

**Tucson Fire Department
Pioneer Days In Tucson
As told By Warren Allison**



Courtesy Arizona Historical Society

PIONEER DAYS IN TUCSON

As Told By

Mr. Warren Allison

My father, George Allison, and my mother, Mary Jane Owens Allison, lived on a farm in Solano County, California, and there I was born September 23, 1857. This farm was located about four miles south of a town called Silveyville. I went to a private school there for about four years.

In our family there were four boys; Charles; Francis; Warren and Julious, and one girl named Kate. After our father sold the farm, we moved to a town called Dixon. In about 1867 the railroad was built from Valejo to Sacramento. After this railroad was built, it drew the business from Silveyville to the railroad town of Dixon. Silveyville then became a ghost town and is not on the maps today.

We lived in Dixon for several years and attended the public schools. Our father's business was running a butcher shop in the town of Dixon, and we three oldest boys did the butchering and delivering.

During the summer of 1874 our father decided to come to Arizona. We sold everything and came by train to the town of Valejo, and there, transferred to a boat, and crossed the bay to San Francisco. At this time there was no railroad entering San Francisco. We visited at the home of our uncle, Robert Allison, during our two or three weeks stay in San Francisco.

Father bought passage for the family on a boat called Crizaba, which was bound for San Diego. It was a long narrow boat, and when we passed out of the Golden Gate into the Ocean, it rocked very much and most every-body became sea sick.

This boat stopped at many places and unloaded freight into flat-boats that were called lighters. At a port, Santa Ana California, I think, the crew unloaded much freight.

While on this trip we saw whales spouting water high into the air, and whole schools of porpoises passed us. They were jumping out of the water as they traveled along. We spent three days and nights on this ocean voyage to San Diego. I have never been on the Ocean since.

At San Diego we disembarked, and while there, we stayed at the home of an uncle named Doc Harper, who was the husband of my father's sister. We stayed there about one month, while father bought a band of about 2,000 sheep, out east of San Diego, in a valley called Otey. He also bought a team and wagon, and after a months stay in Otey valley, during which time, Father loaded a wagon with all neccessary provisions, and accumulated all the things neccessary for the trip to Arizona. In the fall we started on the Overland Stage road.

While on the way, we passed through El Campo, where there was lots of Alkali, and the sheep got slightly Alkalied. They were sick, but recovered in a day or two and we continued on to Mountain Springs. Near there, we built a corral and picked out the strongest sheep, about one thousand of them to bring on to Arizona.

We passed Jacumba Springs, which is now, a well known resort; but at that time there was nothing there, and it was used as a camping place for wagon trains and travelers along this road. We left my brother Charles and another man with the remainder of the sheep, up in the mountains, while we continued on down the stage road to Coyote Wells, California. Here we made camp, and dug into the sand for water. At about three feet we found enough water for the sheep.

Along about 2 A.M. Frank and I started out on the stage road for Indian Wells. This place, about twenty-two miles distant, was the next water. As we traveled, I remember that Frank kept on the north side of the road, while I kept on the south side. It was very dark and I would run to the road every once in a while to see if we were still following it. Some of the sheep ate a poison weed--Rattle Weed I guess-- and would go crazy. We had to leave them there beside the road. That was sure some desert in those days.

Coyote Wells is on the west side of the desert, in California, and when we left Coyote Wells we were right in the desert. When we arrived at Indian Wells we found there was no water; so we had to continue on to New River Station where there was a large Laguna on what was called New River. The edge of this laguna was very muddy and we could see from some distance, that we were getting close to it. In the meantime, my father and the rest of the family had caught up with us, and were following close.

As we neared the laguna, we had to get ahead of the band of sheep and scatter them out, so that in case any of them got mired in the mud at the edge of the laguna those behind would not jump on top

the mired ones and trample them to death. We got them scattered all right, and while some of them were mired, we were able to pull them out, and they all got water.

While we were camped there, we had to take turns to guard them. All through the night one would guard while the other slept. There were lots of mesquite trees and in many parts, there were roving bands of coyotes. We saw more quail there, than I have ever seen any where else. The water from the June floods would back up from the Colorado River, and run down the New River for a good many miles.

The next day we hired a Yuma Indian to guide us. He was dressed according to their latest fashion, in nothing but a breech clout. We left the old stage road and followed down New River, as there were lagunas down along the New River, and plenty of water for the sheep. There was no Salten Sea on the desert in those days.

