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The Cochise Quarterly, a journal of history and archaeology of Cochise County and adjacent portions of Hidalgo County, N.M., and Sonora and Chihuahua states in Mexico, contains articles by qualified authors as well as reviews of books on history and archaeology in the area. It is a CCHAS publication. Contributions are welcome. Manuscripts should be submitted to the Editorial Committee, P.O. Box 818, Douglas, AZ 85608-0818.

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About the Cover: Members of Portal's Sew What? Homemakers Club dressed up for their "Gay Nineties" Night on March 28, 1957. Posing in Newman Hall were, left to right, Florence Koehler, Jane Greenamy, Willie Mae Sanders and Bee Epley. This photo and all others of the Sew What Club in this issue are courtesy of Jeanne Williams.

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SEW WHAT? CLUB, THEN UNTIL NOW

By Delane Blondeau

Sew What? Club has pioneer roots reaching back into Arizona's territorial past. When wives of ranchers, and even some bold, daring ladies who were homesteaders themselves, came to the frontier of the San Simon Valley, they did what wise women have always done — organized.

19?? to 1920

To escape from cowboys, cows and never-ending housework, the women in the San Simon Valley formed a sisterhood. Packing babies and a dish to share into some mode of transportation, they gathered to refresh their minds with new ideas and "women talk."

A charter to "Sew What Homemaker's Club" dated 1924 (but issued in the 1960s) is in the club archives. The group became part of the University of Arizona Cooperative Extension Service network at that time. However, women in the Apache area had an informal, monthly, potluck get-together long before that date.

The first record of a club in Portal is a letter written by Laura Law Bailey to an Eleanor Radke in 1967. Laura quotes from her journal of August, 1919 when she and her husband, Gene, first visited Cave Creek Canyon as a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hands. An excerpt from that letter says:

J.H. [Laura's shorthand for John Hands, brother of Frank Hands and the person for whom the John Hands Campground is named] had promised to take Mrs. Houk (the woman who has charge of the cottages) down to Portal for a canning demonstration. He asked me if I didn't want to go, and I said if my trousers wouldn't shock the community I'd go. J.H. said they wouldn't, and at 1:30 we left the ranch in a spring wagon. ...

The canning demonstration was held at the schoolhouse [not the present adobe Myrtle Kraft Library built in 1929, but a small wooden building, now gone, built up on the bench in front of the present home of Yvette and Dan Rehurek], and all the ladies from near and far were gathered, all togged out in their glad rags. But I had on a clean shirt and don't believe I looked any worse to them than some of them did to me.

First thing in the demonstration was that Mrs. Lockwood, the demonstrator, must have her picture taken, and then she was sure she had moved so it must be taken again. This nearly finished it with me, but I couldn't go anywhere if I did go out, so I stayed put.

The canning was the cold pack method, and I took several notes on how it was done. One of the things that amused me was the stress she laid to scalding and blanching the peach so the skin could be easily removed without pareing, and she showed how nicely this could be done. But after the canning there were some unused peaches left which they passed around and among the "congregation," and if all peaches were the same variety of mine, and I judge they were for I had a second one later, the skinning process was a cinch, as it was an Elberta peach and all you had to do with it practically was to pinch the skin in your fingers and it came off easy.

Met most of the women, and J.H. had a long confab with a bunch of them before we got started home.

Sew What?, the name, has always been a curiosity. Sally Darnell Richards thinks her mother, Lillie Darnell, named it. A note from Cochise County Cooperative Extension Office says Sew What? was named by Lillie Darnell when the club was organized about 1945.

That was actually a re-organization, when Lillie returned to the club from some years of inactivity. She had lived in Douglas while her children were going to high school there.

Sew What? was going strong and had that name when Gretchen Hayes and her mother, Jane Greenamyer, were active in the group, about 1941, according to Alden Hayes of Portal.

Dorothy Bliss, a long time Sew What? member, said she recalled the name Sew What? happened like this: A group of women were organizing the club. They were discussing what kinds of activities they would have. The major organizer leaned toward something for the mind, perhaps book reviews or political events or talks. Someone who didn't quite have the vision said brightly, "We could sew." The more cerebral lady is reported to have said with a touch of irritation, "Sew What?"

Animas had an extension club called the "Sew Sew Club" mentioned in the Sew What? minutes of 1967. It's yet another play on the word "sew."

1920 to 1930

From the 1920s we have no stories of Sew What? Club. The ladies of that time have passed away and their daughters available for the interview were not born yet.

1930 to 1940

Sally Richards recalls that in 1930 when her mother, Lillie Darnell, was going "to club," Sally suddenly found herself so sick she could not go to school. So she had to go with Mom to club.

The meeting was at the home of Mrs. Jim Hunt, where the IV Bar Ranch is now. Mrs. Hunt's daughter had some wonderful toys Sally had always enjoyed; especially, she remembers with a twinkle in her eye, a little pair of high-heeled shoes. (Sally's mother was well known for the red high-heels she liked to wear.)

Mamie Franklin remembers she had just married and moved to Paradise in 1936 when she went to her first club meeting there at the home of Irene Kennedy. Mamie understood the Paradise club had been organized the year before. This was probably a separate extension club. It appears that Apache, Rodeo, Portal and Animas each had their own separate group for a time. Now Rodeo, Portal and Paradise are formed into one club.

Audrey Morrow Miller says she helped ranch; she was not a club lady. Her mother, Juanita Morrow, and Lillie Darnell were the "organizing type." However, Audrey recalls Bertha Virmond (the Cochise County Home Agent from 1929 to 1946).

"She taught me how to sew a housecoat. I never wore it, but I kept it in the closet for years, I guess just to show I did sew something once. Sewing is not my talent."

Virmond also showed how to make a cereal from soybeans. Audrey remembers, "It was really good."

"Sew What? helped with 4-H in the early years," Audrey thinks. She has a

memory as a very young 4-H girl going to a 4-H Round-Up at the University of Arizona.

"I met Mary Magoffin there and we have been friends ever since," she said.

Sally Richards also remembers Virmond. She taught the ladies how to make bread. "And I still do it to this day, just as she showed us."

"Sew What? made mother so happy," Sharon Dayton smiles, thinking of the years from 1945 until 1957 when her mother, Maureen Dayton, and her four children lived in Rodeo. Maureen was the night telegraph operator at the Rodeo railroad station in those years.

"Mother had been a school teacher, but she took the job as telegrapher because it paid more," Sharon explained. "Sew What? did crafts and my mother always liked those. My brother, Mike, still has some copper plaques she made."

In the late 1940s, Sally and Fin Richards as newlyweds lived on State-Line Road near Rodeo where Sharon Dayton now lives. Sally had just cleaned the house for a meeting of Sew What? when Fin spotted a skunk under the house. Perhaps forgetting the club was coming, he shot the skunk. The house was permeated with the unmistakable odor the ladies certainly recognized.

"I was never so embarrassed," Sally says. "But there was no time to do anything else except go on with the meeting."

1950 to 1960

Dorothy Bliss' five pocket-sized "Cochise County Homemaker's Yearbooks" with a few scant notes plus six black-and-white photos provide our only clues to Sew What? Club activities in the 1950s.



Opinions expressed, considered and enjoyed have been part of Sew What? meetings since the beginning. The women here are, left to right, Wardie Hale, Elsie Toles and Nora Stafford. The photo was taken March 28, 1957.

They were learning to make hot rolls, design a sewing center, cook beef in new ways, use their home freezers, make valances and cornices and repair their plumbing.

But all was not work. The photos show "Night of the Gay Nineties" with a scene called "By the Sea" performed by beauties in old-fashioned swim suits. There was a radio skit with actors in mop-wigs, fake handle-bar mustaches and Ruth Newman as a buxom opera singer.



A 1957 song-and-dance skit, "By the Sea," was produced by, left to right, Wardie Hale, unidentified, Gertrude Moller, Peg Troller and Ruth Newman.

A hobo party featured hotdogs, corn on the cob, coffee served in tin mugs and Jane Greenamyre as Grandma Yokum. Each June the club held a picnic at some scenic spot in the Chiricahua Mountains.

Eccentricities in members make good memories. It is recalled that "Mother" Martin, mother of Buford Martin of Rodeo, used to bring the same dish to each club meeting. It was a dessert called "Pineapple Delight." Jean Gertsch in later years was known for her monthly "Rum Bundt Cake."

