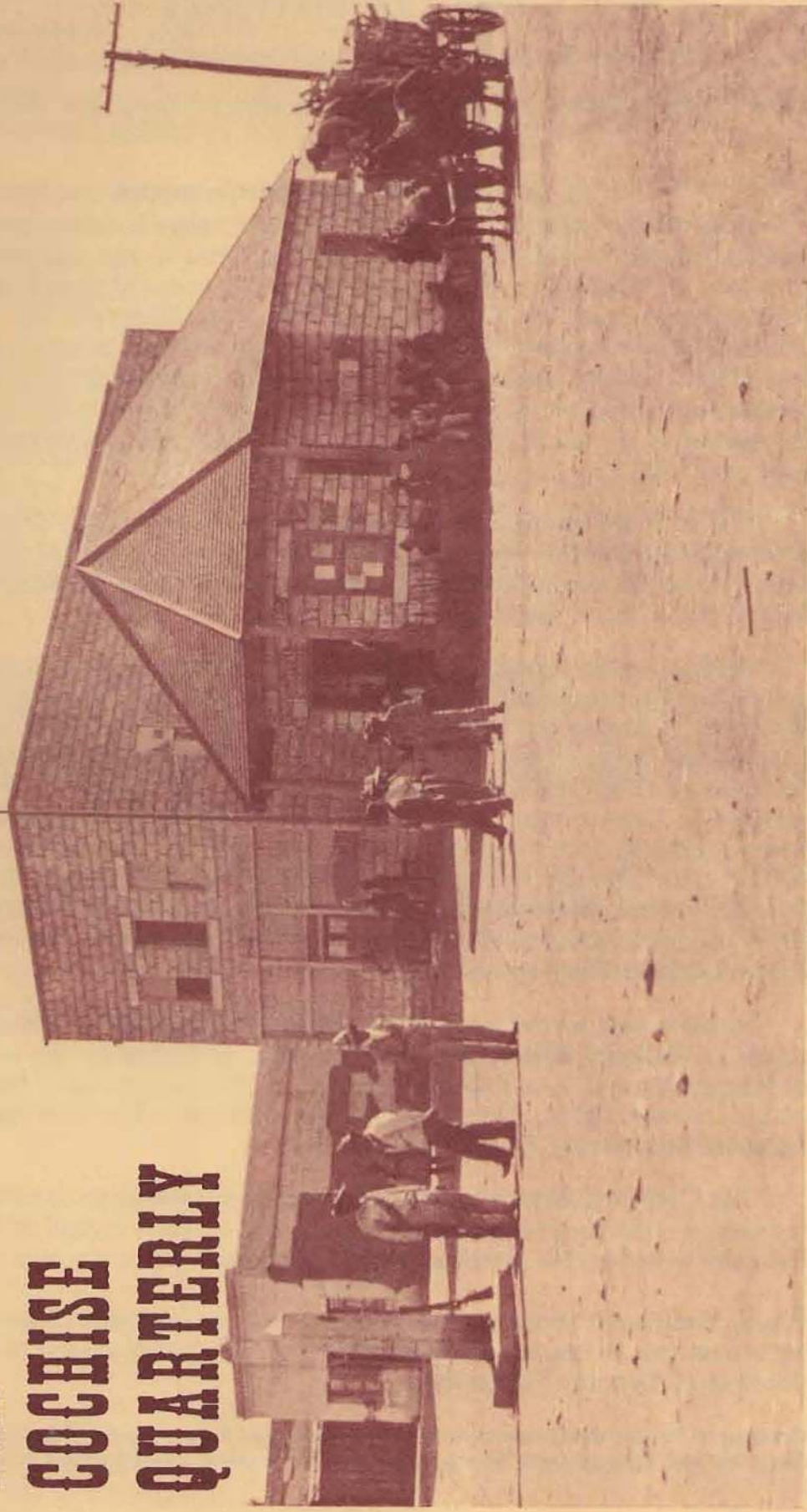


THE COCHISE QUARTERLY

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View of Border Line Into Mexico.

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A Note from the Editorial Committee

Jesus Rubio was in Grade 8, Naco School, when he entered the Junior Division of the National History Day competition in the Historical Paper Category. In Washington D.C., June 1984, he won second place in the nation for his paper entitled "On The Search For The Hidden History of Naco School." This was quite an accomplishment for Rubio as the competition was stiff with over 1500 top history students from 46 states competing in six different categories and two age divisions. It was the first time an entry from Arizona had won. In addition to a week in Washington to explore our nation's capital, Rubio's prize was \$500.

The national competition is the third stage of the History Day contests. Students must compete successfully in a district and state competition before being eligible for the national contest. Rubio won first place at the state contest held at the Arizona Heritage Center in Tucson.

Rubio has three sisters and two brothers, all living at home with their mother and father. His hobbies are working with puzzles, playing football and baseball. He writes, "I always try to enjoy the happiness in life and reject the bad things. I got started in writing my report when I was a reporter for my school. I asked the teachers if they knew when the school of Naco got started. They had good ideas on it. Later I went to the Copper Queen Mining & Historical Museum where I spoke to Tom Vaughan. He informed me about National History Day. At that time I thought it would be too hard so I forgot about it. A few days later my teacher, Miss Margaret Franzen, my guide through this project, asked me if I was still going to do it. I said, 'Yes.' She pushed me just enough for me to accomplish my success . . ."

Rubio's entry, as well as those of the other winners, together with a complete report of **National History Day 1984** has been published by the Department of History, Case Western Reserve University. The project under the direction of Lois Scharf, Ph.D., Executive Director, received major funding from the National Endowment for the Humanities.

The Cochise Quarterly Editorial Committee congratulates Jesus Rubio and is proud to print his winning entry. For reasons of space several of his photos have had to be omitted as well as his Bibliography. All Footnotes are included.

* * * * *

Photo, front cover: Border between Naco, Arizona and Naco, Sonora. Notice the cement border marker on the left of the picture, taken around 1920. (Photo courtesy of Dorothy Fenderson.)

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ON THE SEARCH FOR THE HIDDEN HISTORY OF NACO SCHOOL

by Jesus Rubio

Introduction

I got started as a reporter for Naco School in September 1983. As I was gathering the news for the weekly Bisbee KVXL-103 Radio Station, and the Friday morning school Intercom Broadcasts, I began to ask the teachers if they knew when the Naco School was opened to the public.¹ Most said 1936 because that was the year when a WPA project added rooms on to the present school building.² Some thought it might be older.³ I decided to find out, so I asked our school principal, Mr. Kenneth McElyea, if he knew. He then provided me with a copy of a deed for July 1908 giving 16 acres of property to the Naco School District #23 of the Territory of Arizona from the El Paso and Southwestern Railroad Co. (now the Southern Pacific Railroad Co.).⁴

I later went to the Mining and Historical Museum in Bisbee where I met Mr. Tom Vaughan who provided me with some books on the community of Naco. He also told me about this project.⁵

From then on in as I interviewed more people and went deeper into my studies, I found out that Naco School was centered around the community of Naco and its family life as far back as the First World War.

