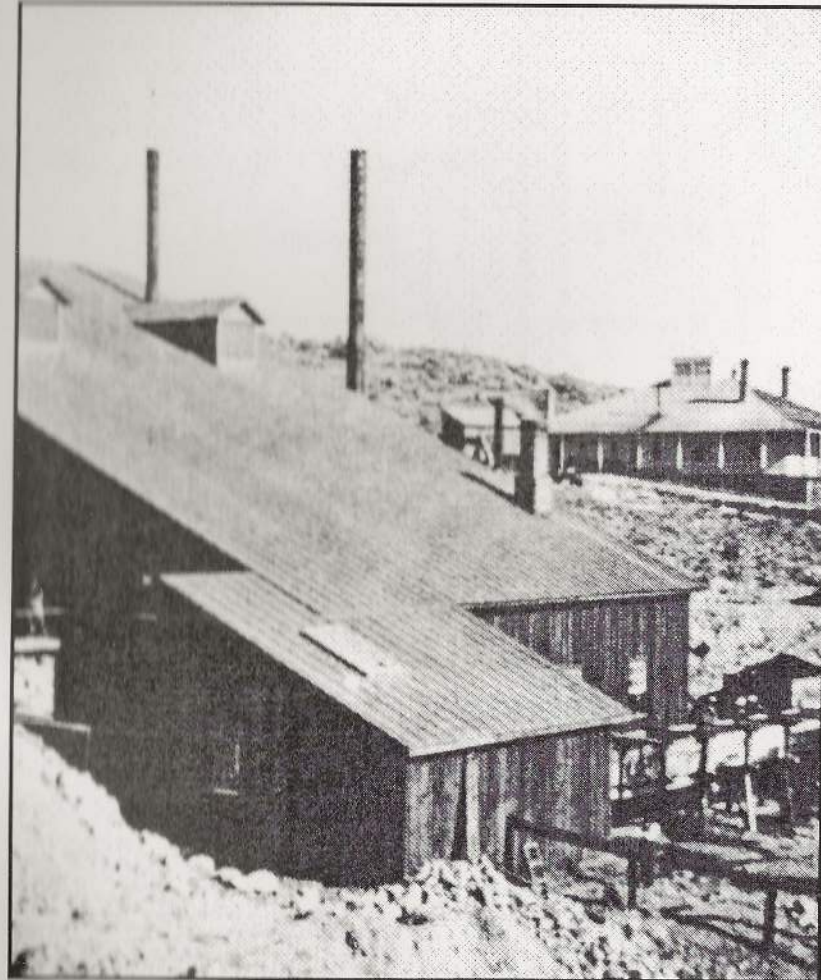


THE COCHISE COUNTY HISTORICAL JOURNAL

A COCHISE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY PUBLICATION

VOLUME 30 No.2 • FALL/WINTER 2000/2001



GIRD'S MILL, c. 1873. COMPANY OFFICE WHERE M.R. PEEL, A MINING ENGINEER FOR THE TOMBSTONE MINING AND MILLING CO., WAS MURDERED IS IN THE BACKGROUND

THE COCHISE COUNTY Historical Journal

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the Past
for
The Future**

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COVER PHOTO
Gird Stamp Mill
located in
Millville

Contents

Editor's Notes1

1871 Cavalry Patrol3

Tombstone Gets Connected . . . 10

Carr Reef Commerce.19

Some Ghost Towns.27

Guardian of History

Louise Fenn Larson.38

Pioneers in Profile

Parker Family History.43

Parker Canyon Memories. . . . 53

Grace McCool55

Bring Your Father.58

The Ranch61

Junior Historian

Ranch Grandma63

Editor's Notes

At last! We're on line! You can now e-mail us at cchsaz@earthlink.net — we hope to hear from you soon if you have questions or need information. And, we hope to have a Web site in the near future. We'll let you know how to access it as soon as we get it.

In writing about the southwest quadrant of the county, we hope to have brought some lesser-known stories to our readers of this issue. We are proud to present articles by several members and are grateful for their permission to use them.

Some of our stories, i.e., the Parker family history and the Mustang Mountain cavalry patrol, occur very close to the Cochise/Santa Cruz county line, occasionally spilling over that invisible demarcation. That doesn't take away from their content, an, instead may create a dual county interest, leading to exploration of the area.

