bisbee. Fisher Contractors of Phoenix had the job at Bisbee. The Phelps Dodge Co. always let their contract by invitation to bidders. I knew, from inside information, who was bidding on the job, so I had written each bidder asking for a job as Foreman. Fisher notified me at once when they got the job. I believe this was around a \$35,000,000.00 project. They had, before the job ended, six Foremen. I was Head Foreman and started several layouts for these other foremen. My experience at the Morenci plant sure came in handy.

The project Engineer for Phelps Dodge and I became good friends and worked together pretty close. In fact, we were ahead of Fisher's engineers all the time. One foreman, a fellow that Fisher had brought from Phoenix, was to do the crusher plant. He took one look at the situation and all of a sudden was sick and had to go back to Phoenix. The General Superintendent came to me and said, "Since you were on the Morenci job, can you take your men and also this other fellow's men and start the crusher plant?"

"Yes, I can do so, but first let's go look over the situation." The large

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hole in the ground for the plant was short 100 feet square and some 100 feet deep. It had framework and logging over the top to protect from the rocks etc. on the hillsides around it. I took one look from the top and the Superintendent and I went down the ladders to the bottom. At the bottom was the tunnel leading up to the concentrator, through which the conveyor belt would run.

I said, "The first thing is you get another layer of logging on top, making it 6 inches thick and also notify the pit superintendent that I want to see him at once, for I want to know, every day, at least 15 minutes before they are going to shoot in the pit." The superintendent said O.K., but he couldn't see why. I said, "I want my men up in that tunnel before the shot, for some of those large boulders might jar loose and come down. He was not much interested. Well, the pit superintendent came and I explained to him. Since he was an engineer at the Morenci plant when I was there, he knew what I needed.

We started on the forms at the very base of the crusher with 20 men. That afternoon a runner came in and told me they would shoot at 3 p.m. sharp. At five minutes to 3, I told all my men to just drop their tools and get up in the tunnel quick. Just as they settled in the tunnel the shots went off over in the pit. The boys were ready to go back. I said, "You just stay where you are. I will tell you when to go." Just then there was one hell of a crash, and a boulder weighing some 800 or 900 pounds came down through that 6 inch logging and timber, and landed where several of my men would have been, had I not got them up in the tunnel. My men could see I was right. I sent a helper at once to the office for the General Superintendent. When he got there, I just pointed to the wreck and said, "Do we need logging and Notice to get in the clear during the shots over the pit?" He didn't say one word. Turned and left. I wasn't bothered with him until we were up some 50 feet on the plant, when the sick Foreman came back and

the superintendent wanted to know if it was safe for me to let this Foreman fish the crusher, while I went to something more important. I told him yes, I thought the men would know what to do when the runner came and told them the time of the pit shot.

I was on another important part and needed two more good men. I learned that two extra good men that had worked for me were in Douglas, and asked the office to phone the Union hall and send me those men. When they reported at the office I was up at my work, and another young foreman Fisher had picked up also needed one man, so he grabbed one of the men that was to come to my layout, told him it didn't make any difference, he was here to work for the company. The fellow protested. No good. The other fellow came up and I showed him where to park his car out of the way, and asked where the other man was. He told me the story. I always worked my men in pairs. So I told him, "I guess you will have to work alone awhile." I started him on something and I was busy.

One of the truck drivers delivering material handed me a note. It was from the Foreman that had grabbed my man. It said, "I am sending a man up to you. He can't speak English and doesn't seem to understand what is wanted. Perhaps you can work him, as you can speak some Spanish."

About that time the carpenter came around the end of the forms, cussing loud enough to be heard a city block. I said, "What's wrong, Jose?" He said, "That s. b. down there took me when I told him I was to report to you, and I pretended I couldn't talk English and didn't understand. The damn fool -- how come he is a Foreman?" This carpenter is one, Jose Arvisa, one of the best men ever in the Douglas area. He can speak perfect English, is well educated and could handle any class C or T job. He sure put it over on this Foreman. That P.M. checking at the office the Foreman asked about the man he sent me. I told him that Joe was more qualified to run a job than he was. The only reason he was on as a Foreman was the General Superintendent was interested in this Foreman's good looking wife. The Foreman who was sick was also on because he had a few

thousand dollars invested in the Fisher Company.

Quite awhile later Fisher had another job with Phelps Dodge and I will cover it now while it is on my mind. It was the leaching plant. Their General Superintendent that came on the job was an old buddy, that had been down in the Islands on a job. He asked for me from the Union and was told I was not available. He hired another Foreman. He wasn't satisfied with him, and learned from him that the Union agent had lied so he could get the job. So this General Superintendent drove out to hunt me. He asked me to report on the job and also another Foreman that had been by-passed.

We two were given the plans and told to go to it. We never took orders from the Foreman. Of course, we were just carpenters, but owing to the setup the General Superintendent didn't fire the Foreman, but he had plenty to do with the rest of the crew and he was told to not interfere with us. So it worked out O.K. even if we didn't draw Foreman's pay.

I was with Mangum Brothers awhile back in Douglas on a remodeling job of one of the houses I had helped Frontier Construction put up on Tenth Street. Somewhere along the line I was called to help Peter Rewitt Sons get started on the Bisbee tunnel job. \$2,000,000.00 of the taxpayers money, where \$1,000,000 would have put through a cut and no tunnel needed. I set up the work yard and helped get some form work up at the northwest end of the tunnel bore. I helped them for four weeks and got them a Foreman who could stay and later go north with the company. I was about to retire from the construction field and also I was not a tunnel man. I could have stayed and gone north with them on a very important government job.

I did several jobs on my own as Foreman or Superintendent. There are many funny things along the line that come to mind, so I will just write them down, showing where, etc. No dates. Sorry, I don't have all of the dates.

I have many time books filed away, showing jobs, men and contractors.

During the more than 40 years in the construction field, and working many hundreds of men, in all that time I never fired but one man. Had to lay off many. Can't keep a full crew on all jobs to the finish.

I never had trouble with my men. I wasn't tough, and sure as hell wasn't soft. I told what I wanted, and I got it. Men that worked under me soon learned that if they tried to turn out a day's work, and did do something wrong by accident, they were not fired but helped to straighten it out. I made mistakes even as a Foreman. Could name one or two where most Foremen would have been sent down the road. One I made, I started my men to correct, and I went and told the engineers and General Superintendent that I had played hell and it would take 30 minutes extra to straighten the mistake. The Superintendent said, "You have made mistakes before in life, no doubt. Since you know how to take care of it we shan't worry."

I recall at Fort Huachuca, Col. Hardy was commanding officer of the post. He was in line for Brigadier General, was getting pretty well up in age and was hard to get along with. While I was with the army there as Carpenter Foreman, I did a few things to please the old man. He liked to ride a horse and had a good one, and he wanted the gate to the corral fixed so he could open it from horseback. I got that for him. He was going fair and was about ready to be promoted, when the army sent in the first WACS. The Colonel together with Col. Nelson went down to meet the train when they landed. The white women officer lined these, all Negro, girls up for review. Old Col. Hardy looked the company over then said, very loud, "I know what you are here for, and I don't want any babies."

When they came back, Col. Nelson told me, and he said, "You know that is going to keep him from being promoted." And it did. The outfit in Washington turned him down, and the old colonel died without reaching his goal.

I took lots of orders from Col. Nelson and I called on him for lots of

help. One day I had orders to do some work at one of the barracks where they taught judo. The order had been in for over a month, and just could not be done until then. The first lieutenant in charge told me that he was going to give a lesson and I couldn't have the building until afternoon. I told him, "I must have the building now." He started to tell me a few things, so I just picked up the phone and called Col. Nelson and told him the deal. He said, "Put the lieutenant on the phone." I just handed him the phone and after about five words to the colonel, the lieutenant was actually saluting the phone and saying, "Yes, Sir, yes, Sir." The carpenters got the building to work on pretty quick.

I had some dealing with Lt. General Spence -- had an order to do some work in his office, while he was on maneuvers with the 92nd Division west of the Fort. As he was leaving he said to me, "There are four colonels here. Anything you need you tell them and they had better do what you want." I thanked him, and after he left, I said to one colonel, "Does he mean for you to take orders from me?" The colonel said, "If you want anything, for heaven's sake, ask, and let us get it done. None of us wants to be a buck private. That general will give us hell."

The next day, for some reason, the general came back for something. His desk had tools and rubbish on it, and the room in general looked pretty dirty. I very politely asked the general if he desired me to remove some of the junk. He said, "Hell no, Mills, you are in charge of this work. I'm just a damn army office. Out in the field I'm in charge. Have these colonels cooperated?" I assured him all was going fine. I liked him.

Here are some other funny things that took place at Fort Huachuca.

One time while taking care of some work for the army there, they thought it O.K. for me to eat with one of the company troops. This was all right until some man with the War Department came along and said no civilians could be with combat troops, so I was transferred to the Quartermaster Division. One

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morning when getting ready to go up to breakfast, one Negro soldier was singing and really happy. He had bet against Joe Louis and won all the other fellows' money. One soldier came along and said, "Yous sho happy, haint she?"

Another time some fifty or sixty men employed at the post were quartered in the barracks (used by the National Guard once a year) that were some distance from the main quarters occupied by the soldiers. Some of these men got to going out at night, going off the post to Fry, where they could get whiskey. They were causing some trouble and the Post Commander sent about 16 or 18 soldiers down to stay in one barracks and police the outfit. This slowed down the drinking. These Military Police occupied about two-thirds of the barracks and two carpenters and myself occupied the other part. There was a partition and a real large door between.

