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The Cochise Quarterly, a journal of southeastern Arizona history and archaeology, contains articles by qualified writers as well as reviews of books on history and archaeology in the area. It is a CCHAS publication. Contributions are welcome. Manuscripts should be submitted to the Editorial Committee, P.O. Box 818, Douglas, AZ 85608-0818.

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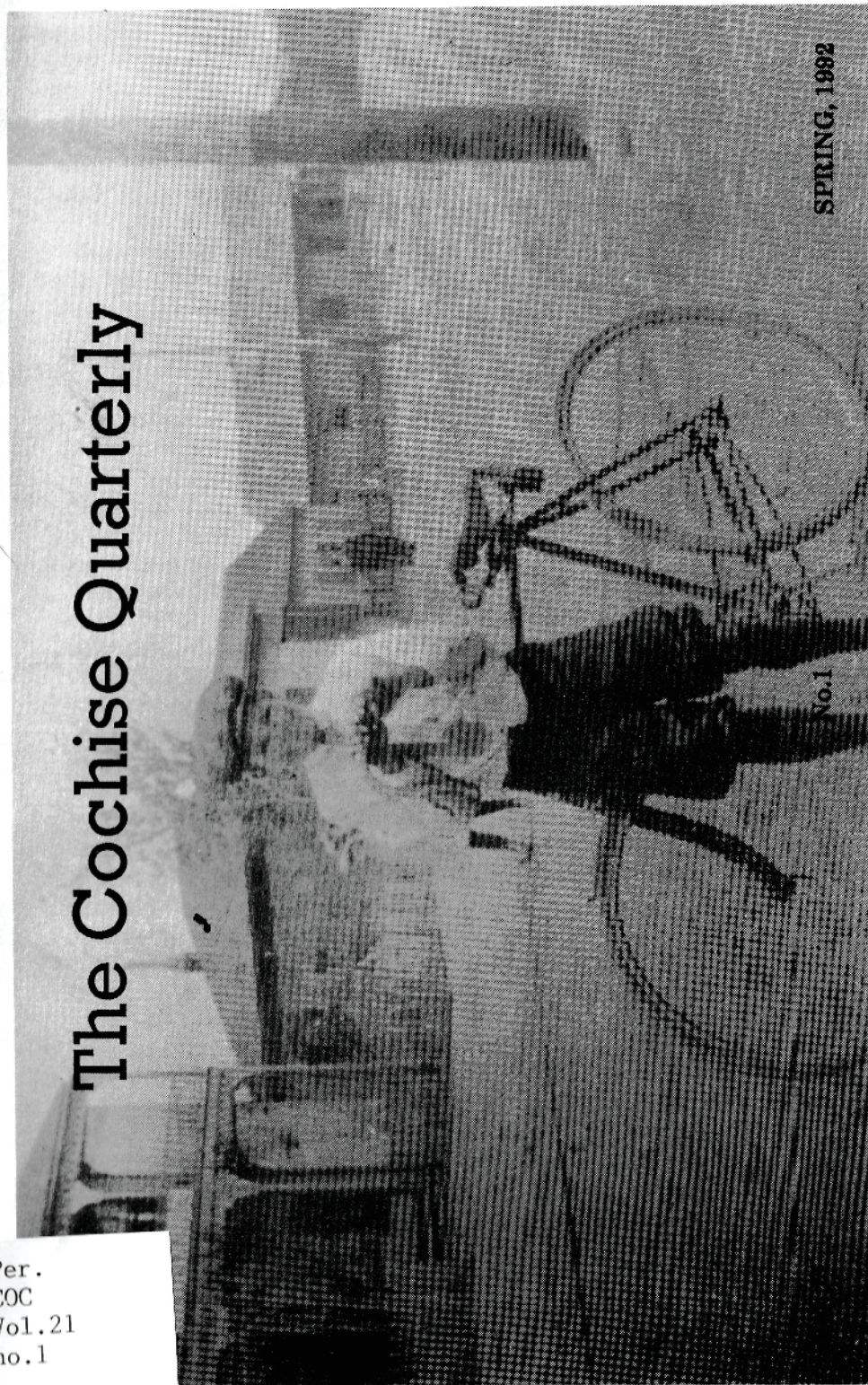
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Typesetting by Daily Dispatch, Douglas
Printed by Douglas Print Shop

The Cochise Quarterly

Per.
COC
Vol. 21
no. 1

82
SPRING, 1992



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ABOUT THE COVER: In 1911, when he was about 12 years old, Andrew Knickerbocker posed with his bicycle on 16th Street. The two story building behind him is the "Prather House," (See the Winter, 1987 issue for more on the Prather House). Knickerbocker is facing the house where he lived. He made deliveries on the bicycle, many of them to the red light district. Knickerbocker recalls this and other memories in "Douglas As I Remember It, 1904-1919" in this issue. (Photo courtesy A. Knickerbocker.)

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ISSN 019-80626

DOUGLAS AS I REMEMBER IT, 1904-1919

By A. Knickerbocker

My name is Andrew Knickerbocker and I was born Nov. 25, 1899 in Jacksonville, Fla. In 1904 my father, Charles Knickerbocker, secured work at the Copper Queen smelter in Douglas and my mother, sister, grandfather and I moved there the same year.

We came by train and I was told it required five days and four nights. We changed railroads in New Orleans and had to travel across town. I remember the iron rims on our vehicle of transportation making a terrible clattering noise on the cobble stone streets.

In Douglas, my first recollection was living in a tent which had the sides covered up about 3½-feet high with some kind of siding. I believe this place was located on Ninth Street between G and H avenues.

Shortly thereafter, my mother became manager of the Magdalena Hotel, a two-story frame building which was right next to the tent where we lived.

Mr. Fletcher ran a livery stable just across the street from the hotel and he had a son, Earl, who was younger than me. We played in that livery barn around the stalls and in the upper part where they kept the hay and grain. I know my mother must have worried about me.

After a couple of moves, my parents leased the Pullman Hotel and we moved into it. It was a two-story brick building located close to the southwest corner of 10th Street and G Avenue. The Pullman had no restaurant; it was what was called a rooming house. I believe we lived in this place for several years.

Next door a bank was built after we moved there. I remember playing in the foundation and later I played in the foundation of the first Gadsden Hotel.

The Pullman Hotel was on the second floor of its building and was entered by a stairway in the front or in the back. On the ground floor was a gambling establishment called the Pullman Bar. Some of the gamblers and their wives lived at the Pullman Hotel and I learned how to play poker before I was six years old.

