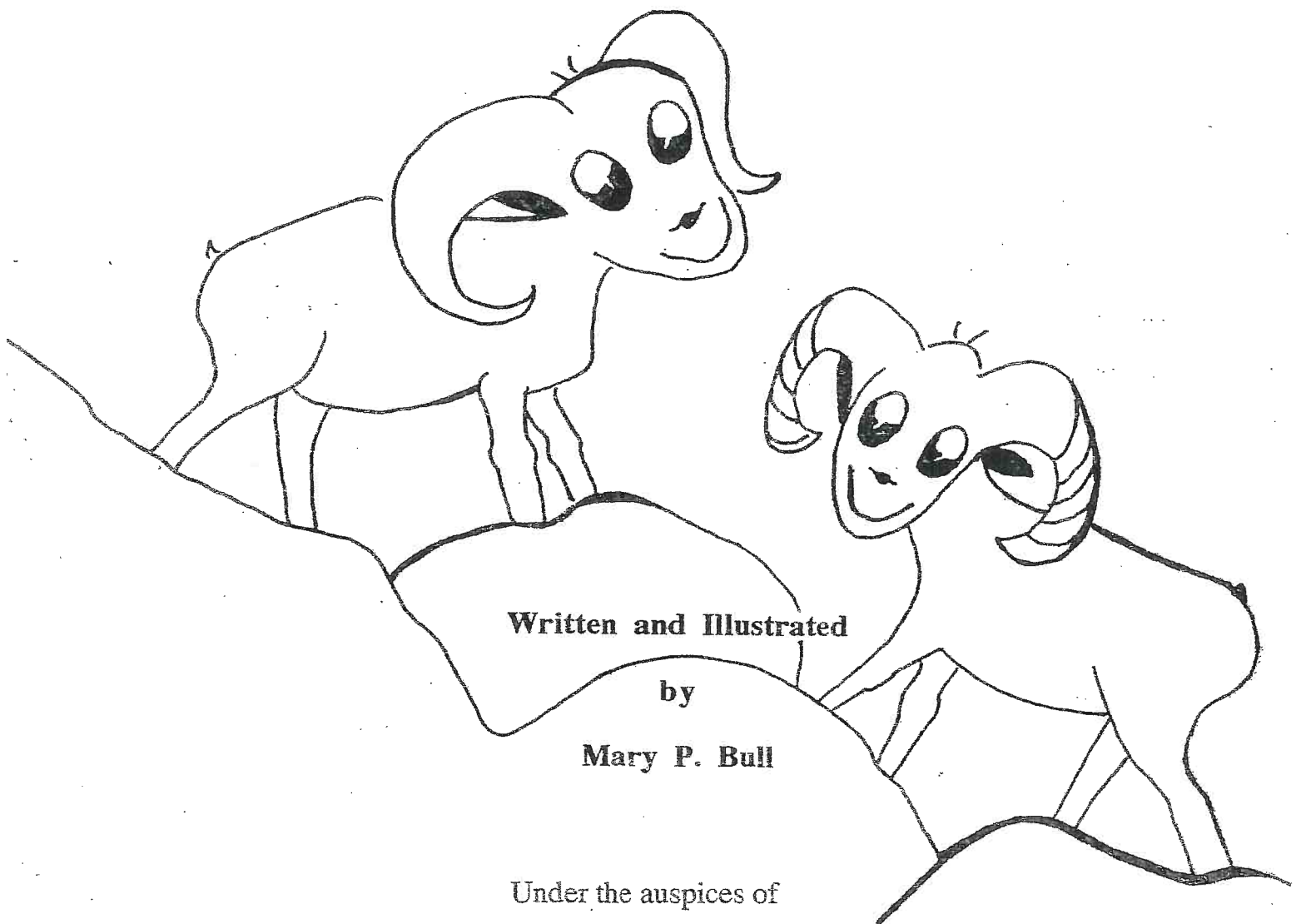


**José and Pepe from Santa Cruz Valley**

# Coloring Book

**Before 1900 in Tucson, Arizona**



**Written and Illustrated**

**by**

**Mary P. Bull**

**Under the auspices of**

**The National Society of the Colonial Dames of America in Arizona**



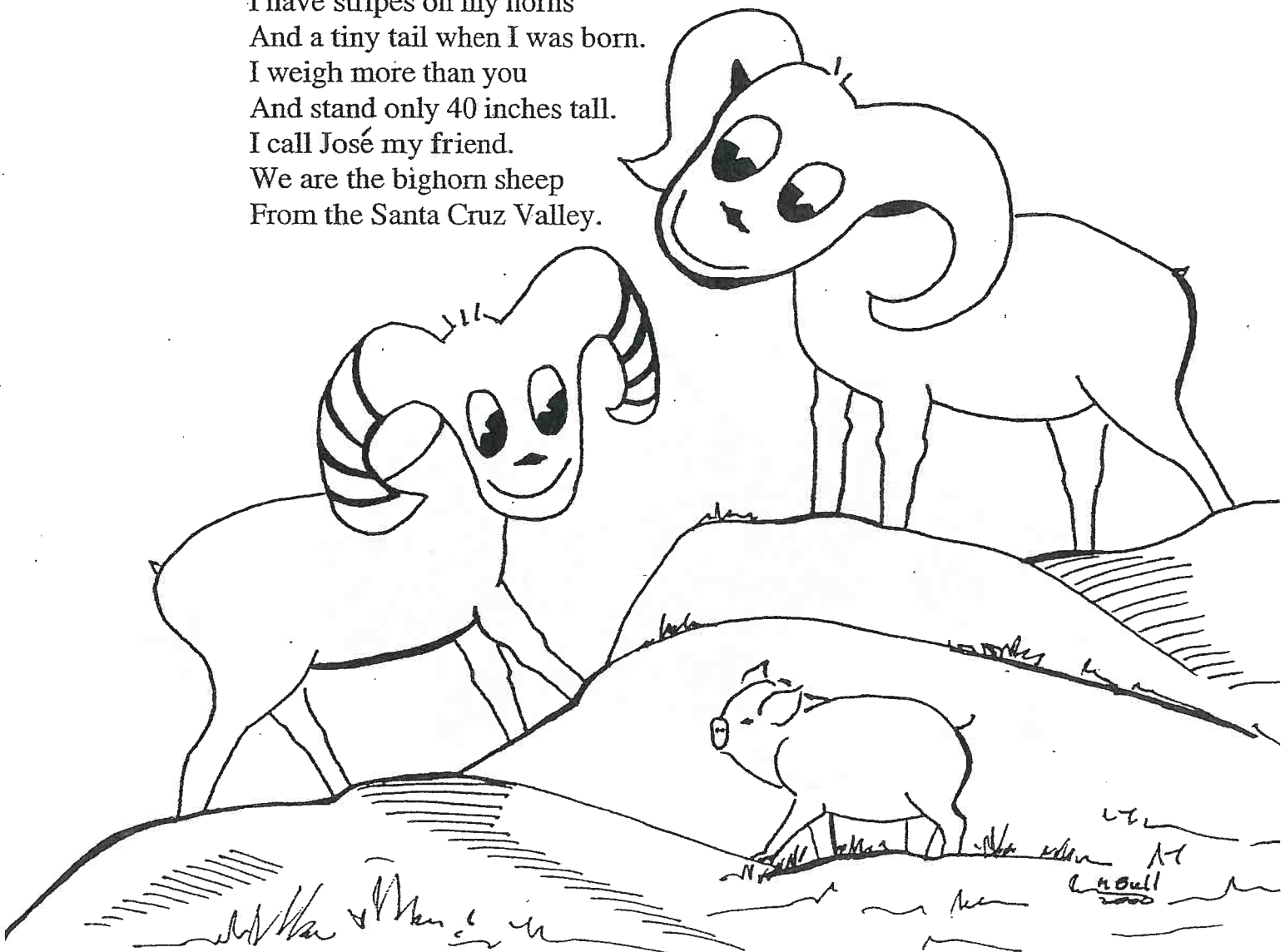
# José and Pepe from Santa Cruz Valley

This is José and Pepe's story. Their story begins many thousands of years ago before people arrived in the Santa Cruz Valley. José and Pepe were part of this early history.

A curious José and Pepe stood on a mountaintop looking down on the Santa Cruz River. Both 300 pound sheep with curving horns called this valley their own for many, many years.

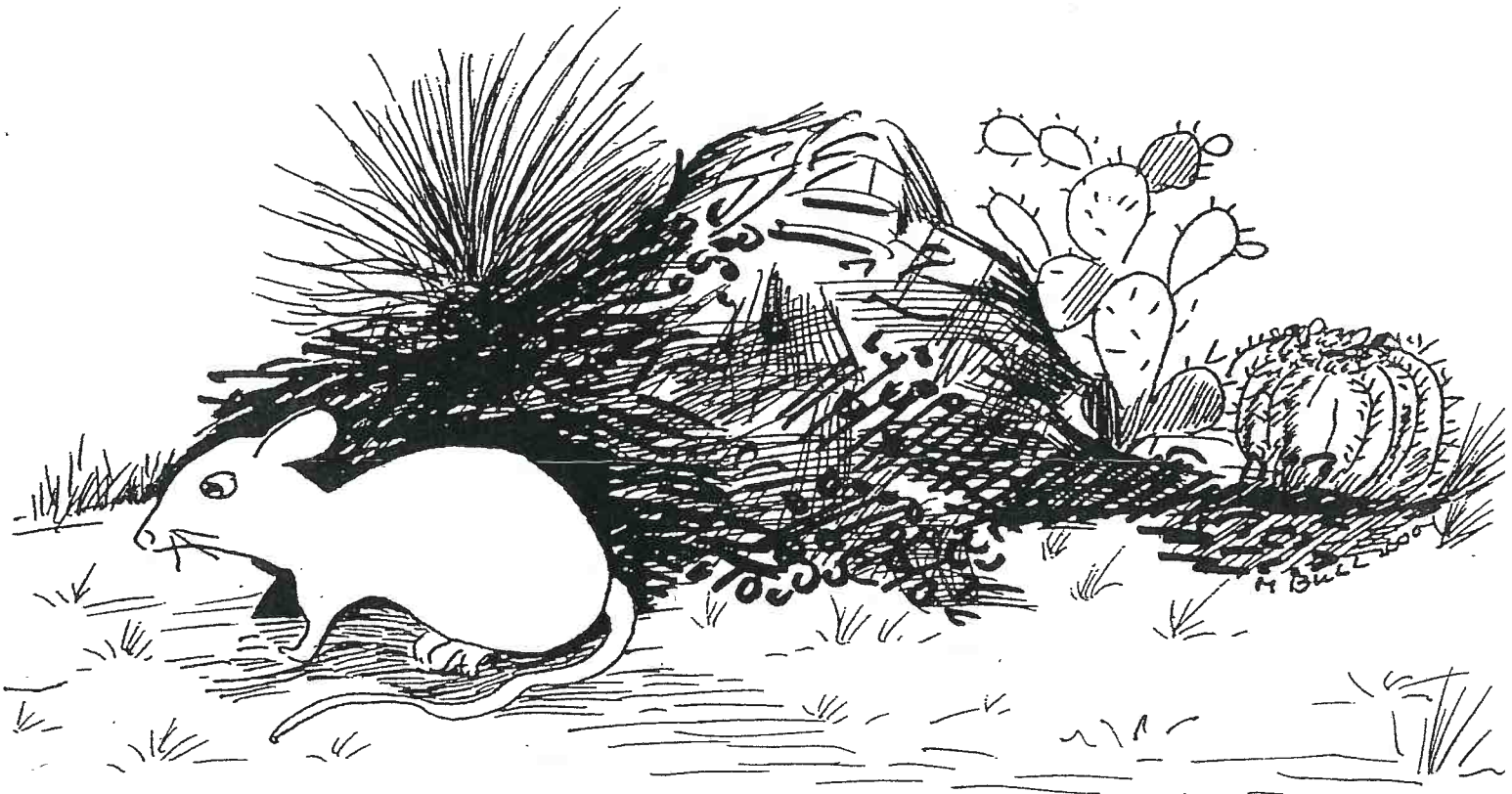
Their friends included deer drinking from the river; javelinas (wild pigs) looking for tasty roots in the wet ground and little pack rats scurrying to their nests.

I am a bighorn sheep.  
My name is Pepe.  
I have stripes on my horns  
And a tiny tail when I was born.  
I weigh more than you  
And stand only 40 inches tall.  
I call José my friend.  
We are the bighorn sheep  
From the Santa Cruz Valley.



Oh my! There is a coiled rattlesnake ready to strike a fat pack rat. **Run pack rat, run into your nest of sticks and leaves.** You must stay in your air-conditioned nest when the nights are warm. The snakes are hungry.