We got into the country that belonged to the tribe of Indians called Degainias; so the Yuma Indian guide would not go any further with us. One of the Degainias, I suppose a Chief--wanted us to pay him for the water the sheep drank and the feed they ate. We had to give him some of our sugar and food. We then continued on down the New River to the Colorado River.

When we reached the Colorado River about thirty miles below Yuma, at about 10 A.M., it was raining very hard. I ran up to the house where Hualapi Smith, who owned the ferry boat, lived; which was a mile distant. He would not come down; so we hired some Indians and took charge of the boat.

We could not get the sheep on at first. It was raining quite hard by this time and we were afraid the river would rise; but with the help of the Indians we loaded some of them on.

We had to tie two or three onto the back end of the boat, then they all wanted to go aboard. We got too many on the first load, and the boat was starting to sink just as we reached shore. We jerked out the fence panel and they jumped off, just in time.

While crossing, the Yuma Indians would wade out into the river and pull the boat diagonally across part way, and then, where the water was too deep, they would jump on the boat, and with long poles they would push the boat for about thirty or forty feet, across the deepest part of the river. They would then jump off and pull it to the shore. We got them all across the river before dark. We then crossed the team, and brought the family over.

That night we let the sheep run loose. During the night it turned very cold, and they were wet; so about seventy-five of them died. After resting a few days, Father and I took the team and went back across the desert to bring the balance of the sheep that we had left in the San Diego mountains. We left Frank, Mother, Julious and Kate, in the Colorado bottoms to take care of the first band.

Returning to camp we found everything all right; but the Indians had tried to run off some small bands of sheep. Once when he caught a body of Indians driving a small band of sheep, my brother Charles shot at them, and after that, they did not bother us any more.

We got ready and started back with the last band of sheep. Reaching Coyote Wells in about two days. On the return trip one of those wind sand storms came up and everything looked bad for us; but the storm lasted only one night, then we continued on our road. We crossed the desert very well; because this time we knew the road, and where to find water.

When we reached the camp on the Colorado River, we rested a while.

The team went to Yuma for provisions, and we boys drove the sheep to the east of the town of Yuma. Striking the Overland Stage road, we followed up the Gila River. The rain had made good green feed all the way to Tucson.

While we were on the Pima Indian Reservation, or Indian country, and I was taking my turn at guarding one night the whole band of sheep took fright and ran off into the brush. I ran after them; but I was also badly frightened, as I was only seventeen or eighteen years of age then. I finally got ahead of them, and the other boys came out and helped me drive them back. I never knew what caused them to stampede. The way of sheep is, that when a few get scared, and start to run, they all run.

While coming up the Overland Stage road, crossing from Gila Bend to Casa Grande, we had to make forty-five miles without fresh water. There were pools of alkali water along the way, and we had to guard the sheep well, to keep them away from this alkali, as it would have poisoned them.

When we reached the burg of Tucson, which was not much of a town at that time, we bought provisions at the store of Tully & Ochoa, which was located on Main Street. We drove around Tucson, to about where the Southern Pacific passenger depot is now located. We kept out of town, on account of the dogs. We reached Tucson about the last days of February, in 1875, and arrived at Calabazes in March 1875.

We met Fred Maish this side of Canoa Ranch, and he notified us that he owned the Canoa Grant of eleven miles. He was afraid we would stop on his grant. We stopped at Calabazes, and my father got a rancher by the name of Mr. Lowe, to build a house of adobe.

Mr. Lowe built our first adobe house, which was a new kind of a house for us. He owned a farm ranch just south of Tubac. He had adobes made, and soon built a house at a point where the Santa Cruz and Sonoita Valleys came together, and about one hundred yards to the west of the point of the Mesa that divides the two valleys, Santa Cruz and Sonoita.

It happened that Tully and Ochoa had a bunch of Mexican sheep, and they had kept them at Calabazes. They had built a good corral; but had moved their sheep away; so we took their corral. We boys took care of the sheep, and would corral them every night. This corral was about one quarter of a mile west of the house, but the wild animals, mountain lion, wolves and coyotes, were so plentiful and bad, that some of us had to sleep at the corral every night.

One night a lion jumped into the corral and killed a sheep. We ran him out before he could eat any part of the sheep but we put strychnine in the carcass of the sheep he had killed. While doing this, we did not touch the carcass with our hands. The second night, the lion came back and ate his fill. The poison took effect and he died in the corral. A mountain lion will eat no meat except what he has killed.

