

The Cochise Quarterly



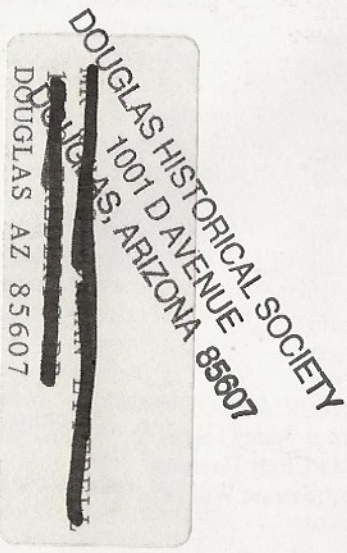
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About the Cover: In 1921, Dick Shaw leaned against Egg Rock in Cochise Stronghold. His family had recently purchased property there. Shaw's "Stronghold Memories" in this issue are part of the reason CCHAS honored him as a Guardian of Cochise County History in 1991. (This photo and all others in this issue, courtesy of Dick Shaw.)

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STRONGHOLD MEMORIES

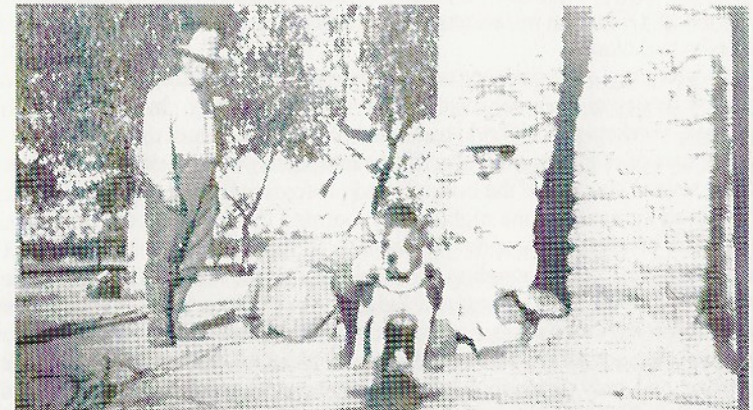
by Richard Shaw

In early February of 1916, my mother and I got off the train at Cochise. Philip Rockfellow met us with a wagon for the 16-mile drive to the Stronghold, where we rented a cabin from his family. My father was teaching at the University of Illinois at Urbana, but because of my severe asthma, Mother and I were trying Arizona. I was 11 years old.

We got to the Stronghold about sunset and stayed with the Rockfellows that night. The next day we settled in to a three-room adobe about a quarter mile up canyon from where the Charles Prudes now live. There was a ranger station about 200 yards west of us. The Buckleys were starting a peach orchard a short ways east of us. The Rockfellows a mile up canyon, and the Wahns, an elderly couple that we seldom saw, completed the community.

A Mrs. Pounds, a widow twice, had five or six children. All lived in a small (10 x 10) adobe building the Prudes now use for a wash house. Mrs. Pounds was "proving up" on a homestead. The required house was a three-sided frame building, 1 x 12s stood on end with a girt at top and bottom and sheetmetal roof. It was just too cold to live in. Mrs. Pounds' first husband, named Mulkey, had been a deputy but got killed in a gunfight, leaving her with three or four children. Then she married Jack Busenbark and had some more children; one, Jack Jr., is our deputy now.

Mother set up some kind of an education schedule but I don't think it amounted to much. There was a nice flow of water in the creek. I made several experiments in hydrology — sand dams, rock spillways and I noticed that a fair flow would sink into the sand very quickly. One day I went in a wagon with the Mulkey-Pounds kids three miles to the Stronghold School on the mailbox corner. I sat with the 4th grade. I am afraid that a new kid from as far away as Illinois, and one whose father was a university professor, was enough distraction that no one learned much that



In 1916, Mr. and Mrs. John Rockfellow and their dog, Snip, hosted Charlotte Shaw and her son, Richard, in the Dragoon Mountains' East Stronghold Canyon. Rockfellow settled in the area in 1883.

day. Our ride home didn't show up so we walked home. Mother said no more; I went back to my private school with one pupil. Since Mother did not care one way or another and sunshine was good for me, I climbed trees and rocks and hiked around. I got into one gorge and had to walk all the way through it to get out.

One day the Rockfellows took us to Pearce in their surrey wagon to shop at the Renaud Store. The mine was pouring off some silver, and we climbed the hill to see the action. The silver was being melted and fluxed in a tipping, oil-fired furnace. The ingots were big, 125 pounds, I think. There was quite a pile of shiny bricks of silver. I got some of the glassy green slag for a souvenir.

After we had been in the Stronghold a month, Pancho Villa raided Columbus, N.M., and Dad wrote to get out of Arizona. No amount of reassurance would work and for once he made his orders stick. Late in March we took the long ride back to Cochise to get the train for California where Mother had a cousin.

Four years later, in January of 1920, my asthma was bad again and Mother and I came back to Arizona.

At El Paso, we ran into a snow storm. I risked asthma to walk my dog, Bo. This train apparently did not have a schedule. I asked the porter and found it was a combination freight and passenger, that would arrive in Douglas, where we could get breakfast, and then the train went on to Tucson as a passenger train. He said they left the pullman out in the desert while they switched freight cars.

We got to Douglas, took care of breakfast and Bo, and off to Fairbank. There we changed to a combination car — baggage, smoker and chair car. While they were handling mail, express and baggage I had Bo out. The baggage man said never mind putting him back and I could ride with Bo. So I arrived in Tombstone in a baggage compartment of a one-car train. There was a crowd at the station and several passengers got off.

The Rockfellows met us and took us to Miss (I think) Sally Robin's rooming house as their cabin would not be ready for several days. Mr. R. had been using it for an office and his papers had to be put away. Aunt Sally's (to everyone) house was on the southwest corner of Fremont and Sixth; most of it is still standing. We were to eat at a Chinese restaurant at Allen and Third. Bo was unexpected, but Aunt Sally said okay.

There was a trial of importance coming up in Cochise County. A Mr. Wootan, a hardware dealer in Bisbee, was charged with kidnapping. In July of 1917 the International Workers of the World had struck the Bisbee mines. After a while the mines got tired of it and told the sheriff to clean them out. Sheriff Harry Wheeler deputized several hundred of the business and professional men of Bisbee and they rounded up all the strikers one night. That morning those that would not promise to go to work at company wages were sent by freight train to Columbus, N.M. It was a rather highhanded proceeding. Now this was a test case of its legality. Judge Lockwood had disqualified himself and Judge Pattee of Tucson was to try the case. He had a room at Aunt Sally's. I was cautioned not to ask him about the case.

I entered high school the next Monday. Since I had taken French at Urbana and Tombstone had only Spanish I had only three subjects, English, algebra and something else. No study was required. There were four teachers. Mr. Telford was principal.

About the first thing we heard was work was to start on the Charleston Dam that summer. One Saturday Mother fixed me a lunch and I started on my bike to see the dam site. The trip down was not too hard, just one hill, out of Tombstone Gulch. I walked down the railroad through the narrows. I could see the problem

of relocating the track. I also walked around old Charleston. There was quite a bit still standing. Then I started home just after lunch. Then I realized bikes weren't for Tombstone. I had to walk and push it most of the way, nine miles.

Mother got acquainted with a Mrs. Preston who had a place near the high school. She raised rabbits and wanted to take a trip. So I was to care for the rabbits and sell the increase dressed out. It was about the first time I ever killed anything. I managed, however, with my first order for six fryers. I never did like to kill them. I suppose I about broke even.

One weekend Mr. Cosulich said he was tired of Tombstone restaurants and if Mother let him he would cook an Italian dinner for himself, his wife, Mr. Tracy, and Mother and me. She said okay and he showed up with three or four pounds of dry spaghetti, meat, onions and other items. We had to borrow the Rockfellows' turkey pan. I thought there would be enough to ask the 10th Cavalry over from Fort Huachuca, but Mr. Cosulich and his wife ate over half of it. The reporters took turns telling about embarrassing things that happened to them, usually because they did not check the facts for their stories.

The Wootan trial finally got a jury. Because of the interest in the case, the United Press and Associated Press each had reporters, Mr. Tracy and Mr. Cosulich. They had nothing much to report until some young fellows got into the courthouse and nailed a red flag to the wooden flagpole. They were caught and admonished by Judge Pattee. When there was a special ruling to be made the school excused those of us who were interested to attend court. I remember two rulings, one upheld the right of necessity, the other the right of the mayor to defend a community even though his information was in error as long as he believed the danger was real. And there went the prosecution's case.

In the end the case went to the jury. The jury had one last meal on the county and said "not guilty." So that was that.

Towards the end of the year we had a picnic out at Escapule's Ranch under the Sheep's Head. I did not understand that we were supposed to pair off and I was with a girl named Jean. She was unhappy when she could not follow me up a cliff and I called down, "Wait for me, I'll be back," and I went my way until about time to go back to town.

I was not included in the negotiations to buy the Stronghold but I knew something was afoot. The Rockfellows wanted to sell us some land so they could buy a forest permit and some cattle for their son Phillip. Mother persuaded Dad to go along with the idea. "For Richard's health, he is so much better in Arizona," she said.

School ended and I came over to the Stronghold; Mother stayed in Tombstone for a few days. Phil and his sister Henrietta were there. They had a shower that was a canvas around a frame, no top, and garden hose lying in the sun. Phil noticed Henri go into the shower. He immediately suggested I climb the windmill to oil the gears. Henri never noticed I was up there. I think Phil was disappointed I oiled the gears and bearings, and made no other comment.

The Rockfellows moved to the cabin Mother and I had occupied in 1916. They got two Mexican men and built a four-room adobe addition to the cabin. The Mexicans camped where the Pounds lived in 1916. One evening after work, one of them asked Phil for some rat poison. Phil poisoned half an apple. The man started for his camp and ate the wrong half of the apple. He ran back to Phil and Henri. One called Dr. Ellis on the one-wire line and that night it worked all the

way to Cochise. The telephoned treatment worked and the man was back at work the next day. After they got their house finished, Mr. and Mrs. Rockfellow moved over from Tombstone.