My town of Naco was formed in 1898 because of a new plan the Phelps Dodge Co. had in mind for expanding their operations into Mexico in the rich copper area of Nacozari. The linking railroad went through this area for a short time until Douglas became the railhead for the company's Nacozari Mines.⁶ A few years later, Colonel William C. Greene began his copper industry in Cananea, about forty miles south of the border, and soon built a railroad which brought business to the new town of Naco.⁷

Today, Naco, Arizona is a small unincorporated town in Cochise County on the border of Mexico. Most of the people work in nearby cities such as Bisbee, Douglas, and Sierra Vista. Naco, Arizona's bordering town is Naco, Sonora which is a larger community. A long border fence divides the two states. Many mountains surround the area. Some of these are the Mule Mts. to the North, the Huachuca Mts. to the West, and the San Jose Mt. south in Mexico.

Although not a big town, for some young people, my town is a fascinating place to grow up in. The young men form baseball teams and other sports teams and play against our bordering neighbor teams in Naco, Sonora. Others just like to explore the surrounding area. Some people who visit the area like it because it's so close to the Mexican border. On Sundays the people of the community gather in both churches on each side of the border.

Some visitors who come just to visit relatives like the town because it is peaceful and has so much hidden history that is yet to be found, as I discovered for myself.

Many sports are connected to the school like cross country, track, basketball, volleyball and a few others. But some younger children like to go to the school after hours and on weekends just to have fun and because it's something like a park.

As I studied more I found out where "Naco" probably got its name. The last two letters might stand for the **co** in Mexico, and the first two for the **na** in Arizona. The other main idea is that the first four letters of Nacozari became the name for Naco.⁸

The present Naco School, for grades Kindergarten through Eighth grade, lies about in the south center of the town. The buildings are scattered within the school property, now covering only 3.65 acres. The original building of four rooms was made of adobe with red brick on the outside.

Today it is covered with stucco as is the back added on part which is made entirely of adobe. It now has Junior High classes in it. There is a 1957 separate addition for the First through Fourth grades named for Florence Brown, a head teacher for many years; and then there are six other buildings of various kinds, some originally mobile units, used for classrooms, offices, and other purposes. There are two hundred and twenty-seven students in the school, and when we graduate we go on to Bisbee High School.

Findings From The Searches

In my searches so far I know there was some kind of school in Naco as early as 1907. The earliest record I found was of five bonds for \$1,000 each given to Naco School, September 10, 1907 by order of the County Supervisors, provided to me by Mrs. Marsha Bonham, County Treasurer. Possibly this was for a school on land given to the School Trustees by the Naco Real Estate and Improvement Company.⁹

From the Bisbee Daily Review of April 14, 1908, I found out that the County Treasurer gave Naco School \$114.88 for school funds. Each student got the amount of \$2.00 so that there must have been at least 57 students in school at that time. For some reason this school was closed that same month before the Mexican school across the border closed. It hurt the pride of the Arizona folks.¹⁰

I then came upon a deed shown to me by Mrs. Christine Rhodes, County Recorder, dated December 3, 1909 that took back school property that was given before by the Naco Real Estate and Improvement Company to the school trustees. The reason given was that the Naco School Board stopped using that

property for a school purpose.¹¹ Probably, then, the present school was built on the property that was given to the trustees by the El Paso and Southwestern Railroad Co., in July, 1908.

The first people I interviewed outside of Naco were Mr. Tom Campbell, Cochise County School Superintendent, and Mrs. Ruth Puckett; she is his deputy. They provided me with the school Census Reports, dating back to 1909. That year there were 36 students listed. By 1915 the record showed the total amount of students was 156. This was the first year the record showed what country the students came from — Mexico mostly.¹²

During this period the border marker was just a long block of cement with a pointed top, and the customs and immigration buildings were nearby. The Rangers would go on their horses almost to Douglas, and on the other side clear out to San Pedro, Mexico. At that time what today is Newell's Camp used to be an Army Post with foot soldiers. The Mexican Revolution began in 1910 and many Mexican families started to come over to the United States. Some of the fighting took place in Naco, Sonora, and even Naco, Arizona.¹³

Later on, Mr. Campbell let me use the Arizona Educational Directories going back to 1916. In the 1916 directory it showed the salaries of the teachers. Mrs. Mary Branch, Principal, got \$120.00 a month; the teachers got \$100.00 each.¹⁴

I found out that not all records are in the County Offices because some were lost when they were brought from Tombstone to Bisbee when the county seat was changed, and some were lost probably by fire or other disasters.¹⁵

By the end of 1983 I had gotten deeply into my research. I found my information mostly from interviews with teachers and former students who had been at Naco School. I got other information from books, legal documents, and old newspapers.

One of the questions I always asked in the interviews was, "What did you like about Naco School?" The teachers interviewed said the children were lovely and the parents were so cooperative. Two of the students who graduated in 1924, the then Sylvesta Haas and Dorothy Fenderson, said that the school was a major part of their lives.¹⁶ They spoke of how good the teachers were and how much learning they got.

