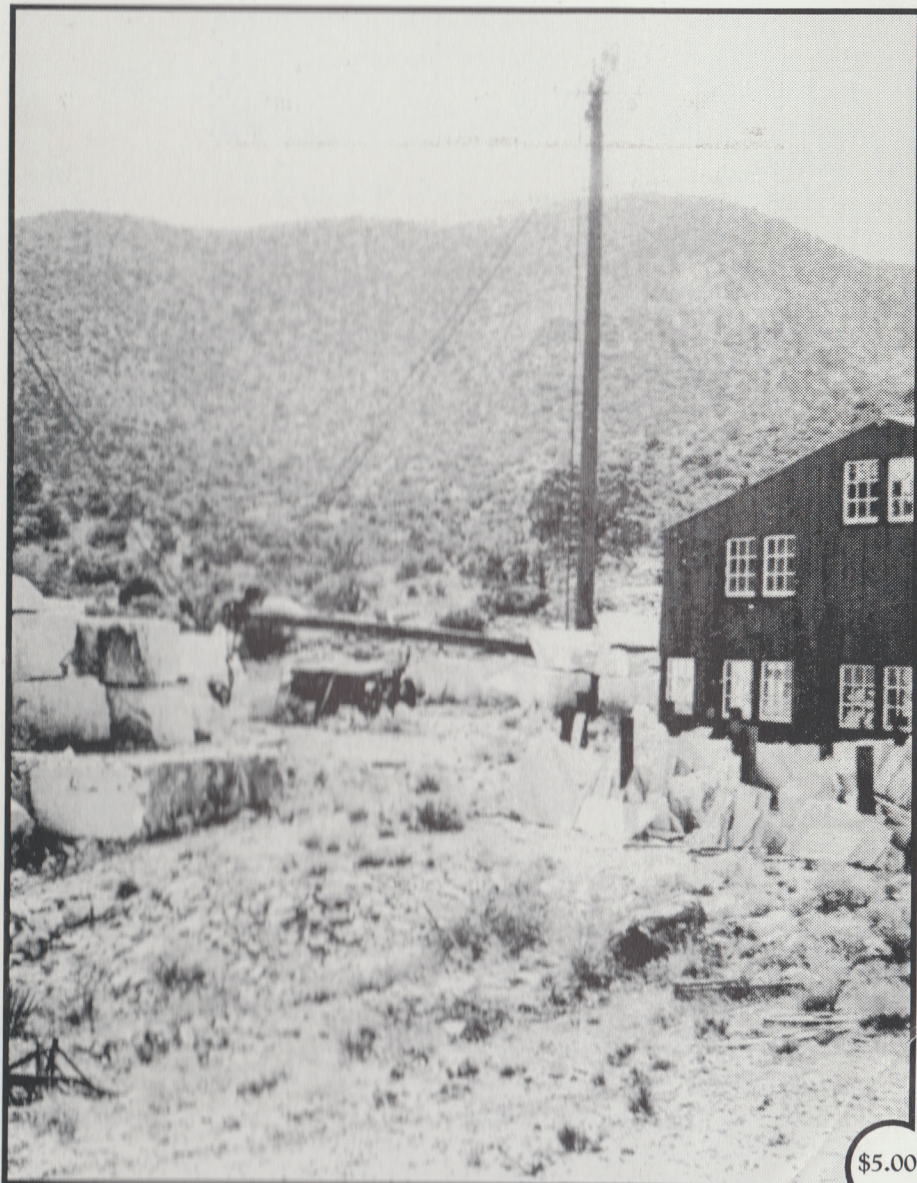


THE COCHISE COUNTY HISTORICAL JOURNAL

A Cochise County Historical Society Publication

Volume 27 No. 2 • Fall/Winter 1997/1998



A History of the Arizona Marble Company

THE COCHISE COUNTY Historical Journal

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*To Preserve
the Past
for
The Future*

THE COCHISE COUNTY
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
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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

Marble blocks and power
station at Marble Camp in 1910.
Courtesy of Page Bakarich

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Letter from the President

Dear Member,

How time flies! Summer is gone and fall is rapidly overtaking us. Our faithful Tuesday volunteers have accomplished the inventory of artifacts and the distribution of much of the collection. We have been able to update the computer so mailing and membership lists are current, but that is just the beginning. Norma Lavanchy has completed an updated index of all our CCHS publications, including this one. In the near future, we hope to have all of our research material indexed and cross-referenced so requests for information can be expedited. Anyone who would like to help, please come to our Tuesday meetings.

Again, with the help of our volunteers, our office equipment and research materials have been relocated to the Douglas/Williams House at 1001 D Avenue, Douglas. For the present, our office will be open every Tuesday afternoon from 1 p.m. to 4 p.m. We encourage everyone to stop by for a visit and if possible, volunteer time to help us get our library inventoried and organized for maximum efficiency.

Members of the board of directors have discussed several pending projects, including a sale or auction to be held this winter, the solicitation of at

least one individual from each of the historical societies in the county to serve on the CCHS Board of Directors, and the planning of our annual meeting.

The sale or auction will be conducted to dispose of miscellaneous items that have been held in our collection. We have attempted to return items to the various areas of the county to which they are appropriate. The items remaining will be sold to get working capital to enable us to improve our research facilities and undertake other projects. As with all of our endeavors, we will need volunteers to help conduct the sale, so if you have time, please call (520-364-5226) and leave a message as to your availability.

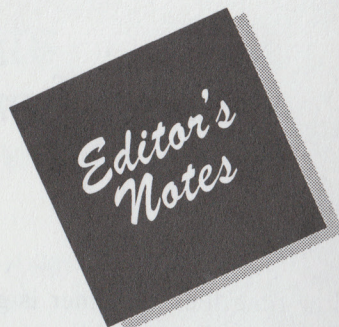
In keeping with our plans to become more involved with other areas of the county in regards to historical records preservation and to encourage cooperation among all our societies, I will soon be contacting each organization to discuss possible interaction and to request each entity to have a sitting board member on the CCHS Board of Directors. To make it more convenient for these members, we will discuss having rotating board meetings or having the meetings in a central location convenient for every-

one. I hope these plans will be acceptable and we can have your input for these discussions.

The annual meeting will be held on Dec. 7, 1997, at the Douglas Golf and Social Club, located just east of the county fair grounds on Leslie Canyon Road. The scheduled meeting time is 12:45 p.m., with luncheon served after 1 p.m. A reservation form is included on the last page of this issue of the journal. Please fill out the form and return it as soon as possible so we can include you and your party in our celebration. We look forward to seeing you at our afternoon of entertainment, good food, good fellowship and an informative business meeting.

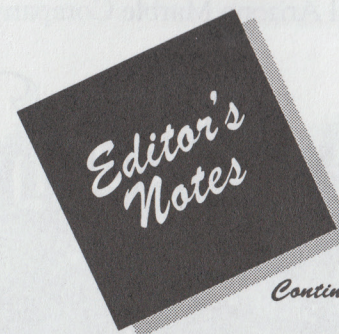
I hope you enjoyed our "new" Cochise County Historical Journal, Spring/Summer issue. We had much positive feedback on our new format and contents. It makes us all feel the time and effort that went into making the publication a reality was well worth the investment by our editor and all of her assistants. We are sure you will be equally pleased with the Fall/Winter issue on marble mining at the Arizona Marble Company site near Bowie. We encourage everyone to let us know your ideas and opinions by writing a letter to the editor (you may remain anonymous if you want, but we will need your name and address for our confidential records). We want to hear from you! P. O. Box 818, Douglas, AZ, 85607.

Yours in the Spirit of Cooperation,
John Lavanchy
President, Board of Directors
Cochise County Historical Society



It is again a pleasure to present an issue of our historical journal. We are publishing this issue in a more timely manner, 1) because we are more familiar with what we are doing, and 2) because it is an important issue informing all of you of our annual meeting to be held on December 7, at the Douglas Golf Club at 12:45 p.m. We encourage all of you to attend the meeting so the president can tell you what the board proposes to do in the coming year. Your ideas and comments will be very valuable in the planning and implementation of these future projects.

In keeping with our plans for wider coverage of historical events in all areas of the county, we wish to thank Page Bakarich of Willcox for his contributions on the Arizona Marble Company for this issue. We hope they will be as interesting to you as they were to us. If any of you have stories about the camp, or any of the marble quarries in the county, we would appreciate having them for the files in our research library. When our editorial board meets in January, 1998, we will finalize plans that will systematically schedule the increased coverage. In the meantime,



Continued from previous page

we invite all members, or other writers, to submit manuscripts or ideas for historical events to be covered in their area. Write to: Editorial Committee, P.O. Box 818, Douglas, AZ., 85607.

We have chosen LaDorna and Amos Chenoweth of McNeal as our Guardians to be featured in this issue. The Chenoweths are descendants of pioneer families and have interesting stories to tell. Our research library will have a taped interview of Amos, transcribed by Mary Magoffin, and a written history of LaDorna's memories on file. In writing Amos' story, we have referred to his father, Howard. Since we stated that he was a fugitive from justice, we have created a special section in this issue to explain what happened. Again, for increased county-wide coverage, we will encourage nominations of Guardians from featured areas. Our president, John Lavanchy, will be discussing these plans with individual societies, and at the annual meeting.

Our Junior Historian articles are from Mrs. Berg's class in Naco and Tom Jensen's class at Stephenson School in Douglas. We are grateful to

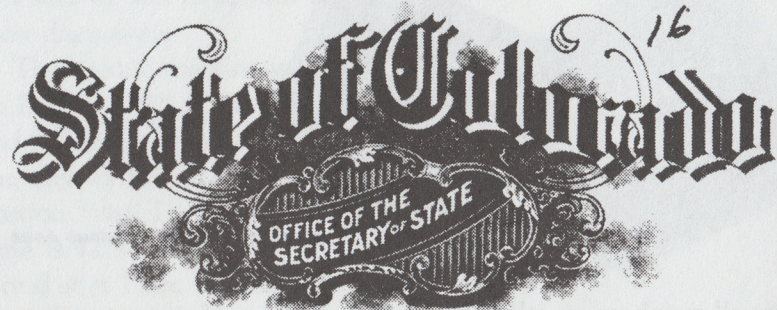
these teachers for encouraging their students to write about their family histories, and we encourage teachers in other Cochise County cities to submit manuscripts from their classes to be included in future issues.

I owe many thanks to Norma Lavanchy, Liz Ames, LaDorna Chenoweth, Ken Friskey and Page Bakarich for their valuable proof-reading skills and suggestions for clarifications, and to Jeanne Williams, Mary and John Magoffin, Mary Frances Graham and our president, John Lavanchy, for their continued moral support. Putting the publication together is really the result of great teamwork, and we are fortunate to have individuals willing to give of their time and efforts to make it a success.

Copies of all documentation for the articles will be on file in the Cochise County Historical Society research library at the Douglas/Williams House, 1001 D Avenue, Douglas, AZ., 85607, telephone 520-364-5226.

See you at the annual meeting!

Ellen Cline, Editor



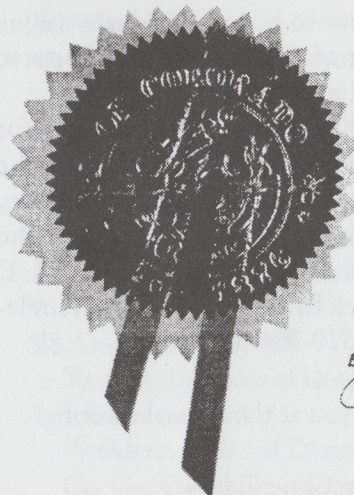
United States of America } SS.
State of Colorado }

CERTIFICATE

*I, Timothy O'Connor, Secretary of
State of the State of Colorado, do hereby certify that the
annexed is a full, true and complete transcript of the*

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION
OF
THE ARIZONA MARBLE COMPANY

which was filed in this Office the FIRST
day of DECEMBER *A.D.* 1908 *at* 10 *o'clock* A.M.
and admitted to record.



IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto
set my hand and affixed the Great
Seal of the State of Colorado, at the
City of Denver, this FIRST
day of DECEMBER *A.D.* 1908.

Timothy O'Connor
SECRETARY OF STATE.
BY *John F. Chaney* DEPUTY.

Coronado searched for gold,
Ed Schiefflin found his silver Helldorado,
and Col. Greene rode his copper skyrocket to fortune.

In the north end of the Chiricahua Mountains is one big hole
in the ground: no metals were taken from this hole, but
for several years it was a bonanza in its own right.

Marble was the game and the Arizona Marble Co. was the name.

The operation was well planned, well capitalized, well run,
and for several years, very profitable.



Arizona Marble Camp about 1910.
Photo Courtesy of Page Bakarich

A HISTORY OF THE Arizona Marble Company

Page Bakarich

How would a group of Denver businessmen know about a vein of marble in the Chiricahua Mountains of Arizona Territory? Marble, like any other mineral, can be found by simple prospecting techniques. Today we can pick up marble float in Emigrant Canyon, trace it up to the junction with Marble Canyon and then to the large marble quarry in the canyon itself. By 1901, the U.S. Geological Survey map for the Chiricahua Mountains had been published and it showed large marble deposits in the mountains.

John Kerr, engineer and vice president of the marble company could have prospected the Chiricahuas, the Dragoons and the Dos Cabezas Mountains. His name appears on many mining claims in these districts. Kerr was well known in the marble industry and anyone with a good claim would probably have contacted him.

According to legend, the original claims were filed by two soldiers stationed at Fort Bowie and were designated placer claims. Lode claims in most mining districts extend for 1500 feet along the vein and for 300 feet on either side of the vein, giving the claim roughly 20 acres. A placer claim is for 160 acres, while a coal claim is for 320 acres. One coal claim, The Emigrant, was located in Big Emigrant Canyon. Ironically, its

A HISTORY OF THE ARIZONA MARBLE COMPANY

The company was a closed corporation with all stock subscribed to by the original investors and no stock being offered to the general public—this was not a “blue sky” operation.

location monument sit atop a large granite boulder.