The forest ranger and his wife lived a couple of hundred yards west of the Rockfellows. They were Mr. and Mrs. Neil Erickson. He had been a soldier at Ft. Bowie and had homesteaded what is now Chiricahua National Monument. He did not talk about Indians very much.

The H.M. Smiths lived on the west side of the canyon. They had a few acres of orchards and one daughter about six, Lora. I don't think there was a peach crop that year and the Smiths were hard up. They were very friendly and Mrs. Smith was supposed to teach me to milk after we bought a "pretty little cow that did not give too much milk" — Mother's specifications.

Hazel was a pretty, gentle little cow that gave about four gallons a day of very rich milk. Half was given to the calf, a future meat supply, and we kept half. Mother set it aside in a cool place and in 12 hours she would skim the cream in cakes like hotcakes. When she had a gallon, one of us would churn it into butter which was used as shortening.

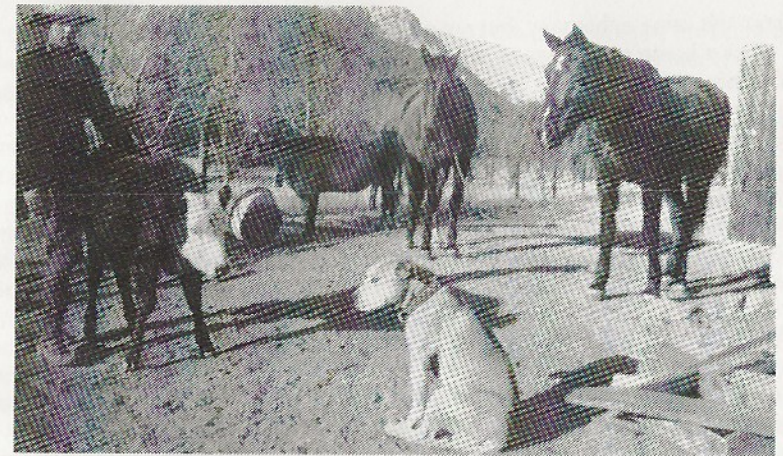
There was also the H.S. Buckley family, Mr. and Mrs. and two girls. They had a large orchard, 25-30 acres, across the saddle from the Rockfellows. They also had a place with two orchards south of our place. They homesteaded there in 1907 or 1908 and the U.S. Forest Service tried to get their entry canceled. They finally appealed to President Theodore Roosevelt and he ruled for them, and noted they were entitled to an additional 70 acres. So they took the lower place and moved down there. Most of the canyon travel went through their place as the present road had not been blasted out of the two hills but followed the creek bed and was very stony.



A century plant attracted interest at the Buckley homestead and orchard in East Stronghold.

We were quite dependent on the rest of the canyon for transportation until Mother bought two mares, Sally and Bess. They were broken to both ride and pull. We got a buggy, a wagon, a plow, a cultivator and a planter. That might seem like a lot but many homesteaders in the valley were giving up and selling out at auction and one with ready cash got his pick. Grandfather Joy came out to stay the winter.

There was a telephone association with a single line from Cochise to Pearce. All phones rang when you turned a hand generator. It cost \$25 to hook on, then it was free. The knowledgeable men of the community maintained it as a public service. We did not hook on right away but we did put in a two-phone line to



Richard Shaw assembled the milk cow, Hazel, and her calf, the dual purpose mares, Sally and Bessie, and his dog, Bo, for a photograph.

Rockfellows. Dad and I strung a wire through insulators hung from trees with an anchor every 100-200 yards. I could climb most anything.

One afternoon we were about half way and a thunderstorm came up, so we stopped work and I went home while Dad walked down to see if the Rockfellows had been to the mailbox, where it still is. Just as I came into the yard a bolt of lightning hit a cottonwood about 50 feet from me. The tree later died.

School became an unconsidered problem. A high school had been started that year in Pearce. It had three teachers and about 35 students, all freshmen of course. I really did not care much what happened.

The final decision was I was to go to Willcox, room in a hotel over the Riggs Bank, and eat at a boarding house on North Haskell. I could come home Friday, if I could find a ride, and go back Sunday afternoon. I really had time on my hands. One Sunday in November, I got a ride to Dragoon, and I took my bicycle and got off at Golden Rule Mine. I rode to Willcox, really not such a long ride as the road followed the railroad across the dry lake. Probably I rode sixteen miles in about 2 to 2½ hours. At Christmas time Willcox was given up as not practical.

In January, 1921 I enrolled in Pearce High School. Since we had only horses and school busing had not been thought of, the plan was I would ride down Monday, Wednesday and Friday. The horses alternated but I didn't. I would leave the Stronghold about 7 a.m. and arrive in Pearce a few minutes before 9 a.m. and leave the horse in Gallagher's corral. Gallagher was the village blacksmith. His shop was northeast of Renaud's store.

After school I would go to the store for a few items, saddle up, books and groceries in saddle bags, and start home about 4:15 p.m., arriving a little before 6. The horse was much more willing going home. There were five gates to open.

I followed the present road to a half mile east of Willcox Road, then cut across two sections, and from what is now Treasure and Lansing, south a mile then across a section to Pearce. On the way home I would check the community mail boxes and make deliveries along the way. I came via Buckley's usually. The road was

about the same either way, but not so stony.

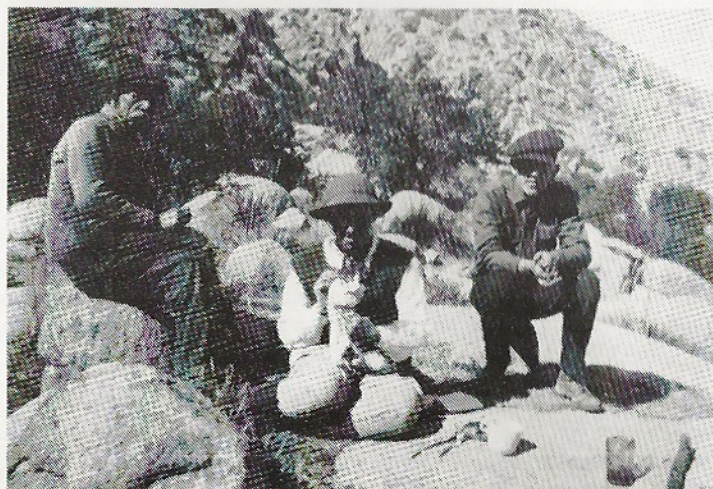
Once home and things in the house, I off-saddled, fed both horses, and went after the cow if she had not come home to fed and milked. The chickens had gone to roost and had to be locked in. Then the woodboxes had to be filled and that was all before supper.

We had no radio, only kerosene lamps and books to read or study. Since the next day would be free and studies only took a couple of hours, I cut wood, blasted out trees and made repairs.

Mother's father, Richard P. Joy, a retired farmer from Jacksonville, Ill., was there and superintended the place. One of the sources of wood, before the trees we cleared, were large oak stumps left by the woodcutters of 25 years before. These stumps had dried until they were almost as good as coal. We packed them in on the horses using a McClellan saddle. One problem was breaking up these old stumps to store size. I used wedges, sledge hammer and — most effective — dynamite.

Usually there were hollows where the powder could be easily placed in small charges so that the wood would not be scattered. In one particularly stubborn piece I placed two charges, lit both fuses and took cover. There was only one blast. It sometimes happened that the first to go off would take the second with it, so I went back, after due time. The log was almost split but not scattered around so I swung an axe into the split. The log came apart and out fell the dynamite of the second charge.

Dad bought a stump puller, a winch powered by the team dragging a sweep. The Stronghold live oaks were too much for it. One time I put all the strain available and left the cable tight. I put the horses out to pasture where they could run. Then I dug a hole under the roots and put 25 sticks of 40 percent gelatine dynamite, tamped it in well and set it off. All went as planned. The tree came out,



Dick Shaw's grandfather, Richard P. Joy, helped Dick clear tree stumps and also went on picnics. With them is Charlotte Joy Shaw and her cat, Nuisance.

went up on the cable, followed an arc and turned the capstan over, breaking the sweep. The next time I had the team harnessed up, the stump puller went back to the yard and was abandoned.

There were one or two mishaps with powder. Once Grandpa suggested dynamite for killing gophers — like swatting flies with a 16-pound sledge hammer. This time the fuse lit without the "spit" so we kept trying to light it until the charge went off about a foot underground and three feet away. I turned a backward somersault and landed 10 or 15 feet away. Neither of us was hurt. Another time we blew a piece of wood through the kitchen window and showered glass all over. Luckily Mother was outside. But a lot of sugar, flour, bread dough, etc. had to be thrown out.

Finally school let out and Dad came out from Urbana. We had several projects for the summer. Number one was grafting most of the native walnuts to English walnuts. This was Dad's project, I just sawed the limbs off and cleared the ground around the mature trees. We sort of started a tradition by inviting many of the ranchers to a picnic in our yard. It was not on July 4th because there was to be a celebration in Ash Creek west of Hooker Ranch, about 30 miles north of Willcox. In due time Dad had to go back to his paycheck.

I was sent to Pearce where Mother rented a two-room shack for me to sleep in and I ate in the restaurant. The restaurant was run by a Japanese who was subsidized by Mr. A. Y. Smith, the owner or lessor of the Commonwealth Mine.

Starting at Renaud's General Store, going south, came Taylor and Wilson General Store, and a community room, where the ranch wives and children could stay while their men bought supplies, had repairs made or dickered. Beyond that was a sweet shop, then the restaurant, then a hotel. I'm not sure just where the post office was, maybe across the street. About a half mile north on the east side of the road was the powder magazine. About a block east of Renaud's Store was a large hall where dances were held. Each night for one week in the winter a Chatauqua was held. This was a traveling group of entertainers. The railroad depot with a full-time agent was about a quarter mile east. There was a spur track that went up on "the hill" with one switch back and a spur track to spot cars for "tailings." Mexicans contracted to load these by hand into gondola cars, at so much a ton.