One of the things I remember was the Salvation Army where people would come and stand in the street, the women in their bonnets and with their tambourines and the men in sort of military style caps and jackets with their horns and drums. They would sing and play their instruments and sometimes the women would take their tambourines into the bar. I was told they would walk around the bar shaking the tambourines and hoping for some contributions.

Sometimes it would be cold and raining and the unpaved streets were muddy. From my vantage point in the upstairs front window of the hotel, I would watch them and feel sorry for them. To this day, any contributions which I may make are sent to the Salvation Army.

Another time from the same vantage point, I witnessed a man killing a horse with an ax by striking the animal in the head. This spot in front of the bar was the drayman's stand where he and his horse waited when he had no

work to do. A good deal of this drayman's work was hauling freight from the freight depot into town.

I was told that while the drayman was at or near the freight depot, the horse somehow collided with a train and had one forefoot cut off. I suppose the drayman cut the harness so the horse became loose and ran to where it was used to wait in front of the bar. I remember how badly it was bleeding and so it had to be destroyed.

When we left the Pullman Hotel, we moved to a house on Railroad Avenue between 15th and 16th streets. That house was next door to a wagon yard which had about a five-foot-high board fence around it.

About 1909, I remember watching some U.S. calvarymen ride into the wagon yard and pitch a tent and unload their equipment. That was some time before the Mexican Revolution began in earnest. It seems to me that we always had some soldiers in Douglas after that time.

There were bull fights in Agua Prieta and we went often. What I remember most was that after the bull was killed, they would come into the ring with several mules and tie onto the bull and drag him out. I would run up to the top of the stadium and watch while the bull was being dragged away.

Occasionally we would see vaqueros in town. I suppose they came from Mexico, I do not know, but their saddles had a large horn, probably six times as large as the American type saddle. These vaqueros wore colored pants and jackets that looked like they were made of velvet and were adorned with various spangles. They wore large hats which were also decorated.

The spurs they had on usually had large rowels, seems to me they might have been four inches in diameter and when they walked they dragged along the sidewalks. The sidewalks were not made of cement but were probably 2X12-inch planks. They were not parallel to the buildings, but were at right angles to the buildings, which caused the spurs to make a broken sound when they were dragged along by the vaqueros. I remember it intrigued me.

I do not believe they wore sidearms. I was told they received \$15 a month and keep. I remember the peso as being worth 50 cents. For some reason, we referred to them as "dobie dollars."

My parents divorced when I was about 10 years old and my mother went to work at the Phelps Dodge store. I believe we referred to it as the Copper Queen. She was the alteration lady.

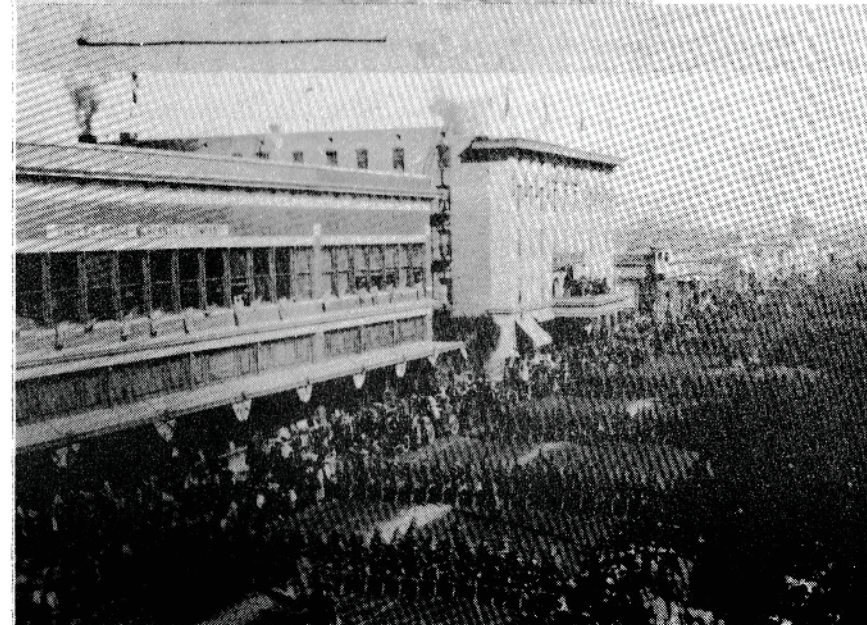
At Christmas time, the store had a large display of Christmas toys. I would walk there after school and arrive an hour before the store closed. While waiting for my mother, I would spend that time in the toy department.

We did not have much so I did not expect much. An air rifle and some clothes which I could always use just about took care of Christmas, but I do not remember ever feeling deprived.

Later my mother married Joseph Waterman who owned the Atherton Bar, which was located at G Avenue between 14th and 15th streets. We soon moved into a new house of gypsum block construction on 16th Street between E



Andrew Knickerbocker at age 6, left photo, with dog named "Brick." Says Knickerbocker, "The dog, not mine, seemed to love me. He chased anything I would throw for him." A military parade down G Avenue, bottom photo. Knickerbocker remembers the first Army troops coming to Douglas. (Photo courtesy A. Knickerbocker.)



and F avenues. There were several families in that neighborhood that had boys about my age and we played together a lot.

I never learned to speak Spanish because the Mexican children I played with spoke English and I took Latin in high school when I should have taken Spanish. I have always regretted failing to learn the Mexican language.

We played baseball on vacant lots and I remember the times we played on a lot behind the Douglas home. Jimmie Douglas, who was some years younger, played with us. His nanny or maid or whatever she was would sit on a bench and watch us play.

Between Douglas and Pirtleville was a small spring which filled up a small pond or mud hole. It was known as Roberts Pond and was a swimming hole we often visited. Occasionally the Mexican boys from Pirtleville would chase us out. Sometimes we would go back into town, recruit some help and go back and chase the Mexicans out. I have seen some pretty hefty battles occur with both sides using sling shots. One time, someone brought a revolver and fired a few shots.

We also used the creek near the C&A smelter. I believe its name is White Water Draw but we always referred to it as "the creek."

We played ball, went to the YMCA a couple of times a week, took a potato out into the country about a mile and cooked it. We rode our bicycles. I rode my bicycle to Bisbee and back one time.

I do not remember needing any entertainment. I remember a few trips to Slaughter's Ranch. I didn't go to the movies too often. There was a serial, "Million Dollar something" and "Perils of 'Pauline'" that I think came once a week which I kept up with.

The first moving picture house was on G Avenue. The building had been a store at one time so no elevation of the floor. The chairs were folding chairs I believe and of course the film was black and white. The movie projector was hand cranked. There had to be an intermission when the reels needed to be changed.