Principals of the Arizona Marble Company located at least 17 claims in those mountain areas eventually controlling 1760 acres. Claims were filed for the various colors of marble. At Marble Camp, colors included white with gray streaks, black and rose. In the Dragoon principle colors were green, pink and yellow. These claims are on the Adams ranch and are being worked today for use as terrazzo, roofing and landscaping materials.

Most of the claims were recorded before the incorporation of the marble company and some were later re-registered in the company name. Most claims were described by metes and bounds, though some were listed by legal description using the Gila and San River Base Meridian. Most of the claims were holographic (hand written by the claimant), and a few of the later ones were typed, showing that office help had arrived.

The Company

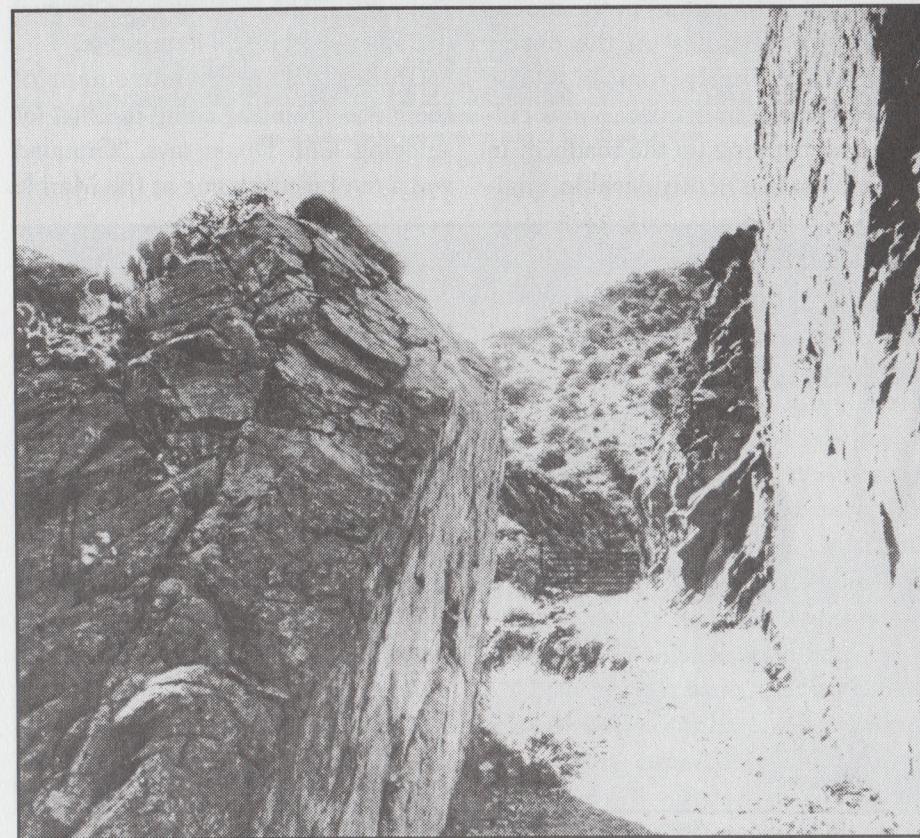
The Arizona Marble Co. was a Denver-based corporation with a capital stock issue of 10,000 shares with a par value of \$10 per share. The company was a closed corporation with all stock subscribed to by the original investors and no stock

being offered to the general public—this was not a “blue sky” operation.

The original board of directors were Gerald Hughes, John G. Kerr, Clyde Turnbull, F. G. Moffat and Walter E. Wilmot. Hughes seems to have been president of the company, with Kerr as vice president. Hughes was also president of the First National Bank of Denver. He and Larrence C. Phipps, who was later elected to the U.S. Senate, arranged for financing of the operation. Articles of Incorporation were filed in Denver on Dec. 1, 1908, and recorded in Tombstone, Cochise County, Arizona Territory on Dec. 19, 1908.

Once incorporated, the company moved with dispatch. Danna T. Milner was hired as bookkeeper and office manager. John Kaiser, teamster and “good man Friday,” already worked for the company in Denver and moved to Bowie with the company principals. Kerr was engineer and general supervisor. By the middle of March, 1909, an office was set up in Bowie and plans were made for materials to be purchased and men to be hired.

Plans were made for the camp, an operating plant, a permanent water supply and a roadbed. A large number of men were needed: miners,



The road cut at “The Box” in 1910.
Photo Courtesy of Page Bakarich

mule skimmers, carpenters, cement masons, mechanics, wheelwrights, laborers, and a cook. Materials were arranged for and everything shipped in. The long list included Oregon pine bridge timbers by the carload, massive timbers for the derricks, steam boilers, pipe fittings, hand tools and commissary supplies.

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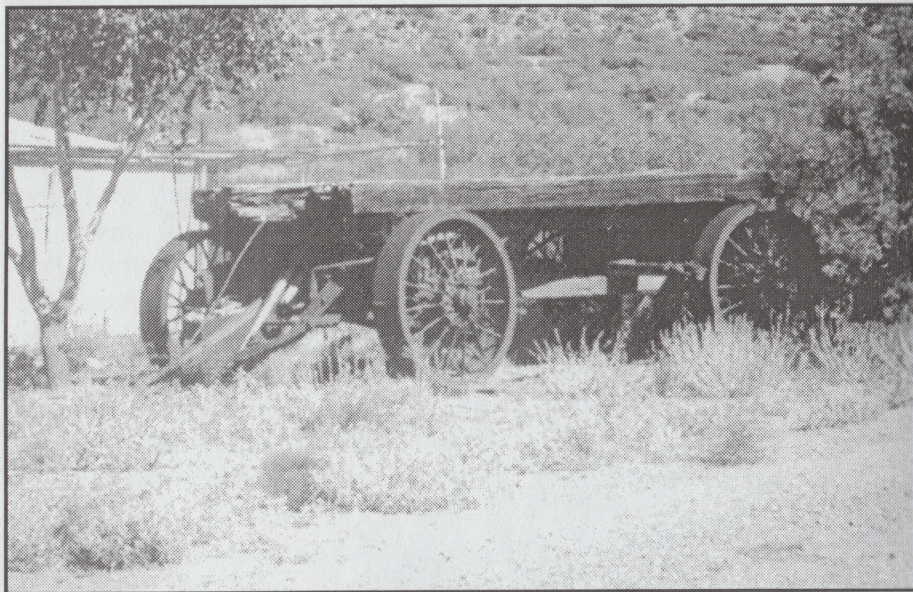
Getting There

A roadbed was surveyed from the quarry to Olga, a shipping point on the southern Pacific Railroad 6 miles east of Bowie. The road was 14 miles long, with 3 miles in the mountains. The 11 miles on the desert were easy, simply removing the brush, putting in an occasional culvert, and berming up the roadbed. In the mountains, considerable engi-

neering was needed and the roadbed laid with grades and curves that would allow establishing an electric tram once the quarry was in full production.

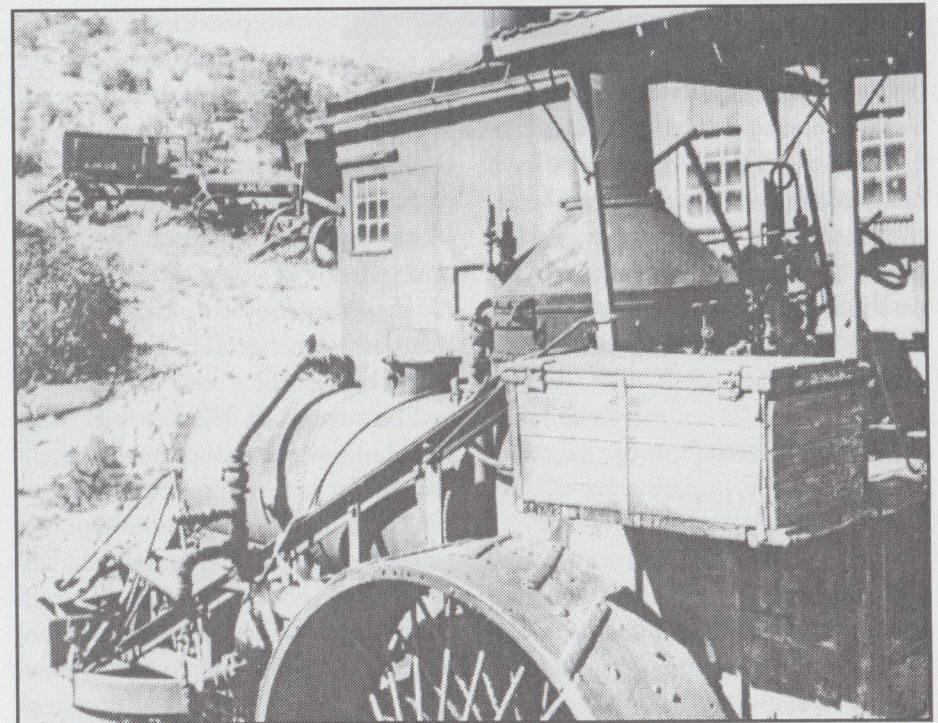
Once the road was surveyed, dirt was moved with fresno, slip and wheel barrow. Rock cuts were blasted and one in a granite spur that extended to the creek was a real challenge. Hundreds of tons of rock had to be moved. Even today the exceptional skill of the engineers and miners is evident in the cut that was engineered along a fault line leaving almost vertical, clear smooth sides. Known as "The Box," it was a marvel in its time and is still impressive.

In describing the movement of the blocks from the camp to Olga for shipping, Cliff Dixon says, "Grandad was a master mechanic at the Marble



Wagons were fabricated in the camp blacksmith shop; used to haul marble blocks.

Photo Courtesy of Page Bakarich



One of the steam engines fabricated in the blacksmith shop and used to move the finished marble from the camp to the train siding at the Olga Station.

Photo Courtesy of Page Bakarich

Camp and ran the blacksmith shop and the machine shop. They were complete shops, and the mechanics could make anything needed to run the operation. They even made the wagons that hauled the marble to Olga.

"They had two 110 horsepower steam tractors that pulled the trains. Two or three wagons and the tractor made up the train. They were loaded with big blocks of marble, and some of those blocks weighed 20 tons. Two of Grandad's sons drove the tractors. The crew consisted of an engineer and fireman.

"Going down, a drag was pulled behind the train to act as a brake while the engineer steered and operated the throttle. On the flat, the

drag was dropped off and the fireman stoked the fire with wood. The marble was hauled into Olga and then shipped all over the United States, and maybe even the world.

"Coming back up, they had to change gears. I mean they really changed gears: they took one set off and replaced them with another set. They got pretty good at it and could do it in about 30 minutes. Once after a flood, the train bogged down on the flat and it was two weeks before it was dry enough to get it out."

Four bridges were built with large Oregon pine timbers. Several culverts were constructed and mountains of fill hauled to fill in the arroyos. The outstanding skills of the stonemasons involved in building the

culverts is in evidence today.

The bridges were washed out by a flood in 1922. It was a flood that would have made Noah proud. For several years, the carcass of a large bull hung in the tops of the trees in Emigrant Canyon, washed there by the flood. After that, Marble Camp became a "pack camp."

Marble Camp and the Quarry

The camp consisted of a cook shack/mess hall, several wooden houses, a group of tent houses and a four-stall barn with corrals for Kaiser's teams. Josie Lawhon, who still lives at the HYL Ranch, says, "John Kaiser was proud of his teams. They were shiny, black and always well groomed. There was a four-stall stable at the camp and he kept them inside, well fed and curried."

Most of the men were single and lived in the tent houses which had a wooden frame and wooden floors. They ate in the cook shack that had a kitchen and a screened porch with tables and benches: it was cool in the summer and cold in the winter.

Fong Doo was the cook and a good one; apparently he had been hired away from the Southern Pacific Hotel in Bowie. In addition to a hearty fare of beef, beans, biscuits,

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ham, potatoes, cakes and pies, Milner arranged for a weekly shipment of California fresh fruits and vegetables in season.

Lawhon tells that her "mother" owned the HYL Ranch at that time and whenever Mr. Kerr or Mr. Hughes were here on business they boarded with her. They were good people. . . .

She continues, "The houses were well built with two rooms on each end and a large connecting breezeway in between. They had special ventilation that could be operated by counterweights . . . of three inch marble cores. The houses were cool in the summer—and in the winter, too.

"John Kaiser was proud of his teams. They were shiny, black and always well groomed. There was a four-stall stable at the camp and he kept them inside, well fed and curried."

"There was a telephone line that connected the marble camp with Tom Riggs' place and then went on into Bowie and out to the Riggs' settlement. They had a lightning arrestor on the line and you better hope it worked. Tom Riggs' house burned down when lightning hit his line."

A good supply of water was needed for the men, teams, two steam boilers in the power plant, and two steam tractors used to haul the marble to Olga. Six wells were blasted into the rock walls where water seeped out of the fault lines. These were curbed up and covered with cement by the journeymen masons. Pumps were installed and

pipelines were connected to the storage tanks set up above the camp. Water was piped to the operating plant, the houses, and the cook shack. During the day, the water was shut off to the camp to conserve it for use in the power plant, sawmill and polishing shed.

The overburden was stripped off and the quarry surveyed, bases for the derricks were poured, the power plant with two 115 horsepower steam engines was constructed and a hoist room built. Sullivan rock drills and channelers were used to cut the marble into suitable blocks for hoisting from the quarry.

A sawmill with tracks extending back to the quarry was laid out. The saw was a gang saw and a whole block of marble could be slabbed at one time. The derricks and booms were large and built with Oregon pine.

