

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF  
LUTHER DAVIS BUSHONG  
of  
Virginia and Texas**

**Donated by  
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Having been requested by friends to write of my experiences of my travels and hardships that I have gotten up against through life and I assure you there are many of them, being born and raised in the state of Virginia up to 16 years old, running away from my home at that age, being a country raised boy and never having been more than 20 miles from home before, leaving home and not one dollar to start with, you can imagine what I got up against. My first job away from home was on a fishing shore on the Potomac about 20 miles below Washington, D. C. having no bedding, no place to stay except in a bunkhouse with the roughs and scums of Baltimore, picked up to work on the fish job, rough bunks in a bunkhouse, with a little straw, was the bedding if you have an old quilt or two which I did not have, one man offered me a place to sleep with him and he had only one old quilt and the way we were bed, two negro women did the cooking, all they gave us was corn bread, fish or bacon and a cup of coffee, handed out of a window to you, no plate, take it in your hand, sit on the ground or stand and eat it out in the open, now as to the work, a large row boat was loaded with a net baled out as they rowed in a circle, back to land, all fish enclosed were drawn to bank by man power, each man was given a rope loop over his shoulder, some 20 men on each end of net, he must wade in the water, attach his rope to the net, walk backward and pull as he came out he must turn loose and go in water waist deep, fasten his rope and pull again, that was the way the net was drawn to the bank, now what do you think of that for a boy to get up against with his first job and the hard part is to come yet. The fishing season over, the man keeping the shore through the year asked me to stay with him, this I intended to do. One of the old roughs and drunks got as far as Washington, D. C. got drunk and spent his money, knowing that I was at the fishing camp, came back down there and persuaded me to go to New York with him, telling me what a good job he could get us if I would go with him to New York. Being only a country boy and not knowing or being up against that class of men, he got me to go with him from Washington, D. C. to Baltimore by train to a cheap rooming house for the night, we both slept in one room. On waking up in the morning, my partner was not in bed, coming to breakfast and not seeing him, on inquiry was told he came down very

early, no suspecting anything wrong on paying my bill after breakfast I found I had only two dollars left out of thirty-five, he had robbed me and left for New York. I tried hard to get a job there but could get nothing and was forced to get out to try for a job, by that time I owed the house a dollar or two and he kept the few clothes I had, so that left me to get out of there afoot with nothing but the clothes on my back, not knowing where I was headed for again, going out of the city, hit the Baltimore and Ohio R.R. by getting a few rides by R. R. and walking I arrived at Bell Aire, Ohio, not one cent, there I got work on a R. R. bridge, found some good people that boarded me until I drew my pay by November I had enough to come to Texas, taking a steamboat down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans, I would have had enough money to get to Texas but just missed the ship to Galveston and had to stay there five days for the next boat and there I was taken in again by an old bum or I might say an old wharf rat that bummed his grub off just such suckers as I was as that time, on going aboard boat for Galveston the purser came around collecting fares and the fare was ten dollars and I had just a ten dollar bill that landed me in Galveston without one cent but fortunately for me there was a man there hiring men out on a railroad job. I hired to him and he fed all of us two or three days getting all the men he could. This ended my hard luck as from that time on it was not so hard for me. I worked on that job until April, saved my money, bought me a pony, saddle and outfit, started out to see some of Texas, not having the least idea what Texas was or conditions were from that railroad. On leaving camp the boys said kid where are you going, going to get in the country where I can get something to eat, as on the R. R. we had only beef, bacon, potatoes and coffee, there was no vegetables or canned goods to be had in Texas at that time. Texas at that time was just a wide open prairie and old wild Spanish cattle, no farming except a little on rivers and creeks where they could get a few poles to fence a small field, wire had not been manufactured at that time. On my travels I found nothing but bread and meat and coffee to eat, that was all the people lived on at that time but when I first came to Texas, a boy of only 16 years, asked where I was from, from Virginia, have you any relatives, no, who came with you, no one, had you any money, no, well how did you get here, well I had a hard time to get here but I got here. That did not satisfy them suspecting of course that I was a runaway boy and more