Another night a pack of wolves got in the corral and killed eleven sheep before we could run them out. They did quick work.

Along about May, when we had sheep to sheer, Frank and I and two Spanish fellows did the work. We had to pack the wool in long wool sacks. We would hook these sacks to a frame made for the purpose, and getting inside of them, we would trample the wool to pack it. In this way we could get a lot of wool in each sack.

The sheep seemed to be doing well; so Father sent our oldest brother, Charles, back to California for another band of sheep. He was also, sent to collect some accounts that people back there owed Father. Father had left the books with a man by the name of Womac.

When brother Charles got back, he discovered that Womac had collected the accounts and spent the money. Charles bought another band of sheep and a team and wagon, he drove them through to Calabazes.

Soon after he left on the Overland State for California the summer rains began. This was new for us, as in California we did not have rain in the summer. That summer was a very wet summer and all of us but my mother, got chills and fever, and were sick for some time.

After the wool was packed in the long wool sacks, we delivered it to Tully & Ochoa, in Tucson. They had a train of wagons which were pulled by ox and mule teams, with which they hauled the wool to La Junta, Colorado, a distance of six hundred miles, and shipped it to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. This wool brought good returns, to us, as it was then sold for a good price.

A farmer by the name of J.C..Smith, who lived about two miles north of Calabazes, raised vegetables and sold them in Tucson. He had planted some Santa Cruz potatoes on a piece of temporal ground and when we ploughed the land we picked up a lot of very small potatoes. We planted them on a very low and wet piece of bottom land and they did fine. We would get almost a bucketful from one hill.

Father bought some vegetable seeds and planted them. The season was a wet one and they did fine. We made lots of sour krout and cucumber pickles and sold them in Tucson. Malex Levin bought quite a lot. Mr. A. Levin was the owner of the brewery in Tucson.

One time my brother Charles was sleeping in a corral on the point of the mesa about one hundred yards east of the house, where we had some sheep corraled. During the night a mountain lion came into the corral and killed a sheep. After he killed the sheep he jumped out with the carcass, and took it into a mesquite thicket, where he ate his fill. He afterwards came back into the corral and I was awakened by the sound of sheep running around. It was very dark, and taking my shot gun, I went to the back of the corral. The sheep were white; but all I could see was a dark circle in the corral. Looking at this dark circle, I saw the lion coming straight towards me; but I do not think he had seen me. I saw two big eyes right in front of me and they looked like two big moons. Lion's eyes shine in the dark like cat's eyes; only, being much larger, they are very bright. I shot and wounded him and sometime later we found his carcass about a mile from there. The next day we found the carcass of the sheep he had killed which was hidden in the brush and covered over with leaves.

There were plenty of rattlesnakes; also other kinds of snakes. Rattlesnakes would often bite the sheep on their head while they were feeding, and their heads would swell. We used a weed which was called La Golondrina, I think, to treat these rattlesnake bites. We would stick a pen-knife into the under jaw, and inject the juice of this weed into these openings. A bloody water would drip from the cuts and most of the sheep would recover from the snakebites after this treatment had been administered. Beside rattlesnakes, there were long red snakes, and black snakes with white rings around back of their heads.

The next spring after the first summer spent here, the Apache Indians went up to the top of a high peak in the San Cayatano Mountains,

where they could see a long way up and down the Santa Cruz Valley. They saw our herds and coming down during the night, ran off all our work animals; taking every animal they could find.

They went up to Pete Kitchen's Protrero (pasture) Ranch, took eleven head from him and drove them off into the Santa Rita Mountains and probably down to Sonora by way of the San Pedro River.

Pete Kitchen raised hogs and made salt pork, pickled pork and lard. He planted corn and harvested it to fatten hogs during the cold weather. His ranch was called the Protrero Ranch. It was located about five miles north of Nogales. There was no Nogales then, and no custom house on either side of the line.

The Indians had left us without a single animal. During that first winter spent at Calabazes, Father sent to California for some seed potatoes. A few sacks came through all-right, and we planted them with a lot of other things, in the spring. They came up and were doing well; but that summer was a dry one. It did not rain at all, and everything dried up. We did not know anything about irrigation then; besides, there was no water.

That fall, after our first summer in Calabazes, the grass seed ripened. There were two kinds of pin grass seed. They got into the wool of the sheep and worked through the hyde, and lay between the hyde and the flesh. These pin grass seed caused the sheep to scratch and rub all the wool off. This caused the sheep business to become a failure in that section of Arizona.

