# THE COCHISE COUNTY HISTORICAL JOURNAL

A COCHISE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY PUBLICATION

VOLUME 29 NO. 2 • Fall/Winter 1999/2000




The Mascot & Western Railroad

THE COCHISE COUNTY
Historical Journal
1001 D Ave.
P.O. Box 818
Douglas, AZ 85608

NON-PROFIT ORG.
U.S. POSTAGE
**PAID**
PERMIT NO. 15
DOUGLAS, AZ

**Return Postage Guaranteed**

The Cochise County Historical Journal, formerly The Cochise Quarterly, has been published since the spring of 1971. Members and contributors are entitled to a copy of the Historical Journal issued in the year their contributions are made.

# CCHS


***Cochise County Historical Society***

**Founded in 1966**

1001 D Ave.
P.O. Box 818
Douglas, AZ
85608
520-364-5226


***To Preserve the Past for The Future***


THE COCHISE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY WAS INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF ARIZONA SEPTEMBER 13, 1968. TAX EXEMPT STATUS UNDER SECTION 501 (C)3 OF THE INTERNAL REVENUE CODE WAS GRANTED DECEMBER 17, 1971.


*Cover Photo*

**The Mascot & Western RR**
**Lon Cheny engineer**
**Dos Cabezas, Arizona**

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# President's Letter

Right out of the gate, "Thank you, members," for your interest in the Cochise County Historical Society. Without your participation and support, we would not be able to exist. Now that I have buttered you up, please remember that annual memberships are due in December for the year 2000. We encourage you to give a gift membership to those hard-to-buy-for people on your Christmas shopping list (or for any occasion). It would be a unique way of giving a lasting tribute, and would be a year long reminder of your affection for that individual — just $20 for double pleasure! We try to present historical stories and events varied enough to suit most readers, and especially those who think fondly of Cochise County and its intriguing past.

On July 17, CCHS sponsored a "Journal Journey" for about 20 participants, the first of what we hope will be a continuing series of field trips. The concept is that we will visit some of the sites we write about in the current issue of the journal, plus other interesting places in the same locale.

This trip we visited several sites in Elfrida, McNeal and Pearce. Jim Ferguson of Tribal Air Communications gave us an informative tour of their spotless airplane maintenance facility and told us about their support program for missionaries around the world. Cliff Whetten took us to several McNeal and Elfrida locations, including the McNeal Cemetery, the old Whitewater School (now a private residence), and the new health care clinic and fire station in Elfrida. We were very happy that Mabel Brown, who contributed so much to the S/S 99 issue, was able to accompany us.

James Grizzle showed us the site of Soldier's Hole, an historically important "watering hole" on the road from Fort Huachuca to Fort Bowie, then took us by the old Webb Post Office, Webb School (now both private residences), and finally

to his home place, the site of the famous Grizzle Peach Orchards. The old Kelton stationmaster's house is on the property, as well as the original Grizzle home.

Patti Burris gave us a tour of the old Pearce store which she and her husband are restoring. CCHS is helping their preservation efforts by sponsoring them for a grant from the Heritage Fund. Patti has a lot of work to do, and if it can be arranged to her benefit, CCHS will sponsor a work session to help her get things in order. We'll keep you posted on the progress of this effort.

We sincerely thank Mary Magoffin for making all the arrangements for this informative and exciting tour, which also included a delicious "dutch treat" lunch at the Desert Pony Restaurant in Elfrida. We thank all of our tour guides for the generous gift of their time and knowledge.

Look for the announcement of our Dos Cabezas and Willcox Journal Journey included in this issue.

About Soldier's Hole: CCHS is undertaking the creation of an historical marker to be placed on the Grizzle property on the Gleeson Road to mark the site. CCHS may initiate other efforts to commemorate Soldier's Hole in the future, and will welcome input from members. If anyone has information or pictures, please contact CCHS at P.O. Box 818, Douglas, 85608, or call Mary Magoffin at 520-826-3821.

Finally, please plan to attend our Annual Meeting on December 5th at the Douglas Golf and Social Club, located just east of the Cochise County Fairgrounds on Leslie Canyon Road. Bud Strum, a member of The Cowboy Poet's Association, will entertain with several of his wise and witty verses. We will present awards to our Guardians of History and our Jr. Historians. See further information in this issue, or call Elizabeth Ames, 520-364-2208, or CCHS at 520-364-5226 on Tuesday afternoons, or to leave a message.

Yours for the preservation of our Cochise County history,

John Lavanchy, President

P.S. Please let us know if you, or someone you know who is a member, has a change of address. This will help us keep our membership lists up-to-date and avoid return postage fees.



# Editor's Notes

What a pleasure it was to compile this issue of the journal. The great manuscripts I received from our contributing writers made it easy this time. Phyllis de la Garza gets a gold star for her prompt submission of the Mascot & Western and the Railroad Avenue stories, and Page Bakarich was right there with his contributions. His gold star is for perseverance in keeping the Pioneers, Guardians, and Junior Historians on track. A job well-done, Page. Thanks to both of you.

We appreciate the stories sent in by Larry Areingdale from Bowie. Through him, we were able to get in touch with the University of New Mexico Press to get permission to tell you about Capt. James Henry Tevis who, in the 1880s, established the town that eventually became Bowie. Larry is conscientious in his support of his town and the surrounding areas. We need more like him!

Thanks, also, to Frances Jordan Park of Banning, CA, who let us know about her father, Capt. Harry Jordan, who was on the scene of the Indian Wars in the late 1800s, and wrote about his experiences in a story Frances sent for this issue.

We are happy to have Junior Historian stories in this issue. We hope that by becoming involved in their family history these young people will develop a further interest in their past and that of our county and state. We urgently need our young people to help us preserve the story of what happened before our time. Thank you, Tirza, Amy and Natasha.

We are pleased to have a "Letters" section in this issue. It is always a pleasure to hear from our members that you enjoy reading what we write. So, please write to us, especially if we get something wrong!

And proofreaders, thank you for your eagle eyes and diligence in spotting those inevitable errors. We try to ward off as many gremlins as possible.

I, and all of the Board of Directors, hope that we will have our new computer system for producing the Spring/Summer 2000 issue. We are grateful to member David Myrick and the City of Douglas for their monetary help in achieving this long-held goal.

We have included a reservation form for the annual dinner, and a form to send in your "Y2K" dues. Of course, we will accept your dues without the form, but everything else is Y2K, why not us, too? Send 'em in early just in case the bank's computer "does not compute" after Dec. 31!

Ellen Cline, Editor

## Reservation Information for CCHS 1999 Annual Meeting

The Cochise County Historical Society Annual Meeting will be held on Sunday, Dec. 5, 1999, at the Douglas Golf and Social Club on Leslie Canyon Road at 12:00 p.m. The board requests that reservations be received no later than Nov. 31, 1999.

Dinner will be catered by Robin Brekus of the Gadsden Hotel, and she has proposed your choice of a beef dish or a chicken dish -- please tell Liz Ames your choice ( for each person attending) when you send or call your reservations. Dinner will include vegetables, salad, desert and tea and/or coffee. The golf club bar will be open for those who want to purchase other liquid refreshments.

The agenda includes a short business meeting, the presentation of our Guardians of History and our Junior Historians. Cowboy poet Bud Strum will entertain us with several of his versions of stories, cowboy poet style. We will all enjoy this segment!

**Call Liz to make your reservations today (see pg. 6) or mail to P. O. Box 818, Douglas, AZ 85608, along with your dues.**

**REMEMBER:**

**Members get a copy of each journal, plus any additional copies will be discounted 20%. Send in your dues today, with thanks from all of us.**



***Just a reminder . . Y2K memberships are due in January***

### 2000 Annual Dues

_____$20 indiv/family _____$25 business

_____$500 life member

**Name** _____

**Address** _____

**City, State, Zip** _____

**Send to:**
**Cochise County Historical Society**
**P. O. Box 818**
**Douglas, AZ 85608**

### Annual Meeting Reservations

**No. Attending** _____ **@ $15 each =** _____

**Chicken** _____ **Beef** _____

# This is your Official Invitation to the Cochise County Historical Society's Annual Meeting

**Date:** Sunday, December 5, 1999

**Time:** 12:00 p.m.

**Place:** Douglas Golf and Social Club
(east of the Cochise County Fair Grounds
on Leslie Canyon Road)

**Cost:** $15.00 per person
(call for children's rate)

**Please call Elizabeth Ames at 520-364-2208 for reservations, or call CCHS at 520-364-5226 on Tuesday afternoon 1:00 - 4:00 p.m., or to leave a message.**

*We look forward to seeing you there!*



# The Mascot & Western Railroad

## History of a Scam Operation

By Phyllis de la Garza

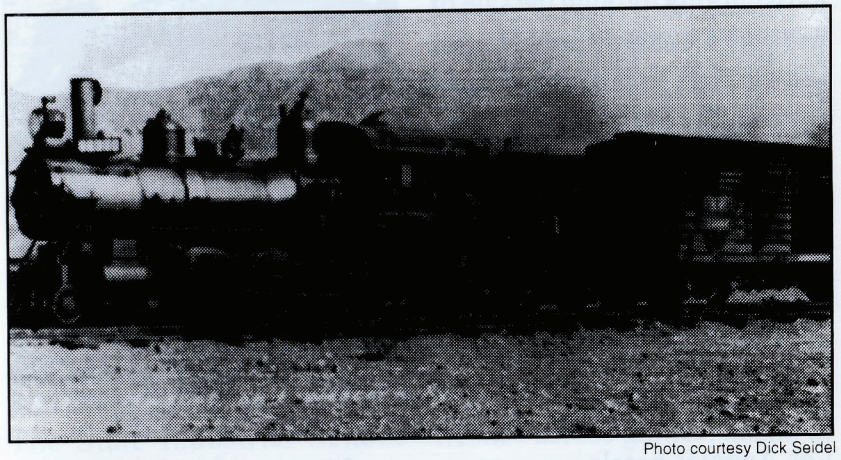


Photo courtesy Dick Seidel

Mascot & Western locomotive nicknamed "Haley's Comet" after Lon Haley, the engineer

The Mascot and Western Railroad ran a distance of 15 miles, lasted 17 years, and played an important role in one of the biggest copper mine scandals in Arizona's history.

In October of 1905, a suave self-made entrepreneur from Chicago, claiming to be an expert in all matters pertaining to railroads, mining, aviation, and automobile production and manufacturing, arrived in the tiny mining community of Dos Cabezas in Cochise County, Arizona. In the beginning, the stranger introduced himself as "Mr. Page," though his real name was Thomas Newton McCauley. Dressed in English riding attire, he was accompanied by a grandfatherly mining engineer named Captain Tibby.

The two took to the Dos Cabezas hills. In a short while, McCauley bought up numerous claims, incorporating the Mascot Copper Co. under the laws of the State of Arizona. In time, nearly 400 employees were dig-

ging tunnels at the mine and the village of Dos Cabezas swelled to 4,000 inhabitants — but very little ore was ever shipped.

During the next 10 years, McCauley built what was considered a "mining empire" almost entirely through the sale of worthless stock in the Mascot Copper Co. Traveling in style from New York to San Francisco, handsome smooth-talking T. N. McCauley bilked investors out of millions of dollars through ad campaigns, weekend horseback vacations at mine headquarters in Arizona, and dinner parties given in swanky Chicago, Denver and Los Angeles hotels.

By 1913, McCauley announced the formulation of his new brainstorm: a railroad. Until this time, the Mascot Copper Co. was forced to ship what little ore there was, in the company's Pierce Arrow truck. The trip consisted of a bumpy 3 mile drive to Dos Cabezas from the mine, then 15 washboard-rutted miles to Willcox, the nearest railhead. The slowness of this procedure gave rise to McCauley's railroad idea, and it was easy for him to convince stockholders that dispensing with the old truck routine would help boost profits.



Photo courtesy Mary Wootan

Captain Tibby

Incorporation papers of the Mascot & Western Railroad Co. were filed June 30, 1914. The planned track would run the distance of 15 miles from Willcox to Dos Cabezas. Preliminary surveys for the standard-gauge railroad were made from the southern edge of Willcox, then moving southeast toward Dos Cabezas. The first 10 miles of the proposed track were rather straight, but six curves would have to be made over the course of the remaining 3 miles. The railroad contract went to Robert McKay and M. H. Merrill, while Charles J. Henning was



to be chief engineer of the project. The total cost of the Mascot & Western was $60,000, payments made monthly as work progressed.

Not one to miss a publicity stunt, McCauley planned a huge ground-breaking extravaganza in Willcox for Jan. 27, 1915 at onset of construction. Newspaper headlines blared many weeks in advance and the proposed new railroad became the talk of the county.

During ceremonies on Jan. 27, a Willcox banker handed McCauley the keys to the city. The State Industrial School Band from Benson played rousing marches followed by singing, speeches and a barbecue dinner. McCauley turned the first shovel of earth near the Willcox depot, while a group of young Willcox ladies standing on a pile of railroad ties sang "It's a Long, Long Way to Dos Cabezas," to the tune of Tipperary.

At last, another of McCauley's schemes had materialized and construction of his very own railroad was underway. Chinese, Apache, and Anglo construction workers, including a number of Civil War veterans, camped along the 15 mile prairie between Willcox and Dos Cabezas.

The crews began grading the roadbed with shovels and hand dump carts; horses pulled Fresno scrapers; 60 teams of horses, including two strings of mules having 20 mules in one string and 18 in the other, were put to work. The mule teams were rented from Pete Boyer, owner of the Dos Cabezas Blacksmith Shop and Stageline. Boyer's mules hauled oil wagons to the railroad builders.

"Bridge monkeys" built trestles across gullies, ahead of them worked the surveyors with transits and levels and behind came horse-drawn wagons piled high with ties. Crews began work at 6:30 each morning and worked until sundown, with one hour off at noon.

A 13-year-old boy named Hyrum Brakefield was hired to chase range cattle away from the haystacks containing forage meant for construction crew horses and mules. Brakefield was given a good pony to ride, 50 cents a day and board consisting of meat, bread and coffee. His older brothers, William and Marion, had two teams of

horses and were paid the going rate of a dollar a day per team, plus board.

