

In the winter of 2012 the Prescott Valley Historical Society received a wonderful surprise from Mr. Harry Breunig of Olwalla, WA. It was a handwritten memoir of his mother Dorothy during her childhood, much of which was spent in the Lynx Creek area. She wrote it when she was in her 80's and passed away at age 93. She titled the memoir "Mission Accomplished" which leads us to believe that she had thought about doing this for some time. Her memory was phenomenal and we only wish that she had continued beyond her marriage and moving from Prescott. We have used her sentence construction and copied this as accurately as possible. We know you will enjoy this memory of the earlier years of our area.

Gail Burton
Barb Burton

"Mission Accomplished"

It was late summer in 1908 when my dear mother my baby sister Esme and I left St. Day Cornwall England to be with my father in America.

I was born in St. Day on Sept 1, 1903. I was named Dorothy because mother and father could not agree on a name so several relatives put a name in a hat. Someone drew out the name Dorothy my father's entry.

We were leaving all of our friends and relatives also church and Sun. school.

We were all Wesleyan Methodists. John Wesley was the founder of the Methodist church and preached in Cornwall many times.

We were sailing away on the S.S. Philadelphia from Southampton to New York U.S.A.

An uneventful voyage but lots of fog and some nights the fog horn blew incessantly. It took nine days and nights to cross the Atlantic. We were oh so happy when we landed safely. The harbor pilot met us to get us into the right berth in New York harbor. My Mother was a very poor sailor and was in her bunk most of the time.

A very kind gentleman (Mr. Berryman) helped care for Esme and me. He helped us through customs and Ellis Island. Everything was fine until the officials discovered I had not been vaccinated for small pox. Mother explained I had exema as a baby and could not tolerate the serum. The officials decided everything else was in order so we were admitted to the U.S.A. Hurrah.

From Ellis Island went to a hotel up town New York. Very nice, however the food was different to what we were used to and not very palatable.

After a couple of days resting up we took the train for Prescott, Ariz.

I always loved to look out the train window until darkness settled in. So many lovely vistas different elevations and climates between New York and Arizona. I remember so vividly seeing real America Indians setting crossed legged at the depot in Santa Fe, New Mexico. They were selling their wares, lovely belts (beaded), head bands bows and arrows. Very exciting for a little English girl.

My father met us in Albuquerque. After our happy reunion with papa we were on our way to Prescott a lovely little town in Yavapai Co. Northern Ariz. Mile high city.

We stayed in the Prescott Hotel for a couple of days to rest up a bit. Papa went to the livery stable to hire a coach and driver to drive us through Groom Creek up over the summit and down through Crook Canyon to the Bodie Mine. Crook Canyon so named for Gen Crook who fought many Indian battles there.

When we arrived at the camp the Chinese cook had just chopped off several chicken heads and they were flopping around on the ground under a big juniper tree. What a revolting sight and furthermore Mother had never seen an Oriental before, kinda scary!

Our home was company owned and not much to look at. Very crude with rough siding, rough wooden floors, chinks between the wall boards where snow in winter drifted in little piles and dust in the summer. Mother never complained but everything was so alien to her.

Being a child I soon adapted myself to the climate, rough rocky terrain wasps, beetles and range cattle with ease. The leader of the cattle most always had a cow bell on. Centipedes and vultures.

Mother had taken little six year old Louis Hand under her wing as his mother had died recently and dear mother had just lost my dear little 6 year old brother after a mastoid operation. Very tragic and heart breaking He was named Kitchner for Lord Kitchner who won the Battle of Jutland in the No. Sea. A very bright and handsome little lad. Mother kept him dressed so nicely in cream or navy blue jersey and short knickers to match. I missed him so very much. Papa was in this county when Kitchner died but Mother carried on very bravely. He is buried in an old church yard in Cornwall. Louis could never fill the void but brought mother joy in the strange and wild west but wonderful!

Dad filled the larder with all kinds of food some new to us, esp. macaroni, can milk and others for which we were very grateful. Mother could now make us a delicious Cornish pastry (yum yum) meat pies boiled or steamed beef steak and kidney pudding. We were blessed with lovely fresh vegetables fruits, eggs and chicken. My father was a poultry fancier so we had many breeds to name a few Minorcas, Speckled Sussex, Wyndottes, Plymouth Rocks, Buff Cochins, Yokahama Bantams, Golden and Silver Seabright bantamas (sic) etc.

Mother had a nice wood range. . We had to gather all of the wood and kindling, pine wood a fast hot fire, black jack and white oak for a slow fire for baking. We were very well nourished.

Our parents were very good and kind parents, very interested in our welfare and health.

We had the basic seven plus rich cream and home churned butter.

Dear Mamma tried to keep Esme and me in white pinafores, but there was a dear elderly Irishman by the name of Mark Murphy. He said to Mamma "my dear Mrs. Brown you will never be able to keep these little girls dressed in this fashion out here".

He was going to Prescott in a few days and asked if he might bring back a few things for us. Mother consented.

He left and was back in about a week. Louis and I were just as happy because he brought us striped coveralls, but a Western saddle each. Winchester 22, hunting knife and small hatchet. Mark also brought me my first camera. Later on he took Louis and I on a wonderful trip. In the meantime I had learned to run over the rough terrain like a mountain goat. Louis and I played out of doors most of the time. We went wading in the creek, skipped flat pebbles on the water, looked for doodle bugs and watched horned toads to see if they spit fire when teased. All fun and time consuming for little kids. We learned a lot about nature fast.

Dear Mark wanted to go to Walnut Creek to visit friends and do some trout fishing. He had all the gear and know how. Expert hunter also. My parents were apprehensive but talking to the men around camp decided to let me go and Louis; father mine Supt. said it was fine with him.

We started early one morning. Mark riding a gentle white mare Louis and I on burros and one pack burro with our provisions. We rode over mountain trails most of the day. It was hot, dry and dusty but wonderful. After once breathing that dust into your nostrils you never forget it, even to this day occasionally (sic) I get a whiff. There was a purple haze hanging over the valleys and canyons below a beautiful panorama and landscape.

The first night we stayed in an old adobe house with a rock fire place. There was brook running by the property with lots of brook trout, mark caught several. Louis and each had to fry our own over a camp fire with a grill. My frying plan caught fire so I threw it into a small patch of dry grass which instantly caught fire. We formed a little bucket brigade and doused it. Three cheers!