This was later corrected by using two projectors so when the film ended on one, all that was needed to continue was to start the second projector. One of the first projector operators was one of my friends, Jimmy Nelson.

The first job I ever had that earned money was when I was 11 or 12 years old. I had a bicycle and worked for the Red Cap Messenger Service. Most of our calls came from the red light district, which was on Sixth Street.

I do not know how many residents there were in the district but I would say more than 100. I learned later in life their standard fee was \$1. Of course, some were a little higher and there were the "parlor houses," which were a little nicer.

The police gave the women trouble if they were caught out of the area, so they used the messenger service if they needed something from the store. I believe we made 25 cents for making the calls.

I will always remember the bad fall I had while trying to carry an empty ice



Grace Knickerbocker, left photo, mother of Andrew Knickerbocker. Photo taken about 1906-07. The bottom photo is of a first grade class taught by Miss Watkins. Andrew Knickerbocker is the center child in the front row. (Photo courtesy A. Knickerbocker.)



cream freezer on my bicycle. The freezer handle became involved with the front wheel of the bicycle, which caused a very sudden stop when bicycle, freezer and I hit the ground. The freezer came apart and scattered all over. Fortunately no broken bones, but some skinned knees and elbows and I was embarrassed!

Much of my time was spent around the Miller Bicycle Shop and the Harley Davidson Motorcycle agency and shop. Occasionally they would pay me something. I also spent a great deal of time around auto repair shops.

I would watch them and bring them tools. I finally became some what of an auto mechanic and intended following that for my livelihood.

Since I spent a lot of time around the motorcycle shop, they occasionally allowed me to ride one. I eventually had three bad wrecks, two of which could have been fatal. At this point, my mother went to the shop and told them she had had enough and if they ever let me sit on one of the motorcycles again, she was going to sue them.

When my stepfather, Mr. Waterman, was running the Atherton bar, he told me that one afternoon a Mexican man came in and ordered a drink at the bar. After he had gone, my father found a paper sack on the bar which he assumed was someone's lunch and they had forgotten it, so he put in on the back bar. He said he tried to give it away half-a-dozen times, thinking it was food, but no one would take it.

Later that evening, the Mexican man came back and picked up the package. A couple weeks later he was back and told my stepfather that the sack contained \$30,000 which he was delivering to someone in payment for a carload of ammunition. There was a lot of intrigue going on in those days before and during the Mexican Revolution.

One story I remember was that every time a new general obtained power, new paper money was printed. In Mexico, it was against the law to refuse to accept it. They arrested a Chinese merchant and fined him 500 pesos but the judge would not take the paper bills and the merchant had to pay in gold coins.

I remember some attacks on Agua Prieta. Many people climbed up on houses and tried to see what was going on. Sometimes one could hear the machine guns firing away into the night and also hear the yelling. I was told that was the Indians fighting with Pancho Villa.

The Mexican trouble went on so long I guess I lost interest in it. I believe the town was more stirred up when Sheriff Harry Wheeler rounded up the "Wobblies" in Bisbee and put them in cattle cars and shipped them to Columbus, N.M. I remember going to the depot and looking at the men in the cattle cars. Many Douglas residents had black bands on their sleeves and rifles.

The house that we lived in after my mother married Mr. Waterman was

made of gypsum block. The blocks were made in Douglas.

The raw material was hauled from the east side of Douglas down 15th Street. They had some sort of an engine, I suspect diesel, and it pulled several wagons with iron wheels. I remember one of my Mexican boy friends fell under the wheels (we used to catch rides) and was killed.

I remember a brewery. I had been in it but I remember it mostly because the owner had a very racy looking automobile which was driven by chains to the back wheels. There were only a few cars in Douglas early on.

I think the larger buildings such as the Copper Queen store were steam heated. We also had gas which was manufactured, not natural gas. We used coal for heating and I made the fire in the stove each morning.

After my mother married Mr. Waterman, we had a washing machine but it hand-powered. Some Saturdays I furnished the power. The wringer was also hand-powered, then the clothes were hung on the line.

Every Sunday, my mother gave my sister and I our dime and sent us to Sunday school. My sister went and I played in the park until my sister came by for me and we walked back home. I think my mother knew what I was doing but she never said anything to me about what I was doing.

I was never too interested in the smelter. I never had any desire to work for the smelters or railroad, which had a division point in Douglas. The C&A smelter was about two miles from town and it was beautiful to watch them dump the slag at night, lighted up the whole country.

The tall smokestacks belched thick smoke all day laden with sulfur. If the wind and temperature were just right, it was pretty bad in town. I remember seeing the street cars filled with workers coming and going off shift.

I do not remember which streets the cars ran. They did go to both smelters but not from one smelter to the other. The one that went to the C&A smelter went through Pirtleville. The cost I do not remember; I think a dime. I did not ride them very much. I had a bicycle. We also had a horse and buggy.

I remember two superintendents of the C&A smelter because both had daughters about my age. Mr. Woods was the first one I remember. I knew two of his daughters and one son. The second superintendent was Harry Clark. He had two daughters.

One of the Wright girls, whose father was night superintendent, was my steady from the eighth grade through three years of high school. Other boys were involved and we very often rode the street car out of the C&A smelter and visited the girls on Saturdays and rode our bicycles out there sometimes. We also had school dances. I remember some in the Elks Club building but most were at the high school.

When I was 16 or 17, I hired out as a chauffeur for a motorcycle with a side car used to transport the superintendent who was in charge of building Army camp buildings. I also took a couple of Army sergeants on their rounds, checking time of workers and bringing the payroll money from the bank, etc.

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Also about this time, I worked for Mr. E.D. Conger who imported out-of-town and out-of-state newspapers and I delivered them. I used an Overland auto with a cage on the back. The windshield could be "broken" in half and lowered so that the driver could throw papers, which were rolled up and tied with string. I think the route, which covered all of Douglas and one addition, was 22 miles long.

It was exciting to go to the depot on Sunday morning and meet the passenger train and pull the carts up by the baggage car door and enter the car and secure the Sunday papers. We had to hurry because the train did not stay too long as it was a transcontinental. One was the Golden State Limited.

I also worked for McCoy and Kinmore, an automobile battery shop. Now when a battery fails, all one has to do is buy a new one. But then we would take the car storage battery apart, replace the insulators and plates which had deteriorated, put in new acid, charge up the battery and reinstall it in the car.

At one point, my family moved to Texas and back to Arizona. In the shuffle, I lost a year of high school. In 1918, the children that I started in school with graduated from high school and I needed one more year.