Ultimately, 160,000 cubic yards of grading, 340,000 board feet of timber for trestles and culverts, and 41,000 ties were used by Mascot & Western. The 16 miles of track included "Y" tracks at both terminals with about a half mile of sidings and switches at the terminals, plus road crossings and cattle guards. All work was performed according to Southern Pacific Railroad standards for lines classified as branch lines.

By the middle of April, secondhand 50 and 60 pound Bessemer rail arrived, and soon the locomotive made a sensational appearance. She was No. 2154, built in 1888 by the Schenectady Locomotive Works in New York. Her original number was Southern Pacific No. 250, but she was renumbered as No. 1699 in 1891, and finally as No. 2154 in 1901. At first, the Southern Pacific leased the locomotive to the Mascot & Western, but finally sold it to them in 1916.

With the arrival of the engine, the work train was pushed along the freshly laid track. Nearest the actual construction point, a flat car bore the tools and blacksmith shop used in laying down the rails. Each 500 pound rail was carried by five men, each rail used 28 to 30 spikes, two pairs of rails were laid per minute, with 400 rails to the mile. The sweaty, backbreaking job of building a railroad slogged on. Across the broiling springtime desert, the crews finally made their way within 3 miles of the end of the line in Mascot Canyon by the end of May.

Thus far, the project had gone without serious injuries. But in late May, the oldest Brakefield boy, William, was hurt when six head of horses pulling a plow spooked and ran away, careening into William's team. William was caught under the runaway's plow and nearly dragged to death. Taken to a hospital in Tucson, his injuries were serious but not fatal.

The last rail was laid May 31, 1915, celebrated by three loud blasts from the locomotive whistle. Fifteen days later, Cochise County saw one of the biggest celebrations ever held in the Southwest. On June 15 and



16, merrymakers, potential stockholders, sightseers, and gawkers were given complimentary rides in the elegant Pullman car from Willcox to Dos Cabezas. A rodeo, fireworks, music, free barbecue, and speeches by T. N. McCauley were part of the entertainment later remembered as "The Day They Drove the Spike." A brass band greeted a special train from the Pacific Coast and three Pullman cars from back East brought bedazzled stockholders to the event. Among the important guests was Ng Poon Chew, editor of the Chinese daily newspaper in San Francisco. All visitors were given inspection tours of the Mascot Mine, tramway, ore bins and the new town site. Many bought parcels of land, and of course, stock in the Mascot Copper Co.

From now on, prospective stockholders would take the Mascot & Western from Willcox to Dos Cabezas, be met by one of two company automobiles, and whisked the 3 miles up the canyon to Mascot Camp. The Mascot station in Dos Cabezas was a 20 by 40 foot depot, and the rail complex included a single stall engine house, three bunkhouses and two fuel oil tanks. The superintendent of the Mascot & Western was Lon Haley after whom local wags would nickname the Mascot & Western locomotive "Haley's Comet." These were the same observant individuals who slyly referred to Mascot stockholders as "sack holders."

Engine No. 2154 was the only locomotive the Mascot & Western would ever own. Since freight hauled back and forth between Willcox and Dos Cabezas was light, the locomotive was completely adequate. The Mascot & Western passenger car was an elegant secondhand coach purchased to impress bigwigs and stockholders. Complete with lavatory (waste spewing out along the track was later blamed for a typhoid epidemic), wainscoting, curtains and plush seats, the car was 45 feet long.

Regular passenger service was conducted daily between Dos Cabezas and Willcox. The train left Dos Cabezas at 10:30 each morning, arriving in Willcox at 11:45. The return trip left Willcox at 2:20 each afternoon, arriving in Dos Cabezas

at 3:45. No regular service was scheduled for Sundays.

The Mascot & Western also owned a handcar, used for hauling railroad ties and carrying maintenance crews along the track. Stored behind the section house, the handcar was commandeered one night by a group of schoolboys who, after setting it onto the main line, lost control as they raced unchecked downhill along the track. They bailed out just before the handcar jumped the track and smashed up at one of the curves.

Another, more popular vehicle owned by the Mascot & Western was known as "The Black Cat." This motor rail car was made from an old black Pierce Arrow truck that somebody figured out how to attach flanged wheels so it worked on the rails. The Black Cat's bed was covered by a canvas tarp and the 15-gallon water tank over the cab helped keep things cool as it commuted between Dos Cabezas and Willcox. The old truck hauled daily mail and a few passengers, often when pulling a two-wheeled trailer loaded with metal drums, the Black Cat could be heard rattling a mile away.

In 1920, to facilitate handling materials more economically, a new spur track was laid between the Mascot & Western depot and the Mascot Mine power house and mill. In late 1925, fire broke out in the secretaries' dormitory at the mine,



Photo courtesy Dick Seidel

The Black Cat, Lon Haley (center)



caused by an overheated stovepipe. Three buildings including the dormitory, the general manager's house and Mr. McCauley's home were destroyed by flames whipped by strong December winds. An inadequate water supply at the mine hampered efforts to put out the fire.

To replace the fully insured buildings, a huge construction project was promptly undertaken, using the Mascot & Western's Haley's Comet racing back and forth to deliver lumber and supplies needed to complete the job in time for Christmas. The secretaries moved into their new dorm on Christmas Eve.

In 1927, the onset of the Great Depression, combined with unrest from stockholders who had waited more than 15 years for a return on their investments, problems grew for McCauley's enterprise. Regular passenger service on the Mascot & Western dwindled to little more than sporadic runs on special days, such as stockholder meetings at the mine. Rumors had long circulated that certain rich veins inside the mines were left untouched solely for the purpose of "viewing" to impress potential stockholders. Anyone interested in purchasing stock would be shown the fine company facilities above ground, then escorted by a guide into the mines. Here, they were given samples of peacock ore chipped from the walls, led through twists and turns in the blackened tunnel, and shown "yet another rich vein" which was in reality the same one they had first seen.

By late 1927, McCauley began spending most of his time in Tucson where he became chairman of the board of the Consolidated National Bank. In February of 1928, company offices at the mine closed down and stockholders were invited to trade their shares of stock for equal amounts of stock in McCauley's new Southwestern Securities Corp. No production was reported at the mine for 1929, and by the end of the year, only 26 employees remained. Workers scurried out of the hills looking for employment elsewhere.

In January of 1932, Southwestern Securities Corp. filed a complaint against Mascot Copper Co., and a month later a sheriff's sale was held. Lawsuits

and counter suits were brought against the McCauley enterprise, and by 1936, the mine and all its properties were sold piecemeal, including the romantic Mascot & Western Railroad.

The locomotive and rails were sold to a Mr. Sugarman and shipped to Los Angeles for scrap iron; railroad ties made fence posts for every rancher in the county; the ornate passenger car was reduced to a sort of house trailer that served as living quarters in a beet field planted near the railroad track in Willcox. Today, the passenger car is used as a storage shed on a Willcox ranch. Nobody knows what became of the Black Cat.

And T. N. McCauley? He successfully launched an aggressive publicity campaign for the city of Tucson, promoting the city's possibilities. With stockholder money, he built a million dollar bank and office building at the corner of Congress and Stone, Tucson's busiest corner. A newspaper reporter insisted the building should be named "The McCauley Building," and in June of 1933, McCauley was honored by the bank. His motto, "It Can be Done," was praised.

T. N. McCauley, with his usual flamboyance, went on to bigger and better things.

• • • • • • • • • • • • •

*Freelance writer Phyllis de la Garza lives in Willcox, Arizona. She is a member of Western Writers of America, and a 1995 WWA Spur award finalist in Western non-fiction. She is the author of six published books in the Western genre, including Chacho, Story of Dos Cabezas, The Apache Kid, Bounty Hunter's Daughter, Charissa of the Overland, and Camels West. She has a role in the 1995 WWA Best Western Film Documentary, Ruby to Paradise, a southern Arizona ghost town video filmed by Dragoon Productions of Arizona. Phyllis' books can be purchased at the Wildwood Gallery & Books, 154 N. Railroad Ave., Willcox, AZ 85643, (520) 384-4882, and at the Owl Drug Store in the San Antonio Shopping Center in Douglas.*



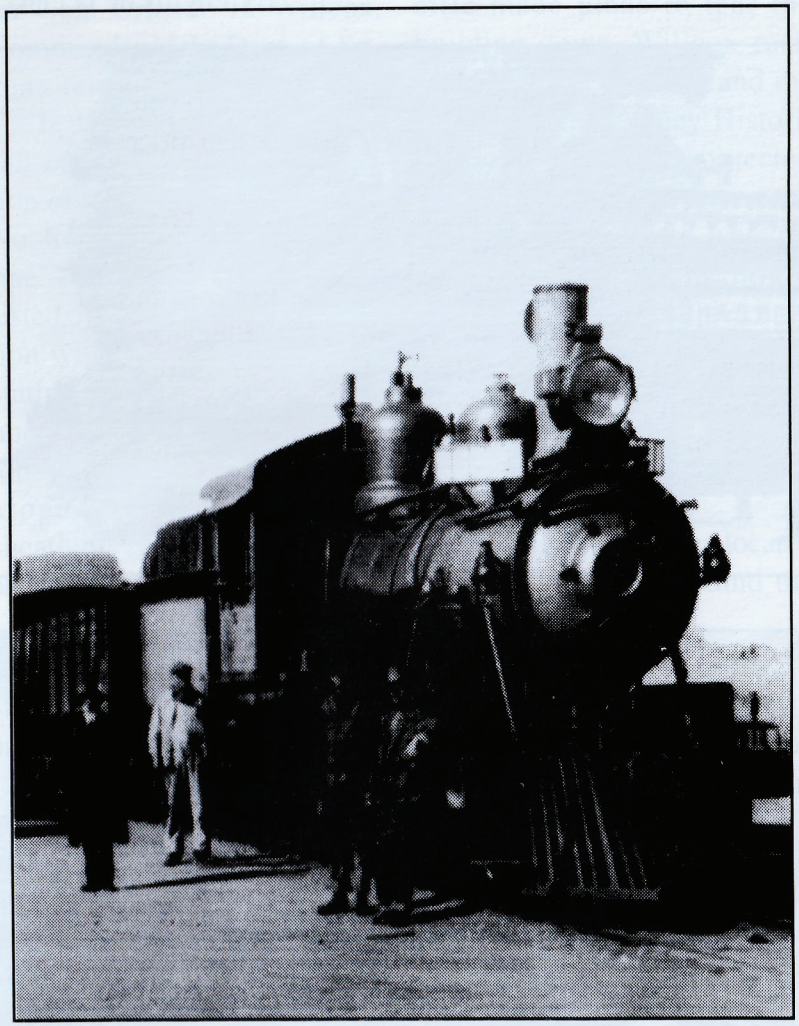


Photo courtesy Phyllis de la Garza

Mascot & Western Engine No. 2154
Lon Cheney (2nd from left) Engineer

# Historic Railroad Avenue

## Willcox, Arizona

By Phyllis de la Garza




Photo courtesy Dick Seidel

Hay from ranch of D. N. Misenhimer on wagons in front of Norton-Morgan Commercial Co., c. 1890

Cochise County, Arizona, fertile ground for researchers into the history of the Old West, abounds with tales of Geronimo, Cochise, the Apache Kid, Buckskin Frank Leslie, Big Nose Kate, the Clantons, the Earps and many more such characters. Willcox, founded in the 1880s along what is now Interstate 10 and located about 60 miles west of the Arizona-New Mexico state line, is a location rich in the history of western development. Its important Railroad Avenue is the site of old buildings with a long and illustrious past.

The beautiful and imposing railroad depot on Railroad Avenue is the only remaining original, wood-frame 1880s depot on the Southern Pacific mainline in Arizona. Construction of the Southern Pacific Railroad in Arizona began in November of 1878, with the track laid eastward from Yuma to Casa Grande. A work camp had been established at the present site of Willcox in 1877. The first settlement was known as Maley Camp, but was later named after Gen. Orlando B. Willcox, Commander of the Dept. of Arizona Territory.

In the winter of 1880-81, the rail company began construction of the depot, designated as No. 84 on the Southern Pacific line. The original building consisted of a two-story central portion with an apartment for the station master. A freight warehouse was build in 1885, and the lobby and office area was added around 1915. The exterior sheathing is 6" wide redwood shiplap.

Railroad use of the depot was discontinued in the 1950s, and by the 1980s Southern Pacific made plans to tear the building down. Willcox residents, the city council, and the Sulphur Spring Valley Historical Society strongly objected and battled furiously to save the structure. Their efforts were rewarded, and the building is now being restored with architectural accuracy. One portion of the building will be used for Willcox city offices and another part will house a gift shop/museum.

The Crowley Home, located south of the tracks behind the




Photo courtesy Phyllis de la Garza

Former Norton-Morgan Commercial Co. as it appears in 1999

depot, was constructed in 1880 and was placed on the National Register of Historic Places on Aug. 6, 1987. The first home built in Willcox's oldest residential area, the house is the best surviving example of Queen Anne style architecture in town. Constructed of redwood, it was built by John F. Crowley who hosted officers in the home during the Indian Wars. Mr. Crowley served as deputy sheriff in 1883, and was appointed U.S. Commissioner from 1902 to 1912. He managed a lumber business and was active in Republican politics.

To this day, the Crowley Home features original wallpaper, light fixtures, moldings on door and window frames and transoms. It has two redwood pillars separating the living room and dining area. The roof is covered with wood shingles and the original creosote treated redwood fence remains intact around the property. It is now a private residence.

Perhaps the most infamous of Railroad Avenue attractions is the site of the old Headquarters Saloon found on the corner of Railroad Avenue and Maley Street. In 1900, the saloon was called "Brown's Saloon" after its owner, Henry Brown. In the early morning hours of July 6, 1900, Warren Baxter Earp was killed there in a barroom brawl.

Warren was the youngest of the Earp brothers and had no part in the gunfight at the O.K. Corral in Tombstone, but he did ride out of Arizona Territory with Wyatt after the Tombstone trouble. Warren eventually returned to Arizona where he worked for Col. Henry Clay Hooker at the Sierra Bonita Ranch near Willcox. He had a reputation for being an ill-tempered bully.