Mark built a nice warm fire in the primitive fireplace in the adobe and kept it going all night long. I slept in a caboose. It folded up but when opened it had a hood over it and was very comfortable even had mosquito netting to cover it. Louis slept on the floor and I believe Mark stayed awake most all night making sure we were warm and comfortable.

The next morning after breakfast we discovered our pack burro had gnawed his rope in two and took off so Louise and I had to double up on the horse and mark rode the burro so onward we went single file.

I don't know what time we arrived at the large old ranch house at Walnut Creek nor the name of the wonderful and hospitable family however I was very impressed by all the wild animal pelts nailed on the outside of the old ranch house. There were coon skunk, bobcat, lynx, and Mt lion. They were all varmints, as they killed chicken, turkey and livestock. They were killed likewise.

We stayed a few days had a fine time and then left for the long arduous ride home. What an experience for a little English girl.

When we arrived home mother was not well, very far from all her relatives and friends no one to talk to. Very lonely I'm sure. The one lady and only one lived approx 2 miles up the creek. Her name was Jenny Applestill (odd) pretty much a sad sack. Seems as tho she had been bitten by a centipede some time ago and she never forgot it and had to show her scar to anyone who wanted to see. Kinda flaky!!

Mother was not getting better so the mine doctor told papa mamma had to have a change. I do not remember anything about our leaving the Brodie mining camp with its large boarding house with its iron triangle which the Chinese cook rang to call the miners for meals. We left for Sutter Creek, Amadore Co. Calif. in the mother lode. Many Cornish Jenny's and Jacks there. We all made many lovely friends.

This was in 1910. The mines were going full blast. Papa became the engineer in charge of the hoist which lowered the miners in the cage down into the shaft. This was the Eureka. Very wealthy and miserly Hetty Green owned it I believe. I saw her crossing the street one day dressed in a long dress sweeping the sidewalk also a large brimmed hat and high buttoned shoes which the ladies wore then and everyone had to own a button hook.

I started grammar school, the 1st grade in Sutter Creek. My teacher was Miss Herman a spinster lady. I liked her. Only once she had to chastise me. We had a fire drill and I wasn't about to leave my coat in the cloak room and went back to get it. (A no-no)

The older boys played cricket, marbles and tops.

One of our little friends died of diphtheria and was taken away in the middle of the night in a hearse drawn by two horses to the grave yard and buried.

A few days later was Decoration Day – The school children paraded to the cemetery to pay our respects to the dead and decorate the graves, our little friend was not forgotten. It was a very hot day and being out in the sun most of the day I had a slight heat stroke.

The most memorable event was Haley's comet in 1910. Our dear neighbor and her family, mamma, papa, Esme and I all stood in the street watching the pretty comet with the beautiful long tail streak across the sky. A beautiful clear night and a sight to behold.

Many Italians and Austrians were so afraid it was the end of the world so crawled into their beds until they thought it safe to get out.

I had a white Pomarian dog named Maggie and everywhere I went Maggie went she was a pal.

Sutter Creek had more than its share of saloons and drunkenness. In those days the cow punchers drove their herds of cattle right through the main street of town.

Mother had a cousin by the name of Syd Jewel and his wife Lillian who lived in Jackson. Syd worked at the Kenedy mine deepest gold mine in the U.S.A.

I enjoyed watching the miners with their carbide lamps and lunch pails going to work – but it was very hard and dangerous work. Many cave ins in the drifts esp. if the shoring up with the big timbers with not properly done. If a miner was killed the mine whistle always blew for each one. It was very disconcerting for students whose fathers worked underground.

Mamma enjoyed visiting with Lillian and Syd so very much. On Sat. several of we children went out to pick wild flowers especially beautiful little shooting stars and wild violets.

Papa brought a cow so we would have plenty fresh milk and cream, she was a Holstein. One week soon after I became ill with high temperature and rash. Guess what? Scarlet fever so we were quarantined for two weeks I believe. Papa could not live at home. In the meantime mamma's brother Syd came to live in Sutter Creek to be near mother and dad, so dad and he stayed together. During the quarantine our shingle roof caught fire from cinders in the fire place, and our cow got out ate to much green grass and boated. I think she recovered?

Only thru the kindness of fine neighbors and the grace of God dear mother came through unscathed. I recuperated very quickly. I was a very healthy little girl. Papa returned home and was very happy to be with us.

However there were always green fields far away. He and mother decided to return to our beloved Arizona. We packed and when back to Poland Ariz. on the big Bug Creek. It seems mamma and papa all of their lives had money to do whatever they wished to do and it cost a bundle. Then everything is relative monetarily now and then.

Papa was offered a good job in the round house in Poland. A little narrow gage railroad was built, (where many said it would never be built between Prescott and Poland)

We children played in the large concentrate bins, where the crushed rock was dumped until the little train came and loaded it into coal cars and took the ore to the smelter in Mayer and Humbolt.

I went back to our little one room school in Poland. We had a man teacher elderly who always sat in his swivel chair at his desk and slept. We students always made faces at him out of fun. In later years I came to believe he had been doing a little imbibing. He did not last long.

There was always much snow and ice in the winter so we children had to take the ashes out of our little heater and spread it on the ice outside of our front door so we should not slip we had hob nails in our boots to help keep us from falling and we never did very sure footed.

My family had met some very kind ranchers by the name of Taylor. There were two daughter Annie & Vi, two sons Tony, Jo, papa and mama.

What a beautiful ranch a large family home and nice guest house. The daughters Annie and Vi took care of the home cooking cleaning etc. Mama worked out of doors, tending to apple orchard, cider press yum! yum! black currants gooseberries, poultry, bees wax candles a real challenge. The father & sons were real cow punchers. They had round up to ear mark, brand and castrate the little male calves. I used to watch it all and dreaded the branding with the hot branding iron. The poor little calves let out a pitiful cry and it was then (the brand) with creosote to keep out screw worms.