We sold the ranch for three hundred dollars, and sold part of the sheep to a man by the name of Mott. During the fall, of the last season we spent at Calabazes, we went up the Santa Cruz River, to what was known as Hoffman's bend, now called Buena Vista, I think. There

were lots of wild turkeys during those days; Frank killed one that weighed twenty-four pounds. At another time I killed one up there, and I killed several at Calabazes.

Before we left Calabazes Frank and I would pack grub and bedding on a pack horse or mule, and go prospecting over the west side of the Patagonia Mountains. We found copper stained granite a plenty and thought we found good prospects; but they were worthless.

Pesquiera worked a lead mine there. He used this lead to make bullets, which he used in this fight for Governor of Sonora, against Sevina and another General.

During those early days, people traveled very much during the night, on account of the danger of attacks by the Apache Indians.

While we were prospecting in the Patagonia Mountains Frank and I would make our camps off in small side canyons on account of Indians. This was during the winter and the weather was very cold. I think this happened during the year 1877 or 1878.

As I have written above, when we sold the ranch and some of our sheep, we moved up into the Salero camp, in the Santa Rita Mountains. Here, we started a small store, and hauled freight for the companies.

We killed sheep and delivered mutton to the different mining camps that season. It was one of the wettest seasons that I ever saw in Arizona. Frank drowned a horse while crossing the Santa Cruz river at Tubac. While in the Salera Camp we would prospect a good deal. Father and Mother were living with us then. Salero Camp fizzled out, and we hired a big ox team and moved everything over to the Mowery camp, or 'flat', and started a store.

There were many prospectors in the mountains, who traded with us in the store. Washington camp had started up at ^{Duquesne} ~~Dequien~~, and people from Santa Cruz, Sonora, came and bought goods from us. We built an adobe house, and Father and Mother came up there to live.

We finally sold the store and moved to Harshaw and started a butcher shop. Harshaw at that time, was a lively place, and we were doing a good business. The Hermosa mine finally played out and in the summer of 1881 we came to Tucson and started a store on Convent Street. Our store was in a room belonging to John Charlston. We afterwards moved into a store next to the Palace Hotel.

Tombstone was booming at this time. Two stages left the Palace Hotel every day, sometimes with cut rates. We did a good business at this location. We shipped in by railroad freight, barrels of butter, packed in brine. We got a pair of butter moulds and bought ice. The ice was shipped in by car loads, as there was no ice company here at that time.

We finally bought out Hoag and Armstrong's store after they went broke. This store was in a big red brick building, known as the Pearson Block, located just in front of the Fashion Saloon. Gambling was in full blast in this building at that time.

Dr. Watson had a drug store to the west of us. He took his stock of goods out of his store and hauled it away and stored it, or almost everything, then his store burned. It was thought he set fire to his store. When he burned out, the same fire burned our store. The insurance company did not pay him a cent. We had two thousand dollars insurance on our store and the Insurance Company paid us nineteen hundred dollars.

Some time later we bought a store in Court Street in what was known as the wedge, next to the Orendorf Hotel. We did business there for a long time. We furnished the miners in Olive Camp, grub, tools, powder, fuse and caps. They took out lead silver ore and we shipped their ore to the El Paso Smelting Works. Out of the returns, we paid ourselves, and the balance of the money we returned to the miners.

We made a good money in this business. J. Ivancovich had a little fruit store just west of us, adjoining our store on one side, and the office of Dr. Handy on the other. One night Ivancovich burned out. It happened about 12 P.M. This fire also burned the office of Dr. Handy, and Dr. Handy was very mad. I was sleeping in our store, and when the fire started I got up and Helped to put it out.

At this time, we had collapsable leather buckets with which to fight the fire. There was a ladder on the wall, and we filled these buckets and passed them up to persons who were stationed along the ladder. They threw the water on the fire.

We finally bought the lot where the Montgomery and Ward Company and the Southern Arizona Bank and Trust Company are now, on Stone Avenue. We built the two story brick building which is the south half of the Southern Arizona Bank and Trust Company. The bank has remodeled the front of this building.

We sold the building to Plummer and Stewart, and quit the grocery business. We then bought a tract of bottom land just south of A mountain, and from the water we developed on this land, which we took through a deep ditch which we dug, and took to about three miles out on the west side of the valley, we irrigated a tract of land on the west side of this valley.

