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Typesetting by The Perfectionist, Douglas
Printed by Color West, Benson

Cochise County Historical and Archaeological Society
POST OFFICE BOX 818
DOUGLAS, ARIZONA 85608-0818

Vol. 25
No. 4

The Cochise Quarterly

Winter,
1995

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On the cover: In 1906, the Robert Davis Hall family posed for this photo in the Chiricahua Mountains' Whitetail Canyon. In the front are Robert Davis Hall flanked by his sons, John Birchfield, left, and Henry Theodore. Robert's wife, Henrietta (Rodgers) Hall holds William Edward. In the back row are, left to right, G.T. Colvin, Henrietta's stepfather; and the older Hall children, George Robert, Charles Thomas, Fred Howard and Nancy Arabella. (This and all other photos in this issue, with one exception as noted, are courtesy of Virginia Hershey.)

ISSN 019-80626

ORISOBA O. SPENCE: A FOOTNOTE TO ARIZONA HISTORY

By Robert R. Weilacher

Orisoba O. Spence deserves a biographical footnote in the annals of Arizona history. The literature describing the 19th century Apache wars treats Spence as an incidental personage, virtually a nonentity. In one authoritative book he is incorrectly referred to as A. O. Spence,[1] in another simply by his surname, Spence.[2] Having been awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, he was a much more substantial figure than has generally been portrayed.

In 1916 a board of five retired general officers was appointed by the Secretary of War to investigate the circumstances surrounding each of the 2,625 Medals of Honor awarded up to that time. A total of 911 names were stricken from the list on Feb. 15, 1917.

The board wrote in its final report that, "...the (remaining) medals have been awarded for distinguished conduct in action, measuring that term by the highest standard, and there can be no question as to the propriety of the award.[3] This statement eloquently validates Spence's valor in battle for all time.

*****

Cochise, the legendary Central Chiricahua (Chokonen) chief, and a body of his Apache warriors successfully ambushed a Tucson-bound mail coach on the evening of Oct. 5, 1869, near Dragoon Springs in what is now northern Cochise County. During a brief running battle, two civilians, including well-known frontier entrepreneur John Finkel Stone,[4] and four soldiers were killed. The surprised whites fired only about six rounds of ammunition. The preparation and swift execution of this ambush have been succinctly, albeit graphically, described by Edwin Sweeney in his biography of Cochise.[5]

At the time of this incident, Capt. Ruben F. Bernard was stationed at Fort Bowie in Apache Pass, under the post command of Brevet Lt. Col. Thomas S. Dunn. Bernard, a tenacious campaigner, was out on patrol so when word was received Oct. 6 that a herd of 250 cattle bound for California had been captured by the Apaches near Sulphur Springs,[6] a brisk military response fell to 1st Lt. William Henry Winters.

Winters mounted a troop of 25 men who, along with army scout Merejildo Grijalva,[7] launched a vigorous expedition against the Apaches. Shortly after leaving the post, a messenger informed Winters about the attack on the mail coach the previous evening.

By the time Bernard caught up with him on Oct. 8, Winters had temporally buried the coach attack victims, located the captured herd of cattle, learned that Cochise was responsible for both incidents, fought a pitched battle with the Indians on the east side of the Pedregosa Mountains, recaptured most of the herd, recovered nearly all of the mail, and was en route back to Ft. Bowie![8, 9]

Bernard, guided by the able Grijalva, commenced a relentless pursuit of Cochise on the night of Oct. 16. They were close upon Cochise and his band in Rucker Canyon by Oct. 19. The day-long battle that followed over extremely rough ground served as the backdrop for the Congressional Medal of Honor awarded to Pvt. Orizoba [sic] O. Spence, Co. G, 8th Cavalry Regiment, on Feb. 14, 1870 for "Gallantry in action."[10, 11]

In his after-battle report, Bernard wrote:

"These men are they who advanced with me up the steep and rocky mesa under as heavy a fire as I ever saw[12] delivered from this number of men (Indians) say from one hundred to two hundred.

"These men advanced under this fire until within thirty steps from the Indians where they came to a ledge of rocks, where every man who showed his head was shot at by several Indians at once."[13]

Bernard, an intrepid Indian fighter, wisely ordered his troops to fall back. The more numerous Apache warriors held the high ground; they were armed with Henry rifles, Springfield breech-loading rifles and Spencer carbines;[14] at 30 yards, they could direct a deadly fire down-slope with their bows.

Bernard forwarded a list of active participants in this battle, excluding the rear guard, horse handlers and two men who were killed, with the recommendation that they be granted suitable awards and honors. This recommendation was favorably endorsed up the chain of command until finally approved for Medals of Honor[15] on Feb. 4, 1870 by Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman, an implacable foe of the belligerent Apaches.[16]

By this time, 22-year-old Spence was a proven cavalryman and Indian fighter who, in six short years, would figure much more prominently in the affairs of that bloody era.

*****

Orisoba O. Spence, whose first name was misspelled in the Medal of Honor documents, enlisted in the army at Cincinnati, Ohio, on May 28, 1868 for a term of five years. His recruiting officer, Capt. P. A. Owen, described him as a sober, 21-year-old laborer from Tionesta,[17] Penn., of fair complexion with blue eyes, brown hair and standing 5 feet 7 inches tall.[18] He was ultimately assigned to Co. G, 8th Cavalry Regiment headquartered at Fort Selden on the Rio Grande River in south central New Mexico.

Spence mustered out of the service on May 28, 1873 at Fort Selden as a sergeant.[19] Advancement in rank, in what was essentially a post-Civil War peacetime army, was difficult at best. It can be concluded, therefore, that Spence was a good, if not an exemplary, soldier. Too, he was probably a rough, physically strong man — worthy characteristics for non-commissioned officers of that time.

It is doubtful that it will ever be known exactly why he chose to stay in the southwest rather than returning to his birthplace in Pennsylvania. It has been established, however, that he married a woman from the Mesilla Valley before relocating to Arizona in 1874.[20] In any event, Spence teamed up with Nicholas M. "Nick" Rogers at a time when momentous changes were taking place in the desert southwest.

Rogers operated a small ranch and the Sulphur Springs Valley stage station on the California Trail between the Chiricahua and Dragoon Mountain ranges, some 25 miles west of Fort Bowie. Rogers was a partner with a Mesilla, N.M., resident to furnish supplied to government agencies in Arizona.[21] Moreover, he was reputedly engaged in a business relationship with John F. Stone in Stone's Apache Pass Mining Co.[22]

The historic Nick Rogers appeared on the scene as early as Sept. 29, 1872 when Gen. Oliver O. Howard[23] spent the night at his station during the general's attempt to locate Cochise. Howard was accompanied by his aide-de-camp, Capt. Joseph A. Sladen;[24] the colorful, enigmatic personality and friend of Cochise, Thomas J. Jeffords; and Ponce and Chie, two Apaches of note.

Howard was successful in his quest to find Cochise. But he was compelled to return to Ft. Bowie almost immediately to insure a cease fire while negotiations with the famous Apache leader were in progress. On the night of

Oct. 1-2, Rogers took Howard and Chie to Apache Pass.[25]

By Oct. 10, Howard and Cochise had agreed to peace terms that endured for as long as Cochise lived. These terms included setting aside the land that Cochise wanted for his reservation, as well as naming Jeffords as the agent for the Chiricahuas. Jeffords initially established his agency in a woefully inadequate 10 x 12-foot house that he rented from Rogers at the Sulphur Springs station.[26] Jeffords later moved his headquarters to Fort Bowie in Apache Pass where the preserved remains of the agency are maintained by the National Park Service.

*****

In the 1870s, United States policy concerning Native American populations could be described as somewhat schizophrenic. On one hand, advisors close to President U. S. Grant championed a measure of peaceful self-determination for Indians, a philosophy that engendered peace initiatives such as Howard's. On the other hand, influential forces, principally the intransigent military, advocated rigidly enforced concentration policies for Indians — even genocide[27] and tattooing,[28] not unlike policies of Nazi Germany some 50 years later.

Shortly before his death on June 8, 1874 Cochise had been assured by Eskinya, one of his captains, that he would support Cochise's son, Taza, as the new leader of the Chiricahuas.[29] Nonetheless, by 1876, Eskinya and his fierce brother, Pionsenay, had broken with Taza following an acrimonious hunting expedition off the reservation. Taza led most of his band into the Chiricahua Mountains leaving Eskinya, Pionsenay and a few of their supporters in the Dragoon Mountains to the west.[30]