Joe, Tony and father strapped six shooters on every morning after sleeping with them under their pillows all night. Always aware of cattle rustlers and mountain lions the bane of their existence. Mrs. Taylor always wore denim skirts and jumpers and chewed snuff. She worked out of doors all day. Annie & Vi did all the cooking. Prepared string beans potato cabbage plus always baking powder biscuits with home churned butter and honey or cream gravy for dinner. There was a lovely stream the "Big Bug" which cut their property in half – the apple orchard, bramble and currants grew on the opposite side to the home cattle corrals etc. also a wonderful cider press – extraordinarily good sweet cider and healthful. Mrs. Taylor did the vegetable and flower gardening all kinds and good. While the men were riding the range checking on the cattle and looking for mavericks they were also looking for wild bee trees. When they found one they marked it and came back with 5 gal. coal oil buckets to put the honey in. We enjoyed chewing the fresh new honey comb so much. Poland mesa was a very pretty mesa lots of blue spruce oak trees and this was the place to find bee trees.

One time when I was visiting with them Mr. Taylor came home from Poland and informed me I had a brand new baby brother. About a week later took me on a burro to see my dear mother and baby

brother. I took one look at William Howard named for Pres Taft. He did not look like I thought a new baby should look, so I bid my mamma adieu got on the burro and back to the ranch. Happy Day! Howard was born the 2nd of Aug 1911.

I was always busy and happy on the ranch. We, Annie and I used to go to the crik (Big Bug) when she had time to look for little shiny gold bugs on the water supposedly a good omen, when we found them we panned for gold occasionally found small nuggets but lots of flakes.

I finally had to go home to start school. Howard did not cry for 3 days and when he Dr. Swetman next door heard him and mother dad and the Dr. were all so happy. A little boy for mother and dad. I know mother grieved for little Kitchner, she shed many tears. He was her first born smart and handsome. I remembered him always playing store with cute little scales, also lying in the little casket at home. Mother bought a beautiful glass dome with a pretty dove and flowers inside for his grave. He is buried in an old church yard in Cornwall. Dad was here all the while Kitchner was ill that was in Ariz.

Dr. Swetman suggested dad buy a cow so Howard could have fresh milk. Later our cow had a new calf and named our calf Patty – he was our pet but when he was six months old dad slaughtered him. We Esme and I were broken hearted. Life can be cruel.

One Sunday dad wanted to take us for a ride, so we climbed into an ore car drawn by 'ol Maude the trustee mule. Papa thought we should experience a ride through tunnel about one mile long between Poland and Walker another mining camp. Papa got out of the ore car to get ice cold spring water dropped the tin can frightened 'ole Maud and she took off like a shot out of a gun with papa running after calling Maud to stop (whoa) she paid not attention. We finally reached the far end and luckily there was a large iron gate so Maude had to stop. We were so frightened we were shaking. Dad soon caught up with us. We all climbed out of the iron ore car and walked in to Walker – what a harrowing experience.

At the little railroad depot in Poland we had a telegraph operator. We children would stop in to see him after school, he always had cold hands, he would give us a key to hold on the wireless and a jolt of electricity would pass through the leader and on thru each of us, Fun?

A few of we children would also put our ear to the train track to listen for a signal of a train coming if not we would run across the trestle high above a stream, which became a raging torrent after a cloud burst. If our dear parents only knew of the dangerous acts we performed. Bad little kids.

It was so much fun to go walking looking for wild grapes and elderberries for mother to make jelly. It was such a good spread for our delicious home baked bread.

Our home in Poland was a very comfortable and happy home.

Behind our home was the largest young ponderosa pine tree forest in the U.S.A. at that time.

Most everyone had a nice garden but rather short growing season so the ladies did a lot of canning. We all had hollyhocks, flags, purple iris, nasturtiums wild rose and morning glories. Hops grew over most front verandas where there most always a rocking chair where it was to sit in to shuck corn, string beans, also crochet embroidery or sew, especially mending.

In Poland there was the usual Gen store, always a post office, rooms for rent, pool room and livery stable, saddle horses etc. Outside was the hitching post where the cowpunchers tied up their horses. They were most always followed by several blood hounds who did a lot of baying. They were also used for tracking, lost persons, livestock and wild animals.

Up stream from the Taylors ranch there lived another man George Friday. He had lovely apple orchard and he invariably used more than his share of water from the Big Bug Cr. which caused no end of trouble and generally ended in a bitter court battle. Water rights were big and hard fought issue. The judge was very fair so each party had a fair amount of water for their property.

The man George Friday disappeared at a later date. Sometime later from (sic) people from Prescott were inspecting the assessment work on his property which was a tunnel dug back into the hill. There the visitors found poor George dead wrapped in a blanket and carried into the tunnel on a ladder. The murderers were never found. Mystery!

The Christmas after Howard was born we had a lovely day. Mother made delicious plum pudding served with hard sauce mother stuffed a large rooster and roasted it. It was a wonderful dinner and we had a pretty tree fresh cut. Papa had invited a dear old Southern gentleman and he was a gentleman in every respect, educated and a meticulous (sic) dresser. He was alone so he really enjoyed being with a family.

He had a nice cabin, orchard, and flower garden. He also had a rich mining claim staked out high up on the mountain.

The last time he went up to his claim he was caught in a blizzard. He tried to get back home but never made it. He was found by a search party frozen to death. A dear kind man.

Mammas health was failing and when Howard was eight months old she was in the Mercy Hospital in Prescott for two weeks, altitude heart. Dr.

Swetman told dad she should go to San Diego Ca or back to her native air Cornwall. Our wonderful friends the Taylor's had taken Howard, 8 mo. Old Esme and I to their home and cared for us until papa could give away furniture a home for our beloved dog Snyder, a pretty black shepard (sic) and get packed and ready to leave our much loved Poland Ariz.

We boarded the little train for Prescott all five of us. From there we took the Santa Fe to N. Y. I loved to ride the train, at every whistle stop during the day I got off to get chicklets out of the dispensers. I enjoyed the crossing wig wags train whistle and bells, also the scenery along the way. After we settled in the hotel in New York papa had go out shopping for slippers for mother as her feet were so swollen she could not get any of her shoes on. He came with a pair of Juliets very furry and warm. Papa was very proud of we children because the hotel managers always complimented him on our good behavior.

We sailed out of New York harbor on the White Star Liner "the Adriatic" sister ship to the ill-fated Titanic also white star liner.

Now this was April 1912 and soon after we boarded ship it became known we had several survivors from the fateful sinking of the luxury and unsinkable Titanic.

Some of the wealthiest people in the world went down with the ship. On board the Adriatic were all women children others than a steward who was still in shock. I remember one very pretty blonde

Swedish lady with a little boy and a baby in arms. She stood in icy water for hours. She had lost her husband. One other lovely young lady was coming to America with her father and sweetheart to be married here. Both of the men went down with the Titanic and she was on her way back to her homeland. Very sad.

