

# THE COCHISE COUNTY HISTORICAL JOURNAL

A COCHISE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY PUBLICATION

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The Paul Spur Community

## THE COCHISE COUNTY Historical Journal

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# CCHS

Cochise County  
Historical Society

**Founded in 1966**

1001 D Ave.  
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Douglas, AZ  
85608  
520-364-5226

**To Preserve  
the Past  
for  
The Future**

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**Cover Photo**  
**Cemetery at Paul**  
**Lime Plant**  
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**Wendy Glenn**

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## President's Letter

Dear Members,

Another year is rapidly slipping away, and as I look to the future, I wonder who is going to be there to take over the reins. If reelected, I only plan to be president for one more year, although I will continue to work for CCHS. It has been frustrating at times, but at the same time, very rewarding. The faithful few who work each week, or when they are able, and the Board Members have made my job a joy.

A new endeavor for the Society this year has been the sponsorship for a grant for restoration of the old Pearce Store. This has brought some new challenges and rewards. I want to thank Patti and Mike Burris for taking on this gigantic project and hope once the store restoration is completed, people will support the Burris' and their dedication to recreating history. CCHS was very pleased to be asked to work with the Burris' on this project — this type of activity is what the board of directors envisioned when we reorganized two years ago. If any of our members know of any other such projects, please let us

know whom to contact.

This issue of the Cochise County Historical Journal focuses on the southwest border area of the county, from Paul Spur west to Fort Huachuca. As we rotate through the unmarked quadrants, the southeast comes next. We plan to do a special issue for the Douglas centennial and will not include Douglas in the Spring/Summer 1999 issue. We need articles for the surrounding areas, including McNeal, Elfrida, Rucker and the ranches along State Route 80 to Apache. We know there are many interesting stories of the early days, so please send us your suggestions for articles.

Our editor, Ellen Cline, works hard to produce an interesting and high quality journal, and we appreciate her efforts. We thank her, and everyone who helps produce the journals, for their hard work and dedication to furthering the goals of the Society. If you have enjoyed an article, please let us know, and we will publish your letter in the next issue.

It's time once again for the an-



nual meeting — how quickly the year goes by! The meeting will be the first Sunday in December, Dec. 6, at the Douglas Golf Club. Lunch will be served at 12:00 p.m., with a short business meeting and entertainment to follow. Robin Brekus at the Gadsden is catering the meal, and promises something different, but just as good as always. The board of directors want member input on next year's annual meeting, as to place, time, and type of meal served — see the page at the back of the book. Please take a few minutes to read it, fill it out, and return it to us.

It is with sadness that we tell you of the passing of long-time member Alden Hayes, and of Rhett Chenoweth, son of board member LaDorna and Amos Chenoweth. We extend our condolences to their families.

Yours in the spirit of cooperation,  
John Lavanchy  
President, Board of Directors

## Editor's Notes

With our new issue in hand, I hope you can settle down to some pleasurable reading. As always, I have enjoyed doing the interviews, writing and organizing the Fall/Winter issue. I believe that meeting the wonderful people we write about is the most gratifying part of putting together the Journal. Without exception, they are pleasant, interesting, and above all, cooperative. The pictures they provide us for publication

make all the difference in our articles, creating images that enhance the stories. I thank each of them for their help and want to tell them I couldn't have done it without them.

Our story in the Benson issue about little Roxie Scott tugged at many hearts, and all who read it will be happy to read the continued story. Thanks to Roxie's cousin, Louise Larson and her answer to our request for more information, we are able to

learn more about this courageous little girl who grew into an admirable and giving young woman.

Our trip in this issue begins at Paul Spur, and continues through Naco and Palominas to bring us to Camp Wallen, the North Range of Fort Huachuca. Thanks to Conrad "Mac" McCormick we have a simplified version of the history of Camp Wallen that he presents at Elderhostels and other gatherings where western history buffs congregate. For those who want more details, we have longer versions on file in our research library. Mac has also been chosen as one of our Guardians of History for 1998.

We again have our Jr. Historian section, thanks to Ms. Susan Keeve and her students at the Palominas School. They worked hard on short notice and, I think, came up with some delightful reading. We hope the project sparks an interest in history that they will retain and develop in years to come.

We want to thank Jeanne Williams for writing the memorial to Alden Hayes. She has been Alden's friend and neighbor for many years, as well as a fellow board member of CCHS.

As usual, I cannot adequately express my appreciation to the proofreaders — without them, these Journals would certainly be less enjoyable

— who wants to see typos and errors in any publication? Our faithfuls, Mary Frances Burnett-Graham, John and Mary Magoffin, John and Norma Lavanchy, Ken Friskey, and Liz Ames contribute so much in warding off the gremlins who still manage to get in a few little glitches here and there. Thank you, proofers, for all your suggestions and hard work.

Time once again for the annual meeting — see you there — and for renewal of dues for 1999. We appreciate every member, for without you we could not continue to print the Journal or to implement any of our plans for involvement county-wide, such as the sponsorship of the Pearce grant. As always, we solicit your comments and ideas for articles, and manuscripts for possible publication.

Ellen Cline, Editor





# The Paul Spur Community

## Prologue

In telling the story of the Paul Spur community, there are other entities involved besides the Paul Lime Plant, though the area eventually was named because of the plant's presence. Long before the Pauls established the lime plant, ranches dating back to the days of B. A. Packard and Col. John Greene in the mid-1800s were economic realities.

In this article, we will include the three ranches in the immediate vicinity of Paul Spur, the Quarter Circle AF and the HLC, and the ranch now known as Rancho San Jose. The first two have been owned by the Christiansen family; the HLC since 1890, and the Quarter Circle AF since 1918, and are still operated by the Christiansens as working cattle ranches. The San Jose has had several owners: B. A. Packard, Walter Holland, Alick Clarkson, and the current owner, Dan Wood.

Short histories of these ranches, the Paul Lime Plant, and memories from some of the people who lived

in the community are presented here. These articles would not have been possible without the assistance of Wendy Glenn, Liz Ames, Lupe Miranda, Richard and Ursula Christiansen, and Tony Clarkson. We thank them for their help.

We realize we have touched "the tip of the iceberg," and that there are many other people with valuable memories and pictures. We would like very much to add these stories to our file on the Paul Spur community, with the idea that we can, at some point in the future, publish an indepth view of a special place and a special time.

**We ask anyone who has material that will help tell the story to please contact CCHS at P.O. Box 818, Douglas, 85608, or at the Douglas/Williams house, 364-5226, or Wendy Glenn, 520-558-2470**



Paul Spur Plant and Community

Center Left: Employees Homes

Center: Paul family homes

Upper Left: RR section house, train, Forrest School

Upper Right: Christiansen Quarter Circle AF Ranch  
w/ Phelps Dodge Smelter in distance





## The Paul Lime Plant

In the early part of the 20th century, on a knobby little mountain made of limestone formed eons ago, Alfred Paul Sr. began the process of whittling down the mountain to make products beneficial to the copper industry and to the public at large.

Various dates are assigned to the origins of the business: one document indicates that the Paul Quarry Co. Inc. was incorporated in 1906; other documents indicate organizational activity in 1911, and Wendy Paul Glenn, the family historian, has papers stating the quarry company was desolved in May 1919 and renamed the Paul Lime Plant.

But it was a quarry at Lee Station, 10 miles northeast of Douglas, that became the Paul's first operation. A Nov. 3, 1905 article in the *Bisbee*

*Review* says Lee Station employed 100 men and produced 18 railroad car loads of lime each day as well as tufa stone, which was used to construct many Douglas buildings.

Alfred Paul Sr. also became involved in managing Silica, a quarry owned by the Calumet & Arizona Mining Co. about a dozen miles west of Douglas where that material was extracted. In a few years, Alfred bought Silica. He also developed the claims he had filed, the Valey [sic] View and Last Chance, since they contained higher grade limestone than Lee Station.

Friendship with John Greenway of the C&A, who was using the flotation process in the extraction of copper, led to Alfred Paul Sr. putting in the lime kilns at Paul Spur. The

calcinated lime was needed to neutralize the acid in the ore.

The limestone hill located at Paul Spur belongs to the mural formation of the Bisbee Group series of the Cretaceous system, but only the hard grey, fossiliferous beds are suitable for mining and calcining. Thousands of feet of diamond drill core were sampled and analyzed so the assay of the stone was predetermined ahead of the selective mining.

The limestone was crushed and sized and fed to rotary furnaces for calcining. For the complete decomposition of the stone, temperatures near 2200 degrees Fahrenheit were required. 1.85 tons of stone produce one ton of flotation lime after calcining. The rotaries operated 24 hours a day, seven days a week. Their rated capacity was 520 tons per day.

The flotation lime produced by Paul Lime Plant was a superior product and was sold at a reasonable price. Most of the mines in Southern Arizona, and some in Mexico and New Mexico depended on this lime for their needs.

With the increase in copper production to supply World War I, the plant grew until there were five kilns with a total production of 60 tons per day. Alfred Sr. branched out and had an interest in a lime plant in the north end of the state, the Paul Brick Plant in Phoenix and an interest in the Mulcahy Lumber Company in Tuc-

son, plus several other enterprises. And then the crash came. The depression struck the plant in 1931.

The Depression brought about changes at the Paul Lime Plant. The younger of the Paul's two children, Alfred Paul Jr., left Yale University and became an active manager at the plant. And, as it had during the recession of the 1920s, Paul Lime responded to economic trouble by diversifying.

In February 1930, the Paul Brick Plant started pressing brick, called Cal Clay brick, in Phoenix. The bricks were made using volcanic ash from Ash Fork, Ariz., Paul's lime, and silica. The bricks were reported to be light yet strong, with low moisture absorption qualities.

The businesses survived the Depression and, in 1937, Alfred Jr. felt confident enough to install three more kilns at Paul Spur. Another diversification was rock wool-like insulating material which the plant began making in 1942, and expanded the operation in 1946. The plant also produced many kinds of lime-associated chemicals for industries other than copper.

A 1952 news article states "Mr. Paul (Jr.) describes the Paul Lime Plant as a big family operation. He said there is no turnover. The average tenure of employmnet is 26 years. When some of the present employees are ready to retire, the third gen-



eration will step in.

“‘There is no superintendency over the men,’ Mr. Paul continued. ‘The men know it is up to themselves to make what they want of the business. We’ve never fired a man. The men fire themselves. They know what the regulations are and when they have violated them.’”

When Alfred Sr. retired in the late 1940s, he turned the management of the plant over to his son, Alfred Jr. The ownership of the plant he passed to his older child, Winifred, and to Alfred Jr. Even when they sold the plant, the Pauls retained a vested interest in the quarry production for a predetermined time.

In 1971, after almost 70 years of operation, the Paul family sold its namesake to a division of the Homestake Production Co., which later went bankrupt. The Douglas plant went into receivership, and in 1975, Bob Barbero and his partners formed the Can-Am Corp. to buy the

Paul Lime Plant. Can-Am installed North America’s first vertical Maerz kiln in 1978-79.

Can-Am merged into Brent Petroleum in the early 1980s. The name Paul Lime wasn’t dropped until 1988 when the Chemical Lime group purchased the facility. Though ownership has changed, the goals are still to provide high quality products for industry through qualified personnel—some of whom have been at the lime plant for generations.

For those who don’t know, the lime plant is located about 12 miles west of Douglas on State Route 80. There is no sign, but a traveler can’t miss the mountain—though much reduced in height—and the plant equipment, on the south side of the highway.

(Source material used in creating this manuscript is on file in the Cochise County Historical Society research library at 1001 D Avenue, P. O. Box 818, Douglas, AZ. 85607.)



Charging coal to shaft kilns - 1930s

## The Alfred Paul Family

*Alfred Alexander Paul von Warsniska was a mining engineer with a degree from the University of Heidelberg, Germany. In 1881, Alfred Alexander, his wife Albertine, and their 3-year-old son, Alfred, emigrated from Germany to the United States.*

Family stories differ, but Wendy Paul Glenn, the family historian, tells that they settled in Silver City, New Mexico — Silver City at that time was a silver mining boom town. They dropped “von Warsniska” from the name and used Paul as their surname.

Alfred Alexander was also a prospector, and like all prospectors, had dreams of a rich strike of his own. He left Albertine and little Alfred in Silver City and went searching for his bonanza. He disappeared into the vast expanses of the West and was never heard from again.

In 1890, when Albertine realized she was on her own and had to provide a living for herself and young Alfred, she brought him and came to Bisbee, a copper mining boom town. She opened a boarding house, and in later years, Winifred, granddaughter of Alfred Alexander and Albertine, says her grandmother told fortunes by

reading Tarot cards, “and she was quite famous for it.”

Winifred also tells that her grandmother had a best friend, Marie Bier, who had encouraged the Pauls to come to America. She says that when she was a young girl, (she was born in 1903) Albertine took her back east on the train to visit the Biers. While they were there, Albertine met Marie Bier’s cousin, G. W. Meyers, and they were later married.

Meyers left Arizona looking for his fortune in mining as well. The trail is not exactly clear, but he ended up in the Gallatin Valley of Montana. Wendy has several letters written in German that he sent back to Albertine. She did not join him, and he did not return to Arizona.

Young Alfred was 12 years old when his mother brought him to Bisbee, and when he was just a teenager, he began working for the min-



ing companies around Bisbee. He was an ambitious and energetic young man and as he grew older, became involved in running a combination undertaking, furniture store and tailoring establishment, as well as working for the mines.

In about 1900, when the mining companies decided to locate a new smelter in what would soon be the Douglas area, Alfred, through his connections with mining executives, was hired with a group of businessmen to help survey and subdivide the townsite. He, and some of the others, also filed on a 160 acre homestead parcels in the area.

Alfred worked in Douglas as a merchant and tailor until, at the urging of his friend, Calument & Arizona executive, John C. Greenway, he began searching for local sources of flotation material to be used in the copper smelting process. He later bought the C&A silica operation west of Douglas, and Albertine moved to the little town at the quarry, where she ran the company store.

Alfred Paul (Sr.) and Mabel Swain were married in 1901. Mabel was the daughter of Judge George Washington Swain (also spelled Swaine and Swayne), a territorial judge in Tombstone. "He had a mine in the mountains that he used to go to all the time to see it and he had a man there working with him named Pedro, Pete. One time, Pete had been called

away and when he returned, he found my grandfather dead at the bottom of the mine. He had both his arms and legs broken and they figured he was murdered by someone he had condemned to jail. . .," says Winifred.

Alfred and Mabel moved into the first brick home built in Douglas, with bricks hauled from El Paso—at 858 10th Street. Their first child, Winifred was born March 11, 1903, and she says of the times, "The hospital wasn't completed, and mother said I was born on the dining room table. My father owned a furniture store, and also sold caskets for funerals because there were no funeral directors in Douglas." Their son, Alfred Paul Jr. was born in Douglas in 1908.

Through his friendship with John Greenway, and at his encouragement, Alfred Sr. established the lime kilns west of Douglas. Lime was needed in the smelting process to neutralize the acid in the copper ore produced in the mines in Bisbee, Nacozari and Cananea, Sonora. In November 1902, Paul and two other men filed two claims, the Valey [sic] View and the Last Chance, that were to become the Paul Lime operation. The development of these claims led to the location eventually becoming known as Paul Spur, due to the railroad spur that was built to service the plant.

In the 1930s, the Great Depression brought about changes at the lime plant. The younger of Alfred's

two children, Alfred Paul Jr., left Yale University where he was a student, and became actively involved in the management of the family business. Through the years, in addition to managing the lime plant, Alfred Jr. served in the Arizona state legislature. He was elected to two terms as a representative and then moved up to the Senate. He was also chairman of the Arizona Game and Fish Commission. All of Alfred Jr.'s family were avid hunters, and annual deer hunting trips were an important part of their lives.