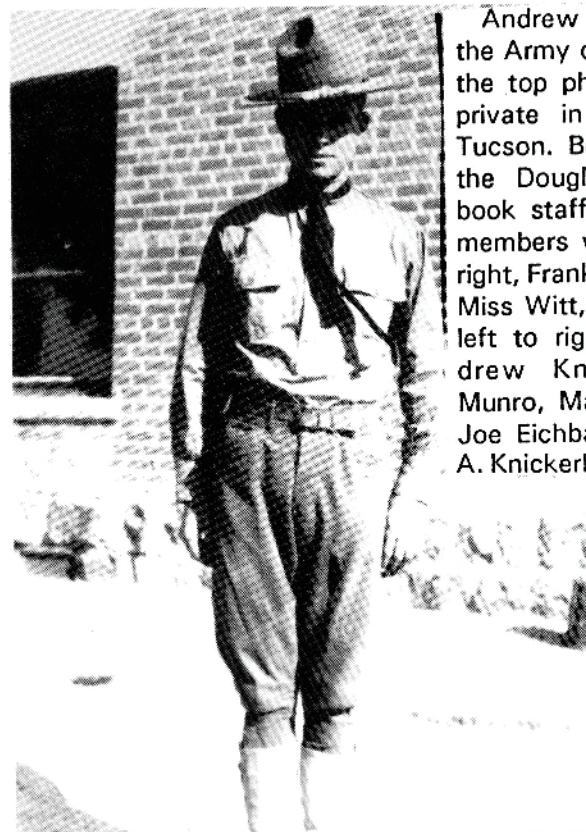
World War I was not over and the government offered a deal that if one was 18, had 16 high school credits and would enlist in the Army, they would send the enlistee to college and also give him military training. I did this and along with some of my friends was sent to the University of Arizona.

We were not there very long before more than half were sick with influenza. Classes were closed and those of us who were not ill received military training. We had a sort of athletic meet and I won the 100-yard dash. My time was 10.40 seconds. We were discharged in December, 1918 and I never did go back to finish high school.

During the summer before this, when I was 17, I was the driver for a Mr. Lester who ran a pool hall and also had a gambling room and sold liquor. Arizona had voted for prohibition in 1914 before the nation did and so New Mexico was "wet" and Arizona was "dry." Mr. Lester and I made many trips to Rodeo, N.M.

I guess one might say bootlegging was a common thing. When the sale of liquor was legal, there were 12 saloons in Douglas. After we had prohibition, there was an influx of soldiers. The price of copper went up and more people were hired at the smelters. I heard there were more than 100 places selling liquor in Douglas. I do not know that to be a fact like so many other rumors.

I knew Percy Bowden when I saw him, that was all. There were plenty of rumors about his actions, such as he always had women to spare or that the common practice was for several officers to catch a load of liquor on the road. One officer would take the bootlegger to town and the others would ostensibly stay behind to break up the bottled liquor. But they really would take it to town and it would be sold. All rumor, I do not even know anyone who witnessed anything like this.



Andrew Knickerbocker entered the Army during World War I and the top photo was taken of the private in November, 1918 in Tucson. Before that, he was on the Douglas High School year book staff, bottom photo. Staff members were, back row left to right, Frank McRae, Beulah Porter, Miss Witt, Alice Sims; front row left to right, Gwen Houck, Andrew Knickerbocker, Lillian Munro, Margaret Vanneman and Joe Eichbaum. (Photos courtesy A. Knickerbocker)



Mr. Lester owned a Hudson 40 which was a seven-passenger touring car. the two "jump seats" in the back could be folded down, which made the floor of the car flat. We left the back cushion out and we could stack in five barrels of bottled beer like cord wood. Each bottle had a straw jacket which kept the bottles from breaking. On top of this load, we placed four cases of whiskey to hold the load down.

The roads were all dirt and it did rain occasionally. One time I got stuck in the loaded car. A man happened by and took us to his ranch. We spent the night and had supper and breakfast. My employer left some gold coins under his breakfast plate. The rancher hitched up his team and wagon, hauled us back to the stuck auto, pulled us out and we went home to Douglas.

I have often wondered what my mother thought when her son was gone all night for she knew where I had gone and what I had gone for. She was a wonderful mother.

My mother and step-father decided to move to Arkansas where my sister was living. They had a 1916 Maxwell touring car and disposed of everything they owned except what they could get in the car. We had folding cots and cooking utensils and camped by the side of the road at night.

All roads then were dirt roads. The only pavement we would find was some of the towns we passed through. Rain and high water put us off the road and into hotels for several days or until we could travel. I think it was two weeks from the time we left Douglas until we arrived in Pine Bluff, Ark.

I went to work in a garage and as soon as I saved enough money to purchase a train ticket, I went back to Douglas. Not too long after returning, I obtained a job as a civilian driver for the Army. They were using F.W.D. and Liberty trucks with solid rubber tires.

This job lasted until December, 1919, at which time I heard that they needed drivers who would haul nitroglycerine in the oil field at Ranger, Texas, and they were paying \$800 per month. I had enough money for a railroad ticket to Ranger, so I left Douglas.

About The Author: A. Knickerbocker eventually became a successful independent oil producer. He would like to correspond with others who remember Douglas' early days. His address is 2407 Terrace, Midland, Texas 79705.



A. Knickerbocker

A LETTER TO TENNA

Editor's Note: This letter as submitted by Florida resident Philip Harris. His wife is a relative of Tenna — Centenna Haymore Allen. Harris believes the letter was written in 1947 or 1948. Tenna's daughter gave permission to use the letter.

Centenna was the daughter of Franklin Demarcus Haymore, a long-time Douglas resident who lived in Mexico until the Revolution drove him and other members of the Latter-day Saints colonies out of the country.

The letter was written by Tenna's sister — Pearl Melissa Blackburn. Centenna died in 1960 but Pearl Melissa is still alive at age 98 and lives near Layton, Utah.

The letter is printed "as is", complete with misspellings such as "Bivispee" for "Bavispe."

Dear Tenna:

As I sat down to write you a letter, I began reminiscing on our childhood, and my mind went back to Oct. 6, 1901. It was a rather chilly October night in Colonia Oaxaca, Sonora, Mexico, when we older children were awakened and taken down to Grandma Wilson's house to spend the rest of the night. I remember so well this October night, the night you were born, and the next morning when Grandma told us that we had a new baby sister. We were all so happy and anxious to see you.