Now papa had his hands full a eight month old son, two little girls and a very sick wife but he always took care perfectly and no complaints, a good man.

It took only seven days and nights to cross the Atlantic Ocean. We landed safely in Liverpool and boarded one of the fastest little trains in England for St. Day with them. Grandfather sat and rocked Howard by the hour. Very fond of his new grandson. My grandfather Brown was quite a sea faring man. He left Cornwall approx 1850 and in a sailing vessel for So. America., sailed around the Horn, went to Valpariso (sic) and Santiago Chili and up the coast to Mexico and on to San Diego. The crew had trouble with the ship and had a long lay over somewhere along the way. I wish I paid more attention when my father was telling us this saga of the sea – but I never forgot the part I related. Strange sounding names in faraway places.

Grandfather and Grandmother Brown were owner's of a nice sweet shop and real nice home combined. A lovely parlor with velvet drapes nice (good) furniture. A piano and paintings my Aunt Hetty painted, hanging on the wall, they were very pretty I remember one of a flock of sheep at a watering hole lovely scenery and another painting on pansies as a child I was very impressed.

I loved my Aunt Hetty but not charlotte. She gave me a doll and a doll buggy which really was not my dish of tea – Tom Boy me. They had a quarrel and I took Aunt Hetty's side so Charlotte took my doll buggy and doll away from me. I sassed her so there was no love lost.

We had to take a large earthen ware jug to the village pump for water this was a little village Chararrack, close to St. Day.

We kids all had plenty ju – jubes peppermints etc. also ginger ale.

Grandmother Brown set a nice table and her grilled steak with a pat of home churned butter was delicious and yum! Yum!. Cornish pasties, also rhubarb, gooseberry and apple pies with scalded cream.

Mammas parents, sister and brother Evaline and Foster had all gone to So. Africa formerly Union of So. Africa. The gold mines were in full operation, all very doing fine in every way. Papa had also been there after the Boor war. He had a good job and did a lot of sightseeing, museum in Cape town, Table Mt. Victoria Falls Zambezi and Kruger Park all at their best. He did not like seeing little children with distended abdomens caused by malnutrition fed mostly fed corn meal mush. He bid friends and family adieu, back to Cornwall and then to Arizona in the U.S.A. Mahatmas Gahndi was in Union of So. Africa when papa was there. I presume papa had seen him because papa revered Gandhi for the rest of his life.

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And Wales every summer and were still singing a few years ago. We went to church Sun. Morn. They all looked so nice shoes shined suits pressed all with white shirts and ties. We all went to Gwenap Pit, a huge terraced pit in the ground. All covered with grass. Don't know how it all came about, but very interesting. We had such good times together.

Mamma's health had improved oh so very much, every one so kind and hospitable. Mamma was a very pretty lady lovely brown eyes and black hair. It rained the whole 5 months we were in St. Day all but seven days. The crops rotted the cattle had hoof and mouth disease and papa was fed up. We got rid of my Western saddle Winchester 22 and anything that else superfluous. Papa bought a mare for me to ride so had to sell her. We were soon back on the fast little train for Southampton. We were sad to say good-bye but happy to going back to Arizona.

We sailed from Southampton the first week of Sept 1912 on the s. S Oceanic another White Liner and sister ship. I spent my 9th birthday crossing the Atlantic, Sept 10, 1912. Now I'm 85, so many memories and after thoughts, they would fill the Grand Canyon. Ha! Ha! I have to back track occasionally and interject a paragraph or more. Thought you would understand.

I enjoyed the voyage coming back. We laid over in New York for a few days. Papa took Esme and me to zoo in N.Y. We rode on a street car drawn by horses a nice change from the steamship and it was fun. Mamma withstood the voyage quite well. After resting up a few days we boarded the train from New York to Prescott once more. We stayed at the hotel in Prescott just a couple of days after crossing the U.S.A. we were all anxious to carry on and get settled with our friends (Cornish) at the "Senator" a mining camp high up in the Bradshaw Mts.

We rode over a little dirt road for thirteen miles the most crooked in the West. Papa rented a stage coach with a driver it was drawn by two horses. We were weary by this time but happy to have arrived safely after traveling about 6,500 the hard way.

The "Senator" was situated on the side of the mountain above the Hassayampa River, very pretty stream with water falls frozen solid in the winter. The old timers maintained "if you drank the water from the Hassayampa you never told the truth ever again". The water was bottled in small bottles and sold at the Northern Ariz. fair for 25 cents per it was a big seller – just a lot of fun. We were at 7000' and we loved it. Very rugged and wild but wonderful!

Mrs. Wills was so very happy to be with mother, she knew and was a friend of Mothers family in England. The whole family were very friendly and fun. They had a burro named Tom we all rode him. The Wills family operated the General Store, U.S. Post Office rooms for rent, pool hall and livery (missing words)

Senator Noble owned the cash about a mile beyond the General Store. The Senators Mountain home was located in a beautiful virgin forest. He hired papa to work the cash mine, if my memory serves me correctly the ore mined was copper. Peacock, azurite and malachite. Very pretty.

Papa was shoring up timbers in the drifts off shoots from the mine shaft.

The motion picture industry were on location in the area often. Mother used to pack lunches for all the actors and workers occasionally.

Papa had a part to play in a fire in the Cash Mine.

Mamma baked delicious bread as soon as we moved into our new home on the side of the mountain, also Cornish pasties meat pies steamed beef steak and kidney puddings! Yum.

Papa cut hair and soled shoes. Had the lasts awls, brads real leather etc. also hob nails which he put on all of our soles so we would not slip. He did a real neat job and made extra cash. Everyone paid cash for everything purchased. Very interesting. Claim owners and jumpers found so much rich ore and veins of gold, silver, copper lead and zinc.

Major Pickerel and wife came into camp as poor as church mice. They came with a little burro, started prospecting and struck a very rich vein in an old abandoned claim. He and his lovely wife became millionaires overnight. He opened up more claims and wanted papa to work for him. The Cornish miners were the best in the world and were much in demand.

Papa was still working for Senator Getchel at the Cash mine but papa knew the Senator would soon have to go back to Phoenix capital of the newly admitted state in 1912. He told senator Getchel he was quitting.