Earp and a fellow cowboy named John Boyett did not like each other, and things led to a fatal showdown, though Earp was not carrying a gun at the time. To this day, Earp historians argue about the circumstances surrounding Warren Earp's demise. Some think it was a matter of two drunks getting mad at each other, while others think Boyett was a "hit man" hired by old enemies of the Earp clan.

Whatever the case, Warren Earp lies buried in an unmarked grave in the old Willcox cemetery. The Headquarters Saloon





Photo courtesy Phyllis de la Garza
Crowley Home on Railroad Avenue

burned down in 1940 and another building was erected on the site. Today, it serves as an office building.

Farther down the street, at 130 N. Railroad Ave. stands the Willcox theater, built in 1927. It was the only commercial theater stage in Willcox, and both Rex Allen and Roy Rogers performed there early in their careers. The building was not used for a while, was abandoned, then condemned, but was finally saved by the Rex Allen Theater/Museum phase of the Willcox Main Street Program during the 1980s. Today the complex is one of Willcox's main tourist attractions, with the original theater front still on display, including the antiquated ticket window and original movie posters.

On the corner of Railroad Avenue and Stewart Street stands the Willcox Commercial Co. Built in 1880, this magnificent structure is the oldest department store in Arizona still operating in its original location. John W. Norton, the post trader at Fort Grant, Ariz. Territory, formed a partnership with M. W. Stewart, leading them to call their enterprise "Norton, Stewart & Co."

Located on 10,000 square feet of land, it was a general

store that included a warehouse, stables, corrals and a feed yard. Norton and Stewart were forwarding and commissioning merchants who shipped freight to military forts throughout Arizona. The partners also ran a stage line from the store, servicing Willcox via Fort Grant to Camp Thomas. Six-horse coaches ran every other day to Globe, Ariz. a distance of 128 miles, making eight changes between the two towns. The fare was $20.

The Norton-Stewart enterprise changed hands several times and the name finally became the "Willcox Commercial Co." In 1974, Dick and Leona Seidel purchased the store and continue the western tradition. While the store no longer boasts of a stage line, cracker barrels, or dynamite, the Seidels sell mostly dry goods: cowboy shirts, Stetsons, jeans, and boots. The store is listed on the National Register of Historic Places.

Around the corner from the Commercial Co., at 140 E. Stewart St., is the Schwertner House. Built in 1881 by Delos Smith, a former Army quartermaster, the home was used as



Photo courtesy Phyllis de la Garza

Historic Schwertner House



an army officer reception center during the Indian Wars. Built of redwood, it was one of the first permanent dwellings in town. After the Indian Wars, it was sold to local business man Joseph Schwertner and used as a family residence until the 1980s.

The deteriorating house was condemned and the last survivor of the Schwertner family donated it, along with its forlorn cook shack and sagging buggy shed, to the Sulphur Springs Valley Historical Society. Once again, the city of Willcox came to the rescue, and through combined efforts of concerned members of the community, the city and the historical society, the building has been saved and partially restored.

The Old Willcox Cemetery is only a short walk from Railroad Avenue through the Willcox sand dunes. The cemetery holds the graves of more than 90 citizens, buried between 1880 and 1918. Seven Chinamen, victims of Apache Indians who attacked a stagecoach in which the men traveled in the 1880s, are buried in a single grave. Here lies Warren Earp, as well as local bandits,



Photo courtesy Phyllis de la Garza

Rex Allen Theater on Railroad Avenue

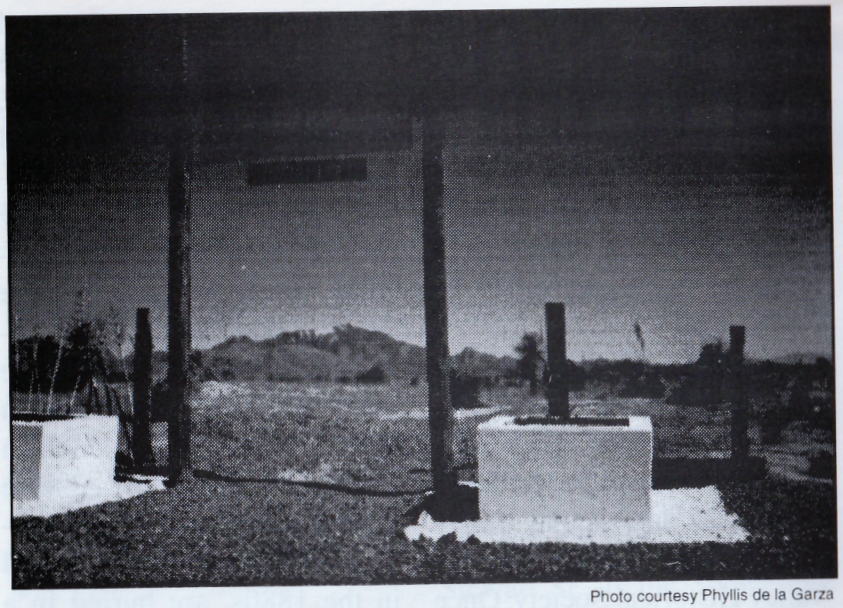


Photo courtesy Phyllis de la Garza

Historic Willcox Cemetery. Warren Earp buried here along side other old time residents.

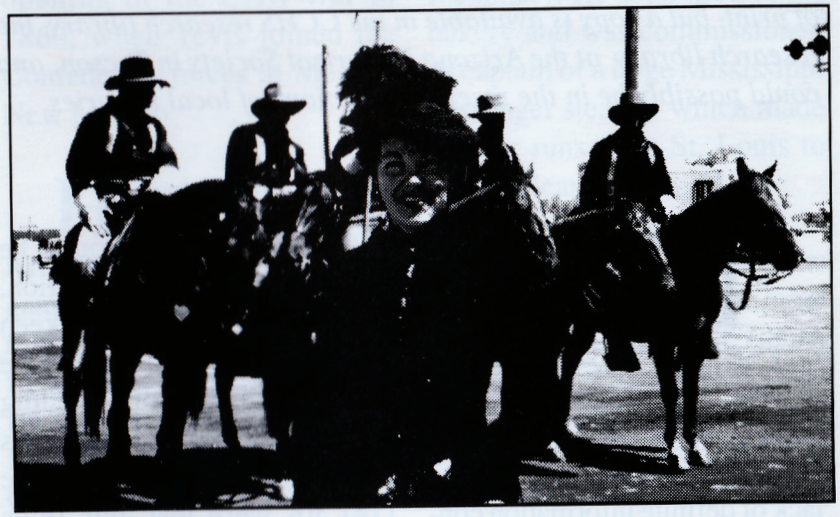
ruffians and prostitutes—infamous members of Willcox society. Here, too, are buried the productive law-abiding townsfolk, and some of their children. Willcox apparently never had a "Boot Hill," thus separating the good from the bad and the ugly. If there ever was a complete and accurate list of all the burials, it has been lost in time.

After 1918, the new town cemetery went into use, and the old cemetery fell on hard times. Vandals, howling wind, and shifting sand took their toll. The site was used for keg parties and midnight raids; bonfires were fueled with the wooden markers; range cattle grazed among the grave sites, and robbers made off with portions of the old marble headstones.

Once again, in the 1980s, members of the historical society and other responsible citizens volunteered to make things right. The cemetery has been cleaned up, fences restored, and a gate constructed. In 1998, the city donated a few yards of white river rock for use in creating an entry way and paths, and grave sites are now marked with the gravel. Plans are underway to install a dumpster and picnic tables near the entrance.



A wooden marker was placed inside the cemetery in remembrance of Warren Earp whose family, as far as anybody knows, did not erect a marker over his grave, and today the exact location is not certain. But Warren can rest easy, knowing that while Willcox might be just another old cowtown, its citizens do care about their past.



Phyllis de la Garza, Willcox Author

*Southwestern Town, The Story of Willcox, Arizona, a 155 page nonfiction paperback with photos, written in 1964 by Vernon Schultz, with a 1980 update by Don Dale, and a 1994 update by Phyllis de la Garza, is available by contacting the Willcox Friends of the Library, Wildwood Gallery and Book Bank, 154 N. Railroad Ave., Willcox, AZ 85643, telephone (520) 384-4882. All proceeds go to the Willcox Friends of the Library.*

# Introduction to
# *Arizona in the '50s*
## Capt. James Henry Tevis
## Founder of Bowie, Arizona

*Larry Areingdale, Bowie booster and area historian sent us a manuscript which alerted us to this great story on the founding, and the founder, of Bowie/Teviston, Capt. James Henry Tevis. Mr. Peter Moulson of the University of New Mexico Press, which published the book in 1954, very graciously gave us permission to include this introduction in our Fall/Winter issue. The book is out of print, but a copy is available in the CCHS research library, the research library at the Arizona Historical Society in Tucson, and could possibly be in the reserve collections of local libraries.*

The period of Arizona history from the American occupation of the Gadsden Purchase, in 1856, to the opening of the Civil War is but little understood, due very largely to the lack of definite information concerning it. A glimpse into the life of this period, as experienced by one who participated in its leading activities, is offered in the story of Captain James H. Tevis.

Captain Tevis was born in Wheeling, West Virginia on July 11, 1835, and passed away in Tucson, Ariz. on Aug. 29, 1905, at the age of 70. Although he was a man of limited education, he was a great reader and a keen observer, and early in life he began the custom of recording daily happenings. The diaries of those years of his youth in the [18]'50s were lost, but Tevis later was persuaded to write a story of his experiences, and with the assistance of his daughter, Belle Waller Tevis, the manuscript was completed in September of 1886. It remained unpublished, and with the death of the Captain, the manuscript and many letters and later diaries were left to his children.



Because they wish to perpetuate the memory of their father, and feel that the manuscript contains too much valuable history not to have it made available to the public, two of his daughters have, at last, prepared it for publication.

The narrative begins with his arrival in Tucson late in August, 1857, and closes with the opening of the Civil War in 1860, when Tevis joined the Confederate forces at Mesilla, New Mexico.

He had served for two years as Captain of the Arizona Scouts, who were organized at Pinos Altos [N.M.] to protect women and children from attack by Apache Indians. He was attached to the Second Mounted Volunteers under Capt. Mastain, which was under Baylor's command at Dona Ana, New Mexico. Before the close of the war, he was commissioned 2nd Lt. and was mustered out at Hempstead, Texas, in 1865, where he was then hospitalized for treatment of wounds received while in service.

He later returned to St. Louis, Mo., with the idea of renewing his courtship with Miss Emma Boston, who was now convinced that he would settle down to a civilized life. They were married on December 24, 1866.

His first employment was as a streetcar conductor, but because he still was not of rugged health, he sought indoor work and opened a bakery and confectionery. He soon tired of his bakery and was commissioned as captain of a large Mississippi passenger steamer which made regular runs from St. Louis to New Orleans.

In 1868, he was out for new adventure and opened a large grocery store in East St. Louis. His brother, Hupp Tevis, came from Iowa to be a member of his household and to assist him in the store.

Tevis' health still was poor from the effects of the old wounds, and he was ordered south for a warmer climate and complete rest. His brother took full charge of the business in his absence. While in Texas, Tevis visited the Sam Maverick family. Here, early in June, he received a message announcing

the arrival of his third daughter. He honored Mrs. Sam Maverick by naming the child Mary Maverick Tevis.

The meeting of many old Confederate friends brought back to Tevis a longing to return to the Arizona desert some time in the future, but for the present, he returned to St. Louis and resumed business until he closed it out. Then in 1876, he traveled overland to Empire, Kansas, where he erected a large store which was partly stocked with goods transferred from his St. Louis store. Because he was of a congenial disposition, he made many friends here.

Three years later, in 1879, he moved to Austin, Texas, secured a residence for his family, and started making plans for his return to Arizona.

He first purchased a buckboard, in which, drawn by a small span of mules, he traveled overland alone to Fort Bowie, where he arrived on Jan. 1, 1880. This was the earlier site of the Overland Butterfield Stage Station and was formerly known as Apache Pass. It was here that he spent the eventful years of 1857 to 1859. Once again he occupied a portion of the old stage station and immediately erected a two-foot-high stone foundation, on which he built a two-room boarded tent house, using one room for living quarters, and the other as a "sutler store."

With his equipment he had carried his own patent on a wooden windmill. From the sales and erection of these windmills he expected to receive an income which would support himself and his family.

Shortly after his arrival he met Tom Riggs, a son of Brannick Riggs, who was a rancher and lived just beyond Apache Pass at the entrance to the Sulphur Springs Valley. When later he met the elder Riggs, he influenced him to order two windmills, which soon were erected.

His friends in Texas had given him money with which to finance the location of mining claims, and for this purpose, he employed two recently discharged soldiers, M. E. Kinchalla, and Aaron Evans, to do prospect work in the Dos



Cabezas Mountains. From this came the location of 50 good gold and silver locations, in what later became the Tevis Mining District.

He further added to his financial resources by patenting land 14 miles north of Fort Bowie. At that time, the Southern Pacific Railroad was being completed eastward from Yuma, and it was obvious that the line would be extended east to El Paso.

On this land he filed a homestead in order to secure the property and to keep for himself the site of a well which he had dug there.

The well was begun in blind faith and under hazardous and uncomfortable circumstances. Traveling Indians made the work dangerous. In addition, the diggers, Tevis, Kinchalla, Evans, and Julian Navaretta, who, although only a boy of 18, was a former government packer, had to come the 14 miles from Fort Bowie with a supply of water and food. They had to return each night because of the Indian danger. Tevis had held a constant dream of a townsite on the land which he was homesteading, but he needed the assurance of water at the spot where he and his companions were digging.

A few months after the men had begun to dig, the Southern Pacific moved in a gang of track layers and carpenters to erect a telegraph office, freight house, depot and hotel. It was about this time that signs of water were noticed at about 80 feet, so Tevis sent for the Texas friends who had financed his mining ventures, and despite all dangers, he and his workers settled by the new well before the Texans could arrive.