Our house, in Oaxaca, had two adobe rooms, one a bedroom and the other a living room-bedroom. The living room-bedroom had a large fire place with a large mirror above the mantle. The walls were plastered and whitewashed, there were lace curtains, tied back, and green roller blinds at the windows. A home woven carpet was on the floor and our Mother's bed stood in one corner, the headboard, window high.

Adjoining the bedroom was a lumber kitchen, adjoining that was a large log room which had a fireplace and two small windows. There were no partition doors between the log house and the kitchen, nor between the adobe rooms and the kitchen. So we had to go outside to go in each part of the house. One continuous gable roof covered all.

In the yard, at the adobe end, was the well. It was very deep and when we looked over the curb we could barely see the water sparkling in the darkness of its depths.

Close by the well was a large weeping-willow tree, beyond the steps was the Haymore's red brick store.

Our home life centered around the fireplace in the winter time, and in the front yard in summer evenings. Our Mother taught us lots of sings in these hours, one I especially liked was "Oh Mother How Pretty the Moon Looks Tonight." When you were little your hair was a real blond and you had large dark soulful eyes. Your blond hair was such a contrast from your eyes that people often asked what made your eyes so black. One time your father was holding you on his knee and he asked you what made your eyes so black. This



Members of the Douglas ward of the LDS Church posed for this photo in 1915. They were identified by Leona Adeline Douglass Tyler in her book of remembrance. They are: top row left to right, Lorenzo Huish, Ida Lillywhite, Charlotte Tyler, Daisy Haymore, Elsie Loving, Eleanore Lillywhite, Olive Huber, Rue Tyler, Ether Haynie, Chris Beecroft, John Loving, Lawrence Nagle, Heber Huish, Lane Nagle, Earl Beecroft, Owen Nagle, Arthur Gardner, Lester Lillywhite, Robert Marion Tyler; second row, Bishop Butler, Brother Huish, Brother Beecroft, Ade Haymore, Sister Gutkie, her husband, Brother

Gutkie, Brother Huish, Brother Nagle; third row, Susie Redd Butler, Hazel Redd Vidmar, seven children, Jen Redd Haymore, Sister Sanders and Brother Sanders and baby, four women, then Abby Scott Haymore and baby Emma Jane Haymore, Lola Fielding, Willard Huish; fourth row, Phyllis Huish, Leona Douglass, Sam Black, child, Sister Fielding, Bishopric man, Joseph P. Lewis, Jess Huish, Nona Sanders (?), eight children, LeRoy Demarcus Douglass, Leo Huish; just back of Jess Huish, end lady, Helen Loving; children sitting unidentified. (Photo courtesy of Philip Harris.)

was a few days after you and Pa and Ma had been for a camping trip up to the field, three miles up the Bivispee river, and you said "The smoke got in them up at the field."

All your childhood days you had a happy cheerful manner and a ready answer.

Mildred and Veda and I tended you a lot, as our Mother was so busy caring for her children and step children. We were four families in one household.

Our Mother's sisters, Aunt Esther, Gladys, Harriet, June, Rose and Ruth Wilson used to tend you. One time one of them said to you, "Let's go out and see your mother milk the black cow," and you said "Does she give black milk?"

With Lester, Walter, Lynn, Mildred, Emma and I you didn't lack for playmates and, you being the youngest I am afraid that you got some pretty hard tumbles, at times.

We had such a good time in the fall when we picked the apples and pears and put them away for winter, in the loft, when the leaves drifted to the ground, brushed by Autumn's artistic touch with all the radiant hues of the sunset. The winds swirled them high in the corners and banked them high against the fences. That is when our homelife centered around the fireplace.

We enjoyed the big yellow rocking chair that our Mother had brought from Colonia Diaz. The warmth from the glowing mesquite coals was so comfortable.

We dug peanuts and roasted them on the hearth, made pop corn balls and read stories from our readers.

It seems I can hear the church bell now as it rang out then, to all the town. It called us to church and school and all public gatherings. It seemed to have a special charm in it's tones on holidays, when the children's dances were held in the afternoon, how we hurried to get ready for the great event. We just seemed to glow inside with anticipation and joy.

In November 1905, the fall rains fell heavily and continuously. The Bavispee river began to rise alarmingly. It was banked on the west side by hills and the town lay on the level land to the east. The river did rise high, in the fall, when, the rains were heavy, but on the November days of 1905 the flood began to rise higher and higher and by late afternoon it was higher than it had ever been known to be before. But no one thought that it would flood the town, everyone thought it would begin to lower before it would do that. However by nightfall the flood in all it's fury was on us. It was reaching our house, it had already reached many other places.

We were rushing to save what we could, but there was much that we couldn't save. I remember Emma carrying the hat box with our Sunday hats in it, and how it bounced against her legs as she hurried along. I don't know how much you remember of all this, as you were only four, but it was a sorrowful night for us to lie out under the stars, on the hill, and to hear one house then another fall from the force of the flood and large cottonwood trees and

boulders hurled against them.

The adobes of our house were melted down and the gable roof came to rest on the adobe and debris and ruined furniture.

We lived in the log house after this, until Pa bought the Mortensen place.

Many people moved away after the flood, among them Grandpa and Grandma Wilson, and we were very lonely.

On November 19, 1907, our Mother, Pearl Melissa Wilson Haymore, passed away, taking a little newborn daughter with her.

You were only six years old, but had longed for a baby in the family, often saying "Why can't we have a baby?" Now our Mother had had one and she had passed away and it had gone with her.

I was the oldest child at home, as Mildred and Lynn had gone away to school. So you clung to my hand as we walked up and down the yard all afternoon, crying, "I want Ma. I want Ma."

Aunt June Rose Wilson stayed with us and taught school, until it closed in May, and Mildred went back to Dublan to learn to sew so she could make our clothes. I took care of the family that summer, I was fourteen years old at that time.

You had long braids of hair, and with your dark eyes you looked so pretty in the pink dress, trimmed with cream lace, that Ma had made for you. I found you crying one day, in bed when you were supposed to be taking a nap and in trying to console you I found that you had Ma's picture hidden under the cover. I have often wished that I had known more how to do under those circumstances. But no one could have loved you more than I did. No one will ever know how precious you and Emma were to me.

When fall came again Pa went to Colonia Juarez and married Aunt Mazie. I suppose you remember when they came home.

Do you remember when we moved to Adrum's house that Pa bought and finished, it was painted and papered so beautifully.

How we loved to hear you sing the Primary song, "Summertime" you and Cora Foster sang that so well together. You loved to sing and Aunt Mazie enjoyed teaching you many songs and she being able to accompany you on the organ.