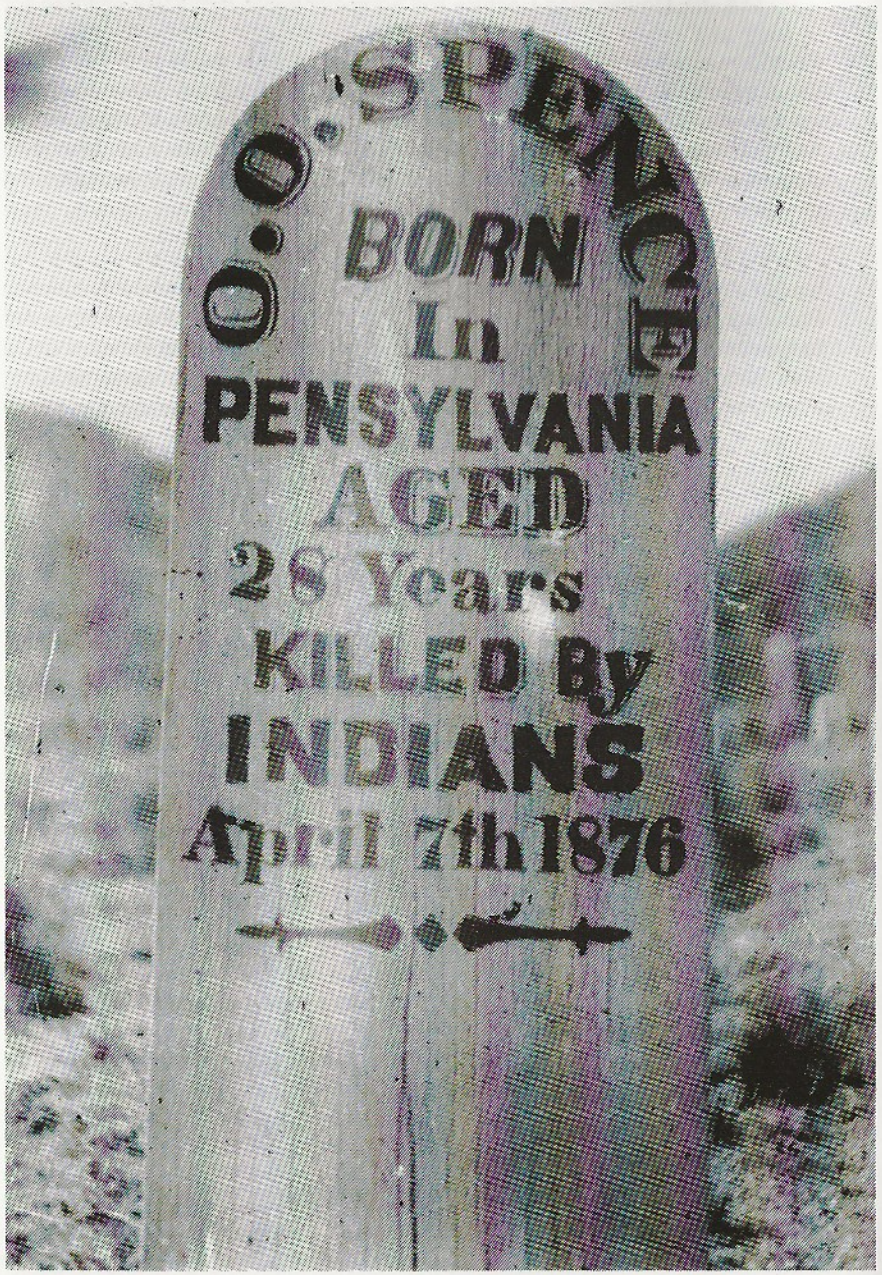
The Sulphur Springs station was close to the Dragoon Mountains. Jeffords had warned Rogers against selling bootleg whiskey to the Indians without success. On April 7, 1876, Rogers traded some liquor to Pionsenay, perhaps for Mexican booty.[31] A drunken Pionsenay then demanded more whiskey. When he was refused, Rogers and his assistant, Orisoba O. Spence, were overpowered and killed.[32]

The unfortunate Spence had just returned from a successful foray into New Mexico in pursuit of thieves. A mule had been stolen from Rogers. A newspaper euphemistically reported that the person riding the stolen mule, "...will no longer require a riding animal," implying his demise, most likely at the hand of Spence.[33] Had Spence spent another day in New Mexico or with his acquaintances at Fort Bowie, he would probably have escaped his final fate at the hands of the intoxicated Apaches.

The United States military seized upon this unfortunate incident to dismantle the Chiricahua Reservation and to enforce the planned policy of close concentration: herding the various Indian bands onto a few permanent reservations on land not coveted by whites.

Dan L. Thrapp wrote in his book, *Victorio and the Membres Apaches* (1974), "The whiskey that Rogers and Spence had bootlegged had flooded the Southwest with aching trouble from which it would not soon recover."[34] The trouble would continue for 10 long years; abated somewhat by Victorio's battle death on Oct. 15, 1880, deep in Chihuahua. It finally ended with Geronimo's surrender on Sept. 4, 1886.

Congressional Medal of Honor recipient Orisoba O. Spence was buried in the military cemetery located in what is now the Fort Bowie National Historic



O. O. Spence's grave marker in Fort Bowie cemetery. (Photo courtesy Arizona Historical Society, Owen Wister Collection)

Site. A badly weathered wooden grave marker still reads, "O. O. SPENCE * BORN In PENSYLVANIA [sic] * AGED 28 Years * KILLED By INDIANS * April 7th 1876." The 1893 Wister photograph of his pristine grave marker is also found in *A Clash of Cultures* by Robert M. Utley.[35]

The remains of John Finkel Stone and Nicholas M. Rogers also are interred in the Fort Bowie cemetery.

Acknowledgement

I acknowledge with gratitude the constructive criticism, suggestions and encouragement of historian Alden C. Hayes, Portal, as this manuscript was researched and prepared.

Notes

[1] Dan L. Thrapp, Victorio and the Membres Apaches (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1974), 173.

[2] Odie B. Faulk, The Geronimo Campaign (New York: Oxford University Press, 1969), 16.

[3] John M. Carroll, The Medal of Honor: Its History and Its Recipients for The Indian Wars (Mattituck, NY: J. M. Carroll Company, undated), 16.

[4] For a biographical note on John F. Stone see: Dan L. Thrapp, Encyclopedia of Frontier Biography, Vol. III (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1988), 1373.

[5] Edwin R. Sweeney, Cochise: Chiricahua Apache Chief (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1991), 268.

[6] File 841P (AGO) 1869, Adjutant General's Office, Department of the Army.

[7] Sweeney characterized Grijalva as "...the most capable and effective scout employed by United States troops in Arizona during the 1860s and early 1870..." Edwin R. Sweeney, Merejildo Grijalva: Apache Captive, Army Scout (El Paso: Texas Western Press, University of Texas, 1992), 1.

[8] File 864P (AGO) 1869, Expedition Report, Lt. W. H. Winters to Brigider General T. C. Devin, Oct. 10, 1869.

[9] Sweeney, Merejildo Grijalva, 47-48.

[10] Medal of Honor Recipients: 1863-1978 (Washington: Committee on Veterans Affairs, United States Senate, 1979), 315.

[11] Carroll, Medal of Honor, 143.

[12] U.S. Forest Service archaeologists William B. Gillespie and Mary Farrell described the battle in their nomination of the Rucker Canyon Archaeological District to the National Register of Historic Places. They wrote, "The battle on October 20 was the most intensive battle in the Rucker Canyon area, lasting from around noon to sunset and including 61 US Army soldiers and an estimated hundred or more Apaches. Two soldiers were killed in the US Army's unsuccessful atempt to dislodge the Apaches." (NPS Form 10-900, Section 7, Page 35).

[13] File 69P (AGO) 1870, Campaign Report, Capt. R. F. Bernard to Assistant Adjutant General, Dept. Of CA, San Francisco, Dec. 20, 1869.

[14] Winters, Expedition Report.

[15] Gillespie wrote, "Moreover, the Chiricahua Pass (Rucker Canyon) fight led to more Medals of Honor—33—than any other single skirmish during the entire 'Indian Campaigns' period throughout the West. It ranks just ahead of Cedar Creek (MT), Little Big Horn (MT), Wichita Rivers (TX), and Wounded Knee (SD)." (William B. Gillespie, letter to author, 15 Aug. 1994).

[16] Thrapp, Victorio, 281.

[17] Tionesta, a transliteration of a Seneca word meaning *Wolf Creek*, is the county seat of Forest County, Penn. Forest County is the least densely populated, most heavily forested county of that highly urbanized commonwealth.

[18] AGO Form No. 73, Cavalry, dated May 28, 1868.

[19] File 266 (AGO), Register of Enlistments - United States Army.

[20] INDIAN WAR, The Mesilla News, April 15, 1876.

[21] Ibid.

[22] Larry L. Ludwig, interview by author, 24 June 1995. Mr. Ludwig is a co-author of the scholarly monograph, The Battle at K-H Butte (Tucson: Westernlore Press, 1993). He is an authority on the interments in the Fort Bowie Military Cemetery.

[23] Oliver O. Howard, My Life and Experiences Among Our Hostile Indians (New York: Da Capo Press, 1972), 1989.

[24] General Howard stated without equivocation, "...Mr. Rodgers...ran out to meet us..." Sladen, reporting the same moment, recorded, "We find that the post was kept up as a stage station. Its keeper, who also kept a small supply of grain and other necessities, was absent, but his place was taken by a German assistant." J. A. Sladen, Making Peace with Cochise, Chief of Chiricaua [sic] Indians-1872 (Private printing by Fred W. Sladen), 22.

[25] Sweeney, Cochise, 358.

[26] Ibid, 369.

[27] Eve Ball, Indeh: An Apache Odyssey (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1980), 85.

[28] Jess G. Hayes, Apache Vengeance (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1954), 20.

[29] Sweeney, Cochise, 395.

[30] Faulk, The Geronimo Campaign, 15-16.

[31] Thrapp, Victorio, 174.

[32] Angie Debo, Geronimo: The Man, His Time, His Place (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1976), 97.

[33] THE CHIRICAHUA OUTBREAK, Arizona Citizen, April 15, 1876.

[34] Thrapp, Victorio, 177.

[35] Robert M. Utley, A Clash of Cultures: Fort Bowie and the Chiricahua Apaches (Washington: National Park Service, 1977), 42.

About the Author: Robert Weilacher is a respiratory care practitioner, managing the East Texas Sleep Disorder Center in Palestine. He is a life member of the American Association for Respiratory Care and has served as the group's historian since 1991. He has maternal ties to Forest County, Penn., (Spence's birth place) but plans to retire in a few years to Sunsites.

THE ROBERT DAVIS HALL FAMILY

By Virginia Hershey

In the mid-1800s, Robert Davis Hall and his wife Henrietta moved west from Mississippi to follow railroad construction work. By the time they arrived in El Paso, Texas, they had three sons and a daughter. Robert had his own mule team to contract with the railroad on the line between El Paso and Deming, N.M.

Although a family record does not exist for this time period, it is likely that the Hall family lived much as other railroad construction worker's families, which meant that wives and children lived in the nearest civilized town. By 1893 the Halls appear to have been living in Deming. On the federal census of 1900 Robert lists his occupation as contracting with the railroad and states that he did not have any formal schooling but could read and write English.

Henrietta Hall's mother had already migrated to the Arizona Territory and shortly after 1901 Robert and Henrietta also moved there. Three more sons were born to them by 1905, giving them seven children: Charles Thomas, Fred Howard, Nancy, Arabella, Henry Theodore, George Robert, John Birchfield and William Edward.

The Halls became infected with mining fever and their first claim was located in Paradise and recorded on June 4, 1900 in the names of G. T. Colvin (Henrietta's stepfather) and George R. Hall (the oldest Hall son). The claim known as the Turkey Creek mine was located one mile northwest of old Galeyville and joined the Comet claim on the south end (Jhus Canyon).

Less than six months after this claim was located, Paradise's humble beginnings as a mining camp were made official on Oct. 12, 1900 when a post office was opened there with George A. Walker appointed the first postmaster.