The men who came from Texas in 1880 to inspect their new mining claims included Gen. Hardiman, Maj. Dunn, and Lt. John Hancock. Their inspections so pleased them that they formed a mining company with Gen. Hardiman as president, Capt. Tevis as vice-president, Lt. Hancock as secretary, and Maj. Dunn and Robert. Patterson as directors. Tevis gave the ground for a large mill building and offices from a portion of his homestead, which had now been granted to him.

He also donated to the railroad, the right of way through his land.

The company was organized under the name of the Cochise Mining and Milling Co., with offices in Teviston, while the mines were located about 16 miles west of Fort Bowie in the Dos Cabezas Mountains. But early in 1881, the Indian attacks became more and more intense, and Hardiman, Dunn, and Hancock returned to Texas with their families. The mines were being worked by Kinchalla, Evans, Navaretta, and others. Business was carried on by the officers by correspondence until 1883.

The company had been in operation only a few months when a manager was brought in and was given the combination to the safe. His term of office did not last long. In July of 1881, some months after his arrival, there was a sudden outbreak of "food poisoning," helped by a poison which an army surgeon, called for the emergency, diagnosed as strychnine. Four men died, Tevis and Kinchalla nearly died, but eventually regained their health. Coincidentally, the manager, the company funds and the Chinese cook disappeared.

Hancock applied for a post office to be established on the homestead land so the mail would not have to be carried the 14 miles daily from Fort Bowie. The new post office was first housed in a boarded tent house and later moved into Tevis' store building when that structure was completed. Hancock named the new post office Teviston in honor of his friend. In January of 1882, William Martin of Chicago was appointed the first postmaster.

One day late in 1881, Superintendent Bean of the railroad arrived and, approaching Capt. Tevis, said, "I want to discuss the naming of the rialroad station. What do you think of the name 'Bean City?" Tevis laughingly replied, "Damn it man, we have beans three times a day, every day of the year, and are damned tired of even the name Bean. What is the matter with the same name as the post office, Teviston?" Bean angrily turned awa and said, "Just for your damned impudence, I'll



call it Bowie Station after Fort Bowie." So both names were used until 1910, at which time the town assumed the name of Bowie.

The company was completely dissolved in 1883 because of the combination of high costs of operation, Indian attacks, and the previous disappearance of the company treasury. Tevis then reclaimed his land and took over the mines.

The Tevis family, consisting of Capt. Tevis' wife, five girls and one boy, arrived on the very first Southern Pacific train which ran from Deming to San Francisco, Jan. 16, 1882, and were completely settled in their new five-room house within a few weeks.

The Tevis well supplied water for all the families in town and water from it was hauled and stored in barrels for a week's supply. The well later was abandoned so that the railroad could draw water from its wells without having to compete with the Tevis well for the underground supply. Tevis in return received all the water he could use.

Tevis was a very busy man, with the time given to his mining interests and to his store, which he later sold to Solomon Wickersham and Co. Late in 1883, he enlarged his store building into a hotel, because the railroad hotel, depot and other railroad buildings had previously been destroyed by fire. Later a new railroad hotel was erected and Tevis took over the management, from which he resigned when he received an appointment from the governor to serve as commissioner of the mineral display at the Louisiana Exposition in New Orleans.

During his absence the family remained at home, which was known as "The Gardens," from the fact that Tevis was fond of experimenting with growing varieties of trees, fruits and flowers. Before leaving for the exposition, he gave the ground for a school site, and the school building, a portable type, was donated by the Southern Pacific Co. The railroad carpenters and painters worked on Sundays and after hours to complete it by May of 1885.

Capt. Tevis was an active member of the 15th Legislature, and formed a great friendship with Gov. Irwin. Because the governor was from Iowa, where the Captain had spent many of his childhood years, he [the governor] was entertained by the Tevis family at The Gardens.

James Henry Tevis passed away in Tucson, Ariz. on Aug. 29, 1905, at the age of 70 years. His wife, Emma Boston Tevis, followed his death by seven weeks, and both were laid to rest in the family plot in the Bowie Cemetery.

By Belle Waller Thumm and Minnie Tevis Davenport


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# *Larry Areingdale and Capt. Tevis*

*Memo to members of the Bowie Historical Society:*

Many people were interested in the story of Capt. James Tevis and his role in establishing our town of Bowie. In the beginning it looked like a wild dream, but with many long months and years of hard work and foresight, the town of Teviston/Bowie took root in the Arizona desert to become a part of this great growing nation.

I found a parallel between myself and Capt. Tevis during his stay in Arizona in the 1850s that could be interesting to our readers over 100 years after Tevis was exploring the area. It begins with Capt. Tevis coming to Arizona in 1857 when he went to work as the stationmaster for the Butterfield and Overland Stage at the depot in the desolate Apache Pass, 9 miles south of Bowie. After working at the station for about two weeks, he found himself looking at a small dome-shaped mountain that seemed to be about 2 miles south.

Capt. Tevis tells in his book, *Arizona in the '50s,* about this adventure:

"I took my newly acquired California racehorse, 'California Poll,' and rode to the base of this almost impossible to climb peak of granite and shale. The name at that time for this small mountain was 'Cow's Peak,' so named by the Indians that lived nearby, because of the live oak tree that looked like a cow's head that was growing on top of the mesa.

"After about one hour of a hard climb, I found myself on top of the clean-swept mesa that covered about two and a half acres. Being a beautiful and clear day, I could see for miles in all directions. To the northwest, I could see the Gila River as it wound its way into that deep valley. To the west, I could see a silver ribbon of river that faded from view to the southwest. I knew it was the valley of the San Pedro.

"Back to the southwest, I could see a large dry playa. To the south, I could see the beautiful and lofty mountains of Old Mexico. To the east, I could see the mountains that are in my own Apache Pass. Below me I could see the wikieups of the Apaches and my own stage station and corral."

When the Civil War started in 1860, Tevis left Arizona to join the Confederate forces. He returned to Arizona in 1880, and in 1887, he again climbed Cow's Peak, or Helen's Dome as it was being called then. The climb from the base was harder for a man 30 years older, and the dome itself had fallen into decay. The mesa above was strewn with rocks and boulders. Not a trace was evident of the live oak from whence it got its name, not even the stump was found. But the view was still as beautiful as ever:

"To the northwest, the Gila was still running into the hidden valley and past it, the small town of Solomonville could be seen. To the west, the San Pedro River was still shining. Back to the Southwest, the dry playa, now called Sulphur Springs, still looked as formidable as ever. To the south, the mountains of Old Mexico had not changed. But below me, there had been a lot of changes since I had been away.

"There was a compound of over 33 adobe and wood structures of Fort Bowie, all laid out in perfect order around a parade field and flag pole. A small group of men were drilling off to the left by the officer's houses. Just below the springs, my old rock and adobe building was still standing and in good repair. A Mr. Engler lives in it and is the mail carrier from Bowie Station to the fort.

"At last, off to the north I could see my town of Teviston [Bowie] I had founded six years before. Even now a passenger train is coming in from the east."

In August of 1905, Capt. James H. Tevis was laid to rest in the cemetery, close to the town he loved so well, but this story does not end there.

Eighty-six years later, in 1973, I drove my own California Poll (my 1966 pickup) to the base of Helen's Dome and made



the climb to the top. I took Tevis' book, *Arizona in the '50s,* with me and reread the passages that he had written so long ago. Then I decided to write about what I saw and the changes that have occurred over the last 100 years.

Off to the northwest, I could still see the Gila River, or at least where the Gila would run if we would get some rain. Also I could see the town of Safford. To the west, the haze blocked my view of where the San Pedro ran by the modern town of Benson, 50 miles away. Back to my left and to the Southwest, I could make out a few clusters of trees where the Sulphur Springs and the playa have given way to a few ranches.

Off to the south, the smoke stacks of the smelter at Douglas clouds out the view of the mountains of Old Mexico that to Capt. Tevis had looked so clear and so lofty. To the east, the once proud structures of old Fort Bowie can still be seen, crumbling into dust from vandalism and neglect. But the National Park Service has taken up the job [of stablization] and many of the adobe buildings have been lifted from the rubble and laid out to show their proper place in history. The flag pole is gone and the soldiers no more parade there. Grass and tumbleweeds dot the landscape that once were worn by the trod of old military boots and the soft moccasins of the Indian Scouts.

Below me, only the recently uncovered foundation of Capt. Tevis' stage station marks this historical site. But beyond and to the north, the view has changed. Capt. Tevis would be pleased if he could see the view. The town of Bowie is still standing proud. In the last 90 years, the town has had its ups and downs of growing and dwindling, but the view from Helen's Dome gives it a soft hazy look. It spreads across the desert with its neat farms and ranches laid out in perfect squares and green with crops grown with water from the new flowing wells that pump more in one hour than Tevis' did in a week.

But the super highway with its four lanes of traffic is the greatest change ever. Above me in the clear blue Arizona sky, I can see a jet plane speeding to the west high above the silver ribbon of river, with its vapor trail streaming out behind it like a

white billowing cloud.

Before I close, I would like to tell you two stories of how Helen's Dome got its name.

In 1957, I met a man at a gun show in Santa Barbara, Calif. His name was Ervin Bond of the Graham County Historical Society. After talking to him about the west and the displays around the tables, he told me that he had written an article in 1957 for the Arizona Highways Magazine about Helen's Dome.

His story was that, in the year 1856, a wagon train, coming in from the east, led by a Mr. White, with a party of 33 men, women and children. A young girl called Helen and her three sisters were with them. After walking the hot New Mexico desert to save the horses, they were looking forward to the cool and clean water in Apache Pass just a few miles into the fading sunset.

Scouts were sent ahead, and many signs were to be found that "the devils were around." When only about 200 yards from the springs, with the sun in their faces, an old Indian (Cochise's father) stood on the tallest of the two rocks (called Tevis Rock on U.S. Dept. survey maps) and directed the swift and silent attack. They hit hard and fast with their lances and arrows. The wagon train tried to assemble and fight together for protection, but with all the confusion, only a few got the old cap and ball guns into action before they were cut down.

The yells died down and the cries of the wounded were snuffed out by the merciless Apaches. Back in the wagon where the children were kept, 11-year-old Helen jumped to the ground and, frightened almost to death, started running away, anywhere from the dying of her family and friends.

As she ran, she saw ahead the small dome-shaped mountain of Cow's Peak: maybe she could find a cave and hide. She started climbing, and looking back, she saw two Indians following her and gaining on her. As she reached the top and could see the smoke from the wagon train in the canyon below, she knew her flight was hopeless. Instead of allowing the Indians to do her harm, she jumped to her death onto the rocks below.

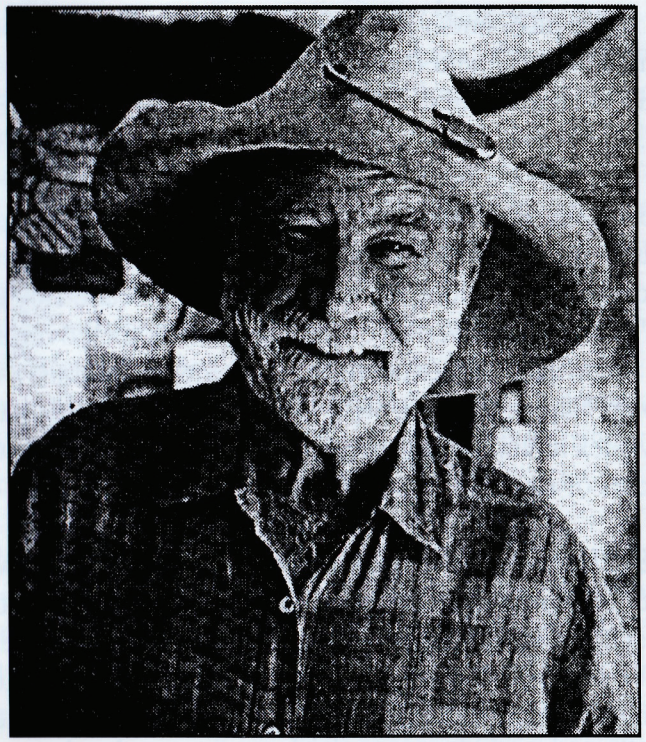


The other story is that of an officer's wife, Helen Hacket, who with friends from the fort, climbed the dome-shaped mountain for a picnic. Thereafter, it was called Helen's Dome in her honor.

However, in 1905, two prospectors found the small skeleton of a girl lying on the north slope of the dome and an old cap and ball gun nearby. I saw that gun in 1957.

Sincerely,

Larry Areingdale (1973)



Larry Areingdale

# Trailing Apaches

By Capt. H. F. Jordan, US Army, Ret.

Mounted upon a winded, foam-flecked horse, a courier arrived from the San Carlos Indian Reservation, bearing dispatches for the Commanding Officer at Camp Grant, Arizona, reporting that a rebellious tribe of the White Mountain Cibecus [sic] had revolted and defied the authority of the Indian Reservation agent. Murdering peaceable settlers, burning and looting their homes, and stealing some of their stock, they were already in rapid flight south across San Simon flats, and headed for the Mexican border.

This revolt was a repetition of former ones made by these Indians in the past, under the cruel leadership of their chiefs, Geronimo, Cochise, and their subchiefs who had always bitterly opposed the advance of civilization in Arizona and New Mexico.

To overtake and either kill or capture the marauders before they could escape into Mexico, quick action and hard riding were required of the troops stationed at Camp Grant. Loyal Apache scouts, employed as expert trackers by the government, were to accompany the expedition. The renegades' trail, which they would follow, led over wild mountainous sections, parched desert wastes having sparse vegetation and only a very few water holes of stagnant water tainted by alkali and cattle.

When closely pursued, Apaches travel light, with a few tufts of jerked meat, and little or no water which they extract from various species of cacti. If mounted, hard pressed, and fleeing over soft or loose soil, they bind green cattle or horsehide over their ponies' hoofs, leaving practically no hoof prints in the soil to reveal their tracks. When fleeing afoot, in the mountains or



over stony ground, they leap from rock to rock and, when available, wade in streams, requiring skillful trailers to discover and follow their trail.

