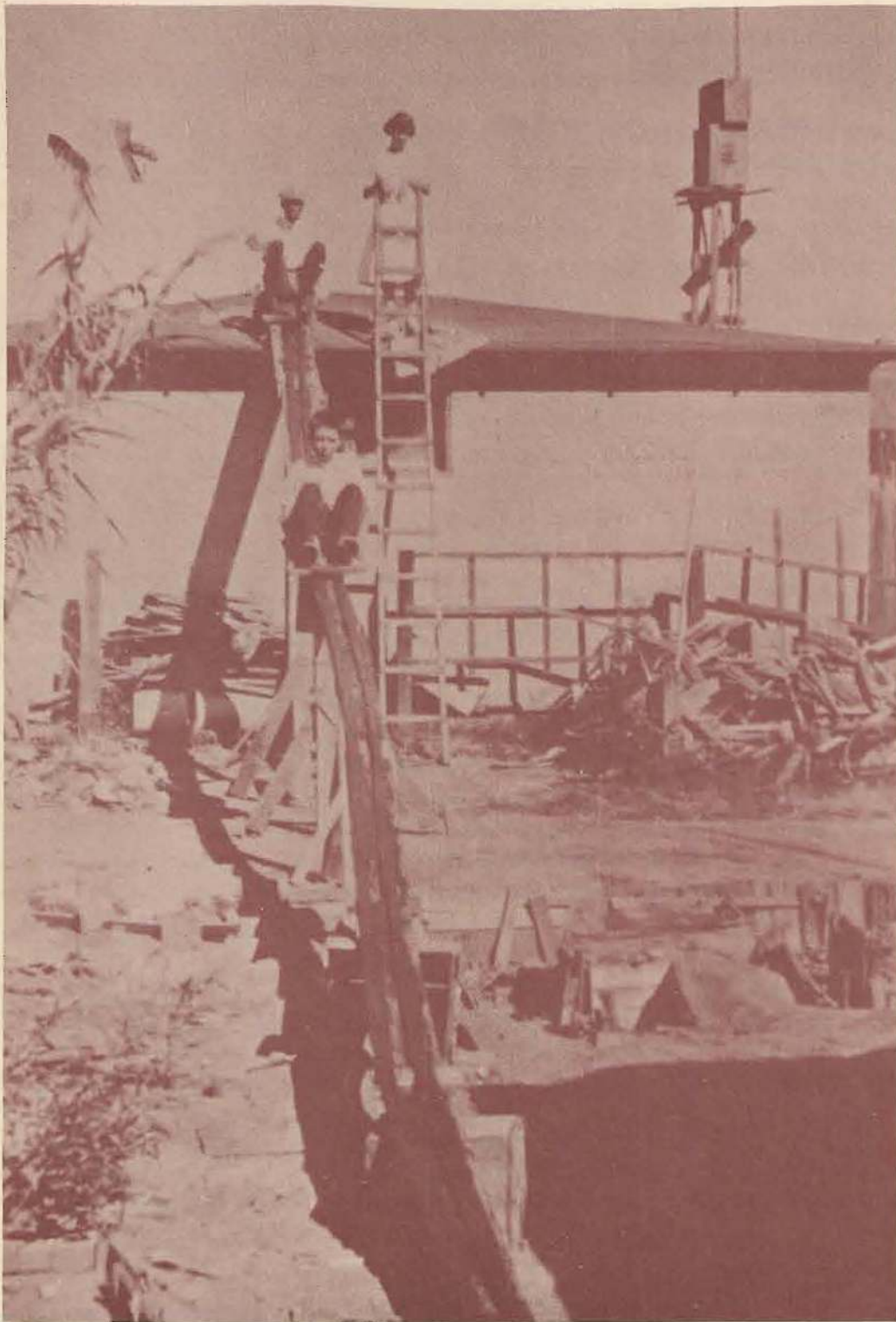


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ABOUT THE COVER — This unique slide was constructed by neighborhood youngsters in the backyard of Mrs. O.O. Hammill's home at 1122 11th St. about 1921. Speeding down the slide is Charles K. Gibson. At the top of the slide are Bill and Marion Hammill. (Photo courtesy Charles B. Fleming)

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MY FATHER, THE DOCTOR

By Adeline Greene Parks

These recollections are dedicated to my daughter-in-law, Vicki Parks. Her interest in the history of the Slaughter Ranch gave me the pleasure of taking her and my three grandchildren to the house on 9th Street where I grew up on what became a sentimental journey in 1987.

William Arnold Greene

William Arnold Greene was born in 1869 to Albert Coggeshall and Ann Arnold Greene. Genealogy records say all of the Greenes who descended from John, the cherugeon, were born in Rhode Island, and there is no evidence that any of them left the state until my father did in 1890 at the age of 21 for the mining town of Bisbee, in the Territory of Arizona.

According to the entry in the 1913 Who's Who, Will Greene wanted to become a doctor but did not have the money to attend college. Instead he became a drug store apprentice and then a pharmacist.

The Bisbee he moved to was a pest hole. There was one doctor, Dr. Darlington, one orderly and no trained nurses. Opie Burgess in her book, *Bisbee — Not So Long Ago*, wrote, that during a typhoid epidemic, "Mrs. Williams, wife of the smelter's superintendent, saw the critical condition of the camp. Under her supervision she organized groups of women to do their share of helping the doctor. The women took shifts, the same as their husbands did, working in the mine. Some weeks a certain group would provide the patients with broth and boiled water to drink while others laundered the sheets and towels...."

"One day when Mrs. Stillman had taken her bundle of clean sheets and towels to the hospital, she said to the doctor, 'In order to stop this epidemic the camp must be cleaned up. It is the filth and flies that are carrying the disease. You are working beyond your strength. What if you get sick? What would we do?'..."

"A meeting at the schoolhouse was called by the doctor to see what could be done. The doctor was not burning up with fever of typhoid but of rage and disgust. He told the townspeople he was helpless.

"He raised his voice to its highest pitch and pounded the teacher's desk where he was standing saying, 'We are going to have a hospital, more doctors and nurses.' The uproar of the townspeople who were listening drowned out what else he had to say with their shouts of enthusiasm and cheering."