questions, well if you must know why I am in Texas an old hickory barrel hoop drove me to Texas and they could not understand how a barrel hoop would drive me to Texas. Well, if you must know, if your daddy taken up an old barrel hoop, breaking it over his knee and apply it to your back as hard as my daddy did it might start you as it did me and you might not stop short of Texas as I did, you might want to get as far away from that old barrel hoop as I did at the time I knew my dad was whipping me wrongfully and know it today at the age of 88 years, told him I had done nothing to be whipped for, nothing would satisfy him but to whip me. I simply would not be whipped for nothing. That whipping started me rolling on the great mound that I am writing an account of, my memories and things I have seen and the hardships I have went through with. The Texas people were the most clever people I had ever met up to that time. I was always welcome to stay all night anywhere I asked to stay and no charge. Now to tell you what land was worth at that time west of Waco, as fine prairie land as there is in Texas, there was not a stone on the road on this prairie, this land for sale for 50¢ per acre. This was in 1869. Making my way as far as Georgetown, Texas, there I met a herd of cattle on the way to Kansas. The boss seeing I had my little pack on my pony, asked me where I was going. To San Antonio. Did I live out there, no. Have you any relatives there, no. What is taking you there, only to see the country. Well if that is all I would like to hire you to go with me to Kansas. I had thought nothing about going to Kansas and knew nothing about driving cattle. You can soon pick that up. He kept insisting on me going. I thought the matter over and told him guess I would just as well go to Kansas as anywhere, so that started me on the cattle trail. It was a very wet spring, no slickers or raincoats to be had at that time. We just had to take the rain as it came. We had to swim every stream we came to and sometimes big dry hollows. This condition lasted until we got half way through Indian territory, from there on we had dry weather. On arriving at Abilene, my boss came out to me on herd, telling me he was going to hold those cattle there until fat and put them on the market and wanted me to stay with him if I would. I think I would have done that but I thought of that hard living in Texas at that time, told him I did not think that would suit me. What do you want to do then, think I will go on further west but had no idea where in the west. Well if that is what you want Colonel Myers is

going to start to Raft River, Idaho in a day or two with four thousand beeves and I am going to town tomorrow and will see if I can get you a job. I thanked him as that would just suit me. Coming to camp next evening, well I got you the job and they want you over on Bud Creek tomorrow night, 15 miles north. Bidding him goodbye next morning was the last time I ever saw him. I was sorry to leave him as he was such a good man but could not think of going back to Texas to black coffee, corn bread, beef and bacon. On arriving at camp at my new job, they gave me an old spanish mean horse for my night horse. I was afraid of him as I never rode pitching horses and did not want the credit of being a bronc buster, anyway I had to face the music, could hardly get to him to saddle him for my night guard, could hardly get to him to bridle him. My partner had a good gentle horse, went riding off and me on the old spanish horse and he would not move, called to my partner to wait I could not get that horse to go. Throw that quirt in his flank and he will come. I did not want to do that for I knew what was coming to me. Well the quirt was put to his flank, good and strong, up he went as high and as far as he could jump and one more jump like that would have gotten me but he stopped with the one big high jump. After that horse got to know me I got along with him very well and about two days later we were all ready to make our start for Raft River, Idaho. Having our wagon all loaded, ready to start in the morning but we did not start next morning. My guard that night would have been midnight guard. Just at dark it started raining. I never in my 88 years of life have seen such a heavy continuous night rain. Four of the boys got in the wagon and told me there was no room for me in the wagon and I am sure there was no room so that forced me to make my bed on the bank of the creek and take the rain. I went to bed in that rain just as wet as water could make me, woke up about 12 o'clock, still pouring down rain, the water by that time was in two feet of the top of the bank, the boys all asleep in the wagon. I woke them and told them to get out as the water was at the top of the bank. Our horses were saddled, tied to small trees. I rolled up my wet bed, threw it in the wagon and that was the last I ever saw of my bed. We then rode to the hill, still raining and continued to rain until daylight. When daylight came I have never seen such water from one rain. I think both sides of the creek must have been not less than half mile and I think more. We could then see where our wagon stood but no