In the meantime Mrs. Gatchel invited Esme and me to dinner on the following Sunday. It was quite a long walk for two little girls, but we were anxious to go. It was a hot day. On the way I tried to open a bottle of pop I bought at the store. I had no opener and tried to open it with a rock not recommended for anyone. I cut my left hand very badly and it was bleeding profusely did not know what to do. Walking along with my hand hanging down and still bleeding. Just as we turned off the Highway onto the little dirt road to the mine luckily French Pete came along with his little pack train of burros. He noticed my hand, and immediately noticed my hand. He took a bandana handkerchief out of his Levi Strauss jeans back pocket. He made a sling to hold my hand up! Up! Which I did.

Esme and I walked on to the Getchel's lovely mountain cabin and get away for them. Senator Getchel washed my hand and took a few stitches and did a good job. Still have a little of the scar left after 75 years.

We had a lovely day and Mrs. Getchel made the first fudge Esme and I ever ate, it was full of black walnuts picked close by. Yum

This country was rugged wild and beautiful! The people were also rugged and healthy.

Some characters, moonshiners and God only knows what, perhaps a few fugitives etc.

I recall one retired Judge Brud. He lived up the Hassayampa alone in a very nice cabin in the Alpine meadow, surrounded by lovely trees, aspen birch alder and pine and spruce, white oaks. Wild roses strawberries and birds of many varieties. In his cabin he had a fireplace made of rock very neat and clean. He had some of we children in to see his library. We had never seen so many books before.

He was soft spoken well dressed and very educated a fine and decent man. What was he doing living away back in the Mts. Alone? Living like a hermit.

One night Judge Brud took his revolver shot and killed himself. We all felt very sad, so many unanswered questions.

First school I attended at the Senator was taught by a very pretty young teacher Miss Oliver. We all were fond of her, but it was no place for one so young, she soon left. Next teacher Mrs. Twiggs a very impatient middle aged woman who we all disliked. She fought with Jim Wills our friend and banged his head against the cast iron desk tore his shirt off his back, so her name was mud after that.

One afternoon soon after we all 10 decided we would not attend class, so we went up on the side hill and played house, so much fun. We each had our own car, new inventions at that time but a magnificent new mode of travel. Few and far between but Mr. Wills had a new Ford approx. \$600.

Well my car that afternoon was a Pathfinder. Was there ever such a car? I don't know.

The teacher kept ringing her little hand bell to no avail. We must have been juvenile delinquents! Ha! Ha! "That 'ol gang of mine."

Soon after Mrs. Twiggs got her just desserts and was fired. Later her husband got so fed up with her he went to Prescott and walked in front of a train. Sad but true.

We were a happy family and had real good kind neighbors. We all helped each other and never had to lock our doors, a far cry from today.

Dad bought mother an organ and she played very well, she and dad met in a little church in Crofthandy Cornwall. Mother was the organist and dad sang in the choir a good bass voice. They fell in love the lasting kind they were married almost 50 years when dad died in 1947.

I took lessons on the little organ from a young lady from Nova Scotia only nineteen. It seems as tho' her mother had recently died. She and her father a fine and distinguished gentleman came to visit Senator and Mrs. Getchel. Mother and dad had neighbors and friends come in the evening. Phyllis and her father enjoyed it so very much she offered to teach me as she was an accomplished musician. I was just learning when they decided to return to their home far far away from the Senator mining camp. I felt very sad and missed them.

One morning I went to school and noticed how quiet two German brothers were. Herman and Willie Vertholer so Leonie Wills asked why.

The crux of the situation was some one was firing shots and they had to dodge and lay low until the shooting had ceased then went on home.

Immediately our friend Leonie sensed what had happened. The sheriffs from Prescott waited until midnight that very night for two brothers who were bringing two banditos to meet them when they did not show the dumb sheriffs returned to Prescott empty handed. The bandito had been robbing the brothers blind while they were away from their cabin working. The brothers were deputized in order to arrest the bandits and bring them in to meet the sheriffs at the General Store at the Senator. Dumb as it may seem one of the bandits had a pistol hidden somewhere, probably in a bed roll. He pulled out the revolver shot at close range the both brothers killed them and one horse, the other horse got tangled up in brush. These were the shots Herman and Willie heard.

Leonie ran home to the General Store. Her father immediately called the sheriffs office in Prescott. After waiting several hours the sheriff arrived with the coroner. They in turn took care of immediate essentials. The one bandit was caught several days later in the Salt R. Valley, the other one was never apprehended as far as I know. This was the real wild west and were afraid for a couple of weeks. One time we locked our doors.

We stayed at the Senator for a few months. Winter settled in and it was a severe and bitter cold winter with lots of snow. Papa decided mamma and we children should go to Phoenix until spring. Our wood

was also getting very low. We had a little burro, papa and I would take Jenny out with the pack saddle to bring home wood to saw split and cord. We also burned a lot because of the bitter cold.

Mother had a dear friend there Mrs. Pearce. She met us at the depot after a short train ride. Mrs. Pearce had found a nice little bungalow to rent. It was great to be away from all the snow ice and cold.

We had many short trips to the capital, Indian school and ostrich farm. The Indian school was a very attractive place of learning, academia vocational, but Indian children and young adults were not happy there and away from their homes on the reservation. Often they ran away and back home.

When spring came we took the train back to Prescott after our nice vacation. We had been treated royally and were so grateful to our dear friend Mrs. Pearce.

Dad met us at the depot with horse and buggy. Now it was spring everywhere it was nice and warm. We went back to the Senator on the Hassayampa.

Well finally the rich vein of lead or zinc petered out and Major Pickerels "Snoozer" mine, one man operation, closed also Senator Noble Getchels "Cash" mine closed. Senator and Mrs. Getchel closed up their nice Mt. home and they moved back to Phoenix after all he was a senator.

Dad was without work temporarily so decided to take us to Oregon. I remember we took the stage to Prescott. Mother and dad bought Esme and I green pumps called "Mary Janes" we were proud of our new shoes. Well we boarded the train for Ashland Ore but continued on to Medford. Somewhere along the route in Ore. Our little brother Howard threw Esme's new shoe out the train window so dad said who found that should also find the mate so he threw that one out. As soon as we arrived in Ashland dad had to buy Esme another pair of shoes.