One early member always brought a can of peas and her pan and warmed them on the hostess' stove. This member also enameled her lavatory and bathtub each time Sew What? met at her house. Audrey Miller had this tub in her bathroom at Sulphur Draw and each family member had to scrape off a little paint each time he took a bath. Susan and Louis Pope now live in that house.

1960 to 1970

Blue paperback books labeled "Secretary's Book, Homemaker's Club" record a much clearer picture of Sew What? in the 1960s.

The story of such clubs is in the details of how they make money and what they do with it. Their programs reflect the interests of the times and which local events give them concern.



Having fun in costume developed into a Sew What? tradition: Here are, top left photo, Edna De Shazo, left, and an unidentified woman; middle photo, Mrs. Woolery and Emma Maloney; and bottom photo, Ruth Newman.





Ruth Swinford filled many roles during the Sew What? Club's "Gay Nineties" Night in 1957. She was master of ceremonies, did this skit and was costume designer for the entire group.

Sew What? decided to make money in 1960 by buying a cedar chest and stocking it with "decorated table linens, doilies, dresser scarves, bed linens, bath and kitchen towels, potholders, aprons and many other useful items," the minutes note. Linen, embroidery, scallops, crocheting and needlepoint were the major enhancements of these items. Chances sold for \$1 each and the drawing was held at the Cochise County Fair.

The club made \$1,093 from the raffle. The money was divided in thirds and given to three cemeteries. "Rodeo gave their part to Paradise Cemetery," the minutes read.

A compressor had been bought for the Paradise Cemetery. It cost \$1,030 and Sew What? paid \$685 of that. It was purchased to provide the power to drill holes in the rock beneath the cemetery so that Bill Sanders could use dynamite to blast out graves.

That compressor played a *leit motif* throughout the minutes of Sew What? for years to come. It seemed to always need repairs and Bill was listing the parts he needed to order. Sew What? always complied and financed the bill. Finally, in the 1980s when Bill was too old to blast anymore and he could no longer get dynamite, the compressor was finally sold. Surely the club drew a collective sigh of relief.

Major milestones of life were celebrated by the club. When Mr. and Mrs. Epley, oldtimers of Paradise, had their 60th wedding anniversary, Sew What? gave the party, including a three-tiered wedding cake provided by a Mrs. Potter of Lordsburg.

When Jen Wheeler had her 91st birthday, Sew What? honored her with a corsage, cake and a handkerchief shower. She was the widow of Joe Wheeler, the manager of the huge "H" ranch that had extended from the cienega at Granite Gap to Bernardino.

The ranch built corrals at Rodeo and shipped cattle via El Paso to the Midwest. Cowboys from this ranch gave Rodeo its name when they had rodeos there after the round-ups were over.

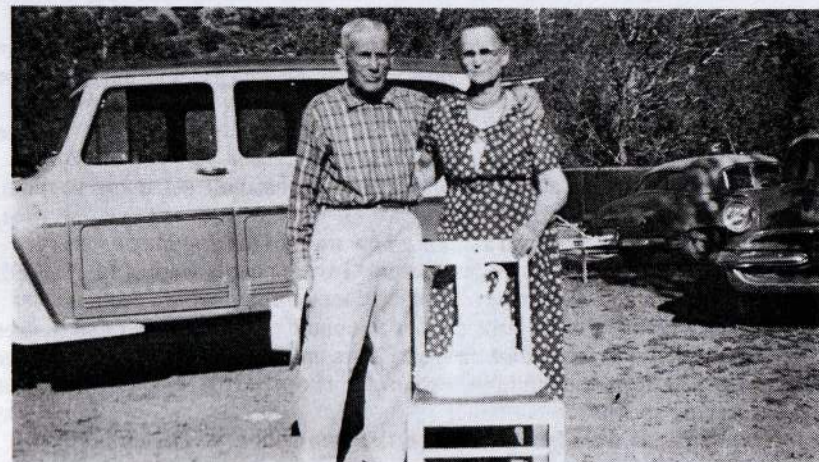
The present Apache School is located on Aunt Jen's homestead. Mamie Franklin is her niece.

Small projects kept money coming into the club: an auction, bingo and a rummage sale. There was also a penny parade; a bowl was passed around at each meeting and members put in whatever money they wished to cover club expenses. This tradition has lasted until the present, 1996. (No dues were paid to belong to Sew What?)

Juanita Morrow initiated a "pig in a poke" which ran for a few years. It made a small amount of money, but there was no explanation about how it worked. Gold Bond Stamps and cigarette coupons were saved and eight TV trays and a card table were acquired with them. They probably provided more table space for the potluck luncheon at each meeting.

The proceeds from money-making projects bought two radios for the county hospital. Portal School and Rodeo School received \$15 each for Christmas stockings or lights for their school Christmas tree.

Mamie Franklin suggested instead of giving small amounts to the schools "that we have a big project of giving a scholarship each year to a graduating student at Animas and San Simon," the minutes state. There was never enough



The Sew What? Club helped Mr. and Mrs. Ed Epley celebrate their 60th wedding anniversary in April, 1961.

money in the 1960s to do this, but the idea came to fruition years later.

Arizona Children's Home in Tucson and Baptist Children's Home in Portales, N.M., were given donations. Sew What? contributed to the Animas School so a girl could go to Girl's State in Santa Fe. It was suggested that the club send Kool-Aid to the soldiers in Viet Nam.

Sew What? bought itself some Christmas tree ornaments. Vivian Martin in Rodeo agreed to keep the ornaments in her storeroom and asked if the silverware might be stored there too. The Martin building is presently the home of Kathy and Dave Fuller and Kathy's Fireworks and Gift Shop.

1966 was the first year that a trip for Sew What? members was mentioned. The club went to the Desert Museum at Tucson, "and had lunch at Furr's Cafeteria," the minutes add.

The ladies of Sew What? were learning about Medicare, house plants, how to cook pasta, using seat belts and what to do in case of nuclear fallout.

Meeting places for a club are often a problem. Myrtle Kraft invited Sew What? to use the old church in Rodeo that was to be fixed up and called St. Stephens Episcopal Mission.

The club did use the facility and even looked into buying carpeting. But two years later the minutes declared that the roof leaked in two places, although it had been fixed three times. The ceiling was warped and the new paint ruined. The club was not putting any more money into that project until the roof was fixed.

Today the Chiricahua Gallery occupies that building—with a new roof.

1970 to 1980

By 1970 a new solution to meeting places was found. The Rodeo School was no longer being used and Sew What? began to meet there as well as in homes. But there were other problems. The minutes note the coffee maker broke. When it was taken to Tucson to be checked, there was nothing wrong with it. It was postulated a fuse had blown, but the club was charged \$3.50 anyway for the examination of the coffee maker.

A year later the minutes state: "As all of our silverware was stolen from the schoolhouse, it was decided that each member bring one place setting and some tablespoons to replace the stolen ones."

The school was later sold as a home and the club met at times in the Catholic Church Social Hall.

Sew What? programs in the 1970s were on cancer, retirement, storage, inflation, how to paint a portrait and a subject that will get many re-runs, landscaping with desert plants.

Besides rummage sales and auctions, new ways of making money emerged. Kits for making little purses were ordered. Greeting cards were sold.

From the minutes: "We have a birthday container into which each member will put the amount of money she wishes to donate or the exact amount of her age. To be opened at the end of the year." It is unknown who put in what, but there was \$20.28 in the container when it was opened. It was spent on two dozen serving spoons.

New demands were being made on the club's money. The club voted to donate \$25 to the Rodeo Fire Department. The department needed air packs that are worn by firemen entering burning buildings. These packs cost \$200 to \$300.

Rodeo's Fire Department could not be approved by the state until it had the air packs. By selling home-baked and hand-made items, the club raised \$100. A month later the fire department had accrued the price of the air packs.



Attending Sew What? meeting during the 1950s were, top photo, Alma Pogue and Mary Renfrew and, bottom photo, Gretchen Hayes and Mrs. Fisher.



A contribution was given to a Rodeo Backhoe Fund. Ten yards of fabric were bought to make curtains for the Hidalgo County Hospital in Lordsburg. Betty Crocker coupons were requested to help Douglas Hospital get a kidney machine.

In the early 1970s, Mildred Marrs, County Home Agent 1965-1976, asked Sew What? to sponsor a 4-H club for girls in Douglas. The minutes report "... the girls were taught social graces, manners, sharing, simple cooking and sewing, and camping."