The regimental bugler had just sounded the "General," quickly followed by "Boots and Saddles," and the whole garrison was surging with intense excitement. Even the horses and mules in the quartermaster's corrals sensed action, and were restlessly milling around. Raiding Indians always fired a spirit of adventure in the breasts of soldiers serving on the frontier, and intensified their desire for retaliation. This extended down the rank and file from officers to the humblest buck-private in the troop kitchen, reluctantly peeling spuds for an Irish stew, and dreaming of his comely colleen waiting for him overseas.

Officers scurried up and down their line of quarters, making hasty preparations for their departure. Mounted orderlies galloped here and there, conveying the "compliments of the Commanding Officer," and his orders for prompt execution. Wagon masters bellowed their lusty commands to "mule skinners;" pack masters directed packers to move "pronto," with throwing their diamond hitches over their mules. And last, but not least in importance, the regimental mother, Biddy Cronin, hastily assembled "thor sergeant-major's war bag," not forgetting to put in "a dacent change of socks, and a bit o' Scotch for thor cold marnin's and senake boits," while she mumbled a prayer to "thor blissed Saints" to "protect my brave soldier maan from thor grazy, stinkin' jay-stringer Paches."

Heavily burdened with their arms and saddles, troopers scampered into lines of formation, and marched at double-quick time to the stables for their mounts. Micky Cronin, the dapper and dynamic little sergeant-major, a veteran of Sioux campaigns in the Dakotas, was as lively as a Texas flea—everywhere at once—and as happy as any Irishman could be when attending

the wake of his beloved mother-in-law. Small groups of wives and sweethearts, depressed and sorrowful, gathered on the outskirts of the parade ground, tearfully waving their 'kerchiefs to their loved ones, departing on their hazardous expedition. The word "Apache," alone, struck terror to their hearts.

While on the march, later dispatches by courier reported that near old Fort Thomas, in the Gila Valley, the main trail pointed toward San Simon Flats, a few miles east of another old abandoned camp, Fort Bowie, thence across a barren and desolate section of cacti-dotted, alkaline desert, flanked on the south and west by the Chiricahua Mountains, one of the favorite strongholds of old Geronimo's sub-chief Cochise, who was in control of all Apaches in southern Arizona.

During the night of their first day's flight, the renegades had crossed the Southern Pacific Railroad at a point a few miles east of old Fort Bowie, and some cowboys had seen their sign moving in the direction of old Fort Apache, the site of many former brushes between the troops and old Cochise's tribe.

Apache Pass, in which Fort Apache was located, was flanked by jagged sandstone cliffs covered with stunted cedar and buck thorn brush. This locality had been a favorite spot used by the Apaches as an ambush during their fights with soldiers. And if strategically stationed and well armed, small bodies could easily defeat much larger forces attempting its passage. The scouts in advance of the command reported that the renegades appeared aware of being closely followed, and their movements indicated preparation for an ambush of the command as it filed through the Pass.

This important information caused the commanding officer to separate his command into three detachments; two of which to make wide detours, under cover of the brushy hills on either side of the trail, with orders to surround the Indians and await



arrival of the third detachment, constituting the main body of the command, at a designated point in the Pass, when the bugler would sound a charge to be made by all detachments.

A concerted attack was made, as arranged, and their maneuver worked very efficiently, taking the Indians completely by surprise. The heavy crossfire by the troops stampeded them like frightened quail and they fled, panic-stricken, over the rugged brushy ground. Like frightened mountain goats they darted from boulder to boulder and bush to bush, in their wild disorder, desperately attempting to worm their way down into Bonito Canyon, an almost inaccessible pocket which they reached, and where they remained hidden until dark, and from which they escaped south toward Mexico.

The bodies of eight bucks were found next morning. Three wounded bucks and six old squaws with their children were captured. One of the squaws spoke broken English and Spanish, and made good use of both, as evidenced by the highly florid epithets she addressed to the scout who had captured her. One of the wounded bucks made a desperate attempt to escape by leaping over the rim of a precipice, intending to land and hide on one of its narrow ledges projecting about fifteen feet and covered with brush. He missed his footing, and landed two hundred feet below on the rocks, where his body was left to the mercy of the buzzards, as a descent would have been too hazardous to attempt its recovery.

While the prisoners were being conducted to the commanding officer, the troublesome old squaw who had cursed the scout had a short bladed but sharp knife concealed in her mantilla and, when her captor became temporarily off his guard, she attempted to stab him, and would have succeeded had not another scout present been watching her. He knocked the knife from her hand with his carbine while she was in the act of striking.

To relieve the command of its prisoners and the stock they had captured from the ranchers, they were sent back, under guard to the reservation at San Carlos.

The trail of those who had escaped was resumed the next morning and followed to Mulberry Canyon, a thickly wooded basin situated within a mile of the Mexican border, and a few miles east of San Bernardino Ranch, owned by John Slaughter for many years.

Attack by the troops was delayed until daybreak, when gun sights could be plainly seen. The canyon basin was completely surrounded by pickets, who were given strict orders not to reveal themselves to the Indians or fire a shot unless in self defense, and to await the bugler's blast to commence firing.

Unfortunately, when he had seen the dim outlines of an Indian buck emerging from behind a large boulder, attempting to escape, a nervous overly-patriotic recruit on his first expedition, forgot or ignored his orders, and fired his piece at the buck. As it was too dark for accurate aim, the would-be Daniel Boone missed his mark, arousing the other Indians and all the command. The frightened buck quickly retreated to cover and disappeared. All the other Indians, except two squaws and a little girl, crawled through the jumble of brush and boulders, despite the vigilance of the pickets, and escaped south into Mexico.

The two squaws and the little girl were delivered to Slaughter's ranch and his family, with assurances they would not give the government any more trouble. Later, the squaws escaped into Mexico and rejoined their tribe. The little girl, whom the Slaughters named [Apache Mae], and to whom they became deeply attached, was accidentally burned badly while attending a fire near the ranch house during a high wind, and subsequently died of her burns.



The troops, made weary by forced marches and meager rations, all the command was given a rest for a couple of days, and further pursuit of the Indians into Mexico, while authorized by treaty between the United States and Mexico, "if pursuing Indians on a hot trail," was abandoned as being unwise under existing conditions. Several Indian ponies, their saddle equipment, and much other plunder, souvenirs of the expedition, were taken back to the garrison at Camp Grant as trophies of battle to be exhibited by their captors.

On the return of the command without a single casualty, an old time frontier dance was given by the happy wives, mothers and sweethearts for their heroes. The Grand March was led by Sergeant-Major and "Mother" Cronin, to the tune of the Seventh Cavalry's favorite march of triumph, Garry Owen.

* * *

***Note:*** *This story was written by Capt. Harry Jordan, U. S. Army, Ret., before his death in 1945. It is the opinion of the editorial staff that this is a story written many years after Capt. Jordan participated in the Indian Wars. It is documented that he served at Camp Grant with forays into the Fort Bowie, Cochise County areas during the time he writes about. Referring to other sources, it is believed this is a composite of such actions, not a single incident. It was written to give readers a view from the ordinary soldier's point of view.*

*Harry's daughter, Frances Jordan Park, who lives in Banning, CA, has been very gracious in sharing the information about her remarkable father. She has written a short booklet about her parents, her mother also has a wonderfully adventurous background, and Mrs. Park plans to do more extensive writing about their lives and careers. The booklet is on file in the Cochise County Historical Society research library, and we sincerely hope that Mrs. Park will keep us informed about the progress of her writing. Ed.*



Photo courtesy Frances Jordan Park

Captain Harry Jordan



# Pioneers in Profile

# J. Earnest Browning

## Willcox Pioneer Cattleman

By Page Bakarich

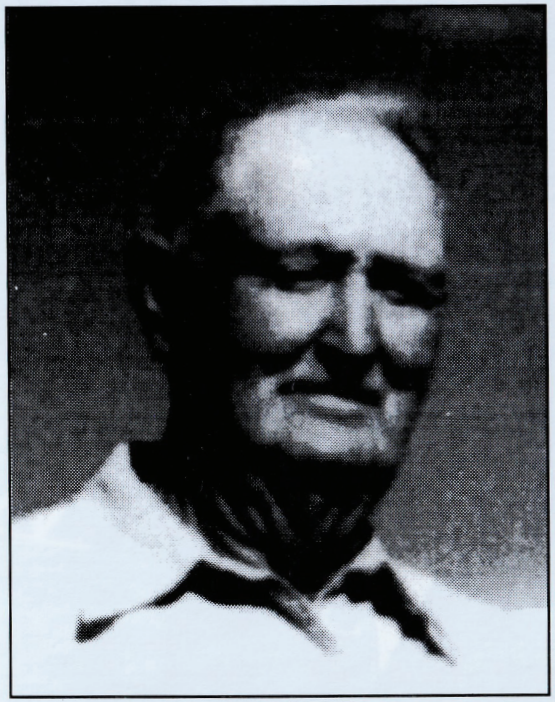


Photo courtesy Peta Anne Tenny

James Earnest Browning

Earnest Browning was born to Jack and Hettie Browning on Sept. 22, 1899 at Elk, New Mexico. The family sold their horse ranch and moved to Roswell, New Mexico to open a livery stable. When the automobile made the livery stable business unprofitable, Jack sold the stables and moved the family to Willcox, Arizona. They traveled by wagon, camping out at night and 10-year-old Earnest made the trip on horse back.

Jack worked at the OT Ranch in the foothills of the Winchester Mountains. From there, the children, Earnest, Archie, Wanda and Mac drove a buggy to school. One year, rain caused the Hooker Cienega to run water into the Dry Lake. The draw's clay loam soil became boggy and it was impossible to drive the buggy, so the children rode their horses to school in Willcox.

After graduating from high school, Earnest served in the U. S. Navy in WW I, and then took a job cowboying for the Monk Ranch, one of the largest cattle ranches in the area. Earnest enjoyed the work, but not the pay or opportunity, so took a job as roustabout for the Norton-Morgan Commercial Store, a general store which carried a full line of items needed on local farms and ranches. Earnest quickly moved up the ladder: delivery boy, then clerk, assistant manager and finally, general manager.

He then went into partnership with John Kane and bought the Piggley-Wiggley Market on Maley Street. This store was also a general store carrying lines of meats, groceries, hardware and feeds. Earnest soon bought out Mr. Kane's interest and became sole owner of the store. A keen businessman, he began using his profits to invest in land and cattle.

In 1922, Earnest was courting Polly Warren. Baseball was a popular sport at the time, and Earnest enjoyed playing the game. Each town in the county fielded a team and competition was fierce. Willcox had a strong team and was second in the league to the powerful Dos Cabezas team. Dos Cabezas was a larger town than Willcox and the Mascot company could always find a place on their payroll for an outstanding pitcher.



Photo courtesy Peta Anne Tenny

Earnest and Polly Browning, 1922

Earnest and Polly had planned a large June wedding, but one night the team was playing in Bowie, and Polly had gone to cheer Earnest on. When they returned to Willcox, Polly found her family all had scarlet fever and a quarantine sign was

nailed to the door: Polly had no place to go. Always a pragmatic man, Earnest got his brother and his wife as witnesses and they all traveled to Tombstone. They got Judge Ross out of bed, were married and returned to Willcox to a large chivaree party hosted by their many friends. Two children, Allaire and Alvin were born to this long and happy union.

Earnest continued to invest in land and cattle and to take an active part in community affairs. He helped organize the Rotary Club, belonged to the Tenley-Lopez Post #20 of the American Legion and served as its commander, served on the high school board and played baseball.

He took out a desert homestead in the rugged Galiuro Mountains, hired Lalo Ramirez to build a three-room adobe on the place and called it the High Lonesome Ranch. By lease and purchase, he developed the High Lonesome into a ranch of nine sections. He then bought the Schilling place of 44 sections and in 1939, he sold the store and devoted his time to the ranch.

Earnest realized he needed a range management plan and with a little help from the conservation service, he implemented a grazing rotation plan and developed many watering places to help distribute the cattle evenly on the land. Earnest's range management plan was effective and he was able to leave the land in better shape than when he found it. The U.S. Forest Service held his knowledge and concern for the land in such high regard that he served 20 years on their advisory board.

In 1953, Earnest acquired the Muleshoe Ranch and added 35 sections to his holdings. His son Alvin first managed the old Ben Pride Ranch for Mr. Miller, then bought it. Alvin added the Taylor place to his holdings and he and his dad ran cattle on more than 125 sections.

Daughter Allaire and husband Lyman Tenny moved to Australia to manage a ranch larger than Cochise County. They soon8imported quarter horses and taught the Australians to ride and rope in the Western tradition.

Earnest recognized the good qualities of the Hereford breed of cattle and spent many of his





early years developing the breed's ability to graze and fatten on marginal land. He also recognized the ability of the Brahman breed to get around in rough country and he didn't mind putting longer ears and a different color on his cattle.

Earnest served on the National Livestock and Meat Board as a director, and on the National Cattlemen's Association Board of Directors as chairman of the important beef grading, the labor relations and the public relations committees. He served as a director of the Arizona Cattle Growers Association, as a founder and president of the Arizona Beef Council and on the Arizona State Land Use and Planning Board. He was awarded a certificate of recognition for his pioneering efforts and contributions to American agriculture by Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman.

Earnest bought his first quarter horse in 1934, then became active in breeding and selecting those quarter horses that worked cattle best. He recognized the need for speed, but thought the real need for the quarter horse was "cow sense" and endurance along with that speed, and warned other breeders against overemphasizing speed.

In 1940, Earnest and 11 other quarter horse breeders met in Fort Worth, Texas and established the American Quarter Horse Association, of which he was a charter member and president. He served on their board of directors for 20 years, was elected to their Hall of Fame and served as an approved quarter horse judge.

In Arizona, Earnest helped found the Arizona Quarter Horse Breeders Association, served as its president, organized judging clinics and helped develop standards for the breed. He served on their board of directors for many years, was on their public information committee and their education committee. He was elected to their Hall of Fame, as well.

Earnest's philosophy of life was that honest men could sit down and iron out true differences of opinion. He was honest and straightforward and expected others to be the same. He would not accept an assignment if he didn't have the time to do it well.