At the south end of Pearce was the mine office and assay office. Jim Eisenhart, a high school student, was assayer and competent for the simple ores of Pearce. West of the office, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bryant lived with their two daughters. Bryant was bookkeeper for the mine. Another mine official lived next door and farther west the A. Y. Smiths lived. Their house is still standing, now owned by Mrs. Jack Giles. They had one son, Lewis A., who was away at Stanford University. North of Smiths was a four-room yellow brick school with a one-room annex across the baseball-athletic field.

West of this the Fleethams lived. Mr. Fleetham was engineer on "the hill." He had a one-cylinder, four-cycle Snow diesel that burned very heavy fuel oil and ran at 120 r.p.m. so it exhausted every second. They had three sons, George, Tom, who was my age, and Fred, still in grade school. Tom turned out to be my friend.

One afternoon the fire whistle blew and school let out to see the excitement. The fire was next door to my "casa," a Mexican family's home. All the boys ran over and I got on my roof with a garden hose and kept the roof cool and the other boys kept the wall cool. They had to improvise shields against the heat; I could stay behind the ridgepole. Although the fire was soon out I don't remember going back to school that day. The burned-out family soon found an empty house, but

since they had lost nearly everything, donations of food, dishes, utensils, bedding, furniture and clothes appeared rather miraculously and by supper time they were about as well off as before. I think it turned out to be the best kind of insurance.

I spent most of the four evenings at Fleethams studying. I don't have any idea what the courses were, though somewhere I acquired eight units. Urbana, Tombstone, Willcox and now Pearce.

* * * * *

In mid-October the miracle happened. Mother bought a Model T Ford. On a Saturday afternoon Phil Rockfellow drove it into our yard and said, "Here it is, you drive it." That was my first driving lesson. He went off with his sister, Henrietta. I had dry run a lot of trips while waiting in various cars and Dad sent us a complete automotive instruction book. So I had to convert theoretical knowledge. Mother and Grandpa Joy agreed I should drive to Pearce alone, stay there and get some instruction from Tom Fleetham after school. I was to move back to the ranch Friday.

All went okay to Pearce and I got a little practice after school and one or two night lessons, so the next week I drove to Pearce and back every day. Then I started picking up Ted Metler, the forest ranger's boy, and Bea and Goldie Kegans who lived about five miles from Pearce. They lived a mile north of the Pearce road (now Ironwood) and a mile west of Hwy. 81 (now 191). They were supposed to walk to Ironwood in good weather only I could not see any reason to make them walk so I went by their house rain or shine. Ted and I sat in front and Bea and Goldie in back.

Pearce High was able to field a baseball team, but I could not play because of near sightedness. I could drive some of the team to the games. The school had a little money for gas. One Friday we went to Bisbee to play. On the way back to Pearce I outran the principal, Mr. Carothers, and a third car by 30 or 40 minutes.

About the end of school, there was a picnic in the Stronghold. I went to Pearce empty that morning and brought four or five kids back. After the picnic ran out of cake and Cokes, I found five girls waiting to ride back with me. So I started off. All went okay until we got out in the valley when a red ant bit me on the bottom. That was not a time for modesty. I stopped with tires sliding, climbed over the side (no door on the driver's side of a Model T), scooted around back and got my pants loose enough to squish the ant. The rest of the ride was rather painful.

About a month after we got the car, Grandpa Joy and I went to Carr Canyon in the Huachucas to get some grafted English walnuts from a Mr. Biedermann. He had developed a grafting technique that was very successful. We found the trees grew among big rocks so all we got was bare root stock — many of them died. We went via Pearce, Courtland, Gleason and Tombstone, all active towns. Then across San Pedro at Charleston, only ruins then. The round trip and all the digging was a long day. I know it was fully dark before we got to Tombstone, where we got supper. I drove all the way as Grandpa had not learned to judge the road too well.

Dad came in June, 1922 and we settled in for hot weather. The living room of the house had adobe walls and a cloth ceiling and shingle roof. The breezeway to the kitchen was fairly cool. We could get ice in 100-pound blocks once a week at the mailbox corner. I could get the block in and out of the Model T. We had a large box about the size of a coffin with sheet metal lining and two inches of sawdust for insulation. We put the big block of ice in the chest and covered it with



James B. Shaw, Dick's father, was at home grafting walnut trees in the Stronghold, and as a professor of math at the University of Illinois for 23 years.

a blanket and a wooden lid. Usually we went to Willcox once a week and could get another 100 pounds if needed. As soon as Dad arrived, Granddad started to build a bedroom wing out of stone. I think Grandpa and I moved to the saddle house, a storage building.

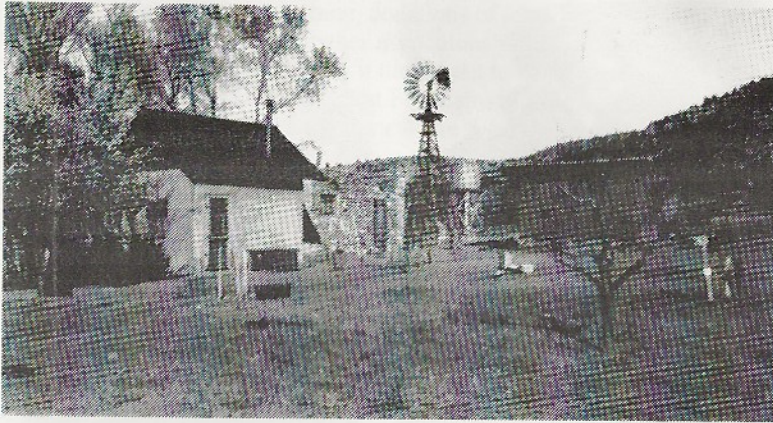
Anyway, some living arrangements were made and the board-batten bedroom section was easily demolished. The boards were saved and used to make an inside form. To this form Granddad nailed vertical 2 x 8s for corners and window and door casings. This was after we had formed and poured the footings.

We hauled sand with our team and wagon using 2 x 4s for a bed and dumping the sand by pulling the wagon onto the pile, then lifting a side board and turning the 2 x 4s on edge. We selected a hard blue stone, probably a diabase, with two parallel faces and not too big, 10 to 50 pounds. The team could pull about a 1,000 pound load. It sure took a lot of sand to lay that footing floor, corners and wall, besides the rock. Many of the rocks had scorpions under them so stings were common. They could sting through canvas backed gloves.

We mixed the cement by hand, 100 shovels of sand or maybe 120, then two sacks of cement into the mortar box, pull it through twice with a hoe, add 10-12 gallons of water, pull it through twice more, shovel it into a box from which Dad would keep Granddad supplied with mix and rock. I wonder now how I managed to keep up in the 95+ degree afternoons.

Eventually Granddad got the walls up, the forms out and he put the ceiling 4 x 4s across the 16-foot room, put new 1 x 12s on the 4 x 4s, and building paper. I hauled several loads of sand and shoveled it onto the ceiling for insulation. Then Granddad formed the rafters and put on a hip roof, with a gutter inside the walls, and canals or pipes through the walls. We built parapet walls higher than the hip. This was a mistake as the flashing never held and we had wet inside walls from then on.

Then we put in the inside walls, making four rooms and a hall, two 10 x 12 bedrooms, a 6 x 12 bath and a 6 x 9 storage room and 2 x 6 hall. There were two



The south side of the Shaw's Stronghold home, showing the stone bedroom addition.

steps down from the hall to the living room. There were several heads bumped on the door lintel.

It was decided I should go back to Illinois with Dad to make up lost high school and Grandmother Joy came out in late August. She was scared 1,440 minutes a day. Granddad went with her back to her Jacksonville home. That left Mother by herself in the canyon. I did not think much of the idea but knew I had missed a lot of school. There was no way I could find books in the Stronghold.

So about the first week of September, 1922, Dad and I started east. In Urbana, I quickly caught up.

As soon as I graduated that summer of 1923 and Dad gave and graded his last exams, we left for Arizona. By the time we got to Tucumcari or Santa Rosa, N.M. on the El Paso-Southwestern, we were back in good country that smelled of sage. Pretty soon I noticed that we were running slower. Questions brought an answer — the fireman was ill and could not shovel coal fast enough. I found the conductor and volunteered to help. He was at first speechless, then amused. We finally got over the Corona Summit about an hour late. The conductor assured us they would make that up on the long downgrade to El Paso where we were to change to an SP train. We arrived in Cochise about 9:30 p.m. Mother met us with the Model T.

I had spent hours drawing plans for a two-stall garage and shop to be made of stone as Granddad had done with the bedroom wing the summer before. I made up my material and hardware list and ordered from R.G. Lewis Company in Willcox. I was going to use as much of the saddle house as I could. The old job of hauling sand and rock was first. We had bought a barrel cement mixer so that was much easier as the sand and gravel only had to be shoveled once in, then poured into a wheelbarrow and dumped where it was to be used.

I dug a pit about 30" x 60" and 30" deep so we could get under cars for repairs. Then I put outside forms up all nice and plumb. Only on the west side was a foundation problem with a couple feet of fill, but I put a concrete wall along there with the form on top and a tamped clay fill to grade. I had to cut the east half down to grade.

After we (I had a helper whom I have forgotten — may have been Art

Halderman) got the floor poured I took down the old saddle house. I was very careful with this and pulled all the nails so as to not split the boards. Sometimes I pried the boards an eighth of an inch apart and cut the nails with a hacksaw blade.