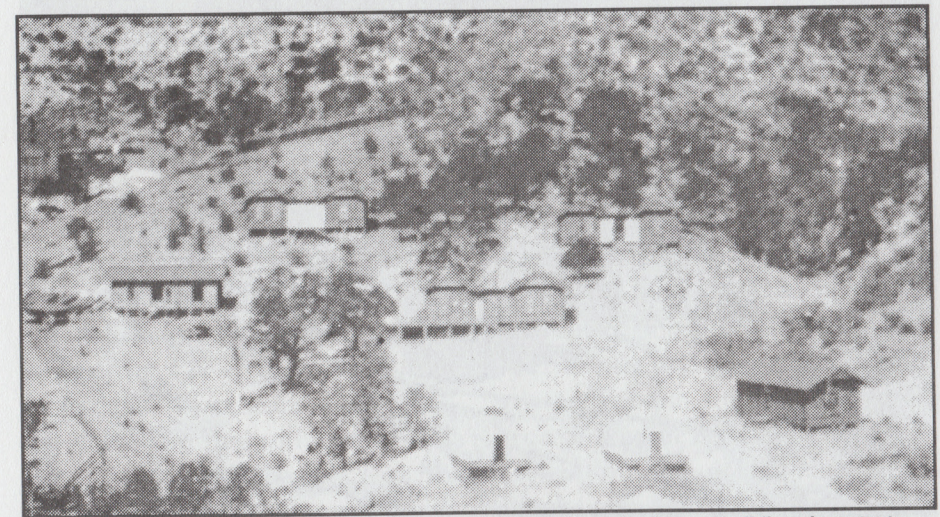
Cliff Dixon says, "The gin poles were the longest s.o.b.s I ever seen,

from here to across the street (about 70 feet). They were too long to go over the trail because of several sharp bends. They snaked them up from the other side, up Bear Spring Canyon, past the old house and through the orchard. They cut down several trees in the orchard to make a trail. That was a steep hill and they used teams. I don't know if they put wheels under them or not. They did it the hard way."

In an unpublished manuscript, Jack Kaiser writes:

"In the center of the camp there was a long building with a loading platform along the downhill side. On the north end of this building there was a room for John Kerr, one of the bosses. He was lucky, he had one of the few showers in camp. Next was the office where all of the business took place. Then came the commissary with all the shelves and bins to store the foodstuff.

"On the south end of the building



Commissary Office was a tin-walled building with "pigeon holes" – Central building above tents.

Photo Courtesy of Page Bakarich

was a large room with tin walls (all of the other walls were wooden). On all four walls there was a

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hundred or more "pigeon holes" of various sizes in which many small items were stored. These items included pipe fittings, cable clamps, bolt splitters, grease cups for machinery: all types of items that would be necessary to build and maintain the systems necessary to run the operation. Larger items were stacked on the floor.

"Behind this building was a large pipe rack where all sizes of metal pipe were stored. A pipe vise was there so pipe could be cut and threaded. Chipmunks could occasionally be seen darting in and out of the bins, especially if any of the camp dogs or cats were chasing them.

Near the mill and below the dump

was the blacksmith shop. In those days, everything metal had to be heated and pounded until the

two pieces joined together. Some replacement parts for the machinery could be made there to avoid long shipping delays from the factory. Adjoining the blacksmith shop was a machine shop with large metal lathes, grinders, drill presses, pipe threaders, and cutters. All of the equipment was operated by steam pulleys and belts.

The mill itself was constructed of heavy timbers and covered with corrugated tin roofing. In the southwest corner was the huge marble saw with steel rails running in from the quarry. A block of marble weighing 10 to 20 tons was rolled into the saw on a four-wheeled cart and the saw with many smooth-edged blades would be



Contemporary photo of forge left from blacksmith shop.

Photo Courtesy of Page Bakarich



The quarry as it appeared in 1930.

Photo Courtesy of Page Bakarich

lowered down onto the block. Using water, sand and split-steel shot, the back and forth movement of the saw cut the block into many slabs. The thickness of the slabs depended on the spacing of the blades.

East of the mill was a metal turntable 8 to 10 feet in diameter. The slabs were individually laid on the table and by using sand and water, the saw blade marks were ground out. Then, using rotary grinding wheels, starting with coarse grade grit and progressing to finer grits, the remaining saw marks were removed. The slabs were then cut into various

sizes and using acid and powdered putty, the final finish and polish was put on to give a smooth shine. The finished marble slabs were boxed and ready for shipment to customers all over the country.

West of the mill was the hoist room with all sizes of drums, cables and gears controlled by levers used to turn them. Some of the cables went out the back and through the roof to a large wooden frame with several grooved wheels over which the cables ran. The cables ran over to another wooden frame where they reversed and went back toward the

quarry to the top of two 70 foot high wooden derricks. Each derrick had a steel cap on the top.

From there, 1 1/4 inch cables ran in all directions and were anchored to large U bolts embedded several feet down into solid marble. These cables supported the derrick and fed into another cap. From this base, a boom could be raised

and lowered by cables coming from the top of the derrick. Out several feet from either side of the derricks were pulley systems that could be manipulated from the hoist room to pull the booms to the right or left so the marble could be stacked where the operator wanted it, ready to be moved into the saw for finishing.

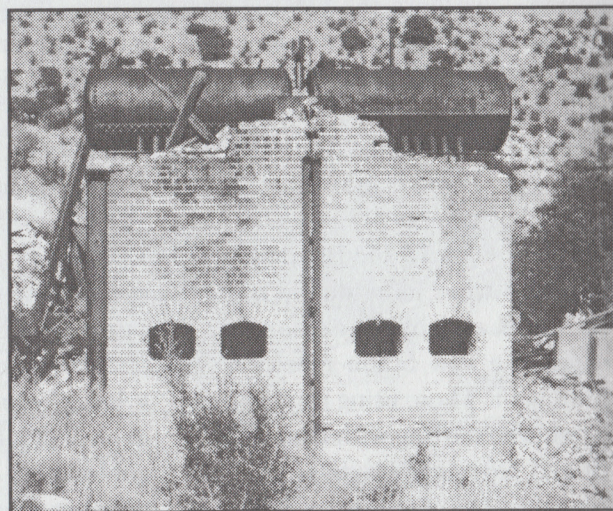
From the outer end of the boom another cable with a large block could be swung out over the quarry and lowered to the bottom. Using this system, large blocks of marble could be raised and stacked on the surface, ready for cutting and polishing. By lowering empty 500 gallon buckets to be filled with small pieces of marble, mud and water, waste and debris could be taken to the surface and discarded on the dump. A

A HISTORY OF THE ARIZONA MARBLE COMPANY

workman stood on the edge of the quarry to give directions to the hoist operator who was about 100 feet away.

Down in the quarry, there were drilling machines which traveled on rails. The drills could block out a piece of marble from the top by drilling holes down every so many inches along the sides and ends. Another set of drill holes went horizontally along the bottom of the block to be cut. When the drilling was completed, long tapered metal wedges were inserted two at a time into each hole, with another wedge inserted between each pair. By pounding in the center wedges, enough pressure could be exerted to break the block loose. The blocks could not be blasted out because the marble would fracture and destroy the block.

By lowering empty 500 gallon buckets to be filled with small pieces of marble, mud and water, waste and debris could be taken to the surface and discarded on the dump.



Contemporary photo of the fire box and boilers from the steam plant.
Photo Courtesy of Page Bakarich

Steam ran the machines and water was run through the bits to keep them cool and to keep down the dust. During the summer months, working in the quarry without a breeze was a very hot job. Since these drilling machines could not work against the wall, each tier of blocks was set in, thus giving a staircase effect to the walls. I estimate that quarry #1 was about 70 feet deep, 80 feet wide and 100 feet long.

Adjoining the hoist control room on the west was the boiler room which produced the steam power. There were two units so one could be shut down for repairs without having to stop operations. The boilers required a great deal of fuel to maintain pressure and several strings of burros brought wood in from the hills surrounding the camp.

Kaiser says, "Most of the woodcutters were Mexicans who lived south of the camp in shacks they had constructed from anything they could get their hands on, from ocotillo poles down to bear grass stalks. Up the canyon above the quarry were other shacks. Just beyond these, there was a small raised area above the creek bed where there was some soil. This area was used for the cemetery, but there was only one grave,

that of an unidentified baby.

Three deaths were associated with the camp in the few years it was in operation. A worker named Jim



One of Jack Kaiser's marble working projects; Grave-Baby headstone.
Photo Courtesy of Page Bakarich

Scanlon was shot when a .22 rifle was accidentally discharged by Joe Wainderer, another worker. The bullet went through

Wainderer's tent wall and struck Scanlon who was in the adjacent tent. He was rushed by team to Bowie and then by train to Tucson, where he died the next day. His remains were shipped to Vermont for burial. A coroner's jury ruled the death accidental.

A Mexican fellow looking for work was riding out to camp on one of the supply wagons during a dust storm. He fell off the wagon and the wheels ran over his head, killing him instantly. The teamster unhooked one of his horses and rode back to report to the authorities. The justice of the peace impanelled a jury of six men and they returned to the scene. The verdict was "accidental death," and the jury buried him along side of the road. They used field stones to mark his lonely grave.

The one burial in the camp cemetery was that of a child of one of the

Mexican woodcutters. When Jack Kaiser was a young lad, his father taught him to work marble and he made a headstone to mark the grave. It simply says, "Grave-Baby."

At the junction of Emigrant Canyon and Marble Canyon, there is a similar marker. It marks the grave of the Mulkin baby whose parents owned the ranch at the junction. Again, the marker says, "Grave-Baby," but the year 1925 is included. It is presumed that Jack made this monument, too. Near this grave is a little shrine made from bits of pot sherds and flakes: is this an offering of younger sisters who never had the chance to know their older sibling?

The Beginning of the End

In 1911, inferior grade marble was encountered and the quarry operation was shut down. An extensive

A HISTORY OF THE ARIZONA MARBLE COMPANY

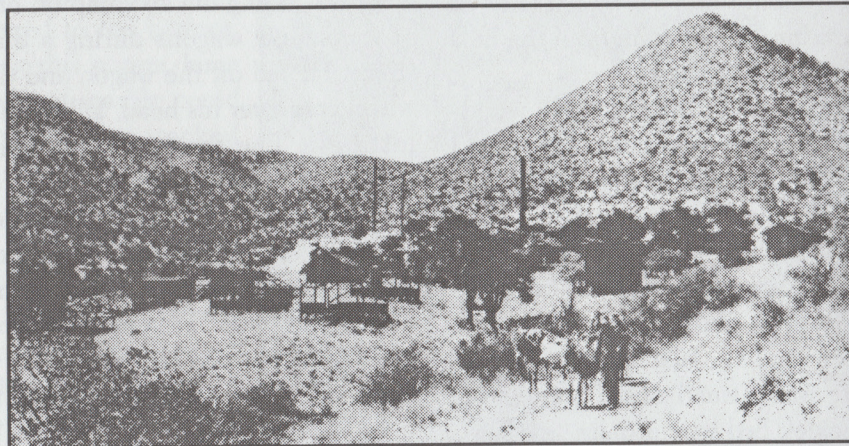
core drilling operation began, including establishment of a camp in Whitetail Canyon under

C. L. McNutt. He left camp the following year and was replaced by C. E. Philby, an Englishman. There was no positive evidence of higher grade marble, and the camp was not re-established.

By 1914, Kaiser and Milner were the only employees left. Kaiser was the teamster and watchman, and Milner was the business agent for the company. In 1914, Milner bought a Model T car and made the trips to the quarry by automobile. He asked that his salary be reduced and that he be allowed to pursue other business opportunities.

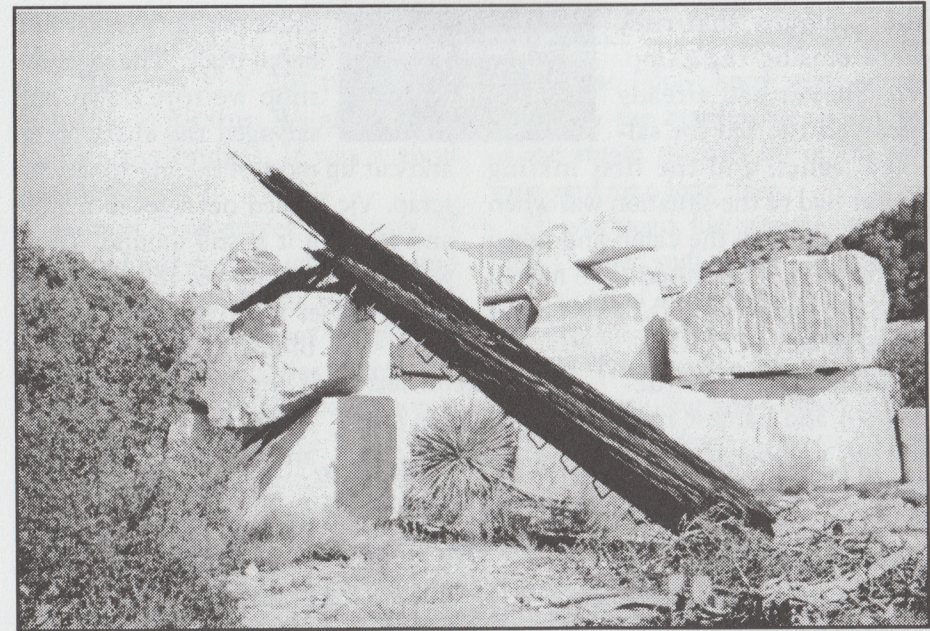
Lawhon says, "Mr. Milner was free to work in town and became associated with the Bank of Bowie and later, the Riggs Bank of Willcox which was later bought by Valley National Bank. . . ."

Milner became active in business



The Campsite after 1922 when the flood washed out the roads. John Kaiser packed supplies in with burros. Mrs. Kaiser and their children spent the summer at the camp.

Photo Courtesy of Page Bakarich



Contemporary photo of the remnants of one of the derrick poles and abandoned marble blocks.

Photo Courtesy of Page Bakarich

and civic affairs in both Bowie and Willcox and is well remembered in both communities.