Earnest was always able to take time from his busy schedule to lend a hand to help oth-

ers. One of these was a young cowboy named Rex Allen. As a beginning agriculture teacher, Page Bakarich inherited a fully approved Quarter Horse Show and depended heavily on Earnest for advice on organizing and running the show. Late one Thursday evening with judging to start early Saturday morning, Bakarich received a telegram from the Secretary of the American Quarter Horse Assn. stating that the judge scheduled to judge the show was ill and unable to attend. After a futile search to find Earnest, he simply wired back: "Will use Earnest Browning." Next day Page showed Earnest the two telegrams. He said, "I guess that's about all you could do." Judging started at 8 a.m. Saturday.

Browning was a stickler for keeping his word. As Rotary Program Chairman, he accepted a program from the Future Farmers of America. His grandson, Jack was the featured speaker. Warned that the leader would like to take a publicity shot of Jack speaking and that it would be a better picture if it could be posed, Earnest simply said, "The program ends at 7:30. How long does it take to snap a picture? Make sure the program ends on time." It did, the picture was published and Jack went on to win the state FFA

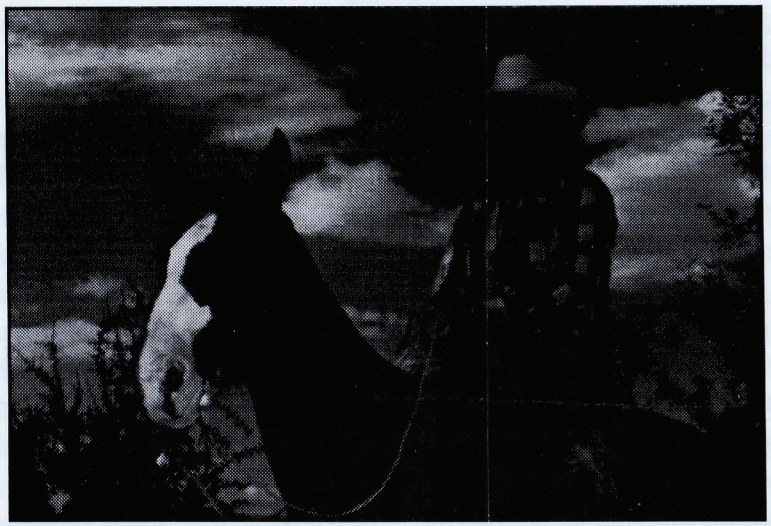


Photo courtesy Peta Anne Tenny

Earnest Browning on his registered quarter horse "Hungry Joe"





public speaking contest.

Even in retirement Earnest remained active. He belonged to several roping clubs, one in Phoenix, played golf with a senior group in Tucson and was active in the Rotary Club. And true to his motto, he met with each at least once a week.

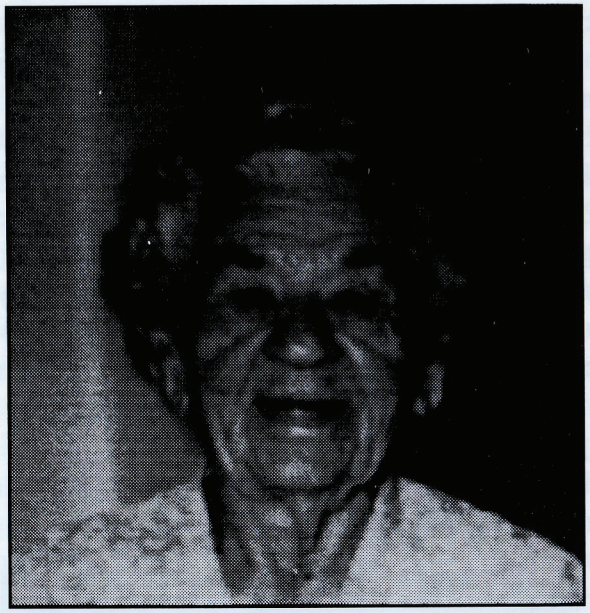
At Polly and Earnest's 60th wedding anniversary, hundreds of friends and relatives from all over the state and nation arrived in Willcox to share in the celebration. Their two children and their spouses, Allaire and Lyman Tenny, Alvin and Lavita Browning, seven grandchildren and 18 great-grandchildren came to honor their parents on that special day. Earnest died in November of 1984, at the age of 85.

J. Earnest Browning had the ability to sense the direction that things ought to be taking and then make certain the trails led where he knew they should go. With his dynamic leadership style, people were sure to follow and make things happen. From coming into the territory on horseback to flying on jets to fulfill his many obligations, Earnest was a true pioneer.



# Marie Louise "Mila" Warren

## Cochise County Pioneer



Mila Warren

*(This article is a reprint which originally appeared in "Ranch Histories, Volume 2, 1980," published by the Arizona National Livestock Show in association with Arizona Pioneer Stockmen. Volume 2 was composed and written by Betty Accomazzo.)*

Marie Louise Allaire, affectionately known to her many friends as "Mila," a truly pioneer woman, was born in Warrington Junction, Virginia on Sept. 11, 1880. Due to the ill health of her father and following the advice of his doctor, her parents, Maggie H. and Thomas Allaire, moved with their three children to Willcox, Ariz. Mila at this time was 4 years old.

A home was established in Sulphur Springs Valley. This area later became known as Kansas Settlement. The home, in time, became a sizeable cattle ranch.





The Indians were quite prevalent in those days, so the home was built with the thought in mind that they should be able to watch for any Indian marauders. Consequently, a two-story, adobe home with double-thick walls was built. Any Indians could be seen from the upper story windows as they came from the Cochise Stronghold. They were fortunate never to have any serious trouble with Indians, other than being frightened by their coming and camping around the house, where they could be heard prowling all during the night. They never suffered any harm from them.

Mila's schooling was very limited. Her first and only school teacher was the late J. A. Rockfellow who taught a small four-grade school for as many years. He came by the ranch in what was then known as a buckboard, picked up the children from the few homes in the area, took them to the school, and returned them in the evening. Mr. Rockfellow is said to have been one of the best-known pioneers of Arizona.

Mila Allaire was married to Robert E. Warren on April 10, 1900. To this union eight children were born, four of whom preceded her in death. Alice, the fourth child, died at the early age of 18 months; Tom, Henry, and Julia all survived to adulthood. [Julia was married to Paul Riggs and died of cancer.] At the time of her



The Allaire family at the YX Ranch, mid-1880s
(L -R) Gifford, Mila , Frances, Maggie Hall Gifford Allaire,
Johnny McGill and Thomas Allaire

death she was survived by four daughters: Mrs. Jean Seney, Mrs. Peggy Wear, and Mrs. Polly Browning, all lifetime residents of the Willcox, Arizona area and by Mrs. Doris Forbush who is a widow and lives in Payson, Arizona. Also, there were 13 grandchildren, 32 great-grandchildren, and nine great-great-grandchildren.

The Warren family moved to Silver City, New Mexico during the summer of 1916, but Mila Warren and her children returned to the ranch near Willcox in the spring of 1917. There she assumed the responsibility of mother, father, and provider for her seven children. To most women this would have been an impossibility, but not to this lady!

Mila's credit was good, so she borrowed the money to stock the ranch with cattle which she managed with the help of her two small sons. She later moved to Willcox so that her children might have the advantage of the high school there; however, she still maintained the ranch and she also managed the Willcox Hotel for some time. By sheer determination, good judgement, and hard work she kept the family together, gave them the advantages available, and paid off the debt.

This is a lasting tribute to a truly pioneer woman who, in her unselfish way, did the things that had to be done, a friendly lady with a humorous personality that won her many friends in her quiet unassuming way.

Her father was in a car accident, which brought on his former heart condition, so she cared for him until his death. When her son Henry was taken in death, she assumed the responsibility of helping to raise his four children. Her mother became blind, so she cared for her until she passed away at the age of 84. When we think of the many problems and hardships she faced, we realize what a courageous woman she was, as many pioneer women had to be and we know there are few of them left.

The life she lived as a girl, she loved—the ranch, the livestock, and the great wide spaces. She rode with a side saddle and was said to be one of the best riders in the country. Her horse Firefly was her loyal and faithful companion. Among her keep-





sakes was found a lock of his mane tied with a white bow and the tip of a horn from one of her favorite cows. She loved to dance all night to the fiddle and guitar. She milked the cows, and in those days it had to be cows or there wouldn't be enough for the family, she did the chores, carried in the water, and did the washing on a rub board, she planted and tended the garden. She worked hard and taught her children to work.

The evidence of love and esteem in which she was held has been the loving and intensive care given her the last eight years of her life by the five daughters and their families. When it became evident that she needed professional nursing care, she went to live in the Willcox Nursing Home where she was cared for during the last two years and seven months of her life, every day one of her daughters by her side doing the little things they could for her. Mila lived to be 93 years of age. She was a loving mother and a great lady who is sorely missed by her family and a host of friends both old and young.

*Page Bakarich provided a few extra notes on Mila Warren:*

The Allaires were early settlers in the Sulphur Spring Valley and had homesteaded in what was known as Seven Mile City: there were seven families, each one mile apart, and hence the name. Occasionally there would be an Indian scare and they would hang blankets over the windows, sort of like black-out curtains of a later era. When an Indian alert was on, only the boys or males were allowed to do chores and kept pretty close to the house. The Indians would come by and help themselves to whatever was outside; wood, miscellaneous items or animals.

Bob Warren was engaged in business deals that kept him away from home a great deal of the time. Often these deals were not profitable and he contributed little to the family support with either cash or nurture. He eventually disappeared from the scene.

Henry Warren was riding his horse in the high country when it slipped and fell, shattering his right arm above the elbow. This destroyed muscle tissue and he had to lift it in place with his right arm. The forearm was fine and once he had the arm in position, he could use it to eat or do almost everything.

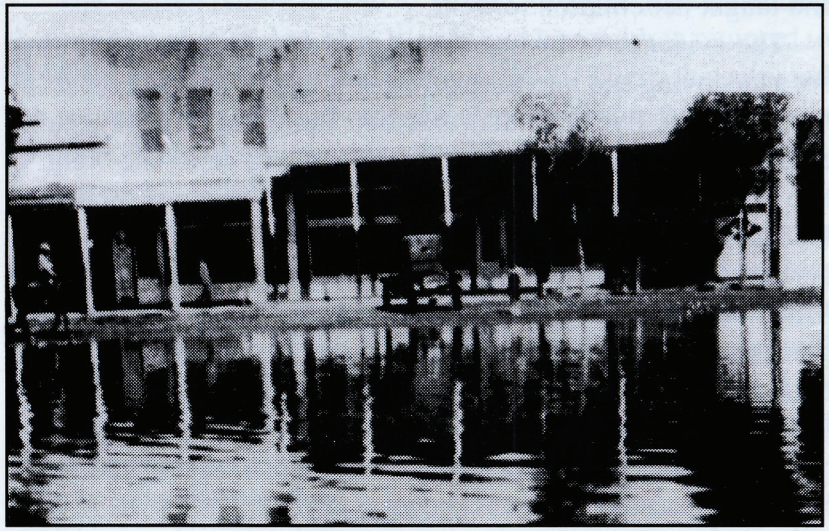


Photo courtesy Dick Seidel

1920 Flood on Railroad Avenue, Willcox



# *Guardians of History*

# Marie Wien

## Guardian of History

By Page Bakarich



Photo courtesy Marie Wein

Marie Flick, 1926
8th Grade Graduation

Marie Wien was born to Fred and Marie Somerhauser Husley in 1913. Fred was from Tennessee and Marie's family had come from Kansas. Shortly after baby Marie was born, her parents divorced and later her mother married Louis Flick. Marie assumed her stepfather's name and became sister to the later Flick children: Virginia, Lawrence and Carl.

The Sumerhauser family had come to Arizona in 1907 to participate in the land boom that created the Kansas Settlement community. Marie's grandfather answered an advertisement by a land promoter to "relocate in the fabulously fertile Sulphur Springs Valley." When he had made an exploratory trip and liked what he saw, he returned to Kansas and encouraged a group of friends, neighbors and his two daughters to join him in the "Kansas Settlement" in Arizona.

Individual members of the group took up adjoining quarter sections of land, built their homes, dug their wells, and plowed and planted their 40 acres. In accordance with the Homestead Act, in five years the land was theirs.





Like so many others at the time, the Kansas group used the railroad and what were termed "immigrant trains" to move their belongings from Kansas to Arizona. These trains were made up to facilitate the movement of the people and their belongings as they emigrated to their new communities in the west. Household goods and furniture were placed in box cars; farm machinery and wagons were secured to flat cars, and livestock was appropriately segregated and put into partitioned livestock cars.

Men would ride in the caboose and tend the livestock while the women and children rode in passenger cars on regular trains. Sometimes the men would arrive before the rest of the family and would unload the cars, organize the belongings and make camp until the families could join them.

Marie attended the Kansas Settlement School and later, the Sulphur Springs School. When her parents moved to Aravaipa, she attended the Klondike School, only two miles away. The family then moved to Dos Cabezas where she finished grammar school and graduated from the eighth grade in 1926. She was allowed to complete her ninth grade work with the same teacher.

One of Marie's teachers was Lillian Fry from Fry, Ariz., who lived in the teacherage during the week and drove her car home for the weekends. One weekend, she invited Marie and another girl to spend the weekend at her home in Fry. Marie remembers Fry as a one-store town with a few small cabins and a dusty main street. Today it is known as Sierra Vista and has a population of 60,000.

Marie's father went to work at the 85 Mine just over the state line in New Mexico. Marie rode the bus into Lordsburg to attend school and graduated from Lordsburg High School.

In 1936, she married Ray Wien. Ray had graduated from Willcox High School in 1933 and helped his father run cattle on their ranch. Soon Ray was able to buy out several homesteaders and start a ranch of his

own. After his father's death, Ray inherited the family ranch. Marie and Ray had three children: Walter, who now runs the ranch; Edna, and Carrol who is a photographer and local historian. Ray was seriously injured in 1988 when gored by a bull. He died Oct. 21, 1992.

Marie remembers living in Dos Cabezas and looking out across the valley and not seeing a single light. Even after the REA lines were put in in 1949, there were no outside lights.