A few weeks later work on the hospital started. When finished it was named "Dr. Darlington's Cracker Box." There were two 12x16 foot rooms. This was where Will Greene worked as an orderly.

Dr. Darlington left Bisbee in 1889 and returned to New York. Dr. Frederick Arnold Sweet became the chief surgeon. When Dr. Sweet found out that the young man from Rhode Island was a pharmacist, he persuaded him to train under him as a nurse.

I don't know how long my father lived in Bisbee, but long enough for Dr. Sweet to encourage him to go back East to study medicine. My mother many times spoke of Dr. Sweet.

"He loaned your father money," she'd say, "and along with his own

savings and a little help from your Aunt Emma, he graduated from New York University. After graduation he interned at Bellevue Hospital."

His first position was medical examiner for New York Life. The salary must have been good for those days as he repaid his loans and enjoyed city life. He attended the opera and the theatre.

He returned to Bisbee in 1897 and joined Dr. Sweet on the staff of the new Calumet and Arizona hospital, a large four-winged structure. Three wings were for the miners and the fourth wing had private rooms. No longer did the doctors have to go to the patients' homes and operate on kitchen tables.

My father appears twice in the Burgess book. There is a mention of his talent with a banjo and his artistic contribution to the church building fund.

"A church was badly needed," Burgess wrote, "And the ladies knew it would take money to build one. Plans were made for raising the money. It was decided that a bazaar would be held in the Opera House. This place had never seen an opera. It was used for roller skating and dancing. The ladies made everything they could think of to sell. They wanted this to be a gala affair — the biggest thing that had ever happened in the camp. They planned that a homecooked dinner would be served every night, and after, a one-act play. The rest of the evening would be spent selling raffle tickets and dancing.

"On that first evening the one-act play had a sad beginning. The title of the play was "King George the Third," and Dr. Greene was to take the part of King George. He had sent to San Francisco for his costume. The evening of his star performance he dressed at home. He wore green velvet knee trousers, white shirt with full lace cuffs, a black velvet coat and shoes with large brass buckles. When he donned the wig of shoulder length curly hair, he really looked like a king.

"It was dark when he started out in full costume to walk to the Opera House, and a housewife living above the road threw out a pan of dish-water. She was quite unaware that she had a king walking below her kitchen.

"After the shock of the shower bath, Dr. Greene walked to the Opera House in a very bad mood. When he entered the kitchen, the ladies were at first shocked to see the dripping object. Then they burst into laughter. He was given a tablecloth to wear while his kingly garments were being dried behind the stove."

He was the only doctor who could perform a tracheotomy, and he saved many children who would have died of diphtheria. Among them was Steele Woods, a cousin of Viola Slaughter.

One day a cowboy rode into Bisbee. He had come 56 miles from the San Bernadino Slaughter Ranch to find a doctor who would come to the ranch to treat James Howell, Viola's brother. Dr. Greene volunteered. The illness was diagnosed as a bowel obstruction and in a few days the patient recovered.

From that time the doctor was a welcome visitor. He fell in love with Addie Slaughter. One of the cowboys quipped, "Dr. Greene spent about as much time courting Mrs. Slaughter as he did Miss Addie."



William Arnold Greene and Adeline Howell Slaughter Greene

I don't know why my father left Bisbee and went to New York to work for Holland American Line as ship's surgeon. The courtship continued by mail and after mother died, I found a packet of letters tied with a blue ribbon. They were written on Holland American Line stationery with postmarks from Amsterdam and Vienna. I didn't read them.

A year later he returned to Arizona and he and Addie were married by Rev. Joseph O'Connell on Sept. 9, 1903 in the parlor of the Roy Hotel in the new town of Douglas. It was the first Episcopalian wedding in the town but took place in the hotel because the church had not yet been built.

After a wedding trip to Lookout Mountain in Tennessee, they went to Chicago where he worked again as a medical examiner — this time for Equitable Life. They stayed in Chicago for a year and then returned to Douglas where my father went into private practice. In 1905 John Slaughter Greene was born, in 1907 William Arnold Greene and in 1911 Adeline Howell Greene.

He held two elected positions in Douglas — second ward alderman from 1906-09 and mayor from 1908-10. He served as city health officer until 1912 and then again in 1914. Under his direction a scavenger system was established, health department regulations formulated and a public sewer system installed. He also was Cochise County health officer for a time.

The House On Ninth Street

When my father returned to Douglas from Chicago to establish a private practice, he and my mother lived in a house on Eighth Street between C and D Avenues. Shortly after the birth of my brother William, they moved into 825 Ninth St. A prominent contractor of the time, Clay Sparks, built the house.

Now for a tour through the house I remember. The front door flanked by leaded windows opened into an entrance hall where a hat tree bore a crop of my father's hats, and my brothers' baseballs, bats and mitts.

The room on the right was called the front room — not the parlor, not the music room. In spite of our mother's insistence and the music teacher's patience, we never learned to play the piano. Sometimes in the evenings and on Sundays the room turned into an emergency consulting room for my father's patients.

On winter evenings, we sat in the library where we shared our parents' love of reading. I remember the leather bound sets of Grimm and Hans Christian Andersen. When we grew older, we read Mark Twain, Dickens and O. Henry.

The dark paneling in the dining room ended in a plate rail which displayed china plates hand-painted by my mother. The crystal chandelier hung over the oval oak table which, with leaves added, seated 12. The sideboard mirror reflected the sparkle of the cut glass punch bowl and cups. A built-in glass fronted cabinet held china used for entertaining and the server took up the last of the wall space. On it gleamed the coffee service.

In the winter months on the dining room sideboard was a large nut bowl of Georgia pecans. Among those who shared them was our resident rat who carried his nuts up to the space between the library ceiling and the upstairs hall. As we sat in the library at night we'd hear a rodent version of kickball.

My father would bellow, "There's that damned rat!"

Then early one morning during the preparation of breakfast, the rat ran across the kitchen. My father, in a fury, threw the nearest weapon at hand. The obituary read, "Rat dies under surgeon's knife."