Those who knew Robert Davis Hall classified him as a dreamer, always looking for the golden opportunity that would make him rich. In 1901, at the age of 38, Robert recorded his own first claim and named it the Last Chance, perhaps an indication of his frame of mind. By the time Robert reached Paradise he may indeed have felt that this was his last chance to make it big.

When the Halls came to the Paradise mining camp, it consisted of mostly single men. Gradually the families of married men arrived, set up what they hoped would be permanent homes and generated a sense of community.

On April 10, 1901, Robert located the Manilla mining claim recorded on July 1, 1901.Then in 1903 he located and recorded the Morning Star. All mines were in the California Mining District around Paradise and were the only claims listed for the Hall family. Robert and his sons also jointly owned or worked several other claims with Henrietta's stepfather, George Colvin, in an arrangement typical for extended family units.

Robert homesteaded the land where he lived and later his sons Charles, George and Fred did the same.

There were few public schools in the eastern part of the county in 1900 and Henrietta was concerned about the lack of education available for the children, including the grown boys. A petition to form a school district at Paradise was not granted until July 6, 1904, by the board of supervisors. By 1906, a school building existed in Paradise and schooling was eventually provided by the county at Hilltop, which was a closer site for the second generation of Hall children.

In August of 1910, part of the land set aside as "school lands" was sold to

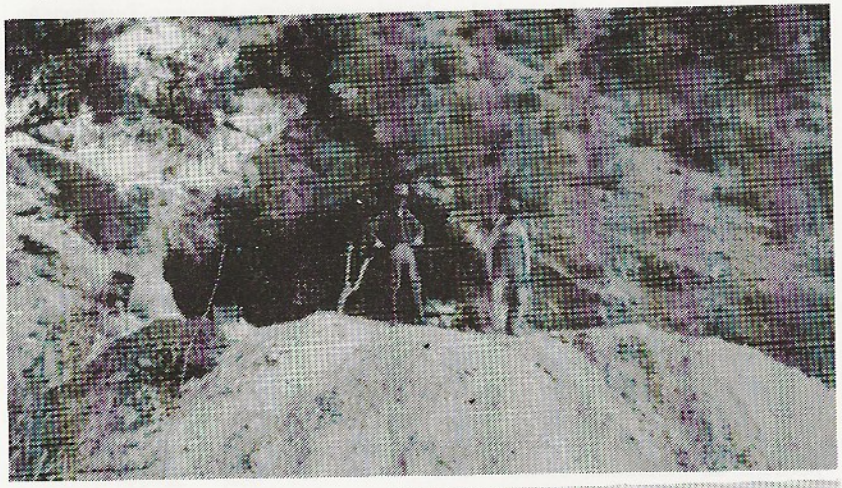
private owners such as Robert Hall:

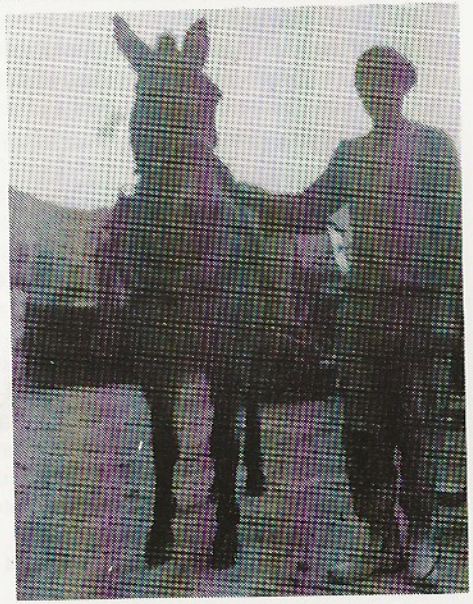
Dragoon School District. No. 62, following application for lease of school lands were granted: R. D. Hall, Section 36, Township 16, Range 30.

The Lady Tutor

In 1911, Robert and Henrietta decided to engage a private tutor, who would live at the ranch. With George now 26 and Charles 24 years old, they had been almost 10 years without any formal education. It was these circumstances that brought the Hodges and the Hall lines together.

Ruth Hodges was hired and provided a small one-room house near the main house. It was to be both living quarters and classroom. Henrietta insisted on the separate living arrangement because she felt it was not proper for a young single woman to live in a house full of men.





Robert Hall and his sons first worked their own mining claims. The top photo is believed to be Robert and a son at one of their claims. Later the Hall men worked at the Hilltop Mine. The photo at left is of George Hall taken with a mule in 1917 at Hilltop.

Ruth, bringing just one suitcase, traveled alone to the Arizona Territory by train from El Paso to Rodeo. She remembered being excited about the new adventure but did not recall much about the trip itself, only that the young men dressed like cowboys and appeared very tough. But under that facade of frontier toughness, Ruth thought that the men were truly gentlemen at heart.

In 1910, the stage service to Paradise was operated by L. J. Moore, and the vehicle used was not quite the quality of the Concord stage that ran from Tucson to Tombstone. Ruth described it as a two-seater open-air road coach.

A picture of this antiquated contraption stimulates visions of passengers who felt every low and high spot in the road and the creaking and groaning that preceded the stage long before it made its appearance. Its open-air frame was covered with a canvas that could be let down in bad weather. Imagine passengers breathing the dusty, stale air inside, not to mention the smell of the old canvas itself or another passenger's cigar.

Ruth's arrival must have been on New Year's Day, 1912, as she said that the community of Paradise postponed its New Year's Eve party a day to await her arrival. The second oldest Hall son, Charles Thomas, was assigned or perhaps volunteered to meet Ruth when she arrived in Paradise.

Charles secured a room at the local "hotel" in Paradise so that Ruth could rest until the New Year's Eve dance to be held that evening. Ruth said, "I was so excited that I could hardly rest." The hotel was probably the Arcadia owned by Mrs. J. C. Hancock.

Later that day the town was ready for a celebration. The entire Hall family, along with all others in the area, made their way to Paradise for the dance and to meet the new tutor.

That evening Charles escorted Ruth to the dance. He had ridden his horse into town, then later traded places with a member of the family so that he could drive the wagon and Ruth back home. Ruth said that she did not know how to dance before that night, but by dawn she was quite experienced and admitted to having a wonderful time, adding that Charles was the most well-mannered and gentlemanly of all the Hall boys.

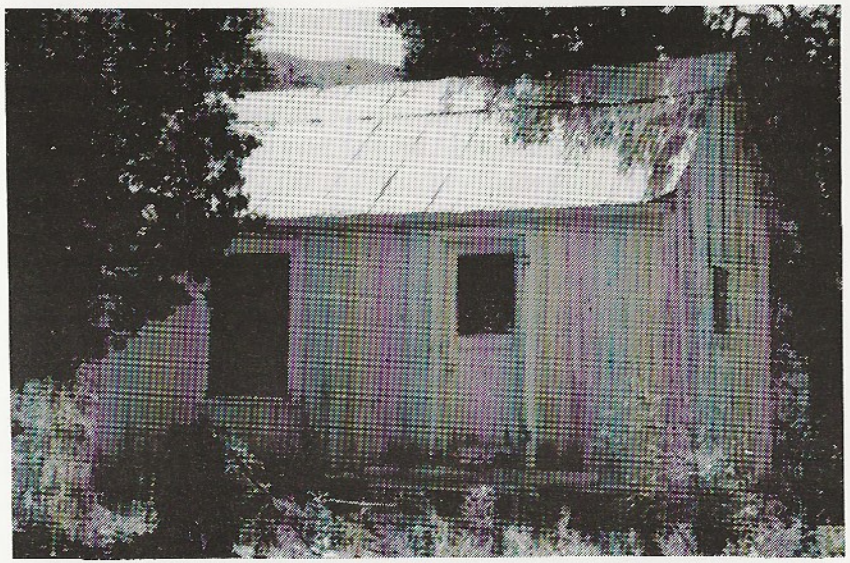
The celebration launched a year full of activity for both Paradise and the Hall family. Dances occurred once a month and lasted until the wee hours of the morning. Afterwards the families would pack up and let the horses find their way back to their ranches. After one dance, Fred fell asleep and awoke to find his horse standing on the edge of a 40-foot gulch.

Those who knew Paradise during its boom years at the turn of the century will first tell you that it had one main street and at least a dozen saloons. Other informants not only comment on the infamous number of saloons but also on the number of prostitutes.

Neither the 1900 census, nor the 1910, enumerated women who gave their occupation as "prostitute" or the like. There were few single women listed on either of those census years for Paradise.

Ruth remembered that there were not more than a dozen families within a 10-mile radius of the ranch. At the peak of its population, Paradise numbered about 200 people. The Hilltop mine, where the Hall boys worked part-time, employed 30 to 40 men during those early years.

Paradise was bound to have its colorful and rowdy few, but most men were probably home-bodies whose greatest indiscretion was that of gambling away



This small one-room house close to the main house on the Robert Hall property in Whitetail Canyon is believed to be the schoolhouse where Ruth and Mae Hodges worked and lived as "lady tutors."

the family resources or being hauled home and put to bed by drinking companions.

Before organized law enforcement reached the area, men were accustomed to self-appropriated justice backed with whatever means necessary. Officers of the law needed to be as dexterous with a gun as the lawless opponent they sought. There were times when it was difficult to tell whether a judge or lawman was less criminal than the men he arrested.

The only surviving legend regarding the wayward of Paradise is about one Pablo Zuniga, who was hardly a notorious outlaw. A native of Mexico, Pablo sold cords of wood packed on the back of his burro. Although his profits were meager, Pablo always had enough money for a little refreshment at one of the saloons, after which he decided to beat his wife and children to let them know he loved them. They may have understood Pablo's expression of endearment; however, some of the townspeople did not and had him arrested.

Pablo's wife, Maria, used a monkey wrench to twist the bars out of the jail and Pablo crawled out and made a hasty but inebriated retreat up the mountainside from where he could not resist shouting a few curses at the gringos in the town below.

Constable Moore saddled up his horse for the pursuit. He lassoed Pablo's feet and dragged him back to jail where he stayed until he was sober. Pablo was never convicted for his indiscretion as Maria would not testify against him.

Ruth taught the third, fourth and fifth grade course work as best she could to a rowdy group of boys. She described them as almost unmanageable. When Ruth began tutoring, the boys could read and write only a little and teaching them became quite a challenge.

During Ruth's free hours, Charles taught her about ranch life and how to ride a horse. Within six months time, they had become very good friends and decided to marry.