It was now 1914 and a dollar looked like a wagon wheel. Times were hard. We found a nice house in Medford. Dad went to Crater Lake to work and I started school. We had such nice neighbors by the name of Boggs he an attorney. They had a son Carter just my age. Carter had a nice saddle horse, he and I used to ride out to a watermelon patch and find us a good melon. We somehow spilled juice on the saddle, so we were grounded

(missing words)

I took a class in sewing which mother thought would be good for me. Well I had to make a button hole and when I got my grade I had flunked the course Ha! Not interested. I was a tom boy and not very domestic.

It began to snow heavily at Crater Lake and things came to a halt as dad came back to get us packed for Sutter Creek in the Mother Lode in Ca. once again.

Dad went to work after we were settled in a new home in Sutter Creek. He had a good job at the So. Eureka mine running the hoist which took the miners with their lunch pails and carbide lamps down into the mine shaft. Very important but dangerous work.

Esme and I went to school. I was in the 5th grade. I liked my teacher Miss Post very much. Worked hard and got good grades.

Dad bought a registered and pedigreed jersey cow, who gave very rich mild wonderful cream of which we had plenty for our own use plus a couple of customers. The Principal of our school was one and I had to walk a long way to deliver it every evening.

We also had about 25 young pullets so later we would have plenty eggs. One morning before Esme and I left for school the Dr. Arrived with his horse and buggy so as we left he was sitting on our front porch smoking his pipe. Dad prepared ham, eggs, toast, coffee for his breakfast so he was happy. I said on our way to school to Esme "I think mamma is going to have a baby", and sure enough when we arrived home in the afternoon we had a new baby brother named Maxton, the name of a mining camp up the Hassayampa. This was on March 5, 1915. He was a very smart young man and we all loved him. He graduated from UC at S.D. soon after he enlisted in the U.S.A.F. He was killed in an air battle over the Mediterranean Sea July 8, 1943.

All was well until our little registered and pedigreed Jersey cow died an agonizing death from eating ground glass in her food. We left Sutter as soon as possible. There was a lot to be done but we packed in a hurry and was on our way back to Groom Creek, Ariz approx. eight miles south of Prescott. A little bit of heaven.

The reason we left in such a hurry from Sutter Cr. Ca. was because we rented a house next to a vineyard. Our little Betty got out of her corral and wandered into the vineyard she ate a few new shoots of the grapevines before we caught her.

Our landlord lived next to his vineyard a very hot tempered ugly Italian Our landlord was furious and vindictive. Mother was so afraid of him as he threatened her, that is why we left in such a hurry.

I missed my little friends and our nice home and esp. the two big cherry trees one black and one white. They were in our front yard. That was our last time we ever lived in Sutter Creek.

Many friends came to bid us good-bye and felt badly what had happened. Many of them knew about the terrible reputation our landlord had. We learned the hard way. Who in their right mind could put ground glass into fodder for a harmless little Jersey cow?

Papa in the meantime had been busy corresponding with the Dept. of highways in Yavapai Co. Ariz. The officials immediately put him in charge of the road between Prescott and the summit 13 mi. the most crooked highway in the U.S.A.

There was a nice brand new home for us in Groom Creek in a clearing surrounded by a forest. Pine trees, white oaks junipers spruce and many locust trees. Dad had a team of horses Barney a black with a wicked eye who was abused by former owner. Then was Prince he was the sly one, kicked dad across the barn yard while being shoed. (missing words)

Dad had to sink a deep well right down to bed rock. We had wonderful water. Mostly decomposed granite and huge boulders all around us.

Our grammar school was one large room with a screen porch all painted green. A wood shed on the back of the room. The school house in a lovely pine forest with range cattle wandering around and an occasional cow bell.

Our teachers were the best to be had. One Mable Lewis very beautiful half Indian and one pretty German girl Gerturde Schemmer. They were friends from No. or So. Dakota. They taught all subjects a lot of the 3 R's plus geography and history.

In summer vacation we did a lot of work helping mother and dad. No washing machines nor dryers etc. just a wash board, copper boiler and clotheslines, good Fels Naptha soap, elbow grease, bluing and starch, but we always looked nice and clean.

Dad had a little forge and bellows and anvil where he sharpened his picks drills etc. He also shod the horses and slopped the pigs we were now raising. Fed the pigs skimmed milk hot mash with potato peelings, cayenne pepper and corn. I had to help butcher them, scrape off all the bristle and dress them. The pork was delicious esp. the loin with tender loin, ham and bacon. The neighbors came and took the parts we did not use.

Mother made really the best head cheese I ever ate. Mother also made knuckle pie with the pigs feet and boiled the whole ham the very best, also put down salt pork and sides (a rasher of bacon).

I was the only one to help my father, we tempered steel, took care of the animal and poultry we were all happy people and helped each other.

Mother did a lot of baking bread pies pasties and cakes, she always just steamed our veg. esp. string beans and cabbage. The natives could not understand. They put on string beans with salt pork and cooked them for hours, the cabbage was almost pink etc.

Mom did a lot of scrubbing on her hands and knees but always make time in the evening to read to us or play dominoes. We always had to kneel and say our prayers esp. bless mamma and papa. We always loved and respected our parents and they devoted their lives to each other and we children.

Dad decided to raise Airedale dogs, so both registered and pedigreed male and female which produced many fine pups. He always sold them to govt. lion hunters and ranchers they were one man dogs. When they treed a Mt. lion, lynx, bob cat or caught a fox. They stayed til the bitter end. They both died from porcupine quills. They tangled with porcupines 3 times. The vet in Prescott removed the quills with chloroform for an anesthetic. The second time the Dr. at Whipple Barracks removed the quill and the third time dad and I tried to remove the quills from the wonderful male dog. He went mad as they were in his tongue gums face and chest so dad had to shoot him. The female had very few but a couple of months later died as the result of a quill piercing the heart. We all felt very bad but they seemed to never learn to leave porcupines alone.

By this time we had white Holland turkeys also bronze and they all roosted in the pine trees. One bronze turkey gobbler was mean and would always try to knock Esme down especially if she had her white Teddy bear with electric eyes with her she was so afraid of him finally dad (papa) sold him.

We walked a long way to school and always carried our lunch in a lunch bucket.

If there was snow on the ground we made many snow angels by falling backward and writing our name above each. We also made snow men and had snowball fights. If there was a lot of snow on the trees we always shook the branches causing the snow to fall on us. Papa always came to meet us if the snow was very deep and if it was snowing very heavily so we would not get lost like two little brothers six and

eight years old. On their way home after school in a big snow storm they lost their way when they did not arrive home on time their mother and father became alarmed so the mother started out to look for them (their father was dying of consumption (TB) but it began to turn very cold and evening coming on, mother went home. A few local men started a search but it was still snowing and getting too dark to see so gave up until early next morning. By that time the storm had passed.