In 1914, John Kaiser courted and married Clara M. Pullian who was teaching the children of the HYL ranch. The Kaisers moved into one of the tent houses and when the McNutts moved out of their frame house, the Kaisers moved in.

A son, John, was born in 1915 and several years later, a daughter named Alma was born. When the children were old enough to go to school, Clara moved with them into Bowie. They came home to Marble Camp in the summer. It was a pleasant life: the Kaisers had a car and once a month they went into Bowie for supplies and mail.

In 1922, a flood washed out all of the bridges and part of the road itself. Kaiser was in Bowie at the time of

the flood and after that, he left his car at the Mulkin place and packed his grub into camp on burros.

By 1937, the life term of the company had run out, demand for marble was slack, and the original owners were either retired or approaching retirement age. The corporation was closed and the salvage rights to the surface plant were put out to bid. Vic Shaver, a Willcox contractor, was the successful bidder.

The road to the quarry was repaired and most of the material salvaged as scrap iron. Sheet metal from the shop buildings were sold to local ranchers as barn building material. Two of the houses were moved to Bowie and set up there.

The Kaisers expressed shock and disappointment at the closing of the quarry. He was still employed as watchman and was not informed by

A HISTORY OF THE
ARIZONA MARBLE
COMPANY

the company that they were closing the camp. Vic Shaver had already received the bid for salvage rights, and the first inkling Kaiser had of the situation was when Shaver came to the camp and asked for the keys. The Kaisers then moved into Bowie where they lived for many years.

Jake Etheridge (deceased) and Earnest Hart worked for Shaver during the salvage operation at the camp, and tell of their experiences:

"It was weird, like stepping back in time. Canned stuff was on the shelves, even a can of asparagus."

those out on a trailer and boom truck. The machine shop we tore down and salvaged the sheet metal and cut up most of the machinery for scrap. Vic hauled out a lot of marble and some of it is still around. There were several tall poles that they had strung cables on to raise the marble

block from the quarry. They had regular steel rungs driven into them and I had to climb these to salvage the cable and blocks. They must have been 60 or 70 feet high.

It was a long time ago.

"We lived in the old bunk house, and of course, we had to go to Bowie or Willcox for supplies. The houses were pretty nice; kitchen, living room, dining room, and one or two bedrooms. The kitchen was large and the bedrooms small and had no closets.

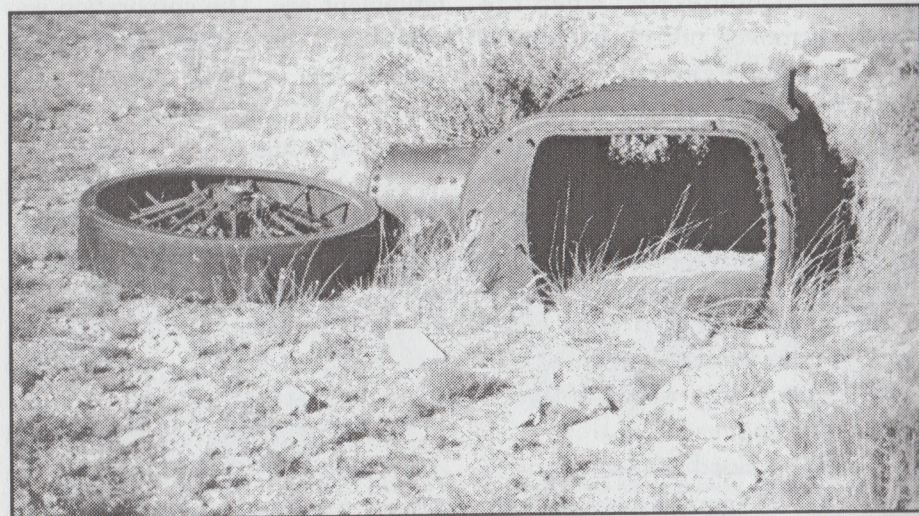
"We cleaned up and repaired the

road. At one point, we had to shore out the road where it had washed out. We used 3" X 20" timbers 20 feet long to do this. We also had to replace the bridges. It was a good summer."

Earnest Hart agrees, and says, "I was a kid just out of high school and really didn't pay much attention. I had a paying job and that was great. I remember the Stanley Steamer. There was also a White car. It was a car, not a truck, and the White Co. offered Vic a brand new White truck if he would deliver it to New Jersey. It was in good shape and looked like it would run if you pumped up the

tires. They were made of canvas. Vic wanted the truck, but New Jersey was too far. I don't know what he did with it or the Stanley Steamer. One of the steam tractors sat at his salvage yard for a long time.

"It was weird, like stepping back in time. Canned stuff was on the shelves, even a can of asparagus. I don't know why anyone would want canned asparagus. There were copies of the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Colliers Magazine* with 1913 dates on them. It was just as if the people had simply got up and left."



Contemporary photo of wheel and fire box from tractor.

Photo Courtesy of Page Bakarich



Topographical map of the camp vicinity.

Epilogue

Today, the quarry is on private land and cattle and wildlife roam the hills, drink the water from the wells and grow fat on the grass and shrubs. No one objects to visitors, but they are asked to show the same respect for the quarry as they would when visiting anyone's property.

The trail is 3 miles up a mild grade and the quarry is pretty much as it was left by the salvagers. The pit is still there, the derick bases can be traced, and the booms are slowly turning to dust. A brick firebox and boilers stand as a lonely sentinel over huge blocks and scads of bits and pieces of marble.

Rails still lead to the saw mill and it and the polishing shed are slowly deteriorating. The cook shack has collapsed, and the tent area and corrals can be traced by the metal tiedowns that anchored them to the earth. Wheels and boilers off the wagons and steam tractors are still laying about. The numerous wells still have water in them, and one serves the cattle and wildlife in the area. Pipelines can be traced.

A HISTORY OF THE ARIZONA MARBLE COMPANY

MY ADVICE TO ADVENTURERS:

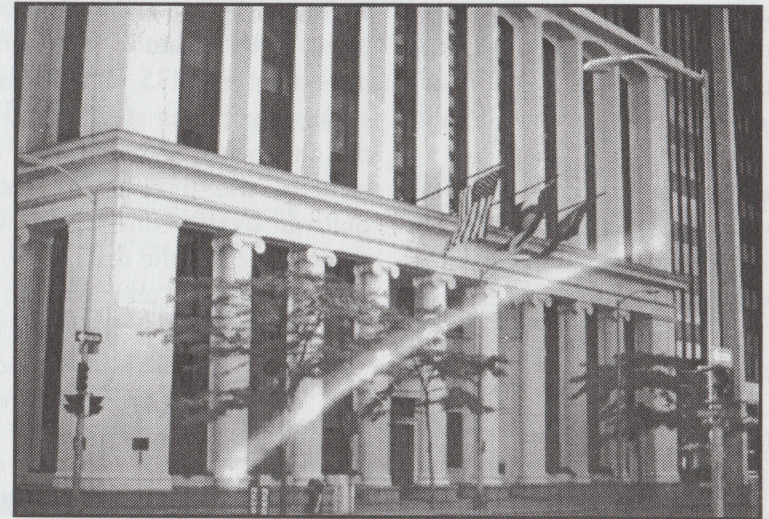
- 1.) Ask permission. The land is owned by the Parker Brangus Ranch: ask at the Parker Engine Repair Shop in San Simon.
- 2.) Take plenty of water, your camera, and your lunch.
- 3.) Leave only footprints, take only pictures.
- 4.) If you must have a bit of marble, please don't steal more than you can carry. The first third of the trail is littered with discarded marble left by people who overestimated their endurance.

Though permanent human inhabitants are gone, Ted Dickenson is an "in-house" sculptor who spends a few weeks at the camp every summer doing free form sculptures. He also selects pieces to haul down the mountain to take to his studio for working on later. Examples of his work can be seen on display in the windows at the Copper City Brewing Co., a restaurant in the convention center in Bisbee.

Part of the pleasure of visiting a ghost town is going back in time and visualizing things as they once were. From the artifacts, we know they had both steam and air for running their machines, and running water but no electricity. We can trace out the imprints of the modest houses and we can tell from the tiedowns that most residents lived in tents. From the bits of tractors and wagons, old boots and horse shoes, we can determine their mode of transportation. We know that the workers enjoyed an occasional toddy, a full pipe, and perhaps a bit of snuff. Purple glass tells us it predates 1918, while the exclusive use of round nails puts it into the early 20th century.

Marble Quarrying in Arizona

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE)



The Colorado National Bank in Denver, CO. Constructed with Arizona Marble slabs.

This article from the October 1910 issue of *Mine and Quarry* is reprinted with permission from the Arizona Historical Society. This article supplies technical information about machinery and methods. Unfortunately, the copies of the included photos were not of a sufficient quality for reproduction. A photocopy of the article is on file in the Cochise County Historical Society research library, 1001 D Ave., Douglas, AZ.

We believe that the knowledge of the existence of large and valuable marble deposits in Arizona will come as a surprise to many people; but, located in the Chiricahua Mountains in Cochise County, in the

southeastern corner of the state, is one of the largest deposits of marble in the country. This deposit has been traced definitely over a distance of approximately 15 miles, and prospect workings made at various points over the

deposit show the marble to be of a high grade throughout.

Active work is now being carried on by the Arizona Marble Company, a closed corporation, composed of Denver capitalists, and under the active management of Mr. John G. Kerr, well known in marble circles. This company owns eleven claims, totalling 1760 acres, along the strike of the deposit, and has already opened them up to a considerable extent.

The Arizona Marble Co. has been in existence since January, 1909. The preliminary work necessary to actual quarrying operations has been completed. The deposit now being

worked is 14 miles from Olga Station, the shipping point (eight miles from Bowie), on the Southern Pacific Railway, and the last three miles of this distance are in the mountains. A splendid road for haulage has been built. A 110-horse power traction engine was used for hauling

the machinery from the railway to the quarries, and now hauls the blocks from the quarry to the shipping point. The usual load from the quarry to the station is sixty tons. The traction engine has proved very satisfactory, but the intention is to ultimately install electric haulage, and the road through the mountains was laid out and constructed so that there should be but very little special

work to do later, when electric haulage should be adopted.

POWER PLANT

A great deal of thought and study was given to the power plant installation. Efficiency, economy of operation and dependability were the points most in mind. At present this consists of two 115 H. P. water tube boilers, supplying steam for driving the channelers and rock drills in the quarry, the derrick hoists, the Sullivan straight line Class "WA 3" compressor and the machinery in the experimental and testing mill.

The fuel used is wood, of which there is an abundance, cut from the company's own land.

QUARRY MACHINERY

Sullivan rock drills and channelers are used in the quarry operations; the latest addition to this portion of the equipment has been one of the new Sullivan

duplex channelers, type "VW." A view of this machine in operation on the quarry floor is shown by the photograph (page 442.)

Compressed air is used for driving the Sullivan Class "DB-15" and "DB-19" hammer drills, used for "plug and feather" and "foot-hole" work. Very satisfactory results are being obtained in block-hole work for splitting up large blocks, by the use of the "DB-15"

hammer tool. By its use, the time required in setting up a piston drill is saved, and no difficulty is observed in keeping the holes in line, in order that the blocks may split perfectly. In splitting large blocks, where holes to an average depth of four to five feet are necessary, the average drilling speed is 20 feet per hour. The air pressure maintained will average 100 pounds at the receiver.

The marble is strong and solid, and is quarried in very large blocks. An idea of the size of blocks is given in the photograph of a corner of the storage yard, page 443.

Two derricks are in operation, one 30-ton and one 50-ton. To carry out the idea of centralizing the machinery as much as possible, the derrick hoists are located at the central plant, and one engine is used for driving both hoists.

The mill is equipped with a steel frame gang saw, a rubbing bed of the underneath geared type, and a finishing and polishing table. The mill is designed for, and intended to be used for experimental work, and might be called a testing laboratory, but at the same time it will enable the company to handle and make use of many blocks which would otherwise go to waste.

The marble now being worked is

white, with pronounced dark veinings, and a predominating flesh tint. A peculiarity of this marble is the absence of any weakness in the veining, being almost unique

among marbles of this nature in that particular. A most excellent idea of the marble is given in the accompanying photograph. The panels (page 442) showing the vertical veinings at 8 feet and 9 feet 6 inches in height

respectively. Chemical analysis shows the marble to contain 99.98 per cent calcium carbonate, a degree of purity which is very rare. The stone has a crushing strength of 12,000 pounds to the square inch. The rate of absorption is practically nil, being .00010.

At the present time the quarries are busy getting out material for the various jobs on hand. Among the more prominent buildings in which the Arizona marble is being used are:

The First National Bank Building, Denver, Colo., and the bank buildings at Champaign, Ill., and Missoula, Montana.

A large quantity of marble blocks is being stored in the quarry yard ready for immediate shipment, in sizes up to 12 feet in length

and containing 200 cubic feet.

A peculiarity of this marble is the absence of any weakness in the veining, being almost unique among marbles of this nature in that particular.

Chemical analysis shows the marble to contain 99.98 per cent calcium carbonate, a degree of purity which is very rare. The stone has a crushing strength of 12,000 pounds to the square inch

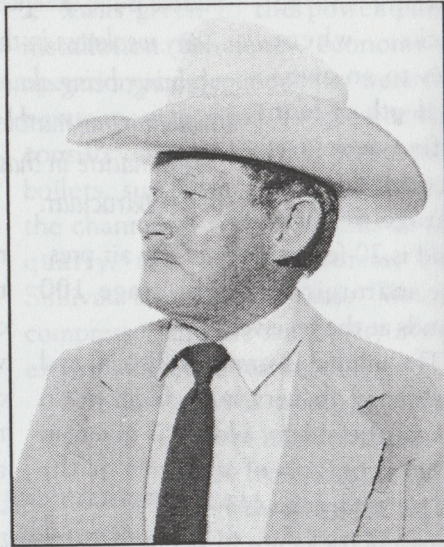
PAGE BAKARICH

biography

Page Bakarich says he doesn't really know where or when he was born, but he does know he was 4 years old when he came with his parents from Louisiana to Bisbee in 1929. Mike Bakarich, Page's father, came to the United States from Croatia, after working in mines in Germany and England. Page says his dad was working in the Trinidad, Colo. coal mines at the time of the Ludlow [Colo.] Massacre. In this incident, federal troops fired on a tent city at the mine, killing 18 people. Only two of that number were miners, the rest were women and children. Fortunately, he says, Mike was in jail at the time and escaped the massacre.