Ruth did not comment much on the circumstances of her wedding, which took place on horseback a few miles down the road from the Hall Ranch. What she did volunteer by way of explanation was that her mother-in-law was pampered by her many sons and used to having her way. Ruth did not feel that it was proper for a young lady to be married at the home of the groom, despite what her future mother-in-law wanted.

Knowing Ruth's strong will, it is easy to see how an alternative plan came to mind. Rather than being bested so early in the game and setting a dangerous precedence of kowtowing to her mother-in-law, Ruth probably suggested to Charles that she and her sister, Mae, and Charles and his brother, George, ride out to meet Judge Hancock on his way to the ranch. Once this part of the plan was executed, it would be natural to suggest that since they had two witnesses, they could get married right then and there and surprise everyone.

Following the ceremony, the entourage made its way back to the ranch where Charles and Ruth announced their marriage and it did surprise everyone. Henrietta did not utter one word of protest or comment about the premature wedding, a rather wise decision from a new mother-in-law who probably was most irritated. The prepared post-nuptial feast was the sole event at the ranch that day.

After Ruth's marriage, Anna Mae Hodges stayed at the ranch, taking over tutorship of the remaining Hall boys in sixth and seventh grade course work. The following year, George married Anna Mae in El Paso, Texas.

From a 1913 newspaper clipping:

> *"George Robert Hall and Miss Anna Mae Hodges were married Wednesday, February 12, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. A. J. Hodges, 1403 North Florence Street.*
>
> *The ceremony was performed by Rev. Perry J. Rice, of the First Christian church. Only relatives and intimate friends were present. The bride was attended by Miss Altha Fruit, and Lyndon Fruit assisted as best man. Misses Eunice Anderson and Myrtle Langford were the bridesmaids.*
>
> *The bride was attractively gowned in white charmeuse, with pearl and oriental point lace trimmings, and she carried a bouquet of bride's roses and lilies of the valley, tied with streamers of white satin ribbon.*
>
> *The maid of honor wore a gown of blue silk, trimmed in chiffon, and she carried a bouquet of pink carnations, tied with pink ribbon.The bridesmaids gowns were pink, and they carried pink carnations.*
>
> *A reception followed the ceremony. Delicious refreshments of cream, cake and punch were served. Miss Ethel Langford presided at the punch bowl.*
>
> *The house was decorated in smilax and flowers, and the color scheme of pink and white was carried out in the decorations and refreshments. Mr. and Mrs. Hall left early*

The marriage of Charles Thomas Hall to Ruth Irving Hodges took place on horseback on June 12, 1912 in Whitetail Canyon. Paradise Justice of the Peace J.C. Hancock, left, performed the ceremony. Note how relaxed Hancock is; his feet aren't in his stirrups. The members of the wedding party are, left to right, George Hall attending his brother, Charles, and Ruth Hodges, attended by her sister, Mae.

Friday morning for Paradise, Ariz. where they will make their home."

Mae said her marriage to Georgewas wonderful and they loved each other deeply. This was obvious to all who knew them.

But at the time, Mae's strongest motivation for marrying was to avoid returning home in El Paso to live with her step-mother, who had out-lived her father. Their natural mother died when both Ruth and Mae were very young. Women had few options when they came of age, and at that time marriage was the more promising.

George and Mae lived with Robert and Henrietta for a short time, then built a house on homesteaded property next door. Directly across the road was the house that Charles and Ruth built, which was eventually inhabited by another brother, Fred, and his wife.

Charles and Ruth moved from the Whitetail Canyon house a few miles down the road toward Rodeo, N.M., to occupy a run-down and abandoned adobe called "Redtop," because of its red tin roof. The adobe, believed to have been built in 1879 by Ireland-born William Shanahan, was built in the customary style of the frontier. At one time it was occupied by outlaws and during that time several deaths were reported to have taken place there. According to tradition, the outlaws killed some of their own gang and made it resemble the deed of Indians.

Ranch Life

The days on the ranch were filled with inconveniences and harsh conditions for Ruth. The frontier environment determined dress and life-style. If Ruth wore dainty lace and gingham in El Paso, she had to change in Paradise. For the most part, she and Charles worked the ranch side by side. She wore short sleeves so that she could cut wood and do chores. She even devised a divided skirt of denim, as it was too dangerous to ride side-saddle.

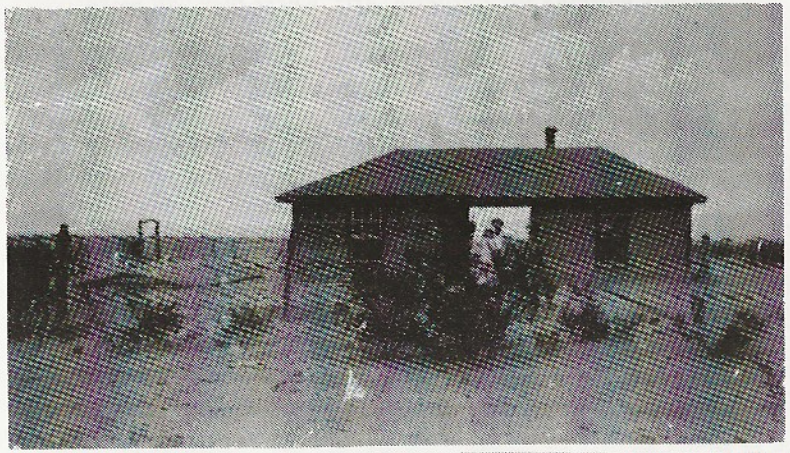
A routine day started at 4:00 a.m. with breakfast. The laundry was done in water hauled to the ranch as there was no well or creeks nearby. Ruth hung the clothes to dry on the ocotilla fence that surrounded the adobe house. On occasions when the water tank was empty, diapers were hung on the fence to dry without a washing and then reused.

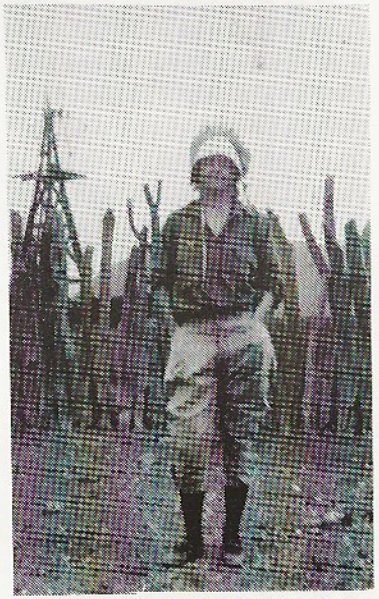
By five a.m., Ruth and Charles were riding out over a 15 to 20 mile range, taking the dogs with them to help locate cattle that had gone astray or were trapped in the gullies. When they did find a trapped animal, it was often too flighty to be controlled, so it was tied to a tree and left for a few days until weak enough to bring it in.

It was Charles' chore, if you could call it that, to ride the seven miles into Paradise to take care of business and pick up the mail. This was one of the few opportunities to socialize and break the monotony of the isolation of frontier life.

Ruth would continue her household chores and preparation for dinner. She learned to make good biscuits, which were a main part of their daily meals. The rest of the meal was primarily beef jerky and frijoles. They had a few chickens and hogs for variety.

Once a month they butchered their meat. Without refrigeration it was necessary to dry all of it. During the winter they hung the meat outside and placed chili peppers around it to keep the flies away. The dried meat was softened by cooking it in a stew. Charles Hall was famous for his stew recipe.





Side photo: Ruth gave up feminine lace and gingham for more practical garb once she moved to Red Top, bottom photo. Ruth and Charles are standing in the building's breezeway.

It consisted of onions, potatoes, carrots, tomatoes, beef chunks and lots of chili powder for seasoning.

Shopping was done once a month in Rodeo or San Simon and, according to Mae, was an all day affair. They bought staples of flour, sugar, beans and coffee. When it became possible, they grew a garden. Sometimes the Chinese farmers would bring in garden vegetables and sell them in the area. During these years, beans were more of a staple than potatoes, as they were easier to keep.

Drinkin' and Socializing

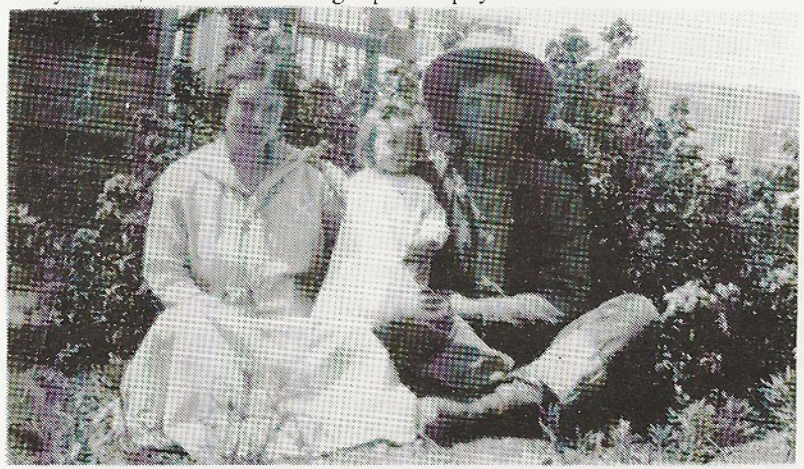
Some Westerners believed that it was more advantageous to wet the innards than attempt to irrigate the desert. Mining camps were predominately male settings that developed a breed of men who performed robust manual labor. The saloon became the miner's social hall where the men could pass the time

with a card game, drinking and a little female company if available.

The Hall boys can be seen as prototypes of this Western male. Mae said that George sometimes got drunk while playing cards in Paradise and "the cowboys" would have to bring him home. Said Mae, he never got drunk at home, only when he went to town. To show her indignation, Mae would not help George to bed in his inebriated state, so the cowboys did the honors and tucked him in. They would leave her a pint of whiskey with instructions to give it to him when he awoke in the morning.

Ruth was not as benevolent towards her drunken husband. One night Charles came home intoxicated from Rodeo. After he managed to stumble into bed, Ruth rolled him up in the sheet, pinning his arms, and beat him with a broom. In the future, Charles was careful not to come home drunk, or at least not so drunk that he couldn't defend himself.

The marriage of Charles and Ruth was East meeting West. Ruth came from a very religious and conservative family background in east Texas. She and Mae were raised in a strict Primitive Baptist environment and never danced until coming to Paradise. The Halls were descendants of the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, who had a less rigid philosophy of life and its evils.