50,000 years ago  
When people were not around.  
Paddy Pack Rat was here  
Collecting seeds and leaves in a mound  
For the scientists to study when they found  
The pack rats nest on the ground.





Next, came the **Ice Age in North America**. There was a large 'ice cube' in Canada. Wind blowing across this mile-thick ice cooled the weather in much of the earth including the Santa Cruz Valley.

The weather warmed up  
And the 'ice cube' melted like in a cup.  
Our valley became warmer  
Then drier and drier as it warmed up.

That was about 8,500 years ago.  
It is hard to imagine that many years gone by  
When our valley was green with juniper trees,  
And the rivers flowed all year round.



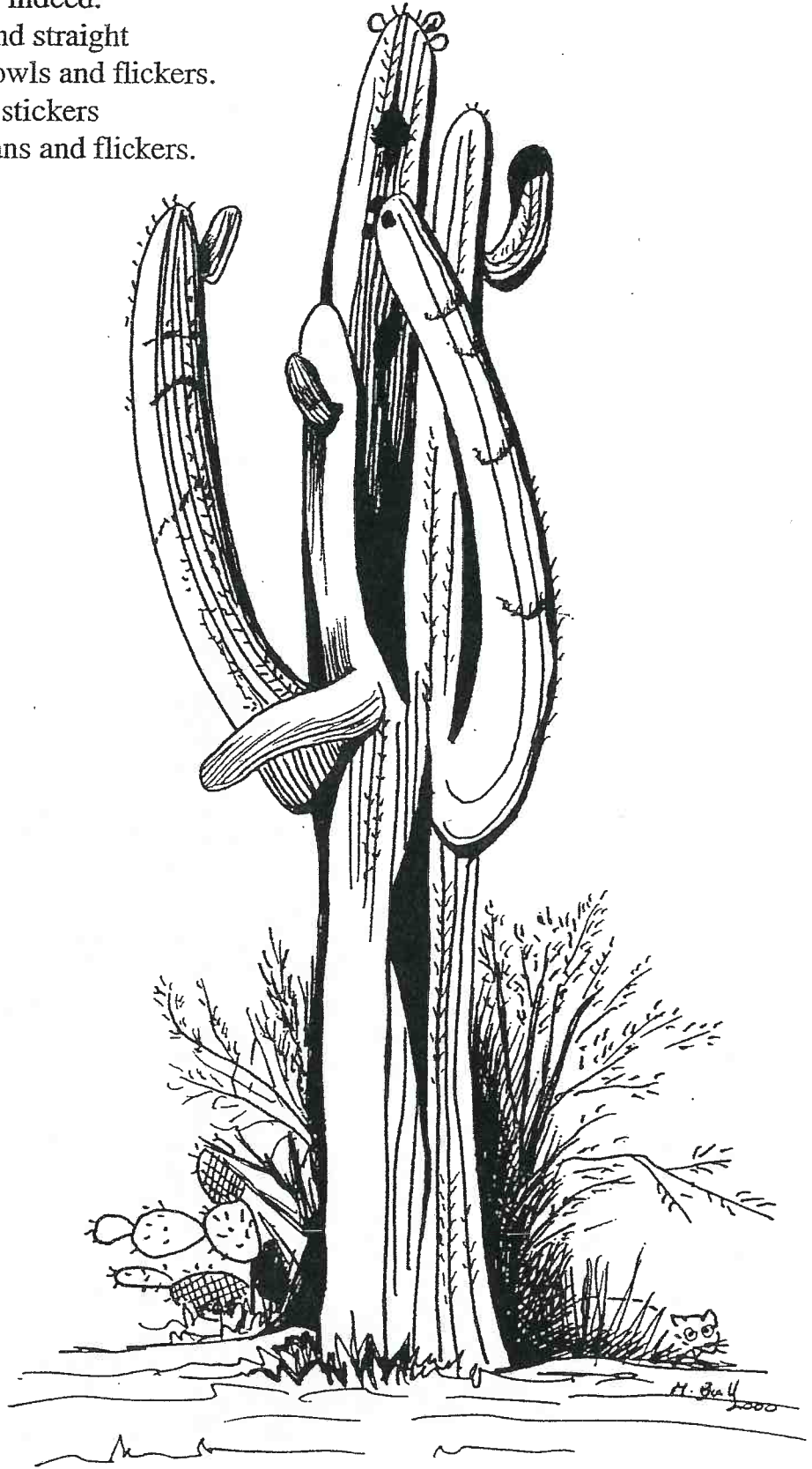
Plants changed as the weather dried out. Juniper trees now lived only in the higher, cooler mountains. Trees and cactus full of stickers were everywhere in the Santa Cruz Valley.



3,000 years ago a sahuaro seed  
 Grew up in our valley indeed.  
 This cactus was tall and straight  
 Providing homes for owls and flickers.  
 Juicy fruit without its stickers  
 Made a meal for Indians and flickers.



Flickers like woodpeckers  
 peck holes in the sahuaros.



## PEOPLE ARRIVED IN THE VALLEY

Indian groups were moving through the valley even though the river was becoming drier. They followed the water and the wild animals.

The river was very dry.  
The beavers had disappeared, oh my!  
So the beaver trappers moved on.  
The shallow stream was gone  
Instead a deep channel formed  
During the summer rains.

José and Pepe were concerned  
Losing their land was an awful blow.  
To people they did not know.  
But Paddy, the pack rat, continued to hide  
Seeds and cactus fruit by the people's sides.

Pre-historic Indians stayed in the Santa Cruz Valley when they ran out of big game animals to hunt. This could have been 1,300 years ago. **They built pit homes** dug into the ground with support poles covered with branches and leaves. The branches were plastered with wet mud that dried hard.

Indian men grew corn, beans and cotton.  
The women gathered water  
From springs and the river, not forgotten.  
While José and Pepe watched the people  
From their mountain vantage point.

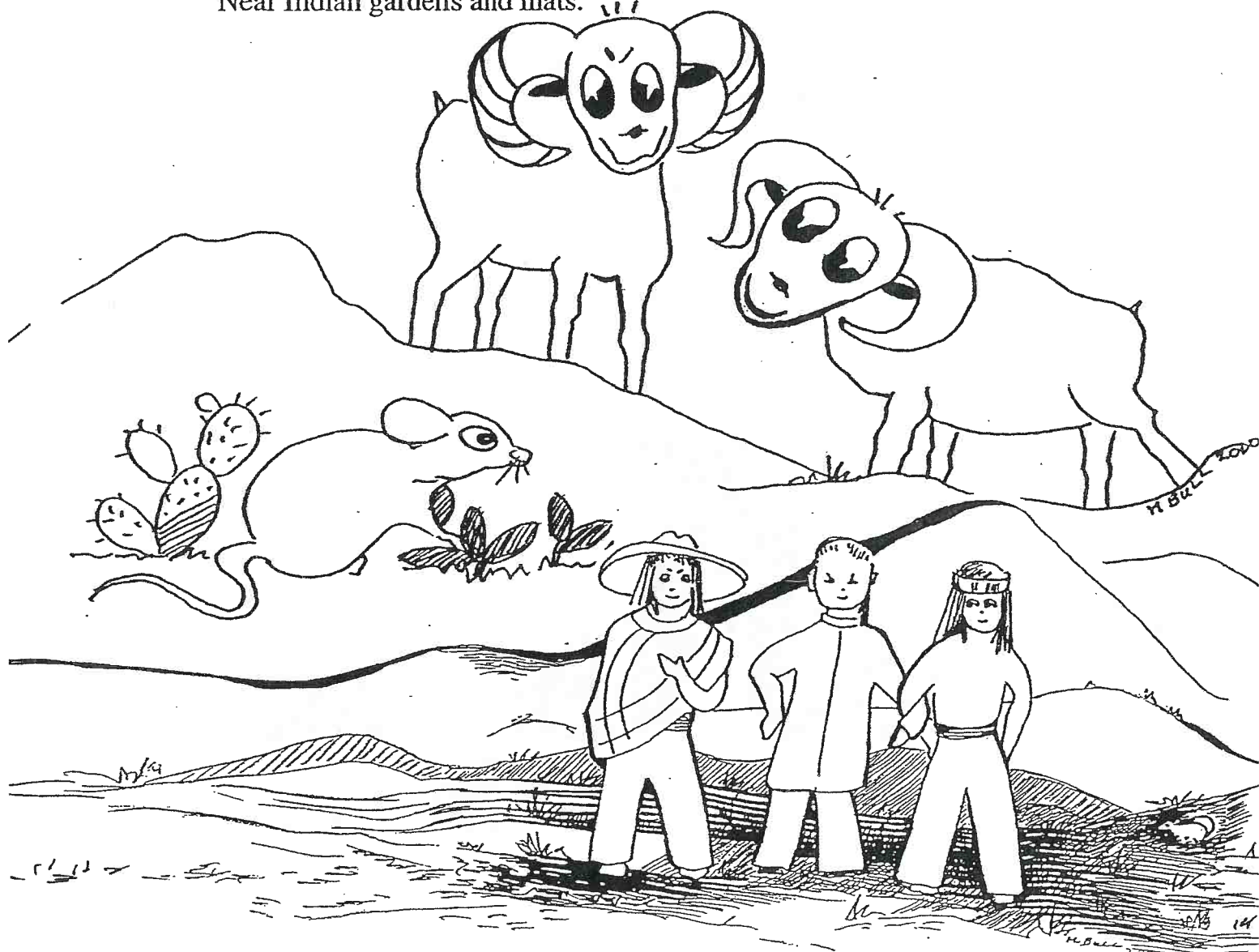




There were people everywhere.  
 The Indians climbed to the mountain tops.  
 So José and Pepe looked for higher ground  
 There were people everywhere they found.

With the deer they watched from afar.  
 While their pack rat friends stayed on  
 With the people sitting on reed mats.  
 The pack rats filled their nests with corn, beans  
 And cacti fruit for winter's lean.

José and Pepe from the Santa Cruz Valley  
 Told Paddy, their pack rat friend  
 That they must move on  
 To ground not flat  
 Where they can view the valley and hide.  
 We will see you, Paddy Pack Rat  
 Near Indian gardens and mats.





## SPAIN INFLUENCED TUCSON

In 1687 an impressive looking explorer came by horseback from the south.  
He was Father Eusebio Francisco Kino, a missionary teacher.

From a foreign country  
A tall man on horseback  
Arrived so keen  
To teach the Indians  
What he had seen.

As a historian, Father Kino recorded his travels fast.  
Just like the pack rats that collected plants  
So that the modern-day scientists, at last  
Could study their historic past.

The Pima Indians interested Father Kino. These Indians were given the name Papagos by the Spanish explorers. Papago means bean people. These Indians did not like this name, so they now call themselves Tohono O'Odham that means desert people.

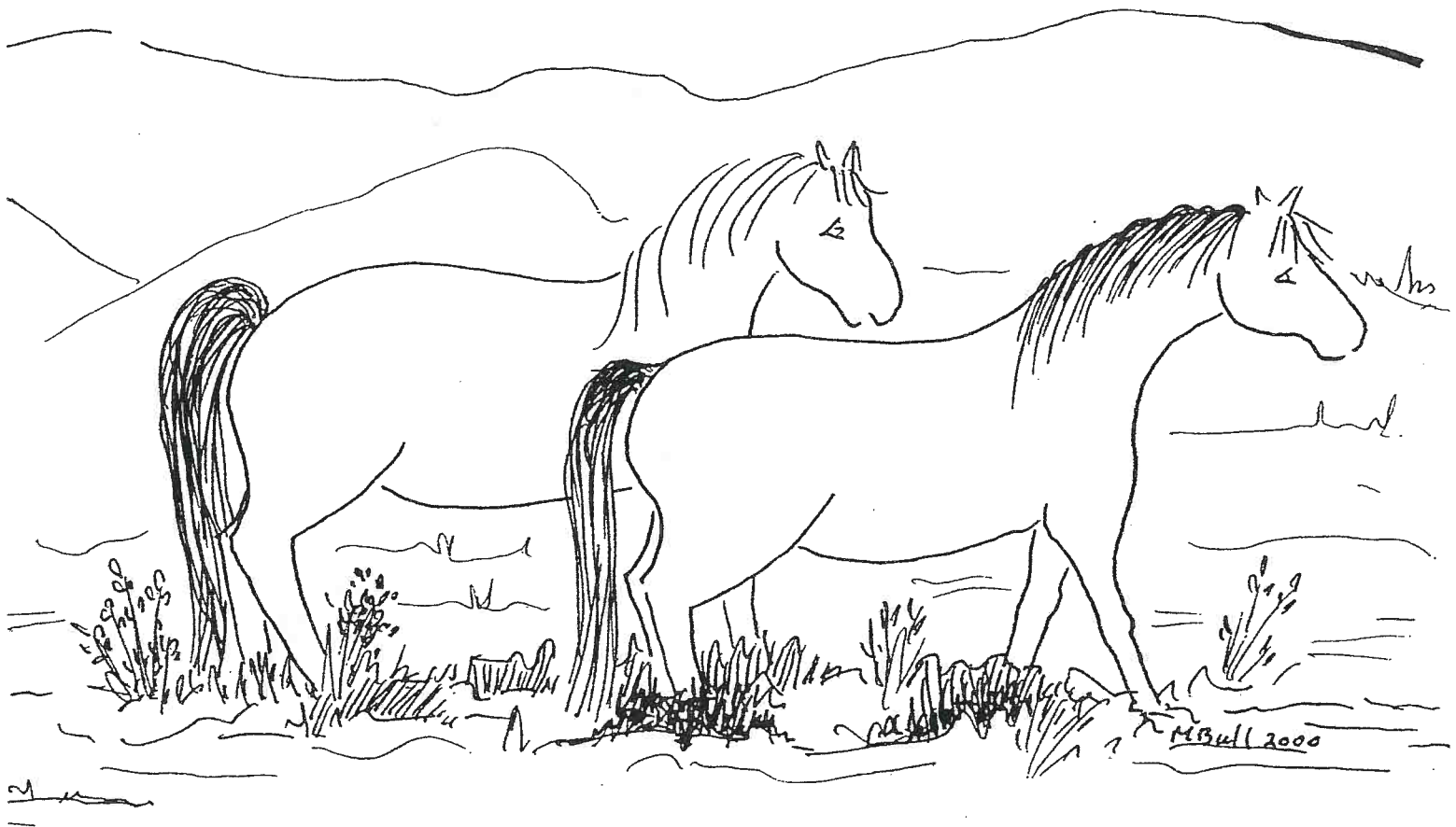


Father Kino brought small herds of horses, cattle and goats from Spain. He kept them at the Mission Dolores in Mexico where he lived.