Having the forms up and the corner forms in, the corners were poured. Then using the 2 x 8 corner forms for window and door casings we were ready to lay stone. That went quickly enough and the shell was up by Aug. 1. The roof was framed and put up. Stone was laid between the rafters on the front, metal flashing along the ends form braced to the unpapered deck and a coping laid on the end. The back side extended a foot out from the wall — the water drained off — no gutter. Then the roof paper was laid.

We never did hang front doors or put windows in. Our tools and supplies hung out on the wall and were never bothered. Once or twice someone must have made some kind of a repair as I would find a tool out of place or a strange part on the bench. It was not customary to lock the house and all we had were skeleton keys that were as ubiquitous as coins.

One day in August, Dad, Tom Fleetham and I went to Tucson to arrange for our entrance to the University of Arizona as freshmen. We must have stayed overnight as we left Tucson about noon. When we got to Benson there was a very black storm in Texas Canyon and Dragoon Pass, so since we had to take Tom to Pearce we went to Tombstone. At Tombstone we found Walnut Gulch was running about 18 inches deep. There were several cars on the east side waiting for the water to go down. Tom and I started looking for a crossing. I finally found one and by wading across and moving a rock or two it was passable, at least for a Model T. So I called to Tom to bring the car across.

In due time Dad went east. Mother took Tom and me to Tucson and left us. We had Room 103 in Cochise Hall. The head resident was a Latin professor. Registration was easy enough. Then the problems started. Chemistry was so easy I sold my book. It was just a rerun of Urbana High. Algebra was simple enough. Mechanical drawing was a loss; my coordination was too poor to turn out creditable plates. I also had French, to please Dad, but since I had no facility with language that was an F. English was a disaster.

In December, 1923 there was a big snow in southern Arizona. They had to bring some of the big plows from the Sacramento-Reno line to clear the railroad to El Paso. Tom and I rode the train to Cochise about 10 days after the storm. Mother was able to meet us but in the canyon the snow was still a foot or more deep. She had had to ride horseback for almost a week. If it had turned warm, the creek would have been high.

The spring of 1924 must have been very dull. That summer we added a dining room on the west side of the house, closing off the breezeway. I did not go back to school that fall. I think Dad was disappointed in my very poor showing. Anyway, he left Mother and me for the winter. Things went along until November when Mother decided to go east and leave me batch. I thought that a fine idea.

One afternoon I took her to Willcox to stay in the hotel and catch a 4 a.m. train for Chicago. I started home alone about 10 o'clock and had a flat tire just as I got to the entrance to the canyon. I said to hell with it and walked home. Just as I got home I remembered the radiator and the temperature was 20 degrees or below. Nothing to do but walk back.

The radiator had not started to freeze so I took my sheepskin coat off, hung it over the radiator, blocked three wheels, jacked up the fourth, took the tire off one bead, took the tube out, pumped it up, found the hole, patched it and found the nail by touch inside the tire. I got it out, put the tube back in, pumped it up and let the wheel down, all by moonlight. I took the blocks out and drove on home, it was about 1:30 a.m. by then.

I had my routine worked out: get up about 6:30 a.m., still dark, build a fire by lamplight, cook breakfast — eggs, steak, hotcakes and beans. I'd see that the pressure cooker had enough beans, etc. and water, bolt the lid on and set it over the fire. After I had eaten I fed the dog, an Airedale named Jim, fed and milked the cow, Hazel, put out feed for the mares, turned the chickens out and fed the calf. By then it would be sun up, 8:45 a.m. or thereabouts.

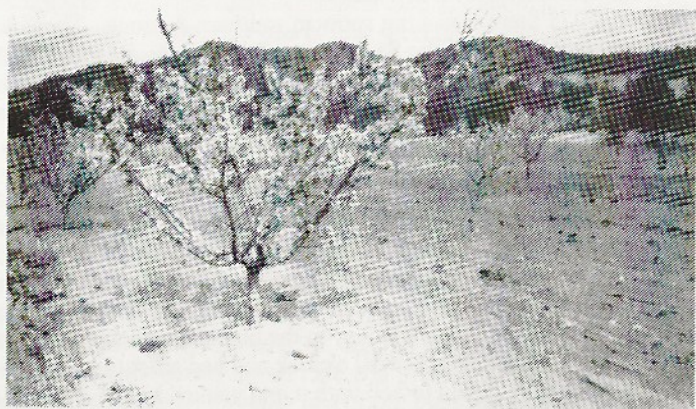
I still had land to clear and 400 peach trees would arrive in February. So I got the dynamite out of the adobe house. I stored it there so it would not freeze. I would go down to the edge of the clearing and shoot down a tree or two, then work the trunks and large branches into pieces the cut-off saw could handle. I piled the trimmings into big bonfires.

About the middle of December I had enough land cleared and a snow storm came along. So I lit all the trees using kerosene-soaked paper for kindling. Pretty soon the forest ranger came. "You were supposed to get permission to burn this brush."

"Oh yeah, how is it going to start a fire under all that snow?" I did not get arrested anyway. Then I plowed up the land I had just cleared. Of course, there were plenty of roots I had missed so the team got banged around some, but they did not get hurt.

Then I staked out the 400 holes and dug about 40 or 50 a day. By then I only had a week or two left and I was supposed to blast each one. I got four boxes of dynamite, 1,500 feet of fuse and loaded them all. My idea was I would light them in succession.

The afternoon came. I called the ranger and said there just might be some noise. I lit the corner fuse with my kerosene torch, then the next and down the first



Peach trees blossomed in the Shaw's newly-cleared orchard in 1927.

row. Before I got to the end they had started to fire. I looked back and each one only raised a little dust so I started back up the second row, which would put me just 18 feet from a shot.

Wouldn't you know that one bootlegged and I got peppered with falling pebbles. I had time enough to get my head under my body so all I really got were five or six black and blue bruises on my back. From then on each row was allowed to finish while I was under a tree but not one more shot bootlegged.

I'd go in for lunch — beans, steak or roast, vegetables and pudding. For supper, beans, meat, potatoes, gravy, canned fruit and cake. Since I had two gallons of rich milk, 10 to 15 eggs and two or three pounds of meat a day, I lived high. I would experiment with a cake after supper, say six to 10 eggs, three or four cups of flour, two cups sugar, shortening, baking powder, etc. I would eat a piece as a bedtime snack, and, if it was good, keep it until the next cake proved okay.

The meat problem was solved by a "meat club" — eight ranches got together and each killed a beef at two week intervals, so each got half a quarter. It came out 30 to 40 pounds. We would wrap the meat in the morning and unwrap it each evening in the coldest room available. Only once did I lose any. Just before Mother got back I was careless and flies got to it. I cut off the blown part and cooked all the rest the same night I found it. There were no ill effects.

I was alone for Christmas, 1924 but I got quite a few presents and over 10 pounds of chocolate cremes. They were gone by New Years. All in all I enjoyed having things to myself. I had several magazines, including the "Saturday Evening Post," a gift from cousin Harry Dunbaugh.

Mother came back in April and Dad stayed to teach summer school so he did not come until August. I hauled water to the new peach trees to tide them over the first dry season. I had a 50 gallon drum, a team wagon and a three gallon bucket. I could water about 20 trees per trip. Of course, the water ran slowly into and out of the drum, so I doubt if I made two trips an hour. It took about two days to make a round.

The well had no trouble supplying the extra 1,000 gallons in two days with the Sandwich engine, one cylinder, 700 pounds for three horsepower at 500 r.p.m. The igniter wore out so I wired a Model T coil to provide a low tension spark and took the battery out of the car to run the engine.

* * * * *

I started classes again at the U of A that fall. The first Saturday was a holiday so I went home to catch things up that I had not done. Sunday night Mother took me to Cochise to flag a train for Tucson. You were supposed to light a white lantern and a blue one. The blue one was out of oil, and the train did not stop. So we went back home and she was going to take me in early Monday.

Well, I had a good fever Monday morning, 102 or 103. I stayed in bed hoping it would go down, but it didn't so about 2 or 3 p.m. we started for the U of A hospital. I was too sick to drive. We got there about 5 or so, and I saw the University doctor, J.B. Van Horne. My temperature was 104.5 by then.

He asked if I had been in Douglas, where there had been some typhoid from a dairy. Well, yes, I had been to Douglas. So he put me to bed with typhoid. Only trouble is I woke up okay with a temperature of 94.6 and hungry as a bear in the spring. I got a good breakfast of fried eggs, bacon, buttered toast and jam. About 9 o'clock up came the bacon, eggs and toast. Lunch suffered the same fate as well as the next 10 meals. I lost 15 pounds in four days. I went to a Dr. Barnes who took one look and said "jaundice." His prescription was for Mother to rent a house

and feed me an absolutely grease-free diet. So she rented 1026 N. Cherry for a month. Then with some money from Grandpa's estate she bought 1726 E. 5th and we moved there, closing the ranch down.

The summer of 1927, we hired Fred Fleetham to help rebuild the center part of the Stronghold house, the Warren adobe and the Rockfellow porch and passage to the kitchen and our 1924 dining room. I had spent more time drawing plans that spring than I did studying. The demolition and construction went smoothly, no major problems.

We got turquoise for the fireplace at Courtland, free for culling it off the dump. But carrying it off the hill and hauling the rocks in the Model T was too much, so I only got one or two loads. It did pretty up the fireplace. However, even though I followed Miss Annie Rockfellow's specifications exactly, the fireplace smoked the turquoise. About that time we got Rock Gas and I piped the house for heat and lights.

In 1927 we felt rich enough to get a second car. We wrote the Apache Buick to tell us what they had. Instead their president, Mr. R.V. Carter, came up. We bought the car and started a friendship with his family.

In the spring of 1928, Tom Fleetham lost his job at Dos Cabezas and got one chauffeuring for a Mr. Slocumb of New Jersey. He was driving a new custom built Packard. Tom took me up to 120 mph on a demonstration. Then Slocumb disappeared with the Packard. For a month Tom lived with us and chauffeured Mother and me in our Buick.