wagon, only the tops of the little trees when the water went down so we could ride in where our wagon stood, but no wagon. When the water ran low enough we saw the running gear of our wagon in bed of creek. When we found our wagon bed it was 15 miles down the creek lodged up against the R. R. bridge with only the bottom part of the bed, nothing but the bed as there was not one single thing in it. We lost everything, not a boy in camp had anything left except the clothes he had on. Everything was to buy again. Boys as we were we did not consider that we were going into a cold country and did not buy clothing or bedding to keep us warm and we suffered for want of clothing and bedding. After getting up in Nebraska, Wyoming, Utah ice and freezing every night, we paid for not buying more bedding and clothing. Now as to why I am writing this account is because I was forced to sleep out in the rain in that flood. Had there been room for me in the wagon I, too, would have been asleep as the rest of the boys were when the wagon shot off in that creek. It would not have taken two minutes for the bed to fill with water and not knowing what had happened and the sheet tied down we all would have been drowned. We could not possibly have gotten out but my being forced to sleep out in the rain is why I am left to write the account of this great flood and our narrow escape of drowning. At that time I was only 17 years old and now 88 and the only one left of the twelve men in the outfit. After a long, cold and hard drive we arrived at Raft River, Idaho. The cattle were received there by Mr. George Wilson on contract to be delivered there by Colonel Myers. Mr. Wilson wanted hands to go on to Carson River, Nevada. That suited me and my partner but the Texas boys did not want to go, too cold for them. Two more of the boys agreed to go and the rest of the hands were picked up around the R. R. Some of them did not know how to ride. Mr. Wilson that bought the cattle - I want to tell you something of his history as given to us by him. He was raised in Missouri, had no education, could only sign his name, however he had a secretary with him that kept his books and accounts for him. This is his story to us as to how he got to California. That was in 1849. He, like many, wanted to get the gold fields of California, had no money or way to get there, went to the wagon master of the Wagon Train, asked if he could go with him, that he had no money, was told if he would make himself hand at camp, help the cook, help take care of the stock he would haul his bed, but "you will have to walk as

my teams are loaded with every pound they can pull". He said that was good enough for him so he walked every mile of the way to California, yet at about the age of 60 years he was able to pay for those four thousand beeves. I can see him yet sit flat on the ground, resting his hand on a small trunk and sign a check that called for \$84,000.00 in United States gold coin. That is what the check called for. That was the first big money I ever seen change hands as I was off herd and present when the check was signed. After all was settled up we were off for another six weeks drive to Carson River, Nevada. We were paid off there and taken to the R. R. at Reno, the great divorce town. Reno at that time was only a R. R. station and about 10 little log houses. From there by rail to San Francisco, California. After staying there a short time I cannot tell you why but for some reason I got a notion I wanted to go to Arizona. Not having the least idea what kind of country it was or that it was a desert country, to get there I must go to Los Angeles to make my start. From San Francisco the only way to get to Los Angeles at that time was to take a steamer to old San Pedro, then 22 miles up to Los Angeles. Not making any inquiry about Los Angeles I expected to find a small city of possibly two or three thousand. What did I find when I got there, a little Mexican town of not more, I am sure, than five hundred people and two-thirds of them were Mexicans. All at that time under the hill where the Court House now stands, no system about it, no streets except one leading into the old square so narrow two wagons could just barely pass each other. Where the business part of Los Angeles is today was out on the open prairie. Some Americans had come in there trying to push the little Mexican town out, bought some of that open land out about fifth, sixth, seventh, laid it off in good large lots, 50 by 150 feet but were not able to sell one lot. While I was there they were offering them at \$50.00, not one sold while I was there. Many years ago those same lots sold, I am told, for one million dollars, but who would have thought such a change could take place in one man's life as it has in mine. I do not have to tell you after that round I was broke, you would know there was not a days work to be had there in that little Mexican town. I had to get out of there, heard of a man being in there with a 10 mule team and two wagons, loading for Wickenburg, Arizona, just the place I wanted to go. I went to see him, told him I was broke and could get nothing to do there and what would be the