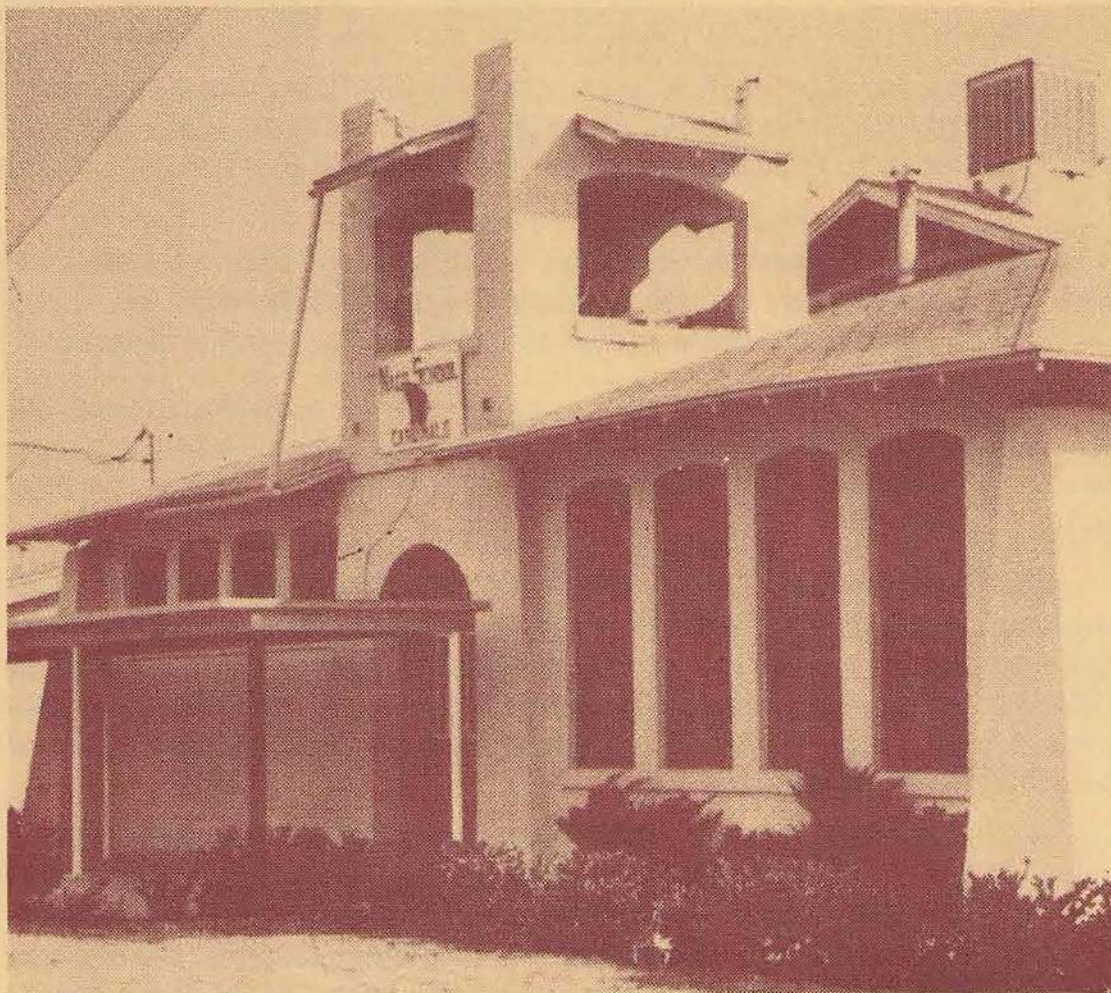
At that time Naco was a rather large town. It had railroading as a big industry. On the main street stood a large hotel and behind it was a County Jail and a Customs House. Going toward the border there was a pharmacy owned by Sylvesta's father, a garage, several stores and restaurants. The Mexican Consul's home down the street, later became the Justice of the Peace Court.

As Naco grew in size more children were brought and put in school, not only American children, but also Mexican children. Naco was booming. At some time it was larger than Agua Prieta, Mexico and almost as large as Cananea, Mexico.

I asked about recreation in school, and the ladies said that they played "Run Sheep Run", "AntIOver", and played on the Maypole. The outhouses were separated, the girls in the East, boys in the West. School plays and programs were held at the school, and in the Opera House, before it burned, or in the Baptist Church.

All the students took turns ringing the school bell at beginning of school and at recess times.

The school then was a four room school house with red brick on the outside and with a green wooden fence around the front. The back was open; the donkeys would come in to keep away from the wind or rain. The next two photos (from Dorothy Fenderson) show the school and a border "incident".



The front side of Naco School showing Bell Tower.



An early 1920's postcard from Naco, Arizona showing a soldier and a teacher at a wooden border marker. Notice no fences as we have today.

Both Dorothy's and Sylvesta's fathers were School Board members and signed their graduation diplomas. They went on to Bisbee High School riding on the public stage owned by Charlie Newton. Dorothy said the teachers stayed with hers and other families.

One of the teachers I interviewed was Helen Henderson.¹⁷ She was asked to come down from Bisbee in 1942 to be the principal of Naco School and to teach sixth through eighth grades. She left when her husband came back from World War II and she came back to teach first and second grades from 1951 to 1955. During her war days' teaching she spoke of the students and teachers being very patriotic. At graduation time, the top students said speeches which were memorized. The speeches dealt with our country and what the students could do for it.¹⁸ One of the extra war time jobs of the teachers was to issue ration cards for buying butter, shoes, gas, and other things. Up to 1942 the teachers all had to live in Naco.

I asked her about how the students learned English — many then came from Naco, Sonora. Helen Henderson said that she used the Sears Catalog to communicate with the Spanish speaking children. A child needing a word would

look for a picture of what he/she wanted to describe in the catalog and then find out how to say the word. She would also assign the better students as sisters or brothers to the ones needing help.

Up to 1971, when Jesus Santana became full time principal, County School Superintendents came to visit our school. Starting from 1957 to 1962 and then again from 1968 through 1981, Patricia Goren was the County Superintendent. When I spoke with her, she said she always liked to visit Naco School. Even though there was no phone in the school for some time, the teachers and students were prepped for her visits. Florence Brown, was the head teacher. She spent many after school hours with Patricia Goren getting library books, work books, and telling about what happened at school during the day. Mrs. Goren said, "People of Naco should be congratulated for putting up the money to build the new buildings."¹⁹

Two teachers who taught together in the 1950's and 1960's, that I interviewed, are Mary Dixon and Ida Corrin.²⁰ There were only four teachers when they first came and Mrs. Brown was the head teacher. "A grand old gal", according to Mrs. Corrin. Both ladies enjoyed their teaching at Naco School very much—they said everyone worked hard, the students and the teachers.

One of the questions I asked them was if the teachers let the students speak Spanish. Ida Corrin let her students use Spanish in their free time. She would tell the students that they might get smarter than she was if they could know both languages well.

It was during the time of Mrs. Corrin's and Mrs. Dixon's teaching that the Sunset Acre students started being bussed to Naco School. At first the parents didn't want their children to go to Naco School because of the Spanish language, but it didn't take long before the people of Sunset Acres agreed to let their children come to Naco School.

As I interviewed all these people I felt like as if I was in the past. I was glad to know them and they were happy to remember the old times.

Some former students that I talked to still live in Naco. They are Jim Willson, former Sheriff of Cochise County, Salim Dominguez, owner of the Naco Water Co., Manuela Humphrey who is working in the office of the Water Company, and Charles Sanders, retired.²¹ They all remembered working hard in school and that school was the center of their lives. The men told of playing baseball and helping out with janitor duties when older. Salim Dominguez was on the School Board from 1948 to 1960. One of the students of Helen Henderson was Gloria Pico, our school secretary. She said that going to school was a major part of her life and that, "It has to be so" if one wants to learn.²² Brothers and sisters of hers also graduated from Naco School.

Marsha Bonham and Christine Rhodes are proud to have graduated from my school. They spoke to the 8th graders this year and told us about their jobs and their school days in Naco School.²³

Conclusions

To me it seemed like as if I had found out too much history. But no one can get enough of it, as I have discovered because there is so much hidden history. Books and other references that have some of this hidden history have been destroyed or lost or just thrown away because people haven't realized their importance. Many people who came to the school have passed away or moved to other areas.

If I had more time to work on this project I would certainly do so, because the people of Naco should know what happened in their town. I would spend time interviewing people on both sides of the border. I would record my interviews, and spend more time going through old newspapers, the minute books of the Board of Supervisors and many other references. Of all the things I discovered, I'm still looking for evidence of the very first school or schools.²⁴⁻²⁵

As I relived the past with the many people I interviewed, I was really glad, because they gave me their friendship as well as their respect. Just knowing that they could share the past with the youth of today made me, as well as the people I interviewed, very happy.