While Alfred Jr. was a student at Yale, he had become acquainted with a beautiful young woman named Virginia Holland, whose father was an executive with the Philco Corp. She came to Arizona on the train to visit Alfred in 1931, and the young couple decided to marry. They were married in the Unitarian Church in the Germantown section of Philadelphia in 1932. For their honeymoon, they borrowed a new Buick Roadster, motored to New Orleans, and returned to Douglas to make their home in the little community at the lime plant. They immediately began to build the large home called "Pablito."

An article in the winter 1989 issue of the Lime Lines, a publication of the Chemical Lime Group which had purchased the Paul Lime Plant, describes the small community. "In the early years, many employees lived in Mexico, and Mr. Paul would

drive them back and forth by bus every day. Then, as was typical of many mining operations of that period, a village began to spring up around the plant, and eventually dozens of families lived there. The village had a church, cemetery, post office, mercantile, and a school that went through the eighth grade. The Paul family built houses for themselves, their plant managers, and for their workers.

"Even though the village was active well into the 1970s, it is hardly recognizable today. Most of the dwellings are gone. The largest of the Paul's homes (Pablito) is used for company functions on occasion, but the other houses have been destroyed. The company store is now the plant office, lab, and weigh station. The cemetery, which is north of the plant, has more than 100 graves in it and is maintained by plant families. The church is down next to the office and is now used as a storehouse."

Alfred Jr. and Virginia lived at the plant in the Paul Spur community where they raised their family. They had four daughters, Cornelia (Connie) born in 1933, Sarah (Sally) born in 1937 and died in 1977, Wendy born in 1940, and Barbara in 1944. Lupe Miranda, who lived at Paul Spur for 54 years, tells in a related article, about those years and how the employees and community residents held the Pauls in very high regard. "It



was one big family," Lupe says, "including all of the Paul family. It was a wonderful time for all of us." (see article on page 16.)

In 1955, when ill health forced Alfred Jr. to retire into the role of consultant, his nephew, Howard Ames Jr., took over active management of the plant. Howard was the son of Alfred Jr.'s older sister, Winifred. Howard and his family lived in "El Patron," the smaller home built in 1944 for Mabel and Alfred Sr. Mabel had died in 1947, and a few years later, Alfred Sr. married Juana Moran and they moved to a small farm near Double Adobe in the Sulphur Springs Valley. He died in 1958, and Juana lived at the farm until her death in 1998.

In the 1960s, when Alfred Jr. sold his interest in the plant to his sister Winifred and her children, he and Virginia moved to California, later returning to Douglas. Alfred Jr. died in 1984 and is buried in the Douglas Cemetery. When the Pauls vacated Pablito, Howard and his family moved across the road into the larger home.

Winifred Paul married Howard Ames, Sr. in 1928, and they had two children, Adrienne and Howard Jr. Adrienne married George D. Stephens III in 1951, and they had two children and two grandchildren.

Howard Jr. married Elizabeth Williams in 1953 and they had seven children, as is told in Liz' story on page 14.

Virginia is the sole survivor of the older generations, leaving the three Paul Jr. daughters, Connie, Barbara and Wendy, and Liz Ames and the grandchildren to carry on the family, though none of them bear the Paul name. Wendy, married to Warner Glenn, has a son, Cody, daughter Kelly (Kimbrow) and granddaughter Mackenzie, and lives on a ranch 20 miles east of Douglas. Wendy and Warner, son of a long-time Cochise County ranching family, are among the founders of the Malpai Borderlands Group of conservation-minded ranchers in the borderlands of New Mexico and Arizona, just north of the international border with Mexico.



## Liz Ames Remembers

*"Even today, when the family gets together, we speak of the plant with nothing but fondness and happiness."*

I had graduated from the University of Arizona and Howard was working for Mulcahy Lumber Co., in Tucson. We were married in 1953, and returned to Douglas in March of 1955, so Howard could work at the family-owned Paul Lime Plant. When Alfred Jr. subsequently retired, Howard assumed active management of the plant west of Douglas. We lived in Douglas for two years and moved to Paul Spur in 1957.

When we moved to Paul Spur, our family consisted of Howard S., Alison, and Nancie. The twins, Tracey and Meredith were born in September of 1957, Lisa and Susan arrived in 1959 and 1960, respectively.

Our first home at the plant was "El Patron," the name given to Alfred Sr. and Mabel Paul's house. They were Howard's maternal grandparents, and had built the house in 1938. Alfred Sr. had founded the plant in 1911.

Paul Spur was a wonderful place

to raise a family. There were approximately 10 families living there when we moved there, and these families had a total of 35 or 40 children for our little ones to play with. We never had to worry about where the children were, because all were welcome in every home.

East of our house was a large field where the older children learned to drive an old jeep — "in first gear only, please!"

"Pablito," the residence of Alfred Jr. (Pos) and Virginia was a much larger home across the road from our house. The children were allowed free access to the swimming pool, with the only stipulation being that they keep it clean. Since it had been built in the early 1940s, it had no filter system, so cleaning consisted of draining, scrubbing down the sides and bottom, then playing as the pool refilled. It was great fun and did not seem like work.

The employees at the plant were like family and took care of one an-



other. This goes back as far as when Alfred Sr. was there. His son, Pos, continued the tradition, and it was so after Pos' retirement when Howard was manager. Births, first communions, and weddings were celebrated, and deaths mourned by the whole community. We had our own post office, store, church and cemetery.

Several times I took our children up on the mountain with a picnic lunch, to look for fossils. Since the mountain had once been under a shallow sea, it was made of limestone and fossils were numerous and did not seem much of an oddity. We rarely brought many of them home. Cook-outs on the desert were another fun thing the family did. Doves cooked in a dutch oven over a campfire, under a star-studded sky, became meals long remembered.

Living out as we did, the children were taught at an early age to be on the lookout for rattlesnakes, scorpions, black widow spiders, and skunks. We never had snakes in our yard, however, an occasional skunk would wander in. Fortunately, our dogs were put into kennels at night, so we never worried about a smelly confrontation.

We moved into the big house (Pablito) after Pos retired and Howard became general manager. The children were junior high and high school age at the time. Young Howard, in Future Farmers of

America, had his poultry project, and Lisa raised rabbits in 4-H. The big house was the location of many parties for classmates and we hosted a student from Thailand one year—but that's another story.

After 17 years at Paul Spur, the plant was sold and Howard retired from the lime business. One of the saddest things was leaving our two homes there, and moving into town. Even today, when the family gets together, we speak of the plant with nothing but fondness and happiness. The children, now all adults with children of their own, say it was a wonderful place to grow up. I wish my grandchildren could have the same experiences. Those were carefree days and are deeply embedded in our memories.

*(Elizabeth Williams Ames was the granddaughter-in-law of Alfred Paul Sr. and his wife Mabel. Her husband, Howard Ames Jr. was the son of Winifred Paul Ames and Howard Ames Sr., and nephew to Alfred Paul Jr. and Virginia Holland Paul. Liz and Virginia now live in Douglas. Liz was mayor of Douglas for 6 years. Ed.)*

## An Idyllic Era: Early Days at Paul Spur

*Lupe Miranda tells of memories she fondly retains of her many years at Paul Spur. "There are so many memories and so many people who mean so much, we can tell of only a few."*

"The happiest times of my life were when I was living at Paul Spur," says Lupe Miranda. Lupe was 5 years old in 1928, when her father went to work for Alfred Paul Sr. and brought his family to live at the Paul Lime Plant west of Douglas.

Lupe fully expected to live out her life in the little community, but in 1982, when her husband, Ramon, became very ill, he retired and they moved into Douglas. Ramon, one of the first married deacons to be ordained by St. Bernard's Catholic Church in Pirtleville, died in 1988. Ramon's father, Alejandro Miranda, was one of the earliest employees at the plant. He died in the 1930s.

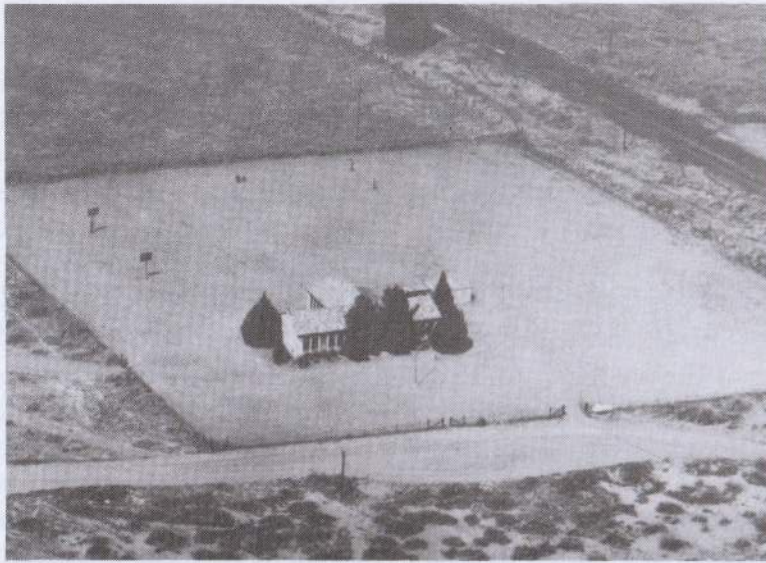
"It was wonderful living there. Everyone was on an equal footing, including the Pauls. We were like one big family, and all of the children

were at home in any of the houses. In the 1930s, there was no electricity and to bed early because they had to go to work early in the morning.

"But the neighbors would gather in the evening to visit. The children would play the usual childhood games, Hide and Seek and such. We would organize them into teams, and they would run all over the area. There was nothing to be afraid of and we didn't worry about them. There was tall grass where they hid during the games, but we didn't even think about snakes being in there, though there must have been," Lupe said.

Lupe explains that the row houses built for the employees usually had three rooms, but later they moved to a larger house near the big house where the Pauls lived, and near the store and post office. "It was my dear





Forrest School at Paul Spur

little house, and I never wanted to leave it," she remembers. "I was very sad when we had to go."

Depression times were hard, like everywhere else, but Lupe says, "The Pauls were very concerned and the workers were not laid off. They were glad to have those jobs. No Paul Spur employee applied for welfare or commodities. Everyone had a big vegetable garden and we all shared. The plant had its own money, called 'fischas.' These were metal discs in denominations like other money, and we could use them to buy things at the company store. When the depression was over, if the employees had saved any of the discs, Mr. Paul exchanged the plant money for regular U.S. currency, at face value.

"Near the homes, we had a big hall that was used for gatherings, dances and other entertainment. Many times during the depression, a musical group came down from Clifton to perform for us. There was no money, but they accepted food, beans, flour and such, for pay. Mr. Paul Jr. always gave a Christmas party in the hall for the employees. Once, even after I was married, they gave me a surprise birthday party at Opal Bartch's house—the Bartches ran the store. I was told she wanted to see me, but the house was dark when I went there. When she answered the door and I walked in, all the lights came on and there were beautiful decorations. Everyone was there, including the Sr. Pauls and Mr.

Paul Jr.'s four girls. Mr. Paul Jr. made hot cocoa and the girls served the refreshments. We had a wonderful time," Lupe reminisces nostalgically about "the olden days."

"We went to our own little school—Forrest School—that started in one room but grew to three rooms. When we passed the eighth grade, we had to be taken into Douglas to continue our education.

"It was a good school and we got a good education. I remember Mrs. Jones as the teacher. A lot of our students went on to college and Mr. Paul let them work at the plant during vacations. He helped so many of them to get an education and have successful careers. My brother, Tony, was one of them: he retired as a full colonel in the Air Force several years ago.

"My brother Jesus was not a citizen, and he was very proud to receive his U.S. citizenship while he was serving in World War II in the Pacific Theater. He used to accompany Mr. Paul Jr. and his family when they went hunting—they were all hunters and shooters. There are a lot of pictures of them with their rifles and the deer they killed.

"My husband, Ramon, was born at Paul Spur, and when he was in grade school, he used to get up at 5 o'clock in the morning and go to

work at the plant. They used wheelbarrows to fill the train cars with lime. At 8 o'clock he would go to school. When he came home in the afternoon, he went right to the plant and worked until dark."

Lupe (Rivera) and Ramon were married in 1940, but had to wait seven years for their only child to be born. Jose Luis graduated from Arizona State University in 1972, went right to work for the Jet Propulsion Laboratories in Pasadena, Calif., and has been there 26 years. Lupe says that while she could have only one child, Jose Luis and his wife, Elvira, have provided her with four grandchildren, and seven great-grandchildren. "That's my beautiful family," she says.

Lupe, who is devoted to her church, remembers, "The chapel was a labor of love for everyone at Paul Spur. Mr. Paul Jr. gave the land and material, and each man donated one day of work. There was no debt when it was finished in 1952. My sister, Brunhilda, and Rudy Arriaga were the first couple married in the church. It wasn't quite finished, but she insisted that was where she was going to be married, and she was! She became a nurse, and lives in Tucson.

"So many people were generous in their gifts to the church: Mrs.



Clarkson at the San Jose Ranch gave the stations of the cross, the ceramic tile for the altar, all of the floor tile, and the organ. Mr. Howard Ames Sr. gave the bell and had it inscribed. We aren't sure, but we believe the bell is now at the church in Elfrida. Someday, somebody is going to check for us, but the bell tower is pretty high. When Mr. Paul Sr. died, they had his mass in our little chapel. Unfortunately, the church is now used for storage.

"The present owner of the lime plant [Chemical Lime, Co.] does maintain the cemetery, and every year to get ready for Nov. 2, All Souls Day [El Dia de los Muertos], they have men clean it up so when we go out to decorate the graves, it looks nice. Ramon's parents, Alejandro and Rosario Miranda, are buried there, and my sister, Ana Rivera, and I go to visit the graves. Many Douglas residents have loved ones buried there and they come to the cemetery, too," says Lupe.

She tells of the old shrine of three crosses mounted on top of the mountain above the quarry. "It was for the protection of the workers and was thought of as a holy place. Every year on May 2, all the workers would form a procession to go up the mountain to bring down the crosses for cleaning, painting and to be blessed again.

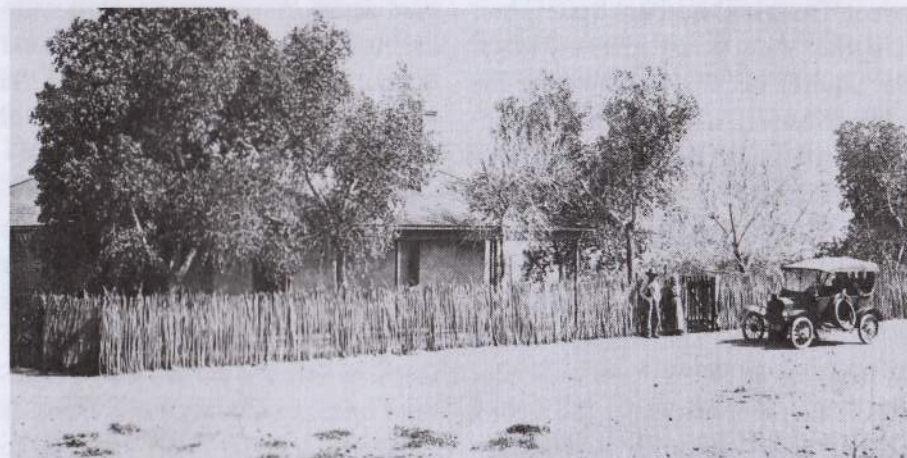
There would be singing and praying, and a service for the consecration of the crosses. Then on May 3, the procession would return the crosses to their place on the mountain. It's all gone now, since most of the mountain has been processed into lime.