**Rock horses as they were called**  
Surefooted on the rocky desert ground.  
With stamina and speed they did not fall.  
The farmers liked them all.

The Indians called them doghorses.  
The horses were small  
And devoted to their masters all.

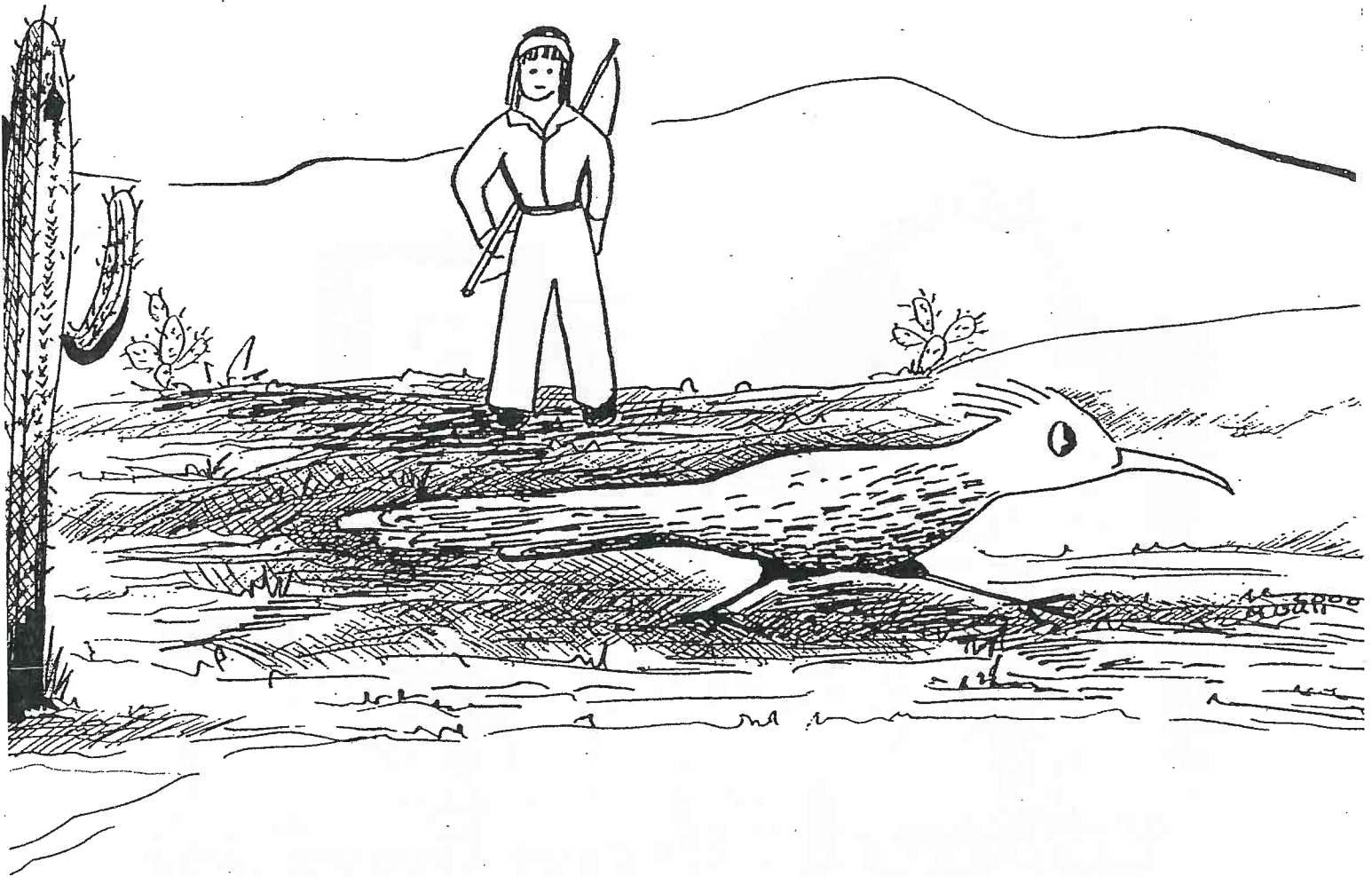
The horses weighed about 800 pounds  
But carried a man and his saddle with ease.  
These horses thrived in the desert  
And helped settle the west with its gentle breeze.



Mateo was an Indian boy who came to live in the Santa Cruz Valley. He climbed the mountains to view his new land just like José and Pepe had done many years before. He brought food from home for the pack rats and his roadrunner friend.

Robert, the roadrunner, ran so fast  
Mateo was his friend at last.  
He ate out of his hand when he passed  
And scolded Mateo when the food did not last.

Mateo learned to use a bow and arrow  
His father had taught him with care.  
'You take only what you can eat', its fair  
And your mother will cook the hare.



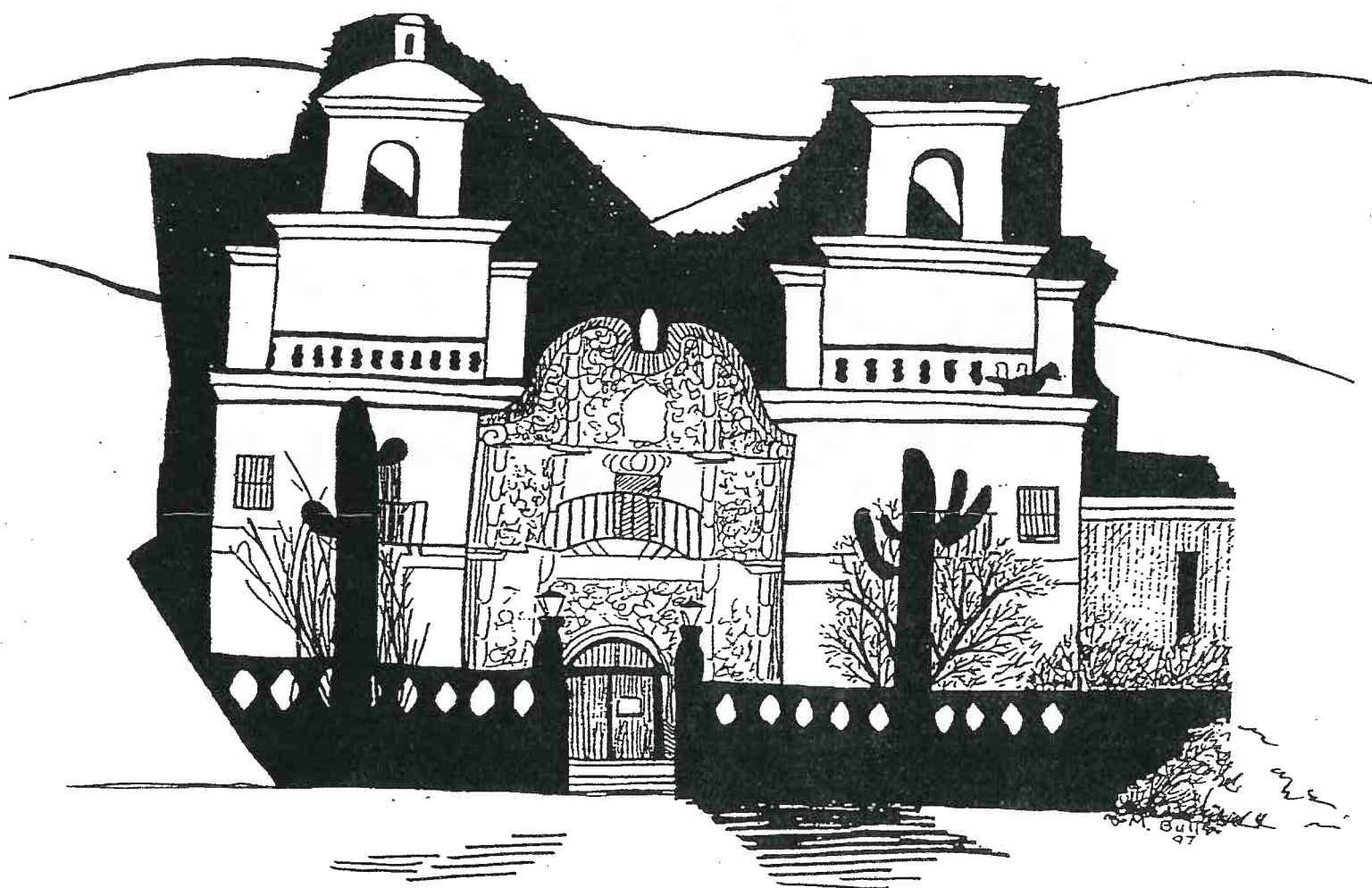
## A MISSION WAS BUILT

Father Kino encouraged the building of the mission San Xavier del Bac. This great building was dedicated to the spiritual education of the Indians. Later on, the land around the mission became the San Xavier Indian Reservation.

### 'The White Dove of the Desert'

As we call this mission  
Stands out against the hills  
As a beacon in our Valley  
With a dove on its windowsill.  
Calling us to come and have a sit.

This Mission was never finished  
One tower is not complete  
But do not worry  
The inside surpasses all glory.  
Have a look when it is lit.  
Do come and have a sit.





## PRESIDIO SAN AUGUSTIN DEL TUCSON -- NOW TUCSON.

Don Hugo O'Connor visited the Santa Cruz Valley in 1775. He built a presidio or walled city, which he called San Augustin del Tucson. In 1776 the Spanish presidio in Tubac was moved north to this new presidio.

**A Mexican boy named Juan**  
Lived inside this walled city.  
He made friends with Mateo,  
Who lived on the other side  
Of the gently, flowing Santa Cruz River.