chance to go with him to Arizona. Yes, if I would cook for him and help him with his team he would take me out there. This I was glad to do. That put me in Wickenburg, Arizona. A part of this load was for old man Wickenburg who was alive at that time. I met him at that time. The second day I was there, John Montgomery came in to Wickenburg wanting a hand to go down to the Salt River settlement to work on his farm. I hired to him and that brought me down to Salt River settlement, not to Phoenix as there was no Phoenix at that time and what did I find on arriving there, a settlement of some 25 or 30 settlers, two-thirds were bachelors, possible 5 or 6 families. The settlers had only a part of their land in crops at that time, all lived in small dobe houses covered with dirt and dirt floors. I do not think there was a single plank in the valley at that time, no store at that time, no reapers, mowers or thrashers. Grain was cut with the old hand cradle, tromped out with horses, cleaned with an old time hand turned mill then must be hauled to Wickenburg, 52 miles, for a market, no road except just as some one had driven a wagon across the desert from Wickenburg to the Salt River valley. This was in 1870. I have not the date but sometime in 1870 the settlers were called together for the purpose of laying off the boundary of a new county, also to select land for a townsite. I attended that meeting. Just one more man and myself are living today that attended that meeting, a Mr. Osburn, he being only 14 years of age at the time and I 18 years. I still remember about all that was said and done at that meeting, first to organize the meeting by electing Dan Toomy, chairman, next to decide on the boundaries of the new county, that being done next a name for the county. Daniel Depper being the principal speaker suggested the name of Maricopa which was accepted. Mr. Depper was asked to draw up the petition which he did, all settlers signed it and it was sent to Tucson to the legislature, Tucson being the capital of Arizona at that time. In a short time the new County of Maricopa was granted. Next to select land for a new town. 320 acres was selected where the main business part of the town of Phoenix is now located. Next a name for the new town. Daniel Depper suggested the name of Phoenix which was adopted. The credit for the name of the county and town must be given to Daniel Depper as he is the man that suggested both names. Next to raise funds to employ a surveyor. Mr. Depper started the fund with \$50.00 and several others gave 50 dollars and some gave



25 dollars. Quite a fund was raised for the survey. A Mr. Hancock was employed to do the surveying and right here I give Mr. Hancock credit of doing the best job of surveying a townsite that I have ever seen considering all streets 70 feet wide, all sidewalks 12 to 18 feet, all blocks with an alley of 20 feet. I have never seen any town laid off with the width of Phoenix. This applies to the first 320 acres laid off by Mr. Hancock. Going back to more of the work of the meeting, Mr. Depper, the principal speaker, after all business transacted made a talk to the settlers and here are some of his predictions. Some of them I thought wild and unreasonable at that time, practically all have come true. Men, he said, the time will come that all this valley east and west, north and south, from mountain to river will be under irrigation and cultivated. This valley will raise almost all crops including oranges, lemons, figs, grapes. All they need is plant and water them. I have lived in other countries with a soil and climate similar to this that grew them and they will grow here and we will have the Capital here in a very few years. Some seemed to doubt that. Asked the question, Mr. Depper, why do you think we will have or get the Capital in a short time. For several reasons, he said. First this is a central point, almost in the center of Arizona, second this is the largest body of agricultural land in Arizona, next when the word goes out we have laid out a townsite in the valley, lots are cheap, vacant land to be taken up right up to the townsite, people will come in, buy lots, build, and others take up land with this immense population and being a central point with the votes we will get west of us, Yuma, Wickenburg, Prescott and settlers west of us we will have the votes to bring the capital here and another prediction, we will have a nice little city here in time. Every prediction he made that far ahead of his time has become true. Now who living today knows what the first work to be done on the new townsite was. I can tell you. Some Mexicans were employed to cut the brush off Washington Street, all the way across the half mile. By this time people were coming in taking up land, others buying lots and building dobe houses on town site. Before the building of Washington Street some sports with race horses came in and races were run on Sundays on Washington Street. One Sunday as I was there a friend bantered me to bet him five dollars on one race and insisted on the bet. While I did not want to bet, I did bet him five dollars and lost the last race of the day.