"Our years of living at the plant were so happy and it was an experience that all of us who lived there treasure. We were sad when, one by one, the families bought their own homes in Douglas and moved from the plant. Ramon and I were some of the last to leave. Only the Philipines were left, and the Ames and Pauls didn't live in the big house any more. It was the passing of an era, and we all miss it very much," Lupe concludes.



Father Reinwiler  
Paul Spur Church

## Six Generations on The Christiansen Ranches



HLC Ranch house in light snow storm - 1926

Hans Lawrence Christiansen emigrated from Denmark and arrived in Bisbee about 1880 to work in the mines, say Richard Christiansen about his grandfather. Christian Christiansen, Hans' father, joined his son a little later. Richard's grandmother, Rose Bittinger came from Alsace Loraine in 1887 and married Hans in a ceremony in the Bisbee Justice of the Peace office. Richard thinks they had known each other prior to her arrival for the marriage.

Hans bought the Greenbush Ranch, which apparently was a homestead claim, in 1899 and changed the name and brand to the HLC after completing the homestead process in 1905. The ranch is on the

Mexican border, 12 miles southeast of Bisbee and five miles south of Paul Spur. Hans gave up mining and became a full-time rancher, raising registered Hereford cattle. Other properties were purchased, and along with more homestead filings, the ranch grew in size.

Two sons were born after Rose and Hans moved to the ranch: Felix in 1900, and Albert in 1907. Hans added to his holdings when he bought a large ranch from Marion Clymer in 1918-19. Located just south of Hwy 80 and directly east of the Paul Lime Plant, this acreage would become the Quarter Circle AF Ranch when it was operated by the older son, Felix.



George Squire and Tessie Adams Squire came from California in a covered wagon in 1911, and established a homestead south of Hwy 80 between Douglas and Paul Spur. Their daughter, Ada, was 4 years old when the Squires became neighbors to the Christiansens. Ada began her schooling at the Lamb School, which was located on what is now called Brooks Road. Though the Squires moved to Phoenix in 1927, Ada and Felix didn't let distance deter them, and they were married in the Presbyterian Church in Douglas in 1929.

After their marriage, the young couple lived at the B. A. Packard Ranch (east of the HLC Ranch and south of the Quarter Circle AF) where Felix worked as a foreman. Two sons were born while Felix and Ada lived on the Packard Ranch, James in 1930, and Richard in 1933.

Soon, Felix decided it would be better to work at ranching for himself, and Hans gave him the land which would become the Quarter Circle AF. The ranch house needed repairs and remodeling, so Felix and Ada moved into a small cabin on the HLC Ranch. They moved their family into the "new" ranch house in 1936.

Ada graduated from Tempe Normal (now Arizona State University) in 1927 and became a school teacher. She returned to the area and taught two years before her marriage. She

later taught at McNeal, Douglas and Farris School in Pirtleville. On rare occasions, she filled in as a substitute teacher at the Forrest School at Paul Spur. James and Richard were elementary students at Forrest School, which was "just across the road." After Richard and James were adults, Ada returned to ASU and obtained a bachelor's degree in 1959.

Besides running the Quarter Circle AF and helping his brother Albert on the HLC, Felix worked for the Arizona Highway Dept. and the Cochise County Road Dept. He retired from the County Road Dept. as Road Foreman in 1965. He died in 1973.

When asked about life at the ranch, Richard says, "We were always busy working around the place. Of course, we had our chores besides caring for the cattle. We had rabbits and chickens. My folks sold eggs and milk in town (Douglas), and we dressed rabbits for sale. We had a big garden and orchard and my mother did the usual canning and preserving.

"We had our friends at school, and mother was involved with 4-H. When I was 8 years old, I was diagnosed with Perthes' Disease (osteochondritis juvenilis, affecting the head of the femur, treated with bedrest and calcium) and was incapacitated for two and a half years, eight months of that time I was bedridden. This was an added burden

for my parents, but also for my brother, who had to do all the chores."

Richard recovered and graduated from Douglas High School. Both he and James graduated from the University of Arizona. Richard worked for Phelps Dodge Corp. as chemist for 27 years until his retirement in 1987. James earned a PhD degree from Ohio State University and is a professor of Agricultural Education at Texas A&M University, College Station, Texas. He married Jean McInnes of Tucson and they have two children, James and Bruce, and two grandchildren.

Richard served three years in the U.S. Army, and while stationed in Germany, he met his future wife, lovely young Ursula Rockel. They were married in Bad Nauheim, Germany, and returned to Douglas in December 1958. They have three

children, Peggy, Birgit, and David, all of whom are successful adults and have given Richard and Ursula five grandchildren.

Albert Christiansen married Adela Vasquez in 1960, and they had one daughter, Rosealba. He operated the HLC Ranch and lived there until his death in 1990. The family still owns the ranch.

Richard and Ursula maintain the Quarter Circle AF as a working ranch, but it is now part of the J Bar Lazy R Ranch. In 1960 they acquired land on Brooks Road which included the site where the Lamb School was originally built. Recently, for a short time, Ada lived with Richard and Ursula near where she had begun school in 1913. Ada had come full circle. Now, at age 91, she lives in an adult care facility in Sierra Vista, where Richard and Ursula visit her frequently.



Hans Christiansen's homestead - 1904  
L. to R.: Charlie Brodbeck, Henry Marks, Chris Christiansen, Rose Christiansen





The Felix Christiansen Family  
Ada, Felix,  
James and Richard  
1938



The Hans Christiansen Family  
Albert, Rose, Hans, Felix  
1938

## Rancho Sacatal aka Rancho San Jose



Rancho Sacatal, Paul Spur, Arizona - 1939

In 1935, Walter and Alice Holland left Philadelphia, Pa. and became citizens of the West. When they arrived, they bought a ranch from B. A. Packard, early-time rancher, mine owner and businessman. The ranch ran for 7 miles along the Mexican border, just south of the Paul Lime Plant. They named it "Rancho Sacatal," because the western sections of the range were covered with lush sacaton grass, on which they ran expensive registered Hereford cattle.

It wasn't on just a whim that the Hollands left the East — their only child, Virginia, had married Alfred Paul Jr. in 1932, and by 1933, their first grandchild had been born, with more sure to follow: Pennsylvania was too far away.

Walter Holland was an engineer, and had begun his career in 1904 in



Thomas Edison's laboratories in West Orange, N.J. where he helped develop the dry cell battery. In 1911, he became chief engineer of Edison Storage Battery Co. In 1913 Holland became an executive for Anderson Electric Cars in Detroit. Anderson sent him to Australia in 1915, with two electric cars and an electric truck, for demonstration and sales purposes.

When he returned to the U.S. in September, he left Anderson and moved to Seattle for a short period. After a stint as the manager of Walker Electric Truck Co. in San Francisco, Holland moved back to Pennsylvania as a research engineer at the Philadelphia Storage Battery Co. In the 1920s, as the chief engineer, he worked with radios and early television. He later became an executive with the company, better known as the Philco Corp.

The Hollands were living in Philadelphia when Virginia met and married Alfred Paul Jr. The young couple made their home at the Paul Lime Plant in Arizona, in what surely must have been a radical change of scenery for Virginia. When asked about the difference, Virginia said she had loved it from the beginning. It was different, she said, but she saw beauty in the

desert and hills surrounding them, and it was a wonderful place to raise their four daughters.

Walter Holland retired in 1935 and they purchased the ranch at Paul Spur. A later owner, Tony Clarkson, said the ranch encompassed 22 sections of land, 90% of which was patented land, and it was good ranching country with lots of water. It was conveniently located for the Hollands, and they became active in community life at the lime plant.

In 1948, the Hollands sold the ranch to Alick and Marie Clarkson and moved the name Rancho Sacatal and their brand to a ranch near Dos Cabezas, southeast of Willcox.

The Clarksons, Alick, Marie and their children, Lois and Tony, were living at Itasca, 22 miles west of Chicago when they bought the ranch and moved to Paul Spur. Mrs. Clarkson's doctor recommended a warmer climate to improve her health. At the suggestion of friends, Tony and his father came to Douglas to begin the search for property. They flew over the ranch, and though they told other friends, they finally decided it looked so good they would buy it themselves.

It was more land than they

wanted, yet they did need enough to build a landing strip. Tony says it was his mother who named it Rancho San Jose for the peak, very visible from the ranch, in Mexico.

Clarkson owned his plane, a Navion, and "he was a marvelous pilot. He was just wedded to that plane," said Tony. They landed at the Douglas International Airport and researched the purchase of the property.

When they bought the ranch, Tony, the ranch foreman and a veterinarian went to the Phoenix Livestock Auction and bought 850 head of registered Hereford breeder stock, the best available. They used a seasonal breeding program where the calves were born in April to take advantage of the warmer weather. The ranching operation was a traditional enterprise for a number of years, but the call of engineering was too great, and the cattle were sold to Mexican ranchers Sr. Morales and Dr. Briebiesca. Briebiesca owned the land in Mexico that ran along side Rancho San Jose.

The Clarksons came from a long line of engineers and inventors. Alick's father was a steam pioneer for 40 years at the turn of the century in England. He invented

the production line, and at first they moved the people along, then realized it was better to move the product. Alick Clarkson was the first person to test drive the steam cars and trucks (lorries) as they came off the line — he was 7 or 8 years old. At the end of the line, the workers filled the boiler with water and built a fire under it to get the steam up sufficiently. When it was ready, Alick would hop in and drive the vehicle around the test yard.

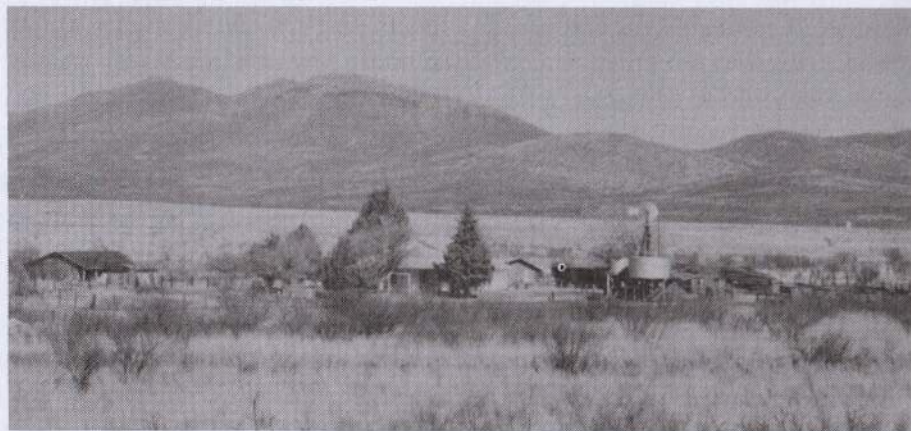
The Clarksons' list of accomplishments is quite impressive, and when Alick Clarkson died in 1965, he had 127 patents in his name. His participation in both World Wars involved many military projects, including service in the English Navy where he was in charge of the repair and service of the motor launch patrol boats that were the forerunner of the U.S. Navy's PT boats. In 1939, they did ultra secret military research in a highly secure laboratory they had built on the 40 acres they owned near Chicago. It was inevitable both Tony and his father would be drawn back to their primary love — engineering.

At Rancho San Jose, they built a 5,000 foot runway where planes as big as DC3s landed. They built a high precision facility where, among other things, the Clarksons



invented an automatic pilot for small planes. "It was just the best, it did all the right things at all the right times," Tony explained. "It operated much smoother than other autopilots in use at the time, and it made no mistakes." The autopilot proved to be very popular, and it was a lucrative venture. The planes landed at the ranch and Tony and Alick installed the systems there. Then Tony would do the test flying to make sure everything was working properly. The business and the patents were eventually sold to a company in Los Angeles.

Though they moved beyond steam powered vehicles, Tony has long been a member of the Steam Automobile Club of America. He tells of car club meetings at the ranch, with old Stanley Steamers,



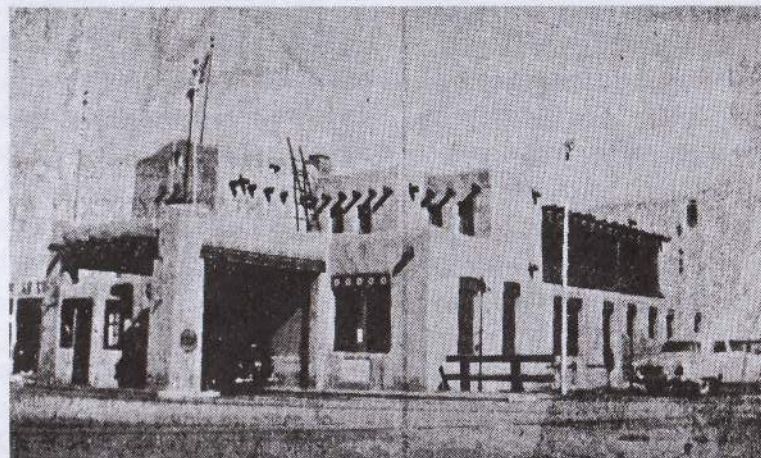
Christiansen's HLC Ranch - 1996

Hupmobiles and other makes making the trek south. He still participates in club activities.

Tony says, "Just before my father died, I had an opportunity to work at the University of Arizona as the assistant director of the Lunar and Planetary Laboratory under Dr. Gerard Kuiper." While there, he was involved in the fabrication of scientific instruments used on several NASA shuttle flights. He is now a freelance engineering consultant.

After Alick's death in 1965, Marie, her sister, Winifred Cropper, and Lois continued to live at the ranch. As time passed, Lois died, then Marie and Winifred: Lois' daughter, Alexis Seiferly, inherited the property. The ranch passed from family ownership in 1986.

## Naco, Arizona



Old Naco Customs House, built in 1936

In February of 1846, the Mormon Battalion, when on its famous "longest cavalry march on record," camped one night at the future site of Naco, Ariz. Most historians think Naco actually came into existence in 1898 when John Towner and his wife arrived. But some think Joe Reilly and John Newell laid out the Naco townsite, and the Towners arrived in town later with 16 horses hitched to three freight wagons. There were no residents on the U.S. side, and on the Mexican side there were just two palmilla-grass-hut saloons when the Towners arrived.

The mines in Cananea, Mexico, 40 miles south, were just starting development operations on a large scale, and the construction of a Naco-

Cananea railroad was under way. All supplies and machinery were to be freighted from the U.S. via Naco, this called for freighters, workmen and office people. Soon Naco was teeming with people and freight teams. Construction of warehouses and offices was rushed, and tents, huts and houses appeared overnight, it seemed. It is told that as many as 500 freight teams were here at one time.

A group of Mormons established a tent city near where the stockyards are today. The community was complete in itself, with stores, church and school—all in tents. The whole city, with the exception of one or two families, left when the trains came in and the team-freighting period ended.

After the railroad came to town



and the transients left, Naco settled into a busy daily routine. Customs brokers, railroad and express workers, merchants and cattlemen contributed to the brisk activity of the town for many years. Also, much business, romance and "barullo" (confusion) was furnished by the numerous saloons, gambling houses, etc. on both sides of the line.

From a mine strike in Cananea in 1906, to the revolution against Porfirio Diaz that began in 1910 and ended a few years later with Diaz' defeat, and the following internecine struggles between his successors, Naco had its times in the limelight. In a March 1913 incident, the residents of Naco, Sonora, fled north for their lives, but the residents of Naco, Ariz., made their way to the combat zone by the carload, joined by eager spectators from nearby American cities. Six troops of Buffalo Soldiers under Col. John F. Guilfoyle did their best to ensure the fighting was confined to the southern side of the border, and to redirect overzealous Mexican fire.