This was a fabulous experience for me. I learned many interesting stories on Naco School and the town, and I wish I could do something like this again.

The next picture was taken during this project and the last is of my 7th Grade Class.



*Picture of Jesus Rubio
interviewing Ron Maxwell,
March 14, 1984.*



My class in the spring of 1983. (L-R) 1st Row: Guillermo Metzler, Robert Flores, Cesar Valenzuela, Tito Urias, Rafael Rodriguez, Oscar Barron, Larry Holder. 2nd Row: Christina Grijalva, Irma Alvarez, Jesus Rubio, Rudy Burch, William Wright, Debra Noperi, Ana Vasquez. 3rd Row: Marie Mortensen, Rosa Martinez, Leticia Valenzuela, Shaye Thomas (left Naco), Lucy Flores, Rachel Sharpe, Ana Mendez, Tanya Loya.

Notes

1. Naco School News Broadcasts for Station KVXL-103 Bisbee, September 19, 1983 and October 10, 1983. As I started my research, Lynn Anderson, owner of the station, offered to do a taping of people whom I interviewed. I hope to do this later on.
2. Plaque on school building: WPA project 65-2-7 1936.
3. Juan Franco, my Social Studies teacher, told me he thought the school was older than 1936 because of his grandmother's stories about early days in Naco.
4. Deed between Naco School District #23 and the El Paso and Southwestern Railroad Co. July 1908.
5. Meeting with Tom Vaughan, Bisbee Mining Museum, late fall 1983.
6. David F. Myrick. Railroads of Arizona Vol. I. (Berkeley, California: Howell North Books) page 194.
7. C. L. Sonnichsen. Colonel Greene and the Copper Skyrocket. (Tucson: University of Arizona Press.) page 75.
8. Myrick, loc cit, page 194.
9. Deed between School Board and Naco Real Estate and Improvement Co.

10. Bisbee Daily Review, April 21, 1908.
11. Deed referred to in Note 9 above.
12. Cochise County Reports of School Census Marshall. 1909-1915. In 1909, 8 students were foreign born and 4 had 1 parent foreign born; by 1915 there were 66 foreign born; 22 had 1 parent foreign born.
13. Conversations with my father, Abelarde Rubio, and my mother, Maria Rubio.
14. Arizona Educational Directory. 1916.
15. This information was given to me by people I interviewed at the County Offices and Patricia Goren.
16. Interviews with Sylvesta Haas Tucker and Dorothy Fenderson (maiden name given by her choice), March 8, 1984 and March 14, 1984.
17. Interview with Helen Henderson, February 29, 1984.
18. Booklet of graduation speeches and other school matters, given by Helen Henderson.
19. Interview with Patricia Goren, March 12, 1984.
20. Interviews with Ida Corrin and Mary Dixon, March 8, 1984 and January 27, 1984. They both trained to be teachers at Tempe College, now Arizona State University. In 1957 when the Florence Brown Addition was being built, Ida Corrin found that no sound proofing was being added. Florence Brown called the construction office right away to stop until sound proofing could be put in.
21. Wilson interview: October 7, 1983; Dominguez interview: March 10, 1984; Humphrey interviews: November 3, 1983 and March 24, 1984; Sanders interview: March 10, 1984.
22. Pico interview: March 13, 1984. She has been very helpful throughout this project with the printing of the paper and suggestions.
23. Christine Rhodes, Cochise County Recorder and Marsha Bonham, Cochise County Treasurer, spoke on a Friday in Feb. 1984. They said you should never put your school down no matter how small it might be. The two ladies were very generous. They let me look through all kinds of books and documents at the courthouse. Larry Elkins, of the Records Office also helped me a lot.
24. I wrote letters to Austin Jay, whose father was on the School Board in 1908 with no answer. I also wrote to Mr. Louis M. Stepanski of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company in Phoenix, Arizona. His response of April 16, 1984 was that the files are kept in San Francisco and it would take 60 to 90 days to find information on early history of Naco School.
25. On April 19, 1984 after my papers had gone to Tucson for Arizona competition, I was able to talk to Harry Newell, here visiting from his home in Mexico City. His father homesteaded in Naco in 1898 and helped form the

SOME COCHISE COUNTY PIONEERS:

As Seen By One Of Them

Edited by Winifred G. Meskus

Cochise County, covering six thousand plus square miles of southeast Arizona, is rich in history and pre-history. Charles DiPeso, director of The Amerind Foundation until his death, wrote that it was a corridor for trade among many Indian tribes, Mexico north to beyond Utah. Conquistadors traveled from Mexico City to Kansas, on foot and horseback, four centuries ago. The Mormon Battalion camped at the San Bernardino Ranch early in December 1846, and raised the first American Flag over the Presidio of Tucson on its march to California, years before the Gadsden Treaty brought this area into the U.S.A.

Much has been written about Cochise County Pioneers, such as John Slaughter, the Douglasses, Tom Jeffords, Nellie Cashman, but there were others, too. This paper gives brief sketches of a few of them based on stories written by Charles A. Nichols in 1952. His manuscript "Dear Old Cochise", some 450 pages long, now belongs to his daughter, Catherine Elizabeth Davis, who has given publication rights to the Cochise County Historical and Archaeological Society. Nichols wrote, "The principal function of these biographies is to portray the life, character and spirit of pioneer life in Cochise County in which all these people made valuable contributions."

Charles Arthur Nichols, known to his friends as "Cinco", was born June 2, 1878 in New York State; he died August 24, 1970. He went to Tucson from Whitesboro, New York in December 1899 with his younger brother, Fred. Trained to be a teacher, "Cinco" went instead into business with his uncle, Richard Stevens, who had a laundry and cleaning business. He entered into the social life of the time - picnics and dances - and especially into the Thirteen Club.*



*Charles A. Nichols
at 60 years*

The brothers pooled their savings and moved to Clifton where they bought a small building for a laundry, only to lose everything two weeks after the opening when a flood washed the building and all down the river. Broke, the two brothers borrowed horses to move along to Douglas. Upon their arrival (1902), someone reported them as horsethieves, so they spent their first night in this newly established smelter town in jail. After straightening out this little

problem, and after much hard work, they started their own laundry, cleaning and fuel business - the International Laundry - which became quite successful. Nichols ran it until 1940, having bought out his brother, Fred, when the latter moved to Las Vegas, New Mexico to open his own business.

“Cinco” was active in community affairs; he knew almost all the people he wrote about, some very well. He was a charter member of the Kiwanis in Douglas, founding member of the Douglas Thirteen Club, received the Silver Beaver Award signifying forty years of service to the Boy Scouts of America, and he was a member of the Arizona Historical Society.