This ditch was blasted out through rock for about a half mile, around the foot of A mountain, and may still be seen there on the east side of the highway.

The land down on the west side had too much Alkali and was no good, so we finally dug the present canal on east side of the valley, and located the land which is called the Flowing Wells. This land we cleared and planted in alfalfa. We farmed it for several years and finally sold it to General Manning B. Cameron, Senator Ives and Randolph for \$60,000.00

After we sold this property, we got a right of way from the Indian Department at Washington, and dug another ditch, bringing water from the Black Mountain on the Indian Reservation, to land about fourteen miles north of the Black Mountain. We cleared the land of the heavy mesquite, and farmed it for several years. We sold it to the Megemhimer Brothers for \$135,000.00 cash.

Before we sold the Flowing Wells property to Manning we put up a water power flour mill, and ran it for about a year. We finally sold the machinery to Leo Goldsmith. Along about 1906 Henry Wicks discovered what is now known as the Allison Gold Mining Property. We bought an interest in this property and did a lot of development work on it. We did about 2,000. feet altogether. A party by the name of Mr. Clair bought this property, but failed to comply with the contract.

At last we acquired the property again, and finally sold it to the Allison Mining Company for \$50,000.00. After this, the Tom Reed Company of Oatman, acquired the principal part of the Allison Mining Company's interests, probably sixty percent or more, and they own it today.

On both of these ranches, we raised thousands of tons of alfalfa, hay and hundreds of tons of watermellons and canteloupes. I can not remember one hundredth part of all the things that happened, and will probably remember many interesting incidents later, that have happened during the over sixty-three years I have lived in Arizona, or the eighty one years of my life. I was eighty one years of age last September 23, 1938 and am dead broke today.

RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY TUCSON

WHO WAS WHO HERE THEN

When we first came, Tully and Ochoa, and Al Zeckendorf were located in the block north of where Congress and Main Street come together. Tully & Ochoa were located just north of Zeckendorf. They had the leading stores in Tucson. These were general mercantile stores, and Zeckendorf had the biggest store in Tucson. When the railroad came through Tully & Ochoa went to pieces.

Right back of them was where old Aleck Levin had a big brewery, and in there, is where they used to hold the Augustine fiestas. They would begin about the sixteenth of September to celebrate, and the celebration would last about three weeks. They would gamble, and there was all kinds of Mexican food served on tables. They had Mexican drinks too. They were all kinds of drinks colored red lemonsade. Tizween, Mescal, and all kinds of intoxicating drinks could be bought in the saloons which were located all over Tucson.

Charley Brown was the big saloon man here then. There was all kinds of gambling going on in his saloon. There were lots of tables in the back of his place, and they were all filled night after night.

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Fred Freshman, who later bought the drug store, and ran it for a long while, was his son-in-law, and worked for him at first. Old Dr. Handy was the principal doctor.

Marsh and Driscoll built the Palace Hotel. They were cattle men, and George Rafield ran the Hotel for a long time. Broadway was called Camp Street, and it now cuts off part of the lot where the old Palace Hotel once stood. Broadway is now continued on through to Main. Two Frenchmen ran the saloon right in front of this hotel, which was called the French Saloon.

There wasn't much business on Camp Street in those days, old Colonel Durr had a place there where he sold liquors and pickles and all kinds of stuff. He used to call himself Warum Durum. One of the best restaurants in Tucson was the one which was owned by an Italian named Saldini.

Mr. Menager, a frenchman used to own a store in Meyers Street, his son Jo and daughter Dora used to have a trading post at Sells, when it was called Indian Oasis. Jo Menager got to fooling with an irrigation project out there, and lost a lot of money on it. He would have been all-right if he had just stuck to the trading post.

R. N. Leatherwood ran the corral where the courthouse is now located. It was one of the biggest in Tucson then. The first fire chief was Jack Bolin. They had the bucket brigade fire department here then. This was composed of callapsable buckets, and the firehouse was located just north of where the courthouse is now. The streets have been changed so much since then, that it is hard to locate just where those places were.

There were cowboys from all the surrounding country in there, and miners from all the camps around, especially from Tombstone, which was flourishing then. One of his favorite games was Keeno; this is something like Lotto. There was plenty of money in this country; so lots of it changed hands in there over those gambling tables.

Mr. Lowe who lives in Tubac now, is the son of the Mr. Lowe who built our house when we first came to Calabazes. Mr. Lowe came here with the Union Army during the civil war; but was originally from Germany.