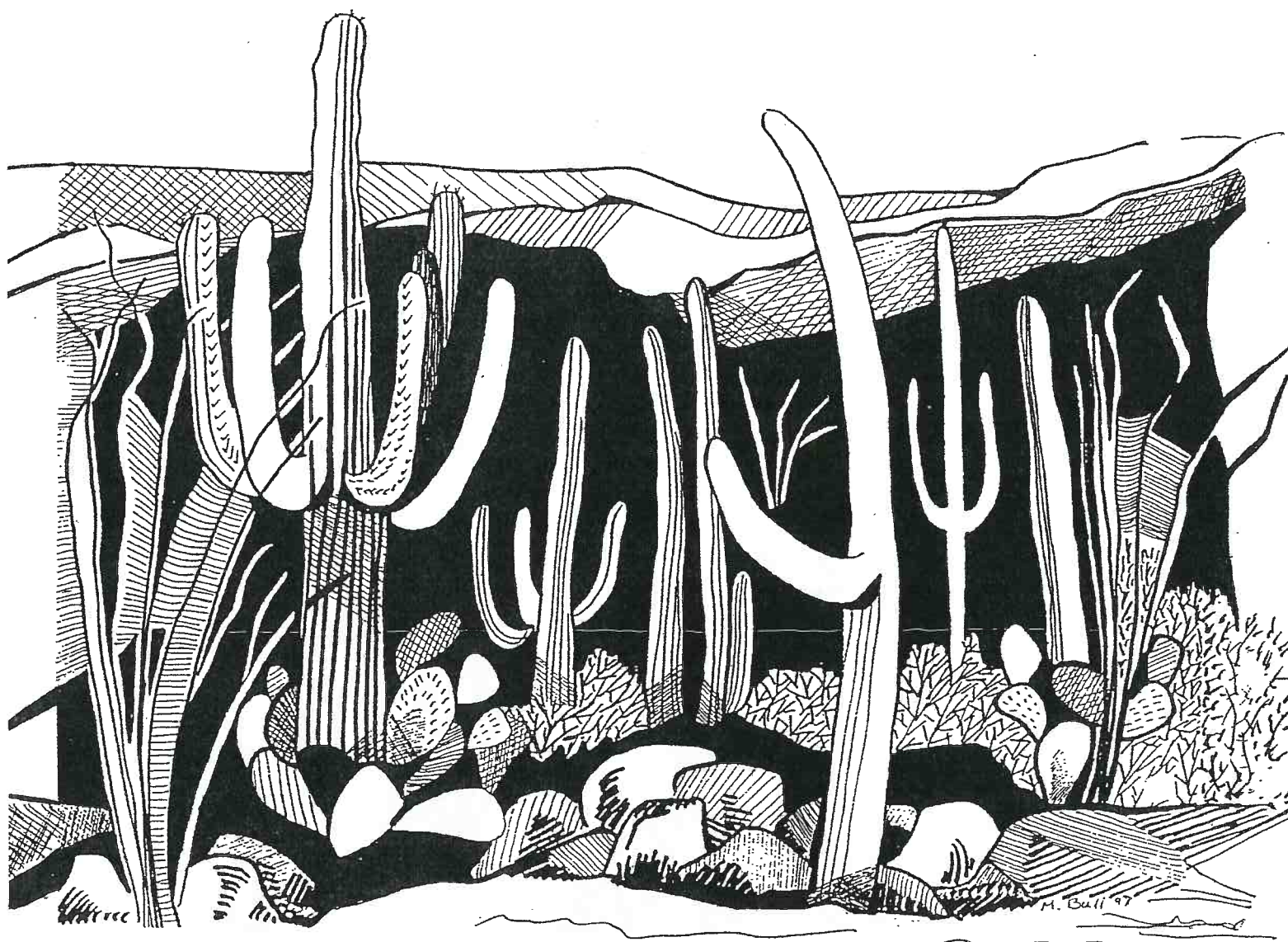
Juan and Mateo climbed the mountains.  
They looked down on men working the fields,  
And women gathering water from the river.  
They dreamed of far away places  
Like the sacred Indian Mountain, Baboquivari  
Which they saw with its many faces.



## ARIZONA GREW IN SIZE AND MORE PEOPLE ARRIVED

In 1854 Tucson became part of the United States. We wanted more land and Mexico wanted money. President Franklin Pierce signed an agreement known as the Gadsden Purchase. We received 30,000 square miles of land from Mexico for ten million dollars.

There were no fences  
Just a line drawn in the sand.  
Cattle and animals moved across this land  
Not knowing where they belonged.  
The farmers identified their stock with a brand.  
Now each animal had a name and his own land.



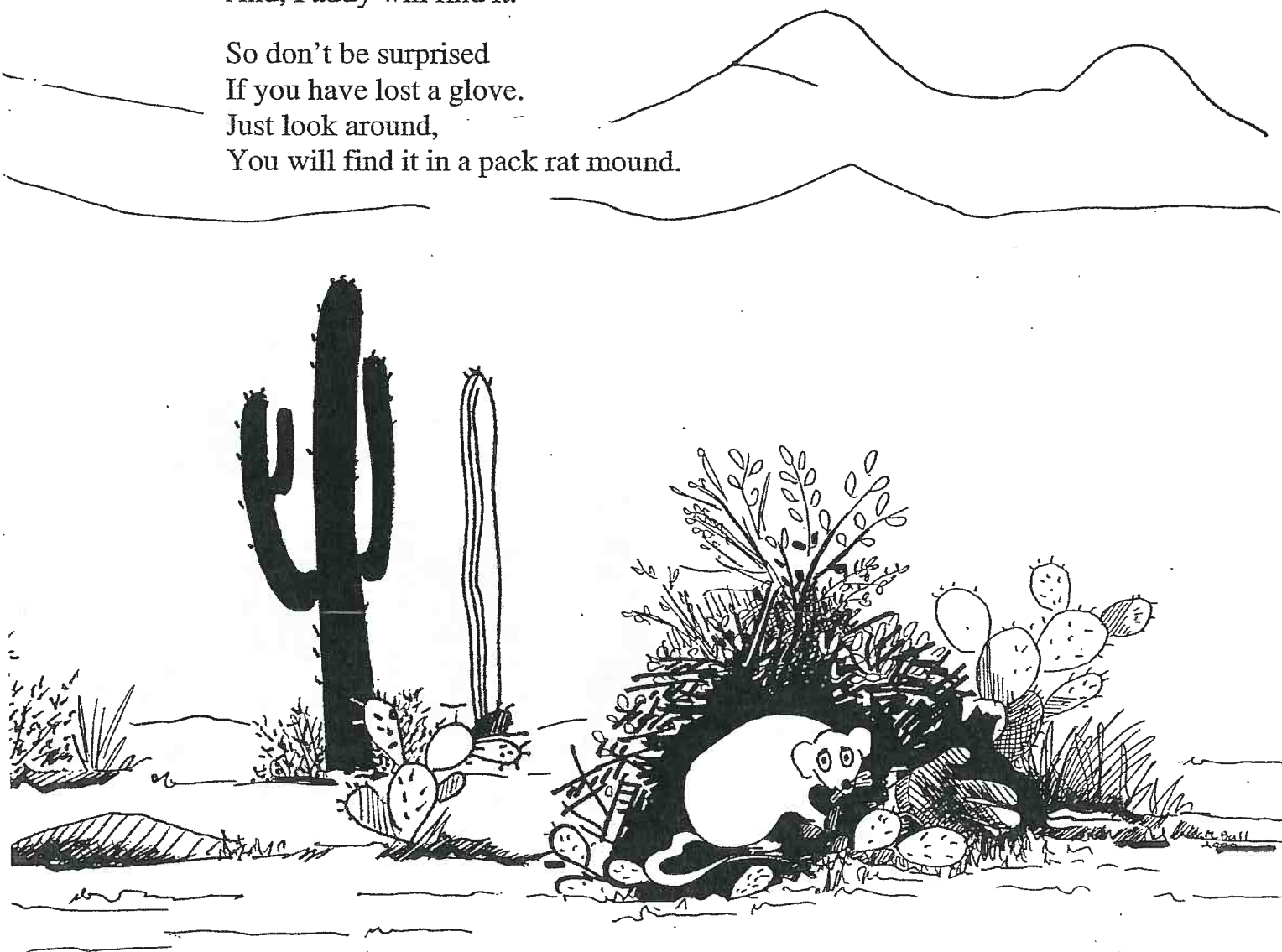
## THE BIGHORN SHEEP MOVED HIGHER

More people came to the valley and the wild animals lost their land. They were being killed for food so the bighorn sheep moved higher in the Santa Catalina Mountains. The sheep are still there.

Bighorn sheep are curious and smart.  
They watch you from their mountaintop.  
If they see you first,  
They will hide in another part,  
"You will not see them as they dart".

Paddy, the pack rat knows how to hide.  
He stays under a bush by the people's side.  
He collects many cactus pads  
Even something shiny  
That you have lost.  
And, Paddy will find it.

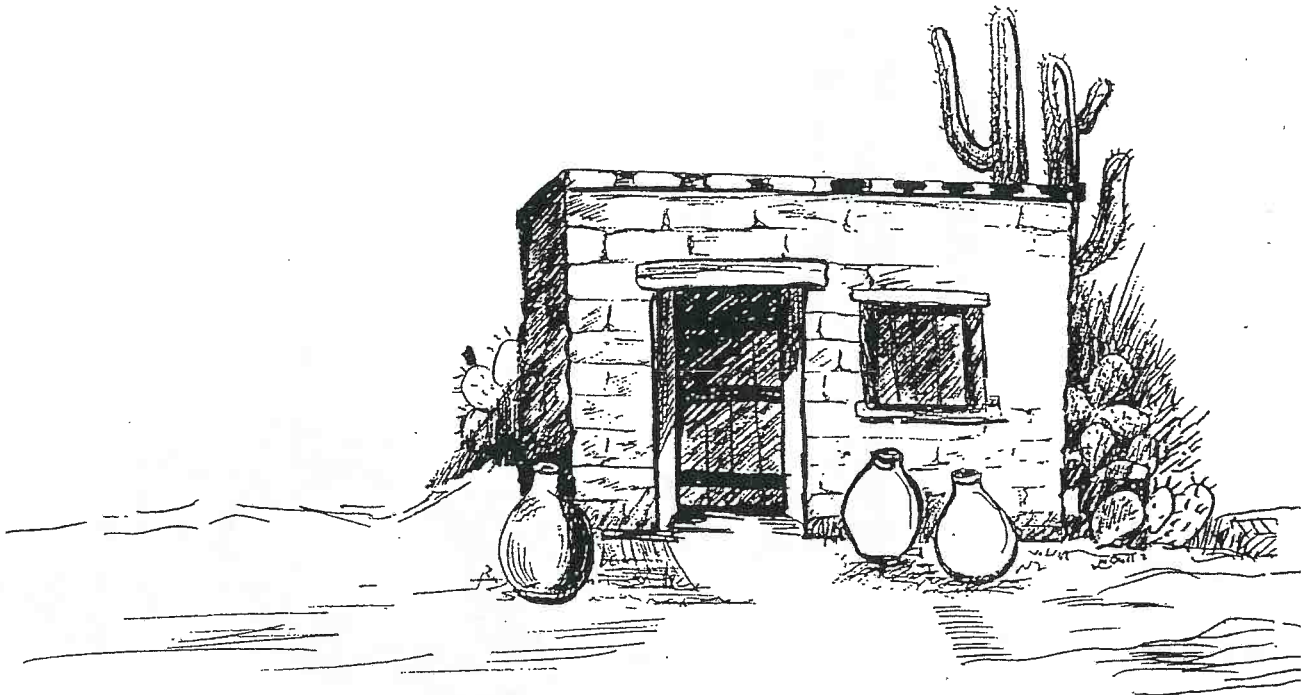
So don't be surprised  
If you have lost a glove.  
Just look around,  
You will find it in a pack rat mound.





**Juan's adobe home** kept him cool in the summer and warm in the winter. It had thick mud walls with a dirt floor, flat roof and small windows. A wet sheet hung over the entrance provided cooler air when the wind blew past this wet sheet.

Juan's adobe house  
Did not have a mouse.  
It had a dirt floor  
Collected, packed and tamped with a block.  
Highly polished with a rock  
To make it smooth and shiny hard.  
You could wear new socks  
In Juan's adobe house  
Without a mouse.





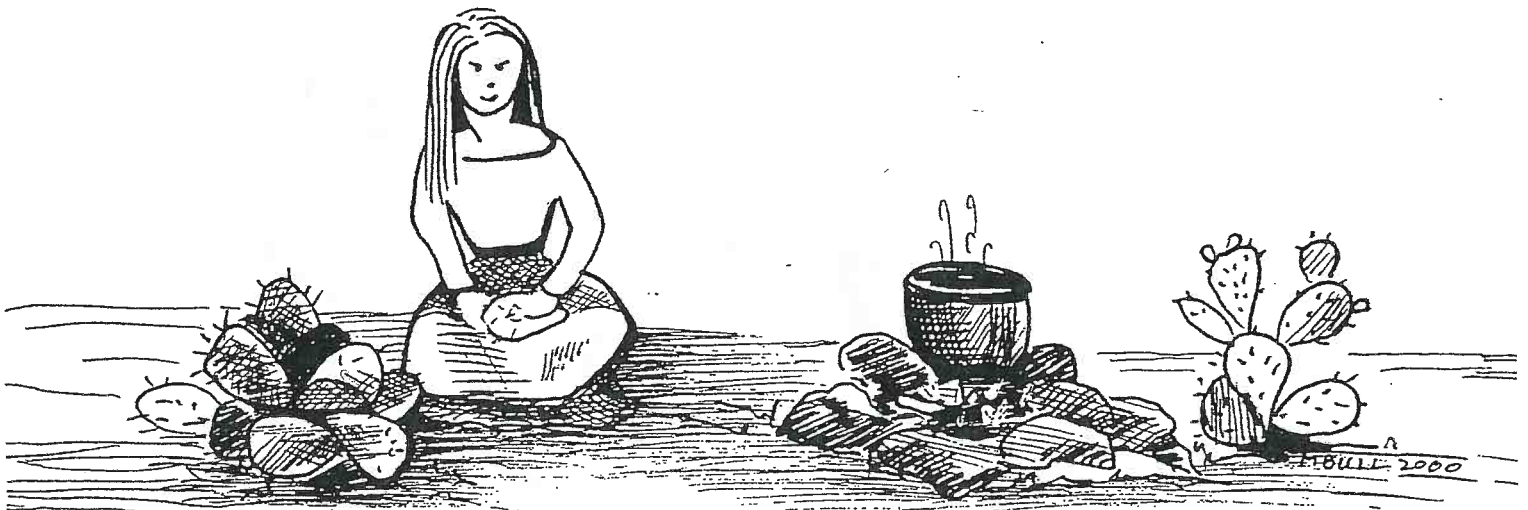
## THE PEOPLE OF THIS LAND

Mexican women and girls cooked in big iron pots in the patio. Beef was heated then pounded, shredded and dried to make Beef Jerky. Agave bulbs were pounded on a rock in order to make suds for soap and shampoo.