One night the bugle sounded up at Headquarters and the code signal was a Call to Arms. The sergeant in charge of these police blew his whistle and rushed over and unlocked the gun rack and threw open the big door. The soldiers were rushing to get their clothes on and get their rifles. One Negro soldier got his pants belt through his gun sling and when he started to fasten the belt he would jerk the gun off his shoulder, and when he tried to replace the sling, he would jerk his belt loose. Finally he just stopped and yelled to the sergeant, "Sergeant, where's we gwine?" The sergeant said, "Hit don't make nos difference where's yous gwine, youse getting dare, haint he?"

The Call to Arms was caused because a Negro soldier killed a white major. The Indian Scouts and all were put out to catch the soldier. He was never caught.

While working on some doors at Company M, one day, the Company Sergeant brought in a soldier that had been bitten by a rattle snake that morning while on practice west of the post. He and I were talking about the case when the captain and lieutenant came in with the company. After they lined up and were inspected and dismissed, one soldier came over and said to the Sergeant,

"How's that man what got bit by the rattlesnake?" Sergeant -- "He's all right, jest bit 'em in the hade."

One Negro Captain told me what Sergeant Bailey said to the Company he was training. Seems they were out of line and Bailey said, "As you is. Now, I'se want you to gets back whur yous was before yous got where yous is and don't gets all messed up."

There were no commissioned Negro officers before WWII. The first one was a Chaplain of the 25th Infantry. He was made Captain.

In the Elfrida area I built a house for Mr. and Mrs. John Dunn. It was an extra large house. Four large bedrooms, the hall was extra long, and had a large living room, dining room, kitchen and two baths. Later added a large playroom and utility room combined.

Remodeled the Grizzle home and added several rooms.

Built a nice two bedroom home for James and Jo Carol Grizzle. Eicks Plumbing did the plumbing and James and I wired the house. Later, added a large general purpose room. Place had two fireplaces. Jo Carol keeps the place spick and span.

Eighteen miles up in the edge of the hills I remodeled the old Igo place. Added three rooms and bath. Changed all the roof to full pyramid. All the walls are stone. Metal roof, one large chimney. Fireplaces opposite each other.

Remodeled the old Lange home and built a real large garage and shop building. Had to shore up the main part, about to fall into the basement. Put on new roof, built a complete outfit in kitchen, put weather board siding on all the outside. (Was just a boxed affair.) Wired the house completely.

Built a home for Betty Kendall in Willcox, also designed and had a septic

ank put in. Some smart chap came all the way out from Douglas to inspect the . It was the first time he had ever seen a tank with three baffles. All e knew was the ready made things they put in. The first I knew he was there as when he came in behind where I was working at the bench and started telling e that the next time I put in a tank to get the ready made thing, etc. Well, e hit me just right for the explosion. I said, "Who are you?" He said, "I am the Inspector." I said, "Is that your car out there?" He said, "Yes." I said, "Then see how damn quick you can get in it and leave." He went and I never heard any more. The type of tank was one that would pass anywhere in the United States.

I was hired by Lovelady and Lay to do a job at the William Riggs place. Vera and I took our little camp trailer and parked it near the job. I don't recall the number of men on the job. We had carpenters, brick layers, plasterers. s. Riggs had quarters where they could all sleep and a place to eat. She hired a special chef in Douglas to do the cooking etc. We worked six days a week, for all were a long ways from home. The men enjoyed this job. Had good meals, time in the evening to play games and all in all, a fine place to work and good pay.

While at Riggs we got quite a laugh out of one thing that happened. The entire work crew and Bill Riggs, William Riggs' only child, was sitting along with the bunch all shooting the breeze, when a young fellow came walking in and said hello. He was about 18, with a large western hat on his head, and cowboy boots that you could see were something new for him, and you could see Eastern dude written all over him. He said, "My pal and I are broke down back aways, and could we get some help?"

Well, Bill said he would go help him, so he got his truck and some tire tools and material to patch tires and took the fellow. After about 30 minutes they were back, two young fellows and a small car. Bill fixed up the spare for them and the tire on the car. Seems they had both tire and spare with holes in them. They seemed to think that Bill was a common laborer and went away showing

it, not knowing that a boy and parents were in the millionaire class that had helped them. Bill got to laughing about the deal and how they acted down where he first went to help them. It really was funny.

Vera and I went to Globe, Arizona to do some work for our special friend, Judge McGhee. Here's what took place first --

We didn't have a phone in those days and the judge called Lewis Grizzle and had him come tell me to go to Elfrida and call the operator and give her the number to get for me. When she did, and I told the party who answered who I was, I heard this party call to someone and say, "Where is the Judge?" (This was the secretary calling the Bailiff to get the judge.) When he spoke, he said to me, "I need \$2000.00." Before I could say anything he said, "No, I'm about to lose my happy home. I need a carpenter and need one pretty fast. Come up and see what we can do." So Vera and I went to Globe to see what was needed.

The Judge called me Two Gun Jack and introduced me to some lawyers at the court house as Two Gun Jack Mills. We checked the situation regarding the work needed. It called for a remodeling inside and building on a breakfast room. The house was a two story balloon type construction. It was built along about 1910 and the lumber was first grade. Vera and I lived at one of the motels while doing the work.

The Judge liked to do wood work and spent every hour he could helping. We ended up with Jane having one of the most modern kitchens, bathroom and a breakfast room equal to any. One day the Judge got so busy helping he forgot he was to hold court at two-thirty. When they called, he had to change clothes in one hurry, climb into his truck and rush to the court house. He drove a truck. They had a beautiful car. He didn't use it to go to the court house.

The Judge wanted some woodworking tools to use in his shop -- this was about the time Barry Goldwater was running for President. Vera and I were visiting the Judge and Jane at this time and he wanted me to go with him to look at a

table saw a party had for sale. A Deputy Sheriff that knew where the party lived, went along to show the way. We were going along and stopped at a street light and the Judge said to the Deputy, "You want to be careful what you say -- old Jack is a Republican." The Deputy was a little embarrassed at that. Then at the next stop we made, the Judge said, "He is a Goldwater man. What we need is more Colorado River water and less Goldwater." Well, the Deputy nearly fell out of the truck. We okayed the saw -- the judge bought it.

One time the Judge, when a young fellow going to the University, helped me put up a ceiling in the Webb School House. The trustees paid him \$1.00 per hour. Another time he helped my son put some fence up for me on the place we bought and where we live now. It was then that he got to calling me Two Gun Jack. When first elected judge, he sent a letter to Elfrida addressed to Jack-- and he had drawn two crossed pistols -- and then Mills.

One job I was on was quite interesting and also was disgusting. The owner I was working for was a Mrs. Dana, widow of a multi-millionaire. She was dressed in old clothes and was barefoot when she came to see if I would do some work for her. She was driving an old truck and later I found out that she had stored at the Gadsden Garage one of the finest Rolls Royces made. She had purchased a ranch holding in John Long Canyon, just off Rucker Canyon. She wanted a large stable put up. Walls to be adobe. It was on very unlevel ground, so for the foundation I had to step it down and also had to cut the roof trusses different lengths.

She had a young fellow there with her that was just a typical gigolo, name, Sid Vail. Later he took the old lady for a cleaning, married a Tucson girl, and got a fine ranch holding and had some fine horse stock the last I heard.

The laborers this Vail got for the job to dig the foundations and make adobes were wetbacks from old Mexico. Ralph Morrow, the game warden in this

District spied on the job and had the Border Patrol come and pick these fellows and take them to the border. Then Vail really pulled one. He took his truck and went to Douglas and over into Mexico, picked up four or five Mexicans, came across the line after dark, got by the border men some way, and got the Mexicans out to John Long Canyon. The boys from the Border Patrol came out checking and found these and arrested Vail for transporting aliens and Mrs. Dana had to pay his fine to keep him from going to jail.

One morning Vail got one of their horses that had never been ridden, put a saddle on it and turned it loose in the corral, and it went wild, bucked, and finally ran into the fence sticking a small timber in its side, and got over the fence and headed for the canyon. I really don't know the outcome of this, for I left. Reason -- a heavy rain had caused a flood that had caused a total loss of several hundred adobes that were stacked in a low place. I had all the truss timbers cut ready to assemble, but I just left them and told Mrs. Dana I was through and it would be some time before she would need a carpenter. A few months later she came to our home, bringing a contractor from Douglas with her. He wanted me to tell him about the truss timbers etc. He being a contractor, I didn't tell him one damn thing. I said, "The timbers are all cut to fit. If you can't put them together, it's too bad." I don't know how it turned out.

Jobs that I have done or was connected with that I have not listed, I will try to do so now, and may, by mistake, name one that is already named.

In New Mexico, while on two or three trips to Solano to visit Vera's folks, I did several days work for Clarence Horten and wife.

Helped build a pretty good size house for Frank Hughes and his wife. Even did some plastering.

One trip, I went to Passemonte to build a building for Francis and Margaret Hooden to live in while teaching school there. It was built on timbers or skids, and when they were through there and came to Solano to teach, they moved the

building to Solano.

At Solano I assisted Vera's brother Charles on some addition to his home.