Katie Scholes suggested instead of sending money to orphanages in Tucson and Portales, that the club donate to nursing homes in Douglas and Lordsburg. Some elderly club members have gone to live in those homes.

Every few years some club member cleans out her closet and finds the Sew What? tablecloth. New members sign their names on it. Sally Richard's aunt, Wardie Hale, made it many years ago and the tradition goes on.

1980 to 1990

1980 began with a frugal idea from Jean Gertsch: dispense with buying of paper plates, cups, napkins and plastic eating utensils. (Whatever happened to all that silverware?) Let each member bring her own service. The idea was accepted immediately and is still in effect 16 years later.

A new picnic tradition was started. The date was changed to the first meeting of the club year, September, and husbands were invited. The picnic site remained the same, under the trees in the yard of Charlotte and Ed Bagwell, until they moved from Portal five years later.

New people began to move into the community and the club began to change to meet their needs.

In 1985 no one would accept the office of president. Reason: the president was expected to attend seven extension club training meetings as well as the nine Sew What? meetings. Most of the club members came from professional careers. They had retired from too many meetings.

The club voted to terminate its affiliation with the extension clubs and become a local group. This was amicably done with Dorothy Green, the County Home Agent, advising the club how to become a non-profit, tax-exempt organization.

Money from Sew What? began to go to other causes. Toys and donations were given to the Douglas Salvation Army until that branch closed. A scholarship fund was started to be given to a graduating senior of San Simon High School, preferably a student from Portal. Teresa Tapp of Portal was awarded the first scholarship. The fund was later extended to Animas School with preference given to a student from Rodeo.

Drapes which were also blackout curtains were purchased for the Portal Library. A donation was given to Portal Library for Kids for supplies. Fifty dollars went to repairs at the Portal Post Office, and a like sum to the newly-built Rodeo Community Center.

Proceeds from a bake sale and the raffle of a beautiful quilt made by club members were given to Portal Rescue to buy an expensive resuscitator. Sweaters, bird feeders, bird seed, binoculars and Christmas stockings were given to the nursing home residents.

Beginning in the 1980s and extending to the present time, Claudia Kenny has given an annual memorial gift to Sew What? The gift is given in the name of her-deceased aunt, Edna Hastings, a long time member of the club.

November meetings were held at the Southwestern Research Station and husbands invited for Thanksgiving dinner. At first, auctions after the dinner were the club's major fund raiser. Later, rummage sales became more profitable because new people moving into the neighborhood had so many household items they wanted to donate to the club.

The earliest Sew What? meetings were designed to leave husband and home for a day of activity with "just ladies." Now the club members had retired husbands and the wives wished to include their men in more activities, but keep the club still a women's organization.

Jeanne Williams initiated "town halls" sponsored by Sew What? for all the community. Her contacts as an author and member of historical societies have supplied the group with an interesting assortment of programs. Local neighbors and their knowledgeable guests have provided much of the agenda.

Ann English from the Cochise County Board of Supervisors gave an update on what was going on in Cochise County as the first town hall. "Geology of the Chiricahuas" and "Flora and Fauna of Cave Creek Canyon" were two other early presentations. The latter program was by Virginia and Mac Cutler with color slides they had taken through the years while living in Portal.

Sew What? programs changed. Members were interested in history and culture of Arizona which inspired "Navajo Rugs," "Indian Jewelry" and "Indians Who Lived Here." There was interest in travels of members with programs: "Russian Women," "elderhosteling" and "Australia." Members especially enjoyed learning about each other's "young lives" since the women were from different states and lifestyles and had known each other only as



Among those attending the Sew What? Club's annual picnic in Mary Willy's yard in the autumn of 1994 were, left to right, Fran Zweifel, Jeanne Williams, Phyllis de la Garza and Capt. Luis de la Garza.



The Sew What? Club's March, 1996 meeting was in the George A. Walker house in Paradise. Standing is Maureen (Reed) Hicks Dohaney, who grew up in the house. Seated next to her is her daughter Suzy McLenden. In the background is Paula Schwendeman.

retirees. That brought "share" programs like: "Easter Memories," "A Special Birthday" and "A Family Recipe and Its Story."

Trips were taken to the Amerind Foundation and to Slaughter Ranch. The minutes mention "lunch at the Gadsden Hotel" after the ranch visit.

At the 1989 Thanksgiving meeting, the program was "Fire Hazards and Prevention." The guest speakers were Brian Lauber of Arizona State Land Department, Fire Chief Dan Wood of Elfrida and a Douglas Fire Department representative. They had made a tour of the Portal area and pointed out previously unnoticed fire hazards. The present Volunteer Fire Service at Portal was organized as a result of that program.

1990 to 1996

By 1990 the September picnic was held under the big trees at the home of Bill and Mary Willy and still is six years later. Ranch programs have been popular at that meeting with husbands: "Update on the Gray Ranch" and "Our Spanish Land Grant Ranch at Amado" by Tony Celaya were two of these talks.

Members were told how to contact their legislators and congressmen and as private citizens how to state their reactions to a mining company applying to explore for gold in the Cave Creek area near Portal.

The town halls were now called forums and the most outstanding was a duo piano concert by Yvette Rehurek and her daughter, Leslie Pintor. The concert was held in the Rehurek home, which was formerly Cathedral Rock Lodge.

Donations were made to the Arizona Humanities Council and a program came from them each year: "Diaries of Pioneer Women," "Civil War in Arizona" and "Quilts in the Lives of Women."

Rummage sales, book sales and bake sales still provided Sew What? funds. Nursing homes and scholarships were supported. A donation to the Myrtle Kraft Library provided more shelves for books. Portal Rescue received financial aid in 1996. The neighborhood was growing and the club was concentrating on local needs.

Local talents were enjoyed: Jeanne Williams' "Home Mountain, How I Wrote It," Ray Mendez' "I'm an Insect Wrangler for the Movies," Lynn Mayes' "Mules I have Known" and Izzy Escobar's and Junior Gomez' "Growing Up in Rodeo," complete with a model of Rodeo in its railroad days. The writer's group read selections from "All That Talent," a book they published.

With an unforgettable production of "The Nutcracker Suite" by children and adults of the community, Sew What? began the tradition of a Christmas celebration involving the Portal, Paradise and Rodeo neighborhoods. A choir, dancing groups, skits, children's plays and even a band (of sorts) have been on the programs.

The world has changed and Sew What? has changed with it. But a self-sufficient pioneer spirit is still evident in its members. If only Laura Law Bailey could have witnessed this scene at the meeting in Paradise at the George Walker House:

Mary Carson had a flat on her pick-up. While she read from the manual how to find the hidden spare tire and disengage it from under the truck bed, Mary Winkler got out the jack handle and followed the instructions. Since Mary and Kari Chalker had on pants, they slid under the chassis and positioned the jack. Up came the pick-up, the flat tire was removed and the spare went on. Down came the pick-up. The lug nuts were tightened. The flat tire and jack were tossed in the back. Mary Carson drove away while Mary Winkler and Kari dusted themselves off.

"It was just like a race car pit stop," said O'Leary Squier with a touch of awe.

Wouldn't Laura Bailey have felt that kinship of sisterhood, even though three-fourths of a century and incredible years of technology separate us?

Notes

Material for this history of Sew What? Club was extracted from:

1. Minutes of the club from 1960 through 1996.
2. Information from the University of Arizona Cooperative Extension Service, Cochise County.
3. A letter from Laura Law Bailey to Eleanor Radke in the possession of Sally Spofford, Portal.
4. Interviews with Sally Richards, Audrey Miller and Alden Hayes of Portal; Sharon Dayton of Rodeo; and Mamie Franklin of Bisbee.
5. Mementos from a scrapbook kept by Dorothy Bliss and a remembered conversation with her when she lived in Portal in the 1970s.

About the Author: Delane Blondeau is a retired teacher who lives in Portal. She's a member of Portal Rescue and Volunteer Fire Dept. She organized Portal's Library for Kids program, which recently won a state award.

HISTORY OF THE OLD REED PLACE

Editor's Note: The following article was sent to CCHAS by member Carl Cole of Prescott. He believes in January, 1946, Walter Reed gave this oral account to a secretary at Rice and Co. in Douglas and the account was edited and transcribed. At that time, Cole's mother, Ruth Haggin Cole, was an unofficial county historian and was given a copy of the account.