I don't know how my mother cooked her delicious meals in that kitchen. A white metal cabinet, called a Hoover, held the baking ingredients. The wooden table in the center of the room provided surface for food preparation. Not until 1914 did a gas range replace a coal stove. Three days a week the iceman delivered ice for the oak box.

Summer brought wash tubs of peaches grown in the ranch orchard and out from the pantry came the preserving kettles and mason jars.

On ice cream making days, no matter what the three of us were doing, we headed for the back porch. The boys shaved the ice, which with the coarse salt, was packed around the gallon metal container. During the cranking, arguments started as to whose turn it was to lick the dasher.

In November, mother baked pounds of fruit cake for the December sale of St. Cecilia's Guild. Before being wrapped in cloth to mellow, the cakes got a generous sprinkling of whiskey.



Dr. William Greene after a successful hunting trip. (Photo courtesy Johnson Historical Museum of the Southwest)

Every Tuesday for 18 years, Lola Robles put up the ironing board on the back porch. Wicker baskets held the starched and dampened bed and table linen, shirts and petticoats.

When my grandmother and great grandmother had an illness that needed my father's daily attention, they stayed in the downstairs bedroom. I was delivered there. My mother nursed my father there during his last few months.

My brothers spent little time in their bedrooms upstairs. The front yard full of their friends looked like a municipal playground where the boys played their seasonal games of marbles, mumbledy peg and top spinning. Even the front porch was off limits to my friend Mildred and me. I remember the command, "Go in the house." So we went in the front door and out the back to the umbrella tree in the side yard. From the perches in the top branches, we spied on them.

William Greene, The Doctor

In addition to his private practice, one of my father's duties as health officer was the care of the patients in an isolation hospital called the pest house. In spite of the availability of vaccine, there were always a few cases of smallpox among the Mexicans.

Another responsibility was the weekly venereal disease examination of the prostitutes in the local brothels. After prostitution became illegal, my grandfather predicted, "A decent woman won't be safe on the streets."

In 1914 during the battle of Naco, Dr. Greene was the only American doctor who had the courage and compassion to cross the border and care for the wounded and dying. He had some wounded soldiers sent to Douglas where proper medical attention could be given to them. He received a letter from Arizona governor George W.P. Hunt commending him.

There was a high infant mortality rate among the poor Mexicans. It was impossible to teach them the simplest rules of hygiene. Contaminated food and dirty nursing bottles caused what was called "green stools." My father raged when the parents waited until the baby was almost dead of dehydration before getting help.

On a Sunday, a Mexican couple came to the house. My father put the infant on the couch in the front room. As I watched, the blanket was removed and there lay a tiny mummy-like body dressed in a silk and lace christening robe. After a brief examination, he drove the family back to Pirtleville. When he returned, I asked if the baby would live. He just shook his head, "If she does, it will be a miracle, not the medicine."

William Greene, The Father

In the early days of his practice, my father drove a horse and buggy. Word of illness in a ranch family sometimes meant an overnight stay, so dinner was an event when the five of us were together. While he was not stern, there were rules. If we broke them, a look over the top of his pince-nez was all that was needed.

One night my brothers threw bread pellets at me. He caught me as I returned the fire. Before I knew it, I was across his knees. (The instigators never confessed.)

If meat had to be carved, he stood up and placed his coat on the back of his chair. After the carving, he put on his coat, sat down and served the plates.

If there was a predawn telephone call with the message that a patient had started labor, he prepared his own breakfast.

One morning as I was having breakfast, my father came in from an all-night vigil. I went into the hall where he was hanging up his coat. He knelt down, put his arms around me and said in a voice that broke, "The little Glenn girl died. I did everything I could. There were little hemorrhages under her skin. She got weaker and weaker."

Twice in those early years we woke up to find snow! There was frantic digging in the drawer of the hall tree for rubbers and mittens. One time I played too long with wet mittens. With hands on fire, I ran screaming into the house. My father took off his coat and knelt down. He placed my hands under his armpits — as if by magic, the pain began to disappear.

When I wanted a dog of my very own, I was given permission with the understanding that I pay for it. After a year, I turned over my life savings to my mother who sent a check to a Pekinese kennel in New York. Finally Toto arrived frightened and dirty after a train journey of six days.

About a week later he came down with distemper. He lay on a blanket near the floor register in the library where I sat by him until I could no longer bear the suffering.

One day after school I stayed at Mildred's house until dinner time.



Executive Office
State House
Phoenix, Arizona

GEO. W. P. HUNT
GOVERNOR
LEROY A. LADD
SECRETARY

November 6, 1914.

My dear Doctor:

Now that the turmoil of the battle is over, and I am assured of the outcome of the conflict, I take this opportunity of expressing to you my great appreciation of the excellent manner in which you have cared for the wounded Mexicans who were transferred to Douglas by and under the authority of the United States Government.

I was greatly pleased to go through the wards with you and see for myself the evidences of your skill and the efficient work which you have been doing. I feel sure, too, that the Mexicans themselves are glad to find themselves on American soil, receiving such care and attention as our humane government is allowing them to have, and as Governor of our State of Arizona, I wish to thank you and to assure you of my gratitude for your kindness to these unfortunate neighbors of ours, and for the thorough manner in which you have discharged your duties.

I have the honor to remain,

Yours very sincerely,

Geo. W. P. Hunt

Governor of Arizona.

Dr. W. A. Greene,
City Physician,
Douglas, Arizona.

Copy of letter Gov. George W.P. Hunt sent Dr. William Greene after Greene treated soldiers wounded in 1914 in Naco. (Courtesy of Adeline Greene Parks)

When I came to the table I realized I hadn't seen the puppy since lunch. I asked how he was. There was silence. I went to my room where the tears and the sobs started.

I knew my parents had plans to attend a performance by the famous Scottishman Harry Lauder, but my father came upstairs. "I've sent your mother on," he said. He gave me an aspirin and stroked my forehead until I went to sleep.