Worked on the Benson booster plant for El Paso Natural Gas Co. While there boarded at a motel and ate with a party that ran a kitchen and dining room for men working on the plant.

In Douglas for Mangum Brothers on a house on Tenth Street that a few years before I had helped Frontier put up.

Added three rooms and bath to the Harold Stark ranch home. A few years later Starks got me to do some more work on the house.

Did several days work for Eppersons on the old house part where they had bought and moved, southeast of Elfrida.

Did a job for John Magoffin up near the Stronghold. We added rooms on to the old house, wired the new part and Vera helped John build a fire place. They did a pretty good job with rock.

Helped Tom Kuykendall remodel a place for himself and Betty Jo to move into when they got married. We had to wire the entire house for electric power, for at that time no wiring had been done and no high lines in that part of the valley. Tom paid the electric company to run a power line from a line they had along Rucker Canyon.

Did a \$25,000.00 job at Nicksville for Nick Gregovich. The house was on a steep hill and to get material up there was quite a chore. It had features not had in or on homes costing more in Tucson and elsewhere. Had three large sliding glass doors. The front one had a special lock. The Door Company sent a locksmith from the factory to install the lock. While there the fellow checked all the windows to see they fit, as they were also from that company. They all fit perfectly and he said he never saw that good a job any place. We had an expert block layer and he set the windows and doors perfectly plumb and square.

There are no doubt some jobs forgotten just now.

During all this time from about 1939 to 1978 Vera and I were, at every possible chance, doing some work connected with the archeological world. Vera had gotten books and studied all she could. We had tried to get professionals interested in our area, for we knew that with things being found on top of the ground, there should be things to be found by digging. Mr. Fulton told Vera and me, "Why don't you dig?" We told him we didn't know anything about the work, and that's when he said, "Get some books, read, and then learn in the field." We did so, and we think that with now some 35 years experience we know a little.

I will start at our first dig that we started just before WWII.

The Christiansen Site near Paul Spur, Arizona.

Permission granted from the old folks.

This site was shown us by the son, Albert. They requested that we tell no one we were digging there and bring no one with us, not even our son. They said he would tell some friend and that people would be coming in. We started here before WWII and didn't go back and finish until after the war.

While the war was still going on, we made a trip to Bowie to see a rancher named Burns Blanton who had a large prehistoric ruin on his place and he was letting people dig certain rooms for so much per room. The place had been dug in so many different spots that it was hard to tell where it had been dug and where not. The diggers had thrown the dirt in all directions. We made a deal with Blanton for \$25.00 cash to lease us the site for a period of five years to dig any time during the five years. The place is called Nine Mile. There is a spring near there where the Riggs first camped in the early days and it is nine miles south of Bowie -- hence the name given it by the Riggs family.

Our rancher friend, Les Kuykendall took us to see some ruins on his land near the Ash Creek School. He gave us permission to dig. It covers quite a large territory. There were seven large compounds. We dug there over a period

of ten years. Kuykendall took home from the site over forty metates which they used in a yard fence. This was a pure Salado Culture Site. Several dates were had here using the Arco-Magnetic System from the Paleo-Magnetic Laboratory, University of Oklahoma, Dr. Robert Du Bois, Director. Oldest date -- 1200 A.D. (+) Youngest date -- 1405 A. D. (+)

While still working the Kuykendall Site we took a few days to do some salvage at the Webb or McBride place near Old Webb Post Office. They were leveling the ground getting ready to farm. This had been a real large site, with large thick adobe walled houses. Whether they were all one story or some two, we were not able to tell, for it was too far destroyed by the heavy equipment and the only work we could do was to rush along behind the equipment or some place where they were not ready to level yet. We found a small cremation area and uncovered fifty-odd cremations and one inhumation. Found several small pottery vessel offerings in the cremations. Found a few axes in some real small one and three room houses. Where the extra large walled houses were uncovered by the machinery, we found nothing. This was a Salado Site. Another part of the land that had been leveled before this, we think was a pit house and showed some Mimbres influence, just going by pot sherds found on the land. Mrs. McBride was willing for us to do what we could to save some material, but the renter who was doing the leveling wanted us out. He wasn't interested in old Indians.

We did two sites in California. By permission of the owner we dug the Gordon Site. These people made no pottery. Had hundreds of beads. Shell and Steatite. Beautiful arrows. This was the Wintun Culture. While on this, two girls at a large ranch a few miles from there took Vera and me to see a Pomo Site and do a little digging. We found a few large shell pendants and some beads. The girls cooked lunch on open fire and we all enjoyed the outing. This was, it seemed to us, just a camp, not houses.

The second California site was Longmyer on the property of T. Talbot Anderson of Napa, California. The general manager took us there. The property has been in the Anderson family for over one hundred years. The name Longmyer is from the fact that the Longmyer Syndicate has had it leased for 35 years. It is one of the largest sheep ranches in California.

This was a Wintun camp and burial ground. We could only get to one-half mile of the site in a car. Had to carry our tools in each day. Couldn't leave them for some sheep herder might steal them. We went through 9 locked gates from the highway to the site. These gates were left unlocked for our use. We were always sure they were fastened after we went through. Mr. Anderson knew we were working on the site, and wrote several letters while we were there. He said, "I know you have permission from the manager, and all I want to know is what you find. Don't really want anything myself." We wrote him giving a full account of things found. The place was policed by three outfits -- by horseback, by Jeep, and by plane. They came by to check and the plane would fly low over.

Our friend, Judge McGhee and Tom Simmons showed us some sites in Tonto Basin. We did two small sites on property owned by Mr. Wade, a school teacher at Payson.

Then we did a four story pueblo on the T. L. Meredith Ranch. This was Salado Culture. We called this the V I V Ruin after the cattle brand used there. We had to park at the foot of a hill and walk up to the ruin. Our camp was down the creek at another ranch, headquarters for an eastern outfit. Found many axes at this site, in fact, one of the most perfect ones we have ever found. We gave it to a cowboy there who would put material we found in his Jeep and take it down the steep road that our truck couldn't climb. He was such a help to us we thought he deserved something nice. Most of the metates

found we left at the ranch house. The Wade and Meredith Sites were on private land. In this area are many sites on government land. Pot hunters are slipping in and digging. One Ranger told Vera and me that he knew, but wasn't sticking his neck out and he owed his job to the ranch people. He had started at the bottom and got where he was. He wasn't one of the new young graduate fellows from some University that didn't know a tree from a cow and couldn't get along with cattle people. We had several experiences in that area. Met many of the folks and went to see a play put on by the native talent at the school house at Pumpkin Center. They were extra good and the crowd enjoyed every minute.

Our next site was on the Glass Ranch up Price Canyon a few miles northeast of Douglas just off Highway 80. We took our small camp trailer and pulled it up near the site. Jack Glass came up and told us to pull back down near the corals and barn where we would be able to have electricity and a small outhouse, and be close to water. We did. Jack ran a long cable over from their barn, some 200 feet, and we were well set. This site consisted of two or three clusters of houses of several rooms. The walls were well built of adobe and our average depth was some 30 inches, showing that from the fill and debris, the walls must have been 6 to 7 feet high. We found no painted pottery. Found quite a lot of charred corn. The site in general seemed to us to have been built and occupied for only one season and then had been destroyed. Everything had been burned. The walls and what adobe that had not crumbled when they caved in were burnt real hard and black. Some wood ash and char, but we could not tell what kind of wood. As there was oak along the water course it could have been oak. There were some large outlines of stone over a large area, something like rooms would be laid out. These remain a mystery to us. While here we visited with the family and enjoyed our stay very much.

While there we were visited by some bird research men from the Research Station near Portal. Also some fellows making a study of frogs did some work

near our trailer.

We came back from home one week and there were strings all over the ground near the trailer, and we found they were tied to frogs that had buried themselves in the ground. We learned these fellows were trying to see just how deep these particular frogs could dig, etc. So we had bird study, frog study, prehistoric Indian study, and Glass had cattle study, as all cattle ranchers have.

We left our trailer there and took a few days to do some work at the Slaughter Ranch. I went to see Ben Williams, the owner, to get permission. He gave permission, but said to stop and tell Warner and Wendy Glenn, as they had the place leased and were running cattle on it. Frank Crabtree took us by to see the Glenns, and on to show us the site. Wendy told us that people had been trespassing and said they had permission from Williams when they did not, and that I would have to talk to her husband. I told her I was going to look at the site and dig if we thought it worth while. The next day Warner came by where we were digging. Later Wendy came over with Warner's mother and she wanted to apologize for talking pretty rough about trespassers, etc. I told her that she was within her rights and owed no apology whatever. That I was glad she let me know she didn't intend to be lied to -- she would find out. For, you see, we were total strangers to her. We did quite a bit of work at the Slaughter Ranch Site. Most of the site had been destroyed by Slaughter when he built a large dam across the water course. The dam was 50 feet high, built with teams and fresnos and they got most of the fill dirt from the house site. Conditions showed that the site had been a large compound enclosing a large court yard. Must have been many rooms. There were two bird cages, or pens, similar to the ones found at Casas Grandes where DiPeso excavated. Material found was about 50% Salado and 50% Mexican influence. These people cremated. We found two places where the army, during WWI had used part of the site for a garbage dump. Cans and debris of all kinds.