The upheavels continued and construction of Camp Newell began in late 1915 on 15 acres of land leased from John J. Newell, who had been granted the Naco townsite by President Theodore Roosevelt in 1902. The Army agreed to pay Newell \$1 a year for the use of his land, and promised to turn the camp back to the fam-

ily when it was no longer needed. The Newells got their property back in 1926.

But it was the revolutionary battle of 1929 that brought the most notoriety to Naco. Rebel pilots with more enthusiasm than accuracy, circled the trenches of the federalists. When one thought he was in a good spot to do some damage, he would strain and heave, finally getting the bomb over the side of the plane from the cockpit.

Eventually, two planes were in on the action and 10 bombs fell on the American side of the line. One of them fell on Newton's Garage and demolished an automobile belonging to a federalist officer. Newton, the garage owner, though wounded by shrapnel, quickly put out the fire set by the bomb, thus saving the center of town from burning. The 1929 incidents marked the end of cross-border incursions, and times became more settled.

Then started the years of ore and cattle importation, and exportation of major quantities of machinery and equipment. These transactions continued on a large scale until very recent years. At one time Naco had the largest cattle-import statistics for the year over all Mexican Border [stations]. A very modest series of cattle imports and an occasional fugitive shipment of other merchandise is all that now remains of Naco's glory.

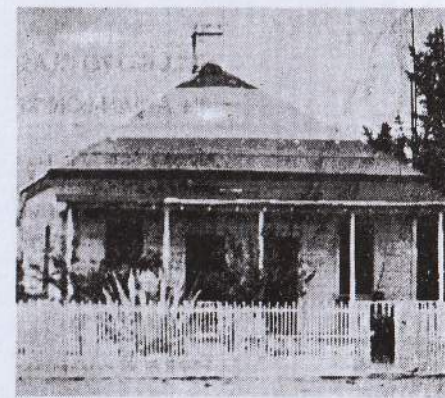
Smuggling became pervasive: mescal smuggling had been prevalent since Naco became Naco. Sometimes it worked both ways — mescal plants were smuggled into Mexico by burro trains via trails in the Huachuca Mountains, to be returned to the U.S. as potent joy juice — smuggled by burro, horse, on foot and later by automobile.

During prohibition in the U.S., Naco, Sonora, was a roaring fun town, and the streets facing the border were lined with noisy cabarets and saloons. A bull ring packed spectators in on many Sundays, with one dollar admission to sit in the shade and only fifty cents to stand in the sun. After repeal was enacted in 1933, things quieted down again, and it has basically remained so in the ensuing years. Current problems range from illegal crossings, human and drug smuggling, and "border bandits" who burglarize homes north of the border and take their largess south. It is hoped a newly installed fence will deter these actions.

As for Naco, Arizona's main street, the only thing new is the paving. Suarez and Joffrey brokerage houses remain, as do the Gay Ninety's and Papagayo Club bars. Ernie Rogers has operated his Border Service garage since the 1950s and the "Smith Brothers," Dick Whitaker and Tom Marsh, are renovating the old hotel, now the Two

Owl Inn, into a restaurant and bed and breakfast operation, though the pace is slow. Gone are the three grocery stores and meat markets and the old department stores. There is a new school house and a few new residences mixed in with the old ones and while some of the young people advocate change, such as renovating old Camp Newell and bringing a tourist train down from Benson, older residents say, "Manaña" and life saunters on at a leisurely pace. That's Naco.

*(Information used in compiling this article is in the research library at the Cochise County Historical Society research library at 1001 D Ave., Douglas. Ed.)*



Older Naco Customs House



# Arizona Cactus

*Give him an old slouch hat, suspenders and knee boots,  
add a little pack burro, and you have a perfect  
replica of an old-time prospector.*

But David Eppele, our prospector, wouldn't have ore samples in his panniers: only the green gold of desert plants. Collecting cactus and desert plants is not a new occupation for Eppele. His fascination with these spiny plants and their succulent cousins began more than a few years ago when 9-year-old David was living in Gallup, N. M.

Margie Meldman, writing in the November 1996 issue of Phoenix Home and Garden, tells how Dr. Edward F. Castetter, head of the Department of Biology at the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque, visited David's school in Gallup. He asked for volunteers to accompany him as he researched native uses of plants found in the area. Little David held up his hand and started a life-long love affair with these botanical oddities that survive in usually hostile environments with little or no water.

Meldman writes that Castetter researched Native American desert lore by showing plant specimens to tribal elders and asking their advice. For the next six years, Eppele accompanied Castetter on field trips, preparing plant specimens and taking notes that the botanist later transferred to his field journals. "I knew nothing about the plants," Eppele says, but he was happiest when he was with Castetter learning about them and their uses.

Then 15-year-old David met Denis Cowper, another cactus expert. Meldman writes "The two spent years traveling the Southwest and Mexico, collecting, mapping, and publishing reports on the distribution of such desert plants as cactus, agaves, yuccas, ocotillos, beargrass, and sotol."

While Eppele first came to Bisbee during that period, adult responsibilities interfered and it wasn't until 1976 that he was able to return and

purchase the acreage he needed to establish his long-held dream, now called Arizona Cactus & Succulent Research, Inc..

For the past 20 years, Eppele has worked diligently, and almost single-handedly, to turn those bare acres into his present-day magical land of cactus. When visitors enter the world behind those recycled, hand-constructed, faux-adobe walls, they are transported to a self-contained realm of blue skies, green, and sometimes kaleidoscopic, cactus flower beauty, and a treasure trove of rusty antique accessories accenting the western flavor of Eppele's little corner of the world. If one is fortunate enough to be there during the monsoon season,

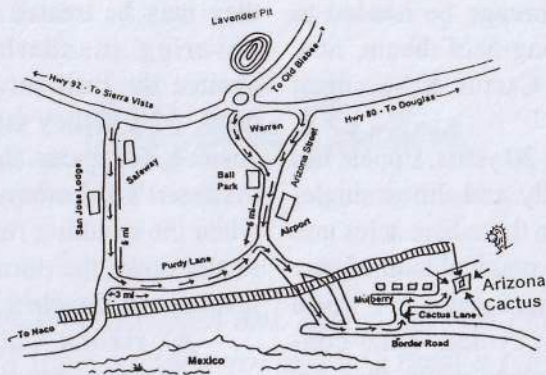
they may be treated to tremendous towering thunderheads boiling against the brilliant blue sky overhead. And if they stay through the ensuing downpour, they can witness the desert's dichotomy of wet and dry when the resulting runoff roils frantically down the normally dry wash just beyond Eppele's back wall.

Arizona Cactus annually hosts researchers and photographers from educational institutions around the world, as well as local seniors, school children and just interested individuals. Eppele and his assistants, wife Gin, and Judy Langer, conduct approximately 4,000 tours each year. One of his prize exhibits is a five-foot plus, spineless prickly



"La Cueva," a new feature of the faux-adobe walls





pear that Eppele says is the most important plant on the desert. It can store water for up to two years, the pads are good eating for cattle and humans, producing nopalitos, or slices of the pads used in Mexican homes for salads or for cooking as a green bean-like vegetable. Almost forever, the seed pods, *tunas*, have been gathered by Native Americans and Mexicans alike for making jelly or fermenting into a prickly pear wine. Visitors are offered a taste of the juice before they leave.

Eppele does not sell plants, but he gives plenty of them away, with instructions on their planting and care. He explains that he doesn't own the plants; he is merely their custodian with the responsibility to educate the public about their beauty and usefulness in our desert environment. Eppele also studies the medicinal properties of the plants and has much information on hand that he disseminates through his newslet-

ter, *On The Desert*, and through inquiries. Interested members can use his extensive library to research on their own.

Above all, Arizona Cactus is a research facility, a non-profit scientific and educational organization that widely disseminates the results of Eppele's research and experimentation in water conservation and other environmental concerns. The work is supported by donations and annual dues from approximately 500 members. Eppele has a web site ([www.arizonacactus.com](http://www.arizonacactus.com) or e-mail at [azcactus@primenet.com](mailto:azcactus@primenet.com)) and is affiliated with a 300-member sister cactus club in Valencia, Spain (internet address available from Arizona Cactus). Free tours are conducted seven days a week throughout the year at 8 Cactus Lane, just north of Border Road in Bisbee Junction—follow the green and white Arizona Cactus signs.

# *Pioneers*

*in*

# *Profile*



## Rose Clinton Smith



Delia Brigitte Varley and John "Jack" Clinton  
Pasadena, California 1903

Jack Clinton, for many years a rancher south of Hereford, early Friday evening, was shot four times and killed in his own front yard. Ed Scarborough, a cowboy in the employ of the Boquilla [sic] Land and Cattle Co., is charged with the crime and yesterday morning was arrested at Benson as he was supposedly attempting to make his way out of the

country," says the lead paragraph of an article in the *Bisbee Daily Review* dated June 20, 1915.

Rose Clinton Smith was 11 years old at the time, and appeared as the first witness at the coroner's inquest into her father's death. "The little girl testified that her father was about ready to go to bed. He had his shoes

off and was just completing his supper when a man came up to the porch and asked to see him. He put on a pair of moccasins and went outside."

Clinton and Scarborough went to the first of two ranch yard gates while another rider waited beyond the outer gate. "Clinton and the man argued and swore and when he had reached the first gate, the occupants of the house heard four shots. They rushed out but Clinton was dead with four bullet holes in his body," according to the newspaper article.

Officers followed Scarborough's trail — he and Cal Cox, his companion, had ridden for the Mexican border, two miles south of the ranch, where they split up. Scarborough doubled back and reached Benson on the main line of the Southern Pacific where he was arrested. Cox was arrested, but was acquitted in a jury trial.

"The trouble appears to have arisen out of the alleged trespass of Clinton across a pasture of the cattle company for whom Scarborough was working," the paper reports, but Henry Street speaking for the Boquillas, denied having any trouble with Clinton.

Robert K. d'Artment, writing in a book about Ed's father, George

Scarborough, a frontier lawman, indicates that Ed Scarborough was convicted and sentenced to a term in the state prison of "not less than ten years nor more than his natural life." He entered the Arizona State Prison at Florence on May 19, 1916, but he served only one year before he escaped. He went to Mexico and returned only occasionally to visit his mother and sister who lived in southern California. "He was alive and well as late as 1945," says d'Artment.

John "Jack" Clinton and Delia Brigitte Varley had come to this country seeking work and opportunity for a better life. Both born in Ireland, Jack from County Meath and Delia from County Mayo, they met and were married in Pasadena, Calif., in 1903.

Jack had served in the Spanish-American War and when he was discharged, he and Delia came to Bisbee where he worked in the mines. Rose was born in Bisbee in 1904. The Clintons moved to the homestead in Palominas and four more children were born: Frank, Joe, John and a baby girl who died from pneumonia in 1914, at the age of 6 months.

Completely enthralled with the idea of free land, in 1905 Jack filed for homestead rights on 160 acres on the west side of the San Pedro River,



### *Pioneers in Profile*

three-quarters of a mile from the U.S. border with Mexico. It was the original homesite, and through the years Jack was able to buy the land other homesteaders had "proved up," then sold. (To "prove up" their land, homesteaders had to live on the land for five years and give evidence of having a well, a home and a farm field of 10 acres.) Today, the ranch controls the 160 acres of the original homestead.

In an interview with her granddaughter, Cheryl Cox, Rose says, "A homesteader's first job was to build a home, dig a well with a pick and shovel and a windlass [a big tripod with a pulley wheel with a rope and bucket to pull out the dirt as it was dug.]" — It was a long hard process.

"Since this was already done, all Papa had to do was get a hand plow and another horse and break the grassy sod nearest the river bank and plant a 10-acre crop of sorghum, which is a sweet, sugar cane-like grass, to provide hay for his stock. To harvest his hay, Papa had to cut it with a hand scythe, let it dry on the ground, turn it over with a pitch fork, load it on the wagon and haul it to the house where it was stacked for winter use."

As other settlers proved up and sold out to Jack, the Clintons were

able to add more land and, using the other settlers cabins, add rooms to their adobe house, put on a shingle roof, a wood floor, and put in doors and windows.

In the early days, Jack ran cattle and did some dry-land farming, but to pay for the extra land and the improvements, he worked as an electrician in the mines in Cananea, 30 miles south of the line.

"Mama took him to work in the buggy and came back alone to keep the homestead going with only a small child for company and a good dog named Major," said Rose. "About once a month, my father walked home through rough country full of wild cattle. They sometimes followed him, but he scared them away."

By the time of his death in 1915, Jack Clinton "was comparatively well to do. He had a considerable number of cattle and a well-appointed ranch. It is understood he leaves his family fairly well off," reports the *Review*.

Delia was four months pregnant with John, their 5th child, when Jack was murdered. When asked how her mother coped with being a widow raising four young children, Rose replied that the neighbors were very

### *Pioneers in Profile*

good to help, but it was her Aunt Annie who helped her mother the most.

Annie Clinton, Jack's sister, was a retired nurse and "had lots of money (it seemed to us) in savings. My father wanted more land to use for cattle, and he thought one way to get it was to get Annie out to Arizona and have her take up a homestead. She had a homestead ranch three miles east of the river where she lived by herself. My father gave her the heifers, and they grew into cows for Annie. She had a little house over in the brush and she wasn't afraid to live alone. The cowboys always came by to see that everything was all right.

"Dan MacGowan was a prospector who walked the valley, from the Huachucas to the Mule Mountains, and all around. He and my Aunt Annie were married and they moved to his homestead a mile up the road from our ranch. Their adobe house was moved recently by some neighbors who made it into a barn. I didn't know you could move adobes, but they did it very well. The windmill frame and the water tank are still there," explained Rose.

In the early days, Hereford was the railroad station and had a post office and a country store. The settlers bought their groceries, stock

feed and ranch supplies, visited their neighbors and sometimes exchanged fresh eggs and butter for store items. Every couple of months it was necessary to go into Bisbee for things not available at Hereford. It was a two-day trip, and the family stayed in a rooming house overnight. Rose says that on these occasions, the milk cows were turned out with their calves, the chickens were locked up with enough feed and water, and the dogs were left to guard the place.

All members of the family helped with the chores, but their favorite job was gathering the winter firewood. They packed a picnic lunch in the wagon and set out for the Huachucas. When the site was reached, they made a fire and spread the picnic, serving coffee for the adults and milk for the children. "Our bottles of milk would have little balls of butter in them, churned up by the rough wagon ride," said Rose. Sometimes, Jack would use dynamite to blast down a dead tree and the kids thought it was exciting to run off to a safe place, watch the blast, then gather up splintered wood.

When it was time to go to school, Rose was enrolled in the little one-room school that eventually became Palominas School. The children walked to school if they lived close enough. Otherwise, they rode burros



### *Pioneers in Profile*

or horses or came in a buggy. There were certain sections of land surveyed and set aside as school sections or districts scattered throughout the valley. The schools were also social centers where they held dances and had town meetings. Rose tells that the children played games while the adults danced and when they became tired, they climbed up on the desks and went to sleep. When the dance was over, the children were gathered up and carried home.

The local children went swimming in the river, but only if accompanied by an adult because of the fear of quicksand, and for safety from drowning. Floods often left deep pools that were ideal for swimming, and since no one had swimming suits, they were allowed to go "skinny dipping." Rose maintains that the river is just the same now as it was ninety years ago when she was a child.

Rose was sent to Colorado Springs to live with an aunt and go to college to learn to be a teacher. "I came back to the ranch after I finished college. . . . I taught for 40 years, most of it in Cochise County. In Bisbee, I taught fifth grade at Central School. I drove my car back and forth to work. Then I taught in the one-room school in Hereford for 10 years."