between a black mare and roan pony. The roan belonged to one man named Carpenter, a real sport and all bets being up to Carpenter still having a ten to bet, shaking his ten offering to bet it against any man's five and no one would take it up. Possibly they had no more money. As I was only a boy of 18 at the time came to me shaking the ten under my nose and daring me to take it up. I told him I did not want to bet but would not let him shake that ten under my nose, put up five. The horses went to the starting point, went to the outcome I have never seen such a close race. They ran neck and neck all the way through and I thought I had lost my five again. It was so close I could not tell when the judges gave in the race. The black mare had won by one foot. On the first race I lost five and won ten on the last race. This was my first and last bets on racing and I am still five dollars ahead on horseracing. Those races were ran on Washington Street, Phoenix, Arizona. Now as to who built the first adobe house on the townsite of Phoenix. A Mr. Hancock built it on Washington Street north side of street, not far from the Fox Theater. Dennis and Murphy put in the first little stock of goods. Everything was very high as everything must be hauled by mule team from Los Angeles. In 1871 when the time came to locate the county site and elect officers for the new county a fight for the county site came up between Phoenix and Helling Mill. Jack Swelling who is given credit for the founding of the Salt River settlement was no friend to Phoenix. He canvassed the whole valley, every man in the valley including Mexicans. He worked and solicited their vote for the Helling Mill. He solicited my vote as well as others. When the election came off Phoenix won. The first vote I ever cast in my life I cast in that election and that for Phoenix and not for the Helling Mill. I thought it very unfair of Swelling to try to take the county site away from Phoenix after the citizens had secured the land from the government, paid their money for surveying the site and the little town of some 15 or 20 houses by that time. As for the Helling Mill site there was nothing there at the time except the Mill and residence. Now as to the county officers two men, Chenuth and Frazer announced for sheriff. They had some difference over the canvas and met at the Frazer ranch and Chenuth killed Frazer. Chenuth then withdrew from the race, a nominating convention was held and Tom Barnam was nominated and elected the first sheriff, Mercer was clerk, Young was Judge and Carter Justice of the Peace.

The first man to be killed in the town of Phoenix was an Irishman. Killed by a German that ran a bakery and saloon. He was killed in the saloon, no one was present as witness and nothing was done about it as far as I know. This was in 1871. The old adobe house that I lived in in 1870 and 1871 still stands on the old John Montgomery home, 1½ miles south of the business part of Phoenix, the only one of the first adobe built in the valley that I know of and built before the townsite of Phoenix. As I have now told of Los Angeles and the valley, I now want to tell you of other conditions at that time in the territory - hardships, dangers of Indian raids and other trials of the early settlers. At that time Indians were waylaying the roads somewhere in the territory. Every month some one would be killed on some road. No road in the territory was safe for one to travel at that time. You might make several trips and see no Indians but one never knew where they were or what road they might be waylaying. After saying this much about conditions I now want to tell you of some raids made in 1871. One man known as Colonel Snavelly, an old prospector, made up a party of three men to prospect north of Phoenix, fitted themselves out at Phoenix, went north of Phoenix to a spring in the hills, intending to prospect as far as they could from that water. They had been there a short time and Indians ran on to them early in the morning, a large party of them armed with guns. Snavelly was shot down with the first shots breaking one of his legs. The other two went to his defense and he seeing the large number of them told the boys - they have got me, do not stay to defend me, there is too many for you to fight, leave me and save yourselves if you can. This they did, fighting as they went. Fortunately neither was wounded and made their escape, came into Phoenix and reported. The next day a party went out to bury Snavelly, found tent and grub gone, everything except the tools as the Indians had no use for them. I knew Snavelly and George Row - the third man I did not know. Another raid - two four-mule teams hauling grain from the valley to Wickenburg were ran onto by a large band, too many for the two to try to fight, grabbed their guns, left the teams, fighting them as they went and not getting hurt came into Phoenix and reported. The next day a party went out to see what had been done, knowing they would find no mules as that is what the Indians wanted. All mules and horses were captured and taken to the mountains, eaten one at a time as long as they lasted. Those teamsters had a Mexican boy that herded

the mules at night, he being asleep in the wagon. At the time the party found the wagons and harness and grain burned, no evidence of the boy being burned with the wagons. It was never known if they took the boy off in the desert and killed him or kept him a captive. One of those teamsters I knew well but have forgotten his name. Those two raids happened at Phoenix while I was there. Will tell you of one more raid as given me by Mr. Montgomery before I came to Phoenix. Mr. Montgomery being at Wickenburg with his team in a dove corral there to put horses in and no gate, only a pair of bars, his team in there and he sleeping in there near the bars, woke up about midnight and his horses all there and went back to sleep. On waking at daylight bars let down, all horses gone. It was nine o'clock or later before he could get horses and men to follow them, taking the trail some 15 miles out, Montgomery being ahead of the crowd, saw an Indian riding one of his horses going over a hill, took a shot at him but misses him and his crowd rushed on as fast as they could. On getting over the hill in a flat there they found a large fire going, one of his horses killed, hams cut out, meat on sticks roasting, Indians and the three horses gone. They followed them until night but never caught up with them. He lost his whole team and had to buy a new team. Now before leaving the valley to take up other Indian raids and a trip I made in the heart of the Indian country that I am sure will interest you. Myself and Mr. Osburn are the only two men left alive today that were at the called meeting of the settlers when they were called together for the new county and town. We were only boys at the time, he being 14 years old and I 18 years old. I and one more man left that saw the townsite surveyed and the first dove house built in the town of Phoenix. The first house was built by Mr. Hancock, the man who surveyed the town. I cannot locate it now myself but am told it was one block west of Fox Theater and on north side of Washington Street. The first little stock of goods put in by Danus and Murphy was a few bolts of calico, duck pants, hickory shirts, brogan shoes, small stock of groceries and they were very high as everything must be hauled from Los Angeles by mule team. No canned goods at that time. Those things I have seen in Phoenix in its early history, if anyone would have told me at that time I would live to see the beautiful city I see there now with its beautiful and substantial buildings including its well-filled stores of all kinds that you will find in any city in the U. S., all