To summarize the Nichols’ accounts of these eight pioneers many details had to be omitted. Nichols had a way of digressing to include a great deal of extraneous material about other people, plus his own personal views on politics, religion, and so forth, which revealed much about himself. He was stern, very religious, of firm opinions, kindly, and sentimental. He loved “Dear Old Cochise” as he called this area. He captured his subjects, sometimes with remarkable insight, through quotes from Shakespeare and others, some of which are included in this paper. It is this editor’s hope that someday the Nichols’ manuscript can be edited and published. It will take a professional, hopefully one who knows and loves Cochise County as much as did “Cinco” Nichols.

And so we have brief stories about an Entrepreneur, an Engineer, a Banker/Rancher, a Miner/Rancher, a Preacher, a Merchant, a Physician, and a Judge. Each deserves more than just these few words.

** Note: The Thirteen Club originated in Tucson as a social club for eligible young bachelors, limited to thirteen members. As a member married, he automatically dropped out and another eligible young bachelor was asked in. Some of these young men who came to Douglas from Tucson in 1902 and later, started a second Thirteen Club in Douglas. (In the Special Issue of The Cochise Quarterly: “Fun and Good Times in Cochise County in the Early Days” on page 35 there is a photo of a hall in Douglas decorated for a Thirteen Club dance.)*

ALICE GATLIFF

“O tiger’s heart wrapp’d in a woman’s hide.” — King Henry IV, Act I

Alice Gatliff established herself in Agua Prieta during the Diaz regime, after her husband’s death. When Madero took over Mexico in 1911, it looked for a time that the life and property of Americans were not safe there. Revolution followed revolution, but Alice just sat tight and helped to earn her living by selling cards picturing all the happenings to tourists.

Actually, she had nothing to fear as most of the important revolutionists patronized the Gatliff *posada* when they slipped into this border town. She knew all about the transactions and revolutions which were hatched in Sonora, but no one ever proved that she had anything to do with them except to feed and entertain the conspirators. She did not discuss affairs of state with her neighbors

on either side of the international line. She never seemed concerned about the conduct of her customers. If anyone had questions, she probably asked, "Did she fall or was she pushed?"

There was a haberdashery in Douglas that for many years used the slogan "We have something on every man in town." Bill and Pete, who owned that store, had nothing on Alice Gatliff in Agua Prieta. The proprietress of the Gatliff Curio Store and Cafe probably had something on everyone in Arizona and the state of Sonora.

Agua Prieta was a lively town during prohibition days. The Club Sociale was the most pretentious establishment on the northern boundary of Sonora, but if you wanted a quiet place for a little party, you invariably patronized Alice Gatliff's modest dining room where the Mexican dishes were of the best. Both the governors of Arizona and Sonora were friends and patrons. It was a favorite meeting place for the old Thirteen Club reunions.



Mrs. Alice Gatliff (with pet javelina).

"I'll give no blemish to her honor."

THE WINTER'S TALE — Act I

Alice Gatliff knew all the bootleggers on the border and understood all the codes they used, such as the one in effect with Dick, the cross-eyed bartender at Jim Joe's: "Dick, you remember that white horse I was looking at when I was in your place in Agua Prieta? Well, send him over; I want to buy him." In about twenty minutes there would be a knock at the back door in Douglas and a Mexican would deliver a bottle wrapped in a Chinese newspaper. On the bottle would be a picture of a White Horse.

She kept her knowledge to herself and capitalized on it in her little store on a back street, where her handyman saw nothing, heard nothing, and said nothing. She might move some of the pottery or whiskey bottles on her shelves to show a curious customer where the stray bullets of the last revolution had knocked the plaster from the adobe wall or had broken a piece of pottery, but she made no comment. She just went about her business of feeding her pet monkeys, parrots, Chihuahua hairless dogs, javelinas, and Persian cats, and serving the human trade, too.

It might appear that Alice Gatliff was hard-boiled, brazen, and ruthless in her struggle to survive. Such was not the case. She maintained her status by her humanitarianism. Her acts of charity were legion and appreciated by her Mexican neighbors. It made no difference who was in the political saddle of either republic; they all looked alike to Alice. There are few parallels in the history of the frontier pioneers for her fortitude, endurance, perseverance, and bravery.

HORACE CHILDS STILLMAN

"Wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes." — King Richard II, Act III

Horace Childs Stillman was born at Bridgeport, Connecticut June 21, 1848. He married Anna Leonora Loomis November 16, 1870 in Dover, Delaware. She was born at Batavia, New York, March 28, 1850. Their first child, May,



*Mr. & Mrs. Horace Childs Stillman with granddaughter Rowena.**

"Hath not old customs made this life more sweet?"

AS YOU LIKE IT — Act II

** (Mrs. Marcus Hitchcock; Marcus died Jan. 13, 1985.)*

was born in New York State November 7, 1873. In 1878 the family moved to California where Horace was employed by Martin & Ballard as a civil engineer. For four of the years with that firm he was tunneling the Santa Cruz mountains for a narrow-gauge railway. Their second child, John, was born September 23, 1879. Still in the employ of the same company, Horace moved with his family to Bisbee in 1880.

His career spanned fifty-four years in mining camps of California, Mexico and Arizona.

He was exposed to epidemics and disease incident to unsanitary environment, as well as to violence of bandits and outlaws, as express agent and deputy sheriff. Ironically, he was killed in an auto accident near Globe in 1930, age 82.

In 1887 the Stillmans decided to leave Bisbee and return to New York State. They got as far as Tombstone where the silver camp offered too many opportunities for the adventure they loved so much. They unloaded their trunks and Horace went to work in the sheriff's office. He served as deputy sheriff in the helldorado days, but, as Nichols wrote, "... his courteous and friendly disposition kept him from filing notches on his gun - such as decorated some

of the other firing irons in the hands of the champions of law and order on the frontier." He rubbed shoulders with desperate men like Curly Bill and John Ringo, but his genial and friendly disposition, together with his love for fair play, kept him out of trouble.

He was deputy sheriff of Cochise County under Johnny Behan, Wells Fargo express agent, postmaster, and mining engineer. He made several trips to Mexico on mining inspections and ran pumps in the famous Czar shaft of the Copper Queen for James Douglas. His health broke under the strain and he spent about a year in the Copper Queen Hospital. During this time his wife became matron of the hospital and held that post for five years.

Following his recovery, he went to Mexico to develop the gold prospect of the Santa Rosalia. Then back to Bisbee in the employ of the Overlock Brothers where he remained until November 1901 when he moved to the new town of Douglas.

Many times in Douglas Stillman would come across the street and sit on the curb with Nichols and tell Tombstone tales of when he served as deputy sheriff there. They would ride around the county and Stillman would point out many historical places now forgotten. On the Bisbee-Tombstone highway, Stillman recounted, there's a ravine where John Ringo took a shot at him but Ringo's horse stumbled and threw the rider; Winchester and all went into the ravine. When the old guard congregated at the Oriental saloon for the regular nightcap the following night, the deputy walked in and presented John Ringo (the outlaw who could quote Shakespeare) with his own Winchester. The presentation was very formal, the deputy resorting to one of his frequent outbursts of oratory - paraphrasing Shakespeare himself, and concluding all this with the remark that the careless one must have dropped it while hunting jackrabbits.