Grace Page Bakarich's family were pre-revolutionary immigrants to the New England area. Page says family history shows they came over in the 1600s. He doesn't know where or when his parents met or were married.

He started school in Bisbee, but when he had finished the second



grade, the family moved to the Hereford area and filed a homestead claim of 640 acres near what is now Sierra Vista. Page, age 8, and his brother Jim, age 10, were home schooled for three grades. Though Jim was older, he was behind his age/grade level, so Grace taught both the boys the same material. Jim caught up to his grade and Page advanced beyond his.

They were then enrolled in the Buena Schools. There were only 36 children in the system and though Jim and Page were residents of the Hereford district, Buena needed two children to qualify for having two teachers. Had the Bakarich boys not shown up, Buena would have had

only one teacher for the 36 students.

When the boys finished the 8th grade, they were sent to Tombstone to attend high school. They graduated in 1942—Page lacked one month being 17 years old. He says he wanted to go to work in the mines, but he had to have a birth certificate to prove he was 18. He didn't need proof of his birth, just went and told the county recorder he was 18 and they gave him a birth certificate. They also gave him a draft notice.

Page was in the Marine Corps from May 1943 to November 1945. He saw action at Roi Namur, Saipan, Tinian and Iwo Jima in the Marshall Islands, where he earned four battle stars.

In 1946, Page went to work in the mines in Bisbee and took classes at the university on a part time basis. He and Mary Ellen Crull were married in 1946 and he was the father of two children when he decided, in 1950, that he had to use his GI Bill and go to school full time. He graduated from the University of Arizona in 1952, with a bachelors degree in Vocational Agriculture. The university had a program that enabled him to go to school in the summer and he received his masters degree in 1959.

Page's first job after graduation was his last: he taught the VocAg program at Willcox High School for 35 years. He retired from teaching in 1987.

He and Mary Ellen had raised eight children over the years, but the same year he retired, he was divorced. They have 19 grandchil-

dren and nine great-grandchildren. Page says the children live in various parts of the county; a couple of them live in Willcox, a couple in Tucson and one in Eager.

Since his retirement, Page keeps himself busy with photography, giving slide shows and lectures at numerous functions. He serves as a director on several organization boards, was on the school board for 4 years. He attends reunions of his pals in the 4th Marine Division that are held in different parts of the country every year. He also does volunteer work for the Natural Resources Conservation District, helping to educate young people in land and resource preservation and usage.

With all of these activities, Page still finds time to do historical research and writing; to some degree he is following in his mother's footsteps. She continued to live on the homestead after Mike's death in a mining accident in 1948. From that base, she was a stringer for several publications, writing her memories of the area and historical feature articles. She remarried in the 1950s and many local readers will recognize the name of Grace McCool. Even after her death a few years ago, the papers continued to run her articles.

Page is an active individual with many interests. The Cochise County Historical Society has asked him if he will submit other manuscripts for future issues of the Historical Journal, and he has agreed. We can all look forward to reading these interesting, well-written articles.

Guardians of History



LaDorna Romine & Amos Hardin Chenoweth

With great pleasure the Cochise County Historical Society has chosen to honor LaDorna Romine Chenoweth and Amos Hardin Chenoweth, husband and wife, as Guardians of History and to publish their biographies in this issue of the Cochise County Historical Journal. LaDorna and Amos come from pioneer Arizona stock, though Amos was born in Brazil. Both are great storytellers with fantastic memories of past times, and both are truly "guardians of history."

LaDorna's Story

LaDorna Rhea Romine Chenoweth was born on Aug. 25, 1923 in Douglas, Arizona. She was the first-born child of Maudie Lee Owens Romine and Raymond Leroy Romine.

Maudie Owens was born in Lonesome Dove, Texas on Feb. 8, 1889. She accompanied her parents, Cory Ambros Owens and Mary Annis Harrell Owens, when they participated in the Oklahoma land rush later in 1889. Maudie first married Frank Bowman, a druggist in Rocky, Okla., but when they divorced, she moved to Douglas with her aunt and uncle, Charles and Essie Thrasher. Maudie helped her aunt care for her five nieces and nephews until she found a job at Ferguson's [Ferguson's] Drug Store on the corner of 11th Street and G Avenue.

Raymond Romine was born in Garret, Illinois, on April 4, 1900. When he was 17 years old, he enlisted in the U.S. Army and served as a messenger in World War I. He saw duty in Germany and his unit

was gassed twice by the German forces. He returned to Chicago after the war, but his doctors told him he had tuberculosis and recommended he move to Arizona in hopes of improving his health.

LaDorna says, "He and his cousin, Lynn Snider, decided to come to Arizona because his brother, Lewis Albert Romine, was a Captain at Camp Harry J. Jones.



LaDorna Rhea Romine

"My dad was driving a taxi and he met my mother while she was working at the drug store. They were married on Nov. 19, 1922 at Judge Jacks' house, still existing at 847 11th Street. Charlie and Nan Sommers stood up with them."

The young couple remained with the Thrashers until they rented an apartment at 711 14th Street. Later the Romines bought the Odorless Cleaners on 9th Street and the family moved into the same building.

My dad decided it wasn't too good to have his family living at the cleaners, so in 1924 he bought an Army house at 1234 16th Street.

"I was gassed three times there . . . My dad decided it wasn't too good to have his family living at the cleaners, so in 1924 he bought an Army house at

1234 16th Street. My sister (still born) and brother were born there, with Dr. Lund attending the births," says LaDorna.

She tells interesting stories about the people and events of those times in Douglas, including the time her father managed the International Restaurant in Agua Prieta, stories of the Chinese people and tunnels in Nacozari and Agua Prieta, the expulsion of the Chinese, how her father was the first Douglas person to see Aimee Simple McPherson. She tells of her school days, her teachers, and her friends.

When she entered high school in 1938, her father was working for the post office. Since they had no transportation other than walking, LaDorna's parents bought a home at 934 9th Street, closer to the school and the post office. By this time, she was old enough to work and says, "I applied at Kress' for my first job, and had to wrap a floor lamp for a Christmas present!"

Of her social life, LaDorna says, "Peggy Clancy was the sister I never had . . . There were so many dances

and we both loved to dance. Jack Lynch had taught me at the dance hall on the corner of 8th Street and G Avenue. My dad belonged to the VFW and they held their dances there and usually the Border Wranglers played Western music for the dances. Original members of the group were Jay Lawson, Albert (Googes) Lashay, Bobby Martin, and Soup Cruz.



934 9th Street, 1941.

"Peggy Clancy was the sister I never had . . . There were so many dances and we both loved to dance...usually the Border Wranglers played Western music for the dances."

"The group also played at Mobleys out east of town. Out there, the generator would go so long and then shut off. Mrs. Taylor, with a cotton dress to her ankles, had two girls on that dance floor, so on came the big flashlight and it stayed on until the generator came back on . . ." LaDorna remembers there were a couple of other dance bands, The Fiddlin' Finns, and Bob Poston's orchestra that played popular music at the dances. She tells of the Elks dances and the cattlemen's dances at the St. Stephens Parish Hall on 11th Street. "The R.O. Boss family were our neighbors and I would go and help Gwen serve refreshments."

Later, she worked at the fountain in Shorty Calderon's drug store on G Avenue. "I went to school, came home, changed my clothes and went to work. I got off at 10 p.m. and Peg and I would go dancing until 1 a.m. Next morning, my mother always woke me up and said, 'Get up and pay the fiddler. If you can dance all night, you can get up and go to school!'"

When the war came along and the air base was opened, LaDorna and Peggy worked at the Grand Theatre and she tells of their adventures at the USO on the corner of 12th Street and G Avenue, the VFW where her father was in charge, going to dances in Lowell, and of the many dances and entertainments given for the servicemen. After graduation in 1942,

she went to work for the Phelps Dodge Mercantile on the corner of 10th and G Avenue. She had met Amos at a dance at Webb in 1940, but they did not marry until 1943.

Those were war years, and most of the young Douglas men were stationed around the globe. LaDorna says she and her friends "became Victory Belles. Mrs. Wirick, Dr. Wirick's

wife, was our chaperone and we went to the Armory across 10th Street from the Phelps Dodge store to dance with the soldiers and cadets from the air base." LaDorna has many memories of those years and tells of the fate of some of the young men, both those who were stationed here, and those who were in the service from Douglas.

Amos' Story

Amos Hardin Chenoweth was born on May 13, 1918 to Howard Pinkney Chenoweth and Sarah Alodia Yule Chenoweth in Mato Grosso, Brazil. For several years, Howard was an administrator for the Brazilian Cattle Co., a company formed to include three huge ranches owned by the King Ranch of Texas. Sarah's parents, Arthur Lucio



Amos Chenoweth

from Uruguay, and were in Brazil, presumably working for the same company. Howard and Sarah were married in 1916 and were the parents of seven children. His mother died in childbirth in 1927 when Amos was 9 years old, and the grieving father brought his children home to New Mexico.

Howard was a fugitive from justice in Grant County, New Mexico. Sentenced in

1905 to 50 years in the penitentiary for second degree murder, he was pardoned by New Mexico governor R. C. Dillon in 1927. (Howard's story begins on page 37 of this issue.)

Family history tells that Amos' grandfather, John Agustus Chenoweth, ran away from his home in Maryland at age 16 and set out for the West. When he was in his early 20s, he had a freighting business and later was influential in the founding and settling of Phoenix.

Amos' grandmother, Mary Martin Murray Chenoweth, came with her family from Virginia in the early 1800s. She was one of eight daughters of widowed William Murray. The beautiful daughters of this pioneer family soon intermarried with other early Arizona families, including the

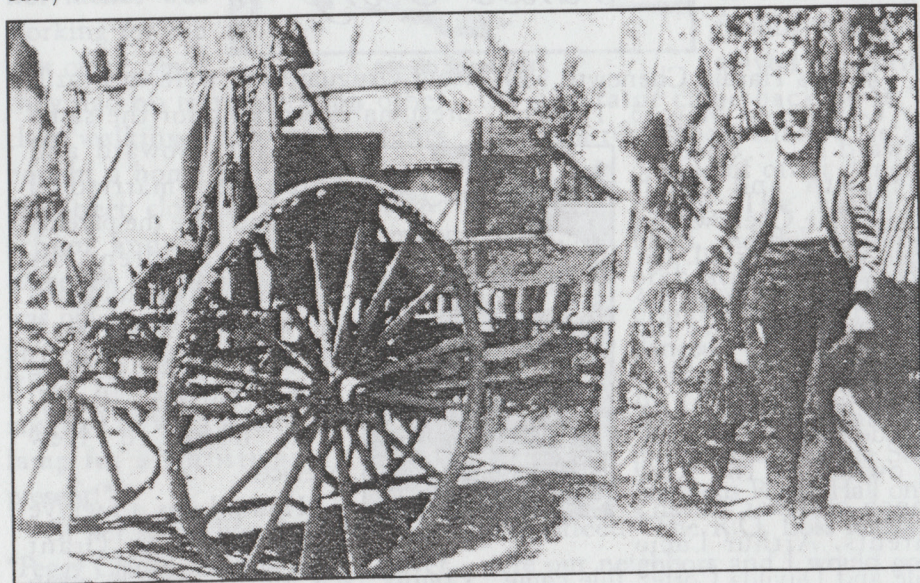
Riggs, and Osborns, several of whom were involved with the development and governing of the state.

Gus was driving a freight wagon from California to the Wickenburg area, and Mary was with her father and several younger siblings in a wagon train when their paths crossed in 1870. The young couple were married in Phoenix, (one of the first anglo marriages in the state), but later left to file for a homestead in the

San Simon area. Howard Pinkney Chenoweth, Amos' father was born in Turkey Creek on May 2, 1881.

Amos says, "My grandfather used to have the land all the way from San Simon clear up to Cave Creek." He says they lost the ranches when one of his uncles, unknown to the rest of the family, borrowed money, using

Howard was a fugitive from justice in Grant County, New Mexico. Sentenced in 1905 to 40 years in the penitentiary for murder, he was pardoned by New Mexico governor R. C. Dillon in 1927.



John Agustus

the ranches for collateral to go searching for gold. They only learned of the foul deed when the banker and the deputy sheriff came to foreclose on the property in 1928.

In 1915, ten years after his escape from the Grant County jail, Howard accepted an offer of employment from the King Ranch and emigrated to Brazil. Amos tells interesting stories about his young life in Brazil, describing their split level house built on stilts with a porch all the way around, their pet monkey that was kept in a little house on a pole in the kitchen, and about the lush vegetation and big gardens maintained for the family's needs. He remembers the Agua Limpia River which ran by the ranch house as being about half a mile wide and how they used a "canoe barge" for transporting horses across, using chutes to force the Brahma cattle into the river to swim across, and about a huge boa constrictor snake that lived near the river.

When Amos and his older sister, Daisy, were old enough to go to school, they were sent away to a boarding school. To get there, they had to ride horseback for three days to get to the nearest train station, then it took two more days on the train. Their father always accompanied them. The school was run by an elderly lady and her four daughters, and everything was taught in Portuguese. The children could not speak English.

Their mother died during their second school year and Howard came to the school to tell Daisy and Amos the sad news. They finished the term while their father settled his affairs, then left to return to the United States in 1927.