Rose met Ted Smith, her future husband, at a dance in Naco. After

what Rose calls "a while," they were married in 1943, and moved to the ranch. Ted and his brother had owned a profitable interior decorating business in Los Angeles until Ted moved to Tucson. Through his business there, he was hired to come to Bisbee to decorate a home, and that's when he met Rose at the dance in Naco. "I didn't like him at first, but he turned out to be a good guy. We had a happy marriage," Rose said.

At the ranch, he raised sorghum hay and enlarged the family home, adding on to the original homestead house. In the mid-1950s, he went to work as a Painting Supervisor in the maintenance department at Fort Huachuca. He retired in 1976 and died in 1983. "He was an excellent painter—he could take a brush and have a house painted while the other people were getting the paint ready," Rose explained.

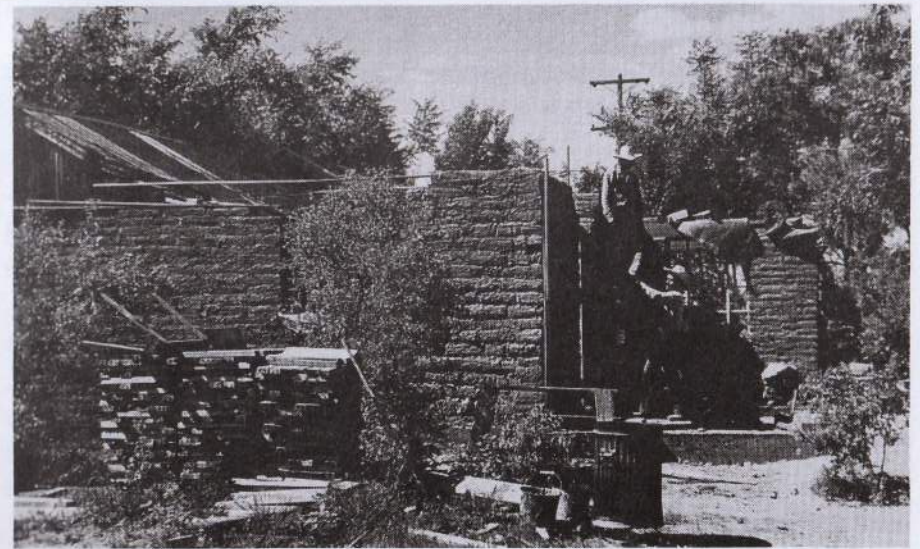
Rose still lives in the house her father built and her husband extended. It is a comfortable home, with high ceilings and thick adobe walls. A huge fireplace, faced with stones brought to Rose by her students through the years, dominates the large living room. Even on a warm day, it is cool and comfortable. Rose's adopted daughter Sandy, and her husband Wes Flowers, live next door and have installed a communication sys-

### *Pioneers in Profile*

tem so they can be aware if Rose needs anything when she is alone. Grandchildren Cheryl, Crystal, Clayton, and Clinton are on their own now, but come to visit often. The ranch is still a working cattle ranch, which Sandy and Wes hope to maintain and pass on to their children.

Rose, at age 94, is a tiny, beautiful little lady. Her memory is still very good and she remembers incidents and names of long-gone valley residents whom she knew so well throughout her life along the San

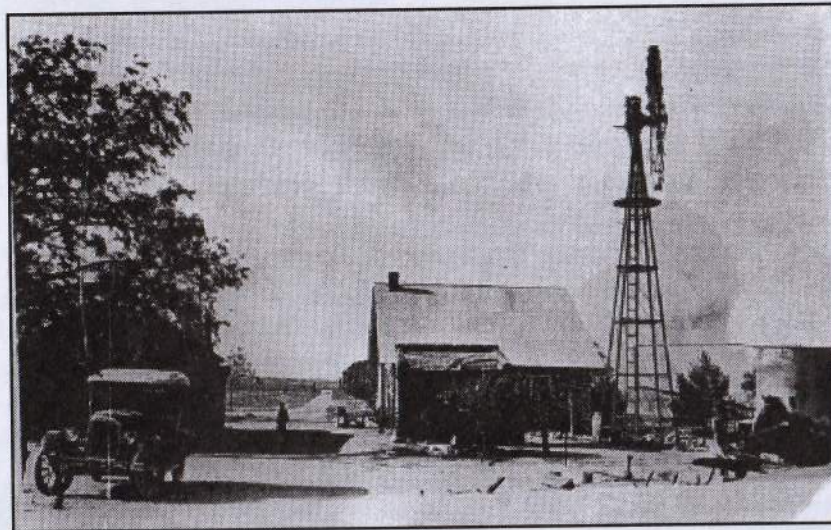
Pedro. To capture the stories her mother tells, Sandy uses a tape recorder and family photo albums to prompt Rose's telling of history that is too important to lose. Her health is as good as can be expected—she uses a walker to get around, but she is usually bright and chipper. Rose says she has had a good life and is constantly amazed at changes that have occurred during her lifetime — from horse and buggy to a man walking on the moon, from pencil and paper to super fast computers. She handles it well, and is content to have lived this long.



Ted Smith builds an addition to the original adobe homestead



## *Samuel Leiendecker's Family*



Leiendecker homestead in late 1920s  
Samuel's 1925 Star automobile

In 1912, when Samuel Leiendecker came to the San Pedro Valley looking for a place to raise his family, he used a "spotter," like an early times real estate broker, to investigate the possibilities. He paid the spotter \$10 to drive him around in a buggy looking at various places available for homesteading.

Samuel's son, Ben, says, "My dad became a little impatient when the only places the spotter showed him were in the mountains, and he exclaimed, 'All you've shown me are rocks and hills. I want a place to raise cattle and a family,' so the man took dad down to the flat lands near the river. Dad said that was exactly what he wanted and he got down from the buggy and pitched his tent in spite of the fact the land had not been surveyed."

When it was surveyed, Samuel got the standard homestead of 160 acres, then it became 320 acres. When the Taylor Grazing Act was enacted (in 1934), he added a section, or 640 acres. Through hard work and sacrifice, he

was able to buy out other homesteaders. "Eventually, dad owned all the land from Smith Lane westward along Highway 92 for 2 miles, in all, 2,640 acres," said Ben.

Samuel Leiendecker's parents had emigrated from Germany — the name means linen maker in German — and settled in Ohio where Samuel was born. As a young adult, he went to California and found work in a sawmill. There, he met and romanced Ella Southard, the camp cook. The young couple were married in 1910.

Wanting a place of their own, Samuel heard that land was available for homesteading in southern Arizona and decided they should look into the situation. Their first child, Ruth, was one year old when they settled onto the homestead.

One of the first things Samuel had to do was dig a well. The well ulti-

mately was 4 feet in diameter and 130 feet deep. For 78 feet of the excavation, Samuel worked by himself.

"The first 18 feet, he threw the dirt out of the hole. Then he set up a double windlass system where he could lower the big bucket used for hauling out the dirt, then he could lower himself into the hole. When the bucket was full, he reversed the procedure," Ben explained.

"Then he hired a neighbor with a mule windlass to help raise the buckets full of dirt. That way, he could stay in the hole and keep digging while his helper emptied the bucket and returned it to be filled again. It was a big, heavy bucket that had a series of hooks to secure it for the raising and lowering.

"On one return trip, the helper didn't secure the bucket, it came loose and plunged toward the bottom of the



Leiendecker's registered Herefords



### *Pioneers in Profile*

well. The helper yelled, 'Bucket coming!' and my dad just had time to glance up and see what was happening. He jumped back against the wall and held up his pick to deflect the bucket so it only glanced off his foot. He could easily have been killed," Ben said.

"My folks were hard workers, from dawn to after dark every day. They didn't squander their money, they didn't buy anything they didn't just have to have, but we had a good life," he said.

"Sometimes it was hard. Some years we didn't get any rain. My dad raised registered Hereford cattle — we usually had 100 to 125 breeding cows — and we would have to drive them to the river for water. We had windmills, but there was no wind to pump the water."

Before the highway was paved in 1937, there was only a trail that angled off through the valley to the county seat in Tombstone. Ben said that when his father went there on horseback to do business, it was a two-day trip. He would stay overnight at the Trapman brothers' ranch at about the half-way point.

In the fall and winter from 1930 to 1936, Samuel leased Mason's Meat Market, located across the street from the city park in Brewery Gulch in Bisbee. He butchered his own hogs and beef and sold the meat from the store. When all the butchering was

done and the meat sold, he closed the shop until the next year.

"My dad sold sausage made by following an old family recipe. It was so good, so rich, and was highly sought after by his customers," said Ben. "I keep looking for that recipe in his papers; I'd like to make some."

Ben explained that he had a good idea what made the sausage so special. "To make head cheese, dad had this big tub he put on a six-grill wood stove. In that, he put the animals' heads and the organs, added water and cooked that down for a couple of days so he eventually had a really rich broth. He'd pour that broth over his sausage mixture and it gave it that special flavor." He lamented that with today's fat-free life style, the calorie count and fat content probably wouldn't be acceptable.

Samuel and Ella had four children: Ruth, born in 1911, Paul in 1919, Urban in 1923, and Ben in 1925. All of the children went to the Palominas School, but Ruth was the only one able to go to high school, because at that time it was still at the Palominas School. When the school board moved the upper grades from Palominas, the county promised to provide a school bus to transport students into Bisbee. However, when it actually came time to pick up the students, authorities said there were too few students and they would have to provide their own transportation to

### *Pioneers in Profile*

Bisbee. There was no way the Leiendeckers could do this, so the younger children could not continue their education.

Ruth married Floyd Tripp in 1942 and they had one daughter, Esther. As Ruth's share of her father's estate, Samuel gave the couple the Mountain Ranch he owned on the west side of the divide in Bisbee. Ruth died in 1994. Paul and Urban never married and Paul died in 1988. Urban now lives just east of the Palominas store on the south side of Highway 92.

Ben married Virginia Dinsmore in 1951, after he returned to the valley from service in World War II. He went to work for Phelps Dodge in Bisbee and retired after 28 years with the company. They have three sons: Dale, Phil (currently the Cochise County Assessor), and James. The boys are married and Ben and Virginia have five grandchildren.

In the early 1950s, the elder Leiendeckers built a new home on property they owned that fronted out on Smith Avenue. Samuel died in 1956 and Ella in 1958. After Samuel's death, the ranch was divided among the three sons, but Urban and Ben soon bought Paul's portion.

The family has always held strong religious beliefs, and Samuel was well-known in the area as "The Cowman Preacher." He had been affiliated with the Salvation Army for several years, and in the early 1950s,

he would drive his pickup to Bisbee and preach to sidewalk audiences from the back of the truck. In 1957, Urban deeded two sections of the ranch, including the original homestead, to A. A. Allen and Ben sold some of his acreage so Allen could establish the religious community of Miracle Valley.

"It was a good concept, but it couldn't work because they lacked the knowledge necessary to carry out their elaborate plans," said Ben.

Allen and his successor, Don Stewart, did not fulfill the promises made to the Leiendeckers, and when the project failed, the land was put up for sale. Ben repurchased some acreage, but he wasn't able to get the original homestead located about a mile west of his home place.

A turbulent era for people in the Palominas area occurred in the 1970s when "Sister Thomas" brought her religious group from Chicago to Miracle Valley. By the time they left in the early 1980s, all residents in southwestern Cochise County had suffered through a traumatic time.

Ben, Virginia and their son, Dale, run the San Pedro Ranch Supply store across from the Leiendecker's two-storey rock home on the south side of Highway 92. The house was built from native rock by Ben and Samuel, and is almost identical to the one Samuel had built on the original homestead.



### *Pioneers in Profile*

The store is like an old-fashioned feed and hardware store. It carries many items not found in other local stores and Ben says his steady customers appreciate his efforts to stock the things they need. The Leiendeckers have fiercely loyal customers who, for years, have come from as far away as eastern Arizona and Mexico. The store is one of those places where customers can browse for hours to find things they didn't know they needed, but once found, they just can't do without.

Ben and Virginia would like to

retire to their 140 acres to do their gardening, tend their small herd and get to the family photo albums and scrapbooks they have put off like the rest of us. Virginia's 93-year-old mother lived with them for 10 years, but now lives in a nearby rest home. Virginia goes to the rest home to care for her mother on a daily basis.

Both of the Leiendeckers are healthy, vital people from hearty pioneer stock and they look forward to many productive years "in retirement," laughs Virginia, "If they'd just let us!"



Samuel butchers a hog to make his special sausage

## *Old Camp Wallen*

*by Conrad R. McCormick*

It is generally accepted that the founding of Fort Huachuca in 1877, led to the founding of Sierra Vista and Huachuca City. Capt. Sam Whitside, 6th Cavalry, U.S. Army, can be said to be one of the founding fathers, primarily because he didn't like the location of an earlier fort he had been assigned to reactivate.

The earlier post was called Camp Wallen. The nearly vanished adobe walls that mark the principal remains of Camp Wallen lie about six and a half miles north of present Fort Huachuca, on the north bank of the Babocomari Creek. The site has been inhabited since prehistoric times, but the former residents left little to mark their occupancy. Wood and adobe are temporary building materials at best, and even fieldstone structures may crumble in time.

When the Spanish arrived in the mid-1500s, there were active Indian settlements in the area, and traces of the culture are still common at the site

of Camp Wallen. About a mile to the east, on the south bank of the Babocomari, there was a substantial village, the remains of which were excavated in 1948-49 by the Amerind Foundation.

This village was still inhabited in the 1690s when Father Eusabio Kino visited the area. Kino designated the village a visita in his pastoral district and named it San Joaquin. The village was abandoned in about 1700, due to the unrelenting aggression of the Apaches. The Apaches effectively halted Spanish colonization of their fledgling province of Pimaria Alta, which included present day Cochise County. Eventually, Pimaria Alta became a bloody no-man's land, referred to by the Spanish as *Apacheria*.

In 1759, Capt. Francisco Elias Gonzales de Zaya escorted a group of Sobaipuri Indians from the Babocomari to the [presidio] of Tucson. He was impressed with the potential of the area, and his enthusi-



asm must have encouraged the Elias family to claim land there, in spite of the dangers.

In 1824, Mexico enacted a colonization law under which Don Ignacio Elias registered a claim (in 1827) to 130,000 acres in the valley. The grant was to be called San Juan de Babocomari, though the name was later changed to San Ignacio del Babocomari, by which the site is recorded on present day maps.

When the Elias hacienda was completed in 1833, it was in fact, a fort with walls 15 feet high which were unbroken except for a single wagon gate on the east side. Surrounding the interior square were rooms whose flat roofs provided fighting platforms behind the parapets of the exterior walls. This would protect people, but the vast herds of cattle were still preyed upon by the Apaches.

Don Ignacio died in 1835, but the family continued their struggle to hold the land for more than a decade. The final blow was the two-year, 1846 to 1848, Mexican War with the United States. The war made assistance in repression of the Apaches by the Mexican government an impossibility. The Elias family withdrew to their more defensible ranches around Arizpe, Sonora, where decedents

live to this day. The fortified Elias hacienda on the Babocomari was abandoned in 1849.

As a result of the Mexican War, the international boundry between Mexico and the U.S. was the Gila River. However, the U.S. needed to build railroads, and the northern part of Arizona was not suitable for those purposes, so the governments negotiated the Gadsden Purchase. In 1853, a treaty was signed and the U.S. paid Mexico \$10 million for 29,640 square miles of land in northern Mexico, including the Babocomari Valley.

In 1851, when Boundary Commissioner John R. Bartlett and a survey party arrived at the abandoned Elias fort on the Babocomari, he reported that the hacienda was already starting to fall to ruins.

