

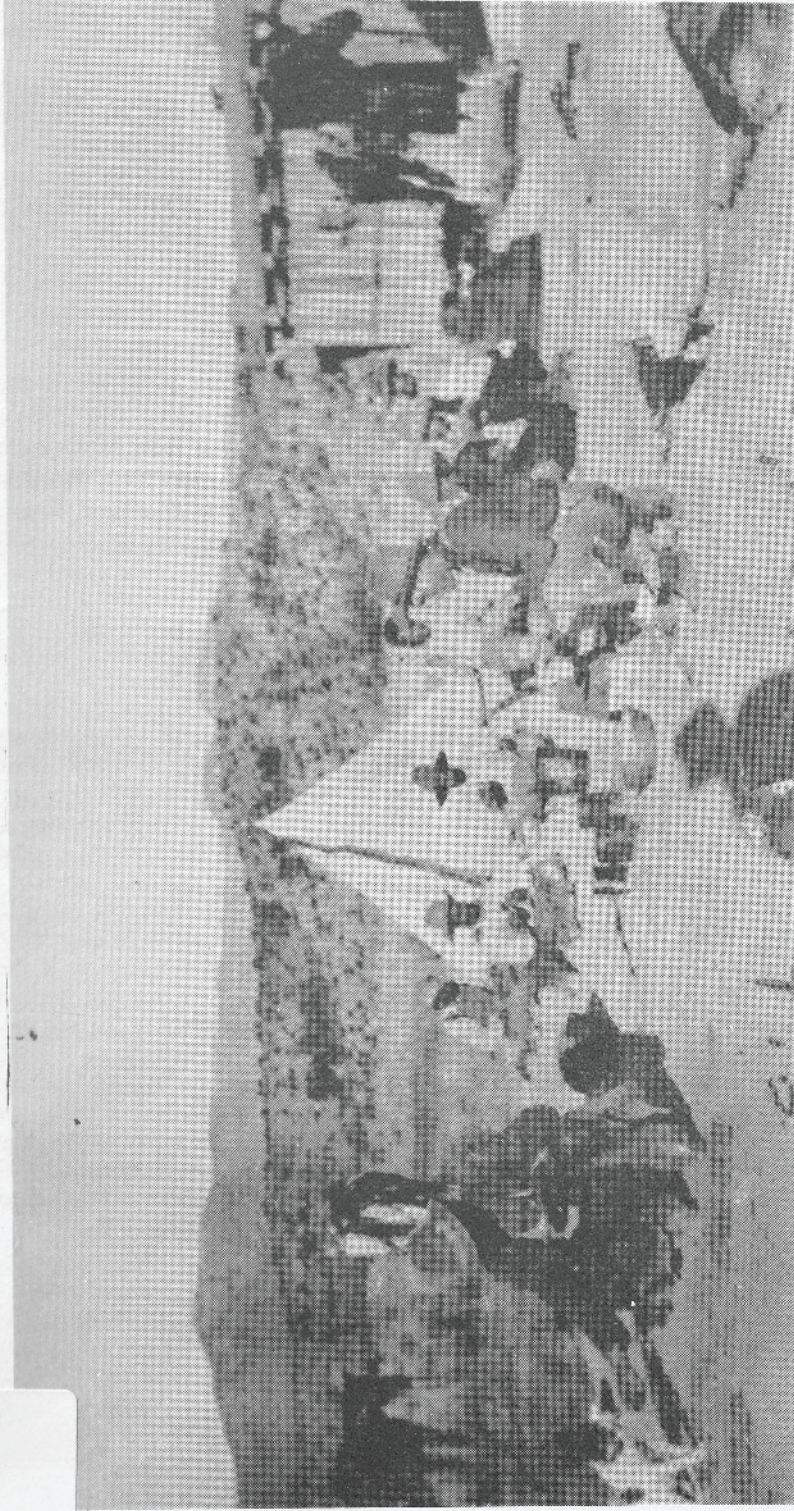
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Winter, 1993

No. 4

Vol. 22

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Vol. 22  
no. 4

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Douglas, AZ

Cochise County Historical and

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**About the Cover:** This photo was taken in 1916 when the McDonald brothers ran their cattle in Mexico, south of their home ranches in the Peloncillo Mountains. A young Rex McDonald worked out of the camp and tells a story about his time there in this issue. Vane Lacey is the man feeding the dog and Franz Eicks is squatting on the right. (Photo courtesy Rex McDonald)

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The Cochise Quarterly, a journal of history and archaeology of Cochise County and adjacent portions of Hidalgo County, N.M., and Sonora and Chihuahua states in Mexico, contains articles by qualified authors 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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ISSN 019-80626

## A LETTER TO A NIECE

**Introduction:** This letter was written by Millard Haymore to his niece, Leah Haymore Kartchner. Leah's father, John Aderum, and Millard were the sons of Franklin Demarcus Haymore.

As outlined in this letter, Franklin Demarcus took his family to the Latter-day Saints' colony of Colonia Oaxaca, Son., before the turn of the century. They lived there until the Mexican Revolution drove them to Douglas.

The brothers worked in the family business and Millard was mayor of Douglas in 1928. Leah attended Douglas High School, where she played basketball, and was one of Douglas' first women automobile drivers.

This letter was submitted by Philip Harris of Florida, who is publishing a book on the Haymores. His wife, Donna, is related to the Haymores. The John Douglass mentioned in the letter is her grandfather.

Los Angeles, California  
March 23, 1935

We left Payson, Utah Nov. 6, 1896. As I remember, we had one covered wagon, four horses, one buggy or stage coach. Father, Franklin Demarcus Haymore, mother, Lucinda Adaline Taylor Haymore, my brother, John Aderum, Eva, Veda and myself were in the party.

Timothy Jones and family and Norman Hancock, an old bachelor, made the trip with us. They had two covered wagons. I was 13 years old, and your daddy (John Aderum) 15.

I do not remember much of the preparation for the trip with the exception of a lot of blacksmithing work, setting wagon wheels, shoeing horses and tying barrels on either side of the wagons for the hauling of water. Long stretches of desert had to be crossed and water was hauled for the horses as well as for the people. Provisions were taken along but not sufficient for the entire trip.

Roads in places were almost impassible, streams had to be crossed without bridges. Your daddy (Ade) took turns driving one of the outfits.

When not driving, we were out with a .22 hunting rabbits along the roadside. At a ranch house in southern Utah, we traded the .22 for an old breech loading, single shot, shot gun. It had not been fired since the Revolutionary War.

It was nearly the old story of the gun unloaded. It was the old type where you use a cap, like on the old cap and ball pistol. We had no caps and while your daddy (Ade) was snapping the cock, I was looking down the barrel. An unexpected explosion came, the charge missing my head only by inches. Mother was greatly frightened and compelled us to continue the trip without the gun.

We looked forward with a great degree of fear to the crossing of the Apache reservation. The Apache Kid was on the war path. White settlers were massacred by the renegade Indians both behind and ahead of us. Without incidents we finally reached Ft. Apache. Here we rested for a few days under the protection of the United States soldiers at that point.

The crossing of the Colorado River at Lee's Ferry stands out vividly in my memory. The river was swollen and several trips with the makeshift ferry were necessary to transport all of our outfit.