Prickly-pear pads were good to eat  
You singed the stickers and boiled the meat.  
Making nopalitas was quite a feat!  
Juan liked them with egg and red chili.

Another favorite was  
Prickly-pear jam, spread hilly, milly  
Over hot tortillas right from the pan.  
But sometimes they turned into  
A drippy spill of jam.

Indian girls liked to help their mothers. They stir the pots and gathered water in their large clay jars called ollas. They dipped the water out of the ollas with a scoop made from a dried gourd. The girls learned how to strip the black devils claw to use in their weaving. They also learned how to ride.

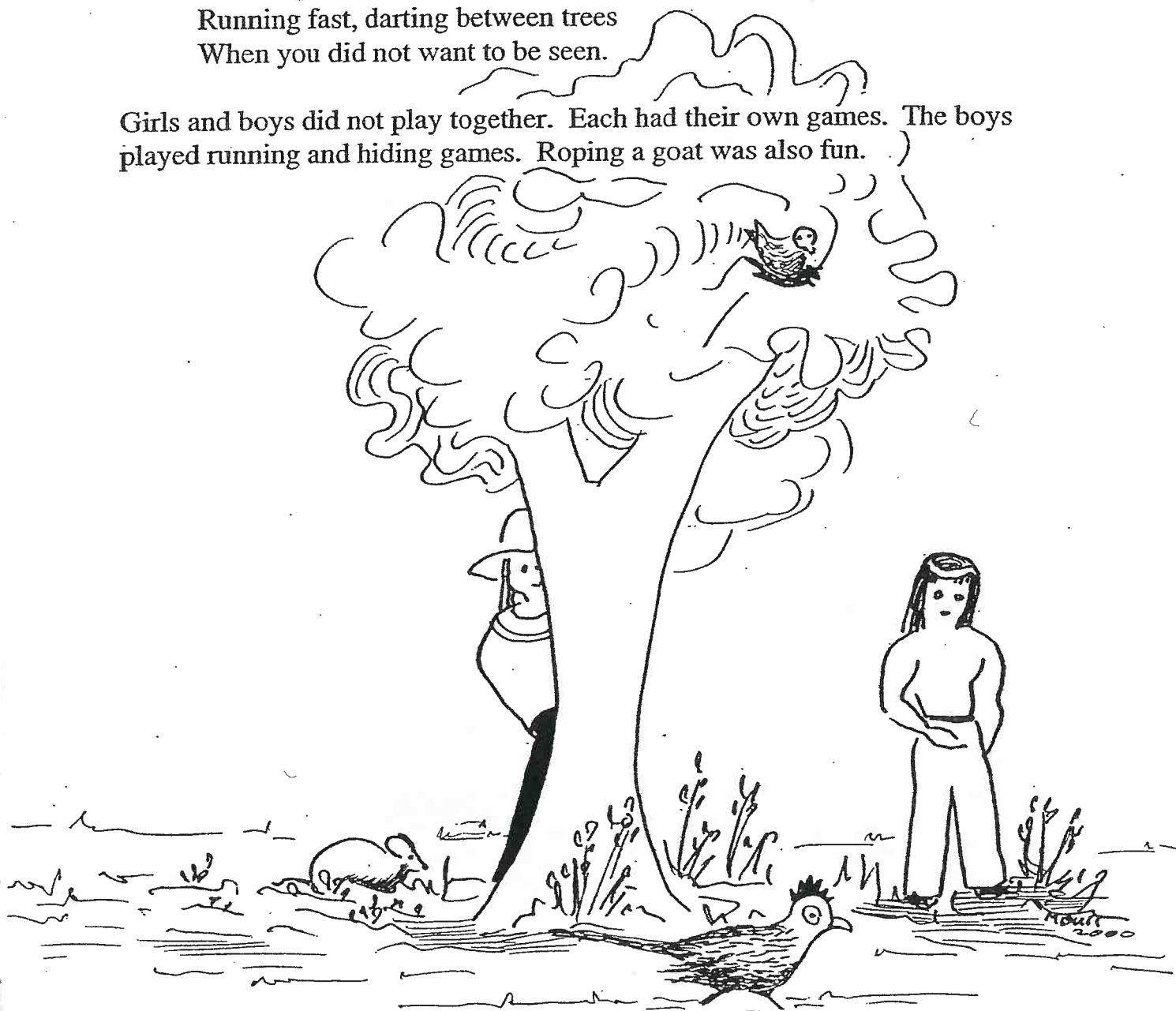


The boys looked for animal tracks  
 Where they learned the facts  
 To be wary of the rattle snake  
 "Listen and be alert" said Dad.  
 "You must see when you look, for goodness sake".

By listening to their elder's stories and songs  
 The Indian children learned about their history, long gone.  
 When the old feller fingered the notches on his calendar stick.  
 They reminded him of an important chant to pick.

Play was practicing to grow up.  
 Learning to weave or using gourds like a cup.  
 Trying out their bow and arrow  
 Or riding their horse named Carol.  
 Running fast, darting between trees  
 When you did not want to be seen.

Girls and boys did not play together. Each had their own games. The boys played running and hiding games. Roping a goat was also fun. )

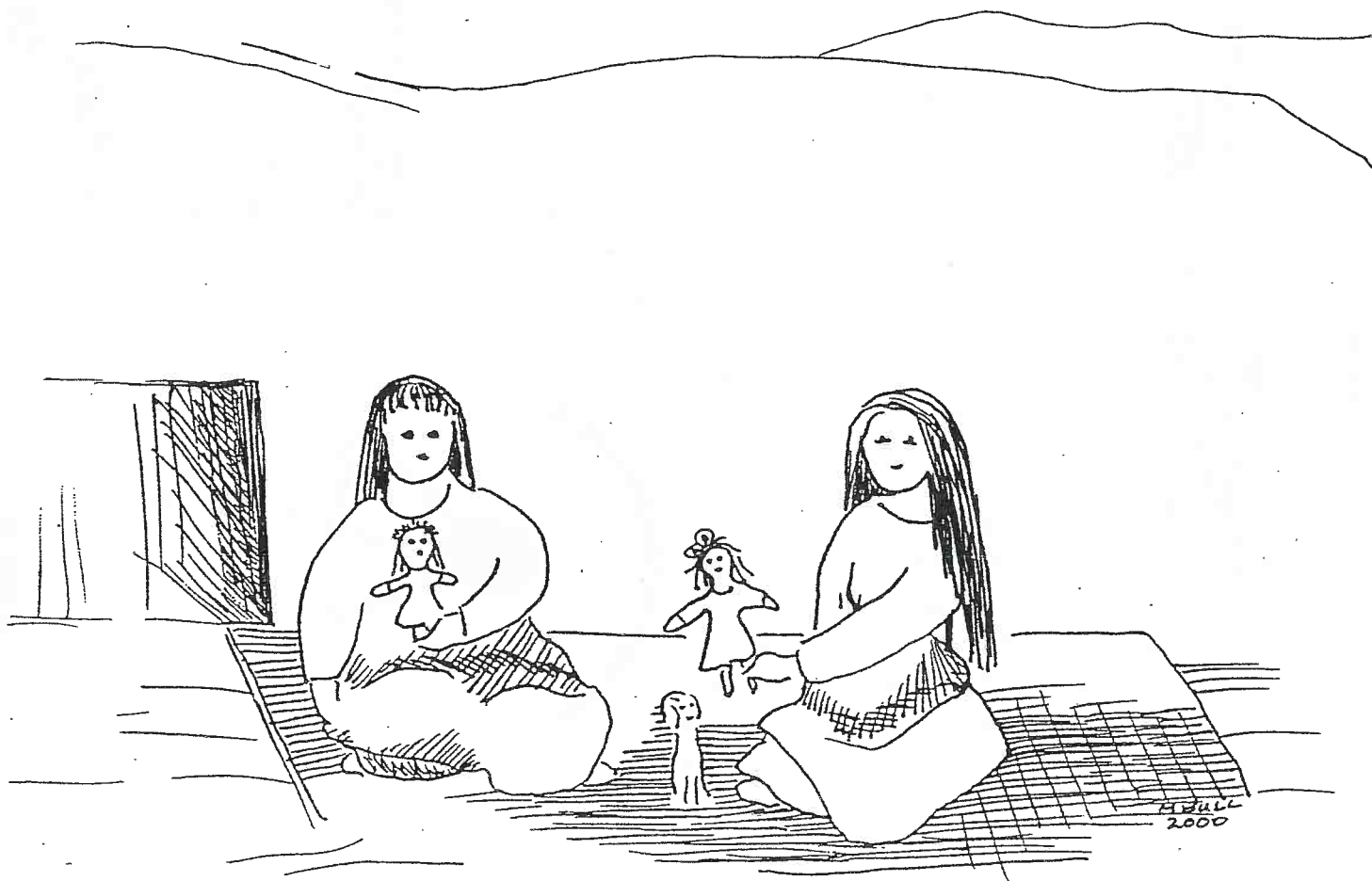


Two Mexican girls,  
**María and Carmelita**  
Sat on a hand woven mat.

Making dolls thin and fat.  
Out of bleached bones and colorful cloth  
While they sat on their mat.

They talked about making mud pies —  
Squash or fruit, they sighed  
While on their mat they sat.

So they gathered mud from the river flat  
To make perfect muddy, fruit pies  
While they sat together on their reed mat.



**On September 16, 1858 the first Butterfield Overland Mail Company coach arrived in Tucson.**

There was excitement in town!  
A team of four horses pulled the coach.  
Mail had arrived from Cousin Roach.

It stopped just long enough  
For the passengers to have a meal.  
The four horses were changed  
It was a big deal!

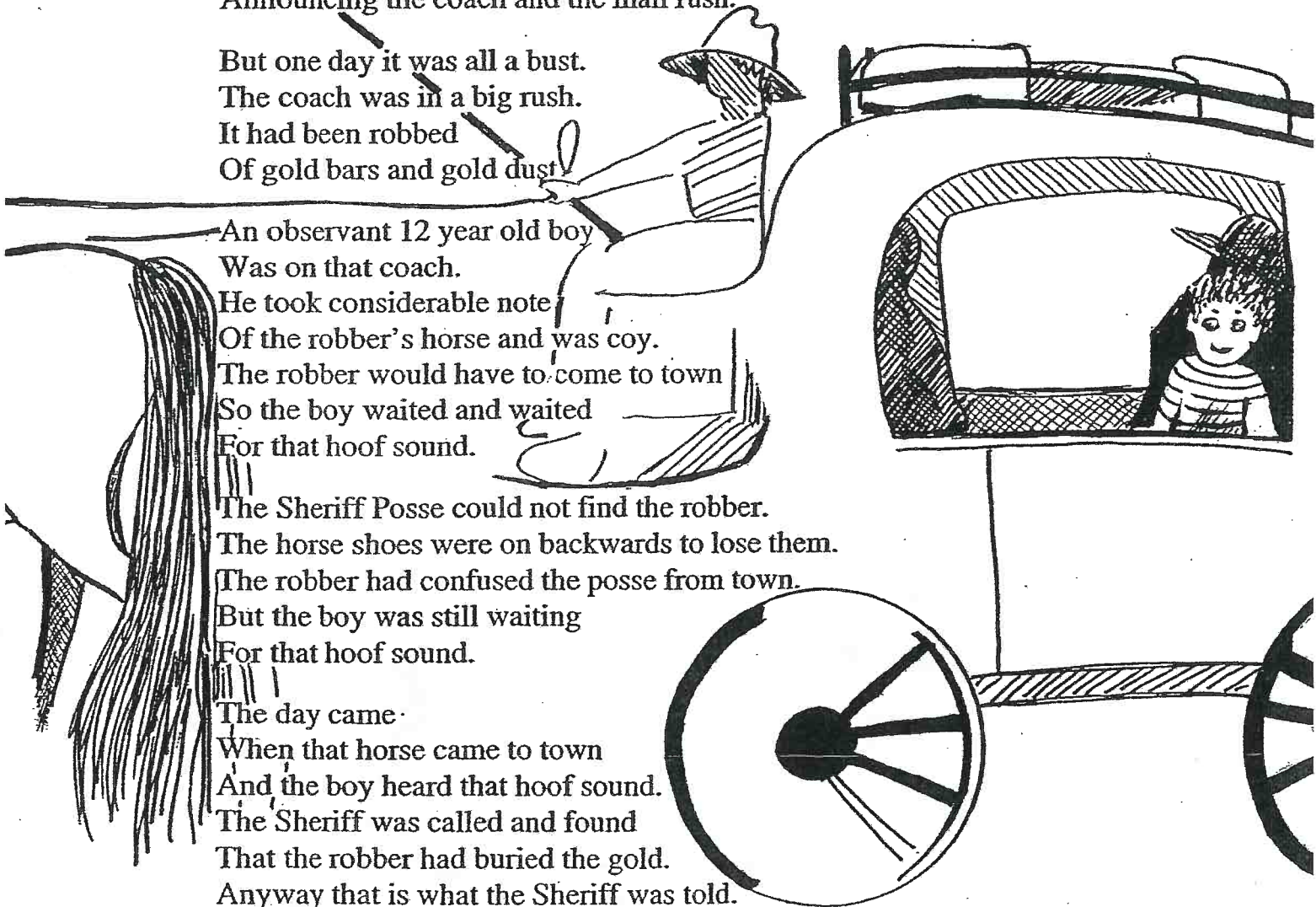
From that day on Mateo and Juan  
Watched for that cloud of dust  
Announcing the coach and the mail rush.