Col. Joseph K.F. Mansfield inspected the remains of the fort in 1854, and recommended a post be established with a strength of two companies for control of the Apaches in the area. When a post was finally established in November of 1856, it was 12 miles west of the Elias fort, near present day Sonoita. First called Camp Moore, it was renamed Fort Buchanan on 29 May 1857. There was one company, Company G, 1st US Dragoons, with Capt. Richard S. Ewell commanding. His area of re-

sponsibility for patrol was nearly the size of Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island combined: all of present day Santa Cruz, Cochise and much of Pima Counties. Ewell's reports noted the old fort was used to corral wild horses caught by hunters in the area.

In 1861, the Regular Army withdrew from Arizona to fight the Civil War. Fort Buchanan was abandoned and burned on 21 July 1861 and southeastern Arizona was defended against the Apaches only by Camp (later Fort) Bowie. When the Army returned to southern Arizona in 1865, only Camp Bowie, Camp Tubac and Camp Tucson (later Camp Lowell) existed to control increasing Apache hostilities.

The Army returned to Fort Buchanan in March of 1867, but it was not habitable and they established Camp Crittenden a short distance away. However, Apache troubles to the east dictated the need for a post closer to the San Pedro Valley. Camp Wallen, named for Col. Henry D. Wallen, was established on 10 May 1866—records aren't clear as to where the camp was initially set up, or just when it was moved to the old Elias fort. From May of 1866 until it was abandoned in 1869, post returns called it "New Post on the Upper San Pedro," or "Fort Wallen," or,

from December of 1866 to its closure, "Camp Wallen."

The old Elias fort was apparently such a ruin that it was not used for troop quarters. It was repaired only to the extent necessary to corral the horses and to provide rooms for a bakery, butcher shop, carpenter shop and quartermaster stores. The troops slept in tents and brush shelters. Few outbuildings were added, the most substantial of them was a small, field-stone guardhouse.

Camp Wallen was an active post for a little less than three and a half years, but its troops had a continuous record of hostile engagements. The first clash occurred on 31 May 1866, near Wallen itself, and skirmishes continued throughout the year. In addition, the winter of 1866-67 recorded a 22-inch snowfall which still stands as a southern Arizona record. The camp was snowbound for weeks: livestock perished and horses suffered. It must have been uncomfortable for the men, as well.

During Wallen's three-year tenure, troops and commanders changed frequently, and departmental support was non-existent. The fact that the fort was effective is evidenced by a reduction of Apache raids in its vicinity, with most of the action taking place in the Chiracahuas, the Pinal



Mountains, Camp Grant and the Cienega Wash southeast of Tucson. The department decided it was time to abandon Wallen and its problems.

The last commander, Lt. William J. Ross and his troops, Company K, 21st Infantry, arrived on 7 Sept. 1869, for the purpose of closing the post. Camp Wallen was officially abandoned 31 Oct. 1869.

Although abandoned, Wallen continued to be a bivouac site for patrols from Camp Lowell, Camp Crittenden and Camp Grant. In May 1871, a patrol from Company F, 3rd Cavalry, ran into a massive ambush less than three miles north of Wallen. This was followed within the year by another 3rd Cavalry action in Huachuca Canyon, and a 5th Cavalry fight in the Whetstones. Camp Wallen remained on the Army rolls as an inactive post until a departmental order on 22 April 1874 officially transferred the post to the Dept. of the Interior.

For several years, farming and ranching in the area was held to a minimum by Apache depredations. Even the removal of the Chiracahua Apaches to the San Carlos Reservation in June of 1876, did not pacify the area. A raid by renegade Warm Springs Apaches in February 1877, resulted in an order to establish a

camp to protect settlers. Two companies of cavalry under the command of Capt. Sam Whitside and Capt. Rafferty arrived at the ruins of Camp Wallen with orders to establish a post and restore order to the area.

Whitside, the senior captain, was not happy with the same old problems Wallen had always had: nine miles to construction timber, too many mosquitos, and the surrounding hills were too close for an effective perimeter against raids. Whitside and Rafferty moved a few miles south, to the mouth of Huachuca Canyon and established Camp Huachuca in March 1877.

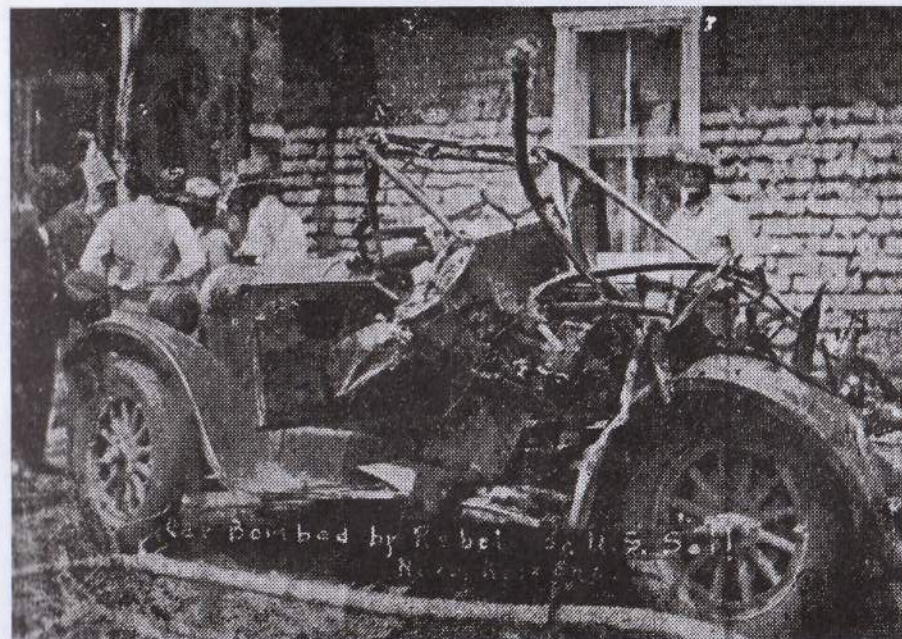
During the Mexican revolutionary border battles, Camp Wallen was for all practical purposes, North Range, Fort Huachuca. In 1916, as state National Guard units began to withdraw from the border, it was apparent the U.S. was going to be involved in the war in Europe. In view of this, many of these units were sent to Fort Huachuca to improve their training, using the rifle range north of the post — old Camp Wallen.

Had Capt. Whitside chosen to reopen Camp Wallen, it might have had far-reaching effects on the history of the area. Either the problems of the post would have resulted in its eventual closing in the 1890s, when most

of the other Arizona posts closed, in which case there would have been no Sierra Vista or Huachuca City. Or, had Wallen survived, we might have

the large town to the north and the smaller one to the south. But, Sam Whitside had a keen eye for terrain, and a marked distaste for mosquitoes.

*Longer versions of this article are on file in the Cochise County Historical Society's research library at 1001 D Ave. Douglas, or for copies, write to CCHS at P.O. Box 818, Douglas, AZ, 85608*



Car accidentally bombed on the north side of the border, Naco, Ariz. in 1929





Roxie Scott Barzee and Austin Barzee

## *Roxie Revisited*

Readers of the Spring/Summer issue of the Journal will remember the story of little Roxie, the 2 year old whose legs were almost severed when she fell asleep near an irrigation ditch in a field where her father was mowing. Joe Scott thought Roxie was at home taking a nap and did his best to avoid her when she suddenly sat up right in front of the team and mower.

Through the heroic efforts of pioneer doctor J. N. Morrison, and some believe, a divine miracle, Roxie's life and legs were saved. However, that was only the beginning of little Roxie's troubles. Her mother, Mary Scott, continues the story of Roxie's recovery after they took her to the Copper Queen Hospital in Bisbee.

Mary writes "Eight months after

her leg was hurt, she was walking around in a splint, and it caught in her crib and broke her leg above the knee. For a week, I took baby Raymond and Roxie in a two-wheel go-cart down the steep hill called John Addition, up another hill called Lowell, to Copper Queen Hospital. They put me off until tomorrow. A week passed before they got around to take an X-ray of her leg. The X-ray man came in and said it had been broken before. At the time her leg was hurt, Mama didn't know why Roxie used to say, 'Hold my knee,' when they dressed her leg.

"Dr. Shine pushed on the leg and broke it over again at the joint of her leg. It had knit crooked. They got busy and made a splint with a shingle at the joint of her hip and over the foot. She was to lie on her back for six weeks, but after a few days she broke the shingle as she was sitting up. We put her on the floor thinking it was safest. She would pick up her leg with the splint on, then scoot around the house.

"In a few weeks, she was walking. The first time we saw her was when she got the broom and walked with it. When the six weeks were up, she walked into the operating room with that heavy splint on. The nurses watched her. One of them said she was the first one they had seen walk with that kind of splint on. When they cut the splint off, her leg trembled. It

was a year before she did much walking. In about a year's time, she had whooping cough, mumps, measles, and influenza."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Roxie started to school [in 1922] when she was 7 years old. She wore a brace on her leg fastened to her shoe because her foot got crooked, and she walked on the side of her foot. We used to buy two pairs of shoes as one foot was smaller than the other. When she was 8 years old, we sent her to Salt Lake City to the LDS Primary Children's Hospital. Papa . . . knew some missionaries going to Salt Lake City, so we put her on the train in Benson in their care. . . .

"In about 5 months she came back walking straight. (Roxie says in her story, 'After I came home I could run and play ball with the other kids.') In Salt Lake City, after the surgery, she was put on the train in care of the conductor. There was several hours wait at Colton, Calif. Arrangements were made for the lady at the Mission Home [in Colton] to meet her and take [Roxie to] her home and see that she got on the right train. We got word to meet the 3 o'clock [a.m.] train. We found her wide awake. She was afraid they might take her past Benson if she went to sleep. She had made up her mind that if we were not there to meet her, she would go over to Dr. Morrison's place and he would take her home.



"The day Roxie came, she had red bumps break out on her. She had kissed dozens of people. She said, 'I'll bet I've got the chicken pox.' We called Dr. Morrison and he agreed. She hadn't had them long enough to give them. Our family all got them, but we never heard of another case in town."

\* \* \* \* \*

Roxie skipped 8th grade and graduated in 1932 with nine other students. She returned to the high school and took classes in business skills. She had studied the piano for four years with Mrs. Proffit, and her abilities gave her the opportunity to play with three different dance orchestras; the best know was the local Romero's Troubadours.

In 1939, Roxie moved to Salt Lake City and went to work for Montgomery Ward. She had worked for them in Tucson for about 18 months in 1937-38.

She met her future husband, Austin Barzee, while playing piano at a wedding reception where he was playing the accordeon. Because of the war, they were not married until 1943. For 3 years, they criss-crossed the country while Austin fulfilled his military obligations.

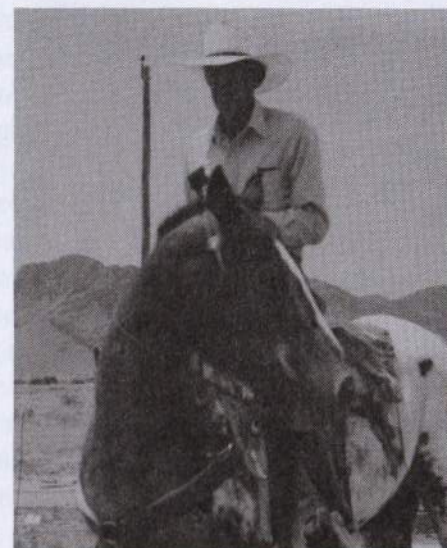
The Barzees returned to Salt Lake City in 1946, where they both worked, had a house built, and volunteered many hours at the church. Roxie went to work for Safeway in

1951 and worked there 20 years. After her retirement, she devoted her time to her family and her church.

Throughout her story, Roxie comes through as a wonderful person who wasn't going to let misfortune hold her back. Even as a small child, she seemed determined that a shortened leg and foot were not going to keep her from living a confident and happy life.

Louise Larson, a cousin who lives in Benson, confirmed that Roxie was a happy, cheerful person, always willing to help others and never bemoaning the fate that left her with a leg that was scarred and smaller than the other, a foot that was shorter, or that she had a noticeable limp. She willingly shared her story with young people so they could know that adversity can be used in a positive way for building a happy and successful life. Louise wrote that Roxie died from cancer on July 13, 1998, and is buried in Salt Lake City.

## *Guardian of History*



*George Brown*

The Cochise County Historical Society is proud to name George Brown of Hereford as a 1998 Guardian of History. Though George is a very modest person, we have it on good authority that he is certainly knowledgeable about the history of the border area, and has many interesting stories to tell of the early days. As for his biography, we will allow George to tell us about his life in his own words.

"The earliest ancestor our family geneologists have been able to trace was Peter Mechling, who came from Mechlinburg, Germany

in 1724. He purchased some property around Watertown, Penn. in 1728, which the family owned until 1943. He was a craftsman, though we haven't identified his trade, and he brought his tool box with him. It is now in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. One of Peter's grandsons was wounded in a minor battle in the Revolutionary War. He was hit in the leg with a musket ball, and when he was finally able to travel, he walked home.

"My grandfather, Tom Brown was born in Lankeshire, England,



immigrated to Canada, and then to the United States. It was the time of the Civil War, and he joined the Union Army.

"My mother, Martha Richards, came to Bisbee in 1905, from Illinois, and my dad, George Brown, arrived from Colorado in 1906, to work in the mines. They met in 1909, and were married in 1910 in Douglas. In 1912, they lived on some ranch property at Land, Ariz. I was born in 1915 in Bisbee, attended Bisbee Schools, and graduated from Bisbee High School.

"In the mid-1930s, my mother and I bought some ranch property west of the San Pedro River, adjacent to Mexico, where I still live. A reminder: in July and December of 1934, our government bought our drought cattle. They paid \$6 a head, or if they killed them, up to \$17 each; I sold some for \$13 a head.

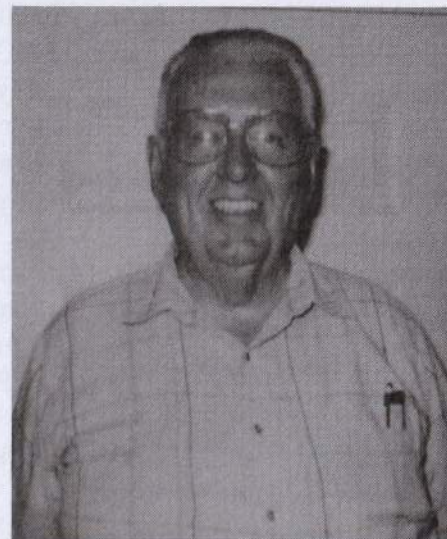
"I met Gladys Byrd from Mississippi, and we were married in Douglas in 1942. We raised three daughters.

"In 1955, I needed a job and went to work at Coronado National Memorial for a few months, which stretched to over 28 years. In 1964, we were involved in the Screw Worm Eradication program, one government program that really worked. The Dept. of Agriculture raised male screw worm flies and treated the larvae with cobalt, which made them sterile. They scattered them over the range from airplanes. When the screw worm flies mated, the eggs laid by females never hatched. This is one program which is still working, and southwestern ranching has never been the same.

"I am semi-retired and two of my daughters, Alice Butler and Ruby Starnes, live on the ranch and ride herd on me. I have four granddaughters, and one great-grandson."

CCHS hopes to include some of George's stories in the next issue of the journal that focuses on the southwestern border areas of the county. Thank you, George, for writing this little biography.

## *Guardian of History*



### *Conrad R. McCormick*

The Cochise County Historical Society is proud to honor Conrad R. "Mac" McCormick as a 1998 Guardian of History. With an impressive resume and an intense interest in history, especially the history of the Southwest, Mac McCormick more than meets the qualifications as set down by the CCHS Board of Directors.

