No 1

A very interesting letter received by the Author from an old pioneer friend in Metcalf Arizona.

Metcalf Arizona Sept 24, 1929.

Mr Anton Mazzanovich.
Los Angeles Calif.

My Dear Old Timer.

I came to Clifton for the second time in April 1879. Came to see my Father and mother who had a five acre garden spot about a mile above Clifton. The white population of Clifton at the time was Charlie and Henry Leszynsky, owners of the copper mine; Louis Shotback, smelter forman; Leon Frazer; store manager; Sammy Frutantovel, clerk, later becam a big merchant in El Paso. Captain Hainover boss carpenter, He was a California volunteer; Peter Graves, master mechanic; a Jarman called "Dutchy" was head blacksmith; David Abraham, father

of Jake, Louis and Sam Abraham, was in charge of the company's saloon on east side of the San Francisco River. A big adobe building which is now used by the Y.M.C.A. This building was used as a mess house, and some of the boys roomed there. The mess was run by Jim Smith, negro civil war veteran, also deputy sheriff. The county seat of Apache County was then at St. John's. They needed a blacksmith in Clifton. Having worked in Silver City, New Mexico, as blacksmith's helper, I applied for the job. Dutchy, the blacksmith, gave me a sack of rivets and fish plates. It was necessary to rivet fish plates on center rail of the Longfellow incline, as they were just completing the narrow guage from Clifton to the foot of the mountain and the incline up to the mine. I arrived at the Longfellow Mine. Mr William R. Maronnick,

mine supt., staked me to a tent on the hillside. All around me there were four Hundred Chinese miners living in tents, as a young man, I had only seen one or two Chinamen before. Well, I thought I was in a great place. Some time before the Leszynsky brothers had sent Mr Maconnick to San Francisco, Calif. to employ four Hundred Chinese miners under one year contract. Having finished the incline job, I was moved to Clifton to help around the smelter. The Mexicans were paid $1.25 per day in Leszynsky paper money which was only good for merchandise. The white labor was paid off in Mexican silver dollars, we called them adobe dollars. Leszynsky Bros, having this silver shipped in as freight in sacks marked "Horse-shoes" -- getting the silver for 85¢ on the dollar from Silver City and Las Cruces New Mexico.

At this time there were ox, mule and horse teams, arriving and departing at all hours of the night; they brought goods into the district and took out copper bullion. Silver City was the first stop where some teams would leave the copper and bring supplies to Clifton. Las Cruces was the second stop, and so on, up to Trinadad Colorado, that being the line of the railroad at that time. The first American murdered in Clifton was Pete Graves, master mechanic. Pete was a six footer and somewhat over-bearing. He had a habit of booting Mexicans around the smelter. And the Mexicans had it in for him. Graves had a room opposite to the bar-room in the big adobe building. One night going in to the bar-room, to get a drink, while standing at the bar, he was shot four times, by a mexican gambler,

Chato Salvido, brother of Pane Salvido, that was afterwards killed in Morenci. About six months after this, Chato Salvido's body was found hanging to a mesquite tree in the Solomonville Valley supposed to have been done by the Mormons, as he (Salvido) had stolen six horses. In 1883 I served on the first grand jury after Graham County was cut off from Apache County. We got togather at Solomonville at D. E. Solomon's place. There being no court house then, court was held in a large building that was used for storing hay. fifteen of us being strung out on cots over D. E. Solomon's store. At this time, Judge Solomon, he being a civil war veteran and suffering from a wound made him cranky, for he was rather hard on the bunch. George Stevens, but better known as

Little Steve, was Sheriff of the county. a Mr. Patterson district attorney. At this term of court there were twenty one prisoners sent to Yuma. Little Steve in taking them to the territorial prison took the whole bunch together, but when he got back, he charged expenses for twenty-one trips; the following regular term of court, The Grand Jury indicted him for this act. At this I was on the trial jury and say, we couldn't convict Little Steve, for the reason that no man ever went hungry when little Steve had any thing. He was sure one of the true pioneers of the West.

Say, those were the great days of the West. I have seen many times from ten to fifteen monte games operating on a blanket on the sand of the river bottom under the shade of a mesquite tree, and as the sun drifted to the

west, the blanket was moved to the east to leave them in the shade. And by the way Mr Mazzanovich. I will never forget that afternoon when you were dealing faro in Hoveys dance, and Judge Solomon asked you if he coued bet $100.00 on the turn of a card. And you took him up and won the bet. And after you closed up the game. Hovey told you that the Hundred dollar bet did not go. He said it was a put up job between Solomon, Captain Cutter, Hovey. Judge Egan and Ben Crawfor to see if I had the sand to take the bet. Yes indeed those were the happy days. Adios Amigo.

With success and good Health.

Sincerely Yours.

C. E. Stevens.