George and Mae Hall posed with their daughter, Nellie, about 1914, top photo. Their home, bottom photo, was on property adjacent to George and Ruth Hall.

Charles had promised Ruth that he would stop drinking if she married him, but he broke that promise at the end of the first week of marriage and, according to Ruth, did not draw a sober breath for almost a year.

Ruth might have a strong case against Charles and his drinking. At the time she was due to have one of their children, Charles drove her into Rodeo to put her on the Southern Pacific Railroad train for El Paso, where she planned to have the baby in a hospital. Charles stopped in a saloon for a drink. Finally, it was time to board the train and Charles had not returned. Ruth picked up her own bags and put herself on the train without a word, but underneath that cool exterior you can bet there was a seething wrath.

This was not the only time that Charles was waylaid by drink. On numerous occasions, Charles disappeared for days at a time after going into Paradise for the mail.

Alcohol became a panacea for the hardships of the frontier. Many days of riding the range in good or bad weather and the disappointments of the local economy could easily be soothed, at least temporarily, with alcohol. Many times Charles and Ruth rode back to the ranch after one of those long days and be so tired that they would slide off their horses without using the stirrups, too exhausted for any unnecessary motion.

Women cried to relieve their pain and sorrow, but the men drank. The extent of this drinking is demonstrated by the fact that prohibition was strongly defeated by the miners and ranchers.

Holidays and Entertaining

At Thanksgiving and Christmas, the Hall boys and their families congregated at their parents' place. Mae remembered that on one Christmas eve at least 24 individuals bedded down there. Sometimes they had a tree or an old desert bush decorated with popcorn and red berries. Presents were items of necessity; the women made gifts to exchange while the menfolks went into the general store and bought a few toys for the children. Everyone helped bring the food.

When George and Mae moved to San Simon, they carried on the tradition at their place. And when Mae and Ruth had children of their own, they had a tree and dolls every year. On Christmas eve the kids were so excited that they could hardly sleep. Then when they awakened, the adults pretended to be asleep and watch them sneak around looking for the presents. They referred to the children as "little turkeys" because they strained their necks so hard looking for the presents.

It was common for visitors to stop overnight and if there weren't enough beds, they slept on the floor. Friends and family were likely to visit during hunting season and Sunday brought travelers from town out to the country. The ranch families offered them a meal and occasionally visitors attempted to repay the hospitality. Once a sheepherder spent the night with Charles and Ruth and after he was gone, Ruth found a tiny lamb on the dresser near the bed. He was looking at himself in the mirror.

Not all hospitality was appreciated. On another occasion, a young man from the East applied for a job as a working hand on one of the local ranches. Charles met him at the depot in San Simon and brought him to Red Top. That night, Charles and an accomplice took Ruth's dress form and dressed it like an Indian. They told the "tenderfoot" that he would have to go out and kill the "savage." For some strange reason, said Ruth, the guest changed his mind about accepting the position and headed back East.

The Hall Boys. The six sons of Robert and Henrietta Hall were: top row left to right, Bill, John, Ted; bottom row left to right, Fred, Charles and George.

School and Religion

As the population grew, more schools came to the area. Lillian Erickson taught at the Paradise school and the Hilltop teachers were a Miss Wilkerson and her niece, Ruth. Miss Wilkerson became a friend of the family and went hunting and camping with George and Mae Hall. Because the ranches of the Halls were only a few miles apart, the children met on horseback and made the trip to the Hilltop school together.

Probably because of the community's premature demise, Paradise never built a church. According to Mae, church services were held every other week at the Hilltop mine, conducted by a preacher from San Simon. Traveling evangelists scoured the western frontier for those who yearned for "The Word," but some of the men viewed these preachers with contempt or a great deal of wariness.

When a traveling lady evangelist came to stay with Charles and Ruth Hall for a short time, Charles disappeared until the visitor left. It would not be surprising to discover that Ruth enjoyed this visitor as much for the company as for a break from the isolation.

This is not to say that frontier men did not have religion, but some never put foot in a church except for their own funeral, and that was clearly instigated by a surviving widow. Softness suggested vulnerability. The hardness needed to survive on the frontier made it difficult for men to express themselves in traditional religious ceremony; instead their mode of worship was found in their oneness with the land and reverence for its destructive power.

Frontier Perils

Frontier life was a dangerous existence. One survived by having a respect for the wilderness. Many wild cats and bears lived in the area and when the streams were low the animals came closer to the ranches to drink from the cow tanks. Lions, javelinas and deer were seen frequently and bears reportedly broke into some houses in the Cave Creek area a short distance from Paradise.

One night George and Mae's mare came into the corral with lion scratches down both sides from her neck to her rump. Burros occasionally came in the same way. Lions would lodge themselves in the trees and jump the cattle as they passed by on the various trails. On occasions the colts belonging to George and Mae were killed by the big cats.

Because of the hazards of the wilderness, common sense was a necessity and a mistake might be paid for with one's life. One day George, Mae, Charles and Ruth were visiting the Colvins. Their four children, Nell and Thelma, George and Mae's daughters; and Helen and Dorothy, Charles and Ruth's daughters, were playing in the field. The older girls saw a wolf approach and ran home crying, leaving the youngest, Dorothy, about four years old, to fend for herself. Ruth found her in a state of tears, but safe. The others were lectured and punished for their thoughtlessness.

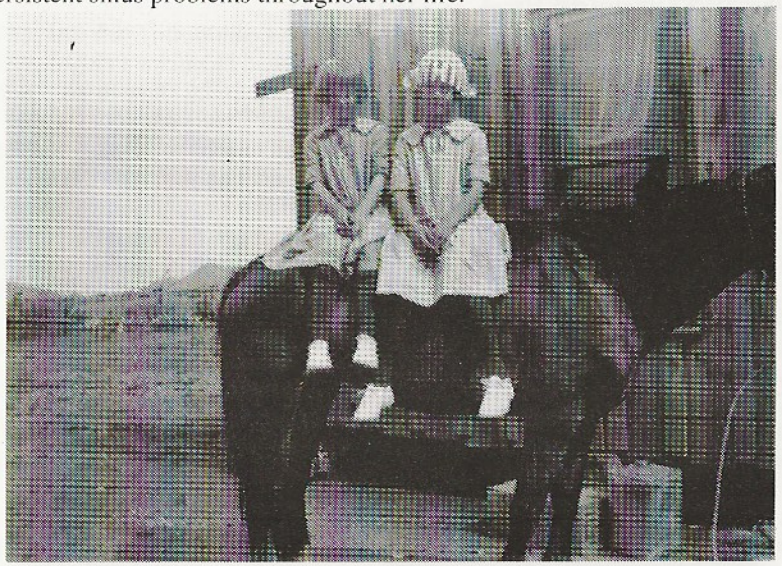
The desert was a persistent sparring partner. When Helen was five, the four girls were playing outside and a dust storm caught them by surprise. Helen ran into a barbed-wire fence and cut her face from her right eye lid to her ear. The all purpose treatment of "turpentine" was applied and the wound healed without any visible scar.

Turpentine was a popular treatment for any kind of cut or abrasion, but presented its own hazards. One day Charles wrapped an injured hand in a turpentine-soaked rag. Now Charles was also a smoker so the turpentine rag caught fire. Ruth grabbed his hand and stuck it in her coat to put out the flame.

In an emergency, Ruth was someone you wanted to have around. When the rag was removed from Charles' hand, the flesh came with it.

Livestock claimed victims also. When Nell was two, she was kicked in the eye by a bronco named Fred. The eye had swollen shut by the time her parents got to her. Mae, who was nursing the youngest child, Thelma, held Nell for 36 hours straight, and due to the stress and length of time without nursing, her milk dried up and Thelma had to be bottle-fed.

A doctor was called to look at Nell's eye and found the swelling so severe he could not get the eye open. It was five days before they knew whether or not Nell would ever see out of that eye again. As a result of this injury, Nell had persistent sinus problems throughout her life.



Nellie and Thelma, George and Mae Hall's daughters, wore new white shoes in this photo taken with a ranch horse.

Rattlesnakes are part of the normal everyday life in Arizona. Every pioneer of the desert has one good rattlesnake story to relate. In the case of Ruth, there are at least a half a dozen stories.

One winter afternoon, Ruth was sitting by the fire sewing while Helen was taking a nap. When Helen awoke she toddled over to climb onto her mother's lap. In the process, she stepped over a curled rattlesnake that had crawled into the house to warm itself by the fire. The snake didn't move, but Ruth did.

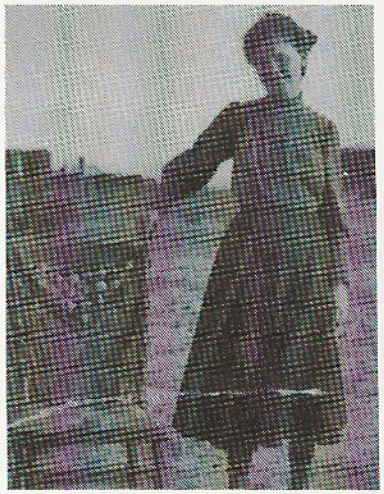
On another occasion, Ruth opened the door of the house to walk out into the yard. At that very moment, a six-foot rattler fell halfway out of the door casement and was swinging in the air. Charles was nearby but was afraid to grab it. But Ruth never backed down from a fight, and throwing caution to the wind, she yanked the swinging snake down and killed it. The snake had 22 rattles on it. This was so unusual that Ruth carried the rattle in her purse for many years to document her snake story that some listeners believed to be an exaggeration.

Kerosene was an effective home remedy for many things. Charles Hall was bitten on the ankle by a rattlesnake while out in the yard at Red Top. It was 22

miles by horse back to the nearest doctor so Ruth filled a pan with kerosene and soaked the traumatized foot. As the kerosene drew the poison out of the foot, the kerosene turned green. Ruth changed the kerosene in the basin three times.

Heads were washed in kerosene, or coal oil, to rid a person of lice, but this is not recommended for smokers. Insect bites were treated with blueing that was used to whiten laundry. A plug of moistened chewing tobacco could be used, but not with the same degree of success. On an infection, salt pork was used as a poultice to draw out the poison by encouraging festering. Indians in the Paradise area had taught the settlers to treat blood poisoning or snake bites by soaking the infected wound in a solution made from the boiled bark of blackjack (Emory oak) trees.