Born in Cleveland, Ohio on Jan. 15, 1925, Mr. McCormick attended public schools in Ohio and Massachusetts. He is a graduate of Charlestown High School,

Charlestown, Mass., and as a history major, attended University College and the University of Maryland. During his promotions to the rank of Chief Warrant Officer in the U.S. Army, Mr. McCormick attended many military and official government schools, at home and abroad.

In his military service and as an Army civilian intelligence officer, he traveled the world. He saw action in World War II, the Korean War and the Vietnam War. At present, he is retired and he and his wife Sally, live in Sierra Vista. Though retired, Mr.



McCormick is not inactive.

In addition to many military groups, including The Retired Officer's Assoc., The Military Intelligence Corps Assoc. and The International Naval Research Organization, Mr. McCormick belongs to several civilian groups. His affiliation with The National Geographic Society, his family Clan Ross Association, the Sierra Vista Genealogy Society, and the Westerners International underscore his interest in history, public and personal. He has held administrative offices in several groups, such as President for the Huachuca Museum Society, Sheriff of the Fort

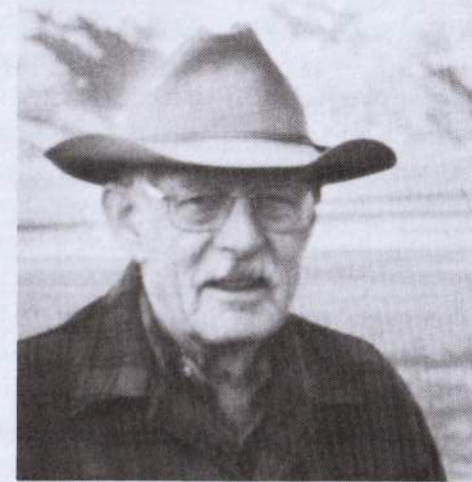
Huachuca Corral, Westerners International history group, and is a Volunteer Archivist and Librarian at the U.S. Army Intelligence Museum.

Conrad McCormick married Sarah Elizabeth Myers in 1952 and they have four adult children: Richard, Elissa, Corwyn and Amy, and several grandchildren, plus a "houseful of pets."

Mr. McCormick fills his days with writing, being a guest lecturer at many local functions, and volunteering at the Fort Huachuca post museum. In all aspects, we believe Mac McCormick is a true "Guardian of History."



## Remembering



**Alden C. Hayes**  
**1916 - 1998**

Alden Hayes, writer and archaeologist, died in his Portal home on Aug. 23, 1998. Loved and respected, he was a link between old-time ranching families and all varieties of newcomers. At town meetings on a wide range of local problems, Alden frequently had the last word, usually humorous, always temperate, wise and kind, though to the point.

It was a pleasure and privilege to hike with Alden and hear him tell about places and the people who'd been here before us. On two occasions, he led historical walks through and near Portal, ranging from the spot where Alf Hands was killed in the last

Apache raid through these parts, along the old stage road from Rodeo to Paradise, past the CCC camp of the 1930s and on to Stephen Reed's cabin at the Southwest Research Center.

These stories and much more local history will be published next summer by the University of Arizona Press in a book that was years in the making. *A Portal to Paradise* is subtitled "11,537 years, more or less, on the northeast slope of the Chiricahua Mountains, being a fairly accurate and occasionally anecdotal history of that part of Cochise County, Arizona, and the country immediately adjacent, replete with tales of glory and



greed, heroism and depravity, and plain hard work." He bills himself as "failed farmer, bankrupt cattleman, sometime smoke-chaser, one-time park ranger, and over-the-hill archaeologist."

And he led people over a lot of hills. As stepdaughter Kari Chalker says, "Alden could teach you about corrugated and painted pottery, about 2000 years of Puebloan history and culture, about the Spanish arrival in this area, and the common, Latin and Spanish names of every plant within a hundred miles. He was funny, kind and charismatic. His enjoyment of learning and knowledge was infectious. Although he never taught in a university, he had hundreds of students around the nation."

As long as those of us who walked and talked with Alden can follow his trails, when it's time to get moving, we'll always hear him say, "Come on, boys and girls! Are we going to sit around here forever?"

While earning his degree in Anthropology from the University of New Mexico, Alden attended the Chaco Canyon field schools; and taking a break from formal studies, he helped organize and carry out a Mackenzie River expedition in western Canada, resulting in a five-month, two-thousand mile canoe trip to the Arctic Ocean. Years later, he recounted this adventure in *Down North to the Sea*, published in 1989.

After graduation, Alden worked as an archaeologist in Tennessee and Texas. Then came World War II, and later Korea. He enlisted as a private, went to Officer's Candidate School, rose to the rank of Lt. Col. and integrated black and white medical corpsmen under his command.

In 1941, Alden married Gretchen Greenamyre, and they farmed and ranched near Portal, with time out for his military service. They had two sons, Eric and Marc, and two grandsons. A four-year drought forced him out of ranching in 1957, and he took a job with the National Park Service. His family joked that he was probably the only archaeologist who ever went into it for the money.

Alden was supervising archaeologist on the Wetherill Mesa Project at Mesa Verde, and wrote the survey of that work in one of his numerous thorough and clearly written publications, dating from 1937 to the present. They were the hallmark of his career. He directed excavations at Mound 7 at Gran Quivira and excavated and restored the large church and monastery complex at Pecos National Monument. His book, *Four Churches of Pecos*, documented that work. He completed his years with the Park Service at the Chaco Research Center where he directed survey, excavation and laboratory research.

After their retirement to Portal, Gretchen died in 1982, after a long

illness during which Alden lovingly cared for her. Then, in Africa in 1983, he met Karen Chalker. They were married in 1984, and he thus acquired two daughters in whom he delighted: Kari Chalker and Kirsten Chalker Maxey.

As well as having more time for writing, Alden began an active association with Crow Canyon Archaeological Center, a non-profit research and educational facility in Cortez, Colo. On the Center's behalf, he led more than two dozen trips in the Four Corners area, many with Karen acting as co-guide and using her knowledge of photography to help participants improve their photos of vistas and pueblo ruins.

Alden loved running rivers and hired on as a licensed boatman to help people enjoy Southwestern rivers, such as the San Juan and the Dolores.

It was during these busy years that he took time to serve on the editorial board of our Society's quarterly publication. For the Winter 1992 issue of the quarterly, he wrote an article on Capt. T.T. Tidball's 1864 account of a scout through the Chiricahua Mountains, which gives the first description of many locations.

From 1992 to 1996, Alden was a member of the CCHAS Board of Directors. He, with Dr. Robert Squier, a former director, went through the Society's large collection of archaeo-

logical artifacts and located appropriate repositories for the remaining objects when CCHAS could no longer maintain a museum.

Recently, he was writing the story of his younger years for his grandchildren, and had completed a history of the Paradise Cemetery which will be published by the Paradise Cemetery Assoc. Fittingly, that is where Alden will take his long rest.

When Alden had been away on one of his many trips, and one of us would say we'd missed him, he'd twinkle and say, "Good, I'm glad you did."

We'll miss you the rest of our lives, Alden, but how lucky we were to know you!

Memorial donations, payable to Crow Canyon, may be earmarked for the Alden C. Hayes Research Publication Fund, and sent to Crow Canyon, Attention: Gayle Prior, 23390 Road K, Cortez, CO, 81321.

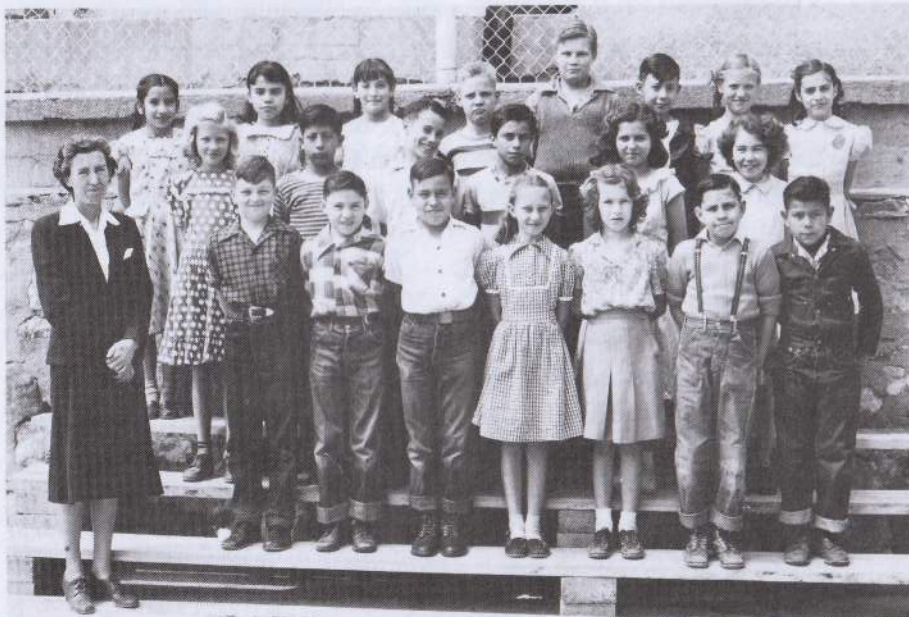
*We thank Jeanne Williams, well-known author and member of CCHS, for writing so eloquently of our friend and fellow member. We will all miss Alden and feel blessed that we knew him. We wish him godspeed as he begins his research among the oldest antiquities he might yet have found. Ed.*



## *Palominas*

## *Junior*

## *Historians*



Mrs. Rose Clinton Smith with her Palominas Elementary School Class of 1949

## *Junior Historians*

## *Elena Figueroa*

*by Ryan Allmon*

Elena Figueroa's grandparents came from Ireland. Her mom was born in Paduca, Kentucky; she was a housewife. Her dad was born in Bisbee, Arizona. Her dad owned a gas station called, "Ryan's Service." Her dad worked there for about 30 years. Elena has four brothers. Their names are Charlie, Bob, Steve, and Kevin.

Elena Susan Ryan was born in Bisbee, Arizona on March 3, 1954, in the old Copper Queen Hospital. Her best friend was Cindy Taylor. They've known each other since 4th grade. As a kid she liked to play jacks, hopscotch, and cards. Her brothers, Charlie and Bob, picked on and teased her when she was a kid. In school her favorite teacher was her 2nd grade teacher, Mrs. Spangler.

Her very first job was working as a counter clerk at an old restaurant called, "The Rabbit Hole." She went to Bisbee High School. She was very active in High School. She was a cheerleader, a tennis player, a pom-pom girl, she was in the rodeo club, pep club, and also worked on the school newspaper. In high school she was an A and B student. While she was a teenager her family owned a ranch with 7 horses. The horses names were Polly, Folly, Charlie Horse, Troy, Mary, Safire, and Chewbonie. The first boy she ever dated was Gary Paton.

She went to ASU college. She was 28 years old when her dad died, and her dad was 54. She was 38 years old when her brother Steve died. He was 40. She was also 28 when she got married the first time to Michael Allmon. 3 years after their marriage her son Ryan was born and 2 years after that Taylor, her daughter, was born. They were married for 10 years. During that time Elena worked for Mesa Public Schools. She married her 2nd husband Ed Figueroa, on July 9, 1994.

Elena has many favorite things. Her favorite book is "Wuthering Heights." Her favorite movie is "Gone With the Wind." her favorite song "Till There Was You" is played by her favorite band the Beatles. Her favorite actor is John Wayne and her favorite (most handsome) men are Mel Gibson and George Strait.



The most embarrassing moment she ever had was when she got into a fight with a girl in high school. One time she got into trouble when her parents left town. They told her not to drive this new truck they had. When they left, she took the truck and sure enough she got hit and completely damaged the truck. She also remembers when she was little she used to play a game called "Devil on the Doorstep." It was where they would ring the doorbell and then run away. When the person would answer the door, someone hiding would yell, "Devil on the Doorstep."

## *Janet Varela*

*by Mike Torres*

Janet Varela was born on May 22, 1937. She was born in Douglas, Arizona. Janet was raised on a ranch near Douglas. She went to the Rucker School. This is a one room school that is still standing but not in use today. Since she lived on a ranch, she had a lot to do. Unlike kids today she really didn't have much playtime. she has one younger brother. She has a mom named Margaret and had a dad named Marvin. She only had two friends, Jennifer and Marie Ruis, because hardly any people lived around her.

When she was in primary through eighth grade she went to Rucker School. She completed her high school education at Douglas High School. She didn't really like the teachers. She fell behind in her work because she had a sleeping sickness

caused by mosquitoes. Her funniest memory in high school was when some of her friends were mad at their teacher so they threw a dead skunk in the classroom. She got married her senior year to Armando Varela. She then moved to Mexico.

Janet lived in Mexico for about 35 years, 4 months 23 days to be exact. Then she got a divorce and moved to Sierra Vista. She's lived in Sierra Vista for about 10 years. She is a receptionist at Letty's. She has 3 daughters, Marie, Janet, and Melinda. Marie still lives in Mexico but Melinda and Janet live in Sierra Vista. She has one son named Mike that still lives in Mexico. She likes living in Sierra Vista, but kind of misses Mexico. Her mom, Margaret, still lives on the same ranch that she has lived on since 1933.

## *Lawrence Herman Wicke*

*by Tyler Wicke*

Lawrence Herman Wicke was born August 17, 1937 in Douglas, Arizona, to Herman and Edna Wicke. He is of German, Cherokee, and Scottish Irish descent. His father had many occupations such as an airplane crash fire fighter, he worked at a missile base, helped build an air force base, and worked at a copper smelter in Douglas. His mother worked as an artist and raised three children. He has two younger sisters, Donna and Sharon.

When he was a young boy he played with bows and arrows, built and designed model airplanes and boats, and he played army a lot. He did not have any store bought toys, instead he and his father constructed all of them. He wore Levi's, a T-shirt, and black engineer boots all the time. He went to Douglas Junior High where he did lots of art work and sculpting. And he said he was a good street fighter. He got his first job when he was 13 working as a tractor operator for \$300 a month for two months. And about the same time he bought his first car for a \$100. It was a 1925 Star which he stripped down to the frame and the engine. He called it a stripped down hotrod.

He went to Douglas High School where he played football, basketball, ran track, and was in swimming. He took mechanical drafting and wood shop. His favorite teacher was Mr. Weiss his science teacher. Every week on Sunday he and his father would go hunting for their dinner for the rest of the week. And the worst thing he ever did was steal a school bus and took all the kids to a dance.

He got married in 1958 to Virginia Annette Sampson. And about the same time he got his first television set. Franklin D. Roosevelt was his favorite president because he brought the people out of depression and backed up the English against the Nazi's. And he says the worst decision he made was joining the Army. He joined right after the Korean War started and the company he was with lost 180 people out of 220 in the war. He was a combat engineer during the war. He then went to college and studied architecture but had to drop out due to the fact of his first child's illness and the shortage of money. Then he studied on his own and started working at the copper mines in Bisbee. The pay was good at \$12,000 a year. And at that time \$6,000 a year



### *Junior Historians*

was the average family income. He then joined the Fire Department on Fort Huachuca in 1969 and stayed until he retired in 1989.

Now he works on everything he can; he builds houses, draws pictures and floor plans, does carpentry, wood working, is a farmer, welder, builds custom guns, and currently is putting up a windmill. His favorite television show is Wings and his favorite airplane designer is Kelly Johnson who designed the U2, P38 Lightning, and

the XR71 Blackbird and many more.

He currently is 61 years old. He and Virginia are still married and living in the same house they built in the 70's. They have a son, Brad, and a daughter, Lannette. Both are married with families of their own. Larry says the most important things in his life are his family and God. He was born before World War II, and that had a big influence on his life. And that's Lawrence Herman Wicke's life.