Amos remembers the boat trip took three weeks through rough seas. Daisy, who was only two years older than Amos, took care of the younger children. The family landed in New Orleans, La., then took the train to Lordsburg, N.M., where members of



Amos and Tom Mauzy in 1943

the Chenoweth family met them.

"After Dad brought us back from Brazil, we lived at the Thomas place, which is just before you go across to Hachita . . . when we lost the ranches, Dad moved over to McNeal and went to work for Ralph Cowan. We lived about 200 yards from the Frontier

school, so we could walk home for lunch.

"We children stayed at Aunt Ola's place. She was a school teacher and she and her husband, Bob Martyr, had about 320 acres there. They lived in a regular house, but we used to sleep in what had been hen houses. The girls slept in one, and Doug (his brother) and I slept in the other," Amos says.

The children weren't happy and they thought they weren't treated well by their aunt who was being paid by Howard to take care of them. He soon changed arrangements and brought his paycheck directly to Daisy and Amos to buy their food and clothing.

Amos remembers, "Doug and I did the janitor work [at the school], cleaned up, swept out and built fires. Our teachers were Mr. A. C. Tanner

and his wife. They taught us through the 8th grade. After we graduated from grammar school, we would catch the school bus and go to Lowell to high school."

While Howard worked for Cowan, Amos would stay with him during the summer at what he calls "the Triangle" ranch or at the Hunt place.

On payday Amos would have to ride down to McNeal to get groceries for Daisy and the younger children, then ride back to where his dad was working.

As a young man, Amos worked for Cowan for several years and has interesting stories to tell of those years. He quit working for Cowan in 1936 and went to work at the mines in Bisbee. After a layoff at the mines,

he went back to work for Cowan in 1938, and while working at the Tidwell Place, he broke his neck and his back. He was paralyzed for a time, but regained his ability to move and his eyesight, though he has had to wear glasses

since then. He went back to work in the mines, but kept his interest in cowboying and rodeoing. He was a very talented performer and won many events.

Amos tells that, "Douglas used to



Amos Chenoweth and Blue Boy

On the first day Buckshot and I tied for first. On the second day, I beat Buckshot out by about 8 seconds, and I won Mr. Egland's saddle, which I still have. It has a number on it, and his stamp: 'A.B. Egland'"

host the RCA Rodeo and if you lived here, you didn't have to be a member. A.B. Egland [a famous saddlemaker] used to donate a saddle for the calf roping. At that time, Buckshot Sorrel was the World Champion calf roper.

On the first day Buckshot and I tied for first. On the second day, I beat Buckshot out by about 8 seconds, and I won Mr. Egland's saddle, which I still have. It has a number on it, and his stamp: 'A.B. Egland'"

Their Story

LaDorna says, "I worked at the store [Phelps Dodge] for almost a year after graduation in 1942. Amos and I went to Lordsburg and got married in 1943.

He was 4F and unable to go to the service because of the injuries he suffered when he worked for Cowan.

"At the time, he was working seven days a week in the mines. I stayed in Douglas until he found an apartment in Bisbee . . ."

Noting the long-standing rivalry between Bisbee and Douglas, LaDorna thought living in Bisbee was not a comfortable situation, but she had no choice. She finally went to work for John Caldwell at the Lowell Drug in hopes she could meet people and make friends. "But when people heard I was from Douglas, they weren't very nice. The rivalry between the two cities was intense at that time. I had been the drum majorette at Douglas High, and once when we went to a game, Amos sat me right in the middle of the Bisbee cheering section. Certainly I rooted for Douglas . . . If Bisbee hadn't won

the game, I would probably have been lynched!"

"Later in 1943, we bought the Axel Lundhal place on Frontier

Road. Amos had known him for years and had kept his cattle there when he quit working for Cowan and went to work in the mines. Axel was a bachelor of Swedish descent, and we told him he could

live there as long as he wanted. He had homesteaded the land . . ." LaDorna explained.

"When we moved out there, my closest neighbor was Amos' aunt, and she lived three miles away. Amos had a straight year of graveyard shifts. I had no car, no telephone, and knew no one. We lived in two adobe rooms, had an outhouse and no shower. We heated with wood, but did have an electric cook stove, one of the first in the valley, thanks to the REA.

"I know what the old timers mean by 'green pancakes' because I gathered them and burned them in the wood stove. We had mail delivery and in 1943 that was the only car

you would see on the road.

"I was a city girl and scared to death so far from home and my many friends. We had cows, horses, chickens and ducks, but I didn't know anything about them. I didn't know anyone in the valley, and I was so lonesome."

When their first baby was due, LaDorna went back to Douglas and stayed with her parents on 9th Street until he was born on Oct. 13, 1944. His grandma had become enamored with Rhett Butler in *Gone With the Wind*, and insisted her first grandchild be named Rhett. And, so he was.

The second baby, Rhonda, was born in 1946.

In 1948, Amos cleared about 100 acres and started raising cotton and maize. They had the first big well on the west side of Whitewater Draw, and were the first area farmers to raise cotton on that side of the draw. Amos returned to the Bisbee mines in 1952 and worked there until the mines closed in 1975.

The twins, Rita and Rhetta, were born in 1951, followed by Amos Leroy in 1952, and Darryl in 1957. During the years the children were growing up, LaDorna devoted her time to helping them with their 4-H projects and the events involved with showing their horses.

The Chenowths sold the Lundhal

place in 1975 and bought 260 acres on Tornrose Lane, just south of Davis Road in McNeal. They don't do any farming, but raise horses and cattle. All of the children are married, and LaDorna and Amos have 11 grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. With the exception of Darryl, who lives at the ranch and helps his parents, all of the children live in other places. They lost their oldest daughter, Rhonda in 1990, and her son, Troy, earlier this year.

In their retirement, Amos and LaDorna are involved with ranch projects and community events.

Amos still has his cutting horse, but doesn't enter any rodeo competitions. He belongs to the Southwest Pioneer Cowboys Assn. and they attend functions sponsored by the organization.

LaDorna is busy with community volunteer work. She belongs to the Cowbells, the Cochise County Historical Society, and the Ladies Aid Society at McNeal. She does beautiful quilting and helps the Ladies Aid when they sponsor the annual quilt show in the McNeal Community Center.

Amos and LaDorna are valued members of their community and the Cochise County Historical Society is proud to honor them as 1997 Guardians of History.

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HOWARD CHENOWTH

This is the tragic story of a decent young man from a prominent pioneer family who was in the wrong place at the wrong time. Howard's father, John Agustus Chenowth, participated in the founding of Phoenix, laying out streets and helping to set up the city's governmental structure. When the family moved to southeastern Arizona and bordering New Mexico, they owned several large ranches and were active in territorial affairs.

This is a story that must be taken in the context of the times, the way things



were in territorial days at the beginning of this century. When I was searching through the old papers, I noticed there was hardly an edition of the weekly papers in Silver City, NM that did not carry a similar story. Yet, the same is true today when I read the daily editions of the Phoenix or Tucson papers. How far have we come in almost 100 years? There are few families that have not experienced this or similar tragedies and the resulting heartaches touch all present and future generations. Ed.

THE STORY OF A COWBOY

Had there been movies or television on the night of Aug. 27, 1904, residents of Silver City, New Mexico, could have thought the events of that Saturday night and Sunday morning were the plot of a western movie. No fiction could have surpassed the facts. The bullets whizzing by were real, and when it was over, one man lay dead, one fatally injured, and two others treated at the hospital for less serious wounds. The

lives of handsome young Howard Chenowth and his family were irrevocably changed forever.

Reporters from the two weekly papers, *The Silver City Enterprise*, and *The Silver City Independent* were promptly on the scene to interview onlookers, survivors, and lawmen. Citizens would not know the intricate details until Tuesday, Aug. 30.

"It [the altercation] was the work of one man, Chenowth, crazed by

drink, who was himself shot by the officers before he would submit to being taken into custody. His companion, Mart Kennedy, who was with him during the trouble, and who, it is claimed, encouraged him in his desire to kill, is also under arrest, charged with murder," according to the *Independent*.

"Chenoweth is a young man twenty-three years of age. He was a student at the Normal school [now Western New Mexico University] in 1899 and 1900 and stood well with his fellow students and members of the faculty. After leaving school he went to work on the range and was so employed at the time of the commission of the crime for which he will have to stand trial for his life. So far as known this is the first time that he has ever been in trouble, and his past record has been that of a quiet, hard working fellow," the paper says.

The *Enterprise* covered the preliminary hearing for Chenoweth and Kennedy held the next week, and the Sept. 2 edition summarizes the information presented during the hearing.

"Pat Nunn foreman of the Diamond A Cattle Co., accompanied by a group of cowboys connected with the same company, rode into town Saturday afternoon, the former on some business matters and the latter to have a 'good time.'

"This they proceeded to do until about two o'clock in the morning

when Nunn announced his intention of returning to camp and requested the boys to do likewise, among them Chenoweth and Kennedy. Chenoweth appeared willing to do so but Kennedy demurred.

"One word led to another and in the quarrel which followed, Kennedy, it is alleged, called Nunn a vile name. This the latter resented and discharging his six-shooter and laying it on the sidewalk in front of the Club-house, proceeded to thrash Kennedy.

"Deputy Sheriff Elmore Murray hastened to the scene and attempted to separate the men when Chenoweth jumped from his pony, seized Nunn's six-shooter and proceeded to fire upon the latter over Murray's shoulder.

"Three shots were fired, one of which struck the watch which Nunn carried in his shirt pocket and shattered it into fragments, the other went wide of its mark and the third grazed his forehead, tearing away his eye brows. Nunn, with his face badly powder-burned and with blood streaming from the wound in his forehead, managed to escape from the deadly fire and ran into the Club-house and on out to the rear street where he wandered about aimlessly for several minutes, having been rendered partly unconscious by the shock of the leaden missiles.

"Deputy Sheriff Murray then endeavored to get the six-shooter

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away from Chenoweth who was very much intoxicated and appeared frantic with passion. While Murray was thus engaged, Perfecto Rodriguez, a former constable of Silver City, appeared on the scene to lend what assistance he could to the beleaguered officer when Chenoweth raised his gun arm which was free, pointed the weapon at Rodriguez and fired. Rodriguez fell dead, shot through the heart.

"In spite of the tragedy that was being enacted so near him, Murray still persisted in an effort to get Chenoweth's gun. In this he was badly hampered by Kennedy, who, it is alleged, attempted to get Murray's gun from its scabbard and in doing so prevented Murray from using his left arm, with which he guarded the gun and the free use of which would probably have resulted in Murray's getting Chenoweth's gun and thus ending the trouble at once.

"The three men thus struggled up Texas street between the Club-house and Palace saloons until they passed the Yankee street crossing and were about in the middle of the next block when they encountered City Marshal Kilburn, who was on his way down town to ascertain the cause of the shooting. . . .

"Murray by this time was well nigh exhausted with his efforts to subdue the desperate men and he called upon the marshal to hurry and take Chenoweth's gun away from him.

But before Kilburn could make reply, another shot from Chenoweth's gun rang out upon the still night air and the marshal sank to the ground.

"At the time this shot was fired, Murray had succeeded in getting hold of Chenoweth's gun-arm and was holding it up in the air . . . He [Murray] was still prevented from using his left arm . . . [by] Kennedy who was making a desperate effort to take it from its scabbard . . . When Marshal Kilburn appeared on the scene, Chenoweth twisted his hand so the gun pointed downward and fired. Murray stayed with the men until the next corner was reached when they broke away and ran. . . .

"A posse was being formed [to search for the fugitives] when Kennedy was seen to walk coolly down Broadway and enter the Palace saloon. He was quickly placed under arrest and taken before Justice Newcomb. . . .

"While the officers were taking him to jail, Deputy John Collier . . .

But before Kilburn could make reply, another shot from Chenoweth's gun rang out upon the still night air and the marshal sank to the ground.

espied Chenoweth crouching behind some drygoods boxes in front of Lindauer's store. A shotgun was secured by Ed Applehaus, but as there were no shells in it, the officers were

compelled to make a detour round the block to the Club-house where ammunition was procured, consisting of two kinds of shells, one of fine No. 6 bird-shot, the other of coarse buckshot.

"Collier loaded the magazine of

the gun and proceeded up the street in front of the Uhli block until opposite Lindauer's store, when he called to Chenoweth to surrender. Chenoweth replied he would not . . . Again he [Collier] called to Chenoweth to surrender, telling him he had the drop on him with a Winchester shotgun and would sure get him if he didn't give up. "Again Chenoweth replied 'No' and coming from behind the goods boxes advanced upon Collier with his six shooter in position . . . Chenoweth advanced to within fifteen feet of Collier when the latter fired. As fate would have it, the shell was loaded with No. 6 bird shot and Chenoweth fell, only slightly wounded. Chenoweth was taken to the Ladies' Hospital where his wounds were dressed and where he remained until Sunday evening when it was deemed advisable to remove him to the county jail which was done."

According to the paper, District Attorney R. M. Turner presided at the preliminary hearing for the territory, Kennedy had two attorneys and Chenoweth "was without legal counsel," though at the actual trial, a special session of the district court, in March of 1905, he did have an attorney. About the defendants, the reporter says, "Both were present at the trial, although neither was put upon the stand. Kennedy is a tall, athletic looking fellow with clean-cut features and steely-blue eyes. Chenoweth is also well built, but is

dark, and with his head swathed in bandages from the wounds received while being captured, he presented a haggard appearance."

In the following months, both Kennedy and Chenoweth were held in the county jail for trial at the next session of the district court. Evidently these sessions were held twice a year, in March and September. Kennedy's lawyer tried to get him released on a writ of

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habeas corpus, but the judge adamantly denied it. Eventually, Kennedy was given a change of venue to Las Cruces, and was acquitted at trial.