On one of the trips, we missed the landing and excitement was high. The rapids were only a few hundred yards below. Fortunately we reached the river bank and after several hours of work managed to tow the ferry upstream to the landing.

The crossing of the Navajo Reservation was interesting but not exciting. The Indians were friendly.

We finally arrived in the Gila Valley and stopped for a number of days at the little town of Eden. Horses were turned in on green alfalfa and secured a much-needed rest. In due time we reached the Mexican border at La Morita about Dec. 18, 1896. Horses, wagons, household goods and in fact everything we had, crossed into Mexico free of duty. This arrangement permitted



Millard Haymore served one term as Mayor of Douglas in the late 1920s. (Photo courtesy Douglas City Hall)

colonization of the Mormons into Mexico and was previously arranged by the church authorities.

La Morita was situated about 10 miles west of where Douglas, Arizona and Agua Prieta, Mexico are now situated. Neither of these towns had at this time been established. Agua Prieta was nothing but a water hole and at that time was called Agua Prieta because of the color of the water in the Cabullona creek.

While camped at La Morita, a battle occurred at Naco, as I remember, between Americans and Mexicans. Dead and wounded Mexican soldiers were brought into La Morita during the night.

After clearing the Mexican custom house, we proceeded on our way to Colonia Oaxaca at which point we arrived Dec. 24, 1896. We immediately settled down in our new home, a one-room log house. The next day we celebrated Christmas but unfortunately Santa had not discovered our new home.

For the next few years, your daddy and I spent our time riding the ranges looking after cattle and doing some work clearing mesquite off the river flats and doing some planting. Farming, however, at Oaxaca was not profitable.

We worked on a number of cattle ranches in Mexico and Arizona. For a time we worked for Lord Beresford at the Ojitos ranch in Chihuahua, for John Slaughter on the San Bernadino Ranch, for the Bail and Oats on the Empire Ranch — this ranch was about 50 miles southeast of Tucson — and on the Turkey Track Ranch for Mr. B. A. Packard.

It was while we worked on the Empire Ranch that we saved enough money to fit ourselves out with new Gallup and Frazer saddles, chaps, boots and .38 Colt revolvers. No kid of today, even with a 16-cylinder Cad, could possibly be as much thrilled as we were with our new outfits.

The years of 1901 and 1902 I spent in the mining camps of Nacazari and Canenea and your Dad (Ade) worked on the ranch. About this time we had about 500 head of cattle. Later the herd was increased to about 3,500 head and the ranch acreage to 87,000.

About 1902, our first store was started at Colonia Oaxaca with a capital of \$2,000 (pesos), one-half belonging to father (Franklin D. Haymore) and the other half to P. C. Haynie. John Douglass operated the store for the first few months.

The first purchase of merchandise was made by John and myself; we making the trip by wagon team to Magdalena, Sonora, and after a 30 day trip returned with a wagon load of Chinese shoes, which we purchased from the firm of Juan Lung Tai y Cia.

John operated the store for only a few months when your daddy and I took over the operation on a percentage basis, no salary. Your daddy would operate the store for seven months while I attended school at the Juarez Stake Academy in Colonia Juarez. During vacation for the five months, I would run the store and your dad would work on the ranch. I think your dad attended the grade school at Oaxaca for only a few weeks.

In connection with schooling, I wish to state that your dad, through his individual effort and home study, became one of the best accountants that I ever came in contact with and I do not exclude certified accountants whom I



have had occasion to employ. He was just uncanny when it came to mathematics. Had he been privileged to take an engineering course he most certainly would have been outstanding.

Oaxaca was practically destroyed by flood in 1905 or later. Fifty per cent of our merchandise was lost. I was in school at the time and when the waters from the river began to rise in the store, your father salvaged a sack of flour, a slab of bacon and a frying pan. I mention this in order that you may see his practical mind during an emergency. I probably would have selected a good suit of clothes and rifled the money till.

Shortly after the flood, I returned home and the thought occurred to me that the only way to dispose of the damaged merchandise was to start a store in San Miguelito. This we did with your daddy in charge.

In 1907, I returned from the University of Utah and shortly after we opened up the store at Colonia Dublán, Chihuahua, Mexico. I have forgotten the exact date when your daddy opened up the store at Colonia Morales.

In 1910 we disposed of the Chihuahua store and I opened up the wholesale house in Agua Prieta. In 1910 we built the flour mill. Shortly after, we opened a store in Fronteras, Sonora. About 1918 we opened stores at Nacarria, Sonora, and at Cananea.

The Mexican Revolution broke in 1910 in Chihuahua. Primarily for this reason we disposed of the Chihuahua store. In 1912 conditions were bad throughout Mexico. We lost many of our cattle and horses to the revolutionaries and in this year disposed of what we could salvage and gave up ranching.

It was in this year that the Villaistas invaded the State of Sonora under the leadership of Ynez Salazar. Your dad had a running fight with these bandits when driven out of Morelos. Our entire stock of merchandise at this point was looted and the buildings dynamited. We also suffered losses at San Miguelito and had to close the store.

It would take too much space to tell you all we did during the next eight years of revolution, of our dealings with the various revolutionary leaders, of the battles and fights, diplomacy and bickerings. Your daddy and I had personal dealings and intimate acquaintances with Pres. Madero, Carranza, Obregón, De la Huerta, and Calles, with generals Ojeda, Orozco, Villa, Acosta and Urbelejo and dozens of others.

Your father was the only person that I know of who defied the written order of Gen. Calles and got by with it. He refused to honor an order for a case of whiskey, compelling the general to leave his sick bed and come personally to his office in Agua Prieta.

We opened up a wholesale grocery house in Douglas in 1919. About this time, we went into the banking business helping to organize the Bank of Commerce, becoming the largest stockholders. In 1924 we branched out into the automobile agency business. The latter two ventures were not profitable.

Calles was commanding officer of the Agua Prieta garrison when Gen. Villa made the attack on the town with 13,000 troops. Calles had a defensive force of only 4,500. He successfully defended the town. About 600 men were killed during the three-day battle. I do not know how many were wounded. Calles directed his troop movement from the top floor of our mill.



**The Bavispe River in the vicinity of Colonia Oaxaca, Son., which flooded in 1905 and destroyed the colony. The area where the small Mormon town was is now part of the Morales Ranch. (Photo courtesy Leonard Haymore)**

I was with the general until after the battle started when he gave me orders to go to the American side. We were forced very much against our will to furnish the Calles troops with supplies. Calles had no money and it was either a question of supplying the troops or have our place looted. Your father favored looting; however, I out-argued him as usual.

Shortly after this, Calles sent me to Vera Cruz to intercede with President Carranza for money in order that he might carry on the campaign. I had to go via New Orleans and from there by boat as there was no rail accommodations. I returned by way of Havana, Cuba.

I succeeded in securing \$100,000. I immediately cabled your dad, who immediately went to the bank in Douglas and withdrew a like amount, paying same to Calles. Of course, Calles paid from these funds his indebtedness to us.

Calles appreciated our assistance and had it not been for the friendship of Calles, Obregón and other leaders, all our property would have been confiscated or destroyed and we deported from Mexico. This friendship with President Calles also enabled us to secure from the Mexican government \$100,000 to partly reimburse the Mormon Colonists for their losses when driven from their homes at Colonia Morelos.