She talks of the time when the telephone line was a party line and each subscriber had a "code" of long and short rings. The phones had a crank that activated a magneto to produce the rings. Each party knew their ring, and of course, so did everyone else. Occasionally the phone would be used as a general "town meeting," though the more open lines, the weaker the signal.

To call Willcox, a caller had to go through the operator. Marie remembers that one day the operator was being repeatedly called, with no answer. She picked up the phone and Walter Holland of the Rancho Sacatal was trying to reach Willcox. Marie suggested they crank at the same time and maybe they could generate enough current to make the operator hear. It worked and Walter was able to make his call. He later used his influence to see that a second wire was strung on the poles.

Marie laughs about her "extensive" travel experiences. She says that as a child, she traveled as far as Aravaipa and Lordsburg,

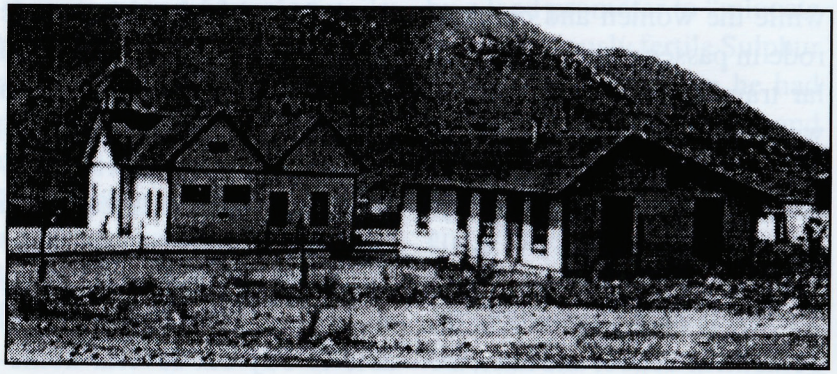


Photo courtesy Marie Wein

Dos Cabezas School and Teacherage, c. 1920





New Mexico. Shortly after she and Ray were married, Ray saw and ad telling of cut-over timber land in Oregon that was available for lease to the "serious rancher." They drove up to Oregon, Ray looked the land over and decided he had a better deal in Dos Cabezas. With a twinkle in her eye, Marie says, "Perhaps we were already dedicated desert rats."

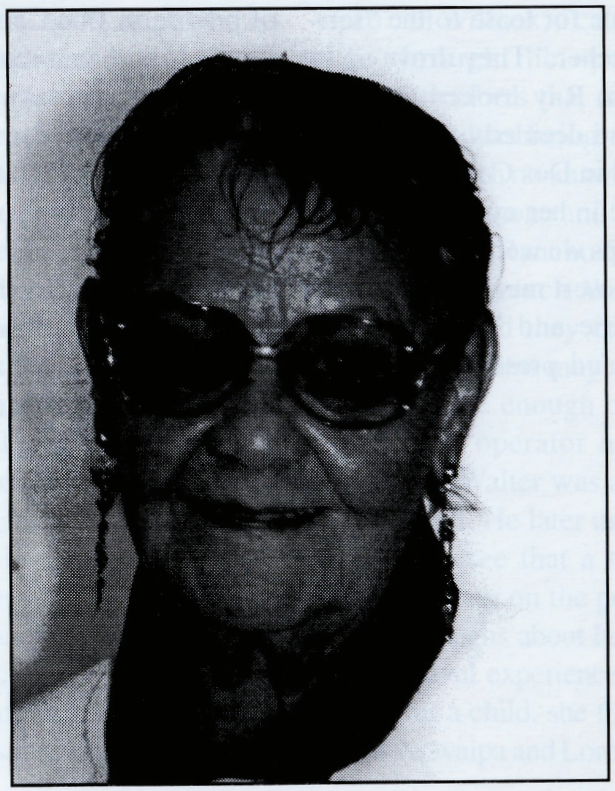
Marie and Ray have collected and preserved much of Cochise County's history. Mort Wien, Ray's father, served in the Army at Fort Grant, Arizona in the 1870s. Mort spent the rest of his life in Dos Cabezas, and Ray was born and reared there. Marie and Ray, real native Arizonans, have lived the history of the area, and the family generously shares their knowledge with anyone who is interested.

Cochise County Historical Society is proud to honor Marie Wien as a true Guardian of History. Thank you, Marie.

# Rose Gill Bree

## Guardian of History

By Page Bakarich



Rose Gill Bree

Rose Gill Bree was born in 1915 to Augustine and Sicre Gill in Cananea, Sonora, Mexico. Rose has traced her father's family to Scottish Lords, and her mother's family to the Basque region on the border of France and Spain. Her great-grandfather passed through Arizona on his way to the California gold fields in 1849. Though finding little gold, he purchased land and established a cattle ranch which he later passed to Augustine.

In 1908, a severe drought forced Augustine to seek pasturage for his cattle in Mexico. He found good grass and beautiful





country, encouraging him to sell the California ranch and move everything to Sonora, Mexico. He named the new Mexican ranch "Santa Cruz."

Several of the Gill children, including Rose, were born on the Santa Cruz. The ranch was prosperous and their social status considerably "upscale." Among their many friends was the renowned Col. Emilio Kosterlitski, the tough commander of the federal Rurales.

When the Mexican Revolution reached their Sonora ranch, the Gills hung an American flag atop their house. For a time, both the revolutionaries and the federales respected their property and caused them no trouble. A family story tells that one day a passerby asked Mrs. Gill, in a sarcastic manner, "Is this a barbershop?" With a rifle in her hand, she answered, "If you touch that flag, you are a dead man!" The stranger quickly decided he really didn't need a "haircut" that day.

Many incidents occurred while the war surrounded them. In one particular instance involving a dead American soldier, Rose tells that her father and two of his cowboys had found the body, identified him by his dog tags, and buried the young man, placing an American flag over the grave and giving a 21-gun salute. A touch of honor for a boy a long way from home, never to return.

When Col. Kosterlitski was forced to retreat to Nogales, Arizona, where he asked for political asylum, Augustine decided it was time to leave Mexico. He salvaged what he could from the ranch and moved his family to Bisbee, Arizona. When the children reached maturity, he told them they had dual citizenship and could choose between U.S. and Mexican. They all decided to be U.S. citizens.

When Rose graduated from high school, she went to work for the Goar Trucking Co., with offices in the old theater building formerly located at the entrance to Brewery Gulch in Bisbee. At that time, U.S. Highway 80 ran through the narrow Bisbee streets, up and over Mule Pass Divide, and down the very steep and narrow two-lane highway on the other side. An old story goes that when a driver mentioned he had survived driving into and out of

Bisbee, Arizona, other states automatically issued him a driver's license, marveling at his driving skills and will to live.

Eventually, the federal highway department created U.S. Highway 86, which ran in a more or less straight line between Stein's Pass, Willcox and Benson. Mr. Goar decided to move his trucking company and his Red Arrow Cafe to Willcox to take advantage of the new route. Rose went along, serving as a waitress in the cafe. She said the pay was good (50 cents an hour, plus tips) and that she met a lot of interesting people. Goar's truck stop was the only place in Willcox open 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

Rose has many fond memories of those early days in Willcox: when the trains carried people and produce from across the valley; troop trains came rumbling through day and night during the war (WW II), and especially the "good ol' days" when Willcox was known as "the cow capitol of the world." Her eyes shine as she remembers cattle shipping times when valley ranches, large and small, trailed their herds to Willcox to be loaded into cattle cars bound for packing plants across the country. She recalls seeing the cowboys' campfires through the night all across the playa, and the cowboys coming to the restaurant to eat or just have a cup

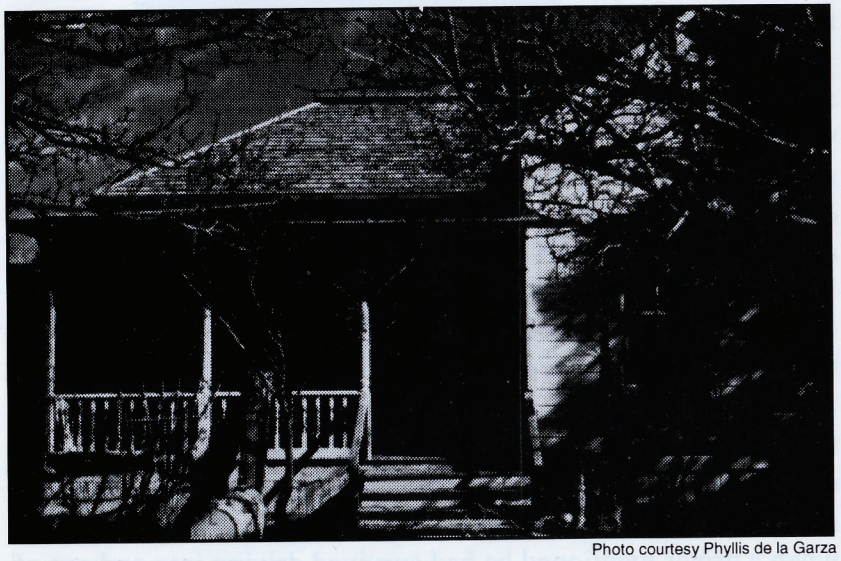


Photo courtesy Phyllis de la Garza

Crowley House, Rose's home on Railroad Ave.





of coffee anytime of the day or night.

Rose remembers cattle shipping time as "lots of fun, with picnics, parties and good lively dances with plenty of good-looking cowboys to share that fun." In 1944, Rose married Johnny Bree, one of those good-looking, fun-loving cowboys whose family had helped settle the Cave Creek area in the 1880s.

Most of the old-time cowboys are gone now and the ranches all have trucks come right to their ranges to pick up the cattle for shipping. That doesn't keep Rose from remembering how it used to be.

Her early-time memories include the first telephones when there was an operator to whom you spoke to be connected to your party. The operator knew the numbers of everyone in town, where they were at any given time, and just how to reach them anytime a call came through. She remembers the early mail service when outgoing mail was put in mail sacks which were hung on a post near the tracks and were scooped up by a long hook on the passing train. And, how everyone in town met at the post office to pick up their mail and to gossip a bit—an even better communication service than the telephone!

The agricultural boom of the 1980s is another of Rose's reminiscences. Grain elevators were built to hold the milo, maize, corn, barley, wheat and sugar beets; cooling plants were built to keep the huge lettuce crops crisp, and railroad spurs were laid to move the Willcox area produce to world-wide markets. Excess ground water pumping and the eventual high cost of irrigation water took its toll and the boom ended, though farming is still a viable occupation in the Sulphur Springs Valley.

Rose's long career includes vocations as waitress, store clerk, receptionist and teacher. She speaks fluent German, French, Spanish and English, and has a touch of a brogue which she uses in her classes to demonstrate that you can communicate without perfect diction.

Rose has taught English to prospective citizens and Spanish to the health care community. She uses bits of philosophy, history and patriotism mixed with cultural history and folklore to make her lessons interesting. Her students come early and stay late seek-

ing additional information. Rose especially enjoys sharing Willcox information and history — if she doesn't know an answer, one of her many friends probably does, and she quickly finds the answer to some obscure question.

The historic Crowley house is home to Rose. A Victorian beauty built in 1880, mostly of redwood, it was placed on the National Register of Historic Places in 1987 (see the article, "Historic Railroad Avenue" by Phyllis de la Garza, in this issue). She invites those who are interested to come visit her vintage home, sit a spell on her front porch, chat and watch the trains go by on the tracks "just a stone's throw away."

Thank you, Rose, for collecting those bits and pieces of Willcox and Sulphur Springs Valley history, and for willingly sharing it all with so many others. It is truly a pleasure to honor you as a Cochise County Historical Society Guardian of History.



# *Junior Historians*

# *Rudy Ramirez*

By Natasha Ramirez

*My name is Natasha Ramirez, I'm one of Rudy and Stella's 14 grandchildren. I'm 15 years old. My father's name is Philip C. Ramirez and my mother's name is Loni D. Ashcroft.*

Rudy Ramirez' story:

I was born in Willcox in 1927 from Cruz (1886) and Juanita (1896) Ramirez. My father's dad and my mother's dad both worked on the railroad, going east as far as El Paso, and north to Globe. My dad was born in El Paso and my mother was born in Deming, NM. Both were raised in Willcox.

When they got married, they moved to Tent City in Russellville by the Old Johnson Mine. My dad, Cruz, worked both in the Pearce Mine and the Mascot Mine in Dos Cabezas. Then my dad went to work with Mr. Morgan [at the] Mercantile store, now the Willcox Commercial Store. He also worked at Frank Rottman's Grocery Store, later known as The Valley Store.

Soon they started a family of nine boys and three girls. My dad loved prospecting and hunting, he had claims in Gold Gulch for a lot of years. This helped to make a living during the Depression.

I remember about 1935 or 1936, our local city marshal, Jess Moore, came to our house to talk to my dad. He asked him if he and my older brothers would help to try and catch Dillinger who was supposed to be coming through Willcox going west, possibly to Tucson. Dillinger was caught in Tucson by the FBI. I thought this was scary and exciting!

In those days, Willcox was the "Cattle Capitol of the World." I remember cattle on both sides of the railroad waiting their turn to be inspected and loaded into the stock cars. I remember a few of us boys were paid to ride some of the cows into the stock cars because some of them would get crossways in the chutes and that would slow down the loading, this was before they came out with the hot shots!





Willcox also had BIG 4th of July celebrations. They had free barbecues, rodeos, and lots of firecrackers! That was in the late 30s.

Then World War II started, and many of our young men were called and some volunteered. For the size of this town, there were more young men came out of this town to serve, than any other of its size. Also, more were killed in the war. Four of my older brothers served at the beginning of the war. My brother Jimmy was a prisoner of war in Germany. I also served in the U.S. Navy. My parents had all five of us in at the same time!

I married Stella Garcia in 1950. We have three daughters and three sons, 14 grandchildren and six great-grandchildren. I feel very lucky to have had such a wonderful family. They keep me busy and young!

(Stella's grandfather, Juan Leon, was one of the best cowboys in this part of the country. He is in the Willcox Cowboy Hall of Fame.)