Records, approximately 600 pages, of the special session in which the Chenoweth's trial took place are available in the state archives in Santa Fe, but the March 1905 editions of the Silver City papers have been removed by persons unknown, and there was no further reports of the trial in available editions. Unidentified media sources report that it was the longest trial held in Grant County up to that time.

"For weeks the courtroom was packed with spectators listening to the desperately fought case of Howard Chenoweth, charged with the murder of W. H. Kilburn and Perfecto Rodriguez. The trial began in April and ended in May when Chenoweth was found guilty of murder in the second degree after the jury had been deadlocked 24 hours," says one source.

The original charge was first degree murder, but the jury could not agree unanimously, with the vote reportedly 11 to 1 for a guilty verdict. The one holdout forced the charge to be reduced to second degree murder. The information that Chenoweth was convicted of that charge and sentenced to 50 years in the penitentiary in Santa Fe was available in the December 26, 1905 issue of the *Independent*. (In a news item 25 years later, it was reported that the sentence had been 40 years.)

Chenoweth's El Paso lawyers immediately filed an appeal to be heard by the New Mexico Supreme Court. He was held in the Grant County jail pending that trial. Then events took an abrupt turn.

CHENOWETH ESCAPES! headlines the December 26, 1905 issue of the *Enterprise*. "Clever Plans Laid For His Release Are Successful."

"About half past seven o'clock last evening Jailer Frank Watson went from the jail to the cook house, a distance of about forty or fifty feet, in order to bring in and lock up for the night B. F. Gooch, a trusty helping about the cook house.

"Watson had reached the door of the jail on his return and had just unlocked the same when his attention was arrested by an exclamation from the trusty who said, 'Here is a man.' Watson quickly turned and found himself looking down the barrel of a six-shooter held in the hands of a masked man who said to him, 'I am after Chenoweth and the other fellow and you must do exactly as I say.'"

the paper reports.

Watson was forced to open the section of the jail where persons charged with serious crimes were kept in "steel cages." Chenoweth's cellmate later indicated that Howard seemed to be expecting the action, and had been nervous all evening, "frequently looking through the doors of his cage toward the door as though expecting some one to appear."

"... the masked man simply said, 'I am after you, Howard,' to which Chenoweth replied, 'Well, if you are after me, I guess I will have to go.' Chenoweth thereupon put on his hat and coat and came from without the cell."

The two men then secured keys from the jailer, locking him in the empty cell. They left the jail after taking the keys and locking all jail doors, and disappeared in the dark. "So thoroughly was the work done that many of the prisoners confined in the jail had no idea that anything was wrong until the alarm was sounded," according to the article. "One of the prisoners, a man by the name of Kelly who was locked up in a steel cage close to the outside door, heard all that occurred at the time the holdup was commenced, and had a view of the man who did the work. Kelly says that he was so completely masked, however, that he had absolutely no view of his features with the exception of the lower end of his chin."

Watson, with the aid of a trusty, finally was able to raise the alarm and

officers were sent out in search of the men, but all efforts failed due to the darkness of the night and lack of ideas of which direction they might have taken.

"From the tracks in the snow about the court house it is thought that there were two men engaged in the plot who had evidently come down to the jail door from the west end of the court house yard. Only the one, however, made himself known, the other evidently remaining in hiding until after the escape was consummated. The tracks further disclose the fact that Chenoweth and his companion then started off together, and the third man ran through the court house yard, jumping over the stone wall surrounding the same on the east, and it is presumed went on down town," the paper says.

No one was able to give a description of the stranger due to the fact that "... his face was masked with a red bandanna handkerchief which completely concealed his features. He wore a black overcoat and a black hat, was a man weighing about one hundred and sixty pounds, and of average height ..."

The sheriff immediately offered a reward of \$600, a goodly sum at the time, for Chenoweth's arrest, but no one ever claimed the reward and nothing was heard by officials until years later.

Howard's son, Amos, says two of his uncles had taken his father from the jail, and he takes up his father's story after the escape.

"My father told me that the family had fixed a room in a haystack that was so well hidden that no one would know it was there. He stayed there for some time, until they thought it was safe for him to leave the ranch.

"During the next several years, he worked in different states. His brother, Hale, joined him, and they went to Washington state and into Canada. They ended up in Alabama where they worked at a lumber mill for a man named Amos Hardin.

"Mr. Hardin was very good to my father, that's why he named me after him, and it was Mr. Hardin who told my father to go out to the King Ranch in Texas to go to work. My dad was accepted at the ranch and was such a good worker, they decided they needed him to work for the Brazilian Cattle Co., three huge King ranches in Brazil.

"This was about 1915. They made all of the arrangements, put him on a boat and sent him to manage their ranches in Mato Grosso."

Asked if the King Ranch people knew of Howard's past, Amos said they did not, that his father went by the name of Carl Martin. The children thought their name was Martin, also, and did not know their name was Chenoweth until they arrived in New Mexico in 1927.

Howard's job in Brazil was to straighten out the operations of the ranches and put them on a profit-making basis. He started at the Campo Grande ranch, and when it was operating successfully, the cattle

company brought in a manager and sent Howard to their Tres Lagoas ranch. The situation was repeated there, and finally he was sent to their Agua Limpia ranch and stayed there as manager.

In 1916, he met and married beautiful dark-haired Sarah Alodia Yule whose father also worked for the Brazilian Cattle Co. The young couple had 11 happy years during which they became parents of seven children: Daisy, Amos, Douglas, Ola, Ula (Jackie), Frances, and Ruby, the

baby. In 1927, Sarah died in childbirth, and though two of her sisters wanted to raise the children, it was time for the devastated father to bring his motherless children home to New Mexico.

During Howard's absence, the family used all conceivable avenues to get him a pardon from the New Mexico governor. An unidentified newspaper article reported that finally, on March 5, 1927, newly-elected governor R. C. Dillon granted the pardon. Everyone involved with the case, former jurors, witnesses, lawyers, and even the victims' families had urged the governor to sign the papers. They all agreed that the shootings "were the act of an irresponsible youth under the influence of alcohol and urged to do the shooting by an older, more-worldly companion."

The governor stated he believed no harm would be done to anyone in

the state if he signed the pardon, and he did so. He noted that Howard had lived an upright and respectable life in positions that carried heavy responsibilities, that he had had no further contact with the law, and that he was a loving and caring husband and father of five children. (The letters and petitions had been

written prior to the births of Frances and Ruby.)

When their mother died, Amos and his older sister, Daisy, were away at boarding school. Amos notes, "It was a

confusing time for all of us children. Our home in Brazil was the only one we had ever known, and our mother's family were the only relatives we knew. We spoke only Portuguese, no English. Our mother was gone, we were taken from our home and put on a boat for a trip to some place we didn't even know existed.

"At first, being on the boat was fun. Then, after about a week, there were storms and we all became seasick. We couldn't keep anything down, not even water. The waves would go over the top of the boat, and it was like it was buried in water. It was terrible.

"After three weeks, we finally landed in New Orleans and took the train to Lordsburg, New Mexico. We were met by our grandmother who was about 85 years old, but she was anxious to have us to care for. My grandfather had died before we came home.

Sarah died in childbirth, ...it was time for the devastated father to bring his motherless children home to New Mexico.

Ida Ruth Huish

by Jesse Huish

My grandmother, Ida Ruth Huish, was born on a ranch 7 miles north of Benson, Arizona. Her parents were Edward Christian and Ida Martineau Jespersen. Her father was crippled so he rode the range in a strip-down Model-T Ford. He was always busy and a very hard worker. He was also a carpenter and built the house they lived in and a house for a friend a few miles from the ranch.

My grandmother's favorite activities were hiding in the cupboards of this house with her sister, and playing house in the big empty cement tank in their back yard. She has four brothers and four sisters. They did many things as a family: going on picnics, playing games, picking apricots from trees at the foot of the Whetstone Mountains, and riding the range with their father. Her mother taught school before she was married, and after that was a very busy mother and homemaker.

When grandmother was 6 years old, her family moved to Tucson, Arizona, and she received all of her schooling there. When she was my age, her mother was 47 years old and Franklin D. Roosevelt was the president. Grandmother's clothes were that of a typical girl of that day. She wore dresses. Jeans or long pants were not the style then. She usually

went bare-footed in the summer and she loved to swim, so she spent a lot of time at the local swimming pool.

Her father built the house they lived in in Tucson with the help of some of his brothers and friends. They lived in a small Mormon community in the northeast area of the city, so many of their activities centered around the church.

Grandmother went to Davidson School for the first 6 years. It was only about one-half block from her house. She quite enjoyed those years and her favorite subjects were spelling, reading, and art. She dearly loved her first and second grade teachers, Mrs. Wasserman and Miss Schumaker. However, it was very different with her third grade teacher, Mrs. Strong. She humiliated my grandmother in front of the class, and being a very tenderhearted young girl, she was crushed. Her fourth grade teacher, Effie Dot Hopkins, was her favorite. She was a very helpful and caring teacher.

The class learned and performed a little cantata called "Hiawatha," and grandmother found that she could sing the alto part. She says that she can't remember a time in her life when she didn't love music, so this experience has remained in her memory.

Of course, there was no TV in those days, so her childhood activities consisted of outdoor games: kick-the-can, dare base, jump rope, marbles, hopscotch, jacks, playing house, etc. There were spacious lawns around their church building and they played a lot of games there also.

She never received a regular allowance when she was a child, but once in a while she was given either a nickel or dime to spend, and in those days, that was "big money" to her! Prices were very low in comparison to the prices of today. They could choose between several varieties of penny candy, and a large candy bar or ice cream cone was only a nickel.

They all had their chores to do, both in and out of the house. They always had a cow, some chickens, and a large garden to take care of. She and her sisters took turns with doing dishes and cleaning the house. She never really had a hobby, but she has always been very interested in anything to do with music, poetry, literature, art and cooking.

There were many significant events during her childhood, but she described this one for me. When she was 12 years old, she, her sisters, and several other people in their community, were chosen to be extras in a

movie starring Gary Cooper and Walter Brennan. It was filmed south of Tucson. They were taken by bus from downtown Tucson to the location. They were tutored part of the time, ate lunch at tables under a large canopy, and were introduced to the stars and got their autographs. Grandmother's children and grandchildren have been able to see her in this movie, that is, if we don't blink our eyes!

My great-grandmother was born in Mexico and grew up in the Sierra Madre Mountains in Chihuahua, in the 1890s, and she always told my grandmother that she and her family

lived a very pioneer existence, so she had many interesting stories to tell.

My great-grandfather was born in Mancos, Colorado, but his family later moved to Mexico. Both of my

grandmother's parents sang to their children.

From both her mother and father she learned the joy and satisfaction of hard work, and to be dependable, honest and trustworthy, showing her love for her Heavenly Father and his son, Jesus Christ. She will always remember that her mother taught her that there is never an excuse to be rude.

When she was 12 years old, she, her sisters, and several other people in their community, were chosen to be extras in a movie starring Gary Cooper and Walter Brennan.

A New World

by Leslie Flannigan

Ana Maria Gonzales Quevedo Rodriguez was born in Havana, Cuba, on April 18, 1958. She was raised in the province of Matanzas until she was twelve. Ana Maria came to the U.S. on a plane with her father, mother, and sister in 1971. When she was one year old, there was a revolution in Cuba and the new Communist government banned most of the traditions that my mother's parents had celebrated. Ana Maria says, "It's very sad that I could not celebrate the traditions my grandparents celebrated."

One of the things she did celebrate was Noche Buena, December 24th. It's when your friends and family have a BIG party. Some of the foods and drinks are pork, white rice, black beans, yuca, and wine. Another one is Reyes Magos, January 6th. It's when you exchange gifts. Ana Maria also says, "Cuban music is very important. It has had an importance in the world of music. We still dance and sing to Cuban music at home."

When Ana Maria got to Florida, three days later she and her family went to Pennsylvania to live with her aunt. It was very hard for her, because she didn't know English. For one year Ana Maria went to a school to learn English.

On June 9, 1979, beautiful 21-year-old Ana Maria Gonzales Quevedo Rodriguez married handsome 25-year-old David Paul Flannigan. A couple of months later, Ana Maria and David moved to Tucson, Arizona. The reason why they moved to Tucson was David transferred to the University of Arizona. On March 19, 1981, the first born was David Paul Flannigan Jr. Six months later they moved to Bisbee, Arizona. The reason why they moved to Bisbee was because David Sr. got a job there. On September 21, 1982, they had the pleasure of having twins, Joshua Lee Flannigan and Leslie Marie Flannigan. Then on May 31, 1991, Leah Elizabeth was born to her proud parents.

Ana Maria works at Cochise College. She is an exercise instructor. David works in Tucson. He is a prosecuting attorney. David Jr. is a freshman in high school. Joshua and Leslie are in the 7th grade, and Leah will be starting kindergarten next year.

I think I am very lucky to have such an interesting history. I also think I am lucky to have good parents. I am glad my mom is my mom, because I think there is no better mom in the whole universe.

Ernestine Hoffman

by Robert Hoffman

My name is Robert Hoffman. I interviewed my grandma, Ernestine Hoffman. She was born in Douglas, AZ, at the Phelps Dodge Hospital. Her family moved four times around Douglas. She went to Sarah Marley School. Her favorite subject was history. Her classes included history, math and reading. Her mother was 40 when she was my age, and I am nine years old.

When my grandmother was my age, the year was 1942. My grandma says she remembers not being able to wander far away from home. You had to play in the neighborhood. Sometimes they played baseball, marbles, kick-the-can, or jump rope. She dreamed of becoming a nurse, but instead she got married and had children. She had four children and my dad was one of them.

One significant event she remembers about her childhood was World War II. Two of her brothers fought in that war. She admired her father very much. Her father's name was Manuel, born in 1884. Her mother's name was Refusia and she was born in 1901. Both her parents were born in Mexico. Her father worked for Phelps Dodge for 48 years. She had two sisters and four brothers.