About 1916, Villa confiscated about 15 car loads of wheat which we had purchased in the State of Chihuahua. He held this wheat in Ciudad Juarez. I

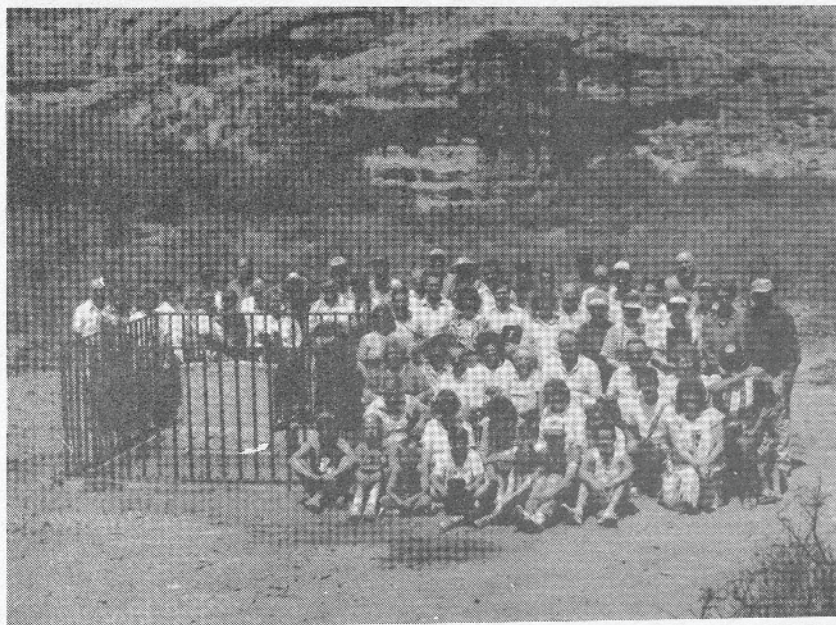


interviewed Villa in Juarez the day he killed Mr. Benton, the Englishman, which nearly caused the intervention of England into Mexican affairs.

Villa positively refused to permit the wheat to go forward to our mill in Agua Prieta. He did accommodate us, however, by confiscating a flour mill in Juarez belonging to a Mr. Arguillas and permitted us to operate it for nine months. Accordingly we supplied the Villa troops with flour for which he, Villa, paid us. The transaction proved profitable.

When there was a likelihood of an invasion of Mexico by the American troops, your daddy and I spent much time with American army officers and the army intelligence department, going over maps, trails, roads, methods of transportation of troops and supplies. Had the invasion taken place I feel sure that both of us would have become very active. However, this blew over with the exception of the punitive expedition under General Pershing. Your father went with General Pershing as a scout and I was appointed American Circular agent by President Wilson.

Just one more point, I never remember seeing your daddy take a smoke or drink or use profane language. If he had any faults, I failed to discover them. We worked together for 30 years without a quarrel, hardly an argument, not withstanding the fact that we were as unlike as black and white.



Some of the descendants of Franklin Demarcus Haymore gathered in 1987 to place a memorial on the site of the Colonia Oaxaca cemetery destroyed by a flood. Two of Franklin Demarcus' wives were buried in the cemetery along with a daughter-in-law and 14 of his children and grandchildren. (Photo courtesy Leonard Haymore)

Your dad was venturesome and always faced danger unafraid. I was the opposite but always managed to have the broken bones and was usually under a doctor's care. Your dad would ride the range a week in order to find an outlaw horse to ride. If I ever rode a broncho, it was because I could not find a gentle one. Your dad delighted in driving an auto at full speed capacity. I never passed 50 miles and in some manner always managed to have wrecks and break up cars.

I am sure your daddy always had a kindly feeling for me. He would overlook all my faults. The same faults he would not tolerate in others.

I wish it were possible to tell you many more of our experiences during the 10 years of Revolution; of our personal contacts and business transactions with the various Mexican leaders; of the political and social situations of our personal contacts with Carranza, Villa, Calles, Obregón and so many others; of our disagreement, bickerings, difficulties and compromises with the various presidents, governors, and generals. I feel sure it would be very interesting, at least to our own families.

To my mind, Obregón was the greatest patriot produced during the revolution. Your daddy and I had the pleasure, or the necessity, of arranging transportation for Obregon and his troops when making the difficult march from Sonora to Chihuahua. We accompanied the general and his men on this trip.

Years after, when your daddy was in Vera Cruz, trying to secure a refund of a large amount of money from the port authorities to make the refund, they did. I mention this as only one of the demonstrations of various leaders in Mexico showing implicit confidence in our integrity.



## THE LIFE AND TIMES OF REX McDONALD

By Mary B. Magoffin

On April 24, 1906, in the brand new smelter town of Douglas, Arizona Territory, a little boy was born. His parents, Davis and Fannie McDonald, couldn't decide what to call him, so one of their neighbors suggested the name Rex. The story Rex was told was that there was a famous line of trotting horses, the McDonalds, and the best of the lot was Rex, who was a world champion around the turn of the century. The idea of naming their little boy after a winner must have appealed to the young couple, because Rex was the name they chose.

Davis McDonald's family left Fredricksburg, Texas, in 1892 and settled near Franklin, close to present-day Duncan. While they were there, family tradition has it that the McDonalds dug the first irrigation ditch out of the Gila River.

After a few years they moved south to Rucker Canyon, possibly in the neighborhood of the Glenns' J—A (J Bar A) Ranch. While in the process of moving, they camped near Fort Bowie on Dec. 31, 1899. Rex was often told by his father about the wonderful dance that he watched there the night the new century was ushered in. Some of the men were in military uniforms and the ladies wore beautiful gowns. It was a gala affair and made a lasting impression on Davis.

Rex's mother, Fannie Elizabeth Bowman, came to Douglas in 1902 from Uvalde, Texas, with her mother and sisters. Her brother, John, had a good job at the smelter and wanted them to join him. Fannie's uncle, Tobe Lacey, was an early settler in Guadalupe Canyon. Fannie's sisters were Lottie, who married John Belency; Sadie, who married Solomon McDonald; Nora, who married John Kelly; and baby Mozelle. The family had just arrived in Douglas when Mozelle became deathly ill with the "summer complaint." The doctor advised them to take her to the mountains, but she died en route and is buried near the Hunsaker Ranch.

Meanwhile, the McDonalds made another move, this one from Rucker Canyon to Cottonwood Canyon in 1907. Apparently they liked it well enough. Some of the family still live there at the time of this writing (1992).

During Rex's infancy, Davis rented a house in Douglas where Fannie and Rex stayed until Marjorie was born in 1908. By then Davis had built a home for his family and they moved to Cottonwood, 30 miles northeast of Douglas. This house was a two-room adobe which later became the Cottonwood school. Davis didn't find enough permanent water at the first location, so he bought "squatter's rights" from Babe Estes (brother of Tim Estes) and moved a few miles up Cottonwood Canyon. The new location was about 1 1/2 miles east of where Clifford and Lucille Taylor now live. Here Davis dug a shallow well and found plenty of water. A windmill and corral are still there.