But one day it was all a bust.  
The coach was in a big rush.  
It had been robbed  
Of gold bars and gold dust!

An observant 12 year old boy  
Was on that coach.  
He took considerable note  
Of the robber's horse and was coy.  
The robber would have to come to town  
So the boy waited and waited  
For that hoof sound.

The Sheriff Posse could not find the robber.  
The horse shoes were on backwards to lose them.  
The robber had confused the posse from town.  
But the boy was still waiting  
For that hoof sound.

The day came  
When that horse came to town  
And the boy heard that hoof sound.  
The Sheriff was called and found  
That the robber had buried the gold.  
Anyway that is what the Sheriff was told.  
And the gold has never been found.



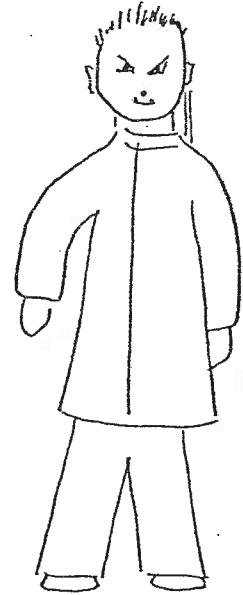


## CHINESE FAMILIES CAME TO TUCSON

In 1865 Chinese families moved to Tucson from California gold fields.  
They built their homes and grew vegetables, which they sold at the market.

Chinese children had school on Sundays.  
They helped in the garden on the other days.  
And market days were lots of fun.

**Sing Lee met Juan when he sold vegetables.**  
Juan taught him to speak Spanish and say  
Buenos días, gracias and adiós one day.  
And they counted to six as they played.  
Uno, dos, tres, cuatro, cinco, seis.

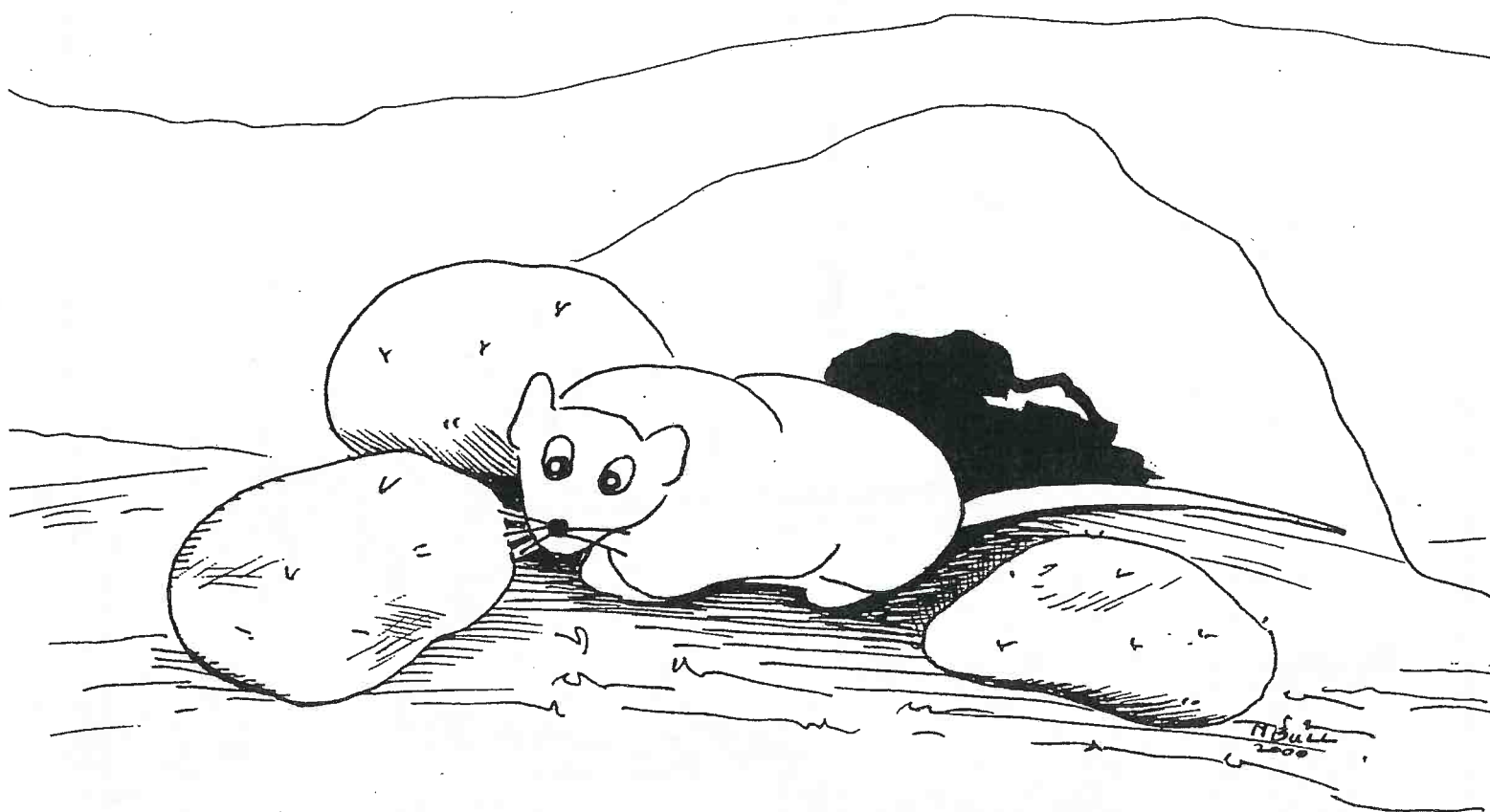


**Here is Sing Lee's potato story that he told to Juan.**

One day Sing Lee was digging potatoes. He had such a big pile of potatoes that he left them for the next day to move. Sing Lee was so proud of his mound of potatoes. The next morning he went out to the field to continue his digging. But he could not find his pile of potatoes. At first he thought he was in the wrong part of the garden. Sing Lee was puzzled.

He asked his father if he had seen his potatoes. **His father said, "no, he had not seen the potatoes". He asked his mother and his brother but no one had seen his potatoes.** Where had the potatoes gone? He was not dreaming that he had a big pile of potatoes.

**Finally, his father said, "why don't you look in that pack rat nest beside the garden".** So Sing Lee pulled away some sticks of the nest and there was his pile of potatoes in the pack rat's nest. Now the pack rat had enough food for winter. Sing Lee decided that he would take some of the potatoes but leave a few for the clever pack rat who had worked all night to haul the potatoes to his nest. Some of the potatoes were almost as big as the pack rat. It must have been hard work for the little guy.



## ARIZONA'S FIRST PUBLIC SCHOOL

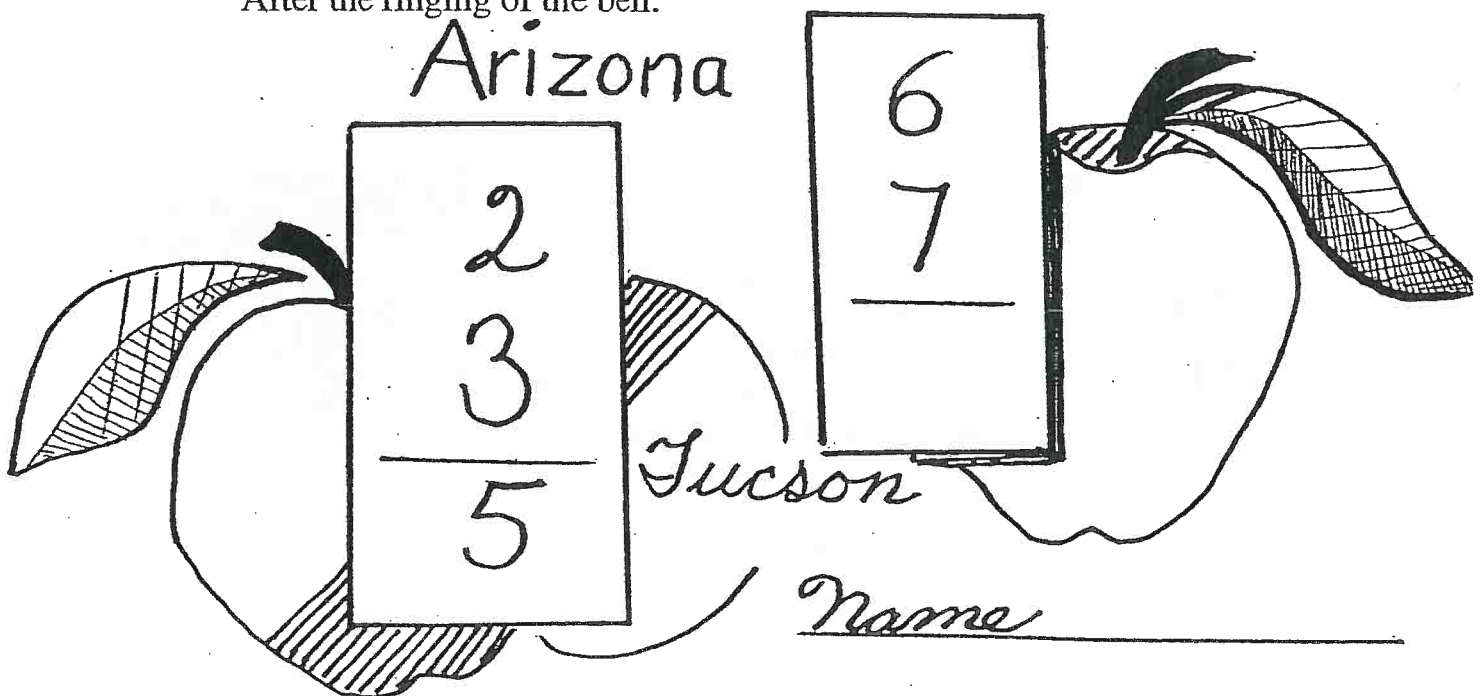
In 1868 there were no schools for the 1,923 children in the Arizona Territory. The Territorial Legislature decided that schools were needed so Tucson School District One was started with 55 Spanish-speaking boys.

Angusta Brichta was hired  
Desks and benches were acquired.  
School supplies from Mexico desired  
But after six months and no money  
Mr. Brichta was fired.  
The school closing was not funny.

In 1870 they tried again  
John Spring taught 138 boys  
Who knew only Spanish sounds  
He had to teach them math and geography,  
Penmanship, drawing and English, he found.

In a rented adobe building, not tall  
With a dirt floor and flat roof  
There was one teacher for all  
These students and one room each Fall.

As the older students can tell  
They learned their lessons well  
They helped the younger children's homework swell  
In their one-room school  
After the ringing of the bell.