## *My Mammy*

*by Tyler Johnston*

Virgia Brandon Heard is my great-grandmother. She was born on August 13, 1909 in Trenton, Texas. She was born to William Todd and Sarah Callie Dodd. Dodd is also a city in Texas. She is eighty-nine years old.

Virgia came from a family of twelve, four boys and eight girls, so it isn't hard to see that her mother's full-time job was taking care of her kids. Her father was a farmer. Growing up she played basketball a lot. In high school she played center court, and enjoyed it very much.

Her favorite subjects in school were Drama and Spelling which she excelled in. She went to school in Trenton through the seventh grade. After seventh grade her family moved to Western Texas, and she finished her schooling at Barry Flat. She can't remember either of her schools having a dress code.

After high school she married Thomas Madison Heard. During the war she became a Precision Inspector, or a person who inspected airplanes.

### *Junior Historians*

Before becoming this she had to take a six week course which contained a lot of math. After the war Reynolds Metal took over and she worked in inspections for a little while longer. After leaving inspection Virgia took some college courses and became involved with the juvenile court system. She was there for thirteen to fourteen years. It was a job she loved but had to leave because her husband wanted to move from where they lived, Arizona, to California. She also raised eight children, three girls and five boys.

Virgia Brandon Heard has lived through World War I, World War II, the Korean War, the Vietnam War, Desert Storm, the sinking of the Titanic, the rise of many modern conveniences, and many other interesting events which have taken place throughout history. As a small child I remember her telling me: parents raise and have fun with you, grandparents enjoy you, and with great-grandparents the sky is the limit!!! Her favorite memories are ones shared with her husband, children, and family throughout her life. She has faced many joys and sorrows along life's path, but she has a good and faithful God who always has and always will take care of her.

## *Elizabeth Floresca Viboch*

*by Christina Viboch*

Elizabeth Floresca Viboch was born on April 17, 1956 in Manila. Manila used to be the capital of the Philippines.

Her Dad was a bookkeeper, and her mom was an auditor for a large cement company. She was the oldest. She grew up with two brothers and three sisters.

On Sunday, they went to church in the morning. Most of the people there were Catholics. Also, on Sunday, her mom always made a big dinner. They usually ate fish, but sometimes had pork and beef in sinigang, pancit, and lumpia. They also ate a lot of vegetables.

In the Philippines, you have to



### *Junior Historians*

pay for your children to go to school their whole lives. She went to a Catholic high school, St. Paul, from eight in the morning until four in the afternoon. They did not have a mascot, but they had basketball, swimming, and baseball. She also went to the Philippine College of Commerce.

Every morning Liz and her siblings would walk two miles to the bus stop. After school, they did their chores and played with other kids if they had time. They played with marbles, sipa (hackysacks), jackstones, and pico (hopscotch). They also played badminton.

Some of the families' rules in that country are different. For example, they are legally allowed to beat their children. The kids were not allowed to accept phone calls. Nor were they allowed to have short hair or pierced ears.

Most of the cities are the same, but everything is made of a poorer quality because it is a third world

country. One thing that is different, is they put nets over their beds before they go to sleep because of the mosquitoes.

They had some of the same holidays, but most of them were based on the Catholic religion. They did not for example, have Thanksgiving, Memorial Day, Mother's Day, or Father's Day. On their birthdays, they did not usually get a lot of presents. One of their traditions was to have spaghetti with noodles to help them live longer.

In 1976, she came to the United States by herself. She met her Dad at the airport. He had only been here for five years.

They lived in Los Angeles for about ten years. In 1983, she was working at the L.A. Times and married Chris Viboch. She later worked at Merrill Lynch and Castle & Cooke. She has three daughters.

She now lives and works in Sierra Vista.

### *Junior Historians*

## *My Mom*

*by Melissa Gamez*

My mom's name is Andrea Teresa Diaz. She was born on July 9, 1964, in Bisbee, Arizona, at the Copper Queen Hospital.

Her mom's name is Irene Dominguez, and her dad's name is Bobby. She only has one sister. That is her twin sister Beatrice Dominguez. My mom is married to my dad, David Diaz. My mom has five kids. Two boys and three girls. They are all my brothers and sisters. My older brother Eric Dominguez is 18 years old. He's the oldest. I am 13 years old. My little brother is also David Diaz, like my dad, he is 10. My little sisters are Kimberly Diaz, she is 9. My other sister Maria Diaz is 8.

My mom has short brown wavy hair. She has brown eyes.

My mom lived in Bisbee most of her life. Up in Old Bisbee.

She went to Lincoln School as a young kid. She walked to school when she went there, because it was so close. Then she went to Lowell School. Last she went to Bisbee High School.

When my mom was a kid there was more discipline, especially in school. She used to get swats in school. When she was in kindergarten if you did something wrong you would get swats. You would have to put out your hands, the teacher hit you with a yard stick side ways, three or four times. Through the rest of the grades she still got swats. This time she got hit with a boat paddle that had a bunch of holes in it. She would bend down and hold her ankles. She would get swatted in the butt three times. The teachers hit you as hard as they could, in front of the whole class.

Back when she was in high school very few kids had cars. Unlike now where most kids with driver's licences have cars. When she was in seventh and eighth grade she ran in track. She went to the Bible College, here in Palominas, for church.

When she was a kid for entertainment she went to dances and to the recreational center, which was called the rec center for short. At the rec. center my mom went swimming and played basketball. A game my mom



### *Junior Historians*

played as a kid and is still around is "Twister." There were no electronic games back then. She listened to the radio. When she was a young child she listened to the Jackson 5. As a teen it was more disco music, like the Beegees. When she was young she played with Barbie Dolls, like most young kids still do.

She had to do chores like wash the dishes and do laundry.

When my mom was a kid she wore stuff like halter tops, bellbottoms, superbells, and platform shoes. Superbells were like bellbottoms, but the bottom of the pants were wider. She wore this stuff when she was like ten and through high school. Some popular hair styles were the Afro and feathered hair. It was like the disco days.

When my mom was very young, like around five, the Vietnam War was on. The landmines are still at Vietnam and kids that are around there are getting blown up.

In 1969 my mom watched on T.V. the first man to walk on the moon, which was Neil Armstrong.

In 1976 my mom was around for the Bicentennial Celebration, which is the 200th year celebration. That was when the \$2 bill was around. Now there are hardly any more.

My mom's favorite holiday was the 4th of July. She watched the coaster races, parade, and of course, the firecrackers, which all of those are now annual things.

Back when my mom was younger society wasn't as bad. It wasn't that violent or dangerous. Not hardly as many people got shot as do now. Back then you would use your fists to fight, not a gun or knife. You wouldn't have to worry about your house being robbed. So there wasn't any locks on houses.

Back then my mom was younger, the environment was healthier. It rained a lot more. The air really wasn't smoggy. There wasn't much worry about the o-zone layer. Back then global warming was just a thought. Now it's here. Global warming is when all the smoke and smog is in the atmosphere. It gets hotter.

When my mom was younger, killer bees were on their way to the U.S. from Mexico. Now the killer bees are here. A lot of things people said would happen are actually happening. Like the killer bees and global warming.

A dollar was worth way more when my mom was younger. Mostly everything was cheaper. People had less money back then, so it makes

### *Junior Historians*

sense why stuff was less. At the grocery store you could have charge accounts. The store owner would trust you to pay it back. Now, not many people trust each other. One dollar could go a long ways then. You could buy around 6 hamburgers. Now one hamburger is a dollar, that's pretty cheap now. Sodas were only a quarter, cheap sodas still are. If you want good soda it's twice as much. Candy bars were 5 for a dollar. Now they are usually 50 cents. The house my moms tata, my great tata, bought was only 700 dollars. Now it will sell for around 40,000 dollars. That is a huge difference.

That's what it was pretty much like for my mom when she was younger.

## *Melvin Howard Sherwood*

*by Jonathan Sherwood*

Melvin Howard Sherwood was born March 31, 1931 to Joseph and Alpha Sherwood. Alpha's maiden name was Malcolm. She was a home-maker. Joseph's work was working on railroads and in an orchard. Melvin was born in Kifer, Maryland, but they moved to Paw Paw, West Virginina when he was six-months old. They moved from a log cabin. It is now a national monument and is still standing.

At the age of 9, while attending school, he was also working on the orchard as a water boy. A water boy brought drinks and water to the other workers. It paid 90 cents a day. The

pay varied, depending on what job it was. Working by or with machinery paid around \$3.00 a day.

At the age of 10, the second world war started. By the time the war ended, Melvin was now 16 years old. At the age of 17 he had quit working on the orchards.

He graduated high school at the age of 18 in 1949 and shortly after, he joined the Army. He served in the first winter and part of the second winter in the Korean War. After that he quit the Army in '52 and went to college, with the help of the G. I. Bill, in '53. The name of the college is Shepherd College. In '57 he gradu-



### *Junior Historians*

ated college and in '58 he re-entered service and made a career out of it. He majored in Social Studies and minored in Art while in college.

Melvin was stationed in Panama first as an MP and then was transferred into the Signal Corp and then was given a position in the Panamanian Army as an LTC. He met [Manuel Antonio] Noriega as a captain who later became General and Dictator of Panama. He is presently in prison in Florida.

Melvin met Susana Rodriguez in '69 and then he was stationed at Fort Huachuca in the U.S. Army. Eventually he made field first sergeant and was appointed over 483 men. The officers knew he would accomplish whatever he was ordered to because they trusted him. In '70 he got married to Susana in Bisbee. He retired in '75. He has two sons and one daughter. Their names are Jonathan, Christopher, and Esther Sherwood. He has 28 years of marriage and he is still married to Susana.



### **1999 Annual Meeting Input Form**

The Board of Directors of CCHS would like to involve the general membership in the decision making process for the 1999 Annual Meeting. To participate, please fill out the form and mail to CCHS, PO Box 818, Douglas, AZ 85608.

We are aware that it is difficult and expensive for some members to attend the annual meeting traditionally held in Douglas as a formal dinner meeting. Those who have attended these meetings have enjoyed them, but to enable more members to attend, the board is asking for suggestions for alternatives. These suggestions might include a more central location, a less expensive meal, or a different time. The board will retain the first Sunday in December as the meeting date. If suggestions are adopted, we will need volunteers to coordinate activities.

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### **Reservation Information for 1998 Annual Meeting**

The Cochise County Historical Society Annual Meeting will be held on Sunday, Dec. 6, 1998, at the Douglas Golf and Social Club on Leslie Canyon Road, at 12:00 p.m. The board requests that reservations be received no later than **Nov. 31, 1998**, at P.O. Box 818, Douglas, AZ, 85608.

Dinner will be catered by Robin Brekus of the Gadsden Hotel, and she will be serving shish-ke-bobs of beef, chicken, and shrimp, with potato and vegetable. Of course, dinner will include tea or coffee, salad and dessert.

As usual, there will be a short business meeting, the presentation of our Guardians of History, and our Jr. Historians. An entertaining program is planned. **Make your reservations today! Remember, members get 20% off on Journal copies.**



## 1999 Meeting Suggestions

Meeting City: \_\_\_\_\_

Meeting facility available: \_\_\_\_\_

Meal: Formal dinner \_\_\_\_\_

Buffet \_\_\_\_\_

Coffee, etc. & dessert \_\_\_\_\_

*Prices charged will be amount needed to cover costs.*

Time: \_\_\_\_\_

Entertainment: \_\_\_\_\_

Volunteer coordinator(s): \_\_\_\_\_

Your name (optional): \_\_\_\_\_

### Clip and Mail 1998 Annual Meeting Reservation

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY, STATE, ZIP

PHONE

Number attending \_\_\_\_\_ @ \$15 each person

*Coffee, tea, salad, and dessert included. The Golf Club bar will be open for those who wish to purchase a cocktail.*

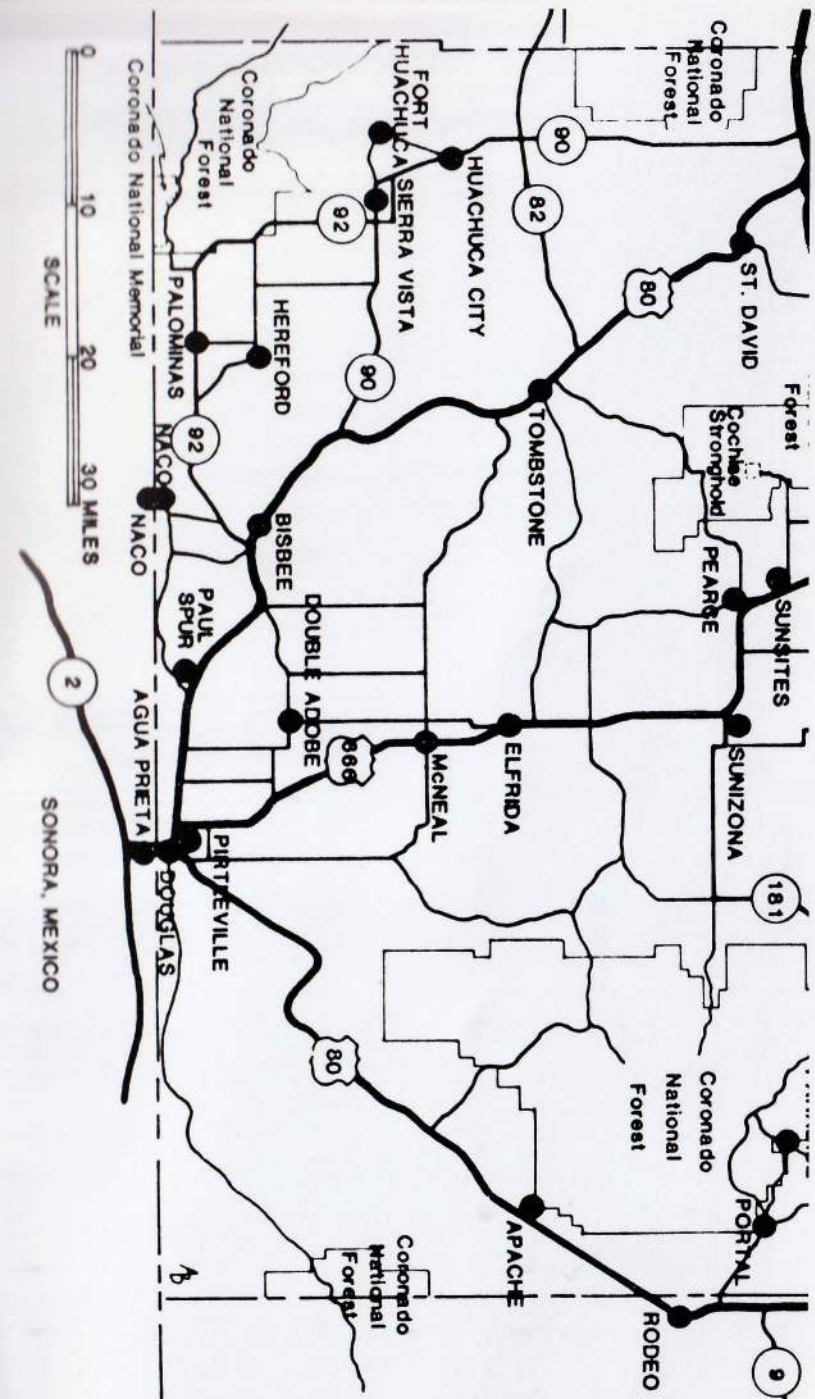
**I am also enclosing my check for 1999 dues:**

\_\_\_\_\_ \$20 indiv./family \_\_\_\_\_ \$25 business

\_\_\_\_\_ \$500 life member.

\_\_\_\_\_ \$amount enclosed, check or money order

**MAIL TO: CCHS, PO Box 818, Douglas, 85608**



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