There were many other stories he told, always looking on the bright side and always fond of a good joke. Nichols tells that during the Depression of 1907 Stillman said that the Douglas barbers were having to raise their prices of shaves to thirty cents. Why? Because there were so many long faces on the streets of Douglas.

And, to include "Ma" Stillman, those who knew her said she was a mother to all, especially the discouraged people. During her years in Cochise County, she was a faithful worker in charitable undertakings, living a life of devotion, the personification of the Golden Rule.

Mrs. Stillman outlived Horace by five years. She died December 25, 1935 at the home of her granddaughter, Mrs. Charlotte Cunningham of Fresno, California, where she is buried alongside her husband.

BURDETT ADEN PACKARD

"A Loyal, Just and Upright Gentleman" — King Richard II, Act I

Colonel Burdett Aden Packard, known to everyone as "Daddy" Packard, was born in Portsville, New York, November 1, 1847, the only son of a merchant farmer, Ashley G. Packard. After serving an apprenticeship with his father, he was employed, at the age of nineteen, with another merchant, John A. Archibald, where he remained for five years. Then he bought out a traveling merchant's stock, but sold out very soon and started to drill for oil near Bradford, Pennsylvania. When his bank account improved, he married Ella Lewis and again ventured into the mercantile business. But finally the lure of the west caught up with him and he found himself in Old Tombstone. Prospecting was his hobby so he interested himself in the Vizna mine with Mr. Hopkins. After a year or two, he returned to New York, but was drawn back to the west, where he tried his fortune in the cattle business with Billy Tweed. This partnership, operating the Cochise Stronghold Ranch, and several smaller outfits, lasted until 1885.



Colonel Burdett Aden Packard

"The last of the Romans, fare thee well!"
JULIUS CAESAR — Act V

When expansion looked favorable, he became associated with W. C. Greene in the Greene-Packard Cattle Company of the San Pedro Valley and Old Mexico until 1908. At one time, it is said, they owned two hundred thousand acres and ran fifteen thousand head of cattle.

The Packards moved to Douglas about 1904. During all his years in Douglas he was president of the First National Bank (now the Valley National Bank).

Packard was a great poker player as well as horse trader and rancher. He never talked about winnings or losses, but others did and there are many stories about his games at the Douglas Country Club and on the Golden State Limited from California with Eugene Ives and Bill Greene in the latter's private car "Verde".

Nichols wrote that he never traded horses with Daddy Packard but Packard used to go to Nichols' stables on Twelfth Street and admire the better grade of harness stock. Once he went over to see two coal-black mares which Nichols had just purchased from the W. C. Greene stock farm on the San Pedro. Nichols told him about a certain Percheron stallion which he had admired on the farm.

"Yes, I know the animal well," Packard said. "I won him once in a poker game with Bill Greene but he never would give him up."

With all this and his years in Tombstone, he "never had a string of yarns on tap..." But he did tell a close business associate of a "little secret" which he'd kept all those years. They say that Ike Clanton jumped over an adobe wall on OK street and disappeared in thin air, but, said Packard, "I happen to know where he hid himself. My office was directly across the street from the Vizna Mining Company office. The fight took place about the same relative position on the next street. When the smoke cleared away, Clanton ran through the back and into the rear of my office. He would not talk but I allowed him to stay until darkness came, when he vanished."

Packard was a courteous gentleman of the old school, pleasing speaker and a dignified and witty chairman of any gathering, who always confined his remarks to cold facts. Whenever a difference of opinion arose about historical data or the interpretation of a gun fight in Old Tombstone, Daddy Packard would be called upon to settle it. Once there was a controversy about the population of Tombstone in her prime. Packard said sixteen thousand would be about right; estimates had run as high as thirty thousand. Another argument was about the fighting qualifications of Geronimo. Daddy said that he was a fourflusher and a cheat. He said the last time he saw him he was selling his photo at the World's Fair in Chicago, at one dollar each. He could not understand why anyone would want a picture of the "old renegade."

A life-long democrat, Packard gave his daughter, Dorothea, a long lecture when she attempted to vote republican. Knowing that at the time she was not even a qualified voter in the state, he declared that "to save the family from disgrace" he would challenge her vote if she attempted to go to the polls. She didn't.

Daddy Packard died in 1935 at the age of 88. His son, Ashley, died in 1931; he was survived by a son who graduated from West Point in 1938. Ashley II had sons, Ashley B. and John Aden Packard. While Daddy Packard's title of Colonel appears to have been honorary, his grandson, Ashley II was a Colonel in the Air Force during World War II. Sent to Korea, he was killed in a plane crash May 1, 1951, and was buried in Douglas at the age of 34.

E. JOHN HANDS

"Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time" — Merchant of Venice, Act 1

John Hands, a stalwart English lad, six feet in his home-made socks, was determined to venture into the wilds of America. In 1884 he sailed to New York. By 1887, having worked his way southward, he was on a ranch near San Antonio, Texas, where he met the Walker brothers, Joe and George. They talked a lot about the wonderful possibilities of the wild country to the west, the home of the Apache, and mountains of gold and silver. They purchased a covered wagon and horses and started for Arizona. Ever westward, they finally passed through a granite gap of the mountains and looked across a beautiful valley to where the lofty range of the Chiricahuas loomed up.



E. John Hands

"A strange fish." — THE TEMPEST — Act I

The enchantment and natural beauty of the Chiricahua mountains appealed so strongly to this young devotee of the wild that he never left the area for very long at a time.

John and the Walker brothers spent several years prospecting and mining without much success. Recognizing the possibilities of cattle raising, John, who was not a farmer, sent for his brothers, Frank and Alfred. They established a home ranch near the entrance of Cave Creek Canyon. John and Frank prospected while Alfred looked after the stock. They developed the Jack Dunne Property in the vicinity of Galeyville, naming their mine the Hilltop.

On March 28, 1896, Frank returned to the home ranch to discover that his brother, Alfred, had been murdered by Apaches. His mutilated body was found about a hundred feet from the ranch house. John, who was prospecting near Pearce, returned immediately. The murderers of Alfred Hands were never brought to justice but the vigilance of Sheriff John Slaughter and the settlers lessened surprise attacks in that locality.

John never forgot the murder of his brother. It poisoned his sensitive soul against all forms of murder — game poachers, cattle rustlers, forest fire bugs, and all forms of destruction. Although he was a most hospitable host, one had to be careful in his company not to violate the ethical conduct which he set

up for himself. One must never ask about his past life or his family, or be forever banished from his hospitality. He would not tolerate anyone who killed birds or animals or picked flowers.