Stephen Baden Reed, who first located what is now known as Painted Canyon Ranch (now the Southwest Research Station), was born in Jackson County, Mo., on Jan. 9, 1829. He came west with an immigrant train in the gold rush of '49, riding in a thimble-and-skein wagon drawn by ox teams. He passed through southern Arizona near present-day Douglas, on his way to Stockton and other parts of California.

After mining and farming in California for 18 years, Stephen sold his property and returned to Arizona, settling on the Gila River. Two years later he came into the San Simon Valley with Mr. (Brannick) Riggs and his family.

Stephen Reed left the Riggs family at Ft. Bowie and came into Cave Creek, bringing his cattle, teams and wagons. He first built a home at the site of the present Ranger Station. The chimney that Leonard Reed, Stephen's father, built at that home is still standing. Leonard later died at that first home in Cave Creek. Thanks to the Forest Service, the grave is now marked by a monument.

After his father's death, Stephen built the first wagon road up Cave Creek Canyon. In 1879 he built another home, the log cabin where he and his family lived for 32 years. He made this cabin of native timber, hewing the pine logs, whip-sawing the floor timbers and splitting the shakes for the ceiling and roof.

As soon as the house was finished, he planted an orchard. The big apple trees, which are still growing in the yard, were planted in March, 1880. The sale of fruit from these trees added to Stephen's small income from his farm and garden, cattle, horses, hogs and poultry. His big, sweet apples from trees brought in from the Mimbres River, N.M., were famous all over the country and brought him nearly as much profit as his livestock. Good steer yearlings sold then for \$6 or less, and \$1 was a good price for a huge turkey gobbler.

Another source of income was the pay Stephen received for freighting ores from Gayleyville to Silver City. This was considered a hazardous occupation, but Stephen always avoided any trouble with the Indians. He traveled at night when possible and at all times kept a wary lookout, riding with his 50-70 single-shot rifle across his knees. He often remarked that in all his travels, he was never shot at by an Indian, nor did he ever fire a shot at one.

Although the Reed family escaped molestation, others were not so fortunate. One victim of Indian raids was Alf Hands, who was clubbed to death in 1896 by members of a remnant of Geronimo's band. Stephen helped Frank Hands bring his brother's body home for burial in the Reed cemetery. John, another Hands brother, was working at the mines in Pearce when Alf died.

John and Frank Hands identified their brother's slayers through an election ballot, printed on cloth, which was fashioned into a child's dress and worn by a deserted Apache baby girl. The ballot had been tacked on the wall of the Hands' cabin in Cave Creek before the Indian raid. The child wearing it was left in a camp which the Indians deserted when pursued by American soldiers. The little girl, known as "Patchy," was cared for by Mr. and Mrs. John Slaughter until her accidental death a few years later.

Alf Hands was the last white man killed by Apaches in Arizona. After the quelling of this last disturbance from the renegade Apaches, life in Cave Creek was peaceful and, for the most part, uneventful. Stephen Reed lived there until 1911, when he went to live near his daughter at Paradise.

He died in Paradise in 1912 and was buried in the Reed cemetery on the old Cave Creek home. Besides Stephen Reed and Alf Hands, three other people are buried there: Isabel Reed, Stephen's second wife; Leslie, his oldest son; and the infant child of Mrs. Wolfe, a family friend.

Reed family survivors are Lula Walker, Portal; Claudia Keller, Bisbee; Walter, Douglas; and William, Sam Simon.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORIES

By Alba Romero

Junior Historian from Naco

The person I interviewed was my grandma. Her name is Maria Castillo Lopez. She's originally from Sonora, Mexico.

I asked my grandma, "Where were you born?"

"I was born in Pílares de Nacozari, Son."

She said it was the town of the famous hero, Jesus Garcia, who is recognized in some countries like Germany and others that she couldn't remember.

My grandma Maria told me the story with enthusiasm, that Jesus Garcia was a hero because he saved his town from disappearing. He was a railroad man who drove a train. One day, he was driving the train and his friend told him, "Look, Jesus! One of the sections of the train is on fire and we have too much dynamite and explosives. We have to get out of the train fast!"

Jesus answered him, "I'm going to try to take out the train from the town. If not, all the town will explode and the people will die."

Jesus is considered a hero because he told his friend to jump off the train and that he would take the train out of town. He did that but died as he risked his life to save his town.

My grandma was emotional with tears in her eyes saying, "It was a big explosion."

My grandma was born on Nov. 9, 1929 and my grandpa was born on April 9, 1920 in Pílares de Nacozari. They met at a party and got married on Sept. 12, 1940. They lived in the town for 30 years and then moved to Naco in 1959. The time they lived in the town, almost all the people worked in a mine.

She asked me if I knew that her grandma died when she was 100 years old. Her name was Aurelia. Her grandpa died when he was 90 years old. He was a miner and was born in Suaqui, Son. She laughed and said, "He earned \$1.50 pesos weekly that is now worth a penny, or one cent."

She remembered her first teacher, Eduardo, with fondness. But she only went up to third grade because she started to work very young to help her family.

"My mom's name was Mercedes like your mom, that's why I named her in memory of my mom," she said.

My grandma said that the first family member to immigrate to the U.S. was my aunt Maria Garcia. She came here because she married with a U.S. guy, Leon Garcia, who is a policeman.

My grandma said that the people she knows from Pílares get together every year and make a big party with music to dance. But now the town is not the same as the old days. There is only ruins left of the old town, where 12-15 old people live all by themselves. When they get together, they cry from happiness when they see each other because the neighbors feel like they are a family.

My grandma keeps a picture in a safe place of the train from the story. She told me about the hero, Jesus Garcia, and this picture is about 90 years old. I have the picture with me now.

She also remembered her father, Vicente Castillo, who was born in Vacanora, Son., and was a tradesman. He received gold coins named "alazanas" for payment.

The last thing I asked my grandma was what she liked to do when she was

a little girl.

She said, "I liked to see when people took out the minerals out of the mine and put the minerals in a big holder called 'chutis,' because when the sun hit the minerals, it would shine real pretty."

Her last words were, "I would like to go back to the old times and live the same things again."

I asked all these questions of my grandma because I wanted to know more about the old world and her past. I learned about it and that we have to keep all we lived to share with our sons and grandsons. I hope that I can tell a story like this in the future to my sons and daughters.

MY FAMILY HISTORY **By Luis Rene Valenzuela II** **Junior Historian from Naco**

The first member of my family to immigrate to the United States of America was my great-grandmother, Josefa Armenta de Lugo. She immigrated when she was 12 from Alamos, Son. She came to the U.S. through Naco and went to Bisbee. She lived there most of her life until she died.

My great-grandmother Josefa Lugo was born in Alamos on Nov. 12, 1900. My great-grandfather Manuel Lugo was born in Guanacev , Dur., on Dec. 25, 1900.

My great-grandmother stayed in school until the fourth grade in Bisbee public schools. One of her teachers was later a principal in Naco School, Mrs. Brown. They named a section of Naco School after Mrs. Brown. It's the wing where first, second, third and fourth grades are.

My great-grandfather stayed in school until the third grade. He was a smart, self-taught man. There was nothing you could ask that he didn't know. He got to be a city councilman in Bisbee.

My great-grandparents met at a dance. My great-grandmother was dancing the jarabe tapatio. It was love at first sight. They were married in Bisbee in 1920.

My great-grandfather Lugo came to the U.S. at the age of 14. He worked on the railroads in Pennsylvania. Then he came to work in mining in Bisbee.

My great-grandfather was a miner. Before that, he was in the WPA during the Depression because there were no jobs to get food, clothes or money. President Roosevelt started that program.

My great-grandfather worked in the WPA until he started to work in the mines. My great-grandmother was a mother at home with 12 kids.

My great-grandmother died in Bisbee on Feb. 16, 1983. My great-grandfather died on Nov. 22, 1992. It was the same day, but different year, as when President Kennedy died. It was ironic because he idolized President Kennedy.

A lot of my family members were in the military. On my grandmother Armida Lugo de Valenzuela's side, two of her uncles served in World War II. One was killed while serving in the Navy. Two of her brothers also served in World War II. One fought in Bastogne, and the other in the Phillippines.

My uncle, Tony Lugo, was in the Korean War on Porkchop Hill. He also served in the Vietnam War.

My dad and his brothers also were in the service. My dad and my uncle Rene served during the Vietnam era. My uncle Jaime and my uncle Rene

served in Desert Storm. My uncle Martin was going to go to Desert Storm but the war was over by the time he was going to go. My cousin David was a Marine.