I read to you and Emma by the hour. Emma says she looks back onto those days and never forget how happy we were together. But how rapidly the days of childhood pass, never to return.

When Dermacus was born you were such a help to Aunt Mazie in caring for him. At last you had a baby to tend and carry around. We all loved him so much. He was such a bright baby. When he was ten months old Aunt Mazie would hold him by the hands and dance him around and sing the "Manitau" and he sang the tune through with her, tapping his toe back and forth as she did.

Then when Franklin was born you loved and tended him just as much as you had Demarcus.

All of the brothers and sisters from all the families were fond of you, you have always been dear to all of them.

Before the flood, when the gypsies came every summer, with their bears and monkeys and caged birds, we were delighted. The gypsy men would dance the bears and monkeys round and round on a chain, while they shook their tamberines and droned "Baile mi mono baile mi mono," but we had to watch the gypsies when they came to the house, to sell their paper flowers, mirrors, birds and beads, etc. else our own things would disappear. On one occasion we didn't watch so well because when we went down to the river where they had been camped, there under the cottonwoods was one of your shoes, they had gotten only one shoe so they had left it in the camp.

One Sunday Lynn and Pa sat talking soberly for a long time, then they began collecting and cleaning all of the guns on the place. A revolution had broken out in Mexico and the men were worried.

Soon the war shadows had lengthened and fighting had reached the State. I suppose you remember when the rebels or "Colorados" came to Oaxaca, and how they rode into the orchards and tied their horses to the apple trees and let them browse the limbs, and knock off the green fruit, while the soldiers lay around in the shade, talking loud and laughing, or stretched out on the ground, sleeping.

When they had pastured off all the wheat and alfalfa and damaged the orchards, they opened the log house and took out all the hay that was stored there for winter, to feed the milk cows. Finally they moved on and things were peaceful for awhile.

How we loved to swim in the river, in the warm summer days, and playing in the sand under the cottonwood trees. But the trip to the river was a hot one. Do you remember how we used to have to run from shade to shade to cool our sand-burned feet?

As time passed, the dangers of war became more threatening and the people were advised to leave the area. So, we had to load what we could in the wagons and go to Arizona, leaving homes and fruit trees and fields, cattle and hogs and stores and the church to be plundered by passing bands of soldiers.

That first day when we were on the road, we rested at noon at the cane brakes, crossing the river, and we enjoyed the day, without much concern, as we played at the crossing, wading and skimming rocks across the water. I wonder now, when I think of those times how our elders felt at leaving homes and all they had.

We stayed in a vacant house for two weeks, but these hardships of leaving home was too much for Demarcus and he became ill.

The first night out, on the road between Morelos and Douglas, Arizona, we made a dry camp, in a mesquite patch along the road side. Pa hobbled the team, Old Pet, an old mare, and Eig Jim, a fine big mule, and turned them out to graze, but by morning Big Jim was gone, apparently he had been stolen. So one of the saddle horses had to be hitched to the wagon instead. Le Roy and I

each had a saddle horse and drove the milk cows that we were taking along, and you and Emma had taken turns riding this horse that now had to help pull the load.

We lived in Douglas and attended church there when the church was out on Twentieth street.

Pa eventually built a nice red brick home in Douglas, and you did enjoy this home so much.

I was always proud of your school record, and of how faithful you were with your music lessons.

I will never forget how you played the organ for us to sing the songs that Pa loved to hear. And how you taught Demarcus to sing "Rock of Ages" when he was just six years old. He would stand by the organ and sing it through without help. And when Aunt Mazie was still in bed when Ellen was born, and she was just a few days old, that Demarcus took seriously ill with pneumonia and you were standing by his bed, and he asked you to help him say his prayers and as he finished his prayers you cried "Oh! he is dying" and by the time Aunt Mazie could get to his side he was gone.

Franklin had lost his beloved little playmate, and all of our lives were saddened.

Your big brown eyes and trim figure and abundant hair, your wonderful ways and sweetness of disposition caused you to be adored by all your family and highly appreciated by your many admiring friends.

From your loving sister,
(Signed) Pearl Melissa "Pole" Blackburn

THE SUPERINTENDENT'S DAUGHTER

By Ellen L. Patton

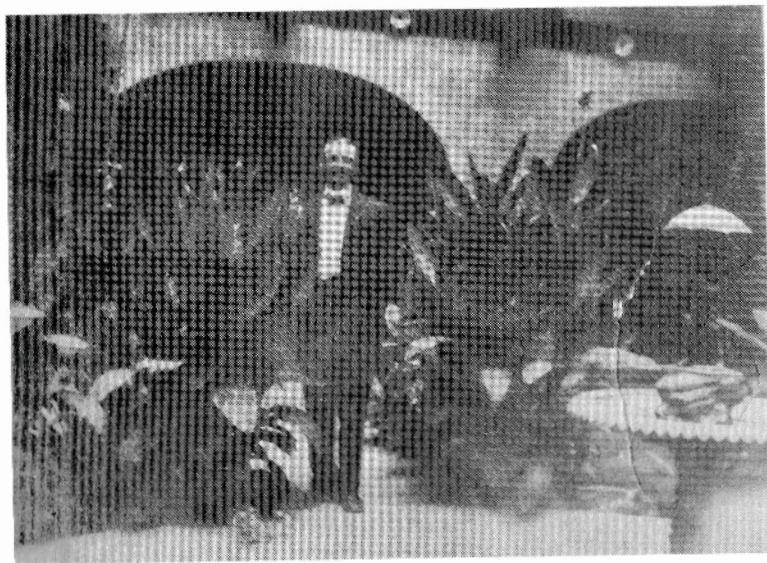
I was born in Douglas in 1908. My parents, William Edward Lutz and Ella (Roueché) Lutz had come to Douglas in 1906 when my father became principal of the Douglas schools. He later was named superintendent and served until 1916.

My father had been a teacher in Ohio when he volunteered for the Spanish-American War and was sent to the Philippines as a sharpshooter. When the war ended, he was given the position of superintendent of schools in the Philippines.

My mother was a Kappa Kappa Gamma at Ann Arbor, Mich. She had taught Greek, Latin, algebra and botany before being sent to the Philippines. My parents met in the Philippines but were married in Santa Monica, Calif. She at times substituted in the Douglas schools.

After returning to the United States in about 1905, they went to Bisbee where my father was to be employed by Phelps Dodge.

Earlier that year, the Douglas schools' first superintendent, Thomas Grindell, had left on an expedition when school closed in May. He joined three other men and two guides to explore in Sonora. They apparently intended to travel to the coast and go to Tiburon Island.