One night I went with my friend Mildred Smith to the Baptist Church to hear an evangelist. I dismissed his rantings about the evils of dancing but not his predictions that most of us were going to hell.

The next morning I asked my father if there really was a hell. He looked at me, touched his temple and said, "Yes, there is, right here."

During the flu epidemic of 1918, my father lost many patients. Despair and exhaustion affected his health. The loss of sight in one eye was followed by a series of small strokes. A boat trip to Alaska didn't improve his health. After he returned, he gave up his practice.

The last six months of his life he was paralyzed on his right side and had to have constant care. Mother nursed him. He died in December, 1923 — just one month after my 12th birthday.

About the Author

Adeline Greene Parks, the only surviving grandchild of John Slaughter lives in La Jolla, California. She is a member of the Johnson Historical Museum of the Southwest Advisory Board for the restoration of the ranch.

GROWING UP IN DOUGLAS, ARIZ.

By Charles B. Fleming

My parents, Charles B. Fleming and Dora Hope, were married on Toughnut Street in Tombstone on Sept. 27, 1906. He was 33 and she 30. My mother was head nurse at the Miners Hospital in Tombstone and my father was employed by Smith Machinery Co. of Los Angeles installing pumps in the silver mines.

Soon after their marriage, my parents moved to the newly founded town of Douglas with the idea my father would eventually find employment at the Copper Queen smelter, which was being constructed west of town.

In the meantime, my father found employment during the construction of the old Gadsden Hotel. He installed the tile floor in the lobby of the hotel as well as assisted with other construction work. My mother worked part time as an anesthetist at the old Calumet Hospital, which was adjacent to the Elks Club on 10th Street. For a short interval they resided in a hotel on the corner of 10th Street and G Avenue across from the old Kress Building.

When the smelter opened, my father became employed there as a foreman of the pipefitting shop and worked in this capacity for 22 years. Immediately following his employment at the Copper Queen, my parents decided to establish a permanent residence in Douglas and began looking for a future homesite. A large lot on the corner of 11th Street and A Avenue was selected.



The home of Charles B. and Dora Hope Fleming in 1913 soon after its construction was complete. The trees and plants around the porch were just planted. In the rear of the house is a frame cottage which was the second house built in Douglas east of A Avenue. (Photo courtesy of Charles B. Fleming)



Charles B. and Dora Hope Fleming's house at 1100 11th Street in 1915 after Italian tamarisk trees and vines had become established. (Photo courtesy of Charles B. Fleming)

Because the house there now was not completed until 1913, my parents built a one bedroom frame house on the rear of the lot and lived therein until the new home at 1100 Eleventh St. was finished. The frame house was the second house east of A Avenue. My father would often relate to me how he would sit on the back steps and shoot at jackrabbits with his Colt .45.

O.O. Hammill, founder of Douglas Drug Store, built the first house east of A Ave. at 1122 11th St.

After moving into the fine new brick structure in 1913, the building in which my parents first lived became a rental. It was later sold and moved to Sunnyside. Some years after the frame house was moved to Sunnyside, a brick cottage was built in its place and became a rental.

Neither of my parents ever divulged the names of the architect or the contractor who planned and built the house. I understand my mother planned much of the floor design.

In its glory days it was one of the finest homes in the 1100 block and always attracted the attention of passers-by.

Entering the house from the front way up a flight of steps was a large front porch shaded by honeysuckle and Virginia creeper vines, making it a cool retreat during the hot summer days and evenings.

Upon entering the front door, there was a short hallway which contained a beautiful, round stained glass window. Off the hallway on the east side was a large front bedroom which my parents usually rented out. During 1917-1918, two lieutenants who were stationed at Camp Harry J. Jones rented the room. They were Arnold and Patch. Hap Arnold later gained fame as a general in World War II.

The house had a large parlor or sitting room with accompanying fireplace. Adjacent to the sitting room was the dining room. Off the dining room on the east side was another bedroom. A bathroom adjoined the front and back bedrooms. At the north end of the dwelling was the kitchen with an adjoining pantry.

A screened-in sleeping porch was at the north east corner. Through winter and summer my father and I slept there. Almost every night we could hear the bugler at Camp Harry J. Jones play taps.

The home also had a cellar where coal and firewood were stored. Although artificial gas was available, it was too expensive to burn for heating purposes. Heat was supplied by a coal base burner which sat in the east corner of the dining room. Even coal at that time was expensive as it had to be shipped in from Dawson, N.M.

By today's standards the electrical wiring was very dangerous. The system of wiring was known as knob and tube. The wires strung through the attic were clamped to porcelain knobs nailed to the rafters. Where the wires had to pass through joists they were inserted into a porcelain tube fitted into a prebored hole.

The north, south, east and west upper areas of the home were painted in yellow; the trim was in red and white.

I was born in the old Calumet Hospital Nov. 26, 1911 when Arizona was still a territory. My sister, Louise, was born in the front bedroom of the home Aug. 19, 1915.



Charles B. Fleming Jr., age 11, and Louise Hope Fleming, age 7, with Smokey the cat and Fritz the dog on the porch steps of 1100 11th St. (Photo courtesy of Charles B. Fleming)

When we were children in Douglas, we had no dry cell battery toys to entertain us but constructed most of our own play things such as scooters made from old skates, pushmobiles, small hand-made cars and all kinds of kites - especially fancy box kites and tissue paper hot air balloons which would fly out of sight. We even played polo on our bicycles, which resulted in many spokes being broken. Old Packard automobile tires were especially sought for rolling and riding over the tops of them.

Football was played on lawns during the fall months. I was the only person in the block who owned a football. Nearly every weekend we played unsupervised softball on a nearby vacant lot.

We built a unique slide in Mrs. Hammill's back yard. And we had cars that rode the greased lath rails. It was quite a feat to ride the car to the end of the track. Fortunately, none of us fell from the structure and injured ourselves.

Bill Hammill, the present owner of Douglas Drug, was an inventive genius - another Tom Swift. He made a telephone system out of Shinola shoe polish cans and other materials. Unbraided clotheswire was the telephone line we strung to each boy's home via the back yards. The phones were a great success.