Photo courtesy Natasha Ramirez
Rudy Ramirez, 1945
U. S. Navy
Honolulu, Hawaii

# Two stories of the Whelan Family

By Tirza and Amy Whelan

## *William H. Whelan*

William Baird Whelan was born in 1841 of Irish descent and served in the Civil War. After the Civil War, he went to work for Col. Henry Clay Hooker and first passed through Arizona as trail boss for Col. Hooker. His job was to drive a herd of cattle to the San Francisco Market. While there, he met and married Catherine Haines. He continued to work as foreman on the Sierra Bonita Ranch until his death at age 65 in 1906.

William Haines Whelan was born Feb. 11 in the 1870s in an adobe hut somewhere along what is now North 9th Avenue in Tucson, of English-Irish immigrant parents. The family moved to Bonita, north of Willcox, and he worked side by side with his father at the Sierra Bonita Ranch of Col. Henry Clay Hooker.

Meanwhile, a girl named Ignacia Sierra de Leon, who was a Mayo Indian and first cousin to Pedro de Leon, who was a stunt man for movie star Tom Mix. When Ignacia was about 11 years old, she babysat Harry Hooker at the Sierra Bonita Ranch. Then, at the age of 14, she met and married 23-year-old William H. Whelan.

William said she was as shy as a fawn, and when she finally consented, he rushed her to the nearest judge to hold her to her word. When Ignacia's father found out, he made them get married again, this time through the Catholic Church. Then in 1900, a baby boy named Wilford was born. In 1903, another baby boy named Bryan was born. In 1905, was Johnny, in 1907, was Louie. Then in 1910, their son, Albert was born, in 1912, Billy was born. In 1914 came Charley, in 1918 came Joe. Their ninth son, Edward was born in 1921.

William's wife and companion for nearly 60 years died in 1958 at the age of 72. Within the next 17 years William still





rode his horse and made it a rule to drink hot lemonade as part of his breakfast. William said that it has kept his liver and kidneys in good shape. He never liked to drink and never liked cigarettes or tobacco. Then in his late 90s, William Whelan died, living a long and memorable life.

By Tirza Whelan, great-granddaughter
Obtained by Louisa A. Whelan and Edward Whelan

## *William Whelan*

Inheriting the Whelan name has always added a historical background to our family. All our family gatherings usually consisted of stories, tales, and memories of the Whelans and their time out at the Hooker Ranch.

William Whelan, my great-grandpa that is most remembered for his trick riding and death at the ripe old age of 103, was a foreman at the Hooker Ranch just as his father before him. William was said to be a hard-headed, driving Irishman. He had many experiences with well-known names such as Billy the Kid, the Earps, and Sheriff John Behan during the time of his employment out at the ranch.

William put a young 17-year-old boy by the name of Billy Antirm to work on the Sierra Bonita sometime in 1876. Later the young man was fired and became known as Billy the Kid.

William was very loyal to his work and duties. Not only was he dedicated towards these things, but he honored the Colonel and protected what was rightfully his. There was an incident that Col. Henry Clay Hooker had with Sheriff Behan and his posse when "Billy" Whelan displayed his stern personality. Sheriff Behan was searching for Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday when he visited the ranch. The Colonel favored the Earp brothers and refused to tell the sheriff of their whereabouts. One of the men in Behans posse spoke out and began calling Col.

Hooker inappropriate names and began accusing him of lying.

It is said that Billy Whelan left and soon returned with a Wnchester at his side. Raising it towards the posse, he shouted his opinion at the men.

"You can't come here into a gentleman's yard and call him a son of a b[itch]! Now you skin back! Skin it back! If you are looking for a fight and came here to talk that way you can get it before you find the Earps; you can get it right here."

These old stories always amaze me and are fascinating to hear. Besides my grandpa's loyal working days, he also lived an amazing, memorable life; a lifetime that many of us will never live to see.

William "Billy" Whelan was raised up on a horse. He told a reporter one day, "I've ridden a lot of wild horses. Horses aren't as rugged today as they were in the days of the open range. In those days, we didn't fool around. We just blindfolded them, saddled up and rode."

William lived a long-term life. He died at the age of 103. He was married and had a total of 9 sons. When he was 102 years old, he said, "I could ride right now, but I'd have a hard time getting on, because my joints are all weak." Then he jokes: "It doesn't pay to live so long."

Whether or not that factor is true, he did live an outstanding life. He is in the Willcox Cowboy Hall of Fame and whenever the Whelan name is said, at least one person out of the bunch can recall a memory or story about my great grandpa, William "Billy" Whelan, Jr.

By Amy A. Whelan, 17 yrs.
great-granddaughter



# Rex Allen

## From Willcox to Wonderland, and Back

By Mary Leighton

Rex Allen has traveled far. From Willcox, a small town in Arizona, to the bright lights of Hollywood and back again to Willcox, though he lives in Tucson today. His life is commemorated in colorful detail at the Rex Allen Museum in Willcox.

He has traveled from "Elvie," the name he was called as a youngster, to "Rex Allen, the Arizona Cowboy;" from singing in the barbershop on Railway Avenue in Willcox for $1.50, to starring in more than 20 Hollywood movies as one of the last of the "singing cowboys;" from his first television show in Chicago, when there were only about 80 television sets in the whole of Chicago, to his starring role in the Frontier Doctor series in the 1950s.

He has gone from a one-night (never again!) stint as a bronco rider in his youth to a star entertainer at rodeos for many years. Rex and his horse KoKo have traveled a million miles together, performing at rodeos all over the United States and Canada. He says that two of the most exciting words in our language are "Let's Rodeo."

He was the first entertainer to receive the "Rodeo Man of the Year" plaque and the first recipient of the now famous "Golden Boot Award" in Hollywood. Rex was inducted into the Cowboy Hall of Fame many years ago and he is remembered in the Western Heroes Hall of Fame, too. A Rex Allen star appears in the sidewalk near the old Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood as part of the Walk of Fame. There is a large bronze statue of Rex, resting on beautiful Arizona copper rocks, in the Willcox City Park, just across Railroad Avenue from the Rex Allen Museum.

Rex has always loved animals and he has narrated over 150 shows at Disney Studios for the "Wonderful World of Color" shows on NBC. He has written more than 300 songs and has sold millions of records. His hit

song, "Streets of Laredo," in 1951 was followed by "Crying in the Chapel" in 1955, which sold more than 3 million copies over a period of years.

1999 will be the 48th Annual Rex Allen Days celebration in Willcox. Everyone is always invited to the party, which is traditionally held on the first weekend in October.



Photo courtesy Phyllis de la Garza

Rex Allen Museum on Historic Railroad Avenue
Willcox, Arizona



# *We Get Letters . . . .*

Dear Mr. Lavanchy,

Thank you for reminding me about my annual dues. . . . Your Journal is always a pleasure to read and this issue (S/S 99) is particularly interesting, for I have traveled in the Sulphur Spring Valley many times, especially when I was working on my first Arizona railroad book. One great trip I had went over the mountains to Portal. My companion on that trip and many others was the late Don Bufkin of Tucson, a wonderful man.

While of necessity I must limit my donations to the annual dues, there are times when I can add a little something to my regular dues. This time, instead of the regular $20, I am enclosing my check for $300 and I hope it will assist you in acquiring the computer you desire. In the years to come, I hope to be able to send a little something to other historical societies which will depend on the tax situation.

With best wishes for your continued success.

Sincerely,
David F. Myrick
Santa Barbara, CA

*(The board of directors sincerely thank Mr. Myrick for his generous donation . The book he refers to is* ***Railroads in Arizona, Vol. 1,*** *which is available in the CCHS research library at the Douglas/Williams House, 1001 D Ave., Douglas.)*

* * *

To CCHS,

Thank you for reminding me about my 1999 dues. I am enclosing a check for $40—that will take care of 1999 and 2000. I enjoy all of the articles about Cochise County and look forward to every issue.

I was stationed in Douglas with the Border Patrol in 1943

and lived at the Palomar Hotel. I enlisted in the Army Air Force at the base in Douglas and left Douglas in 1943. I have very fond memories of Douglas and all of Cochise County.

Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
Ed Egan

* * *

Dear Editor,

We enjoyed the Spring/Summer issue of the CCHS Journal very much, but feel that one small item should be corrected.

In John Lavanchy's Letter to the membership, the statement was made that Matt and Anna Magoffin hauled water to keep the Chiricahua Leopard frogs alive for four months. While four months of carrying water would be commendable, it was actually a period of four years.

They hauled a thousand gallons of water more than two miles every week, for four years, which entailed a lot of toil and trouble, as well as wear and tear on the old truck.

Thanks for letting me bring this small error about a large task to the attention of your readers.

Sincerely,
Mary Magoffin
Cochise Stronghold, AZ

* * *

Dear Mr. Lavanchy,

I wanted to write and thank you and express my appreciation to the Cochise County Historical Society members for being invited as a guest for dinner at the Desert Pony on Saturday [Jul. 17]. It was wonderful to go on the tour with all of you. Everyone was so good and kind to take care of me. It will be a day to long remember.

Gratefully,
Mabel Brown
Elfrida, AZ



* * *

Dear Mr. Lavanchy,

My husband Art and I always enjoy being reconnected with our past through reading The Cochise County Historical Journal. It helps put perspective in lives lived too quickly to be able to savor the recollections of the past.

Enclosed is our check for our annual dues to the Cochise County Historical Society. It is a small price for experiencing the past. Good luck with your future projects.

Sincerely,
Lee Atonna
Phoenix, AZ

* * *

To the Editor,

If you sent an annual dues notice earlier this year, I missed it and apologize. Your publication is excellent, and I would be sorry to stop receiving it. If all memberships become due at the same time, perhaps you could include an eye-catching notice in the appropriate issue.

Sincerely,
Margaret Morford
Abilene, TX

*(Thank you Margaret, for your dues, and thank you for an excellent suggestion regarding notification. Turn to page 5 to see the results of your suggestion.)*

* * *

To the Board of Directors,

I would like to become a member of the Cochise County Historical Society. Enclosed are my dues for the non-profit institution and business. Also, send me a price for the 1992 Archaeological calendar ($2 plus $1 for shipping).

Later, I shall become a life member. John H. Slaughter was a great-uncle of mine.
With best wishes and high regards,
John W. Slaughter, Jr.
Breckenridge, TX

* * *

To the Editor,

Enclosed please find a check for annual membership. I am anxious to read the next edition as I spent seven years of my youth in Dos Cabezas. It was a difficult time for many reasons, but oddly I have many fond memories of that time, and I often dream about the area. I was in the third grade when we moved to Dos Cabezas; I am 73 now, so you can see what a lasting impression those seven years had on me.

I enjoy reading the CCHS Journal. Thank you for an impressive journal.
Most sincerely,
Gene Carper
Redwood City, CA

## *Remember . . .*

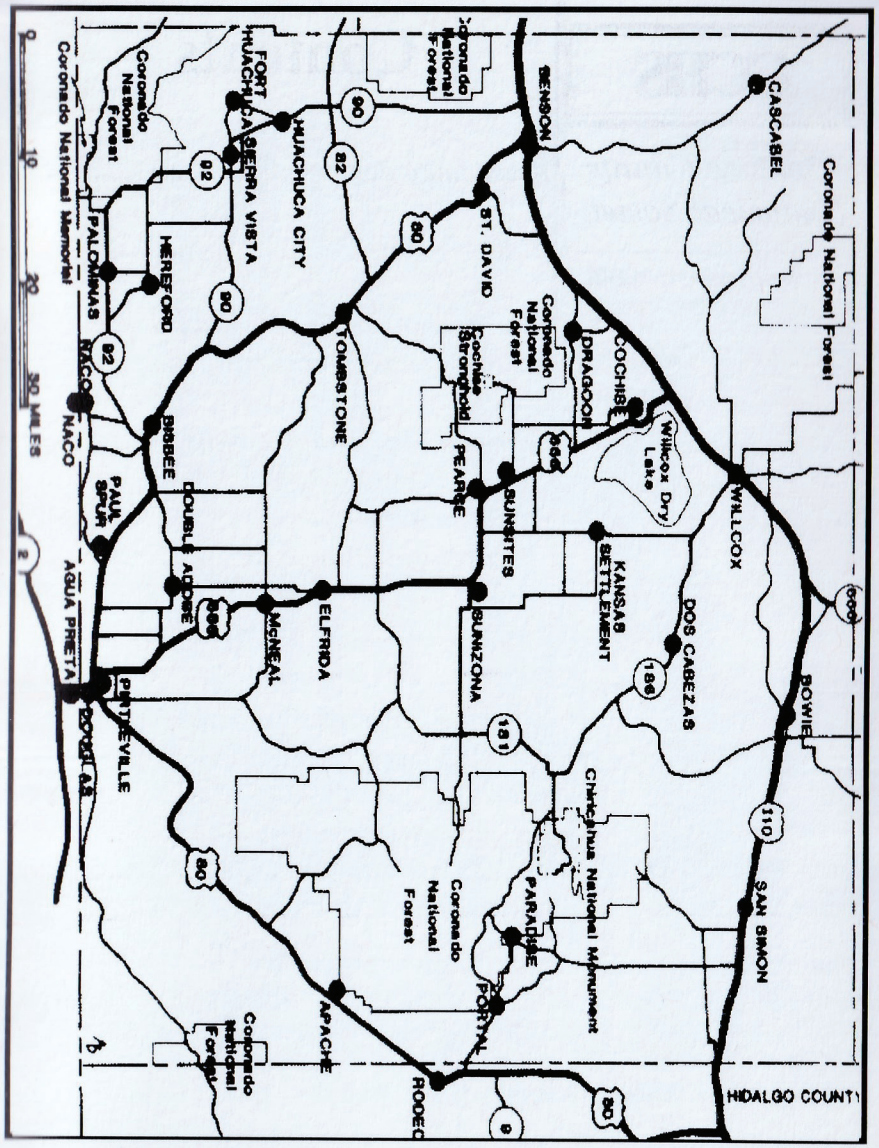
If you have a change of address, please notify CCHS so we can keep our membership lists up-to-date and avoid return postage fees.

We want you to get your Journals on time, too!



# Notes

# Notes




Unless otherwise stated, articles in this issue were written by Ellen Cline, Editor
Typeset by Ellen Cline, Printing by Color West Printing, Benson, AZ.