This was around 1910, and "Texas" John Slaughter was the biggest landowner in the country. John Slaughter had bought the San Bernardino Grant in 1884 and his ranch contained land in both Mexico and the United States. He discouraged settlers on his holdings in different ways, such as staking mining claims at springs or by establishing hog ranches on other



**Davis McDonald with his twin daughters, Star and Sunshine, and the family's St. Bernard, Little Dog. The photo was taken in 1913 in front of the home ranch corrals. (Photo courtesy Rex McDonald)**

springs in order to foul the water. If these tricks didn't work, more stringent methods might be taken. But he couldn't shoot the McDonalds because they did not carry guns.

In an effort to get rid of the McDonald clan, Slaughter, who was Cochise County's Representative to the Territorial Legislature, was instrumental in having a quarantine fence built. The fence was supposed to keep Mexican cattle from bringing fever ticks into the United States. Slaughter had his own dipping vat so he could market his cattle, but the McDonalds were effectively prevented from selling theirs.

The McDonalds held their cattle for two years. Then they asked a cattle inspector to come from Phoenix to inspect their herd. They roped every animal so the inspector could do a "hands-on" inspection, after which he gave the cattle a clean bill of health. This was 1910, when two-year-old cattle were worth \$8 to \$10 per head. After Davis moved to Guadalupe Canyon, he built his own dipping vat at White Gate, which is still there.

When Rex was about six years old, he recalls seeing John Slaughter's foreman, Bill Hennessey, ride past their Cottonwood home at a leisurely gait, jogging up the canyon toward Jim Cospers' place. Rex's folks speculated that he might be going up there to try to run the Cospers off. A few minutes later, Hennessey came back by at a much swifter pace, so naturally the McDonalds wondered what had happened.

About that time they saw a cloud of dust coming from the Cospers. It was Susan Miranda, who was reputed to be part Cherokee Indian. She came



racing toward them on her paint pony, her rifle slung across the pommel of the saddle. Half her black hair was braided and the other half flew behind in the wind. Rex was convinced that she WAS half Indian, maybe even ALL Indian!

She told them that Hennessey had come to their home and told her they had to get out. So she reached behind the door, picked up the Winchester rifle, and said, "Mr. Hennessey, you see that thar bend in the creek? I'm gonna give you 'til the count of five to git around it!"

Later, when he was telling John Slaughter about his experience, John asked him, "And what did you do, Bill, when she said she'd give you 'til five to get around the bend?"

Replied Bill, "I give her back three!"

That wasn't the only reason Rex wasn't an admirer of Slaughter. When Rex was about 10 years old, he had a little sorrel horse named Streak that he thought a lot of. One day when Slaughter came to look at some cattle, Davis put him on Streak. Being a small man, he liked the horse so much that he offered Davis \$100 in cash for him, a considerable amount of money for a horse in those days. Naturally, Rex was not consulted, so Slaughter became Streak's new owner.

A month or two later, Slaughter tied Streak to a hitching post while he went inside the house to eat lunch. Slaughter always carried a .45 hog-leg pistol and for some reason on this particular day he left his gun belt on his saddle. As sweaty horses will do, Streak shook heartily. The pistol fell to the ground and discharged, killing the horse on the spot.

In those days, it was an unwritten law to carry only five rounds of ammunition in your gun so the hammer always rested on an empty chamber. This prevented accidents but Slaughter prided himself on carrying a gun with six full chambers, said McDonald.

During the first six years or so that Davis and Fannie lived at Cottonwood, they'd travel to Douglas in a hack drawn by two big bay trotting horses. If she was in a hurry, Fannie could make the trip in about four hours. She would spend the night with her mother or one of her sisters, and return to the ranch the following day. She bought staples such as flour, sugar, beans, rice and coffee, as well as some canned goods. The provisions would last about six weeks. The McDonalds always grew a big garden and kept chickens, a milk cow and a pig.

In 1913 Davis bought an Overland touring car with right-hand drive. They would cut across country on back roads and game trails to go to town. When they had a flat, which was often, they'd take the tire off, patch it and put it back on.

On this particular car, there was a lock-rim wheel, which they had to pry off in order to remove the tire. The tire had to be flat when taken off and when put back on. After patching it, they would pump it up with a hand pump. A trip to town wasn't considered a success unless they had two or three flats.

A few years later, Davis got a Willis-Knight. The tires on this car were improved so that they carried a spare already pumped up. The lugs were around the outside of the wheel, so by taking the lugs off, the tire and rim both came off.



In autumn 1913 after he sold some cattle, Davis McDonald, far right, bought an Overland automobile. He's wearing a leather cap that was given to every Overland buyer. It's not known positively who the other people are but the man on the left may be J.H. Huntsman, owner of the Hotchkiss-Huntsman Overland Co. at 1107 G Ave. The man next to Davis McDonald is a mechanic for the auto company. (Photo courtesy Rex McDonald)

In 1913, the year Rex was seven, his Uncle Feller (Solomon) built an adobe house at what is now called the Quimby Ranch. Rex remembers that while the grown-ups were eating their dinner, he and his cousin Ralph had a lot of fun walking on the wet adobes in the molds, leaving their footprints for posterity.

Another time when he was visiting at Uncle Feller's, a detachment of U.S. Cavalry and Artillery soldiers came by, en route to Columbus, N.M., in search of Pancho Villa. The commanding officer asked if there was enough water for his horses and mules. Rex distinctly remembers the thrill of hearing the bugler play "Recall" and seeing the animals water. Obviously they were thirsty, because they all drank heartily — although the water at the Quimby place has always been "gypsy" and most people and animals have to get used to it.

Going up the pass into Cloverdale, the road was so steep that the soldiers had to double up from four to six teams of mules per wagon. They left some empty wagons and turned a couple over.

Stewart Hunt and some of his cowboys came by and found a wagonload of canned bacon, which they laid claim to. They stored it in a vacant shed at Tobc Lacey's place. A few days later, some soldiers came back and recovered the meat. Stewart later told Davis and Rex that he'd still have bacon if the SOBs hadn't found it.



The cans were about 14 inches tall, eight inches wide and 12 inches deep, olive drab in color, and each contained several slabs of bacon packed in lard. This was the mainstay for soldiers out on maneuvers.

When Rex was around eight, his folks went on a trip for a few days, so he stayed with his Uncle Bill. He went home every day to do the chores, which consisted of feeding the chickens, gathering eggs and feeding a pig.

A day that stands out in Rex's memory was when he and cousin Laurence (McDonald) went to do the chores, and heard lots of noise and saw a cloud of dust at the corrals. When the boys went into the house, there was a pile of rifles in one corner which Rex knew did not belong to his family. In the corral, five or six men were busy roping and branding cattle. Rex recognized two of them, Wes and Oscar Barnett. Years later, Rex was told that the cattle had been rustled in Mexico. After the brands healed, the animals were sold for beef.

When she got home, Rex's mother was upset because the men had left the door open and the chickens had gone in and fouled everything. The cowboys had opened a wooden box of coconut, which they left on the table. Rats had gotten into it but when Rex started to throw it away, Chap Howard and Walter Swaggart wanted to know what was in the box. When Rex showed them, they took what was left, ate it with much gusto and declared it hadn't been hurt a bit.