Once he got stopped by a school crossing guard police officer. The officer was using very foul language while I, as a passenger, was taking down the names of all the good looking high school girls who gathered around. When he got the ticket ready I said, "Get in the back seat, you are under citizen's arrest for using filthy language in the presence of 15 minor girls." We never did get the ticket.

In the summer of 1928 Mr. Rockfellow asked me to handle his transit for some surveying in Willcox. I had no trouble except the corner of one lot was inside a house. Since the house was to be torn down and there was a window on line, I chopped a hole in the living room floor to drive the pin. On another lot a building was four inches over the line. The damaged party sold the four inches for a dollar, as duly noted in Mr. R's fieldbook. We used the S.P. railroad track for azimuth.

In 1929 Mother rented the ranch house to a Mrs. Harris and her two small children. In mid April Mrs. Harris arranged with Mother to visit the Stronghold on a Saturday. I came along to show her the way. After we got on Benson Road she asked me if I minded her driving fast. Since I had a reputation for reckless driving, why should I care? Soon she was going along 70-75 mph. Two or three times as a matter of information and not criticism I cautioned her about dips or sandy curves, and one railroad crossing.

We just got to the top of the hill west of Benson when the new Essex started somersaulting. Mrs. H and I flew out through the tipped-out cloth top. She came down in the desert, while I landed 10 to 15 feet off the ground in a mesquite tree. Her two children were laying on the floor in back of the front seat. They weren't hurt. Both Mrs. H and I were dead, or at least assumed so. Passersby got my body out of the tree; I was out cold. Mrs. H obviously had a broken neck, having struck on her head.

Someone went to Benson and got Dr. Yellot and his amateur nurse/office girl. Dr. Y thought I was dead and covered me up. At least I did not get cold in the sun.

After some time elapsed, a Mrs. Guy Emmons of Pearce came by and being an R.N., stopped. She identified the body and someone went to Benson to wire Mother in the Stronghold. Mr. Bock, agent at Cochise, changed the wire to "seriously hurt."

Anyway, Mrs. E and Dr. Y got into an argument, he pulling rank and she threatening to complain to the AMA and/or county attorney about negligence. In self defense, Dr. Y uncovered me and gave me a hypo of strychnine in the heart. In 15 minutes I was alive to the extent they had to hold me down, even though I was irrational.

So before Mother got to Benson they took me off to the Bisbee Hospital. Mother finally found me there. I seemed okay by Tuesday so Mother went back to the ranch and bought me a ticket to Tucson.

About 2 o'clock I "came to" or at least my memory woke up. I was sitting on a porch with a white banister, a brick wall behind me. In a town in a mountain canyon. After thinking it over I realized I was in Bisbee. Why? I did not know. It occurred to me to search my pockets. The first turned up \$5. How come? I had no money. The other held an S.P. ticket, Bisbee to Tucson, and the date April 16, 1929. How come? It was the 13th?

Just then a nurse came and said the taxi was there to take me to the station. I had a ticket and Tucson seemed like a good place to go. So I went by bus to Bisbee Junction, and then on to the Golden State Limited. By then I was self conscious about the stares I was getting. I felt my face and realized I needed a shave, also my face was very touchy. I found my arms and chest were scratched up. So when the conductor came for the ticket, I asked for the barber shop. He said "the lounge car farther back."

I went back and asked for a shave, cautioning the barber to go easy on my face. Finally his curiosity overcame his manners and he asked, "What happened?" Not wanting to admit ignorance of such a personal matter I invented a good story.

I had been flying for General Escobar's revolutionary army in Mexico, been shot down near the border and "I just ran north until I came to the line fence. I was not very careful to dodge mesquite bushes." Anyway, that satisfied him, but not me.

The next day, Thursday, I got up, dressed, had breakfast and went to calculus class. Professor Medcraft came in and wrote the usual Thursday quiz on the board. I raised my hand and said, "That is next week's quiz." Professor M said, "Dick, you are excused, go to the library and read last Sunday's paper." So I learned the whole story at last.

Dad made it for my graduation on June 5, 1929. Mother had a reception afterwards. The next day I took my chemistry diploma over to the square and showed it to the streetcar conductor and asked if I could ride. He said, "Sure, just like anybody else — if you have a nickel."

So much for five years of college.

After graduation we moved back to the Stronghold and I worked some more on the house and orchard. I think this was the year the red spiders spun cocoons over the almond trees and killed them. Otherwise we had lots of peaches which we picked and sold most of them. The loss of the almonds was not serious as they were a lot of work.

I made no effort to find a job as a chemist and when it came time for Dad to go

east, Mother went along. I had the place to myself and slack work time at that.

By then we had a three-dial Atwater-Kent radio powered by a 6-volt car battery. Number 10 gauge copper wire brought the current to the house from the plug in the car's cigarette lighter. On the very few times it ran the battery down, I could push the car to the top of the hill in the yard and start it in gear. I had two speakers, one in the living room with the set, the other in the kitchen. The fun of "fishing" for distant stations soon wore off. I just left it on KOA in Denver. I had gotten stations from New York City to Seattle.

Some time in early October our phone rang. It was Mr. Gregeroff of the Apache Powder Co. in St. David asking if I was interested in a job as a research chemist. He offered \$125 a month and I could live at the plant for \$40 a month, room and board. I said that sounded fine. He said I could start Nov. 1, and the work would be making experimental batches of gelatine dynamite.

I got the ranch ready to close up, made arrangements for the horses, cow, chicken and pets. I would come up Saturday afternoon and stay overnight.

I was in Willcox visiting in the Lewis Hardware Store on Oct. 29 when the stock market collapsed. Mr. Lewis had been operating on margin, and he was getting one wire after another for more money. He lost quite a sum of money, but did salvage part of his holdings.

On the 31st I showed up at the Apache and moved into a room. I found it more lonesome than the ranch as I did not gamble or chase Benson girls and did not have a radio. I had the Buick we had bought in 1927 and there was a sheet metal garage for it.

I did not realize how much colder Benson was than the ranch so I had not put antifreeze in the cooling system. I could have had all the glycol I wanted for free as the lab always had excess from samples. But I did not know this soon enough and about Nov. 10 a cold night hit and the engine froze and cracked the block. I think it went to 17 degrees that night. When I got the car the next Saturday there



Checking out the Shaw water supply were, left to right, Dick Shaw, Phil Rockfellow, Barrett and John.

it was. I took it to Fred Robert's Garage in Tucson by filling the radiator every few miles. I left it and got back to Benson by bus.

The work was simple enough at first. Mr. G. wanted the viscosity of glycol nitrocotton mixes using a Stormer viscosimeter, a polished drum turning in a cup and driven by a weight; you timed the r.p.m.

Then he wanted the rate of gelling on nitrocotton nitroglycerine. By that time I pretty much had the run of the plant, and Mr. G. gave me some formulas to make experimental batches from. After I had made about 25 pounds of each of two formulas I would carry it over to the powder line to a pack house where the operator would put it through the packer into the paper shells. Often he would say it is too hard, too dangerous to try, so I would take it back and hand pack a few sticks for testing. In the afternoon I would take 10 or 12 sticks of each batch over to the test grounds and get the ballistics on them.

The intent of the experimental batches was to find a fuel to replace wood pulp. There was quite a list of fillers: corn cobs, peanut hulls, pea or bean pods, etc. I wonder now why we never tried old newspapers. There were other tests such as gas analysis, heat of combustion and chemical analysis.

I decided to clean the lab up so I worked three nights a week running old samples, some a year or more old. The results were quite different from those in the record books. I found bottles of nitroglycerine eight years old.

One day the messenger carrying the nitro samples for stability tests set the two-ounce sample too close to the edge of the bench and it fell off. It fell very slowly, landed on its cap and fell over. My only reaction was "Don't do that again."

The chemists took care of the first aid. We had no training per se. There had been first aid instructions in the labs at Tucson, and we had taken care of ourselves on the ranch. There were several work mishaps I remember.

First was the Russian who broke a 2-inch glass pipe with 96 percent nitric acid. He soaked himself from the navel down. Then he changed his outer clothes and came to the lab. The acid in his underclothes had attached them to his skin and we could not get the acid out of his skin unless we peeled the skin off. So we soaked a sponge with bicarbonate, even getting all the soda the boarding house had, until an ambulance took him to Bisbee. They sent for his son who also worked at the Apache to get skin for grafting. They both survived.

I had a mishap when I poured nitrating acid in a hydrometer cylinder that had a drop of glycol in it. I mistook the drop for water and intended to rinse the cylinder about three times then get a gravity. It turned pink, then blew, spattering me with acid. Glasses are handy. I lost my shirt that time.

Another time while I was still in research, we got a call to help two men with ammonia poisoning. I got to the other lab just as they brought them down on stretchers. They were both alive. The Anglo man seemed in fair shape, several whiffs of chloroform eased the pain and his breathing. Soon he was able to sit up, which eased the congestion in his lungs.

The Mexican helper was different. He was going into shock and terrified he would die before the priest could give extreme unction. Nothing anyone could say could bring him around, though I did not think he would die if I could get his mind off that thought. So I went in the control lab and made a cocktail, lab alcohol 190 proof, cut three to one with water, a drop of pink food color, some lemon, and other flavors and ice cubes. I brought it out and offered it to him.

He asked, "Now, when will the priest come?"

"Soon, here, try this," and I put a drop on his lips. The crowd was watching the act. Another drop and a third. He sat up and reached for the beaker. I turned away and poured it on the ground saying, "You aren't very sick" and walked off.

The doctor came and sent him home. The Mexican came back the next morning with a knife and I ran out one door and around in another and locked both and phoned for help. George Seeley got hold of the man and we made a sort of truce. I treated a minor cut or two.

Kearny, the lead burner, ran some hot lead into a pit in a mix bowl that blew back on him. A great many small pellets of lead hit his arm tangentially. I went to work with a sharp scalpel, tweezers and 95 percent alcohol. After a while I offered to send him to Dr. Yellot. He refused so I got them all out.