With his aid, we built our own wireless transmitters and crystal receivers. We could send code all the way to Bisbee, but our transmitters interfered with the powerful wireless station at Camp Harry J. Jones and the army forced us to close down operations.

We made model airplanes by using split bamboo for the fuselage, covering it with tissue paper and propelling the planes with rubber-band motors. There were no kits to work from then.

When the dirigible Los Angeles was blown off course into Mexico, a friend of mine by the name of Gooding, who was an amateur wireless operator, picked up an SOS call from the airship and was able to direct it back on course. It was seen passing over Douglas by most everyone.

Diagonally across the street from the Daily Dispatch office on the corner of F Avenue was a vacant lot. One weekend a balloonist came to town to put on an aerial show. The lot was used for his take-off site.

There were no propane gas burners then to inflate the balloon so a hot air furnace was constructed. It consisted of a trench covered in part with sheet iron and dirt. One end had a chimney and the other end was open so fuel could be added to the fire. The balloon was suspended from a portable scaffold over the chimney and was thus inflated with hot air.

When the bag was finally filled and moved away from the furnace, the balloonist arranged himself on a trapeze. With the aid of assistants, he took off in flight and did many acrobatic feats. As the balloon drifted over the Y.M.C.A., he gradually pulled the rip-cord to let some of the hot air escape. It eventually settled in the area of the old fair grounds west of the Y.M.C.A. His assistant, in the meantime, passed the hat around for contributions.

We never lacked for something to do. On hot summer mornings we would play mumbledy peg with an icepick on the lawn under the shade trees and would wait for the ice wagon to make its daily deliveries of ice.



Some of "our gang" in 1921. From left to right, Bill and Marion Hammill, Charles B. Fleming, William and Charles K. Gibson. In the background is part of a large model airplane Bill Hammill made. The plane was flown off a barn and on its second flight crashed into a chicken coop. Pilot Bealer Gurstencorn was not injured. (Photo courtesy of Charles B. Fleming)



This slide was constructed in Mrs. O.O. Hammill's backyard about 1921. Bill Hammill is on the car at the top of the slide. Standing is his sister Marion. C.B. Fleming is in the middle of the slide. The smaller boy is unidentified. (Photo courtesy Charles B. Fleming)

While the iceman was in a house we would sneak into the back of the wagon and filch broken pieces of ice which we treasured for sucking. The ice was always a cooling treat.

During the summer evenings we played hide and seek, run sheep run, beefsteak and tap the icebox. Other times magic lantern shows were presented in someone's back yard.

Nearly all boys in Douglas became members of the Y.M.C.A. where we could swim during hot summer days. Membership was about \$1 a month.

After World War I, due to depressed copper prices, the smelters temporarily closed. Harry Clark, superintendent of the C & A smelter opened up one side of the cooling ponds at the smelter for the citizens of Douglas to use as a swimming pool. There was no charge for its use. Mr. Clark's kindness was appreciated by the Douglas community.



Harry Clark, superintendent of the Calumet and Arizona smelter, opened the smelter cooling pond for swimming in 1918. Bill Hammill is in the foreground and his sister, Marion, is in the white bathing cap. C.B. and Louise Fleming are adjacent to the nozzle and their mother, Dora Fleming, is standing at far left.

Before the invention of radio and television, everyone would gather on the curbing across from the Daily Dispatch office to get the latest information by the Dispatch telegraph on the plays during the World Series and fights between Jack Dempsey and his title contenders. A man with a megaphone gave the crowd a play by play or a blow by blow description of the action. Babe Ruth, McGraw and Walter Johnson were our heroes.

Later a large magnetic baseball board was installed on the balcony of the Dispatch building where all the baseball plays could be observed as the telegraph brought the latest news. Even copper tycoon Jimmy Douglas joined the crowds on the curbing. He usually had a large quid of chewing tobacco in his mouth. He put on no airs and tried to be one of the crowd, but was always identified by his engineer's hat.

I attended Clawson Elementary School. (Adeline G. Parks was one of my classmates). I also went to Douglas Grammar School on 12th Street. During that time, I was a member of the Douglas famous Boy Scout Band.

In the 1920s, the Douglas Elks Club sponsored the Boy Scout Band. At that time, the band was the only Boy Scout Band in the United States and had a concert schedule which encompassed most of southern Arizona. Mr. William Hanson was our director and Mr. Lynn Palmer our manager.

In March, 1928, John Phillip Sousa came to Douglas on his golden jubilee and gave a concert in the old Grand Theater on G Avenue and 12th Street. During the concert, he invited our band on stage and directed us in one of his compositions, "High School Cadets."

Perhaps the most exciting events I recall were episodes of the Mexican Revolution (1910-1920) which were fought in and about the town of Agua Prieta.

In 1915, Carranza's troops, under the leadership of Alvaro Obregon, were attacked by Pancho Villa at Agua Prieta. In later years I found out President Woodrow Wilson permitted Carranza's troops to board the train (The El Paso and Southwestern) at El Paso to be taken to Douglas and thence into Agua Prieta to meet the advance of Villa's troops.

Usually the Mexican battles took place during daylight hours. Villa, however, mounted a night attack from the south side of Agua Prieta. Carranza's troops were on the north side of the town in entrenchments.

Our government supplied Carranza's troops with powerful searchlights which blinded Villa's troops. Furthermore, the Villistas were not accustomed to trench warfare and as a result were slaughtered by the hundreds by machine gun fire.

The battle continued for three days and nights. At times the gun shots sounded like firecrackers exploding on the Fourth of July.

During the height of the battle, a stray bullet passed through the front bedroom window of John H. Slaughter's house, across the avenue from us at 1084 11th and imbedded in a pillow on a bed. Fortunately, no one was occupying the bed.

Prior to this, my father and his workers at the Copper Queen smelter found a cache of rifles and ammunition on the smelter property adjacent to the international line. The munitions were apparently to be smuggled into Mexico. He and his men took two rifles (.30-30s) and quantities of ammunition. My father's share was 2,000 rounds.