From there, we picked up our trailer at the Glass Ranch and went to Cliff, New Mexico. Set up camp at the Hap McCauley Ranch. From this camp location we did two sites on McCauley, one on Clark, and the Dinwiddie Site. Hap and Mary McCauley were wonderful people. Their daughter, Edwina, got us permission at Dinwiddies. Mr. Clark told us we could do some work at his place up the river. Clark had a store and gasoline pumps. We had a wonderful visit with the Clarks on more than one occasion.

The first on McCauley was across the Gila from the ranch house, and near where the Mangus enters the Gila. We had to go up to Cliff and cross the river on the bridge and come down to the dig. It was right near the old cemetery that the settlers used around 1880. There was one gravestone cut from Rickerlite (sp.? This particular stone is found only near Red Rock, New Mexico, on the north side of the Gila River. This would have been brought around by Lordsburg and Silver City to Cliff.

We next went up to Mr. Clark's property and did some salvage there. There was a house and corrals built on part of the site. There were wall outlines and even part of one room still standing. Had been some digging and in putting in the utility pole near the house, they took out a large metate. This was a Salado Culture Site. It is only a short distance northwest of the Gila River. Found a few interesting articles and made a few pictures of some features uncovered. Being in open territory, where they traveled over the site all the time, we were careful to backfill and level as much as possible.

By now we had met the Dinwiddies and visited the site on their property and had permission to excavate the site. It proved to be a pueblo of many rooms, part two stories, and some courtyards. The rooms were three to eight feet deep. We found one bowl recessed in the ground with metate in place for grinding. All the fire pits were lined with stone and we could not get them dated. Found a

carved stone head, an unusual object to be found at a Salado Culture Site. The ranch road coming from the state highway ran through part of the compound and destroyed many rooms and material.

We surveyed a small site near McCauleys house and did some work. Hap wanted to take us to see a site and some erosion dams built in a canyon on top of a mountain southeast of Hurley, New Mexico, by prehistoric Indians. This was on what was known as the Two C Cattle Company property. It covered some 225 sections of land. We saw the dams and the small level ground back of each where the Indians had farmed. As this was in the Mimbres area, these dams must date back to 900 or 800 A. D. Near a large lake and dam built on an old homestead, Hap showed us what was left of a large Mimbres Site. They used dirt and stone from the site in building the dam. Hap got us permission to work on what was left of the site. Mr. Pitts, general manager of the large cattle outfit, furnished us a place to park our trailer, with water, electricity, etc. Also furnished us keys to come and go. Locked gates to enter from the main highway, and there were gates on roads inside the property. Our camp was 15 miles from the site, and two miles from the main highway. The road was impassable when it rained. We drove up and back each day we worked. Had one locked gate to pass through. Mr. Pitts brought all the cowhands up to see us work, and we had full cooperation while there. Mr. Pitts wouldn't take any pay from us, so we had free water and electric service. Found some beautiful picture pots here. These were all stolen, along with some other outstanding pottery. We have several killed pots from the site. Seemed the thieves didn't want them. With one killer pot there were two copper bells on the left arm of the skeleton. Got some good pictures of fire pits and center post, etc. Gave Mr. and Mrs. Pitts one pot and most of the metates found. Have some hatch covers.

When we finished the Pitts Site, we took the trailer home. While still working on this Mimbres site an outfit was diamond drilling just across the

canyon from us, and they watched us through binoculars. One engineer with them came over to visit us and later came to see our collection of material at our home at Elfrida.

We obtained permission from John Lentz, General Manager of Phelps Dodge Corporation Western Division, and Ben Ormand, President of Pacific Western Land Company, to trespass on Phelps Dodge land in New Mexico, and Arizona. We went from home to Red Rock, New Mexico with our camp trailer and Mr. Fortenbery, manager of Phelps Dodge told us to park the trailer at the cowboy house five miles below Red Rock post office on the north side of the river and across the Gila from his home and headquarters. We had water, electricity, and access to the house, bathroom and kitchen. We had full cooperation while there. One time while there a large rain washed out the road and we had to wait for the County blade man to fix the road before we could leave. We were there for some time. Our trailer was safe.

The site was large and covered several acres. It had also been dug in places, had been bladed in places, and all we could do was survey what seemed practical to work in order to carry on the work in a scientific manner. Part of the work was salvage and part was on virgin house structure. We were able to draw a fair map of quite a large territory. We secured permission for Vernon and Alta Brooks to join us on the dig. Vernon and I, with the transit, laid out quite a grid, and we secured some outstanding material. Made several pictures. This was a Mimbres Site. Really it is the Mogollon or the early Mimbres. Vernon and Alta excavated several rooms and in one they found some beautiful cloud blowers, or ceremonial pipes. We left Vernon and Alta to finish what could be done, and we took our trailer to the Curtis Dairy Farm on the south bank of the Gila, a few miles northeast of Solomon, a small town that at one time was quite a prominent point in Arizona.

At the Curtis Site -- quite a story behind our getting permission to excavate the Curtis Site. We were looking for something in Arizona and close to home. Our friend, Betty Lee, at Safford, offered to show us some sites in the Safford area. We spent two days looking at sites on both the north and south sides of the Gila River. Most had been ruined by pot hunters and we didn't see anything worth working. Betty said, "I will show you a site that I have permission to look for artifacts on, but they will not allow anyone to dig or in fact, they don't want anyone on it." Well, we went to see the place. After some 30 minutes I could see that if allowed, one could spend a few years on scientific work, even though it had been dug on -- two large pit silos put right through two of the large compounds. I said, "I want to meet these people." She didn't much care to take us to the home where the folks lived, but I prevailed. We met Mrs. Rosalie Curtis, Max's wife. She was very nice and said I'd have to talk to Max. He was the one in charge. He was gone and we couldn't see him this trip. I told her I would come back. Betty thought it would be useless to do so.

We were going from there on to our camp at Red Rock. After a few days at Red Rock, we came back by the Curtis place. We caught Max Curtis at home. We told him who we were and what we wanted. He told us he had his big tractor down on the site just now, and was going to level it all for cattle pens. Said he had uncovered some walls and that we could go see and he would come in a few minutes -- that he had some business first with some ranch help. We went down to the site and saw the exposed walls, and we wanted a picture even if we couldn't get permission to work here. Vera got the camera out to take a picture. While I was cleaning around the base of the wall, Vera walked around looking over the site.

Max Curtis came down and we talked about the site and his going to level it all to make more lots for the cattle. His brother, Brook Curtis, came down and we discussed about digging. It seems Brook had a message for Max. It was

to the effect that their cow barns and pens had been condemned and that they would have to build new barns and holding pens south of the present location. Vera got some good pictures and Max said he thought we could do some digging before he got back to level the ground.

About this time a young woman drove up and got out of her car and came over to where we were talking to the two men. She looked a little upset, and said, "What's the hell going on here?" The men seemed slow to answer, and I spoke up and told her that Max was going to let us dig some. She said, "Just who in the hell are you? Are you with the University?" I said, "No." "Are you with any outfit?" Again I said, "No."

Then she said, "Just who are you?" I said, "I am Jack Mills from Elfrida." "You are Jack Mills?" "Yes." "Did So and So visit your museum a short time ago and see your Indian collection?" I said "Yes." She stood there a few minutes and then said, "You can dig here." And climbed in her car and left.

Max looked at me and said, "I guess that's that."

Max even furnished us a small trailer to camp in two days, use their bathroom and to dig some. On the second day he came down where we were and said they would be tied up for some time and we could bring our trailer and park about 100 feet from their home, near a small building where we could have water and if I would put a switch on the pole near and pay the \$5.00 to have a meter he would have the power cut in at once. We did, and before we brought our trailer from Red Rock, I prefabbed a small outhouse to set up. We got the trailer and set up camp.

In the meantime we met Max's father and mother. Their house was some 250 feet north of us and Brook's house was some 500 feet east. So we were parked in the center. We were receiving full cooperation from the three Curtis families and we were doing pretty well on the dig.

After about five days Max came over to the trailer and wanted to know what

my trade had been. I told him construction. He wanted to know if I could read the plans he had for the new barns etc., that they had to build. I told him I could. He brought them over and I saw they were very simple. I told him so. He then wondered if I could lay out the outfit and how much I would charge. I said, "You are letting me camp and dig here, and I will lay out the barns, holding pens, and all, and help you all I can and there certainly will be no charge."

Max and Brook with some ranch help did all the cement and pipe work and welding of rails for holding pens and stanchion rails. They got a contractor to lay up the walls. They were so pressed for time that I helped a fellow put up the roof trusses and later hung some doors and laid out two pieces of fiber glass panels to seal the walls along the walk way where they hooked on the milkers.

Vera and I spent four and one-half years at this site and just at the end we got Max to bring the thirty-five ton cat and cut a deep trench through and below the floor level so we could see if any signs of civilization were below this house. There were no signs, we were on sterile soil.

We did find between the two room floor levels a cremation placed in an adobe sealed niche in the wall some two feet above the lower floor. This had been a cremation done some where and brought in. In among the calcine bone were some wood as and a few pieces of broken pottery, one real tiny unbroken scoop-like vessel and four fine copper bells. They had copper pellets for rattles.

This site was large and covered several acres. It consisted of several house units. One unit was completely excavated several years before by Tatman, Earl Morris famous digger. There had been much digging in years past and lots of damage. We excavated four house units consisting of many rooms, one unit had been two stories in height and also we excavated a cremation area and regardless of all the damage before our time on the site, we were able to come up with some valuable material and information. All articles recovered were not only catalogued, but all documented.