My grandfather, Luis Rene Valenzuela, served in the Army for two years after World War II. His uncle, William Metzler, was killed in the invasion of Normandy; he was a paratrooper. His uncle, James Metzler, received the Combat Infantry Man's Badge in the Korean War.

My grandfather's brothers, Lionel and Eddie Valenzuela, were also in the service.

The rank most of them got was only corporal or private. My uncle Martin was a sergeant when he got out of the service. My uncle Tony Lugo retired from the Army as a major.

My uncle Tony researched the family history. We have a book with the Lugo name in it.

My grandmother didn't have any traditions because her family was big and poor. They all tried to get together on Thanksgiving. Even though they tried, most were somewhere else when Thanksgiving came around.

My grandmother Armida had seven brothers and four sisters. The oldest of the brothers was Manuel, then Conrad, Tony, Charlie, Billy, Richard and Bobby. The oldest of the sisters was Celia, then Cora, my grandmother, Cecilia and Lilly.

Manuel died in California. Conrad died in Bisbee. Richard died working with the Border Patrol. Celia died in Tucson (she was a dialysis patient; she had diabetes and was blind). Cecilia died in Bisbee.

My grandmother Armida was born in Bisbee on June 30, 1931. She was born in her house because her parents could not afford a hospital. She moved five times, then in 1941 she moved to Tiger, Ariz.

She was there when Japan bombed Pearl Harbor. She was in school when they announced the start of the war on the radio. All the teachers put their cars side by side and turned on their car radios so the students could hear the announcement that the U.S. was at war against Japan.

She later moved back to Bisbee. In 1945, she moved to Fort Huachuca and stayed there for two years. While she was there, she went to high school in Tombstone for one year. Then she moved back to Bisbee.

When she got married, she moved to Naco. Her neighbors were my great-grandmother and my uncle Lionel.

Her responsibilities were cleaning the house, taking care of her kids and working at the Post Office. Her responsibilities when she was a kid were to take care of her brothers and sisters, wash diapers, help her parents and help clean the house.

The schools my grandmother went to when she was little were Central and Horace Mann schools in Bisbee and Tombstone High School. She didn't have a favorite subject in school because she liked everything about school. Her favorite teachers were Mrs. Procter and another teacher that used to live in Naco. One thing that wasn't that unusual back then was prejudice.

My grandmother met my grandfather at a dance in Naco, Son., on Mother's Day. My grandfather was sitting at a table with some of his friends. The instant she saw him, she heard wedding bells. They got married at the Old Sacred Heart Church on July 5, 1952.

Their first home was an apartment in Bisbee. The landlord was a German

whose name was Ernie Fessel. They had a four-room apartment.

She has lived in Naco for more than half of her life. Her kids grew up in Naco and her grandchildren are also growing up in Naco. She had four boys: my dad, Jorge Carlos Valenzuela; and my uncles Rene Everardo, Jaime Antonio and Martin Andres.

My grandmother's hobby is talking and being with people. She's a retired person that worked at a post office. The people that inspired her the most were her parents, John F. Kennedy and Pope John Paul II. The most important achievement in her life was having her children and watching them grow. Now she enjoys watching her grandchildren grow.

I think that kids like me should learn their family's history. There should be more contests like this because it is very educational and great to learn where you come from.

IN THE ARMY

By Joel Hernandez

Junior Historian from Naco

This story is about my family starting with my great grandfather, Ramon Contreras Leyva. He was born in Magdalena, Son., on Dec. 3, 1901. At the age of 14, his mom died and he stayed with his father, who eventually remarried.

He couldn't get along with his stepmother, so he left home, joined the army and fought in the Mexican Revolution under the command of Gen. Alvaro Obregón.

On March 15, 1915, they fought in the city of Celaya, Gua., against Gen. Pancho Villa. My great grandfather was taken as a prisoner of war and was accused of using cannons. He was taken to Monterrey, N.L., until the beginning of June.

Gen. Villa ordered him to come to his presence, where he handed him a document giving him his liberty. Villa ordered him to return to his home with his father since he was too young to be in war. My great grandfather left but united again with Gen. Obregón's troops where he stayed until Feb. 1, 1921.

In 1923, he joined as a security guard with Mexican Customs in Nuevo Laredo, Tam.

In 1929, he was transferred to Sonora working as a security guard on a train that ran from Nogales to Navojoa. During that time there was a battle between the Yaqui Indian tribe and the Mexican government. Between Ciudad Obregon and Guaymas, the Yaqui Indians held up a train.

They killed all passengers on board except one, my grandfather, who was seriously wounded but pretended to be dead so the Indians wouldn't kill him. Three days later he was rescued by the Mexican Federal Army.

He was taken to nearby hospitals and clinics, where it took him two months to fully recover from his injured leg in which a metal plate had to be inserted in his bone. Later on he returned to his security guard job in customs in Naco, Son.

In 1932 he married my great grandmother, Antonia Valdez. They formed a large family of 10, in which three died and seven survived. One of the seven was my grandmother, Guadalupe Contreras, who was born on Aug. 27, 1944 in Naco, Son. She was the youngest of the females.

My great grandfather passed away 17 years after my grandmother was born. He died on April 3, 1961 in Naco, Son., of cancer, leaving behind my great

grandmother, Antonia, who followed him in death two years later on Nov. 27, 1963.

My grandmother Guadalupe was employed for approximately five years with customs in Naco, Son., as an administrative secretary. One month after her mother's death, on Dec. 26, 1963, she joined marriage with my grandfather, Eleazar Loya. He was serving in the U.S. Army during that time and was stationed in Alaska.

The first child born to my grandparents' married was my mother Edenia, on March 21, 1965 in Naco, Son. She immigrated to the U.S. on March 16, 1967. She grew up in Naco, Ariz., along with a younger brother and younger sister. She attended Naco School from kinder to 8th grade.

She attended Bisbee High School from August of 1979 through May 1983 and graduated with an A average. During her high school years, she was very involved in school activities. During her sophomore and junior years she was a pom pon/cheerleader and was Homecoming Queen candidate in her sophomore year.

It was also during this year that my mom and dad met. They dated and were married March, 1982. My dad was also born and raised in Naco, Son.

I was born on Jan. 30, 1983 in Bisbee at the Copper Queen Hospital. Since birth until now, I have resided in Naco, Ariz., and have attended Naco School, kindergarten through my current grade, seventh.

MY GRANDFATHER'S TALES

as told to Mike Magoffin

Junior Historian from Douglas

My great-grandfather, Bud Bodenhamer, was from Texas. He did farming there and he had an interesting sideline. He took up being a barber. Back then, it was the custom of the old west for barbers to remove skin cancers from the customers' faces. He would use a mixture of Blood Root ointment and wheat flour. He said the cancers would come out with their roots in about 10 days.

My great-grandfather enlisted in the US Army when WWI started in 1917. He was a doughboy in France and Germany. When he was discharged in 1920, he decided to take up farming in Leadville, Col. He lost his crops to late freezes, so he decided to make his fortune in South America as a construction worker.

On the way, he stopped in Yuma to earn more money for the trip. He ended up with an 80-acre homestead and took up cotton farming in the Yuma Valley about 1923. He married my great-grandmother, Esther Estelle Giroir, there in 1928.

Things were good until the Depression started. He was holding his cotton for a better price and prices fell. A man from Bisbee, Lemuel Shattuck, came in and took all the liens and lots of cotton farms in the Yuma Valley, including my great-grandfather's. Mr. Shattuck is very well thought of in Bisbee history, but not so special in the Yuma Valley.

After he lost the farm, my great-grandfather worked as a farm hand. He was working at the Cressful Ranch in 1931 when my grandfather, Howard Bodenhamer, was born. He was born at home on the Cressful ranch. They stayed there until 1932 and when they moved, the next to live in the house where Grandpa was born were chickens! I like to kid my grandpa and say he was born in the chicken coop!

The reason they moved in 1932 was that my great-grandfather started working for the US Reclamation Service. He worked for them until he retired and he always wore his trademark hat, a XXX Stetson.

He has lots of interesting work crews. There were refugees from the dust bowls of Oklahoma, Texas and Arkansas. Then he had Cocopah Indians and WWII Italian and German prisoners of war.