One time a railroad switchman swung off. He was barehanded and a ring caught on a burr on the grabiron and took his finger off like an ice cream scoop. Luckily there was not much blood so all I did was disinfect with iodoform powder and a pad. I don't know what become of the ring or finger.

Another incident, not first aid, happened just before Christmas 1930. A sink in research plugged. The pipefitter came. He could not open it from the sink so he went into the small tunnel under the lab, a passageway for all pipelines. He came out very scared. "There's a big rattlesnake in there." I said, "So?" He said, "You get it out."

So I said okay and got a pair of asbestos gloves and parrot bill furnace tongs. I crawled into the opening through a well outside, under the floor. The snake wanted to fight but after he struck several times, I caught him back of the head. But I could not pull him loose from a pipe hanger. Eventually he uncoiled and I moved him a couple of feet forward. After more hangups and pulls my feet hit the side of the well. I was stymied.

I asked some of the spectators, most of the office force, to pull me out. Then with Mr. G saying, "Don't injure him, I want the skin whole," we put him under a bell jar and gassed him.

The Apache was owned by Phelps Dodge and other mining companies. One day Mr. Louis Cates of Phelps Dodge came to visit and was taken through the labs and plant in the morning. They had a special lunch for him at 1 p.m. Tom Rose had been doing some test firing and had about 50 pounds of powder left. Of course the test shots had made Mr. Cates jumpy, all strangers were.

Anyway, with lunch well under way and the test ground just over a small hill from the boarding house, Tom set his unused powder afire. Usually it burned peacefully. But not today. Before the fire had gotten very far the powder blew. All the diners except Mr. Cates ran outside to see what it was. He had some food halfway to his mouth. When the brass came back, there he was still with the food halfway up. I doubt if he ever forgot it.

For entertainment we had cards, radio and tall tales. Some of the oldtimers had some gruesome stories. Like a man going to work on evening shift when there was a blow and the head of the man he was replacing hit in a puddle a few feet from him. Or the magazine inspector who was burning some condemned powder when he found it was on a natural gas pipe line. Then there was the unlettered teamster whose wagon had a hot box. He found his load was oily (liquid NG) so he lubricated the axle and got the rest of the load to the California mine.

One time a trailer with 10 tons of Apache 40 percent burned in front of the phone exchange at Jerome. The "hello girl" stayed at the board and aroused the town to run. She also called Benson and asked Mr. G. (I think) what to do. He

said to get out of range. Since the window glass was melting at the front of the phone office she left by the back door. The dynamite did not explode.

My Model A was a source of amazement to northern Cochise County. I am sure no one would have written life insurance on me. But it was fun to drive from home to the plant, 45 minutes on 13 miles of dirt road, just two or more wheel tracks in the grass. Texas Canyon was quite crooked, so to make up for lost time I drove down the bajada at 85 mph or better. The steep grade down into the bottom land had four curves on it.

At one place west of Dave Adams' house, the road went down a steep hill, no curves. So I went off the ground there, maybe three-four feet in the air. One time there was a car on my side. Obviously I missed it though I remember looking at its roof as I went by. It took considerable concentration to keep the car straight when it landed. I never left the ground there again; I just started a minute earlier.

Often I picked up hitchhikers as far as Dragoon. One asked me what I would do if he pulled a gun. I said very casually, "I'd kill you." He looked doubtful so I put the Model A into a skid at 65 mph. He turned white and said he wanted out. But I said, "No, I'll let you out at Dragoon," which I did. I never knew if he had a gun. I'll bet he never forgot that ride. We skidded on every curve.

Another time I was bringing home a case of powder; Mr. G. had said to take all I wanted of excess samples from the test ground. The case was loose on the floor of the rumble seat. I had another hitchhiker and the case slipped around some, bump-bump-bump on each curve. He asked what I had. I said, "dynamite." He turned white and asked to walk. So I let him out about where Stuckey's is now. I must have disappointed him — no explosion up the road.

Shortly after I was sent to the control lab, Mr. G. came up with the idea that since the chemist did the first aid I should be there when the first men went to work at 4:30 a.m. and stay until 6 p.m. the three days the plant was operating. So I resigned, as he intended, as of Feb. 28, 1931.

I went back to the Stronghold. About that time I hit a dark colored Jersey bull belonging to Charley Havens. The bull was standing with his tail towards me and his head against a soapweed. It was raining hard and about 2 a.m. I was going



"Just two or more wheel tracks in the grass ..." — the road into West Stronghold Canyon.

about 40 mph when he turned broadside and I scooped him up over the radiator and gas tank (under the dash in a Model A) and against the windshield. But the little posts held so neither I nor my passenger were hurt. I walked back to the Havens and they took us home.

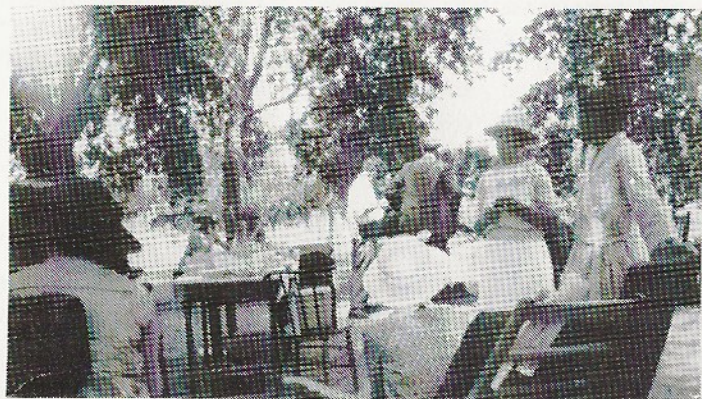
I offered to dress the animal out to save the meat. But Havens said Jersey meat was no good, so it was a total loss. The next day we pulled the Ford home and I took off all the broken parts, got replacements from Willcox and in a week I had it running again. The road was fenced and the bull was not supposed to be there.

I made sort of an effort to find a job but there was no work. The assay office at the Pearce Mine was all there though not in use. I asked if I could use it and the lessor of the mine said okay. But it did not work out too well as they had no schedule for operating the generator, so I was left with half fused assays. I did make a few dollars, but then the law about licensing assayers was brought up so I quit that.

On Easter of 1931, Mother and I went to St. Paul's Church in Tombstone. The vicar's wife invited us to lunch, also Miss Patricia Wadleigh of Dos Cabezas. Her father was to be superintendent of Consolidated Gold Mines since Central Copper Mine was closing down. She and mother talked about cactus. Patricia shipped cactus to eastern florists, getting them from the Central Copper Company property. Mother made a date to visit the Wadleighs.

We drove over to Dos Cabezas and up to Mascot. Pat had seen us coming up the hill, as much as 30 percent grade in places, and had walked over to the Mascot store to guide us to their house. When I saw her walking toward me I thought "she is the one."

The Fourth of July came and we invited the Wadleighs and some other neighbors to picnic in our front yard — good shade, cool water and all other facilities. After the guests arrived, I went off and filled a battered, leaky eight-quart bucket full of dynamite of assorted grades. I put a capped fuse in it, about five minutes delay, and took it to the back side of a large oak tree and hung it up as high as I could reach. I lit the fuse, sauntered back to the group, maybe 25 people, and started a casual conversation. Right on time she BLEW.



Shade trees helped cool picnickers in the Shaw's front yard during summer days.

No one hurt, no damage, and pretty soon the echoes died out. Some thought it was a satisfactory salute, others that it was a little overdone. It was quite a while, a week or so, before I heard the really good joke. The Stronghold points right at Willcox. Willcox heard it and called the phone office to see if the Apache Powder Plant had blown up. The Willcox operator called the Benson operator to check. Benson operator had heard nothing and told Willcox she should not drink Mexican liquor and to lay off homebrew.

Pat and I had come to an understanding but nothing formal, though I suppose all those concerned had guessed. In August I took Pat to Rev. and Mrs. Moore's home in Tombstone as Pat was to be one of a dancing group in the 1931 Helldorado. The Helldorado committee asked us to go to Tucson to get material to make dresses for eight girls. Pat knew about the yardage, buttons, thread, etc., and we went to Jacome's. The sales girl called one of the Jacome brothers, who told her Pat would get credit but to stand by. He and Pat conferred a long time; I think Pat looked at about every bolt the store had. Then she bargained him down to the money available, about \$125.

On Christmas day I went to Dos Cabezas for Christmas dinner, then we drove down to Tucson for another dinner with Mother. I visited Pat about once a week. I would leave Dos Cabezas about 11:15, get to Willcox just in time to cross the railroad tracks behind the Sunset Limited. The road to Cochise paralleled the track across the dry lake. Then I'd open up my Chevy to about 80 mph and cross ahead of the train at the Cochise crossing by a mile. One time I was coming down a hill and blew a front tire. It took me almost a mile to stop even with the engine cut off and the car in low gear. I could not use the brakes.

On July 1 Consolidated Gold Mines felt rich enough to hire me as assayer, engineer and laborer, along with three others: Ray Kenny, William I. DeBorde and one other. The first thing I wanted was to completely explore the mine, both surface and underground. The area had been worked many years before as the Divies Mine. It had been worked from two levels about 200 feet apart, vertically. The upper one had hit some ore bodies, which had been all worked out. The upper adit, horizontal tunnel, was about 900 feet long with several turns, side drifts, raises connecting with stopes and a large room from which ore had been removed. Usually the floor sloped on a steep angle so ore could be dropped into a car for transporting to the mill.

I took samples from veins that looked promising. I acquired an old furnace and some crucibles, but I had no source of heat. There was a forge in the blacksmith shop, so I broke the bottom out of the furnace, set it on the forge and hired a crippled Mexican, Isidro, to turn the blower. The most serious problem was I had no weights for the balance except a 1 milligram rider that I hoped was close to accurate.