Dr. DuBois of the University of Oklahoma sent a student to take fire pit samples for dating and at the last DuBois himself came and took the last two we

had for dating. The only date for House One, or Big House, is 1180 A.D. \pm 45 years by archeo-magnetic. In House Four we have a date of 1335 \pm .

Vera wrote a complete report of the work done at the Curtis Site and we published it at our own expense. It cost a total of \$1500.00 for 250 copies.

This completes the main body of the Memoirs. I may add a few things later that might be of interest to some.

1982

° Jack P. Mills, Sr.

I will add a few things that come to mind that might be of interest, or at least funny to some, even show how crazy Jack Mills could be at times.

Should tell about one wild hectic day at the Webb Rodeo Grounds on Labor Day, September 1935. Lewis Grizzle and I sold tickets at the gate until after noon and all the crowd had gathered for the barbecue.

People were all taking it easy just before the afternoon performance started. Vera and I were at the west end of the Rodeo Grounds, sitting on the running board of a car visiting with Ralph Morrow's sister, when a fellow came down and said there was a big fight going on up near the gate.

I said, "Let's go get in it." The women said, "You better keep out."

All of us went up where the fight was on. Lewis Grizzle was trying to pull Jack Giles from his horse to fight him. Irving Hawkins and Fred Moore were fighting and the Deputy Sheriff from Tombstone, name Tyler, was trying to stop them. By accident one of them hit Tyler just over the eye and sure peeled him. He yelled, "I'm not trying to arrest them, I just want them to stop." Close by some young kid, for some reason was trying to fight Mr. King and Mr. Grizzle, two elderly persons. I took charge of that part and the young party took off. The crowd, I think, got a kick out of watching the scrap.

Just after the WWII the people in the Webb-Elfrida area voted a \$54,000.00 bond to get a building of some kind and bring the high school back from Pearce, where it had been ever since the high school was started in the district. It was called by some Valley Union, and by some Elfrida High School.

At the time they were having meetings getting ready to try for a vote on the bond. Vera and I were to a meeting held at the Whitewater School building and took Adolf Winkler, a neighbor. At the meeting things got pretty rough. A fellow named Rendell who was against the bond got in an argument with Lewis

Grizzle, who was for the bond and was going to start a fight. Our friend, Winkler, got so scared that he crawled under a bench. Some level heads had the fellows settle down.

The High School trustees in the meantime moved two small buildings onto the Webb Grammar School grounds and moved the High School from Pearce to Webb for a short time until they could decide what to do, since they were getting the \$54,000.00 bond through.

The Grammar School was moved to Whitewater.

The five High School trustees, Tom Brown, Lewis Grizzle, Jack Giles, Frank Lange and Leonard Nelson, had given a contract to have plans drawn for a new building to be put on land near Elfrida. The plans cost them \$1400.00. The fellow who drew the plans had a full brick building and an estimated cost of \$75,000.00. Since they only had \$54,000.00 that plan was out, but they had to pay the fellow the \$1400.00.

The war now being over, the Government was selling surplus buildings and in some cases for a very small sum.

The trustees and the principal of the High School, a man by the name of Garton, an ex-lieutenant colonel, went to Douglas to the Air Base and purchased the gym and the hospital unit and got all set to have them moved and used for high school purposes near Elfrida.

They hired some outfit to move the hospital unit and gave a contract to some party to cut the gym into 5 units and move 4 units to Elfrida.

In the meantime, they advertised for contractors' bids on some kind of a setup, and also had some outfit taking the partitions out of the hospital unit which had now been moved.

The day set for bids on whatever the trustees wanted, the trustees came to me and wanted me to come and help them with the contractors. This was the first I knew of the purchase of the buildings or that they were doing anything

toward getting the high school money to Elfrida. They found me tied up at home with a ruptured disc, and I couldn't drive, but I got Vera to drive and we went down to help the Board.

Three contractors showed up and wanted to see plans, specifications, and what was required. Those trustees didn't have one thing to deal on, and that principal didn't know, so there they were. Two of the contractors left at once. The third, a man I had run work for, said to the trustees, "If Mills here has anything to do with this, and can just tell me what is wanted, I'll give you a bid."

I said, "I don't know one thing, this is the first that I have heard of a deal. I'm just here because they asked me to come."

So this contractor left, and Tom Brown asked me to go with the Board over to his house and help decide what to do.

I told the Board that this was a County job and the money was the taxpayers through a bond just voted and that they would have to have plans showing what they had and what had to be done yet, and full specifications outlining everything and then advertise for bids.

They asked could I do it. Yes, but if I did I would have to have full control signed over by them, accepted by the County School Superintendent, and okayed by the Supervisor of the District. This was done and I started work on the plans and specifications.

I got all ready including all preparations for another building we were bringing in and the foundation for the gym that was yet to be moved, and all needed work for a complete job.

My complete set of papers were submitted to the County Board of Supervisors, ready to publish asking for bids. Everyone okayed the setup except old Pop Lewis, the Supervisor. He wanted us to use the Tombstone paper and I demanded that the article be published in the Douglas Dispatch. We won out and the ads were placed.

The building that was to be moved in beside the government ones from Douglas, was another government building from Fort Huachuca.

While I was working on the plans etc., before we were ready for any contractor to bid, I saw they needed something to join the two hospital sections together. And good luck came along!

The Douglas School Board wanted the hospital unit, but Elfrida got there first. They wanted the natural gas setup that came out with the unit. We had no natural gas in the valley. There were two large truck loads of pipe and fittings, furnace, etc.

One Causey, one of the Douglas school board members came out to see me and said they wanted to buy the outfit. I told him they had a government building at the fort that they had gutted for the fixtures and didn't want the building. So I said, "You come out and load up the plant while I look the other way, and you look some where while I move the building from the fort." So agreed. This was the WAC dining and kitchen building. I got Reay and Johnson for the sum of \$900.00 to go over to the fort, cut the building in the center and move it to Elfrida and set it on a foundation which will be ready for it. This was just an agreement between us, no papers, just pay when carried out. Reay and Johnson got all set and when we had the foundation ready they delivered the goods and were paid.

When the day to open bids on the school project came around, I met with the board. They had three bids. One contractor bid \$21,000.00, one bid \$14,000.00 and one, \$7,000.00. The \$7,000.00 one was given the contract, but I couldn't see how it could be done.

Everything got started and the foundation in to receive the gym. One day the principal of the high school and the party contracted to move the gym came to see me and said that he was ready to move the gym and wanted his \$16,000.00. I

told him he got the money when he moved something and not before. He didn't like it. I went to see what he had ready, and found the section he had ready was loaded on steel dollies. So I called the highway department and had that taken care of and demanded rubber dollies for highway travel. I also told him arrangements had to be made about telephone and electric lines that he would come in contact with.

The principal and the school board had fallen down all along. They had made no plans for all this before they signed the contract with the mover. So the Board had to attend to all this and pay the bills. When I found out they had neglected to check and see about this, I had a job to get it all done.

The telephone company, being tied up with the government, had to get a special crew from Phoenix to take care of the phone lines. Then the fellow moved one section.

The El Paso Natural Gas Co. took care of their part.

The R. E. A. took care of their part.

There were four trips and four times to act.

The telephone part cost \$1200.00. The El Paso Natural Gas Co. cost only \$24.00. They said for a school they only wanted pay for the time involved. The R. E. A. charged \$400.00. We paid the mover \$4000.00 each time he delivered a section. The Board had given him the contract for \$16,000.00 when it should have been \$8000.00.

The contractor, Fred Poitz, that got the bid at \$7,000.00 rushed the job all he could. He was getting carpenters from Mexico and laborers also. The Board at Phoenix that handled contractor licensing somehow learned Poitz was not paying the state scale on county or state jobs, so they sent a fellow down from Phoenix with a letter to me.

The letter was telling me that I couldn't allow the contractor to work men at only a certain pay. Well, I tore up the letter and told the fellow to tell the board to go to hell, I had nothing to do with the contractor, only to

see the work followed the specifications called for. He could talk to Poitz, not me. Well, they did raise hell with him. Made him pay the Mexican help more money and in the end took his license away.

He lost money on the job, and his license also which put him out of business

When the buildings were all ready, the trustees and some Elfrida people decided to put on a big celebration. They were to have a big barbecue dinner, several speakers, including the Governor, and a big dance that night. Had a band and a singer for the morning.

McPherson, one of Elfrida's leaders, was at the head of the committee to carry out all of this.

On the day set, Governor Dan Garvey and his driver were on time, but the committee was late, so the Deputy Sheriff, Red Sanders and I did the honors. We welcomed Gov. Garvey to Elfrida. Tom Brown arrived and took the governor over to his home to have another drink.

The main event got under way O.K. and I had the pleasure of introducing James Gentry who acted as Master of Ceremonies for the occasion. There were several speakers besides the governor. The big dinner followed the speakers. After the meal two or three including myself assisted the governor in setting out the two evergreen trees in front of the main building.

That night we had a dance and real large crowd. The money taken in was used for school purposes. Someone told one trustee that he had heard there might be a holdup or at least an attempt. So as none of the trustees were armed, I went home and secured two guns.

When I returned to the school they were just about ready to leave. T. B. Patterson, Postmaster and store keeper at that time had told the trustees to bring the money over to his place and he would put it in his large safe. They gave the money to Vera to carry. I gave one of my guns to Frank Lange, and, with the trustees, Vera, and myself, we took off in two cars for the post office.