My grandpa has told me lots of good stories about growing up in the Yuma Valley. He had three brothers: Buck, Roy Dale and Billy Dean. My grandpa was the second youngest. One time they all made an airplane out of boards and old wagon wheels. My grandpa was seven years old. He remembers that he got in it and they pushed him off the porch. It didn't fly. My great Uncle Buck tells a different story. He says they put grandpa in the airplane and pushed it off the ROOF ... and it still didn't fly.

They were pretty poor then and didn't have money for real toys. When they played baseball they used sticks and rocks. When my grandpa was about seven-years-old he walked out the door of the house during a "baseball" game and a "baseball rock" hit him right in the eye. Today a doctor would have fixed it, but they didn't have doctors and my grandpa is blind in that eye.

Besides the Colorado River there were a lot of irrigation canals to play in. To learn to swim, the other kids threw you in. My grandpa didn't learn on the first try, but he was lucky. A big kid, Donald Heckman, pulled him out. He did learn to swim though and had lots of adventures on the river.

At the end of WWII, the Army left a lot of wrecked pieces of military stuff around the Colorado River. Once he and some other kids found an old wrecked pontoon boat. They fixed it enough so it floated and went off down the river.

My mom says they sure did a lot of things she would never let my brother and I do. They floated all night and got stuck in a whirlpool. They had fallen asleep, but fortunately they awoke and paddled themselves out. They decided that was enough and went to shore and walked home. They were near Pilot Knob, a place where the river bends.

Pilot Knob is the place that another of my grandpa's best stories takes place. In the summer of 1946, my Grandpa Bodenhamer and his friends, Norman and David Seale, were planning an adventure to climb to the top of Pilot Knob, eight miles west of Yuma. They wanted to inspect a rotating beacon light tower that had been placed there at the end of World War II. My grandpa's older brother, Buck, and his friend, Billy Sims, had used horses to pack construction materials to several of the beacon sites and my grandpa and his friends were ready to see the beacon towers for themselves.

My grandpa and Norman were teenagers, and David, the youngest of the trio, was 12. At night, they could see the beacon light from their home in Somerton. Watching the distant swirling light made them even more determined to take a closer look.

They got trip permission and food supplies from their parents. (They didn't give their parents all the details of their planned trip, just told them they were going to camp along the Colorado River.)

The beacon light was about 12 miles from their homes. They allowed one day for the hike to the river. Their plans then called for camping along the banks of the Colorado River one night, ascending the mountain early in the morning and returning home after the descent.

Yuma Valley is bordered by the Colorado River on the north and west sides. In the early 1900s, a levee with a railroad track on top had been constructed to protect Yuma Valley from floods. The levee and train track ran about 30 miles from Yuma to the Mexican town of San Luis de Rio Colorado, Son.

The land between the levee and the river was known as the river bottom. The river bottom was a jungle of willow, cottonwood, tamarack and mesquite trees with greasewood bushes, arrow weeds and other shrubs. Coyotes, foxes, rabbits, rattlesnakes, lizards, scorpions, ants, bees, mosquitoes and other life forms populated the river bottom.

In addition to animal life, the river bottom was the home of the Cocopah Indian Tribe. The Cocopah Indians have lived along the Colorado River for hundreds of years. They had met Hernando de Alarcon, the first Spanish explorer to come up the Colorado in 1540. Alarcon arranged for a group of Cocopahs to pull his boat upstream for 15 days until they met the Yuma (Quechan) Indians at the Pilot Knob Mountains.

Early one morning, my grandpa, Norman and David left home as planned and headed for the river bottom. By the end of the day, they had arrived at their campsite along the banks of the Colorado. They set up camp and gathered wood for the evening cook fire. They prepared a meal of pork and beans, fried Spam, bread and pan fried Irish potatoes.

About nine o'clock, they turned in for the night. However, sleep wasn't in the cards because as soon as they hit the sack, they were under mosquito attack. It was well over 100° F. and much too hot to duck under the covers to escape. Their only recourse was to battle mosquitoes.

After several minutes of swatting, they noticed a chanting noise coming from a nearby Indian camp. They couldn't see what the Indians were doing, so they decided to investigate. They walked about a quarter-of-a-mile and arrived at the edge of the Indian camp. They remained in the trees and bushes and peeked through to watch the pow-wow without being seen.

After a while, the three observers decided that the pow-wow was the Indian way of keeping mosquitoes away. The dancing and chanting was a prayer for the Mosquito God to spare them and the smoke from the fire added strength against the mosquitoes that weren't followers of the Mosquito God. After they were convinced that they had learned the process, my grandpa and his friends returned to camp.

At camp they restored their fire to a roaring blaze and heaped green leaves and branches on the blaze to create billows of smoke. Then they started dancing and chanting, turning and weaving in and out of the smoke. They weren't sure if their dance steps were correct and didn't know if their "Heh Ya Heh Ya" chanting were the words the Mosquito God wanted to hear, but without a doubt, the smoke was keeping the mosquitoes away. About midnight, my grandpa, Norman and David ended their pow-wow, ducked under the covers of their bedrolls and went to sleep.

The next morning, my grandpa, Norman and David set about to swim the Colorado River and the All-American Canal. After reaching the far side of the canal, they were to climb to the top of the Pilot Knob Mountains.

They found some logs and removed their clothes and shoes. Next they tied their belongings to their logs and set out for the far side of the river. They swam the Colorado River, pushing their logs in front.

In 1946, the Colorado River was about 20 feet deep and 300 feet wide. When they arrived at the other side, my grandpa pulled his log ashore and was devastated to discover his shoes were no longer tied to the log. He told Norman and David of his loss and said that he couldn't climb desert mountains in his bare feet. He wanted to return to camp, pack up and head for home.

Norman said they could go ahead. My grandpa could wear Norman's shoes, he would wear David's shoes and David could climb in his bare feet. All the Somerton boys had tough feet until they were teenagers. Then when they started wearing shoes, their feet became tender. David, a subteen, still had tough feet. He agreed to climb without shoes and did the climb without any harm.

By the time the trio reached the beacon, their canteen was dry. It would take them about an hour to get back to the All-American Canal. They were all thirsty, but knew that they could last for more than an hour without water.

On the way down, they discovered a small puddle of water. The events that followed were like a modified version of Goldilocks and the Three Bears.

First my grandpa, the biggest, bent over and took a sip of the water. He stood and said, "The water is too bitter to drink. It tastes like greasewood." Norman was next. He bent over and sipped the water. He stood and said, "The water is too bitter to drink." When it was David's turn, he bent down and drank the puddle dry. Then he stood and said, "That was good water!"

David's survivor skills were later tested when he made it through a tour as river boat commander during the Vietnam War.

When the trio descended to the banks of the All-American Canal, they were hot, thirsty and just knew that they could drink that canal dry. They took a running jump and leaped far out into the air over the canal water. They hit with a splash and sank down into the cool water gulping all the way. When their thirst was quenched and their bodies cooled, they surfaced, swam to the far side of the canal and headed for the Colorado. They kept their clothes and shoes on when they made their return crossing of the Colorado. They found more logs and pushed them along in front as they kicked and paddled. The logs were used as a float when they needed rest. The river was swift and when they reached the Arizona side, they had traveled about a half mile down stream.

The adventure came to an end when the trio made it back to Somerton. David was happy to get his shoes from Norman and Norman was relieved to get his own shoes from my grandpa (Norman's shoes had been tight for my grandpa and David's were equally tight for Norman). Norman and David were saying goodbye as my grandpa went inside to explain the loss of his shoes to his parents.

My grandpa had lots of other adventures in Somerton. They include railroad cars, FLYING airplanes, crashing motorcycles and hitchhiking to California. He joined the army when he was only 16 and was a guard for Gen. MacArthur because he was an expert marksman. Maybe next year we will work on some of those stories, but this is all for now.

THE GLENN FAMILY ONE CENTURY OF RANCHING IN COCHISE COUNTY

By Bessie Mathewson
Junior Historian from Douglas

Southern Arizona in the mid-1890s was a colorful and changing land. Stagecoach lines were rapidly being replaced by railroads. Telegraphs that originally operated only for military use were now fully for commercial and personal messages. After Geronimo's surrender on Sept. 3, 1886, concluding the Apache wars, the numerous military camps in young Cochise County were diminishing fast. Soon, all but a few remained. Mining communities and ranches were all the "civilization" that dotted the mountainous landscape.

Into this challenging setting rode a man named William Donaldson Glenn, a strong young cowboy who'd left his family's dirt farm in Texas to find a better life. When he reached Half-Moon Valley in southeastern Cochise County, Will was convinced *this* was the place he'd been looking for.