I cut some sheet aluminum into small pieces, some were a little below 1 milligram, and from this I built a set of weights that would go to the capacity of the balance, about 2 grams. I had a pulp balance for weighing out the sample.

Within a month I was doing a few samples a week, often one or two for friends if I had space for them in the furnace. We could not afford to pay Isidro much, I think only a dollar for an afternoon, 2½-3 hours for turning a blower in a sheet iron building. I would spell him for a short time to cool off. My pay was supposed to be \$100 a month. I think I got July's.

The Wadleighs wanted to see Pat married, so Sept. 3, a Saturday before Labor Day, 1932, was chosen.

One of our chores was to find a house in Dos Cabezas. The Central Copper Co. had more than 12 houses in Mascot townsite, only three of which were occupied. The Central had acquired the Consolidated Bank (southeast corner of Stone and Congress streets in Tucson) and in 1929 had built a 10-story "skyscraper." Mr. T.N. McCauley, was still president of Central and the bank, and of course, a friend of the Wadleighs. So when we saw him in Tucson he said, "Take your pick, of course no rent is expected, I'm glad to have responsible people in the townsite." So we chose the one on the end of a group of three.

The townsite was supplied with water from a well near the depot which pumped into an 8-inch line to the mill which, of course, was shut down. The half-mile of pipe held about 5,500 gallons, which took care of four families about a week or 10 days. The power plant was shut down so there was no electricity, but I was used to that. There were large piles of pine and used mine timbers for firewood.

I stayed in the house from July 1 to Sept. 3. I cooked on a Coleman gasoline stove, but it leaked under the burner. So the Wadleighs furnished many meals. Pat came over evenings but we were very proper, usually sitting out in the front yard or walking on the roads.

Mother and Dad came over several Sundays. The wedding invitations were mailed, presents arrived and all the plans were made. Tom Fleetham was to be best man, Marian Clifford maid of honor, Freddy Clifford and John Moore ushers, Mildred and Alice Moore bridesmaids.

Sometime in August, Pat and I went to Tucson in the Wadleigh's car to buy one for ourselves. It was going to take some doing as we had very little money. But we found a 1921 Studebaker touring car with a fixed top and three plate glass windows on each side arranged so one could slide the glass on the front door back alongside the glass on the back door and then both alongside the glass by the back seat. The whole thing was \$50. I paid \$20 cash and signed a note for \$30. We started home, Pat following, prophetically, in the Wadleigh's Chevy. Somewhere near Benson a rod burned out but I chugged along about 10 mph and we arrived at the townsite about 11 p.m. I ordered a new rod from Tucson and put it in one evening.

The Wadleighs had a friend, George Land, who greatly disapproved of me because of my predilection for excessive speed. He was sure I'd never live. Once on a trip home from Bisbee with George, Mrs. Wadleigh and Pat, I was driving and trying to outrun a cloudburst. I was up to 75 mph most of the time as George sang "Nearer My God to Thee." It was hard to keep a straight face as he could see me in the mirror. Finally Pat came to my rescue with "Safe in the Arms of Jesus." Anyway, I outran the storm.

To my amusement, George was elected to accompany me to Tombstone on the wedding day. I got to Tombstone about 11 a.m. with 3½ hours margin. Rev. Moore married us and about 4:30 Mr. and Mrs. Richard J. Shaw left Tombstone undetected for our wedding trip to Nogales.

* * * * *

About October, Consolidated Gold had no more money so I had plenty of time on my hands. The Depression had really set in. There was some distribution of surplus food. I remember walking up from Dos Cabezas to the Mascot townsite with a 25-pound sack of flour on each shoulder. The ranchers butchered some of their unsalable steers when grass got short and passed the meat around.

I had brought the radio that ran off the six-volt car battery. When the battery was down, we would push the Studebaker and coast down the hill and start it in gear. Three gallons of gas would take us to Willcox. We would park and not start the engine until loaded up. The day F.D.R. closed the banks we had a little money and intended to spend \$5 or \$6. When the storeman found we had a \$10 bill he offered us \$12 worth of goods. That was too good to miss so we came home loaded.

In the mine, I had gone over all the drifts and prospects to see if anything had been missed and I finally found a rich spot (I think now it had been salted many years before) that was 12 inches wide and 400+ per ton. Another unemployed and I decided to go get it. We soon found it was no bonanza, but I culled out three-quarters of a ton and sacked it up. Pat and I took it to Tombstone but the ore buyer was away so we left it with a note as to where to send the returns. We never heard anything.

Dad retired from the University of Illinois at the end of the 1933 summer session and moved all his things to Cochise. He was 67 and had taught math at the U since 1910. I was glad to see him in all ways.

Shortly after that Mr. Gabrielson came up with some money and offered \$5 per foot for labor to drive two drifts on the lower level. Bill DeBorde, Jim Misenheimer, Ray Kenny and I took the contract. Ray ran the compressor, Bill did the drilling, Jim and I the mucking and tramping. It was 1,080 feet from the heading in a vein 200 or 300 feet back of the "big dike," 300 feet through pure quartz. We made about \$6 a day. The mine supplied the powder and fuel for the compressor and forge.

The company was solvent enough to pay in cash almost on time. Pat and I carried about \$1,500 in cash from Bisbee twice a month. We never went the same route twice in succession and Pat carried a .32 automatic in her lap, shell in the chamber. We were never bothered.

On December 31 we hit a new quartz vein. Mr. Gabrielson had some prospective stockholders and forecast that the ore would be commercial. Pat and I had invited my dad and mother over for New Year's dinner, assuming it would be a holiday. But Mr. Gabrielson insisted I assay the new ore for the stockholders. I told him I did not have any indication of gold, but Pat rescheduled dinner and I ran a dozen samples, all showing less than \$5 per ton, and several showed nothing. Mr. Gabrielson was furious, but I didn't care. Two of the stockholders-to-be told me they appreciated my loss of holiday and honesty in the assay. In April, the ax fell and it was on the line, either falsify the assays or quit. I chose the latter.

In August, I reported to Jack Gilbert of Bisbee as a rear chairman. His company had a contract to build the road between Ft. Huachuca and Bisbee. One night Gilbert wanted a bearing on Polaris. Carl Brent, the transitman, had night blindness so I took over the instrument.

The day after Thanksgiving, we moved to Bisbee with our new baby, Nancy. Before Christmas we finished the Fort Huachuca road and started on the six miles from Lowell to the Double Adobe turnoff. That was the concrete Bisbee-Douglas road which had never been surveyed, just built with prison labor.

Once I came in from a day's work and Phil Westfall, the office man, told us we had moved to Tombstone and I lived on 6th Street. The job was to relocate U.S. Highway 80 from the east edge of Tombstone towards Bisbee to Government Draw, about eight miles. The first problem was to find the city limits of Tombstone. Failing that, we arbitrarily set a station 0+00 in the middle of Fremont

Street opposite the last yard fence and staked out a curve to a tangent that would just clear the east end of the Tombstone Hills. The then-existing road was curvy to cross Emerald Gulch.

After that eight miles of U.S. 80 was done, some of us went to Douglas and stayed at the Gadsden Hotel. We were to locate the underpass from G Avenue to 16th Street; Gilbert estimated 10 days. I figured Southern Pacific had all the information we needed so we went to their yard office and their chief engineer happened to be there. He gave us their maps so we spent the rest of that day and the next checking for things not on their map, such as buried utilities and curbs.

After another job, it was back to Douglas. We arrived Easter afternoon. There were no light bulbs in the apartment. Not a store was open, so I went across to Agua Prieta. Same thing, so I came back across the line and forgot to stop. The car got a thorough search. Of course, they found nothing. In the interval I explained about the lights so they loaned me one bulb. I took it back Monday afternoon.

The job was to build U.S. 81, now 191, eight miles from U.S. 80 north to about where the airport is now. After we had chained one station 100, I found I was a .1 foot over; by the time we had gone 1,000 feet, I was a foot over. What we did was only measure 99.9 feet as to change the stations would make a mess since nothing would be where it was designed. It made a difference of 40 feet in the 40,000 feet, not very much.

Life in Douglas was much smoother than Bisbee or Tombstone. We were close to St. Stephen's Church. Prices were lower than Tombstone and Pat had good neighbors just across the hall. The city water was too high in fluorine so we got Nancy's water from the ice plant. Even so she turned up with white marks on her teeth.

When that job was through, we got a makework job, cross-sectioning some of U.S. 81 between Pearce and Cochise. They were going to give us per diem, only Pat and I went to the Stronghold as Mother and Dad were in Tucson.

As part of that job, we were surveying a probable quarter corner between U.S.



The adobe part of the Shaw house was built in 1898 by "Red" Warren. John Rockfellow bought the place in 1910 and sold it to the Shaws 10 years later. It's now the Forest Service's administrative site.

80 and the mountains just southeast of Mule Gulch. I thought I would look at a mining claim to see if that was it. I lifted a rock and something wet closed on my right first finger. I pulled it back and there was a small round hole on the back of each side. I said, "I've been bitten by a snake," and walked over and got in the truck. I held the transit on my lap and we went off to the Copper Queen Hospital in Bisbee.

The doctor said, "Oh, we'll have to get some antivenom," so he called a drugstore and they sent some over. He filled a huge syringe with 20 cc and stuck it in the back of my hand. He got 1 cc in and then no more so he let it go at that. I think he put a little potassium permanganate in the wound and sent me up to a ward to bed.

I amused myself watching the swelling go up my arm. The rate was almost exactly one inch an hour, until about 6 p.m. when it went faster. The evening of the second day the sheriff brought in a fellow who had fallen under a moving freight car and got his toes on one foot mashed off. You would have thought he had committed a capital offense rather than the misdemeanor of trying to steal a ride on the Southern Pacific.