The roads and streets are now so changed that it is difficult to explain about them, as they were in the olden times. The junction of Main Street and Congress, was the main business center then. Business came on down to Meyers. Lord and Williams had a general store, and were located on the south-east corner of Main, facing Congress. Mansfield was right north of them, and their store was a book and stationary store. J. S. Mansfield was the father of Monty and Sam Mansfield, who are here now. Mrs. Mansfield was related to the Goldsmiths. Leo Goldsmith was in business here then. He worked for Zeckendorf, in the furniture business, and afterwards operated the Eagle Milling Company.

B. M. Jacobs had a grocery store then, which was located on the S.W. corner of Meyers and Congress, where the Economy Drug Store is now located. They afterwards organized the Arizona National Bank.

Charlie Meyers ran the only drug store here at that time and he is the man for whom Meyers Street was named. He was justice of the peace for a while. He was a German, and would sentence his prisoners to so many days in the 'yug' (jug) which is the pioneer word for 'jail'.

AN ABUNDANCE OF WILD GAME

There were plenty of antelope and wild turkeys here then; also deer, and there were lots of mountain lion. The wild turkeys hatched in places where the marshes were, during those days, and they were protected by the grass that grew waist high. There were marshes along the Aqua Frio, right there at Calabazes, and up at Buena Vista. I do not think the attempt to stock Arizona with turkeys will be a success now; because these marshes have all dried up.

This bottom down here just back of and south of A mountain was marshy. We used to have a ranch in there when we first came here from Calabazes. There was a thirty-seven acre lake, just south of A mountain, in that bottom. This lake was made by Solomon Warner. There was marshy ground over there, and he put in a dyke and planted willows along the dyke to protect it. They stocked this lake with carp. Solomon Warner sold it to Douglas Snyder, and the Allison Brothers bought it from Snyder.

The summer of 1890 was a very wet summer, and there were many big floods. The Santa Cruz River didn't have a channel before that; this channel that is down there now, was made in 1890, and those floods took the lake out, fish and all.

During the Indian War, the Apaches used to go up on top of the Cayatana Mountains, when they wanted to get a good view of the whole Santa Cruz Valley. These are the mountains where the town of Sonoita connects with the Santa Cruz River. ^{CREEK}

Pete Kitchen was a well known rancher then. His ranch, the Potraro, (pasture) was named after a little creek that runs by there. His was the last ranch on the way to Magdalena. It was located just

this side of Nogales; but there was no Nogales then.

Nogales was built during 1875-80. Before that, there was no port of entry there. The reason they called it Nogales, was because there was a wild grove of walnut trees in the canyon where it was built. Nogales is the spanish word for walnut. There were no line riders or rangers along the border then. In fact I do not think there are any along the border on the Papago Reservation even now.

There were plenty of bandits in this country then. While some cattlebuyers by the name of Katz and Soto were on their way to Mexico to buy cattle, they were held up on this road to Mexico and killed. They had talked about this trip to buy cattle before leaving Tucson, and news traveled fast then.

I knew Colonel Postum. He was around Tucson for several years after we came. Captain Ross also came here with the soldiers; but when I knew him, he was not connected with the Army.

Going to Mexico, the first station was Sahuarita, then the next ranch was the Canoa Ranch, owned by Marsh and Driscall. This was a Spanish Grant. It is owned by Mr. Howell Manning. The Otero ranch was another big ranch. It was called the Reventon, and the other one was called The Torrion. Then comes Tubac, which Mr. Lowe says was the first Capitol of Arizona, as it was General Baylor's headquarters while here. Tubac consisted of just a few houses when we came here. Otero had a store there for a while. After that, D. Lille Mercer ran a store there.

After you go through Tubac and cross the river to the east side, you come to this man Lowe's ranch. It is the first ranch; but I do not know the name of his ranch. The next ranch belongs to Joe King;

and the next one was Palo Parado, which means standing stick. During those times they built mud houses of upright poles of willow or mesquite and they were chincked with mud.

John T. Smith owned the Bosque (thicket) Ranch. He had truck gardens and corn and grain. The next ranch was the Aqua Frio, which was owned by a man named Megry. He was a frenchman. There was a big flat there, and a lot of tule. Tule grows about twelve feet high and is round. The Golondrina weed, the weed we used to cure snakebite, grows flat on the ground. The leaves are half white and half green. It was the mexican people who told me that it was good for snake bite. Part of the cure was effected by the lymph dripping from the underjaws of the sheep.