John Hands never grew weary of guiding his friends through the Wonderland of Rocks (Chiricahua National Monument). For several summers this hermit of the Chiricahuas was a welcome visitor at the Boy Scout Camp (Camp Victorio) in Rustler's Park. He took the scouts on many nature study hikes, and personally supervised the diggings for prehistoric treasure beneath the buried pueblos there. He could locate pottery and "arrow heads" where everyone else could see only rock and sand. Hands always insisted on walking; he could out-distance a horse in the mountains. He took his own photographs and had colored lantern slides made of the grotesque rock formations there.

Although Hands had always been interested in the prehistoric and had explored many caverns and unearthed many Indian relics of archaeological value in Cochise County, he did not really enter the role of the archaeologist until Dr. Byron Cummings of the University of Arizona engaged him to take charge of the excavations of the buried Temple of Cuicuilco in Old Mexico. It was then that he became obsessed of the hobby which seemed to crowd out all others. He went on many expeditions with Dr. Cummings into the Yucatan peninsula and gave much valuable assistance, not only because he was a student of archaeology but because of his mining experience.

His explorations and excavations covered the entire southwest nearly to the Isthmus of Panama, but he always maintained that the prehistoric ruins in Arizona were as interesting as any in America. His discoveries attracted the attention of Paul Sauer and Donald Brand, co-authors of "Pueblo Sites in Southern Arizona."

When visitors in Cave Creek became too numerous, Hands moved from the old Reed place there over the mountains into Pinery canyon. He found many curios in the caves of Cave Creek canyon and those plus his butterfly collection (probably the finest ever taken in the Chiricahuas) are in the museum at the University of Arizona.

After over half a century of digging in the rocks for precious metals and uncovering the ancient pueblos of the Indians, Hands selected his own burial place in the shadow of the towering peaks, overlooking the valleys of the Animas and San Simon.

Hands was born in Kings, Weston, England, November 1, 1866, and died in Cochise County, January 31, 1939. Dr. E. W. Adamson of the AVA ranch erected a monument to Hands at the entrance of Cave Creek canyon.

ERNEST WARD SIMONSON

"His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man!'. — Julius Caesar, Act V

The Reverend Ernest Ward Simonson was born February 24, 1869 in Jacksonville, New Brunswick. His mother was Elizabeth Hanna, his father Albert Simonson. Ernest graduated from King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, June 1895 with a B.A.; was ordained by Bishop Medley on Trinity Sunday, 1896. During that year he began his ministry at Queensberry, N.B., following his marriage to Phoebe Alberta Quinn, September 4, 1896. He died May 16, 1935; Mrs. Simonson died in 1948.



Reverend E. W. Simonson

*"Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak."
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL — Act II*

Captain Thomas Rynning said in his memoirs that with the exception of Tombstone, Douglas was the toughest town in Cochise County. Into this atmosphere came the Reverend Simonson from a quiet, rural parish in New Brunswick, Canada, to take up the work of St. Stephen's parish on February 11, 1906. Simonson remained for twenty-nine eventful years, and Charles Nichols had the good fortune to enjoy his fellowship during that time.

Good fellowship was a part of the rector's life and his text for many sermons. He was public spirited and tolerant and did not restrict his interests to his own membership. He belonged to many civic and social organizations. Like his vestryman, "Daddy" Packard, the rector loved

fast horses. Also, he used to tell many interesting stories about moose hunting and salmon fishing in New Brunswick.

In the early days of Douglas, when social conventions and class distinctions were more in vogue, invitations were sent out for a formal reception at the Country Club in honor of the newly appointed Governor of the Territory, Richard E. Sloan. Wondering why a time not conflicting with church services had not been selected, Simonson wrote a note to the Governor inviting him to church the Sunday morning before the festivities began. Not having any response, Simonson opened service with a substitute organist, a much-depleted choir and practically no congregation — all gone to the Governor's reception.

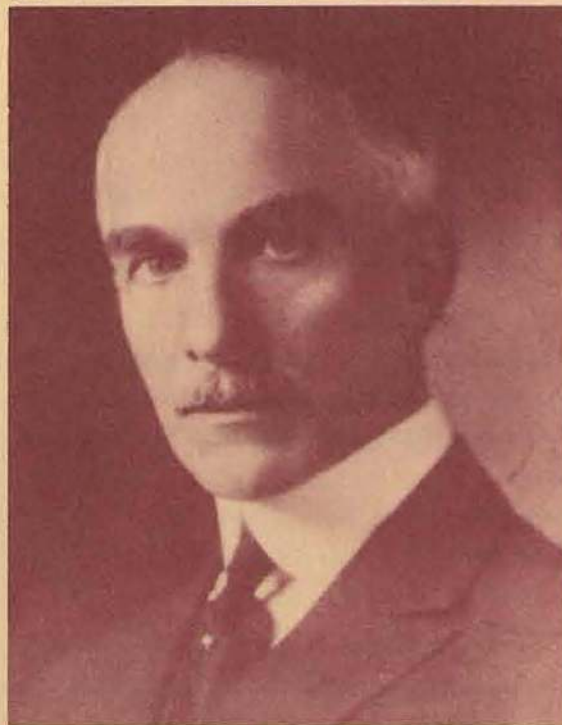
Much to everyone's surprise and the confusion of the rector, the Governor and his party walked in to the eleven o'clock service and took their seats. After the service, the rector greeted them with his usual gracious and pleasing manner and was thanked by the equally gracious and friendly Governor for reminding him of his religious obligation.

When the Vestry was considering a successor to Simonson, following his death in 1935, the bishop frankly declared that they might find a worthy minister but to find another Mrs. Simonson at the same time would be asking too much. The influence of this remarkable couple is still felt in Douglas today.

WILLIAM HENRY BROPHY

"A sullen bell, knolling a departing friend" — King Henry IV, Act I

Charles Nichols wrote: "At rare intervals I would meet W. H. Brophy, manager of the Copper Queen store at Bisbee, but on these occasions I never dreamed that I would one day be his partner in business. In a way, the Brophies were already competitors, since the Brophy Carriage Company of Douglas was in the fuel business and so was I. However, when my business partner, Tom Pollock, transferred his equity in the Diamond Coal Company of Gallup, New Mexico and other interests, to the Phoenix National Bank, twenty shares of International Laundry and Coal Company stock went too, and Billy Brophy was automatically a stockholder and the bank's representative on our board of directors. When Billy Brophy introduced himself for the first time at a board meeting, I was impressed by his modest and pleasing personality...



William Henry Brophy

"The ditty does remember my drown'd father."

THE TEMPEST — Act I

"This transaction did not involve us in a competitor's battle in the fuel business since Jim McClure, manager of the Brophy Carriage Co., had sold me delivery wagons, saddles and harness for our company for years, and had been on friendly terms. He had also supplied equipment for my private driving and saddle horses, which were of the best on the dirt streets of Douglas, the new town on the Mexican border.

“I was also friendly with Jim Brophy although I will not say that we were pals. Perhaps I would not see this friendly old-timer more than once in a year, when we would meet at a New Year’s party at the old Club Sociale in Agua Prieta, during Prohibition days in the States...”