good and substantial buildings, the beautiful churches included and the most substantial courthouse that I have ever seen. When my mind goes back to its early history one must live from that time to the present time to believe it, but I have lived to see this wonderful change in my lifetime. I often tell my friends of those wonderful changes. I will now tell you of a trip I made into the heart of the Indian country in 1871 and I think I am the only living person today that went on that trip. It was thought that country north of Phoenix and Florence, being unsettled, there might be placer gold somewhere in that part of the country and a call went out in 1871 for all who would like to go on a prospecting trip to meet at Florence at a certain date. I have forgotten the date but think it about September, 1871 and some 10 or 12 of us went from Phoenix and on arriving at Florence on the second day, a man came riding in on a little brown pony and we all wondered who he was he being a little better dressed than the rest of us. On alighting from his pony, shaking hands with some that knew him, he was then introduced to us as Governor Safford. He had come to go with us and I can assure you he was a fine little man, just one of the boys. To our surprise when all collected together there were two hundred of us, whites and Mexicans and came from all parts of the territory and from as far as California. Governor Safford and others knew it would never do to go right in the heart of the Indian country without some organization. We organized by electing the Governor our commander and Al Seiber as our guide as he was an old government guide and knew the country. Before starting Seiber made a talk to us telling us we were going into the very heart of the Indian country and when traveling not to get behind following the trail as he was sure the Indians would be watching us, watching their chances to kill a lone man. Well I took his advice and kept up but two men did not heed his warning. I will tell you later what happened to them. We made out start by going over the Pinal Mountains and down Pinal creek where the town of Globe now stands, not as much as a bush out there at that time. We went down Pinal to its mouth, crossed Salt River and to the top of Sierra Anchess Mountain, a good spring on top. There we saw the evidence of Indians as there were a number of tepees standing around the spring, evidence plain that the Indians had just left there. There we had our first accident, one man in getting up next morning pulled his shotgun out from under his blankets, one barrel was set off

shooting him in the right shoulder collar bone and shoulder blade. The doctors cut the shot out of his shoulder and the man looked so bad I thought he would die but did not. Two men were appointed to take him back to Florence. I was told the man got well and went back to California. We were under orders and rule of the Governor and every man stood his night or day guard when his time came, just the same as a soldier. Later on a Mexican got careless straggling behind, Indians were laying behind some large rock where we had passed, we not knowing Indians were there when the Mexican came on all by himself. He was fired on, killed and scalped. Later on one white man got careless, straggling way behind, he was fired on and his mule killed. Just as in the case of the Mexican we had all passed along there and seen or heard no Indians. There was no danger in them firing into the main body, just as Seiber had told us, it was the lone man they were looking for. Now this last man I knew well, his name was Rodgers and came with the Phoenix crowd to Florence. Just why the Indians did not kill him I could never understand. When the mule fell he grabbed his gun, seen no one, stood there some five minutes, the mule being dead pulled off his saddle, taken the trail to camp about two miles from where the mule was killed. No shot was fired but the one that killed the mule. He seen no one. Just why they let him walk off from there with his saddle I could never understand. He seen no one, came into camp accusing two brothers of waylaying the trail and killing his mule, this they denied bitterly. Seiber told them to go back there, he was satisfied the Indians killed the mule and if so they would find the flesh all cut off the frame and gone. Rodgers and others went back and found the flesh all cut off the frame and gone. That settled the matter of who killed the mule. Knowing Rodgers well I told him he was the most lucky man in the world for those Indians to let him walk off with his saddle and not shoot him. He said he supposed he was. That was twice they were waylaying our trail and possibly dozens of times as they were waiting their chance of a single man. After making the round laid out by Seiber and the Governor and no gold being found we then turned for home and disbanded at Florence, all for their homes. Now I want to tell you of two men we had with us on that trip known to us as the Missouri Boys as that was their native state and want to tell you what good shots they were, one being on day herd with the horses shot and killed three deer before they could get out