Anyway, the house surgeon fixed his feet so they would heal. They let him stay that night but early the next morning off he went in an ambulance to Fort Huachuca. Cochise County would not pay his bill since he was not a resident. Before noon he was back. Fort Huachuca would not take him, they took only black transients. What to do?

I was up and around and outraged at this neglect. So I got him some cigarettes and matches, swiped him a Coke from the ward pantry, and when lunch came, purloined a plate and tableware, water, and told a nurse if she did not get him or me a bed pan they were going to have a mess. I got donations from the rest of us and he had a lunch. About 2 o'clock they took him to a transient camp at Douglas and the men there said they would care for him. A Douglas doctor donated his services and dressings.

That night or the next morning the doctors released me on an outpatient basis. My arm was swollen clean out on to my cheek. I could not bend any joint in my hand or my elbow and my shoulder only a little. Two weeks later I went back to work. Though my hand was almost useless, I could grip a tape okay with my thumb.

About the middle of September, 1935, I chanced to meet Mr. Dowell on the street. After the usual questions about my snakebite he asked if I would like to go to the Phoenix office to do research work. I said that would suit me okay. We piled all our possessions in and on the new Ford and set off for a new life.

About the Author: Now retired, Shaw lives in Cochise Stronghold. In 1989, he donated 4 acres of the Shaw property in The Stronghold to the Fort Sill Chiricahua and Warm Spring Apache Tribe.

Reviews

"In the Shadow of the Mexican Revolution, Contemporary Mexican History, 1910-1989" by Héctor Aguilar Camín and Lorenzo Meyer, translated by Luis Alberto Fierro. University of Texas Press, P.O. Box 7819, Austin, Texas 78713: 1993. 287 pages, bibliography, \$35.

For many reasons, this is a remarkable book. This account of Mexico from 1910 into 1989 is well researched and well written. It's of interest not only to residents of the border but to any who want to begin to understand the complexity of Mexico.

The book opens in the waning days of the Diaz dictatorship and tells why that era's technological progress brought about the Revolution. It also shows the frustration of young men who could not advance because of reigning oligarchies.

Many of these young men became leaders of the Revolution, whose true heart was agrarian. The account of the Revolution is one of the remarkable points of the book; it gives a concise yet complete rendering of a confusing time.

The role of northern states, particularly Sonora, in the Revolution should interest readers of this region. Sonorans Plutarco Elias Calles and Alvaro Obregón fought in the Revolution and afterward became presidents.

Seventy years later, Calles' presidency still is controversial. But he grasped the true concept of the Revolution—that it was more than an armed struggle. It was the first step in a series of events to create a middle class.

The book's title reflects this concept. For Mexico still is in the

shadow of its revolution; it still is creating its middle class. This is why passage of NAFTA was important; free trade will enable further development of the middle class.

One is struck by the amount of United States involvement in Mexico. It's ranged from embracing economic forces to election of presidents and even to murder. Who can deny the U.S. obsession with controlling Mexico's strategic resources, especially oil? And one must wonder what Mexico would be like today if U.S. Ambassador Henry L. Wilson had not brought about the 1913 death of Francisco Madero. Aguilar and Meyer write factually about this dark side of Mexico-U.S. relations and do so, remarkably, without animosity.

World War II brought about many changes in Mexico. That they are discussed is a strong point of this book since previous, similar histories, such as "Yesterday in Mexico," stop in the 1930s.

One misses the photos of Casasola and Diaz and helpful appendixes of "Yesterday in Mexico," but Aguilar and Meyer's book makes up for this in other ways. For instance, it contains economic and demographic statistics not readily available and covers more recent events, such as the Thateloco massacre and economic difficulties.

An interesting point to note is the almost complete lack of women in this book. Apart from a short reference to *soladeras*, no women make an appearance here.

The book's major themes are those which affect Mexico today and will in the future. One is the influence of Sonora and the north, which will continue since Sonora native Donald Colosio has been tapped as Mexico's next president.

Another is nationalistic pride in the face of U.S. intervention. And

there is the shadow of the Revolution — the ongoing development of Mexico's middle class, one of the most important movements of society.

— Cindy Hayostek

"Once They Moved Like the Wind: Cochise, Geronimo, and the Apache Wars" by David Roberts. Simon and Schuster, N.Y.: 1993. 358 pages, photo section, maps, \$24.

The Chiricahua Apaches and the extended hostilities between them and the United States and Mexico have been receiving much attention in the past three years in the press and on the screen. Recent treatment, 100 years after the dust has settled and the wounds scabbed over, is much fairer to the Apaches than much of the earlier literature.

Roberts' approach is not a scholarly one and apparently not intended to be. It thus will not replace the exhaustive detail of Dan Thrapp's "Conquest of Apacheria" or Edwin Sweeney's "Cochise." But it is an objective account of people and events in southeastern Arizona, southwestern New Mexico and adjacent parts of Sonora and Chihuahua, starting with the "Bascom Affair" in Apache Pass and ending with the surrender of Geronimo and his small squad of followers in Skeleton Canyon in 1886.

Roberts has done a lot of homework and gives due credit to the above and other historians and anthropologists but admits to putting his own twist to the interpretation of basic data in absence of a convincing contradiction.

Some sources are better than others, however, and the author errs in referring to Opata and Rarhumara intrusion on Apache territory in the Sierra Madre. The moccasin was

actually on the other foot. In the 1500s, 100 years before Apaches came into that country, the *conquistadores* found both those peoples in the territory they (or their much reduced remnants) now occupy.

And perhaps the account of "a mule packer" on the circumstances of Capt. Emmet Crawford's death on the Rio Aros is not the most reliable. Presumably that packer was Tom Horn, who was a hardy and able frontiersman, but the memoirs he dictated while awaiting execution for murder in Wyoming are notoriously self-serving and inaccurate.

The author has a comfortably flowing style and makes it easy for his reader to make sense of political complications, movements of troops and the comings and goings of various bands of the Apaches, but occasionally one is jolted by a somewhat extravagant choice of words. The Arizona newspaper editors were not only incensed at the Army's perceived inaction, they "howled with rage" (editorially of course). And though one can believe that Gen. Crook was pleased when Tsoe agreed to guide him to Geronimo's hideout in the Sierra Madres, it is hard to imagine that phlegmatic officer indulging in "jubilation." But the hyperbole doesn't detract from a stirring tale well-told.

Roberts seems more at home in the library and the archives than he is in the country where the action takes place. Readers from Massachusetts won't notice, but residents of Cochise County will know that the upper Gila is in New Mexico and northeast of the Chiricahua Mountains, not northwest, that Fort Apache is north of San Carlos, not south; that the Aravaipa flows from the Sulphur Springs Valley into the San Pedro, not from the San Pedro to the San Simon; and

that the grassy plain at the eastern foot of the Dragoons is hardly a "sagebrush desert." And most of us know that one couldn't make a lance out of an "agave stalk about 15 feet long." Apaches used sotol or yucca stalks, none of which ever grew to such an unwieldy length.

Still, "Once They Moved Like the Wind" is enjoyable reading and a good introduction to one facet of Southwestern history.

— Alden C. Hayes

"The Chiricahuas Sky Island"
by Weldon F. Heald. Marguerite Bantling Publishing, Tucson: 1993. 129 pages, soft cover, illustrations, \$13.95. Order from Treasure Chest, 1802 W. Grant Road #101, Tucson, AZ 85745.

One way to know a book has become a classic is the number of times it's been reprinted. Here's an example.

First published in 1967 as "Sky Island," Weldon Heald's account of life in the Chiricahua Mountains was republished several times in the 1980s as "The Chiricahua Mountains." Now Marguerite Bantling Publishing of Tucson has issued an expanded version combining the previously used titles.

Heald's text and drawings and a map by C.M. Palmer Jr. are preserved in this new edition. An introduction by the late William Carr, founder of the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum, is also retained.

The expansion includes a foreword by Wade Sherbrooke, director of the Southwestern Research Station in Cave Creek, and an epilogue by Phyllis Heald, the author's widow. Also new is a cover photograph by CCHAS member Karen Hayes of Portal.

Heald writes of life at Painted Canyon Ranch, which became the

Southwestern Research Station after the Healds sold the property in 1956. During their time in Cave Creek, the Healds hosted hundreds of visitors pursuing natural history interests. They foreshadowed the popularity of the area today.

Heald's easy-going style as he tells historical anecdotes and about encounters with animal and human neighbors is similar to what other authors have used since then. Richard Shelton's "Going Back to Bisbee" comes to mind.

In Heald was an unusual combination of fervent naturalist and widely-published author. He was a former Sierra Club director and National Parks and Monuments consultant.

The Healds founded the Huachuca Writers Club; so named because the couple lived in the Huachucas then. Over a 15-year period, club members sold books, magazine articles and poetry to a vast variety of publications.

I enjoyed my time as a member of Huachuca Writers. I can still remember Phyllis' pleasure during a meeting in the 1970s when she told us that the Park Service had named a mountain in the Sierras for her late husband. It was particularly appropriate because a nearby, small town is named Weldon.

Although there's a Heald Peak in California, "The Chiricahuas Sky Island" is Heald's true monument. In the forefront of environmental awareness 40 years ago, Heald contributed his writing talents to bring, as Sherbrooke writes, "some clarity to the true significance of the biological grandeur of this region. And maybe in coming years we will have the wisdom to preserve this biological richness as a source of future insights for people not yet born."

— Cindy Hayostek

Membership in the Cochise County Historical and Archaeological Society is open without regard to color, race, religion or national origin upon payment of dues set annually by the Board of Directors. For 1994 dues are: Individual, \$15; Life Membership, \$250; Non-Profit Institution or Business, \$20. CCHAS' tax-exempt status under Section 501 (c)(3) was granted December, 1971.

Membership in CCHAS includes a subscription to The Cochise Quarterly, the Newsletter and other mailings, as well as participation with vote in the annual meeting, participation in field trips and, after meeting certain requirements, the right to engage in archaeological activities of the Society.

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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