William Edward Lutz, Douglas Superintendent of Schools, in the patio of Grammar School, now known as Joe Carlson School. (CCHAS photo)

Months after leaving, one of the party, a man from Bisbee, reappeared in a crazed condition. The rest of the party had vanished.

This left Douglas without a school superintendent. Anna Dyer, a teacher who had briefly been superintendent in Bisbee, took over the position. She held it until January, 1906 when my father arrived in Douglas.

He was given an elaborate reception at the Methodist Church. In a short speech he thanked everyone for the heartiest greeting he'd ever had in 15 years of teaching. He also spoke of the deficient accommodations for students.

When my father arrived, there were just two schools in Douglas and one in Pirtleville. Nine schools were built in the next eight years and enrollment doubled from about 1,500 to nearly 3,000.

One of the schools built was the Grammar School. From 1907 to 1909 it also served as the high school. My father was principal of the school in 1907. The first high school class graduated in 1908 when seven students finished the course.

I remember the smelter smoke in Douglas. I remember the ocotillo fences around some Mexican yards. I remember driving in a buggy to the Slaughter Ranch when a great number of yucca were in bloom.



The house at 1260 11th Street where the Lutz family lived. Ellen Patton, Lutz's daughter says her father was a skilled carpenter and built the house by himself. (CCHAS photo)

I remember watching the battle through binoculars when Pancho Villa attacked Agua Prieta. We slept on the floor of our house and I could hear bullets striking the leaves in the yard. When we returned to school, there were bullet holes in the classroom walls.

Soldiers from the Army camp used to pass in front of one of the houses where we lived. One of them took a pet rabbit we had. I remember the covered wagons pulling out when they went after Pancho Villa.

One time we went camping in the White Mountains with an Army officer's family. He brought along some soldiers to do cooking and camp work.

It seems to me that I attended both the Seventh Street School and the 15th Street School. My first grade teacher was Miss Brown — an excellent teacher. My father said his strongest teachers should be in the first grade.

My father had other ideas that were progressive for the time. An article that appeared in the Daily Dispatch after he made a speech before the Cochise County Schoolmasters Association in March, 1916 outlined some of them.

He said school should continue year-round because to close school buildings for four months each year was an economic waste. He said that after returning from vacation, children were so boisterous that little learning could be done.



Mr. and Mrs. W.E. Lutz. Both were college graduates and taught at times in the Douglas school system, which experienced tremendous growth during Mr. Lutz' time as superintendent. (CCHAS photo)

I had just completed the third grade when we left Douglas. We left because my father objected to the school board president having one of the teachers visit him in his room at the Gadsden Hotel. My father opposed his re-election to the board and resigned when the man was re-elected.

A Daily Dispatch article late in the month said my father, "regarded as one of the most successful educators in the southwest," wasn't reapplying for his post and would give no reason why.

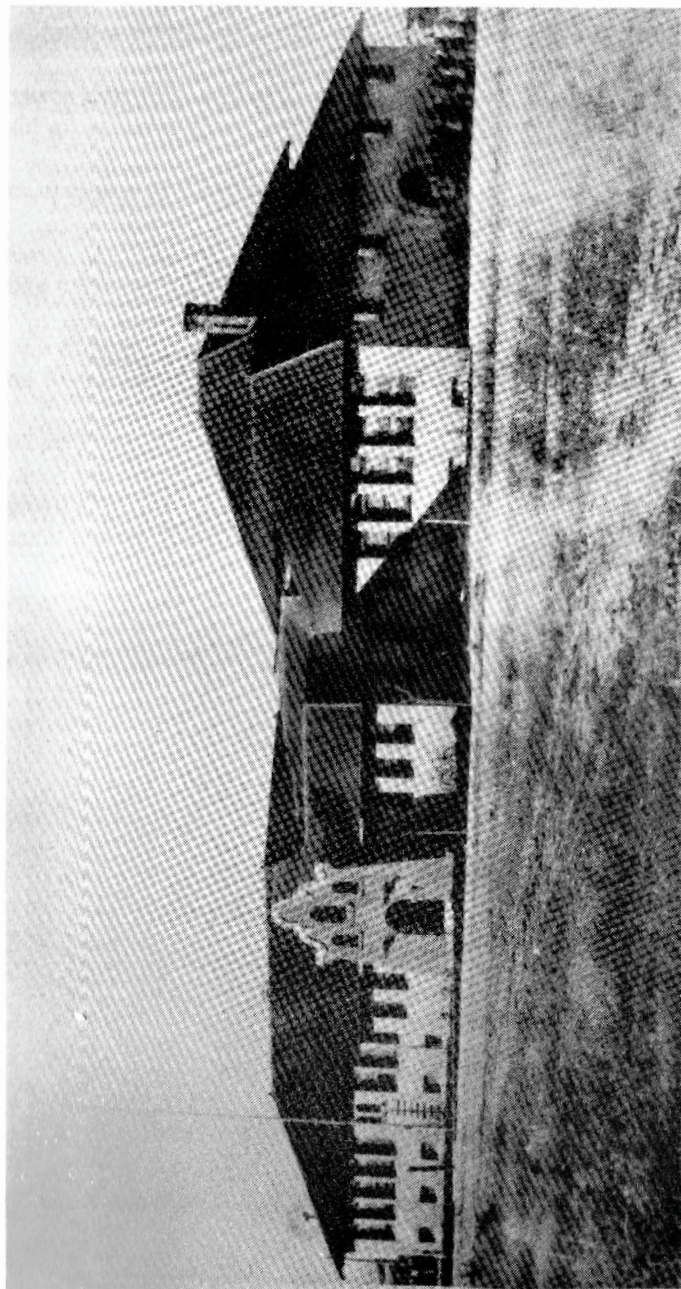
He was presented with a loving cup when he left. It is made of copper from the Bisbee mines with silver inlays from the same place.

We moved to Morenci where he was superintendent of schools there. I was graduated from Pomona College in 1929. I taught in Clifton, Morenci and Phoenix.

In Phoenix, I had 50 fifth and sixth graders in one room. Strange to say, children in those days seemed to learn. Now teachers say they must have no more than 20 children.

I taught in South Dakota, Oklahoma and Kentucky, never with less than 30 or 35 in a room. I once was employed to take the place of a typing and book-keeping teacher in a small place in the Arkansas rice country. We were living in Pine Bluff and I drove the 40 miles to the small school with two other teachers.