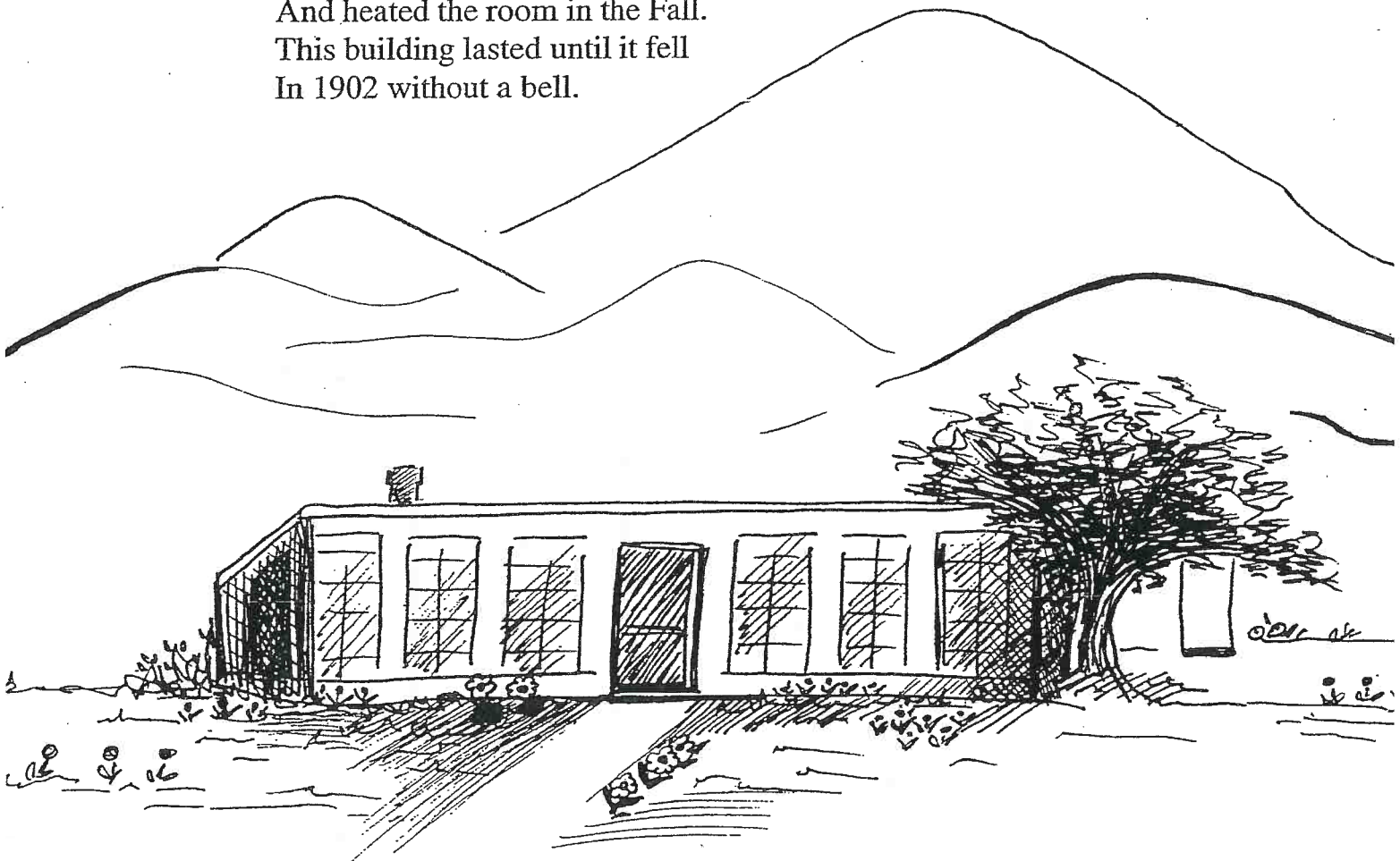
**Fort Lowell Army post was built in 1873.** A teacher came from Tucson to teach the children of Fort Lowell. The Post closed in 1891 when the Apache Indian Wars were over.

**In 1875 the first school building was built in Tucson.** Marie Wakefield, Harriet Bolton and Mrs. C.H. Lord raised money from cake sales and dances to build the school. It was successful. The school building was located on the north side of Congress between Scott and Sixth Street.

This new school with one room,  
A flat roof, and dirt floor  
Was long and narrow with only one door.

Many windows lined the walls  
But no electric light  
As the sun shone bright.

A wood burning stove stood tall  
And heated the room in the Fall.  
This building lasted until it fell  
In 1902 without a bell.

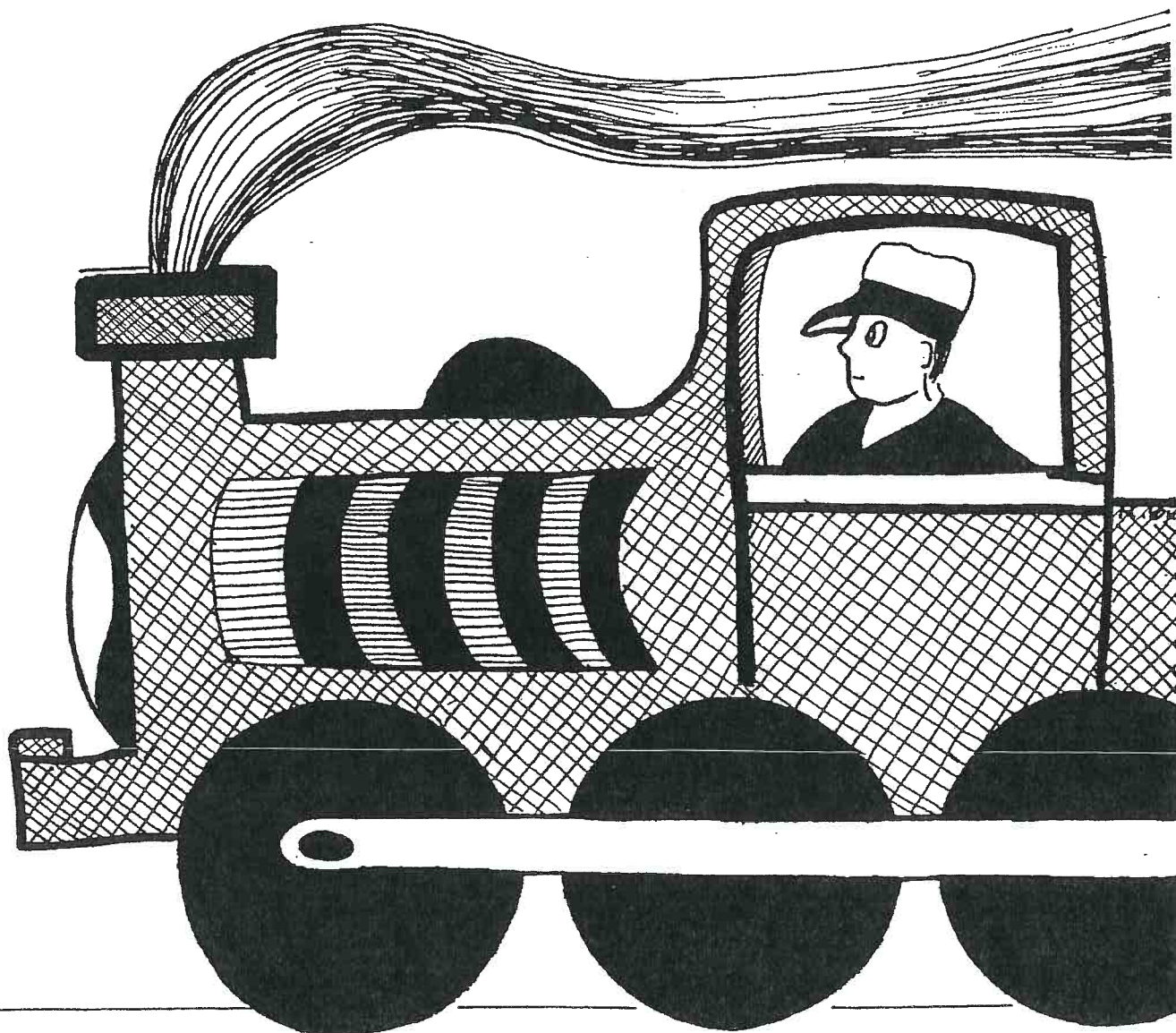




The first train arrived in Tucson at 11 am on March 20, 1880. Sing Lee and Juan were so proud because their fathers had helped to build the railroad tracks.

Big black smoke was there  
Announcing the train along the track  
José and Pepe stood on the hill  
To see the train moving slowly,  
**Chug, click, toot, toot, Billy!**

The Ft. Lowell band played on  
Everyone came to town  
But there was no clown  
To see the train arrive downtown,  
**Chug, click, toot, toot, Billy!**





## THIS STORY THAT JOSÉ AND PEPE HAVE TOLD

There have been many changes since the beginning of time in the Santa Cruz Valley. José, Pepe, Paddy and Robert were there.

Maybe this story that José and Pepe have told  
Will help you understand why  
The Santa Cruz Valley is so grand.

San Augustin del Tucson,  
A small presidio behind a wall  
And now Tucson has it all.

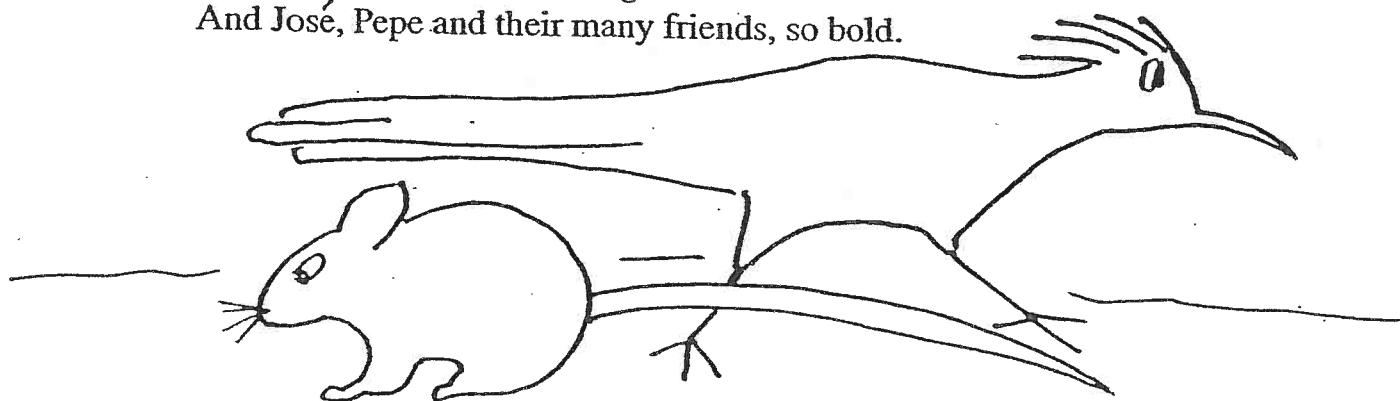
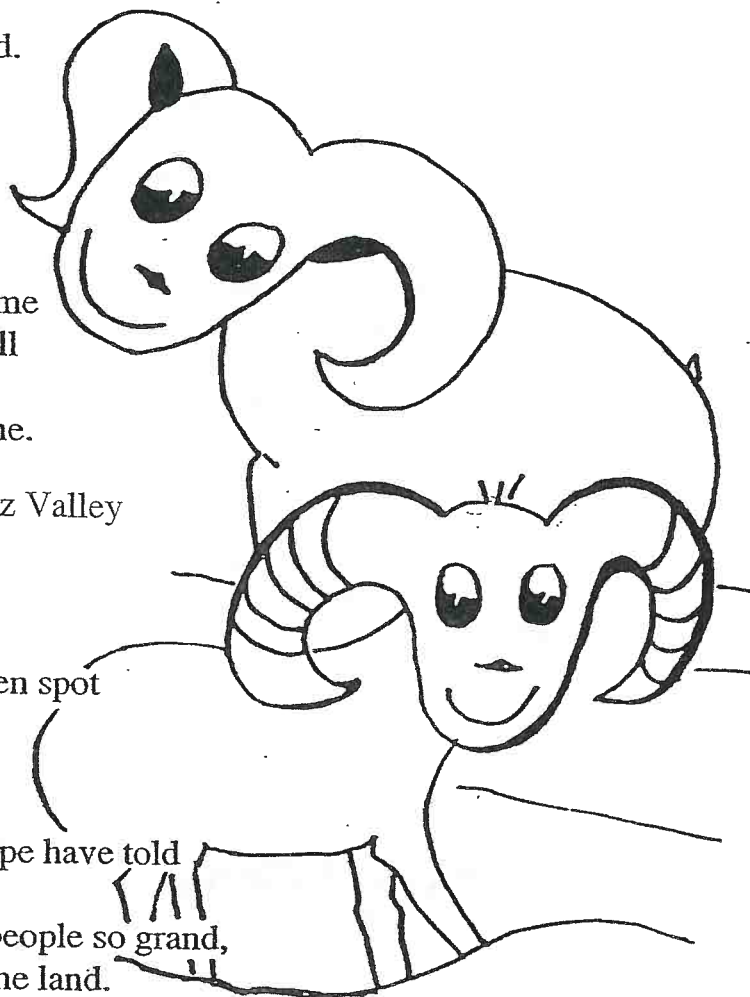
We have lived here just a short time  
From pit house, and presidio small  
Compared to Paddy's time.  
We have all lived together just fine.