With my German Mannlicher I covered the outfit as they got out of the car and watched the highway for any attempt to rob them. There was a car that seemed

to be following, and when they saw what I had, they picked up speed and left. Don't think they were anxious to tangle with someone armed. It was a good piece of money -- \$800.00.

I helped Vera and some of her friends put on several plays in Elfrida and put one on in Douglas.

One was a royalty play and cost quite a bit to get it.

The players were all extra good.. Spent many hours on practice. The royalty play drew a large crowd. Two outstanding players that night were Elfrida's leading merchant, Noel Epperson, and Bill Cathcart, the Mormon Bishop. These two brought down the house with laughter. I played the part of a Negro, and this also caused a big applause. Vera played in the plays as well as directing. There were several in these plays. Some small fry as well as adults.

Another time Vera and friends put on a big show at the Mormon Church. Again many were in the show. My part was the announcer. Each person was introduced when ready to appear on the stage. Here again the present Mormon Bishop, Edd Stevenson, was one of the show people and he was one comic! The audience really roared whenever he appeared.

At Kingswood, I had lessons in Botany and also Zoology. This called for specimens to be collected and many brought to class. Students taking these courses and the teachers made many field trips to collect. Sometimes the teachers got cranky because we boys didn't bring more specimens to class. So we started bringing quite a few to the Zoology class including a nice long, three foot snake, harmless, and of course by accident on purpose, we let it get loose in the room. The teacher climbed on top of her desk, the girls went wild, some fled to the hall yelling bloody murder. Had the President out in the

hall, and of course Jack Mills got the blame, but it was fun while it lasted.

The teacher in Botany was surprised one morning to find plenty of specimens. Three of us fellows did the collecting. We had a 100 foot wild grape vine wound around the benches, had an extra large collection of locust thorns on her chair and desk. This is a locust that is more a bush than a tree and has thorns from 3 to 8 inches in length that grow in clusters, and can sure inflict a real bad wound if you come in contact with them. There was also a large collection of holly leaves and branches. These are thorny like. There were several other items. The teacher and the janitor didn't appreciate our contribution at all.

The College President said he knew darn well Jack Mills was guilty, with help from others. So he ordered two of us to take it all out, clean up the leaves and debris and don't bring that much to class. Oh well, these teachers never appreciate a large supply!

Some Experiences in Tonto Basin

Vera and I were first introduced to the Tonto Basin area by Judge McGhee and Tom Simmons. They took Vera and me to see a Mr. Wade that owned a small ranch near Pumpkin Center. Simmons was a typical pot hunter and knew of many prehistoric Indian Ruins in the area, and Judge McGhee knew Mr. Wade. There were some ruins on the Wade property. Wade gave us permission to dig on his place and told Simmons to show us the sites and that we could camp at his tenant's home nearby and there we would have water and the trailer would be safe. I didn't pay too much attention as to just where the road turned off the main highway into the tenant's home. I should have.

Vera and I came home and loaded the camp trailer and pulled out for Tonto Basin and Wade's place. Stopped in Globe to tell McGhees we were on the way. When we got fairly near the place where the tenant lived, I thought I knew where to turn and did so. In three minutes I knew I'd done wrong. Just before we

left home they had had a large storm and heavy flooding. All along the road we went through washes that were running and there was much mud and sand. So now I realized that I was stuck in sand hub deep and I couldn't move. For two hours Vera and I cut brush and put it under the wheels and gave the engine all it could take. No go. We were stuck and only 200 feet across the fence was the place we were headed for. It was dark now, so I went over to the house, got some water and we were going to wait until morning.

The tenant that lived there worked at the upper ranch. He came home about that time and saw our condition. He said, "You see that storm coming over the hill? If you remain here you will be swept down into the creek, and washed away. I will rush back up and get the jeep and try to get you out." When he got back we got my truck out and up to a safe place. He said, "Keep the motor running and I will go back and your wife and I will get the trailer and when we come by, you follow us. They made it, but it sure was a hard pull. The jeep was a good one. I followed and we got around and down in their yard and parked.

We sure were lucky that he came when he did. Didn't want any pay, but we insisted he take a ten spot. He and his wife were very nice and we enjoyed our stay and dug two sites.

After we finished at Wades, Judge McGhee introduced us to A. L. Meredith, a rancher just at the north end of the valley where Tonto Creek enters the main canyon and the highway swings northwest and up over the mountains on to Payson. This pass up over the mountain is called OxBow Pass.

We got a place to park our camp trailer at a ranch just south of Meredith's, owned by some wealthy people back in Pennsylvania and run by Duane Webb, a cowboy raised in the area. This was on the west side of Tonto Creek and our dig was on the east side. In flood stage it was hard to cross. The cowboys had

put floats in the creek that if you knew about, and how, you could cross most of the time.

One trip we found it impassable for one day and having this day to kill time, Vera visited with Mrs. Webb and I went with Webb and his pegleg cowhand to put out salt. After over three or four hours, we went along a road to where they had some salt boxes, and the road went through a prehistoric Indian site in fact, right through the house. I counted 40 rooms and the stone walls were three to four feet high. Webb said it was cheaper to bulldoze through the house than to put the road lower on the hill. This, of course, was on government land, and so no digging. On our way back to the ranch home Webb said, "Let's see how deep the creek is." So we tried the way Vera and I would have to try the next day. We followed a sand bar in the creek for over one-fourth mile before we turned square across, following the markers the cowboy had in the creek. The water over the sand bar was two feet deep and the water course was 150 to 200 feet wide. Going along we hit a deep hole and killed the motor. The pegleg cowboy just got out on the running board of the jeep, took some paper they had under the seat, lit a match and started to dry out the wires, etc. I said, "You will set the damn thing afire." He said, "Well, there's plenty of water to put it out." He dried it all out and didn't blow us up and we got over and back O.K.

The next day Vera and I made the same route and did so for five or six days.

Vera and I had a real good time camping at their place. Spent several evenings with the Webbs. Had some fun with the pegleg cowboy. He could ride some pretty rough horses there at the ranch.

One morning at the Curtis Farm, where we were digging, Vera and I saw quite a show. The Curtises and most of the farmers along the Gila River near Safford worked Mexican wet backs from Mexico. On this particular morning there were at least 6 Mexicans working near where we were digging. One man was up on an old long trailer bed putting on a show for anyone that wanted to see. He was pretending to be an opera singer, etc. He would dance from one end of the trailer to the other, singing, swinging his arms and really putting on a performance. About that time a scout plane flew over and said Mexican left that trailer and went under the fence where the cows were eating hay and the other Mexicans who were near, also ran for the brush along the edge of the river nearby.

Then, in about 15 minutes the patrol boys showed up.

I was in a room some 7 feet deep working, and Vera was in another room copying off some designs on a wall that had been decorated by some prehistoric person. I was pretty busy throwing dirt out of the deep room, and didn't hear Vera speak to anyone, but I happened to look up and standing on the wall above me was a border patrol with his hand on his gun ready to order me out as a wetback. When I saw him I said, "Where's your shovel?" He didn't know what to do. He really looked dumb. While he was standing there, Vera saw the Mexicans go under cover and she was laughing at seeing me almost caught for a wetback.

The farmers rarely lost a wetback to the officers. They had a signal system.

In the late 1950s Vera and I joined a scientific group at Tombstone. It was led by the late Dr. Lyndon Hargrave and an ex government botanist, and an ex Phelps Dodge chemical engineer.

We had wonderful speakers at every meeting. We met once a month. Sorry that I don't remember the names of members and speakers.

I was the last vice-president serving before we had to disband, owing to

the lack of crowds to hear the speakers. The money we had in the treasury we voted to give to the Desert Museum in Tucson.

The speakers we had were well known in the scientific field. We had one on Birds, one on Animals and Reptiles, one on Plants, one on Minerals, and many wanted to know the history of Fort Huachuca, so the late Major John Healey was booked for the job. When he arrived I, along with Vera was the only person who knew him. The president was at a loss. I said I knew Healey pretty well, so I had the pleasure of introducing the major. Later Healey was called back for duty and was Lt. Colonel John Healey when he died. Vera and I know Mrs. Healey and have visited their home in Carr Canyon.

Vera and I have made three trips out of the continental United States. Two were to Catalina Island and one to Casas Grandes, Chihuahua, Mexico.

This trip I will give a preview outline.

Dr. DiPeso, whom Vera and I worked with one season near Fairbanks, Arizona, was in charge of the large excavation going on at Casas Grandes. For some time he had been trying to get Vera and me to come visit the dig and tell him what we thought of some features he was uncovering at the site. Good luck came our way just at the right time. Some friends in Silver City, New Mexico wrote that they were leaving on a certain date for Mexico to visit the ruin DiPeso was working, and why not join their group, all to meet at the Customs in Juarez, Mexico at a certain date and hour.

So the day before we were to meet for the trip, Vera and I drove to El Paso, where we were met by Rex E. Gerald, a good friend, that at one time was with Di Peso at the Amerind Foundation. We arrived fairly late and as Gerald's wife was in Mexico already, he thought we should go out to eat dinner some place and not fix anything at his place.

Their home was in a swell location and nearby was one of the swankiest places to eat in El Paso. Vera and I were not dressed to go to such a place, but Gerald said Texas people didn't care, so we went.