I met my husband in Morenci. We were married in 1939. During our married life, we've lived in Panama, both North and South Dakota, eastern Oklahoma, Arkansas, Georgia, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Kentucky, Ohio and have ended up on a farm in central Oklahoma.



This structure was Douglas High School in 1909 when William Lutz was superintendent and this photograph was taken. The next year a new high school was constructed two blocks west on 12th

Street. This school then became known as the Grammar School and today serves as Joe Carlson School for grades kindergarten through fifth. (CCHAS photo)

Award winner sends thanks

Dear Editor:

I wanted to take this opportunity to thank you and the officers of the Cochise County Historical and Archaeological Society for the opportunity afforded me to receive the recent award from the Arizona Historical Foundation [for "Outlaw Baseball in the Old Copper League, Summer, 1991]. While the recognition as Best Arizona History Article in a Scholarly Journal for 1991 is very gratifying, it would never have happened without the expertise and enthusiasm of the Society.

Particularly my thanks go to Cindy Hayostek and the editorial committee. From original contact, through numerous changes, extensive correspondence and final printing, Cindy was always there. And of course without the Society's nomination, the article would never have been considered.

Again thanks and I look forward to a long and fruitful association with CCHAS.

Lynn E. Bevill
Tucson

Which Durazos were they?

Dear Editor:

I am wondering if the Durazos who were mentioned in Mr. Fran-

cis Leyva's article, "Vignette of Huasabas, Sonora," [Winter, 1991] were the Durazos who lived in the 1000 block on 11th St. in Douglas.

One family lived on the north side of the street. Their home was a red brick structure the second house from the corner of A Avenue.

The other family lived in the third house on the north side from A Avenue. Ignacio Soto, who attended Douglas High School and later became a very prominent businessman in Mexico, lived part time with the elderly Durazos. In Tucson, where Ignacio would at times give talks to businessmen, he became known as "Mr. Mexico."

Charles B. Fleming
Mesa

And the answer is

Dear Editor:

It was a pleasant surprise to receive your letter to tell me about the success of the article which I submitted to your quarterly magazine.

Regarding your comment of the Douglas Durazos, I don't think any of them are from Huasabas. However, there is a family (the elderly couple are deceased) that originated in Oputo (now Villa Hidalgo), a town 25 miles north of Huasabas.

One of the sons of this Oputo couple was an immigration officer in Douglas for a while, another was a U.S. Army officer and another

one (Ernesto) is married to my cousin Teresa Fimbres of Huasabas, but lives in San Fernando, Calif. I think the family used to live on 12th Street a couple blocks east of A Avenue.

I was surprised to read that someone with an American name wants to send copies of the magazine to friends in Huasabas. After some thought, I came to the conclusion that the Bill Broyles whom you mention may possibly be an American who lived in Huasabas a few years back (about five years ago.)

I was told that he lived alone, was a horse lover and had hired a couple of young men to help him tend his horses and that he was a vegetarian. He was known as "El Americano."

Further back, there was another American who hiked his way cross country, avoiding roads, to Huasabas from the U.S. I was told that he was a poet and writer and that he had a successful business in the U.S. writing verse for greeting card companies. A nature lover, he lived in a pup tent outside of town during his stay in Huasabas, I think he made a couple of trips to our town.

**Francis Leyva
Tucson**

The editorial committee welcomes letters to The Cochise Quarterly. Letters must be signed and include an address and telephone number. Letters may be edited for spelling and punctuation and to make them more concise.

Pioneer's biography admirable

Lemuel C. Shattuck — A Little Mining, A Little Banking and A Little Beer by Isabel Shattuck Fathauer with additional research and editorial assistance by Lynn Bailey. Westernlore Press, P.O. Box 35305, Tucson, AZ 85740. Hardcover, 337 pages, photos and maps.

Contrary to what many people think, the American West was not "settled" by men with blazing six-shooters. The West became what it is today because of men such as Lem Shattuck.

Shattuck arrived in Cochise County in 1883 to join his half-brothers in their Erie Cattle Co. The company controlled through water rights much of the southern Sulphur Springs Valley with headquarters in Mud Springs, Double Adobe and Silver Creek.

Shattuck had brushes with Apaches but that wasn't what led him to stop cowboying. A stop in 1887 in Bisbee lured him into prospecting. The next year he returned to Bisbee flat broke and was hired as a trammer with Phelps Dodge's Copper Queen Co.

He married and in 1896 pooled money from family and close friends to open the St. Louis Beer Hall. A successful workingman's bar, it enabled Shattuck to create a wholesale business and cold storage facility that kept beer cold as well as meat from a butcher business that had the Overlock brothers as partners.

Shattuck's friendship with the Overlocks led to other ventures such

as the founding of Douglas and the Miners and Merchants Bank. The bank, as with many of Shattuck's enterprises, was the competition for Phelps Dodge. There was no love lost between Phelps Dodge and the independent Shattuck.

The same went for Shattuck's mines. By 1900, he had filed or purchased 45 claims around Bisbee. The Shattuck-Arizona Mining Co. capitalized on its "biggest little mine" and was primed to build Douglas' third smelter.

By the time he was 40, Shattuck was managing three large mining enterprises, a bank, lumberyard, saloon, beer distributorship and rental properties. He also became intimately involved with much of the early building in Douglas and carried a first mortgage on the Gadsden Hotel.

Although this book is a loving look at Lem Shattuck written by his daughter, it also examines the family and their times frankly. Fathauer forthrightly discusses what some remember as a great scandal — Shattucks sons Warner and Henry dodging the draft during World War I by going to Mexico. Scandal turned into tragedy when Henry disappeared and was presumed dead.

In the years after World War I, the Shattuck-Arizona evolved into the Shattuck-Denn Copper Co. Shattuck became a big backer of the Winterhaven Commercial Co. that tried to create a cotton farming town of that name near Yuma.

Through these various enterprises, Shattuck truly did "settle" the West. His mines provided employment and taxes, his bank financing for other endeavors and his saloon entertain-

ment.

Shattuck saw Cochise County in the days of the open range as an Erie Co. cowboy and he lived into the 1930s to become used to telephones and automobiles. In one sense, Shattuck's life came full circle for Fathauer and her husband own ranches in the same country that the Erie Cattle Co. controlled in the 1800s.

This is a book that should be on the shelf of anyone interested in Cochise County history. That's because it not only looks in readable form at a fascinating Cochise County pioneer but also reveals the economic underpinnings of what was one of the most powerful counties in Arizona.

It's a combination not often found. Fathauer used family papers to good advantage to create a readable biography of a fascinating Cochise County pioneer.

—Cindy Hayostek