The Douglas Boy Scout Band in 1928 posed for this photo with "The March King," John Phillip Sousa, during his golden jubilee tour. Sousa is in the center flanked by Bill Hanson, band director, and Lynn Palmer, band manager. The photo was taken in front of the Palomar Hotel, which stood at 433 10th St. where Douglas City Hall is now. (Photo courtesy Douglas Schools Museum of Memorabilia)

At the time of the Battle of Agua Prieta, it was thought Villa would raid Douglas; so many of the citizens, including my father, loaded all the arms they had and waited through the nights for the alarm of his arrival. The fire whistle at the Douglas Traction and Light Company was to be blown if Villa headed toward town, where a hot reception was awaiting him. Fortunately he never showed.

One Sunday my father rented a horse and buggy from the Brophy Carriage Co. With my mother and me he headed out for an old adobe slaughter house, which was near the international line and slightly east of Agua Prieta. From this location, with the protection of the adobe walls of the slaughter house, we had a prime locaton for watching the fighting without danger.

After the battle had subsided and the Carranza troops had control of Agua Prieta, it was safe to drive along the border between Douglas and Agua Prieta. Within yards of the border I saw several rebels with barbed wire around their throats hanging from power poles.

Obregon permitted the people of Douglas to visit the entrenchments surrounding Agua Prieta. They were fascinating.

At times the Mexican Army Band would favor the citizens of Douglas with concerts at the band stand in 10th Street Park. Mrs. Alice Gatliff, who ran a business in Agua Prieta after the revolution, always liked to show visitors the room which Obregon occupied as his headquarters as well as the bullet holes in the door frames.

Seemingly every time there was a change in Mexican administrations another revolution resulted. The Tepete Revolution of 1929 was especially interesting.

In the afternoons after school, my friends and I would drive our Model T Fords to Naco, Ariz., then climb on top of the parked Southern Pacific Railroad box cars to watch the battles taking place in Naco, Mexico.

During this revolution was the only time in the history of the United States that our country was bombed from the air.

A soldier of fortune by the name of Murphy flew what appeared to be a Jenney of World War I vintage for the rebels. It was a two seater which he used in an attempt to bomb the federal troops entrenched around Naco.

His bombardier was a Mexican boy who sat in the rear and tossed home-made bombs out of the plane. The bombs consisted of leather pouches filled with powder, bolts, nuts and nails. The fuses of same were lighted probably from a cigar. None of the bombs did any personnel damage but one did land on this side of the line and blew the back out of a garage.

Another interesting incident of the battle occured when a homemade tank, consisting of an old Fordson tractor covered with a steel plate, was brought into the line of fire. It suddenly stopped, however; a stray bullet had apparently stuck the engine and put it out of operation. There were two men inside the contraption who managed to escape unscathed. From this observer's standpoint it was hilarious watching them scramble to safety.

During the period from 1918 through the 20's, my father several times drove his Model T Ford from Douglas to Los Angeles.

The car came with no speedometer, water pump or shock absorbers.



The Fleming family, Charles B. Fleming Sr., Louise Hope Fleming, Dora Hope Fleming, Charles B. Fleming Jr., on March 25, 1921. Photo taken near Slaughter's ranch. (Photo courtesy of Charles B. Fleming)

one had to beat on an old brake drum suspended from a tree and yell loudly to attract the operator's attention.

While the motor was being repaired, we were eaten alive by mosquitoes. Cow dung smudges were lighted which helped the situation to a degree. The cable ferry and the "Nellie T" could accomodate two cars at a time. The Colorado River looked like a stream of chocolate flowing under the ferries.

At Dome, Ariz., we crossed the Gila River on a ferry which accomodated but one car. During low water, a Chinaman who operated the ferry would enter into the water and push the ferry across the river.

Most of my father's vacation was spent driving to and from California. The gas stations were few and far between and were usually found associated with grocery stores. The gasoline was stored in 50 gallon drums. A hand pump was inserted into the drum and a hand measure was filled with gasoline and then poured into the gas tank of the car. Most of the time the

low-rated octane gasoline sold for around 16-20 cents a gallon. Sometimes my father would mix kerosene with the gasoline to lower the cost.

The parking lights on the car were kerosene. The car did not start from a battery but from a magneto. Unless the engine was running fast, the lights were so dim that vision was limited to about 10 feet. The car was started with a hand crank and on cold days was difficult to start until a kettle of boiling water was poured across the manifold to vaporize the gasoline.

When we returned from our trips, all the tires had to be recapped - then it was called half soles. Compared to today's tires, the tires of that period were inferior in quality. Even so they cost more than tires today.

The connecting rods had to be taken up or tightened and the brake bands had to be replaced. The work would engage a couple of weekends. Side curtains with celluloid windows were stored in the upper part of the back end of the top. As they aged from heat and weather, the celluloid would usually crack to pieces making the side curtains almost useless in a rain storm.

For a number of years, my father was chairman of the Douglas Water Department. He once ran for mayor of Douglas, but was defeated by a Mr. Hinton.

In 1929, he was pensioned from the Copper Queen smelter and for a short time worked for the Dicus Plumbing Company. There was really nothing left to hold my parents in Douglas so they sold their houses to a Mr. Bailey who owned the Arizona Drug Store on G Avenue. The house brought \$5,000, which was considered an excellent price at that time.

It became a rental for Mr. Bailey and began to be neglected. It was vacant for several years and is now a derelict. I last saw my old home a year ago and was saddened at the complete state of disrepair.

My father was later employed as chief engineer of the state prison in Florence under the Philips administration and later became chief engineer of the Westward Ho Hotel in Phoenix. He was employed there for several years and eventually sought self-retirement. He and my mother moved to California to spend their retirement years.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Charles B. Fleming graduated from Douglas High School in 1930. He graduated from Arizona State Teachers College in Flagstaff and received a master's degree from Colorado State Teachers College. He taught science courses at schools in Arizona and California. He also was the second director of the Desert Botanical Gardens in Tempe and worked as a ranger-naturalist at Petrified National Monument. Now retired, he lives in Mesa.