William Henry Brophy sailed from Ireland on April 1, 1881, for San Francisco. Finding no job there, he joined his brother, Jim, in Arizona, arriving with five dollars in his pocket. Cowpunching in the Sulphur Springs Valley seemed the only occupation, but Billy was not the rough-neck his brother Jim was, so he got a job in a small sawmill in the Chiricahua mountains. Neither did this fit into the qualifications of a man of small stature and discriminating habits, so he borrowed a cowpony - which promptly bucked him off into a cactus - and after two days’ ride reached the new mining camp of Bisbee.

When Billy rode into Bisbee, Mrs. Crossey was trying to operate a little store. He offered to help her out without wages until her business got on a paying basis. Professor James Douglas needed a supply depot for his miners so bought her out and made Billy the manager. This was the beginning of the Copper Queen Mercantile Company, later the Phelps Dodge Mercantile Company.

The Copper Queen store became a sort of depository for the miners and Billy Brophy became a one-man bank. That led to the establishment of the Bank of Bisbee in 1900, with Billy as president and M. J. Cunningham, cashier. It was the only bank between Tucson and El Paso. When the townsite of Douglas was laid out two years later, the Bank of Douglas (now the Arizona Bank) was established with James Stuart Douglas as president; Billy, vice-president; Cunningham, director; and C. O. Ellis the first cashier.

World War I saw Billy and Douglas directing the affairs of the Red Cross in France. Faithful in his religious duties and loyal to his church, Billy and his wife made many contributions to charity, among them the Brophy College at Phoenix, the Loretto Academy at Douglas, gifts to St. Augustine Cathedral at Tucson, Church of the Blessed Sacrament in Hollywood, and many more scattered throughout the Southwest and even in foreign lands.

On November 13, 1922, Billy lost his life when a tidal wave swept him from the deck of a small fishing boat into the Gulf of California.

JAMES J. P. ARMSTRONG

"How has he the leisure to be sick?" — King Henry IV, Act IV

James J. P. Armstrong had the degree of Doctor of Medicine conferred upon him by Trinity College, Toronto, in 1893. Canada was not very tolerant of unbelievers in those days and so the young doctor migrated to Arizona where he felt he could practice his profession without fear of criticism or interference. He arrived in Douglas, hung up his shingle at the Ord Hotel until the Meguire building across the street was completed. Here he engaged the front rooms over the Douglas Drug store and practiced medicine and developed his electrical appliances for thirty-five years.

Too busy to attend meetings, the young doctor never forgot the Thirteen Club of Douglas and always sent over a tray of thirteen well-filled glasses or thirteen bottles of champagne, depending on the celebration. And he entertained royally when he married Marie Skipper in 1905.



Dr. J. J. P. Armstrong

"Welcome him then according to his worth."
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA — Act II

Much as the skeptical doctor denounced the faith of his fathers, he still held fast to those enduring principles, and though he never went to church, he was a warm friend of the rector of St. Stephen's Episcopal church and gave the beautiful pipe organ to that church. Sometimes this pioneer doctor was branded as eccentric, but no one ever questioned his generosity and his untiring professional service to rich and poor alike.

His hobbies included photography and his collection of pictures of the curious rock formations in the Wonderland of Rocks in the Chiricahua mountains is probably the finest ever taken. He liked to travel and study foreign manners and customs. But all of this was secondary to his accomplishments with the X-ray. His spirit of research and his rebellion against established traditions, his spirit of adventure into unexplored realms of science and strange lands, the spirit of the West which first called him to Arizona, inspired him to the very end. He died on September 30, 1938 at the age of sixty-seven.

ALBERT MORRIS SAMES

"The gentleman is learn'd and a most rare speaker" — King Henry VIII, Act I

Judge Sames was born in Rockford, Illinois, February 9, 1873 and died in Los Angeles March 16, 1958. He married Nancy E. Crail in August 1932. He came to Arizona in 1900 and to Douglas in 1902 as clerk for the International Land and Improvement Company. He was also the first city clerk of this new city. He was prominent in republican politics and was a member of the Presbyterian church. He belonged to many fraternal organizations and was always in demand when a public speaker was needed. His genial disposition broadened his social circle and identified him prominently in the development of Arizona.



Judge Albert M. Sames

"I shall do my friends no wrong."

AS YOU LIKE IT — Act I

Soon after his arrival in the rip-roaring frontier town of Douglas on the Mexican border, there was a vacancy in the newly organized Thirteen Club. So when the choice of a new member came before the mystic circle of twelve young bachelors, the lucky choice fell to Albert Sames. He presented no qualifications more important than a pleasing personality, a friendly disposition, a brilliant intellect and a highly-prized flute, on which he had played his way through college. This flute was a valuable contribution to the club's mandolin ensemble, which furnished delightful entertainment in the balmy summer evenings or at numerous house parties.

A special and extraordinary initiation of this new member was planned, in the form of a field day, including a boxing match with a professional colleague, Hartwell Nowell. Nowell was tall and athletic while Albert was short and of the scholarly type, and the arrangements committee, Harlan Richey and Guy Newell, booked them in a bout as Mutt and Jeff. The group got the permission of John Slaughter to hold the field day at his San Bernardino ranch and on a Sunday morning in November everyone journeyed there in a big carryall-and-four rented from the livery stable for the occasion.

The field day events started immediately on arrival under the big cottonwood trees at the ranch. Every member was entered in a contest and did his best to win a gold medal, which the committee said would be awarded. The

trophy was made of a rectangular piece of iron, bearing the number "13" and a big iron washer, suspended by black and white ribbons from the base with the date: "November 1, 1903" inscribed on the bronzed circle. Each member got a medal whether he won or lost; the referee, Guy Newell, would find some pretext for disqualification if a contestant had already won a medal.

The closing event of the day was the big boxing match. There was to be no faking and sure enough there was none. After several hard blows had been exchanged, the referee gave the decision in favor of Sames. He said big Mutt hit little Jeff when he was down.

Notwithstanding the vow imposed on all members of the Thirteen Club to shun the matrimonial yoke, our newest member was the first to fall from grace. His infatuation caused him to neglect and fail to attend many Friday night meetings of the conspirators against Superstition, so the fines against him accumulated. Once Albert Sames told Nichols that he thought he would sell his dog and pay up sometime. Nichols said, "I appreciated his keen sense of humor and wrote the farewell ode for the Thirteen Club, according to the duty vested in me as Rhyme-Skull of that unique organization, and read this at his bachelor's dinner..."

Albert Sames was a law partner with George Cass previous to his appointment by Governor Campbell to the Superior Court Judgeship of Cochise County in 1921. He retained his office until 1931 when he was appointed by President Hoover to the office of Judge of the United States District Court, and moved from Tombstone to Tucson.

As a federal judge he never forgot his associates of "Dear Old Cochise", who watched his progress with interest. He was always moving forward with a smile and friendly greeting, even in the old days when he won a medal on a foul in a boxing match and when he thought he would sell his dog to pay his club fines to the Thirteen Club.

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