of range of his gun and I will tell you later what happened to that man on arriving back at Phoenix from Florence. In a short time he heard of some emigrants coming through California on their way to Texas and as I was waiting my chance to go back to Texas myself and one more man that wanted to go to Texas, got our outfit together and met them at old Pima Station and came through to Texas. It was dangerous to travel any road in Arizona at that time. On meeting the emigrants there was five men and two boys, 15 and 18, all well armed so we felt pretty safe as far as Indians was concerned, traveling several days not being molested by any Indians, on arriving at old Fort Grant early in morning there was some excitement at the post. On inquiring we were told that the Indians had killed a man some 10 miles ahead of us on the road and wounded another man and the wounded man had made it in to the post that night and was in the hospital there. The Captain had sent soldiers out to bury the dead man and take the trail of the Indians. We men decided to go to the hospital and see the wounded man, not thinking he was a man that any of us would know and right there I got the greatest surprise of my life when I walked in the room and who did I find - one of those Missouri boys that was with us on the trip just described and the man killed was the one that killed the three deer before they could get out of reach of his gun but he never got a chance to use his gun. Knowing the wounded man I asked him to give me the particulars which he did and here is his story: There is a fine cold spring at the place and some nice level land could be irrigated from it and a small dobe house with portholes in it in case of an Indian attack. Their idea was to put the water on the land and raise vegetables and feed crops for the post. They had not been there more than two or three weeks. Not knowing the Indians were waylaying the house the partner went to the spring early to get water about sixty yards from the house and the Indians fired on him giving him a death shot. He ran in the house but fell dead just as he got in the house. The partner closed the door fighting the Indians best he could from portholes in the house. Said he counted them, there was 60 warriors. When he would shoot them from one end of house they would split up go to other end. He fought them that way alone until about two o'clock. Said he killed several for he seen them fall but they were determined to get him and they finally got up to the house and set the roof on fire. They knew and he knew he must

come out of there. This spring formed a large pool before running off. Around the pool water grass and water lilies grew thick and high. His only chance was to get to that grass. And lay down. Up to that time he was all right. Putting both pistols on his body and and the two guns at the door before opening as he must come out on account of the fire. The Indians were watching the door but when he was ready he picked up one gun, threw the door open. The Indians fired on him wounding him in the fleshy part of the leg. He shot the Indians right and left making them give him all the room he could to run for the spring, said he had only cleared the house, fired on from all sides, and expected to go down every step. Fortunately he made it to the water without being hit any more, laid down in the grass, both guns and pistols with him, lay there with his pistol in hand expecting an Indian every second to come in after him. Strange to say they would not risk going in after him, knowing that the first one or two would be killed. He lay there until dark coming out very cautiously it being very dark and no Indians to be seen. The road running close by he made it into the post in the night. The Indians left at night and went to a canyon about one mile from there waiting for the soldiers to come next day as they knew he would go to the post that night and report. I am sure the report he gave me was true as that was on our road and on arriving there we found the roof burned and fell in and the fresh grave of his partner as the soldiers had gone early and buried the partner, followed the Indians in the canyon and were whipped out of there. As the Indians were laying in wait behind the rock the soldiers could not see them and had no chance. Some two or three soldiers were wounded. They came back by the burnt house while we were there, fortunately for us had we been one day ahead in our travel it would have been us to fight them instead of the two men. As for myself I am glad it was not us to fight them as I had lost no Indians and was not hunting any Indians. Further on the road we had the pleasure of viewing a battle ground where the Indians got it in the neck. They waylaid a government train of three wagons. The wagons being loaded with soldiers, sheets on wagons evidently the Indians did not know it and fired on the teamsters expecting to get those fat mules to take to the mountains to have a great feast as that is what they did with all the horses and mules they captured. The soldiers piled out of the wagons right at them and killed all but two. We were told there were the dead