Davis McDonald bought Guadalupe Canyon Ranch from Stewart Hunt in 1920 for \$25,000. Rex missed his eighth grade examinations at



**Pupils and teacher of Cottonwood School for 1915-16 year. Back row left to right, Charles Chancelor, Hiram Floyd, Ernest Garcia, Alice Garcia, Leona McDonald, Clara Garcia, teacher Mae Kane; middle row, Martin Hazlewood, Ralph McDonald, Rex McDonald, Stella Terry, Pearl McDonald, Marjorie McDonald; front row, Star McDonald, Nanie Garcia, Norman Bartell (shading eyes), Sunshine McDonald and Lavina McDonald. (Photo courtesy Rex McDonald)**

Cottonwood School because of the move, but he took them the following year in New Mexico and passed handily.

The McDonalds took about 800 head of cattle to Guadalupe Canyon, all Herefords of a good quality. By 1923 there was 1,100 head of cattle on the ranch. It was all open range so Davis started fencing right away. The Mexican boundary fence only had three wires. The Forest Service permit was nominal. Rex remembers the first forest ranger was a man named Everett who lived at Skeleton Canyon. The second ranger was a retired Army officer named Piggott who lived at Cloverdale.

During the drought of 1924, cattle started dying so Davis did something drastic. He moved his cattle to a ranch in Mexico called Cucaverchi, 18 miles south of Guadalupe Canyon. The ranch belonged to Dr. Calderon and there was good feed on it since it hadn't been grazed for several years. There was just one boundary fence and Cajon Bonita Creek ran through the middle of the ranch.

Davis moved about 800 head of cows in one big herd, with eight or 10 cowboys. Rex was one of them. They camped at a place called Yerba Mansa, after a plentiful plant which the Mexicans used for food and medicine.

After the cattle settled down, Rex, who was 17, stayed there a lot by himself. The herd had some of Solomon's stock in it so occasionally Uncle Feller (Solomon) and Ralph would come down to see how Rex was getting along. Once Lee Howard (brother to Chap and Ed Howard) showed up on his way to visit his "chile queen."

Lee was a person who, as long as everything went his way, was fine. But if it didn't, he went berserk. Rex had seen him threaten to shoot a man at the stockyards not long before, so he wasn't about to rile Lee up, if he could possibly help it.

Rex had an old Colt .45 pistol that Lee wanted in the worst way. Rex eventually agreed to trade the gun for one of Lee's pack mules. Rex had always carried the gun in his chaps pocket but rarely shot it.

When Lee got the gun, the first thing he did was to spread out a saddle blanket in front of the campfire and take the gun completely apart. Rex figured there were about 14 tiny screws in the gun, plus larger parts.

When he got the pistol apart, Lee decided he needed some oil. When he got up to get it, his spur hung up in the saddle blanket and scattered gun parts and screws all over. The dust was about three inches deep and fine as talcum powder. They finally located all the gun parts, but not all the screws.

The day after, Rex saw Lee whittling out mesquite pegs to use in place of the missing screws. Rex said he didn't think it would work, but Lee assured him, "Oh, they'll be as hard as iron when they dry."

The next day, Rex, Ralph and Feller left camp but came back around two to see Lee's new pack mule bucking amidst a flurry of articles it was kicking out of its pack. Rex caught the recalcitrant mule for Lee.

Lee rushed over hollering, "Hold it, hold it," as mad as could be. He said, "I'm going to vaccinate this SOB," and took his "new" pistol out of his chaps pocket.

Rex watched the mule, expecting to see it topple over dead when Lee



shot. Instead, the mule just flopped his ears a bit at the noise.

When Rex looked at Lee, all he saw were the grips in Lee's hand. Everything else had disappeared. Rex was hard put not to burst out laughing.

"This is one hell of a pistol you traded me," Lee said.

So Rex returned the gentle mule and the last he saw of Lee was a cloud of dust heading south.

Rex stayed in Mexico with the cattle for about year. It finally rained, some feed grew and they brought the cattle home. At that time calves were the only marketable livestock.

Among Rex's other talents, he writes poetry. This was what he wrote about the cattle drive down to Mexico:

**The 1923-24 Drought, Guadalupe Canyon  
by Rex McDonald**

No need for the cattle on the range  
Pray for rain but the weather don't change  
Water getting low in the wells. None in the creek  
All the cattle were poor, the saddle horses weak.

Eighteen long months of drought  
We round up the cattle to drive them south  
Lease a big ranch in Mexico,  
The drive was tough and slow.

Go slow to make your horse last the day.  
The first day, twelve cows died on the way.  
All day long you face a hot, dry wind  
Your face feels as if it had been skinned.

We ate cold biscuits and jerky. The meals were few  
We drank black coffee that would float a horseshoe.  
Work hard all day, stand guard at night  
Start cattle on the trail as soon as it was light.

The last day out, the pace was slow.  
All at once there was a welcome sight below  
With a cowboy yell we knew the end was near  
For there ran Cajon Bonita, cool and clear.

We turned the cattle loose to go down the hill  
They waded in the river and drank their fill.  
We laid down in the shade of the cottonwood trees  
To rest up in the cool, damp breeze.

Here was plenty of feed for horses and cattle  
We had won the tough hard battle.  
The cowboys never a complaining word  
They knew the goal was to move this herd.

We all worked hard to complete this drive.

For now, all the cattle would survive.

They will be returned to the U.S., we know not when

But for now, rest and feed for horses, cattle and men.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ranching was about normal (whatever that is) until the Depression hit, said Rex. Just before the crash, Davis and Rex bought 600 yearling Mexican steers. They borrowed the money from the bank and paid \$30 a head. The first year, there was absolutely NO demand for Mexican steers. The second year, Davis begged a buyer to take them off their hands for \$20 a head. The loan's 8 percent interest was eating them up.

After they sold the steers, Davis and Rex ran cows and calves again until 1932 when Davis decided to sell the ranch to Dan Taylor. Davis still had some cattle in Mexico, so he built a small frame house at White Gate and lived there until 1935, when he moved into Douglas. Vane Lacey was his cowboy all the years he was in the cattle business. Franz Eicks also cowboied on and off for him until the early 1920s.

There were enough people living in and around Guadalupe Canyon to support a one-room school, where one teacher taught all eight grades. The school was originally located about a mile northwest of White Gate, but after it burned down in 1912 or '13, it was relocated in Guadalupe Canyon, about three-quarters of a mile south of Davis McDonald's ranch headquarters on the north side of the creek.

In September of 1923, the new schoolteacher, Mollic Lewis, came to Guadalupe Canyon via Hachita. She had friends living in Hachita who assured her that somebody from Guadalupe Canyon was bound to be at the dance at Cloverdale who would take her back to Guadalupe Canyon with them. Sure enough, Rex and his sisters were there.

A cement dance platform (dare we call it a pavilion?) had just been built at Cloverdale, so Rex and Mollie danced on it the evening they met. The last time he danced there was in 1988, at an old-time fiddlers' meet. For many years, the dance at Cloverdale as THE social event of the year.

Mollie had grown up at Hope, N.M. Her mother died when Mollie was quite young, so she raised her little brother, Russell. She graduated from the college at Silver City and had taught at some other schools in New Mexico.