TAMING FLOODWATERS: THE SCS EFFORT IN BISBEE

By Fred E. Johnson

Brewery Gulch flooded again in the summer of 1986. This raised the question, again, of the relationship of this annual flooding to the check dams constructed 50 years ago in the upper gulch of Zacatecas Canyon. Since I seem to be the only person left known to have had anything to do with the construction of these dams, more than one person has asked me to explain why it is that flooding still occurs.

The answer has a lot to do with two "New Deal" agencies of the 1930s, the Soil Conservation Service (SCS) and Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC), and the time I spent working with them out of Naco, Ariz.

My previous relationship with the Bisbee area had been brief. During the summer of 1930, between my junior and senior years as a student of mining engineering at the University of Arizona, the Calumet & Arizona Co. made room for me to work underground.

I was placed as a mucker in the Junction mine on one of the lower levels. My partner was a timberman who was starting a raise from that level to the one above. He had created an enormous muck pile on the level, and my job was to load the broken rock into cars to be hauled to the mine shaft for hoisting to the surface.

The motorman (locomotive driver) pushed in a train of 10 ore cars, and I shovelled them full of rock. In 1930 mucking machines operated by compressed air for shovelling rock had not yet been invented, so we had to do it the hard way.

I waited for the next train of empty cars, but the motorman did not bring them until the end of the shift. The next day my partner told me that the motorman had asked him to tell me to not "spoil that job" for no one else had ever loaded out more cars in a shift. How could I spoil the job, when he had brought me only one train?

The next June I graduated from the U of A and started looking for a job, but by that time all of the mines in the country had shut down. The next two years were rough, with most industry at a standstill. I got by through various means, but like nearly everyone else was still pretty hungry by the time newly-elected Franklin Roosevelt and his Democrats created massive public works programs to provide jobs for people like me.

Among the various "New Deal" agencies that affected me were the SCS and the CCC.

Fifty years ago, the United States was only three-quarters of its present age, and it had grown in a free wheeling manner with little regulation of industries. In the cattle industry, a result had been serious overgrazing of rangeland. In places where industries required it, there was denudation of forest land. The result, among other things, was drastic erosion of soil and flooding from land stripped of its vegetation.

The nature of things had deposited vast orebodies beneath the Mule Mountains. The orebodies of Bisbee were developed the only way possible, by utilizing every existing natural resource. One result was the stripping of the nearby hills of most of their natural cover. Little vegetation was left to slow the runoff of waters from summer rains or to prevent stripping

of loose earth from the mountain sides.

Photos of early Bisbee show violent floods and the resultant debris left in the canyon bottom. No wonder then that when the SCS and CCC became established in the old army camp (Camp Newell) at Naco, the authorities of Bisbee asked that something be done to alleviate the flood situation in Brewery Gulch.

Flood control was a principal effort of the SCS, and its technical personnel worked out techniques for many problems. It was under this direction that the Naco camp worked.

The CCC was organized with a dual purpose: To provide gainful employment for young men of families rendered destitute by the economic depression and to utilize the work of these boys in a constructive manner on projects of value to communities.

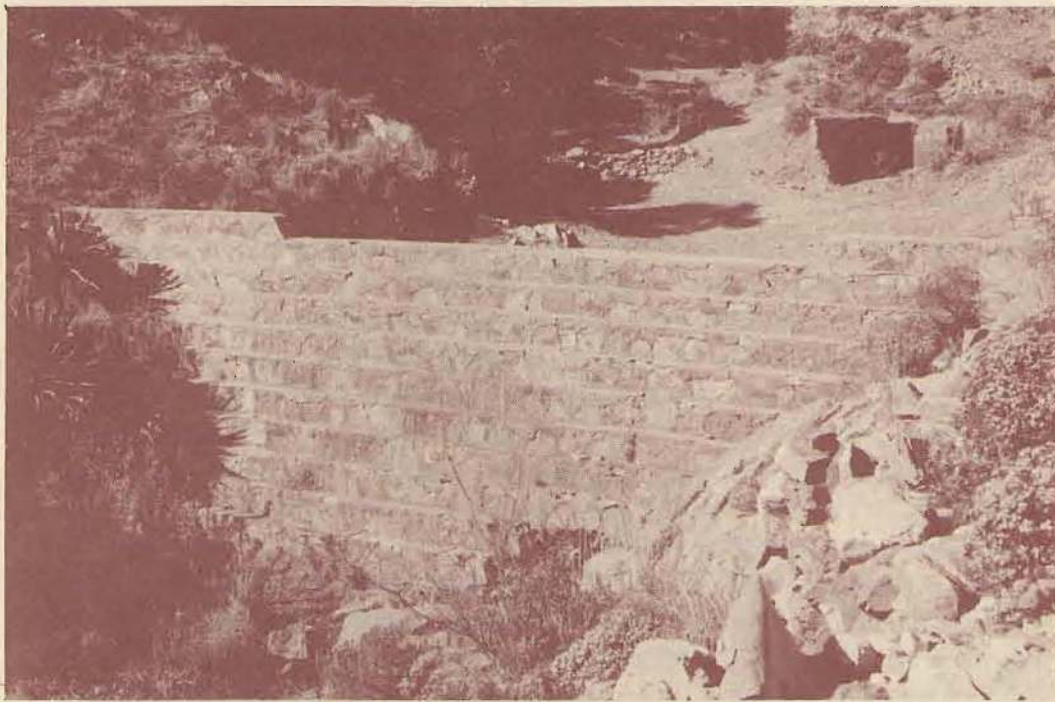
The boys were well fed, well sheltered and provided with good medical care and clothing. U.S. Army and civilian supervisory personnel were required to provide their own clothing, uniforms being prescribed for both. SCS personnel had to provide themselves with sand tan shirts and forest green pants and shirt lapels had to be adorned with bronze SCS buttons.

SCS and Army personnel, as well as qualified local volunteers provided evening educational courses for the boys. I remember instructing in first aid, a subject in which I had received good training by the Miami Copper Co.