At the door we were royally met by three young fellows -- one took Gerald's order for a table for three, one escorted Vera and one followed with the menu. When we were seated the escort with Vera took her small jacket and placed it near on a chair just like it was sable or mink.

Well, Gerald ordered something that called for some special show. (He was shooting the works.) Whatever he ordered, they rolled in an electric grill of some sort, plugged it in, then poured something over the affair, lit a match to it and pronto, Rex had his eats on his plate. They turned out the lights in our

section while this took place.

We got out of the dining room o.k. While in there we discovered that there were three dining rooms. The one we were in was for those who just stopped by, one was for reserved tables only, and the third was for clubs and the like -- members only.

The next morning we were at the Customs by 7:30. Gerald was driving his own car and as he had a pass and could leave without any holdup at Customs, he left at once. There was a line ahead of us and the group we were to join had not arrived yet.

When we did get up to the inspection place, we opened the car trunk, opened our suitcase and Vera went inside the office to start giving information needed. Gerald had told me how to get quick inspection. I put a one dollar bill in the inspector's pocket and went inside to sign up. The inspector came right in and told the desk fellow o.k. So we had our papers and were ready to leave. Meantime the group had showed up. When we went to shut the car trunk and close our suitcase, we noticed the inspector was enjoying some candy he was sampling from a package on our rear seat. So we parted from the Customs all happy and we had a head start on our friends.

About fifteen miles south of Juarez we had to stop for military inspection. They took their time and I didn't offer any dollar. This highway is Highway 45 south. Around 100 miles south you come to El Sueco and here you take Road 10 going due west and again check through the military. From here you go through El Carmen and to Buenaventura where you turn northwest to Casas Grandes.

DiPeso had made arrangements with the large motel serving Casas at that time for our group. Vera and I were the first to arrive. We went into the office where we were met by two young Spanish speaking fellows who gave us a royal welcome and said to pick the quarters we wished. So we had first choice.

That evening after dinner we visited and got all set to visit the laboratory the next morning to see what they had found and were working on at the lab and see pictures and visit with DiPeso and his staff.

That afternoon a group were flying in from Tucson via Nogales. There being no bus service at that time, DiPeso asked if our group would go meet the plane and bring the outfit to the motel. We all agreed and went out to meet the plane. The landing field was two miles out and the road was just a trail. There were 8 cars of us. The leader of the Tucson group seemed to be put out that DiPeso didn't come to meet them and have a special bar etc. Well, we told him DiPeso got hurt the night before and didn't feel up to par and that there were no buses, etc. Our cars were loaded, all we could haul.

One fellow, Watson Smith, well known archaeologist was complaining. Vera and I had met him at several archaeological meetings and we didn't like his type. All of our party wanted to get back to town to be with our wives and friends and this bunch from Tucson got under our skins.

This Watson Smith fellow made me mad. All were loaded and he kept delaying the leaving for town. I had 5 people in my car. I finally told him, "Either get in my car and shut your damn bellyaching or you can go to hell and walk." He got in and kept very quiet. (A few years later I met him at Pecos, New Mexico at the conference held there. He really was friendly and I guess had forgotten my cussing him out.)

That night all the visitors gathered at the motel restaurant for dinner. There were some 85 or more. DiPeso and staff were also there. We were entertained by the Mariachis during the meal and all had a good time.

After dinner Vera and I went to visit DiPeso and family at their house in Dublan about 2 miles out north of Casas Grandes.

The next day we all made the tour along with DiPeso, looking over the part excavated to date, and over what would take another two years to cover.

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and it was at least several seconds before any of us could see any results. But he got results and it was because he was right there. Later he told Vera and me that she was dead and he didn't think he could do anything. In just a few minutes the old lady sat up and seemed o.k. The doctor told DiPeso o.k. and he continued his lecture as though nothing had interfered.

The group from Tucson had to leave by plane the next morning before six o'clock. They all left but the doctor and wife. After the ordeal at the lecture the doctor had got gloriously drunk and wasn't able to leave.

As our group was leaving also that day, our friend, DiPeso asked Vera and me if we would take the doctor and wife to El Paso with us. Since we were alone, why not.

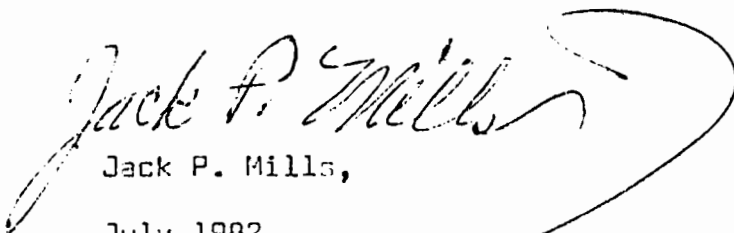
At one time this doctor was on the border with the custom officers, and when we got on the American side the doctor and officials got so happy visiting they didn't even check our car, papers, or anything. Later the doctor's wife said, "I am disappointed. I didn't get to show my papers." The doctor just laughed real loud and said, "You think they would check any car or outfit I was with!"

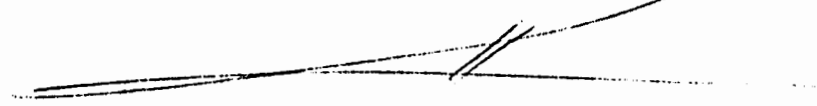
We ended up bringing them on to Willcox. Reached Willcox around midnight and left them standing at the bus depot. There was a through bus due soon going on west.

This was one trip well worth making.

Now to Vera Marie, my wife of 65 years, I owe much thanks for her patience and love in putting up with my forgetting the chores, not hearing what was said to me, even turning on the light in the garage, even the tank house, forgetting to turn them out and letting them burn for 4 or 5 days. All this while I lived in the past while writing these memoirs.

To Harriette Glenn who so kind hearted took on the job of reading my writing, correcting words, and in general having the patience to have read and typed this mixture of the past in my life. I will never be able to thank Harriette enough or repay her in any way for the wonderful job she has done.


Jack P. Mills,
July 1982.



JACK MILLS
FAMILY TREE DATA

Father's side

Great Grandfather William Mills
Born October 21, 1778, Dorchester County, Maryland
Died 1846, Caldwell County, Texas

Great Grandmother Sophia Penn Banks
Born
Died 1873 Caldwell County, Texas

Grandfather Richmond C. Mills
Born October 4, 1823, Pulaski County, Kentucky
Died January 31, 1860, Pulaski County, Kentucky

Grandmother Sarah A. Cundiff
Born February 26, 1828
Died March 23, 1919, Pulaski County, Kentucky

Father Henry Pritchett Mills
Born April 24, 1851, Pulaski County, Kentucky
Died September 22, 1907, London, Laurel Co., Kentucky

Mother Elizabeth Jane Catron
Born March 27, 1855, Dallas, Pulaski Co., Kentucky
Died November 10, 1954, Tulsa, Oklahoma
Buried in Claremore, Oklahoma November 14, 1954

JACK MILLS

Mother's side

Grandfather

William Catron (Pennsylvania Dutch)

Born January 17, 1825, Virginia

Died June 22, 1905 or 1906, Dallas, Pulaski County,
Kentucky

Great Grandfather

Christopher Catron

Great Grandmother

Harriet Baumgardner

Grandmother

Nancy Katherine Payne

Born about 1829 Knox County, Kentucky

Died June 13, 1910

Great Grandfather

James Payne

Great Grandmother

Harriet Ridgel

My grandfather Catron was married 4 times.

1. Married my grandmother Nancy Katherine Payne.
2. Married Morning Muncie. She died in childbirth.
3. Remarried my grandmother Nancy Katherine.
4. Divorced her again and married Armina Lestmant.

Each time he set my grandmother up in a nice home and furnished her a living all her life until his death.

Armina and Nancy Katherine sat side by side at the funeral and cried together. I was there with my mother and it sure looked strange to see the two together.

Office of

Harding County School Superintendent

Elbert L. Wallace

Mosquero, New Mexico

March 10, 1938

To Whom it may concern:

I hereby recommend Mr. Jack Mills for any job he may be seeking. I know him to be a skilled carpenter and a real mechanic of that trade. That happens to be the only work of which I am familiar and can recommend him for no other except from the standpoint of a man. I have known Mr. Mills for the past five years and while I know nothing of his work, except as a carpenter, he is the kind that would not accept a job unless he knew he could do the job. If he says he can do a job he will fill the bill. I recommend Mr. Mills and will appreciate any consideration you give him. If he receives the appointment I am sure you will have any cause to regret it.

Yours truly,

E. L. Wallace
Elbert L. Wallace

County School Superintendent

Los Angeles Cal.

July 23 - 1940

To Whom it may concern
that I have known
Jack Phillips for nearly
20 years having worked
under his supervision
and with him at nearly
all classes of construction
and found him a very capable
and reliable Workman

A M Dennis - Builder

4539 Vesper ave

Sherman Oaks

Los Angeles Cal

ROLLAND J. VAN NESS

458 S. WETHERLY DRIVE
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

ARTISTIC HOMES
"BETTER BUILT"

CRESTVIEW 5-9989

August 2, 1940.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Mr. Jack P. Mills, the bearer, has been in my employ as Superintendent of Construction and Carpenter foreman for a period of over five years, during which time he performed his work faithfully and well. He is absolutely honest, a first-class workman and has had a wide experience in the handling of men. I am sure that he will make good on any job that he undertakes.