After the Bosque, going to Mexico, you came to the Pete Kitchen Ranch, the Protrero. There was a nice house built between Calabazes and Protrero, by Governor Pesqueria, who was governor of Sonora. He built this house while working mines on this side of the border.

DEEDED PIMA COUNTY ROAD AROUND A MOUNTAIN

My brother Frank Allison and I, deeded the Pima County road that was built around the foot of A mountain, on the south and east side. We also donated the county road that runs along the foothills on the south, for about a mile. This part of the road along the foothills, we, as I remember, just gave the county a right-of-way.

Frank and I, loaned the county our pile driver to drive the piles in the river while they were building the bridge. The Board of Supervisors put up only one thousand dollars, and the balance was

collected by subscriptions and they gave a bond to the supervisors, that the bridge would be completed.

M. J. Sullivan, a carpenter, who owned the brick yard on the west side of the river, built the bridge, so he could haul his manufactured brick to Tucson, as the crossing in the river was very bad.

Frank and I deeded about five acres of land next to the city pump, which was about four miles south of Tucson at that time. This was the river bed that we deeded to the city of Tucson, and that was where the water supply came from then.

One time while I was living at the Mowery mine flat alone, and while Mr. Peterson was carrying the mail from Harshaw to Locial on the International line, north of the town of Santa Cruz, Sonora, Mexico. The Indians were on a high mountain and saw him coming. They came down and hid in an arroyo in the brush. When he was crossing the arroyo they shot him in the back. After they killed him they took his horses and went down a canyon about five hundred yards from where I was cutting some posts. My riding horse was staked out in the canyon. I had tied a long rope on him so I could catch him easily. These Indians saw the horse and rode him until he gave out. They then left

San Pedro valley, and Jim Finley told me they

RECOGNIZED the brand on my horse; so I went over and got

him at a ranch, and I had to ride at night because the danger of attack from the Indians was less than during the day time.

I said in another place that Congress Street ended at Main, but that is not correct. Congress Street ran one block west of Main Street, and there it ended, at E. T. Echols blacksmith shop.

My wife's name was Francisca Suastigui. She was born in Hermosillo, Sonora, Mexico. After our marriage we made our home in Tucson. We had six daughters and they were all born in Tucson. They are all married and living in Arizona, except three, who live in California. They are: Mrs. Josephine Young; Mrs. Francis A. Thompson; Mrs. Hilda (Lant) Kinney; Mrs. Natalia (Walter) Pfrimmer; Mrs. Julia (C.H.) Edwards; Mrs. Amelia (C.E.) Hills. They were all educated in Tucson schools.

WAS MET BY DELIGATION WHEN CAME TO
TUCSON

When the Allison family first came to Tucson, we were met about ten miles out of town by a deligation of local citizens. It was the custom in those days, to welcome new arrivals to this co , and they had heard that we were on our way to this PART OF the country. The people who met us were: Samuel + Tom Hughes; Steve Ochoa; Sabino Otero; Carlos Tully; Hiram Stevens, Mr. Allen; Mr. Carillo, and Mr. Brown, and others always glad to welcome new people to their

Greater Tucson Fire Foundation

Thanks you for taking an interest in Tucson Fire Department history —

This is one of many sections that contain information, documents, letters, newspaper articles, pictures, etc. They have been collected and arranged in chronological order or by a subject. These items were collected, organized and entered into a computerized database by Dave Ridings Assistant Chief Tucson Fire Department, Al Ring friend of the department, Greater Tucson Fire Foundation and with the help of many friends and fellow firefighters.

All graphics have been improved to make the resolution as good as possible, but the reader should remember that many came from copies of old newspaper articles. This also applies to other items such as documents, letters, etc.

Credit to the source of the documents, photos, etc. is provided whenever it was available. We realize that many items are not identified and regret that we weren't able to provide this information. As far as the newspaper articles that are not identified, 99% of them would have to be from one of three possible sources. The *Arizona Daily Star*, The *Tucson Citizen* and the *Tucson Daily Citizen*, for which we want to give a special thanks.

Please use this information as a reference tool only. If the reader uses any of the information for any purpose other than a reference tool, they should get permission from the source.

Should the reader have additional information on the above subject we would appreciate you sharing it with us. Please see the names and contact information on the 1st. TFD Archives page right below this paragraph.