Mollie boarded with the McDonalds, paying them \$30 each month out of her \$100-a-month salary. She was treated as one of the family and did a few chores about the house.

There were lots of country dances in those days, so Rex would load Mollie, his sisters and the cowboys into a Model T and away they would go. According to Rex, his Model T Ford had very poor brakes. The magneto lights were pretty fair when the engine was revved up, but if they slowed for a curve or a bump, the lights would get dim quickly.

At the end of Mollie's second term, Rex was delegated to take her to Silver City to visit her sister. But when they got to Lordsburg, there was a change in plans and they got married.

Rex and Mollie homesteaded the Spring of Contention in 1926. The spring is about a half mile east of Davis' headquarters. They lived there for





Mollie and Rex McDonald at Beaver Creek near Flagstaff when Rex was working with the U.S. Forest Service. (Photo courtesy Rex McDonald)

three years. In order to patent the 160 acres, they had to do \$750 worth of improvements, which included putting a fence between the homestead and the forest permit land.

When Davis sold out in 1932, Rex and Mollie left the ranch. Rex's first job was with the Forest Service, helping build the Geronimo Trail road. Rex started as a laborer, but quickly learned to use the power drill to make dynamite holes. The job started at the Arizona-New Mexico boundary and ended at the Forest Service boundary line in New Mexico and lasted about six months.

In 1933 and '34, Rex returned to Geronimo Trail with a few WPA workers for about three months. As foreman of the labor crew, Rex stayed with the men during the week, then went home to Douglas for weekends. They cleaned culverts, ditches, put up signs and so on. Then he helped build Reef Road in Carr Canyon in the Huachuca Mountains.

Late in 1934, Rex went to Imperial Valley, Calif., hunting for work. He landed a job with Reliance Truck Co., loading trucks and trailers with alfalfa hay. He and his partner were on the job 24 hours a day. They'd load a flat bed trailer with 120-pound bales of hay. One man would sleep while the other drove to various big dairies near Los Angeles. They would unload the hay and swap; the other man drove back while the first one slept.

They turned in 24-hour time slips. When an observant secretary commented to the boss that they surely had to take some time off to eat, the boss allowed them a half-hour off for eating. They were paid \$1.50 an hour for this job.

The worst job Rex ever had was with the same company in Phoenix, hauling steel and cement for Stewart Mountain Dam. Forty-nine thousand one-hundred pound sacks of cement were moved from box cars to trucks by hand in the miserable heat of a Phoenix summer. One railroad car of cement would fill two semi-trucks.

In 1935, Rex took a job with the Soil Conservation Service as a soil sampler. The most unusual incident on this job happened when they did a core drill in the lower San Simon watershed near Solomonville. One core showed pine wood at a depth of 40 feet. Rex thinks it must have been a pine tree washed down from the mountains in some ancient flood.

After these job experiences, Rex decided there had to be an easier way to make a living. So in 1942 he went to Northern Arizona College in Flagstaff to become a welding instructor.

After Rex completed the course, he and Mollie returned to Douglas where Rex taught WPA workers. When the state ran out of money, Rex returned to Phoenix and tried to enlist in the Air Force, but was turned down because of his age.

He did get a job with the Air Service Command at Williams Air Field for three years. He started as assistant shop foreman, then took supervisors training and wound up supervising welding, heat treating, plating and molding airplane parts for BT-11s, AT-6s, AT-17s, P-38s, B-17s, B-24s and B-25s. Not too shabby for a country boy with an eighth grade education, who started school on a burro and graduated from the school of hard knocks!



While he was working at Williams Field, 18 crashed P-38s came in reclamation at the same time. Rex and a technical sergeant got the idea to take the radio out from behind the pilot's seat and put in a jump seat so an instructor could ride with the student.

Since this was Rex's brainchild, a test pilot insisted on taking Rex for a ride. Rex was enjoying it until the acrobatics began. Rex blacked out. When he came to, the horizon was spinning out of control. Rex quickly discovered he didn't have the stomach for flying.

When they landed, Rex was so sick he couldn't even get out of the plane. He had lost his lunch all over the pilot's head, shirt, parachute and seat of the plane. The pilot was a good scout, however, and got a hearty laugh out of Rex's discomfort. But it took a while before Rex could appreciate the humor of the situation.

When the B-25s were moved to Douglas, Rex transferred with them, so he was able to live at home with Mollie and work out at the air base until the end of World War II.

In 1946, Rex opened a machine shop on Pan American Avenue. A couple of years later, the shop was moved into a building on 15th Street. Shortly after the move, Charlie Dunnagan became his partner.

Rex made a living there and always prided himself on getting along with his customers, mainly farmers and ranchers. He always had a lot of sympathy for their problems and put in lots of overtime to repair pumps and windmills. Of all people, he knew how critical it was to have water for livestock or a crop.

In 1968 he sold out to Charlie and took a job with Cochise Supplies from 1969 to 1971. The following year he retired, due to Mollie's failing health, and cared for her until she passed away in 1987. Their hobby was collecting Indian artifacts and purple glass or anything of a historical nature.

No doubt growing up in an area where history was still fresh helped form Rex's lifelong fascination with all things historical.

During his youth, on several occasions older men came to the ranch with first-hand information on various killings which had happened in the Guadalupe Canyon area.

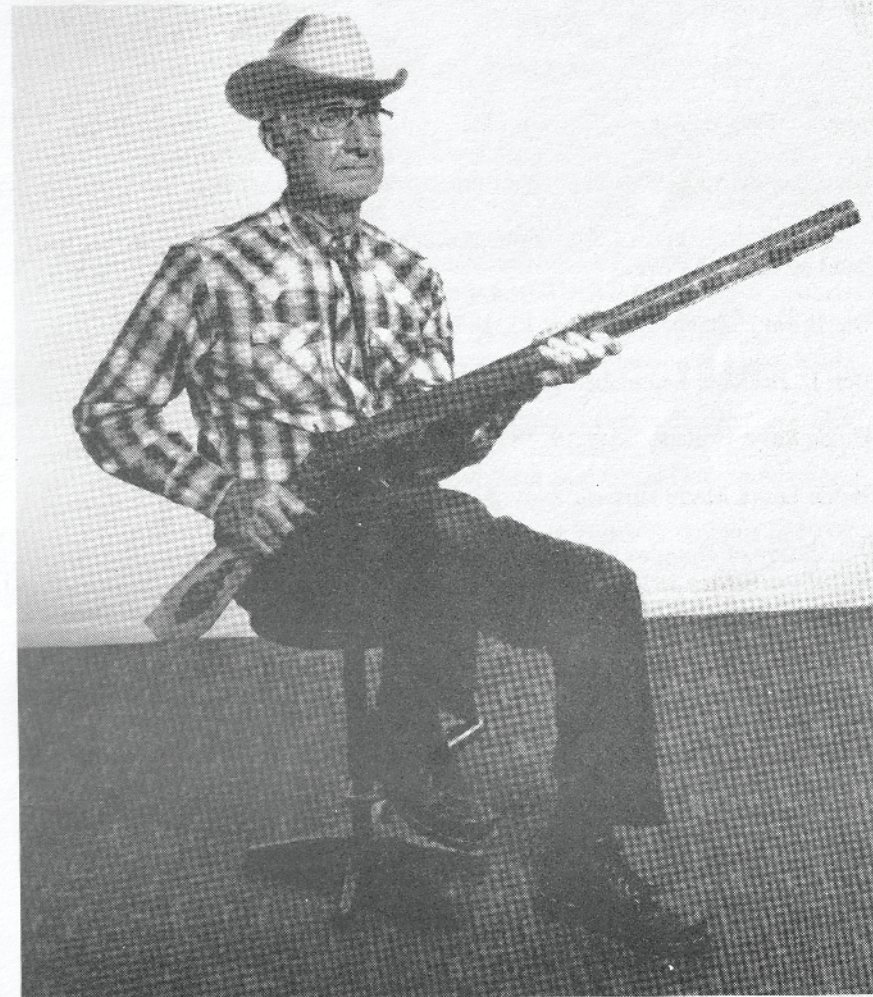
One incident concerned a man who said he had been sent from Tombstone by the undertaker to take Old Man Clanton's body back to Tombstone for a decent Christian burial. Clanton was gunned down in 1881 by some Mexican vaqueros, claiming a herd of cattle that Clanton and his partners had previously helped themselves to in Mexico, or so the story goes. The spot where the killing happened is about a quarter of a mile southeast of the present-day Hadley ranch headquarters. It was marked by four huge boulders, which have long since washed away in floods.