José and Pepe from the Santa Cruz Valley  
Whom you have met  
Are on the mountaintops, just yet.

The javelinas still dig in my garden spot  
And Robert runs fast  
When he sees me pass.

Maybe this story that José and Pepe have told  
Will help you understand  
The animals, mountains and the people so grand,  
Who settled and cultivated this fine land.

Maybe this story  
Will help you understand the old —  
San Augustin del Tucson so grand.  
And José, Pepe and their many friends, so bold.



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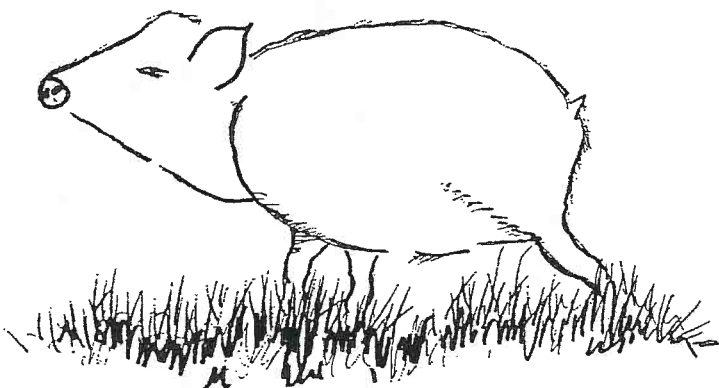
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## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Colonial Dames of America in Arizona started this project and made me realize that a history book could be useful and fun for all ages. I was inspired and encouraged by Mrs. Victor Baker, Mrs. E. Dexter Bowman, Jr. and Mrs. John F. Schmitt, Jr. who made valuable organizational suggestions for this book. Mrs. T. A. Blunt and Jesse O'Keefe — teacher and student in a New Zealand school edited the book in an environment where Tucson history was unknown. Thank you Bill for seeing me through this experience. Thanks to Mrs. Thacher. Loring, Mrs. J. Peter Hershberger 111, Mrs. Donald J. Gerzetic, Mrs. John P. French, Steve Mackey, Bill and Jennifer Bull for reviewing the book at its various stages.

I appreciate the assistance of all those persons involved in this project.

Enjoy!

*Mary P. Bull*



**REVIEW**

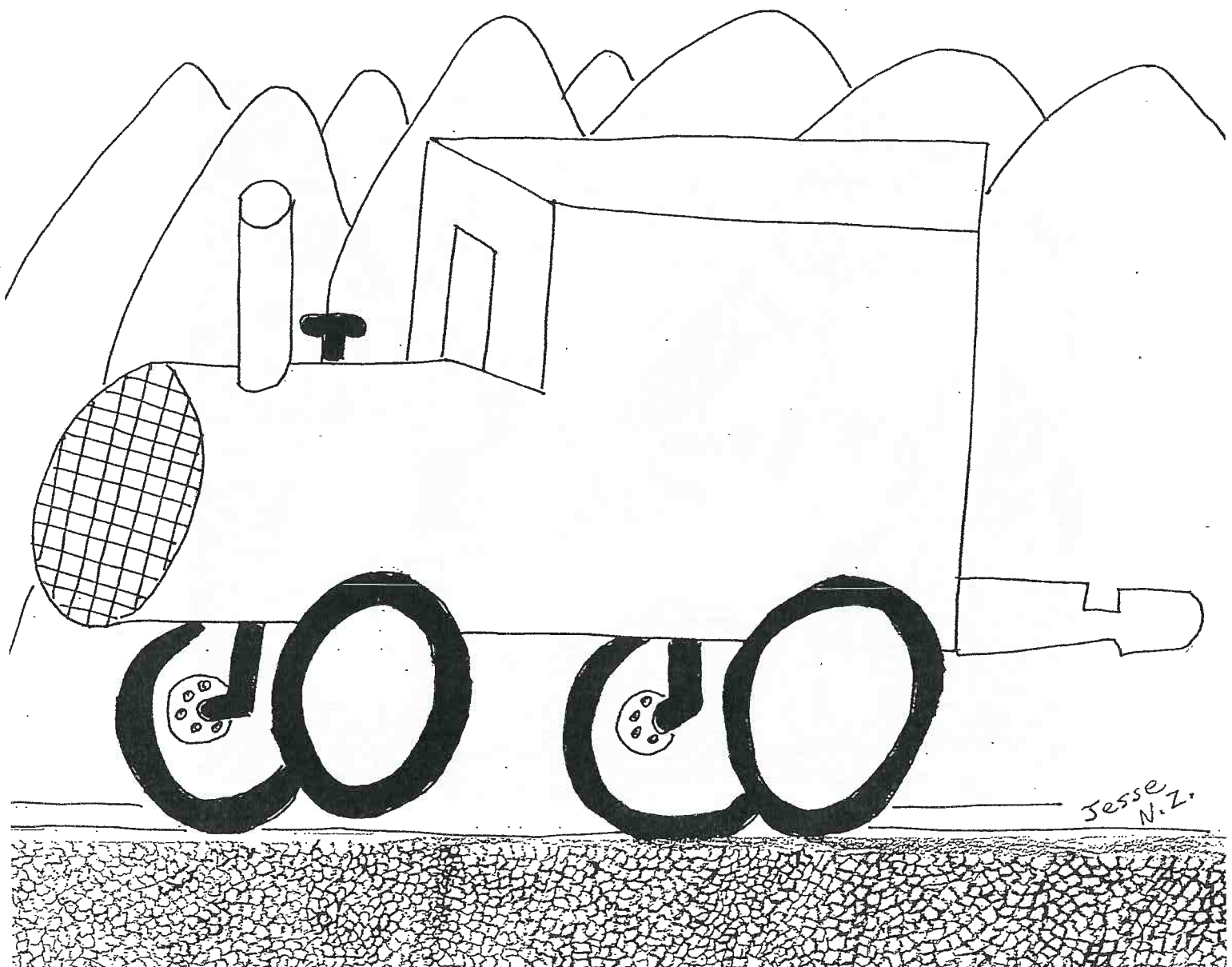
Jesse O'Keefe reviewed this book. He is 10 years old and from Lynton Downs School, Kaikoura, New Zealand

Jesse enjoyed following José and Pepe through the early history of the Santa Cruz Valley. He had never seen a bighorn sheep, a roadrunner or a pack rat and was fascinated with their adventures. The clear, precise drawings helped Jesse to visualize these animals of a land so far away.

Jesse liked the train story and wants to share his version of the big train with you. He added the mountains surrounding the Santa Cruz Valley and all the stones that were needed in order to build the railroad to Tucson.

I have left one page so you can draw a picture to illustrate your favorite part of the story.

Thanks Jesse for your great ideas.

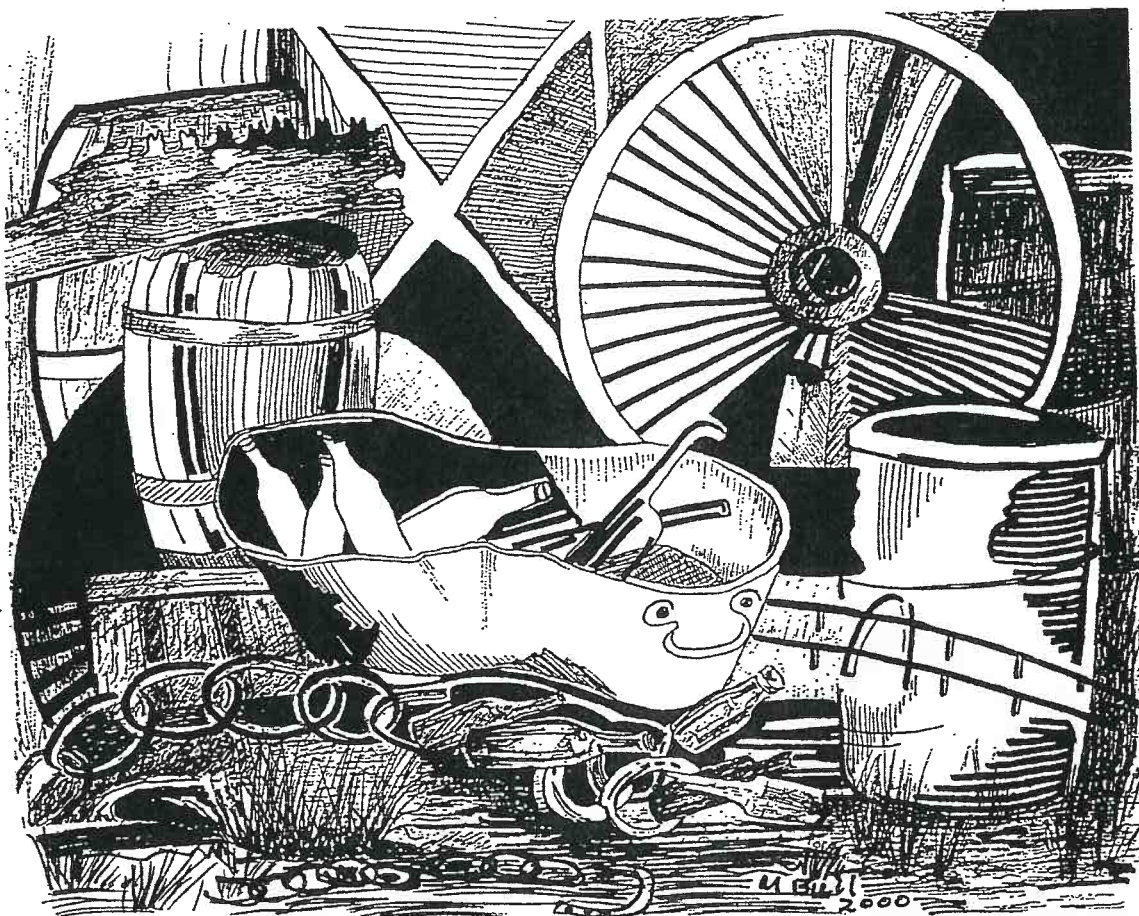


### About the Author and Illustrator

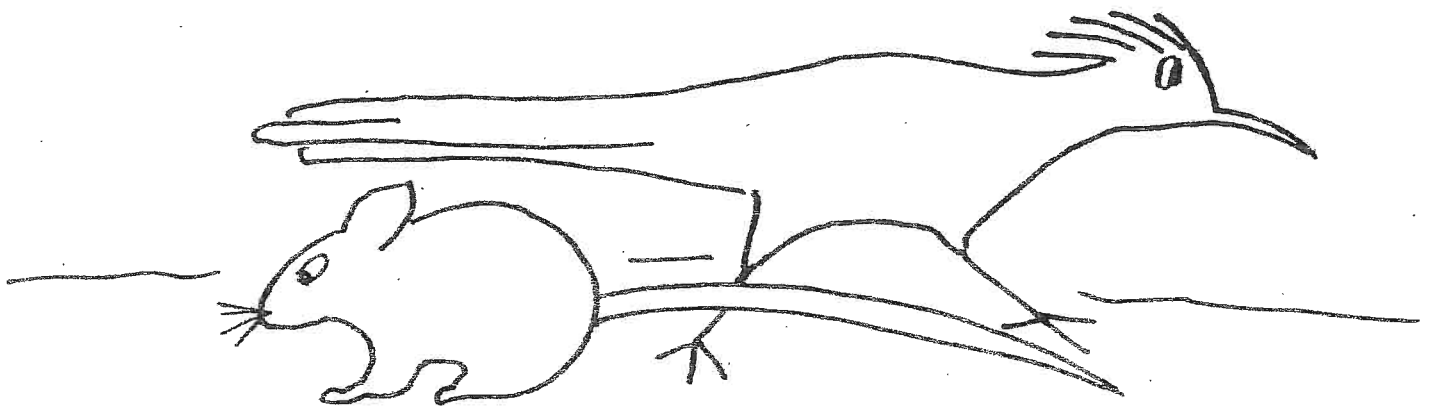
Mary P. Bull has lived in Tucson for 32 years. She is member of the Arizona Society of The National Society of the Colonial Dames of America in Arizona. Mary is a professional artist who has taught in public schools. She has had one-person shows in California, Arizona and her paintings have been exhibited in several States.

Her first book Judder Bars and Chilly Bins is a New Zealand travel reference book. She also co-authored a book for the volunteers of therapeutic riding organizations and wrote articles for Riding for the Disabled and therapeutic riding magazines.

Her love of animals and children resulted in this book so that the children of the Santa Cruz Valley will better understand the history of the environment in which they live.







Proceeds from the sales of José and Pepe from Santa Cruz Valley books will be used for educational purposes by the Arizona Society of The National Society of the Colonial Dames of America in Arizona.

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