The search party spread out and only took a couple of hours when one of the men found them under a large bush. They were cold and hungry but safe. Their names were Ronald and Kenneth? Kenneth the 8 yr old said they were cold but okay until they thought they heard a bear but they cuddled up and slept some. The man who found them fired two shots with his revolver the signal they had been found. A happy reunion with their family. Their father died a few weeks later (missing words)

Christmas came and we had selected a beautiful symmetrical silver spruce tree so papa took his ax and we went to cut it down, all so very happy. Real fun!

We carried it home and decorated it with cranberries strung together on strong string and ditto popcorn. We also had sent to Montgomery Wards mail order for very pretty yellow blown glass birds and red and green glass bells, we also clipped little candle holders with small colored candles on the tree. It was a pretty tree.

We each received one toy. I had a little milk wagon drawn by a bay horse and driver and four little tin milk cans. I was so pleased. We had some lovely friends by the name of Ziegler at the Midnight Tesh mine. It was a lonely life for Mrs. Ziegler as her daughter Mae and her son were at Tucson going to the University of Arizona. Mae later became a Doctor, don't know about the son.

One Sunday Mrs. Ziegler invited Esme and I to their home for dinner all I can remember about the dinner was we had peas, they were so good.

It was a long walk back home so after a lovely visit Esme and I left. The next week Mrs. Ziegler hitched her horse to her buggy and left alone for Prescott about 8 miles from the Midnight Tesh. She was alone because her husband was a sick man. She arrived ok so did some shopping. In the meantime a blizzard came but she went to the livery stable (Ruffner's) where she left her horse. It was bitter cold and still snowing. The man at the livery stable tried to persuade her not to leave, to no avail, however she let them wrap her feet in burlap and she left for home. She drove all the way from Prescott to where the road turned off the main highway for the mine. Soon after she turned onto the little dirt road she climbed out of her buggy and unhitched her horse. Took out her suitcase – from all indications she tried to get on her horse but could not make it, she put down her suitcase and walked on a little way when she collapsed and died. I presume from exhaustion or hypothermia. She was small but tough little lady. Her husband waited for her but finally decided she had not left Prescott no phone etc. so he went to bed. The men at the mine went to the stable in the AM and there was her wonderful horse. Immediately they got on their horses and left to look for her and to their sorrow found her where she dropped. They went back to tell her husband the sorrowful news. As soon as they get in touch with the coroner things were all taken care of. We all felt very sad. A wonderful western lady!

Mother had her hands full with four of us. Max and Howard cute little boys and people around Groom Creek liked them so few little children. Someone gave Howard a deck of cards which he always carried in

his little back pocket. He didn't know what to do with them but really liked them. Max was such a dear little tow headed boy with a Buster Brown hair cut. Wore striped coveralls mostly.

There was a little substation Post Office at Groom Creek the Post Masters name was John Schaffer. He was an old Civil War veteran, stocky build with a big bushy beard stained by cut plug chewing tobacco. What a character! On his birthday he always put on his civil war uniform and had himself a birthday party. Only invited the ladies around Groom Creek. No men allowed. He always had corn beef and cabbage, corn bread, coffee and birthday cake. The ladies looked forward to John's birthday party and lovely sociable time and John loved it all.

Papa was working very hard on the road so many things to tend to. Requisitions to be made out, horses to shoe, wood to cut, split and cord. He had to hitch Barney and Prince to the snow plow to try to keep the road open for the stage which brought in the mail and passengers. One time the road was only open from Prescott to Groom Creek and there was a lady who lived on beyond the summit. She could not get home so Mother welcomed her to our home for a few days. I remember she had a guitar with her. She had a family to get home to so was very anxious to journey on. One sad note, several weeks later she lost a little 9 year old daughter from a ruptured appendix. After that the family left the Davis Mine and she went to work at a soda fountain at Shoemakers Drug in Prescott. This must have been 1916, not sure.

Many times dad would get into snow drifts with the horses, would get out luckily for them all. He would go home put the horses in the stable, feed the hogs and poultry and call it a day. Tired but happy – Mother set a nice table as she was brought up that way in England. We were taught our table manners and taught to respect and be courteous to others. To this day good manners are appreciated more everywhere. We were never profane and no dirty talk. I shudder now in 88 to hear the filthy language used so coarsely especially women.

Esme and I were doing fine in school when at recess time we played kick the can, hide and seek, hockey played with sticks and pine cones. Ouch. We all played "Purgatory" with marbles and regular marble games. We had pretty glassies, aggies etc. At home I had figured four traps set to catch squirrels, I was going to have a squirrel coat. Isn't that a laugh! I caught three.

Papa did a lot of blasting along the highway and sometimes blasted into rattlesnake dens. He brought home one very big red diamond rattler he had killed. I hung him from a limb of a pine tree and skinned him for a belt. I remember rubbing the beautiful skin with salt and drying it, but don't remember whatever happened to it, could have wound up a hat band. Very common in those days.

By this time I was in the 8th grade. Some of our older boys rode there horses to school. 16 in the 8th grade. We were all friend. We put on a program for the 4th of July and I was in a skit with my beau Charley Major. I was Betsy Ross flag and all, he was father of our country George Washington. There was a big war going on in Europe and his two brothers were in France fighting for the Allies and his brother Dave was killed. He was a dispatcher so rode a motorcycle. His brother Ben also served in France but came through unscathed. The Major family had a lovely big cattle ranch also a big orchard and gardens. We used to go down there to pick gooseberries, currants and wild grapes.

There were many pretty columbine, mimulous?(sic) Wood violets, and wild roses along the crik.

Many birds yellow hammers, wrens stellar jays red headed woodpeckers, dove, quail. Bird of prey hawks and owls and occasionally an eagle. It was lovely life.

The ex governor of Okla. Came there for his daughters health she had TB as did many others. He was ex Gov Cruz and daughter Lorina. He had a Hudson car and a young chauffeur who took us for a ride one day. We went 60 miles per hour. It was thrilling.