When he was about 17, Rex was given some directions by another elderly man to the place where Bunk Robinson was supposed to have been killed in 1887. Rex and Hiram Floyd located the spot and found an old rifle in a shallow cave where it had been somewhat protected from the elements. The stock had been patched with a piece of rawhide which rats had gnawed on. The ramrod was painted with a spiral of blood red paint, the way the Apaches painted their arrows in the belief that it made them fly truer. The ramrod tip was broken, but the brass lock mechanism still worked. Rex

assumed the Indian that killed Bunk Robinson left this gun in the cave and took a newer model off Robinson.

Rex certainly has lived a fascinating life in a fascinating era. He remembers when horses were the mode of transportation, when they gave way to automobiles and when air travel became commonplace. Rex has seen men walk on the moon and in outer space, things only remotely imagined in the early 1900s.

All his life Rex has been scrupulously honest and honorable in his dealings with other people. Truly, it can be said that the world is a better place because he was here. It has been a privilege to hear about his life.



Rex McDonald with old firearm he found at the site where it's believed Bunk Robinson was killed by Indians. (Photo courtesy Rex McDonald)



## FAMILY INFORMATION IN TWO BIBLES BELONGING TO CCHAS

CCHAS has in its possession two Bibles which contain familial information which deserves space in print. Combined with other sources, it gives a fairly full portrait.

The first Bible is a Red Letter edition copyrighted in 1901 by Louis Klopsch in New York City. The following is written on the inside of back page, all in the same hand:

[torn, corner of page missing] bag tilharer mig; [torn portion] Bjorn Holtane; fät din; November 15th 1878

Hulda Sofie Johnson Holtane; fät din; May 19th 1879

Ben Junijör; fät; September 15th 1913; Douglas Arizona

Helen Laura Marie; fät; November 5th 1916; Douglas Arizona

The family register page contains the following information in the same hand as the back cover:

Ole Björn Holtane; November 15, 1878; i Narge

Ben Jr. Holtane; September 15, 1913

Hulda Sofie Holtane; May 19, 1879; ind Sverie

Helen Laura Marie Holtane; Nov. 5 1916

Study of Douglas city directories shows the Holtanes arrived in town sometime before 1912. That directory lists Ben, Gus, Ole, John, Alice and Albert Holtane. All were employed at the Copper Queen smelter, except Alice, who was a nurse at the Calumet & Arizona hospital. Most of them lived at 1739 D Ave.

In 1912, only Ben and wife, Hulda, were still at that address along with Ole, a CQ furnaceman, and Mrs. Kirsten Holtane. George and Theo Holtane, both CQ employees, also lived in Douglas but no address is given. Albert and Gus have wives, Barghild and Petra, and live at other addresses.

By the time the 1915-16 directory came out, Ben had become a foreman at the Copper Queen, where Albert also worked. George was now a helper for the Douglas Traction & Light Co., while Gus and Theo worked for the C&A as a furnaceman and machinist. They all lived on 17th Street within a block of the 1739 D Ave. address where Ben and Hulda still lived.

Mrs. Kirsten Holtane lived at 731 17th Street with George and Theo but Douglas Cemetery records show she was buried there on Aug. 8, 1916.

Ben and Hulda moved into the 731 house by 1917. The other Holtanes exchanged houses but all, except George, continued working at the CQ or C&A smelters. George worked for Copper City Electric.

The effects of the slowdown of copper production after World War I



Holtane family members. (CCHAS photo)

show on the Holtane family in the 1918 directory. Only Albert, Ben, George and Gus are still listed. George is back with Douglas Traction & Light, while the other three support their wives with CQ jobs.

By 1920, Ben and Hulda are the only Holtanes listed in the directory. Ben remained with Phelps Dodge into the 1930s. Cemetery records list his burial on Sept. 16, 1934. The expenses may have been paid by the Oddfellows since he regularly paid his dues. (CCHAS has the receipts.)

Ben Jr., listed as living at 1334 12th St. with Hulda S. Holtane in 1938, gave machinist at the Copper Queen as his occupation. His mother is listed as the only occupant of the house through the World War II years. By 1950, Ben Holtane is again a machinist at the PD smelter. The Holtane material was donated to CCHAS by the Holtane estate in 1983.

While a direct link exists between a Douglas resident and the Holtane Bible, that does not hold true for the second Bible. This Bible, published in 1854 in Cincinnati, was donated in 1984 by Mrs. R. G. Donatelli, of San Jose, Calif.

Mrs. Donatelli was Mary Ann Stacy. The Bible was accompanied by a number of items used by the Thirteen Club. This was a group of 13 early-day Douglas bachelors, who remained club members until they married.

Albert Wallace Stacy graduated from the University of Minnesota with a law degree. He came to Douglas in 1902 to establish and manage Bassett Lumber Co. He served on the Douglas school board for more than 20 years. He was buried in Douglas cemetery on June 10, 1943.

He had ceased being a member of the Thirteen Club in 1919 when he married Alta Ann Smith. They had two daughters, Mary Ann and Betty Lou.

Which side of the family the Bible comes from is uncertain for all the names listed in it are Scotts, but it's most likely Alta Ann's side. The births page lists:



Mary Scott, daughter of Benjamin Scott and Elizabeth Thompson, his wife, was born December the 4 1809

James Thompson Scott was born June 10th AD 1811

William Thompson Scott was born June the 10th AD 1813

David Scott was born March 16th 1815

Nancy Scott was born January 3 1817

Elizabeth Scott was born December 12 • 1818

Martha Scott was born September 20 • 1820

Sarah Jane Scott was born July 14 • 1829

Benjamin Scott was born February the 8 • 1826

All of the above is in the same writing. On the margin printed in pencil is the notation: My grandmother was called Sally Ann.