Indians still around there in the brush. There must have been 12 or 15 of them. From then on we neither seen or heard of any Indians. This brought me back to Texas where I wanted to be but was prevented from carrying out my plans I had laid. I had intended to go to Caldwell County where my old cattle boss and a number of boys I had driven with lived. On arriving in San Saba county the families and teams were worn out and decided to rent land and stay there one year and look around for a location, asked me what I was going to do, going to Caldwell County. The men could not persuade me to stay with them. They then set their women on me and over-persuaded me against my own plans and judgement to stay there. I was not satisfied at the time and have never been as I have always felt like my course in life would have been different if they had not over-persuaded me against my own judgement. I was only a boy then - they could not pull anything like that over me now. Now I want to take up another part of my life and a trip I made in 1939. I had the grandest time of my life. How many men have run away twice in their lives. I have told you of one runaway. In 1939 I ran away again. The cheap fares to the Worlds Fair. I decided to take them in and see some of my old stomping ground and my old native state of Virginia. I knew if I let my children know my plans they would object and tell me I was too old to make a trip like that so I went to R. K. at Uvalde, bought a round trip ticket to both fairs, going west to Los Angeles, then to San Francisco fair, from there to Seattle, visited a granddaughter there, thence east to Washington, D. C. visiting relatives there, then to New York fair and back to Washington, then to my old home in Virginia and back to Washington. I want to say to all Texans - go to Washington and see the number and size of the buildings it takes to carry on the government's business. One must see them to believe it and by all means do not fail to go out and see the old Gettysburg battlefield 78 miles from there. There are guides there to show you and explain everything to you. Do not fail to see it. This trip was the greatest pleasure of my whole life. I visited nine of the old Civil War battlefields. I will name them - Gettysburg, Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Crater, first and second Manassa, Bull Run, Cedar Mountain, New Market that I witnessed myself as a boy, seen where General Jackson was killed, seen the great Crater field where the yanks tunelled under the confederates and blew them up killing more than two hundred in the blow up, also visited Richmond, seen

the Jeff Davis old war home, went all through it, seen Thomas Jefferson's old home, went through it and President Madison's home; the Woodrow Wilson birthplace at Staunton, Va., seen the old place where the barrel hoop started me off to Texas, traveled 14 hundred miles by auto and R.R. mileage, back to Uvalde 8736 miles on 16th August. We had a family reunion at the old home, 58 grown persons, about 70 in all related to me by blood or marriage, pictures were taken of the group, all in all that was the grandest time of my life, I being the oldest person there 87 years at the time. That was the greatest pleasure of my life. I never expect to see and enjoy myself as I did on that trip. I am now an old man 88 years old and not likely to visit my old native State again, but before closing I want to tell of two very unusual happenings that taken place on my first visit in 1921 to my old native State. One the meeting of a brother that I had never seen, he being 52 years old and I had been gone 52 years yet I had never seen him until I returned back to my old Native State, he being born one month after my leaving home. The other meeting a man at Spring Hill, Va. that we had went to school together as boys, he leaving there at 17 years and me at 16, neither known anything of each other from boys until we met in the old town 50 years later, both living in Texas, tough five hundred miles apart and knowing nothing of each other until we met in the old town talking old times and school days over. No questions asked about the time we had been gone. He made the remark he had beaten me, I said how, that he had left there a boy of 17 years and that was his first trip back in 50 years. I had a paper in my pocket telling of my meeting of my brother that I had never seen and other brothers and sisters after 52 years, gave him the paper to read and tell me if he had beaten me. After reading the paper gave it back to me and said he would give it up. I had beat him. I think this meeting of us under the circumstances almost as unusual as meeting the brother I had never seen. This man's name was Bill Curry and lived near Dallas, Texas. Just one year after his returning to Texas he passed away. Had he not gone that year he would never have seen his old State. I was sorry to hear of his death as I had hoped to meet him again some day, at that time he being 67 years old and I 68.

At the present time I am 88 years of age and glad that I have lived to this age and able to write an account of my travels, hardships and the country I have seen in life.

I am closing by saying this is written on the eighth day of October A.D. 1940

L. D. Bushong  
Leakey  
Texas