A sometimes fatal frontier peril for women was childbirth. Such was the fate of the first of the Hall children to marry, Robert and Henrietta's only daughter, Nancy Arabella, known as "Bella." She was 16 years old at the time of her marriage to John W. Costin on Dec. 9, 1908. Just one year later Nancy's life was cut short in childbirth.



This photo of Nancy Arabella "Bella" Hall was probably taken in 1908, shortly before her marriage.

According to Ruth and Mae, Dr. G. G. Richardson, the doctor who attended the birth, was not only drunk but used an unsterile pocket knife to cut the umbilical cord. The cause of death was given as "puerpera peritonitis." The baby girl lived just three days.

Nancy and her baby were buried together on the Robert Hall ranch a short distance from the house and near the road that leads to the Hilltop mine in Whitetail Canyon. The grave site is still embraced by the wrought-iron fence built by the Halls to protect the double grave.

Mining operations caused casualties among men. George was working in a mine when a drill flew off and struck him in the chest. Mae remembers he was off work about two months and the chest infection that followed was serious enough to create a very offensive odor in the room. Another time a rock went into George's left knee and gave him discomfort for years.

The slow and insidious affect of mining dust in the lungs took its toll as well. George developed silicosis while still working in the Hilltop mine and Charles became infected with it after a 1920 stint in the Humboldt mine near Camp Verde. Both were to die premature deaths with the same diagnosis — cancer of the lungs.

In later years, telephone service was extended to the Paradise area, diminishing the degree of isolation and bringing medical help more quickly in times of emergency. The Robert Hall ranch was "central," which meant that upon receiving in-coming calls, the Halls would then ring the various ranches

and connect them with their party.

Paradise No Longer

Between 1910 and 1918, it became obvious that the ore in the Paradise area was all low-grade. Mining became such a capital-intensive industry that small-time operators such as the Halls could not afford to stay in the business.

Fortunately, most men homesteaded and worked small animal herds. The women and older children took care of the home front and the cattle, while the men continued to work their own claims and supplement their income by hiring on with the larger mining corporations.

Each of the Hall boys had his own herd and brand. Robert Davis Hall had the Z Bar T; Charles' brand was the Lazy H X. At Red Top, Charles had approximately 320 head of cattle which ran on open range with those of the other Hall boys. The herds were usually driven to the railroad shipping pens in Rodeo and sold for $15 a head. They were then shipped to Kansas City and on to the meat processing plants in Chicago.

On one occasion, Robert accompanied the herds to Kansas. Being the dreamer that he was, before leaving Kansas City he gambled and lost all the money he had gotten for the joint herds. Robert never gave up trying to win the big one. Mae said one time, without telling George, Robert mortgaged and lost George's entire herd of 80 cattle. Another time Robert sold George's car without telling him.

By 1918, Paradise was fading. Its discouraged residents packed up their hopes and dreams and headed for greener pastures. The mines had failed to produce as anticipated and consequently the county refused to build the road to improve transportation to the nearest railroad depot in Rodeo, about 22 miles away. The only alternative was to continue to haul the ore by wagon team. Since the ore was very low-grade, requiring a large volume, this was not cost effective.

George was the first of the family to move away. There was little reason to stay in Paradise and Mae wanted the girls to attend a regular school, so they moved to San Simon.

George worked for the U. S. Immigration Department most of his life, but always had a small claim which he hoped one day would make him rich. He mined small amounts of gold from it. After his death, it was sold by his wife and daughters. Mae became postmistress for San Simon and held that position for many years.

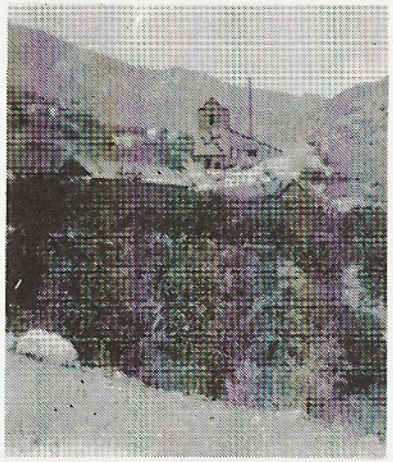
Robert and Henrietta followed George and Mae to San Simon. It is not known how long they stayed in San Simon.

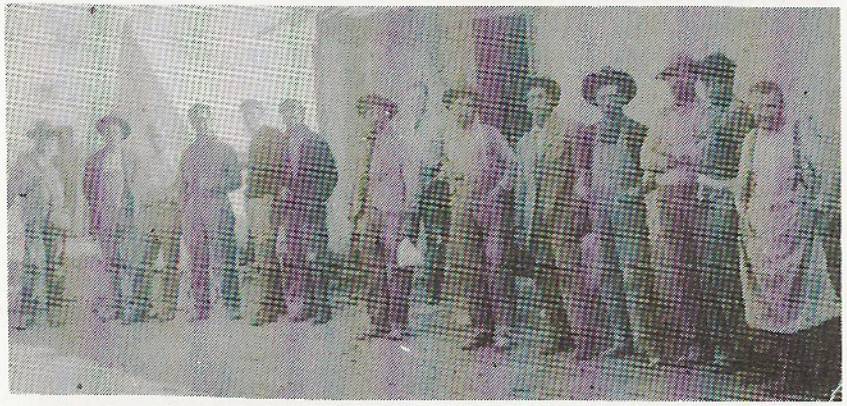
Henrietta eventually left Robert. She took the unmarried children and moved to El Paso near relatives. Robert stayed on in Arizona, trying one thing after another. He owned a gas station for awhile and over the years frequently resided with his sons and their families.

Charles and Ruth were living in Paradise in 1918 during the flu epidemic. Both had the flu, but not the two little girls. Ruth recalled how difficult it was to tend to the needs of the children while feeling so ill. She remembered spanking four-year-old Dorothy for crying, and then crying herself because she had lost her temper.

About 1920, Charles and Ruth moved to Camp Verde. At the time, the central Arizona mining camp was made up of men only. Ruth was allowed to come and bring the children on two conditions: one, that she be the cook; and

Charles and Ruth worked at the Mockingbird Mine in central Arizona, top photo, for almost two years. The bottom photo is either the Mockingbird or the Old King Mine.





two, that the girls stay indoors due to the prevalence of rattlesnakes in the area. .

They had a 75-pound bulldog that herded the girls and kept them company. But in spite of precautions, one day a snake came across the kitchen floor from the outside pantry door. Ruth chopped the snake in half, later to learn that it was a non-poisonous kind. She felt great remorse when she also learned that this species ate poisonous snakes.

In 1922, they stayed three or four months at the Mockingbird mine, where Ruth cooked and Charles mined. In 1923 they moved to Humboldt and the Old King Mine. Then Charles was asked by his father to come home and run his mine in Whitetail Canyon. Ruth stayed in Humboldt, refusing to move until Charles had a real job. She undoubtedly felt that working for Robert was not a "real job."

Return to Cochise County

Charles went to Bisbee, found a job with the Copper Queen mines and Ruth joined him with the girls. They lived first in a Lowell boarding house across the street from the Justice Court. Soon Charles and Ruth moved to South Bisbee and lived next door to William and Esther Sharpe.

Charles continued to work for Phelps Dodge Corp., but was never very happy about it. Ruth said Charles got into rows with his foreman, was fired and then rehired almost on a weekly basis.

About 1930, Charles decided to go back to cattle. He bought a small four-room ranch house just down the hill from what is now the abandoned concentrator on the road to Bisbee Junction. The creek that ran through the property was contaminated by the concentrator. Charles used to say that the cows had copper-lined bellies because they drank the copper water.

There was no other running water on the property. All potable water was hauled in from Warren every week. Ruth brought her washing into town and used the Bakerville Laundry facilities.

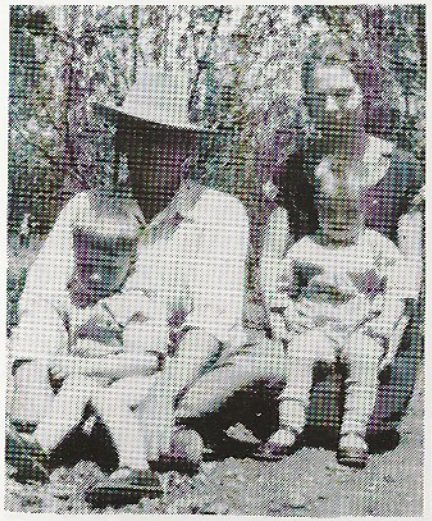
In the mid-1940s, Charles purchased a ranch and herd in Bisbee Junction from James Lynn. This time the ranch had running water and, soon after, an indoor bathroom. Charles and Ruth lived there until Charles' death in 1961. Ruth then sold the ranch and spent her remaining years in Warren near her two daughters, Helen and Dorothy.

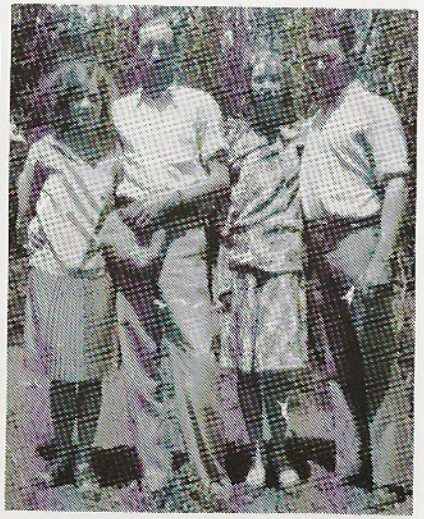
The Rest of the Boys

Fred Howard, the third child born to Robert and Henrietta Hall, married Ida B. Gardner on March 16, 1910. They lived first across the road from Robert in the house that had been recently vacated by Charles and Ruth. Little is known about Fred and Ida Hall.They had four children: Howard, born in June, 1911, in Paradise; Walter, born July 5, 1912; Henrietta, born Aug. 1, 1913; and Vernelle, born early in the spring about 1922, in Willcox.