School was almost over and I was graduating from the 8th grade. We had our graduating exercises and our diplomas were presented to us by the Supt. of Schools in Yavapai Co. Mr. Miller. Then we had our picnic. Many came in buggys (sic) horse back, mule back and walking. Lots of good food, fun and games. Our last day of school picnic was held at the camp grounds right above where we lived. Many large pines locust in bloom white oaks and juniper trees a pretty spot. Many huge boulders. We had to take refuge under some of these huge boulders from a wicked hail storm the hail stones as large as golf balls. The storm ruined the peach crop and did other damage.

When we had a cloudburst and thunder and lightening put on a real and frightening show. Dry creek beds became raging torrents in a short while, all comes with the territory.

Now school was dismissed for summer vacation dad and mother had to begin making plans to move to Prescott so I could start high school. Not easy with four youngsters.

Dad went ahead and looked for a place to buy. He found a cute and well built home in Pine Crest probably an acre of virgin land a nice little brook with lots of water cress, poly wogs etc. A well very deep with the old oaken bucket wheel and rope also a cover. Wonderful drinking water. The place was all fenced in and ideal for us. The house was up on the hill. (missing words)

We had a lovely summer in Groom Creek but dreaded the thought of leaving there. Our little home in the meadow and leaving this lovely spot and all our dear friends, but no alternatives. Time was drawing nigh so we packed and left for our new home. Everything was lovely the home location and the pines were beautiful ozone so clean and pure.

We had to carry water in five gallon kerosene cans up the hill, hard work especially on wash day.

It was a long walk for Esme and me to school. I to Prescott High where Miss Adams was principal and Esme to Washington Grammar school. I liked my new school teachers and friends and did well. I also played basket ball as guard. Our forward was an Indian girl Inez Poe, she was great.

In 1918 we had a Spanish Influenza epidemic. Many died. My favorite teach from Santa Rosa Ca went into hospital to help with patients contracted the flu and succumbed to it. She was 26 yr. old and beautiful. What a heartbreak. People were being buried in rough pine wood boxes. No caskets left.

Well time passed. I remember one day at home a cowboy and a lady on horseback called and asked "if they could ride through our property to get to to a road below", I told them sure. He gave me 50 cents a lot in those days. Later I learned it was Tom Mix and his leading lady name unknown to me. They were on location making a Western movie. They and his troop also participated in our 4th of July rodeo and parade. He was not as good a cowboy as our local cowpunchers. Calf roping bronco busting, bull dogging and riding Brahma Bulls.

Esme and I also walked miles to the Fairgrounds to watch the little bi planes loop the loop but they never showed. Disappointed.

Dad went to work at the Plaza and Court house as landscape gardner. There was a lovely green house, not many plants could stand the long and cold winter months.

I heard Senator Hayden speak from the court house steps with his lovely grey striped pants and frock tail coat. He was a good speaker and tough old bird because he was in his ninetys when he stepped down from the Senate.

Mother made many nice friends and they could all go to church ladies aid and dad sang in the choir Methodist. It was happy times for them.

One day papa came home from work and told he had been offered a new job at Whipple Barracks formally Fort Whipple during the Indian battles. It now became an army hospital for the World War I veterans. Mostly because of the healthful climate. Some had TB mostly mustard gas. Very sad.

Dad was a reconstruction aide he taught poultry husbandry also about guinea pigs, rabbits etc. Very knowledgeable my father and it was very rewarding helping to restore the soldiers back to heath.

World War I was in full swing with more and more young lives being sacraficed every day. The cream of the corp. The war to "end all wars!"

We each in our way helped the war effort. I was a "Victory Girl" and one day worked at the Congress Hotel answering the phone and was paid \$5 which was given to some worthy organization. Red Cross perhaps or the USO.

The first news of the Armistice '18 early on a bitter cold morning, people beating on dish pans, wash tubs whistles and sirens blowing and some shots fired.

Dad was the first out of bed trying to get a fire started it was in Nov the 11th and oh so cold. Soon people were out in the streets celebrating. Later a meeting was called by the Mayor and a parade was to be later that day. It was very interesting because most all people were in the parade. Happy Day!

Barry Goldwaters family had a business in Prescott for a number of years.

Gurley St. was the main street, Granite St. red light district. We had to drive out Mr. Vernon to get on the highway and always could see the snow capped San Francisco Peaks. Very pretty.

Dad was there for sometime and then Capt. Adams wanted my father to go into the commercial egg business as a partner in the San Fernando Valley. At that time the valley was lovely. We were heart broken to leave our little home in Pine Crest. We were all very happy there. We had bought a new Edison record player with the thick records. Dad bought good records, Enrico Caruso, Gallo Curci, Alma Cluck. The Halley Chorus and even Hawaiiin with "Alhoa". We all enjoyed music. We sold and gave away most furniture just brought the essentials.

I cried the night before we left. We were a little angry and were not looking forward to moving again and to new schools but we had to.

When we arrived the valley was pretty with the orange groves, pepper trees truck gardens mostly leased by Chinese. In the evening you could go for a lovely walk and the air would be permeated with the fragrance of orange blossoms. Heavenly!

The packing house (Sunkist) in Pacomia in 1919 threw loads of good culls in the Pacoimo wash. We the people went their and picked them up by the bucket full. Today they are used for OJ.

Pacoima Canyon was still intact. Very pretty, swinging bridges, wild violets, lots of ferns cabins and nice stream, even Strongheart the dog used in the movies a lot was kept up in there. Then came the dam and it was all gone, much to our sorrow.

I entered San Fernando High and like it ok but not like Prescott.

Our Principal was Mrs. Ingham and Vice Mr. Frazier. I did well but Esme was on the honor roll for 4 years and was awarded the gold cup of Knowledge. Ca. Ephebian Society (sic). Esme whent on to UCLA on Vermont Ave in Los Angles. Dr. Ralph Bunch was in one of her classes, a very smart and good man. He was in the United Nations for many years.

Esme received her teaching credentials from UCLA and taught school in Carlsbad for seven years.

I took an examination with several others for a position in the San Fernando PO. I received the highest score so got the job.

Your father and I were introduced by Ruth's sisters Peggy and Grace. We courted for several months and were married the 10th of Nov. 1923 by the Justice of Peace. It was a little horse town at that time.

Now I am through. Hope I haven't bored you. It has been fun, lots of good memories and a few bad. That's life.

I have had a very good and fulfilling life. Your father was kind and good man, we were married just a few weeks short of forty years.

I love my family dearly all good kind and thoughtful.

What more can I say?

Finis est

Dorothy