The marriages page lists:

Married November 20th 1828 Daniel Davis to Mary Scott

Married March the 14 1838 [the 8 is not certain because of an ink blot] James H. Sandison to Elizabeth Scott

Married August the 14th 1840 Preston Stevenson to Sarah Ann Scott

Married May the 14th 1843 David Scott to Rebecca Fitzgerald

[In a different hand from above] Married July 8th 1851 Benjamin Scott to Mary Doyle

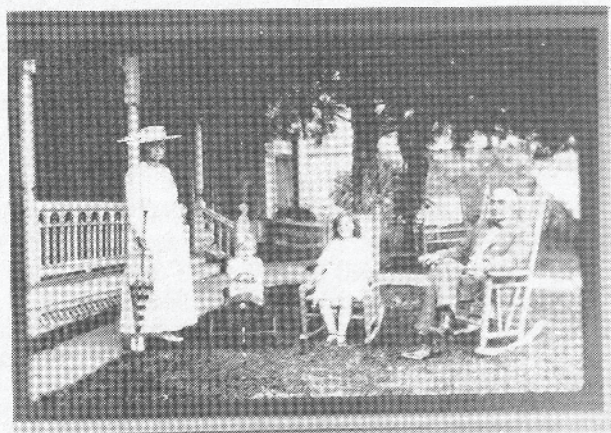
The following material is on the deaths page:

James Scott departed this life July the 20th 1812

Nancy Scott departed this life September the 10th 1825

Martha Scott departed this

The last item stops abruptly where indicated. It is in a different hand from



Alta Ann and Albert W. Stacy and their two daughters.  
(CCHAS photo)

the following material:

Sarah (Scott) Stevenson departed this life Feb 24th 1889 at 8 o'clock PM  
Elizabeth (Scott)

The next item is in the same hand as the last marriage item.

Benjamin Scott departed this life December 20th 1851 at 6 o'clock AM

The next two items are also written in different hands:

Benjamin Scott departed this life January 2th 1853 at 3 o'clock AM

William Scott departed this life the 31st of October 1853 at ten o'clock PM

In the margin written in pencil in a different hand are these two items:

David Scott departed this life I think 1879

Mary (Scott) Davis departed this life 1886

On the top of the next page are these ink-written items:

Elizabeth Scott died May 28 1896

Elizabeth Scott Thomas Holmes aged 77 years Buried Decoration Day May 30  
1896



# Letters

## Editorial Committee:

The Autumn, 1993 Quarterly certainly brought back memories of events in my elementary and high school days when Camp Harry J. Jones was an active military establishment.

When the seasonal wood gathering of the Mexican mesquite grubbers was over, they no longer felt it necessary to care for their burros, which were used in transporting the fuel to their homes. So they would turn them loose to fend for themselves by roaming the streets and alleys of Douglas. We boys would catch them for riding purposes.

There was a problem, however, providing feed for the half-starved animals. By accident we discovered the ostlers at Camp Harry J. Jones could be most accommodating and would give us all the loose hay from the mangers we could cram into gunny sacks and haul away on our bicycles. They also gave us bits, bridles, curry combs and brushes to properly care for our charges.

Unfortunately, about the time we thought new ownership had been established, the Mexicans would reclaim them. We were no match for the hombres who claimed their prior ownership.

Douglas High School during my years of attendance featured a rifle team. For ROTC training, the high school had an arsenal of Springfield .30-06 rifles, which had been in storage since World War I. Through the efforts of Ray Laux, who became our sponsor, arrangements were made with the commandant at Camp Jones for us to be trained in marksmanship by the non-

commissioned officers of the post.

The only thing we furnished were the rifles from the arsenal and our time. The Army not only furnished the instructors but their rifle range and all the ammunition we could shoot. On Saturdays, hundreds of rounds were fired in target practice.

There were three levels of proficiency: marksman, sharpshooter and expert rifleman. For each achievement in difficulty, we were given regular army decorations to wear on our shooting jackets.

Those who acquired the ratings of sharpshooter and expert rifleman had expense-paid trips each year to Camp Perry, Ohio, to participate in the national rifle matches. The best rifle shots on our team were the late Edward Huxtable, Lynn Palmer and Robert Johnston. William Glenn was also a member of the Perry team. Edward Huxtable became the top marksman at the U.S. Naval Academy in Annapolis, Md., for the four years of his attendance at the institution.

Polo was played almost weekly at Camp Jones. Broken polo mallets were generally cast to the exterior of the playing field. Many polo balls were lost in the creosote bushes. We found many balls and retrieved the mallets for our own form of polo. The broken mallet handles were replaced with broom sticks. Our polo games were played on our bicycles, usually damaging many of the spokes.

Prior to the advent of radio, we built wireless receivers and transmitters. Our receivers were crystal sets and the transmitters were made from high voltage Ford spark coils powered with an eight-volt toy transformer. Signals could be sent approximately 25 miles.

Camp Jones had a powerful wireless station which was used to communicate with other military establishments across the United States and Europe. Our transmissions interfered with their reception and furthermore we were not licensed to transmit signals. The technicians at Camp Jones sent a monitoring truck with a detection device out to patrol the streets and locate the interference. Our transmitter was easily located and an officer came to the house to relate the penalties we might suffer by the law if we didn't cease operations. No further warning was necessary.

In the late 1920s, the U.S. Army established the Citizens Military Training Camps (CMTTC) which trained youth for the Reserve Officers Corps. In our region there were four camps involved, Fort Bliss in Texas, Camp Jones, Camp Stephen D. Little at Nogales and Fort Huachuca. Fort Bliss and Camp Little trained whites and the other two establishments trained blacks. Many of us in Douglas attended six-week sessions at Camp Little.

Four summers of intensive training were required to qualify for Officers Reserve. An enlistee after one year in the infantry could then select further infantry training, join the cavalry or field artillery.

My second year I opted for the field artillery. We had experience firing 75mm cannons at targets unseen by the gun crews.

My position was number three man on the caisson wagon. I set the fuse timing on cannon shells, which caused them to fragment at a specified time as determined by the triangulation and observation officer who was located at an observation post unseen by the gunners.

Instructions for elevation and fuse cutting were sent to the gun

crew by phone. Number two man rammed the preset shell into the breech of the gun and number one man pulled the lanyard to fire the gun.

Camp Little was much like Camp Harry J. Jones. The officers quarters and mess halls were frame structures covered with tar paper. We were quartered in large tents on wood platforms.

Our uniforms consisted of khaki shirts, khaki pants which laced below the knees, woolen leggings, brown socks and government issue brown high top shoes plus a campaign hat. Officers could readily be identified in the distance by their brown leather putties or riding boots.

The second lieutenants were generally arrogant and liked to flaunt their authority, which made them greatly disliked by the corps whereas the higher the rank the more genial the officer became.

I did not finish the full training program; however, my friends Edward Fish and Kenneth Adamson did. Ed became a captain during World War II and Kenneth became a colonel and is presently living (retired) in Phoenix. These two, to my knowledge, were the only ones from Douglas who realized the benefits of their intensive training.

I well remember the army parades down 10th Street and G Avenue. Nearly everyone in Douglas turned out to see them.

**Charles B. Fleming  
Mesa**

P.S. Instructors for woodwind instruments were scarce in Douglas. I took clarinet lessons from a sergeant at Camp Harry J. Jones. At Saturday band practice he permitted me to play second clarinet with the military band, which was a most interesting experience.