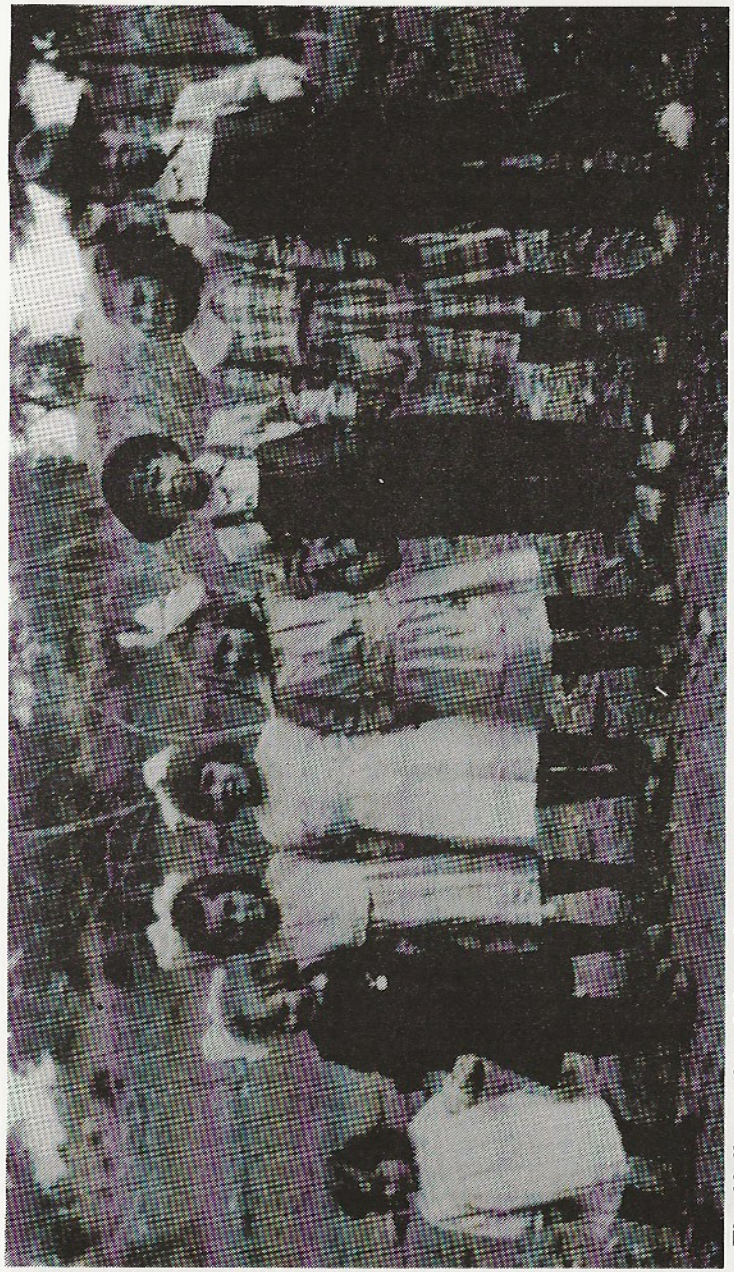
During the exodus from Paradise, Fred and Ida moved directly to Bisbee in search of work. Fred most likely worked in the mines at some time, but shortly before his death he was employed as a blacksmith. He died in Lowell on Oct. 23, 1925.

Henry Theodore, the fifth child, established himself in Willcox. It is not known what occupation he followed there. He married Henrietta Rapier on July 22, 1920 at Paradise, most likely at the ranch. Henrietta was born about 1902, in Safford.





Ted and Henrietta "Babe" Hall and their children Ted Jr. and Gordon, about 1930, left photo. Brooks and Bill Hall with Kathryn and John Hall, right photo.



The Hall cousins, left to right, Dorothy Hall, daughter of Charles and Ruth; Nancy Hall, daughter of George and Mae; Helen Mae Hall, daughter of Charles and Ruth; Henrietta Hall, daughter of Fred and Ida; Nellie Ruth Hall, daughter of George and Mae; Walter Hall, son of Fred and Ida; Emily Delle Birchfield, daughter of Walter and Annie; and Howard Hall, son of Fred and Ida.

"Ted" and Henrietta had three children, all born in Douglas: Haze Chlorine, born in November of 1921; Theodore Hall, Jr., born Dec. 1, 1923; and Gordon, born April 20, 1926. Chlorine died at 14 months of age.

John Birchfield, sixth child of Robert and Henrietta, was born March 10, 1902 in San Simon. He lived most of his adult life in El Paso where he was a car salesman. He married Kathryn Beatrice Corbett on Jan. 14, 1928 in Las Cruces, N. M. They had one son, John Birchfield Hall, Jr., who was born on Nov. 8, 1928.

Little is known about the senior John Birchfield other than George gave him a horse named Star since John could not afford to buy one himself.

The youngest son of Robert and Henrietta Hall, William Edward, became vice president of a bank in El Paso. He married Daniel Brooks Stedham on May 30, 1928. They had four children, all born in El Paso. In 1928 twins were born prematurely, a son and a daughter; the son died on the same day, the daughter a few months later. On July 17, 1933, a son named William Edward Hall, Jr. was born; and a daughter, Nancy Dee Hall, was born on July 15, 1941.

Circa 1925 to 1935 — A Time of Loss

Tragedy and death struck the Hall family four times in this one decade. Fred never quite found his niche in life. After a period of depression over problems with employment and difficulties in his marriage, on Oct. 23, 1925, at the age of 35, he killed himself.

A newspaper article says:

> *Man Takes Own Life Last Night in Johnson Addition*
>
> *Last night about 11 o'clock Fred H. Hall, local miner, took his own life in a house on Cowan Ridge, by using a 30-30 rifle.*
>
> *According to the dead man's brother, who was lying in bed only a few feet away, Hall placed the rifle to his mouth and pulled the trigger.*
>
> *Hall came here a short time ago from Hilltop. He is survived by his wife and four small children residing on Opera Drive. The remains are at the Allison-Hennessy Undertaking Parlor, pending arrangements for the funeral. The coroner's verdict was that Hall succumbed to injuries sustained at his own hands.*

Henrietta was the second loss in the family during the decade. She passed away at age 60 on July 12, 1928. Robert died doing what he loved doing best, prospecting. On Sept. 21, 1931, at age 69, he dropped dead in his cabin in the mountains north of Orogrande, N. M.

Robert's body was taken to El Paso to be buried next to his wife in the Evergreen Cemetery. Little did the Hall boys know that in just three years they would again reunite, this time for the funeral of their brother, Ted.

On March 25, 1934, Ted was shot and killed while allegedly involved in an armed robbery. Newspaper articles outline the story.

> ***Trucker Free After Inquiry by Officials: Stepp and Helper Testify Attempt To Hold Them Up; Hall Found Dead.***
>
> *A. J. Stepp, Phoenix trucker was released from custody last night following an inquest in Willcox which followed the slaying Sunday night of H. T. (Ted) Hall, age 31, of*

The Hall boys at their mother's funeral in 1928, left to right, Ted, George, Charlie, John "Joe" and Bill.

Willcox on the highway between Willcox and Bowie.

A coroner's jury found that the death of Hall "resulted" from gunshot wounds inflicted by a "gun" in the hands of A. J. Stepp, but Stepp, who had been held by Sheriff's deputies pending the investigation was released on orders from county attorney, Frank E. Thomas, who played an active part in the inquiry. Stepp and T. C. Dudley, his helper, both testified at the inquest, conducted at six o'clock last night, that someone, they did not identify the person, attempted to hold them up and fired at them twice with a shot gun, one charge entering the windshield and narrowly missing Stepp. Stepp said he returned the fire as he passed the person.

The windshield of Stepp's truck was shattered, one corner of the cab was ripped off and shot marks were found in the rear of the machine. Broken glass was found near bloodstains on the road, together with a flashlight which allegedly belonged to Hall.

Joe Hall, brother of the slain man, testified that the latter had attempted to stop the truck merely to get help in starting their stalled auto. He denied that either he or his brother had a gun with them. No gun was found.The body of the slain man was brought to Willcox by his wife and his brother. The shooting occurred about nine o'clock Sunday night.

County attorney Thomas and Sheriff Tom Woelker returned to Bisbee late last night after concluding their investigation for the day.

Hall is held in Attempted Robbery Case

(Willcox) Thirty year old Joe Hall, brother of H. T. Hall who was slain on the highway twelve miles East of Willcox last Sunday night, was arrested today on a warrant charging him with attempted highway robbery. Hall was brought before Justice of Peace Ben Kratzberg here and released on $1,000 bond pending preliminary hearing tomorrow afternoon.

H. T. Hall came to death, a coroner's jury decided, from gunshot wounds inflicted by a "gun" in the hands of A. J. Stepp, Phoenix produce trucker. Stepp, who was not held, testified at the inquest he had fired one shot from his pistol at an unidentified person who, he said, attempted to hold him up about nine o'clock Sunday night.

The complaint against Joe Hall was signed by the county attorney.

Willcox Justice On Holdup Charge

(Willcox) April 7. (UP) - A complaint charging Joe Hall, of Willcox, with attempted highway robbery was dismissed today by Justice of the Peace Ben Kratzberg following a preliminary hearing here.

The defendant was represented at the hearing by Elmer Graham of Douglas, and J. O. Roark deputy county attorney, appeared for the state.

The charge against Hall was brought by county authorities following an investigation of the slaying of his brother H. T. Hall, about 12 miles east of here March 25. A coroner's jury found that Hall died from gunshot wounds inflicted by a "gun" in the hands of A. J. Stepp, Phoenix trucker.

Stepp testified at the inquest that he fired one shot at a man who discharged a shotgun at him in an attempted holdup near the place Hall was killed. His testimony was corroborated by his assistant, T. C. Dudley, also of Phoenix.

Mrs. H. T. Hall and Joe Hall, witnesses at the inquest, brought the body of the slain man to Willcox. They said he had attempted to hail the passing truck to obtain aid in starting their stalled automobile.

There has been some question about what really happened that night. According to family tradition, Ted was not brought directly to the hospital, but taken to a cabin by his brother, "Joe" — his brother, John. It was sometime before he was properly treated and the family believes this is why Ted did not survive the gunshot wound.

Of the four remaining sons of Robert and Henrietta: George died on May 23, 1958 and Charles on March 8, 1961, both in Cochise County. John Birchfield died on March 25, 1965, in Odessa, Texas; and William Edward died Dec. 19, 1979 in El Paso.