The CCC program was of inestimable value to the nation. Thousands of families were saved from destitution by the revenue earned and shared by



Rubble-masonry dam in Zacatecas Canyon. Note vegetation in fill behind the dam. (Photo by Fred E. Johnson)



Stepped masonry dam in Zacatecas Canyon. (Photo by Fred E. Johnson)

their boys. Thousands of boys were saved from the hopelessness of unemployment. The instruction they received and the experience they had in working with others prepared them to be productive workers and intelligent voters in the years which followed.

I should mention that the experience gained by the Army officers in the CCC was of tremendous value to our nation less than 10 years later during World War II.

On Sept. 11, 1935, I was assigned by the U.S. Soil Conservation Service to serve as technical foreman at camp SCS 18-A, located at Camp Newell, which was situated along the international boundary with Mexico. The enrolled boys, organized as CCC Co. 3839, occupied the old barracks under the care of an Army reserve officer, usually a captain or lieutenant who was designated camp commander. He was assisted by a lieutenant and a doctor. They had charge of the camp facilities and of the boys at all times when they were not out at work.

The army officers and SCS personnel were housed in the old officers' quarters. The SCS superintendent was in charge of the boys during their work days. The project engineer was in charge of the technical aspects of the various jobs. The work was supervised by a technical foreman, a couple of foremen and a couple of local experienced men, known as LEMS.

After more than 50 years I recall only a few names. Frank Brunel started as camp superintendent. I was particularly friendly with a couple of the foremen, Max Egnell of Don Luis, who later used his Civil Service status to join the Border Patrol, and "Bill" James Dorsey of Dos Cabezas. Dur-

ing the war, I encountered Bill in Rio de Janeiro, where our government had sent him to work on the strategic mica procurement program. Then there was a sergeant of the corps, Leland McCants, who later went to work as a draftsman with the Inspiration mine.

The citizens of Naco on both sides of the border were cordial. I remember card parties — my first experience with the game of whist.

Brewery Gulch, with the large drainage area of Zacatecas Canyon at its head, was our principal project. Shortly after going to work I was asked by the camp superintendent to assume the job of project engineer.

Local people proposed a large dam in the upper canyon. This was studied, but it was apparent that a dam large enough to contain a major flood was out of the question. Its cost would have been far beyond the scope of our project; also if it ever failed, the results would have been catastrophic.

Check dams then were the logical type of construction to use. They require a maximum of hand labor with a minimum of equipment, yet reduce the peaks of the inevitable floods.

For construction material we gathered rocks from the hill sides. Most of the dams were dry wall type, made of hand laid rock alone. The design type and general specifications were prescribed at a superior level of the SCS organization.

Each dam, naturally, was an individual, and its design was adapted to the characteristics of the individual site. Many of the dams were laid up with a cement mortar. These were provided with a "weep hole," usually a piece of pipe, to drain water caught behind the structure. Thus the reservoir behind the dam would be renewed to catch water of the next storm. Obviously, the dry wall dams drained without the need of weep holes.

The area on which the dam was to be built was carefully cleared to bedrock. This was not much of a chore, considering the steep gradient of the canyons, the summer floods of many thousands of years, the fact that the hills had been largely denuded by cattle and by the need for domestic and industrial fuel in the early years when Bisbee was struggling for life. In general, the arroyos were scoured down to bedrock. It was important to leave nothing that could decay or erode beneath the base of the structure. The fact that most of the dams are still there and in good condition shows how careful the boys learned to be.



Inscription on face of concrete masonry dam reads: CCC, Hilario Rodrigues Llanes. (Photo by Fred E. Johnson)

Excavation to bedrock into the hillside at each end of the dam, with the same care as at the bottom was necessary to avoid erosion around the ends. Each rock was carefully placed to lock in with its neighbors.

In general, the dams were placed as a series of steps, each to back up water to the base of the one above. With dams placed the entire length of an arroyo, even though each one provided only a small reservoir, a great amount of water could be retained for a limited time thereby reducing the crest of a flood.

It was recognized that debris, largely gravel, would rapidly fill the reservoirs behind the little dams. This in the long run was not a disadvantage because the coarse fill acted as a sponge and retained great amounts of water. This sodden mass retained moisture for the growth of vegetation. One of the principal objectives of soil conservation practice is to promote vegetation, which reduces runoff and flooding.

The program of Camp SCS-18A also included flood control structures in the drainage of the Greenbush Draw. A group of these near the Bisbee pumping plant are still performing beautifully after 52 years of existence. They are in clay, stopping the growth of a deep arroyo near where it enters Greenbush Draw. This series of dams are of stream-worn large pebbles laid in concrete mortar.

The CCC boys were proud of the work they did. Checking on the condition of the flood control structures recently I found names inscribed by some of the builders in the mortar topping some of the dams: Benny Garcia, Eladio Martinez, CCC Co. 3839; Hilario Rodrigues, Russell Miller, 1936, Doyle Prichard; Louis Dorante, CCC Camp SCS 18-A, Co. 3839, Naco, Ariz. 7-20-36. Other names had become illegible by wear and dirt.

Some people have demanded that the basins behind the dams in Zacatecas Canyon be excavated to renew their storage. To do this would be a great mistake, tending to defeat their purpose. The debris removal operation would destroy water retaining vegetation and the use of mechanical equipment for the job would inevitably do some damage to the dams. Mechanical equipment could not reach most of the dams anyway.

It would be feasible for a group of concerned volunteers to repair these structures that have been damaged over the years. Road building in lower Zacatecas has eliminated some of them. To virtually eliminate flooding in Brewery Gulch, it would be feasible technically to build a subterranean canal like that along Tombstone Canyon, but where is the financing?

No, the SCS-CCC dams did not eliminate flooding in Brewery Gulch. The dams did reduce the peaks of the floods and are doing so today. Their sponge-like fill absorbs a large volume of water and the vegetation growing on the fill and at the sides contributes to slow the runoff of rainwater.

The works accomplished by the many CCC camps have, in the half century following, been of tremendous value to Bisbee, Cochise County and the nation.

About the Author

Fred E. Johnson graduated as a mining engineer from the University of Arizona in 1931. His career led him to work in four states as well as the Philippines, Brazil and Mexico. Now retired, he currently lives in Bisbee.