In the late 1940s the governor of Arizona chose 10 people from all

over Arizona who were hard workers and good citizens and made them U.S. citizens. My great-grandfather was one of them.

When my grandma was growing up, a candy was worth one penny, ice cream was worth two cents, and to go see a movie, it cost ten cents. My grandma never got an allowance.

My grandma grew up in Douglas. Her mother grew up in a house along F Avenue in the 1960s. Her mom and dad loved to go dancing and great-grandma loved to sing. She was a very happy person. Nana remembers her mother as being very pretty and they liked going shopping together.

My grandma's parents taught her to be a good girl and have good manners. She helped her mom by doing dishes and cooking, even though she [her mom] didn't work outside the home. Her job was to be a mother. My grandma remembers one time she got a spanking. Her sister's boyfriend was over visiting and she threw a paper airplane and it landed right on the plate of tamales he was eating.

My grandma's all-time favorite song is *I Fall to Pieces*, by Patsy Cline. It was interesting hearing about my grandma's life. Things have really changed.

"In 1927, we lived at the Cieniga, the Thomas Place near Hachita, and we went to school in Cave Creek, Arizona. Miriam Toles, a really good pioneer teacher, taught us to speak English.

"When Uncle Bob mortgaged the ranches without anyone else knowing it, the sheriff showed up with eviction notices, and we had no choice but to leave. The family lost everything," Amos remembers.

Howard went to work for Ralph Cowan and the children and their grandmother stayed with their Aunt Ola Martyr who had a place near Frontier school in McNeal. The children went to school there and then to Lowell for 6th grade, then to Bisbee High School. Amos stayed with the Cowans even after Howard went to work for the Boquillas Land and Cattle Co. near Fort Huachuca in 1933.

Howard did not remarry and continued to raise and educate his children, sending them to school in Tombstone. When the Boquillas was sold, he went to work for Hal Manning at the Canoa Ranch, about halfway between Nogales and Tucson, and the younger children went to school in Tucson. All of them graduated from high school, and Daisy attended the University of Arizona.

For 20 years after his return from Brazil, Howard was a true, old-time cowboy. He worked hard, raised and educated his children. He retired from the Canoa in 1947 and moved to Tucson to stay with Frances and Jackie who had never married. But his retirement was short—he died that same year at age 65. He was a man who had lived an honorable life in spite of his young man's folly one terrible night in August of 1904.



Howard's children in 1927. From back left: Amos, Douglas
From front left: Ola, Ula (Jackie), Daisy, Ruby, Frances

JUNIOR HISTORIANS

Brave Salvador Changes My Way of Life

by Virginia Araiza

My great-grandfather, Salvador Rocha, was from Durango, Mexico. He was born on February 10, 1892. He went to school and got an education when he was small in Durango. He had two sisters that died in Durango. When my great-grandfather was older, about 20, he came to Naco, Sonora, because of family problems. Since in the old days there were only horses and my grandfather was poor, he came walking to Naco, Sonora, through the woods.

The woods were full of wild animals with large and sharp teeth. In the nights my grandfather would make a ring of fire to protect himself from wild animals. Later in the nights, he would hear the animals fighting for him. When he woke up he would be happy because that would be his breakfast, lunch, and dinner. My great-grandfather noticed that a lion would always be following him, as if it would be following him to eat him. Every step that he made, the lion would make that step, too. When my grandfather left the woods, he never saw the lion

again.

When he got to Naco, Sonora, and lived there, he saw that selling wood was a good job. He got wood and started selling it for a living. While selling wood, he met my great-grandmother, Francisca Alvarez, and they got married. In their marriage they had one daughter named Tellita Rocha, who is my grandmother. All three lived in Naco, Sonora, for a long time. Then my grandfather got permission and went to work at the Bisbee Mines. When his permission ended, he went back to Mexico. My grandfather died in Naco, Sonora, in 1964.

Ever since they lived, we have prayed the rosary the night before Christmas. We also celebrate Mother's Day, Father's Day, Christmas, and New Year's Eve together. I'm glad that my great-grandfather came to Naco, Sonora, and America, because if he hadn't come, I wouldn't be who I am right now.

Ida Ruth Huish

by Jesse Huish

My grandmother, Ida Ruth Huish, was born on a ranch 7 miles north of Benson, Arizona. Her parents were Edward Christian and Ida Martineau Jespersen. Her father was crippled so he rode the range in a strip-down Model-T Ford. He was always busy and a very hard worker. He was also a carpenter and built the house they lived in and a house for a friend a few miles from the ranch.

My grandmother's favorite activities were hiding in the cupboards of this house with her sister, and playing house in the big empty cement tank in their back yard. She has four brothers and four sisters. They did many things as a family: going on picnics, playing games, picking apricots from trees at the foot of the Whetstone Mountains, and riding the range with their father. Her mother taught school before she was married, and after that was a very busy mother and homemaker.

When grandmother was 6 years old, her family moved to Tucson, Arizona, and she received all of her schooling there. When she was my age, her mother was 47 years old and Franklin D. Roosevelt was the president. Grandmother's clothes were that of a typical girl of that day. She wore dresses. Jeans or long pants were not the style then. She usually

went bare-footed in the summer and she loved to swim, so she spent a lot of time at the local swimming pool.

Her father built the house they lived in in Tucson with the help of some of his brothers and friends. They lived in a small Mormon community in the northeast area of the city, so many of their activities centered around the church.

Grandmother went to Davidson School for the first 6 years. It was only about one-half block from her house. She quite enjoyed those years and her favorite subjects were spelling, reading, and art. She dearly loved her first and second grade teachers, Mrs. Wasserman and Miss Schumaker. However, it was very different with her third grade teacher, Mrs. Strong. She humiliated my grandmother in front of the class, and being a very tenderhearted young girl, she was crushed. Her fourth grade teacher, Effie Dot Hopkins, was her favorite. She was a very helpful and caring teacher.

The class learned and performed a little cantata called "Hiawatha," and grandmother found that she could sing the alto part. She says that she can't remember a time in her life when she didn't love music, so this experience has remained in her memory.

Of course, there was no TV in those days, so her childhood activities consisted of outdoor games: kick-the-can, dare base, jump rope, marbles, hopscotch, jacks, playing house, etc. There were spacious lawns around their church building and they played a lot of games there also.

She never received a regular allowance when she was a child, but once in a while she was given either a nickel or dime to spend, and in those days, that was "big money" to her! Prices were very low in comparison to the prices of today. They could choose between several varieties of penny candy, and a large candy bar or ice cream cone was only a nickel.

They all had their chores to do, both in and out of the house. They always had a cow, some chickens, and a large garden to take care of. She and

her sisters took turns with doing dishes and cleaning the house. She never really had a hobby, but she has always been very interested in anything to do with music, poetry, literature, art and cooking.

There were many significant events during her childhood, but she described this one for me. When she was 12 years old, she, her sisters, and several other people in their community, were chosen to be extras in a

movie starring Gary Cooper and Walter Brennan. It was filmed south of Tucson. They were taken by bus from downtown Tucson to the location. They were tutored part of the time, ate lunch at tables under a large canopy, and were introduced to the stars and got their autographs. Grandmother's children and grandchildren have been able to see her in this movie, that is, if we don't blink our eyes!

My great-grandmother was born in Mexico and grew up in the Sierra Madre Mountains in Chihuahua, in the 1890s, and she always told my grandmother that she and her family

lived a very pioneer existence, so she had many interesting stories to tell.

My great-grandfather was born in Mancos, Colorado, but his family later moved to Mexico. Both of my

grandmother's parents sang to their children.

From both her mother and father she learned the joy and satisfaction of hard work, and to be dependable, honest and trustworthy, showing her love for her Heavenly Father and his son, Jesus Christ. She will always remember that her mother taught her that there is never an excuse to be rude.

When she was 12 years old, she, her sisters, and several other people in their community, were chosen to be extras in a movie starring Gary Cooper and Walter Brennan.

A Hard-working Man and an Educated Woman

by Cristy Serrano

My grandfather's name is Angel Silva Molina. He was born in Cuquiarachi, Sonora, Mexico, on August 2, 1925. My great-grandfather's name was Liborio Silva Luna. My great-grandmother's name was Refugio Molina Tapia. My grandma's name is Guillermina Robinson Piña. She was born in Naco, Sonora, Mexico, on June 4, 1926. Her father's name is Higinio Robinson Castro. Her mother's name was Guadalupe Piña Bracamontes.

In 1934, my great-grandfather, Liborio Silva, died. He fell off a horse and hit his head while he was just riding for pleasure. My grandpa was only 6 years old when his father died. My great-grandmother became a widow at the age of 28, and she was also pregnant. Back then, my grandpa and his older brother worked sweeping sidewalks, carrying groceries for people, and working at the town market in Cuquiarachi, Sonora, Mexico. My grandpa and his older brother started to work to help their mother support the family.

In 1934, my great-grandma and her eight children moved to Naco, Sonora, Mexico. It was when my grandma was still in school, which she only went up to 6th grade, because there wasn't a junior high yet. My grandfather received very lit-

tle education, going up to 3rd grade, because, as I said, he started working hard.

My grandpa and grandma saw each other around town, but never thought they would end up together. At the ages of 19 and 20, my grandparents got to know each other better and better. They would go out to fiestas and take walks around the plaza. At the ages of 21 and 22, they got married on June 4, 1941. Now, they have 10 delightful children. The first child came to them on August 13, 1948. The first was a baby girl. Fortunately, the two youngest children went to the army. All of my grandparents' children are happily married, and we get together at Christmas and celebrate with all of my family.

I think I am very fortunate to have grandparents that tell me stories about their lives. I know some people's grandparents who don't tell stories to their grandchildren. I think that even though they had some tragic events in their lives, they had a pretty good life. My grandparents ARE the best in the world. To me, there aren't any grandparents better than the ones I have.

My Grandmother

by Dario Henao

My name is Dario Henao, and I interviewed my grandmother, Maria Magdalena Durazo Hernandez. She was born on July 22, 1925 in a town called Villa Hidalgo, Sonora. She has five sisters and one brother. Her sisters' names are Carmen, Adela, Maria del Refugio, Josefina and Rita. Her brother was named Julian.

They were a very Catholic family, especially since they lived next to a church. My grandmother's hobby was to go to the church or to go to the little park in front of the church and play with her cousins. Sometimes she would take her rag dolls.

She liked to play many different games. She would play games such as jacks or hop-scotch. Her cousins enjoyed playing those games with her. When she played hop-scotch, her skirt or dress went up. If you were a girl, you would have to wear either a dress or skirt. It was inappropriate for a girl to be

dressed in pants.

My grandmother's favorite foods were meatballs and enchiladas. Even though she enjoyed many kinds of foods, she liked those two the most. When it came to lunch at school, they had to walk home and eat. They went to school from 8:00 to 12:00, and from 12:00 to 1:30, they walked home to each lunch, and then back to school from 1:30 to 5:00.

Some of my grandmother's teachers were Isaak Valencia, Francisco Durazo and Victoria and Carmen Ybarra. Those were her favorite ones. They were very nice to her at school. Some of her

teachers even gave her a little gift for a memory of that class. People started calling her "Hija de Maria," because Mary, Mother of God, was also very calm and considerate of others.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

I recently received a gift membership to the Cochise County Historical Society. As a member, of course, I receive copies of the Historical Journal. I have very much enjoyed reading the Spring-Summer issue, especially the article on Mary Magoffin. I attended school in Douglas with some of Mrs. Magoffin's children, so her story was of special interest to me.

I am looking forward to additional issues of the Journal.

—Howard S. Ames
Tucson, AZ

Dear Editor,

... I want to thank you and the Cochise County Historical Society for the recent journal. I thought the [articles] covered everything very well and was excellent. You asked for permission to put my article into the Whitehead files. Please feel free to do so, for I feel I have not written anything that would hinder anyone in any way.

—Robert Whitehead
Bisbee, AZ

Dear Editor,

I received the copies of the Cochise County Historical Journal—thank you! I was very pleased with the articles on Louis and his association with the Whitehead ranch. . . . I need to have five copies for members of Louis' family.

Please let me know what kind of response you get from readers. (We were pleased to be able to tell her that we had many positive comments on the articles, and on the journal. Ed.)

—Mrs. Ethel Curry
Phoenix, AZ

Send your comments to:

The Editor
Cochise County Historical
Society
1001 D AVE
PO BOX 818
DOUGLAS, ARIZONA 85607

ANNUAL MEETING INFORMATION and Reservation Form

The CCHS Board of Directors are planning an enjoyable annual meeting to be held on Sunday, December 7, 1997, at the Douglas Golf and Social Club. The 12:45 p.m. affair will begin with a delicious dinner followed by entertainment by Olivia Garino's Douglas High Folklorico dancers. There will be a silent auction of the best items we have to sell, such as an antique sewing machine, cast iron cooking items, etc. There will also be a display of period clothes and artifacts. A business meeting will inform the membership of 1997 ac-

tivities and outline plans for 1998. Guardians of History and Junior Historians will be presented and officers and board members for the coming year will be elected. Please plan to attend.

The reservation form below is provided for you to mark the number in your party and the choices of dinner entrees for those attending. We also encourage you to include your membership dues for 1998 at this time so you will not miss a single issue of the new Cochise County Historical Journal.

NAME _____				
ADDRESS _____				
CITY STATE ZIP _____				
PHONE _____				
Number attending _____				
Our choices of entrees @ \$15 each person are:				
Steak: Medium _____ Well-done _____				
Chicken Cordon Bleu _____				
(Coffee, salad, and dessert included. The Golf Club bar will be open for those members who wish to purchase a cocktail.)				
I am also enclosing my check for 1998 membership dues:				
_____ \$20 individual/family, _____ \$25 business,				
_____ \$250 life member.				
Enclosed please find my check (money order) for \$ _____				
Send to: CCHS, P.O. BOX 818, DOUGLAS, AZ, 85607				

Reservations must be received no later than
NOVEMBER 21, 1997