Will rode up to Willcox to send a telegram to his family. "Come to Arizona, the best cow country you'll ever find," he told them.

Back in Texas, Josiah Jefferson Glenn read his son's telegram. Wasting no time, he gathered his large family and began plans for the difficult journey to Arizona. Josiah, his wife, Josephine, and their 11 (minus Will) children struck out for Arizona and a better life.

Traveling in covered wagons, the miles rolled slowly by. The Glenn family traveled with another family. As riding in the wagon became monotonous and tiresome, the children often rode with the other family or ran along side the little caravan, chasing rabbits and gophers. One day, the group broke camp and drove off, unknowingly leaving two of the little girls behind. When they stopped at noon to rest and eat, they counted heads and noticed the two girls were missing. A couple of the older boys rode back along the trail to find the girls. After reaching them, they asked if the girls had been afraid. "No," they confided. "But we thought you didn't want us because there are too many kids!"

In 1896, the Glenn family reached Half-Moon Valley and their new homestead, High Lonesome. The abundant green grass and towering mountains were a satisfying change from the dirt and dust of their Texas home. This was the beginning of 100 years of living and ranching in Cochise County for the Glenn family.

As the boys of the family grew older, they bought up sections of the land for their own homesteads. Ira Deen Glenn, the fifth oldest, bought Hunt Canyon Ranch. Will bought Buckhorn Ranch. After the other boys moved on, Ira and Will bought up their ranches, adding that land to theirs.

On April 13, 1911, Ira married Marie Christy Lightner. Marie's daughter, Harriet Louise, from her first marriage, was five years old. A year later, a brother, Marvin Deen Glenn, was born in Douglas. That same year, Arizona officially became a state. Another year later, another son, William Edward Glenn, joined the family. In November of 1914, Roberta Josephine, the last child, was born.

The children were raised on Hunt Canyon Ranch and attended a country school a few miles from the house in Rucker Canyon. The schoolteacher lived with the Glenns while she taught. Her class consisted of Marvin, his brother and sisters and some other children from the Bar Boot and neighboring

ranches.

Life was interesting but hard in those days. Living 30 miles from Douglas, the family took three days to go to town. It took one day to ride there, one day to shop and one day to come home. Marvin and his brother and sisters would run alongside the wagon and chase critters until their energy was gone.

As soon as those new contraptions called "motorcars" came out, Ira thought he oughta get one of them. The road to Half-Moon Valley was only a wagon road with huge ruts and dips, not really fit for a motorcar. Nevertheless, Ira took the family to town one day to shop for their new car. The man showed Ira how to drive, taking him around the block a couple of times. After that, Ira thought he had it down pretty good.

Piling the family into the car, he headed for home. The kids oohed and aahed over the car and the sights from the back seat, while Ira and Marie sat up front. As they approached an especially large rut, Ira started to slow the car down but couldn't find the brake! They *flew* over that bump, throwing one of the kids up into the front seat and generally disrupting the entire clan! Talk about a joy ride!

Life wasn't always that exciting for Marvin. After fifth grade, he and his siblings started going to school in town. They stayed in other family's homes while they went through junior high and high school.

On Dec. 20, 1923, tragedy struck the family. Roberta, only nine years old, died of leukemia.

On June 21, 1933, when Marvin was 21, he married Eva Margaret Young. Together they had two children: a daughter, Janet Margaret, and a son, Warner Deen. Marvin continued ranching, but his brother Bill, due to arthritis, had to take up a different profession.

Bill became a real estate agent in Douglas. He handled the sales of most of the land near Wilson Road, now named Glenn Road after him.

In the late 1930s, Marvin started guiding hunts for mountain lions, a family practice that has continued to this day. The family needed extra money to supplement their income. Around this time, Marvin bought his first hunting dog, Jack.

Jack was a red-bone hound who knew about as much about hunting lions as Marvin did. On their first hunt, they were trailing a cat in a shallow canyon. They were going along just fine, when, suddenly, beneath a large tree, the tracks discontinued. Puzzled, Marvin and Jack circled the ground beneath the tree, searching for a trace of the lion.

Sitting across the ravine from them on his horse, Ira shook his head, grinning. There, sitting disdainfully in the tree above them, was the lion! Ira hollered to the hopeless hunters to look up, then watched as Marvin and his dog just about fainted! You can be sure *that* cat hunt was talked about for quite awhile!

When Warner was about six, he started hunting with his father. He's been hunting ever since, now with his daughter, Kelly.

In the early 1940s, Marvin took over his parent's ranch, relieving them of their duties there. Ira and his new wife, Grace (Marie passed away in April, 1940), then moved into Douglas. By this time, Warner and Janet were going to the Rucker school.

Warner was especially impressed with the "big boys" of the school, Hugh Daniels and Bobby Sproul. They could talk him into doing anything. In turn,

he was *always* in trouble!

One day, they had him take a container full of red ants and put them into the teacher's drawer. When she opened her drawer later that day, she jumped up and hollered, "*Who* put those ants in my desk?!"

Warner, in innocent honesty, raised his hand! The teacher ordered him up to the desk, admonishing him to "Pick up every single one of those ants, and I hope *every one* bites you!"

Fifth grade came and went, signaling the end of his Rucker school days. Life took a sharp turn as Warner and his sister began school in Douglas. They and their mother lived in a house in town while Marvin lived a bachelor life at the ranch, coming in on weekends to be with the family. It wasn't easy for any of them, but Marvin did learn to cook real well!

Warner, as a young country boy, had much to learn about town. He got in a few "scraps" in the process of fitting in, but eventually did make some good friends. Warner made it through junior high and high school, then went on to the University of Arizona and took a year and a half of schooling there.

In 1960, Warner married Wendy Paul, a young woman who had been raised at Paul Spur. By this time, Warner was in the National Guard Unit in Douglas. The weekly meetings eventually were too hard to keep, so Warner was placed in the control unit. When President Kennedy activated the 32nd infantry unit over the Berlin scare, Warner was sent along with the control unit to replace them. Wendy and their three-month-old daughter, Kelly Virginia, went with him. At the time, Warner wasn't too happy with the situation but later realized it was a good experience for the family.

After seven months, the family was able to go home. In 1962, with Marvin's financial help, Warner and Wendy bought the north end of the Slaughter Ranch and began ranching on their own. They called it Malpai Ranch, after the Spanish words *mal pais*, meaning "bad land." This is because the land on and around their ranch contains a volcanic rock that makes the land stony and hard. About this time, they had their last child, Cody Ira.

Today, Warner and Wendy are active in the history and preservation of the land around their ranch. They are working with conservationists and ranchers alike to keep the land from any further damage that could take place.

"The settlers that came before us to settle this wild land didn't realize the change that would take place by their negligence," said Warner. "They came and saw the bountiful green grass, tall, spreading trees and flowing streams, and thought it would last forever."

Well, obviously it didn't! Nevertheless, Warner and Wendy are making a difference through their efforts to help.

Kelly still hunts and works on the ranch with her dad and takes care of her first child, a daughter. She is married to Kerry Kimbro and living near Douglas. Cody lives in California, working with the movie industry. Wendy spends a lot of her time in the house, handling paperwork and keeping the books straight. Marvin passed away in 1991, but Warner's mother, Margaret, still lives at J Bar A, the original family homestead.

After 100 years of living and ranching in Cochise County, their way of life hasn't changed as drastically as some may think. They still use horses and mules to hunt and ranch, but there's more than that. The Glenns are some of the nicest people I've met, with manners and morals that we don't see very often anymore. I guess once you've learned something, you don't easily forget it.

Letters

Dear Editor:

Lillian Cheng did a marvelous dissertation on the history of Pearce (Spring, 1996). In the early 1920s, our family visited the Pearce, Gleeson and Courtland settlements several times. I well remember the spur of the Southern Pacific Railroad which ran north of Douglas to Pearce.

I don't remember the exact year, but a motion picture company made a western called "Sundown" just north of Douglas. A train holdup was to be staged on the spur. An ad in the Dispatch invited people to take part in the activity and requested that they take lunches with them.

We all boarded a coach car, which was attached to the rest of the train that included a baggage car. Several miles north of Douglas, the stage had been set for the holdup. Old railroad ties had been stacked on the track as a barrier to make the train stop.