It is with pleasure that I give this recommendation.

Very truly yours,

R. J. Van Ness.

Los Angeles, Calif.

To whom it may concerne;

I have known Mr. Jack P. Mills, for a number of years and found him very efficient as carpenter foreman, an' a conscientious workman, good at handling men. Worked for me five years or more; Am sure he is capable of doing anything that you might give him.

Respectively

R. S. Hermlee

FORM A D 45---K F & P CO.

PHELPS DODGE CORPORATION

MORENCI BRANCH

Memorandum To Mr. E. W. Davis, W. A. Bechtel Co. August 29, 1940 19
From Employment Office Subject _____

This will serve to introduce to you the bearer, Mr. J. P. Mills, carpenter, who was in our employ to August 2nd and who left our employ of his own accord to attend to personal business. His conduct and services have been excellent.

W. G. E. Hunt

DIGGING FOR HISTORY

By Diana M. Wakefield-Sanford

Jack and Vera Mills have been digging for history for more than 40 years. They are self-taught archaeologists whose work has won them the respect and admiration of many professionals in the field.

It's no small accomplishment; he is 85 and she is 77.

The couple has specialized in studying the Salado Culture, a Pueblo Indian people who occupied southeastern Arizona more than 500 years ago.

At their home, outside Elfrida, Arizona, they have built a private museum that houses an impressive collection of rare Indian artifacts which they have excavated from various sites near their home and other parts of Arizona.

Their interest in archaeology dates back to the 1930's.

"At that time we didn't intend to get serious about it," Vera Mills said recently.

In the beginning she and her husband would go surface hunting, looking for small artifacts such as arrowheads and beads above ground. Even then they were sufficiently conscientious to record their finds and where they came from.

Soon their "hobby" deepened into a desire to do more serious archaeological studies. Especially when they saw how many ancient villages and camp sites were being destroyed by land leveling and farm equipment.

By trade Jack Mills was a building foreman. But with a family to support, there was no way he could abandon his work to study archaeology full-time. So the couple contented themselves with reading books on the subject that they acquired from the University of Arizona in Tucson.

"That was 35 years ago," Mrs. Mills said. "Now we have quite a library and we're still studying. It never stops," she continued, "the further you go, the deeper it gets."

After two years of serious study Jack and Vera Mills went out on their first dig. Mrs. Mills recalls that it was not a very important site, but a good place to try out their newly-learned techniques.

"It was where we cut our archaeological teeth," she added with a laugh.

During this period, while Jack Mills was still working in the construction industry, their archaeological studies had to take second place to the business of making a living. It was only when he retired in 1965 that they were able to devote themselves full-time to the study of the prehistoric peoples of Arizona.

While excavating a site Jack does the digging and the map making while Vera takes the photographs, does the cataloging and looks after the museum.

"I'm just the flunky," she says with a laugh.

"No," Jack retorts, "she's the archaeologist and I'm just the digger."

Since their first dig they have excavated about 10 different sites. Some of these have been salvage digs — ones where the sites have been disturbed and partly destroyed. Others they have found relatively intact.

"If I ever found one that had never been disturbed, I'd tell people that I thought I had died and gone to an archaeologist's heaven," Vera Mills quipped.

The Kuykendall Site, located on a ranch in the Sulphur Springs Valley north of Douglas, Arizona, took 10 years to excavate and a further two years to write the report.

At this site was located a pre-historic Salado village occupied between 1100 and 1450 A.D. by an agricultural people who built permanent villages and raised their crops of corn, cotton, beans and squash. These people made fired pottery vessels, some of them beautifully decorated.

In their report the Mills wrote, "The inhabitants of this village used beads, pendants, bracelets and rings to adorn themselves. Beads were made of clay, shell, serpentine and turquoise. Deer bones and antlers were utilized for making various types of implements."

A total of 20,815 sherds (or pieces of pottery) were recovered from the Kuykendall site. With the exception of a few pieces which were gifts to museums or individuals, all the pottery recovered is housed in the Mills' museum.

Of all the pottery found only about two percent of the vessels were found intact, Mrs. Mills explained. Fitting the pieces together to restore a bowl, pot or vase is worse than working the most complicated jigsaw puzzle, she said.

In the study of archaeology, the pottery recovered is of great importance.

"To the trained archaeologist it identifies the culture, the tribe, the date and where it was made," Mrs. Mills explained.

"The Salado people had quite a sophisticated trade system," she said, noting that some pieces of pottery recovered were known to have originated in another area.

For instance, she said, we found copper belts in the Salado villages which we know came from Mexico. The Salado were a stone age people and had no skills at metal working. We also found shell jewelry which we presume came from the west coast of California or Mexico, she said.

The houses of the ancient inhabitants of the Sulphur Springs Valley were built of adobe. A house would have only one room, but many would be placed side by side to form the ancient people's answer to the modern apartment building.

Roofs were constructed by placing large roof timbers across from wall to wall. Two or three layers of grass, placed at right angles to each other, would be placed across the timbers and this would be topped by a four-inch layer of adobe, Jack and Vera Mills found.

Doorways consisted of a hole in the roof, doubling as an escape outlet for the smoke of their cooking fires. Each house would have two ladders; one to climb onto the roof, the other to climb down into the house.

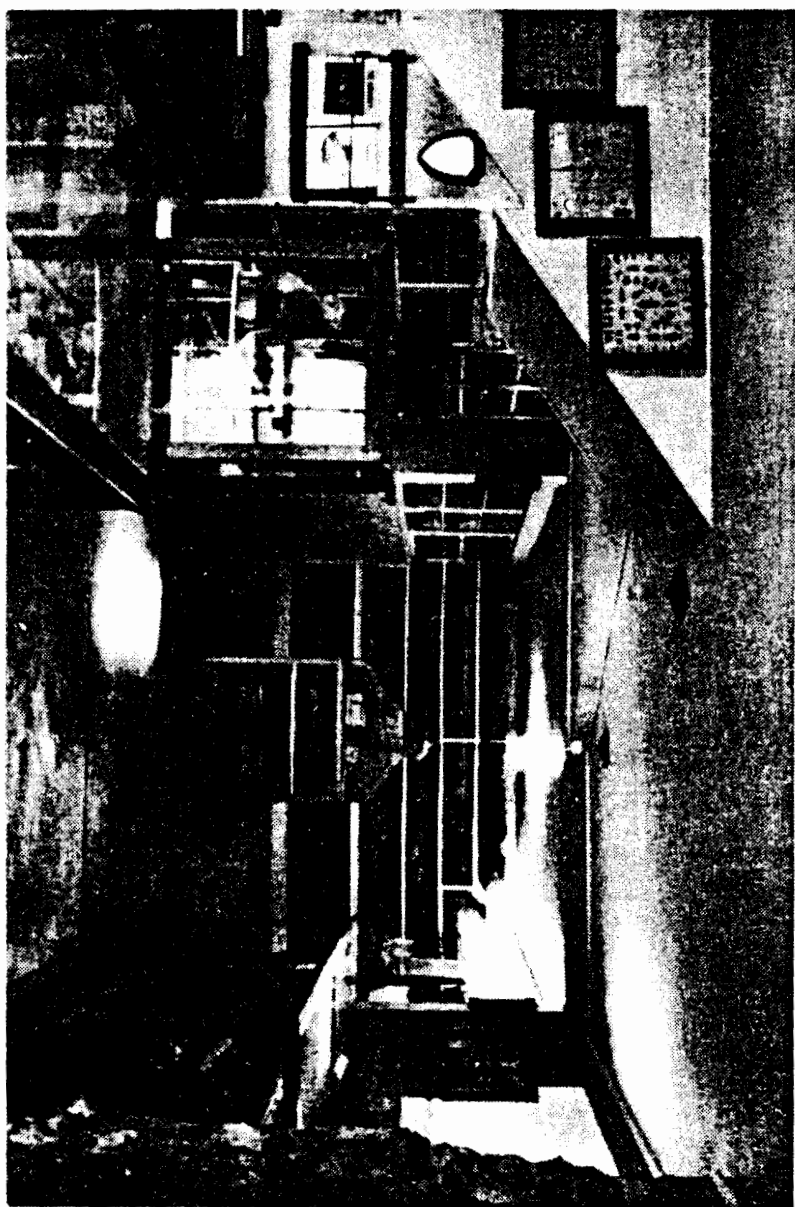
The walls of a house were built to fit the timbers, so opposite walls were not necessarily of the same dimensions. This might seem curious at first, Jack Mills explained, "Until one realizes what tremendous hard work was involved in cutting a large timber with an axe made of stone."

The couple's latest excavation was in the Safford, Arizona area. They completed the dig after working on it for more than four and a half years. The report has been completed and they estimate it would cost around \$1,500 to publish it.

Since the beginning, they have financed their archaeological studies themselves without any grants or financial assistance of any kind.

Dr. Charles Di Peso of the Amerind Foundation, a non-profit archaeological research association in Dragoon, Arizona, recently said of Jack and Vera Mills, "I have never met any other non-professionals who have given so much of themselves, their time and their personal finances to the field of archaeology."

Asked if he had any regrets about bypassing archaeology as a professional when he was younger, Jack Mills replied, "No, because I've built some pretty wonderful things in the building trade."



Jack Mills constructed the building which houses their private museum and built all the fittings and display cabinets himself. (Photograph by Diana M. Wakefield-Sanford)