Epilogue

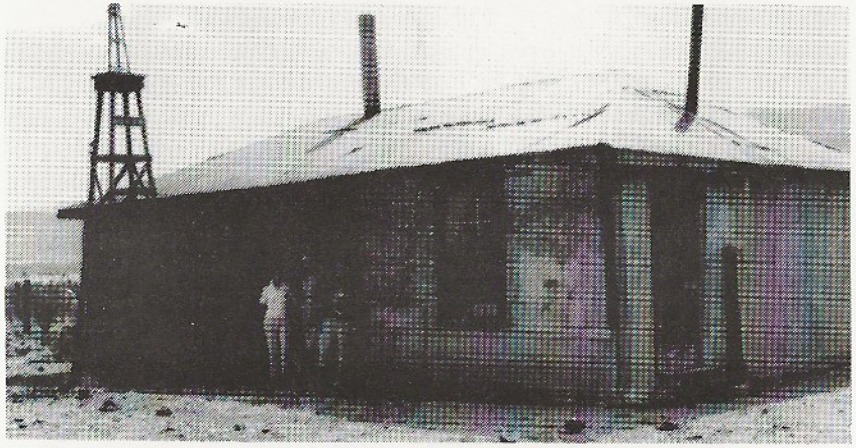
I feel we are profoundly shaped by the experiences of our ancestors. It is this heritage that makes us uniquely different from every other person's family.

I sometimes visualize myself as a mirror-image of Grandmother Ruth when I do or say something that was so typically her. Just recently my own daughter made the same observation about herself, in regards to me.

Granddad Charlie is credited for the "bailing-wire" solution to anything broken. Over the years we kidded our menfolks about using the "Charlie Hall fix-it method."

Education is important to the Hall descendants, even though some have had more of an opportunity than others. Without resources, or an education, pioneers of the Cordilleran West were much like the "hunters and gatherers" who could only pluck from their environment what it was willing to yield. The consequential lack of vision and options created desperation, as was reflected in the lives of Fred and Ted Hall.

Robert Davis Hall could not give to his children what he did not have. Robert had no education and apparently no family resources. He ventured the frontier empty-handed. Each generation deserves not only our praise for their accomplishments, but our compassion for their unfulfilled dreams.



Four generations posed in Red Top's breezeway in this 1961 photo. They are, left to right, Dorothy Hall Sharpe, Ruth Hodges Hall, Virginia Sharpe Hershey and Michael John Hershey (in arms).

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About the Author: Californian Virginia Hershey holds a masters degree in history from Sonoma State University. Of her research into her family's history she says, "I am so glad that over the years I thought to ask all those questions regarding everyday life in Paradise" during talks with her relatives.

Reviews

By Cindy Hayostek

Intervention! The United States and the Mexican Revolution, 1913-1917 by John S.D. Eisenhower. W.W. Norton & Co., 500 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10110; 393 pages, softcover, notes, bibliography, index, photographs and maps, $14, shipping and handling charge not known.

First published in 1993 as a hardcover volume, Intervention! was reissued this year in paperback. Along the way, the book generated a host of favorable reviews. Here's another to add to the list.

In his introduction, Eisenhower notes "Though the Revolution was an internal Mexican affair, it was not always viewed so by the world's powers, especially by the United States ...." Because of its border with Mexico and numerous investments in the country, the United States "could not resist the temptation to meddle" writes Eisenhower.

Twice President Woodrow Wilson used force of arms to intervene in Mexico's affairs. The first was a landing at the port of Veracuz in 1914. The other is more familiar to area residents, the Punitive Expedition of 1917.

As Eisenhower notes, U.S. intervention was not limited to just these two events. U.S. Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson played a major role in the downfall and murder of President Francisco Madero and his brother, Gustavo, in 1913. Wilson's feelings about Victoriano Huerta and Venustiano Carranza helped bring about their eventual fates.

In Intervention! Eisenhower writes about several crucial years of Mexican history with a distinctive viewpoint. One reason for this is his military background which enables him to discuss battle tactics in an easily-understandable fashion.

Another strong point is Eisenhower went to the places he writes about. This resulted in personalized stories, some published for the first time, which Eisenhower gracefully incorporates into the larger body of events.

This smooth writing style also adequately conveys Eisenhower's opinions. For instance, there's no mistaking he doesn't like Pancho Villa.

Some of the best writing is in the epilogue. Eisenhower succintly sums up the fate of the Revolutionary figures who survived the turmoil; that of Alvaro Obregón is especially good.

Equally good is his final point about the failure of American intervention. "U.S. efforts to interfere notwithstanding, the Revolution was started by Mexicans, conducted by Mexicans, and resolved in wholly Mexican fashion."

Letters

Dear Editor:

I am just writing to tell you that the article Bill Gibson wrote for The Cochise Quarterly [A Kid in Arizona, Fall, 1995] certainly opened up a flood gate of memories for me.

When Mr. Gibson was born in 1913, my great uncle William Adamson was probably Douglas Mayor. The house he lived in bore some bullet marks from one of the attacks on Agua Prieta. Uncle Will was one of the main engineers responsible for building the Copper Queen smelter. I am quite sure that when the smelter was built, no one realized the sulphur fumes we would all be breathing in later years.

The year I arrived on the scene was 1922. I was born at home on 13th Street and delivered by Dr.

Armstrong. He always wore a white suit and smelled like an antiseptic.

In 1987 I went to Douglas for a high school reunion. The same as Mr. Gibson, I didn't graduate from there but a lot of my Clawson grade school friends did. It was really great to see those people after so many years.

While I was in Douglas, I went by the old family house and took some pictures of it. The lady who lived there didn't take too kindly to my efforts, even though I explained that I had been born there. When I returned to St. Louis, I dug up an old picture of the house and sent it to her along with copies of those I had taken. And so began somewhat of a correspondence.

I don't remember the Pure Food Bakery too well. I do remember the Kaiser Bakery. Louise Kaiser (now Manning) was one of my first friends and I feel very fortunate to have her as one of my friends today.

The Kaiser Bakery got me hooked on pies and cookies and tarts at an early age. I once bought a cream puff at the bakery, then went across the street to a restaurant and ordered a plate, napkin, fork and a glass of water. Of course the news got to my house before I did and I was informed in no uncertain terms that one just didn't do that!

I loved all the churches on the square block. I belonged to the Episcopal Church and sang in the choir. Rev. Simonson married just about everyone in my family, mother and father and several of my aunts and uncles.

Going to Clawson School was an experience as most of the teachers and the principal were friends of my mother and aunt. Everything I did got back to my parents. In the first grade, Sadie Shrum checked "annoys others" on my report card. I still have it, believe it or not.

The Gadsden Hotel was always a wonderful place to eat. How terrible everyone felt when it burned down. It burned for several days. Our friends, Billy Meredith and Pete Wimberly, lost their men's clothing store in that fire. When the hotel was rebuilt, they went back into business there. But later, I think in the '40s, they moved into the next block.

Spiro Diamos' father and uncles brought theaters into Arizona. They started the Grand in Douglas. This is fascinating history. Spiro should write a book.

When I was growing up, I was a terrible tomboy. Spiro made me mad one day and I beat him up. That night Spiro and his father came to see my father. Papa listened patiently and suggested Mr. Diamos might want to give Spiro boxing lessons.

At the reunion in 1987, I was wondering if I would see Spiro. My cousin and I hadn't been in the Gadsden cocktail bar but a few minutes when Spiro spied me and came over and threw his arms around me and gave me a big kiss on the cheek. My cousin said later, "Yes, but did you notice he held your arms down at your sides?"

My father worked for the smelter when I was born. He had various jobs during the years. We left Douglas in the early '30s and moved to Phoenix where Papa went to work for Pratt Gilbert Hardware Co.

I went to Washington University in St. Louis. I lived in a boarding house and after graduating, I went to work for TWA. I worked for good ole TWA for 38 years and retired in 1983. In 1985, I had a chance to teach at a community college in St. Louis and of course I teach airline ticketing.

Thanks to Bill Gibson for taking the time to write the article. Congratulations to his wife and family for getting him to write it.

Mrs. Robert Cavin
(Betty Jean Cunningham)
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Editor:

My long-time friend, Harriette Glenn, sent me the issue of The Cochise Quarterly with Bill Gibson's article. What a delightful, memorable trip back to childhood times! I'm wondering if others enjoyed the issue as much as I. I doubt it.

I can't get over the way Mr. Gibson described everything, regardless of what the subject was. The games were described in exact measurements. So accurate. I got such a thrill out of the games he mentioned, especially the tops. I really enjoyed spinning those tops.

Names that had slipped my mind: Ferguson Drug Store, what precious memories there; Pure Food Bakery, yummy, yummy; the Sunshine Grocery Store, that blessed ole grocery market. It was such a thrill to order a hot dog sandwich and eat it along with the other kids. But Mrs. Barrett said, No! I could get in with bad company eating away from home. Phooey!

Then I got to page 40 and there was dear ole Grace Methodist Church. What a beautiful sight. I just had to cry a little. Started there when I was nine years old and living with the Barretts. I remember so many beautiful friends in that church for all those years.

Speaking of church reminds me of dear Aunt Sadie Young. She was our Sunday school teacher and she tried so hard to get us to memorize Psalm 121. I don't think we got past the first two verses. That seems to be all I can remember of that psalm.

When I started reading about the church, I was hoping Mr. Gibson would mention some minister. He sure did. Pastor Wilbur Fisk was a small man, quiet and very dignified. His two grown daughters were very lady-like and everyone thought so highly of this family.

I did so enjoy Mr. Gibson telling about his experience of driving his mom's car by himself for the first time. He was eight years old. He beat my record. I took my daddy's car alone at age of 12. One day Daddy Lyn told me I could take his car alone to the 15th Street Park, drive around in the park and bring the car back home. Wow! What an experience.

The boarding house part was very interesting. I don't recall anyone talking about a boarding house except for one I knew well. That was the one Mrs. Johnson had across the street from the high school.

Our English teacher, Miss Penny, stayed at Mrs. Johnson's home. Can't you still see her fluffy, slightly reddish tinted wig? It was like soft cotton wound around her head. Always the same. She kept brushing some of the fine hair away from her face. Joe Carlson ate at Mrs. Johnson's house for the evening meal.

Mr. Gibson really described Effie Baughman right — a bantam hen. He describes her using that ruler on the children's hands when she was disgusted with them. So true, so true.

I did so enjoy Mr. Gibson telling about Y camps; even down to describing how they made pathways around the camping area and lined them with rocks, even the walkway leading up to the individual tents. Those rocks sure added "style."

Every time someone here drops in for a minute or so, I instantly show them "the book" from home. I thank Harriette oodles and oodles for sending it.

Mrs. Glenna Vestal
Bakersfield, Calif.