As the cameras began grinding away, the robbers swooped down on the train, which came to a halt. All of the people in the coach car came running out, carrying their lunch sacks. The scene was a disaster and had to be reshot without the lunch sacks.

After the scene was correctly done, it was about noon. The camera crew and the guest riders all got together for lunch. The train continued on to Pearce to turn around for the trip back to Douglas. Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves greatly.

My parents knew Mrs. A.Y. Smith quite well. When she had a show in the Gadsden Hotel, my mother bought one of her pictures, which I own now.

We also knew the McCalls of Pearce, who had a cattle ranch in the area. Mrs. McCall lived in Douglas in a house on 13th Street and

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supplemented her income by teaching piano. My sister, Louise, and her friend, Mary Beth Dowell, were both students of hers. Her husband was known as Judge McCall.

— C.B. Fleming
Mesa

Dear Editor:

I read the Spring, 1996 issue of The Cochise Quarterly with great interest. Lillian Cheng did quite a thorough job of research in most areas she covers in "A History of Pearce, Arizona." But I was deeply disturbed and saddened in what she had to say about the death of my grandfather, Chris Robertson.

On page 16 she tells of the train robbery pulled off by the Burts-Alvord-Stiles gang on Sept. 9, 1899. On page 17 she writes, "Pearce's peace officers themselves sometimes provoked disturbances. In addition to Stiles, Alvord and Downing, the camp hired other questionable characters to uphold the law. Constable Chris Robinson was shot during a poker game at the Bucket of Blood Saloon."

Since she does not mention the murder on Oct. 23, 1899 of businessman Chris Robertson by Sid Page, who was convicted of second-degree murder on Dec. 20, 1900 after three much-publicized trials, I must assume that her Chris Robinson is actually Chris Robertson.

Chris Robertson was one of those Tombstone businessmen who had moved to Pearce in the mid-1890s. His wife, Alice, has passed away in Tombstone in November, 1895, leaving him with five children. The oldest, Ethel, my mother, was 14.

By 1899, Chris had purchased property in Pearce and also owned a livery stable and an interest in a saloon. He had sent Ethel to the

University of Arizona as a student in the preparatory school but after her first semester, she had to return to Pearce to help her father care for the family.

Later, Chris sent the second child, Edith, to St. Joseph's Academy in Tucson. In September, 1899, she became ill and had to return home.

Chris met her at the railroad station in Cochise. As they left the depot, they encountered Burts, Stiles and Downing, much to the men's surprise. A few hours later, the west-bound train, upon leaving Cochise, was held up and robbed, as mentioned by Cheng on page 16.

Burts and Stiles carried out the robbery and Downing held the horses. All three later joined the posse looking for the robbers. Obviously, Chris was a threat to them because he had seen them and spoken to them at Cochise shortly before the holdup.

Sid Page, a 19-year-old lad from a well-respected family in Willcox, murdered Chris Robertson on the main street of Pearce on Oct. 23, 1899. While he was never accused to being involved in the Sept. 9 train robbery, Page's trial clearly brought out that he had a close relationship with Burts.

Four reliable witnesses, who observed the murder, testified that Chris had no gun when they saw Page firing at Chris at close range. Nor was a pistol found on or near Robertson's body when the witnesses arrived at the immediate scene of the shooting.

Burts, who had already been convicted of taking part in the train robbery, appeared as a witness for the defense on July 2, 1900. He testified that he was near to the parties when the shooting began.

Burts said after the shooting, he saw Page pick up Robertson's gun. Burts said he took it and Page's gun away from him. Page had testified earlier that he had seen Burts pick up

Robertson's gun and then taken his gun away from him. Obviously, Burts had introduced a second gun that he later turned in to the constable upon that person's arrival.

The irony to me is the statement on page 17 of Cheng's history that places Robinson (Robertson) in a class of "questionable characters" who, in addition to Stiles, Alvord and Downing, were hired in Pearce to uphold the law.

First, Chris Robertson was never a peace officer. Second, he was a successful and respected businessman who was providing a good home and education for his five, motherless children.

Chris was a good friend of some of the most prominent citizens of the area. Among them were:

—John Rockfellow, a rancher and teacher. He convinced Chris to send his oldest daughter to the University of Arizona.

—John Slaughter, a rancher and county sheriff. His wife, Viola, helped Ethel keep the Robertson family together.

—Frank Moore, another cattlemen. My mother was visiting the Moore ranch the day her father was murdered.

—Marcus A. Smith, a lawyer and Arizona's territorial representative to Congress. He came back to Arizona during Page's final trial to help the prosecution convict the man who'd murdered his friend, Chris Robertson.

My great regret is that Cheng wasn't told of Chris Robertson's descendants who live in Tombstone. They could have helped her learn more about Chris before associating him with some of Arizona's worst examples of lawlessness.

The men responsible for Robertson's murder also ruined Sid Page's life by influencing to him to murder a man who had befriended him. Chris had recommended Page for

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the job he held as night watchman of Pearce businesses.

I am including copies of extracts from two sources of information I used to write this letter. They are my aunt Edith's autobiography and Arizona Daily Citizen articles about the trials.

—James H. Macia, Jr.
San Antonio, Texas

Reviews

By Cindy Hayostek

Nellie Cashman and the North American Mining Frontier by Don Chaput, 1995. Westernlore Press, PO Box 35305, Tucson, AZ 85740. Hardcover, 186 pages, illustrations, notes, bibliography, index, \$26.95.

Famous Tombstone resident Nellie Cashman has long been called "Angel of the Camp" by aficionados of that mining camp's boom-town days. But as Chaput details in this new biography, the redoubtable Miss Cashman was much more than that.

Born in Ireland in 1845, Nellie, her sister and widowed mother emigrated to the United States in that great wave of people forced out by the potato famine. After stops in Boston and San Francisco, Nellie discovered her forte in the silver mining camp of Pioche, Nev.

With her sister married, Nellie and her mother took over a boarding house in Pioche, a dirty boom town whose violence, Chaput says, was far worse than Tombstone's. Yet the Cashman operation soon gained a reputation as clean and decent and Nellie became involved in charitable work. It was an oft-repeated pattern.

The mix of boom town excitement combined with the possibility of making a lot of money quickly infected Nellie. "She would live and work in at least 20 other mining camps

and towns before she died," writes Chaput.

After the decline of Pioche, Nellie moved in 1874 to the Cassiar District in northwest British Columbia. After an arduous journey, she opened a boarding house and also became involved in mining through purchase of claims and grubstaking.

Soon after returning to Vancouver, Nellie learned severe winter weather had cut off supply trains to the Cassiar and scurvy was said to be common. So Nellie hired six men to help her pull sleds loaded with supplies and set out on a 100-mile trip. It took the party most of January and February to reach the Cassiar but when they did, Nellie gained a place in Western folklore.

By 1878 Nellie was in Arizona and two years later reached Tombstone. Business was good for Nellie there, thanks to a combination of circumstances that Chaput outlines. Her charitable work continued, including assistance to her by-then widowed sister and her five children.

In 1883, Nellie survived a near-disastrous trip during a gold rush to southern Baja California. She returned to Tombstone, running her restaurant, but before the end of the decade she on the move again.

In the 1890s, the cold country once again beckoned. Nellie set off for the Yukon, trekking up famous Chilkoot Pass. She ended up in the remote Nolan Creek area of Alaska and worked claims there for 20 years until her death in 1925.

Chaput's account of this extraordinary life is readable and free of hyperbole. For Nellie doesn't need mythologizing; her life is remarkable just on its own.

Chaput also adequately conveys the feel of a boom town and the vitality that drew Nellie and others like her. His descriptions make the reader admire Nellie Cashman even more for her grit.



The summer of 1996 marks the 150th anniversary of the beginning of the march of the Mormon Battalion. The battalion, made up of members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, mustered in July, 1846, in Iowa. About 500 men and a few women marched from Iowa to New Mexico, through Cochise County, and on to California. It is one of the longest infantry marches in history. The battalion entered Cochise County through the Peloncillo Mountains, crossed the San Bernardino Valley, dipped into Mexico, re-entered the U.S. in the Sulphur Springs Valley and pressed on to the San Pedro River. This route is marked by a series of monuments erected in 1960 by Boy Scouts under the leadership of Douglas resident Marvin Follett, whose great grandfather was in the battalion. Follett and his wife, Vadna, stand in this photo by the monument that marks the grave of Elisha Smith, a battalion teamster who died near today's Paul Spur.