Several members of the Parker family still live on the west side of the Huachuca Mountains in the general area of Parker Canyon Lake. Others have migrated a little further afield, Tombstone and Douglas to our knowledge, and I'm sure Howard Lindsey could tell us more about their scattering. The same can be said of Grace McCool's family, with our president, Page Bakarich our information source in this case.

Let me include in this note a reminder of CCHS' 30th Annual Meeting to be held on Dec. 3, 2000, at the Douglas Golf

Club off Leslie Canyon Road behind the Cochise County Fair Grounds. The board of directors will be sending out a newsletter informing members of the final arrangements as soon as they are completed. Also, a little note that annual dues are payable as of Jan. 1, 2001.

Next year is Douglas' centennial year and to help them celebrate, we plan to produce more than two journals reflecting events over the past 100 years. If any member has memories they wish published, please send your manuscript to us at P.O. Box 818, Douglas, 85608. We will be happy to hear from any or all of you. As is our policy, members will receive a copy of each one. Otherwise, issues will be available for \$6 each, which will include postage.

I also must include a note of thanks to my faithful assistants who devote a lot of time to helping me locate articles and photos to include in the Journals. Their proofreading skills allow us to exclude as many gremlins as possible (though you may still find a few, they are so elusive!). So, to John and Mary Magoffin, Mary Frances Burnett Graham, Liz Ames, and John and Norma Lavanchy, more than a million thanks for your faithful attention to detail, I couldn't do it without you! Thanks, too, to Page Bakarich for his prompt response to my requests for information he seems to have so readily available.

The CCHS Board of Directors wishes all of you the best of Holiday celebrations this year, and the happiest and most prosperous New Year 2001. We thank all of you for your continued support. Through your subscriptions, we have added several volumes to our research library, and will be better able to serve you with our Internet connection.

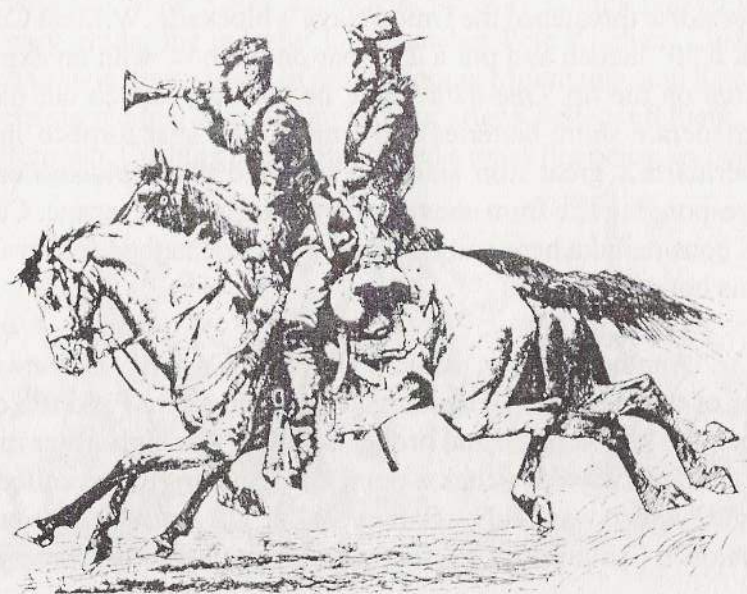
Sincerely,
Ellen Cline

1871 Cavalry Patrol In the Mustang Mountains

By Conrad McCormick

Southern Arizona mountains have long played a major role in the making of Western movies, videos and "made for TV" classics. Numerous Western movie heroes have played out their daring deeds over the years amidst impressive scenery that is as unknown to most of the audience as the mountains of the moon. Only those of us fortunate enough to know Southern Arizona recognize our local mountain ranges as they appear, ostensibly in other western locales such as Kansas, Texas or New Mexico.

One of the most distinctive Hollywood backdrops is our smallest mountain group in western Cochise County – the Mustangs.



Lying on the Cochise/Santa Cruz County line, just a few miles north of the Huachucas, the Mustangs are separated from the Whetstones by State Route 82 and Rain Valley. The Mustangs' western slopes appear behind John Wayne in *Red River*, and in *Winchester 73*, filmed in the same area; Jimmy Stewart joins up with a cavalry patrol, which makes a successful stand against a considerably larger force of Indians. This, of course, is make-believe, and few people know that on the eastern slopes of the Mustangs, there was fought a real life cavalry engagement that resulted in the awarding of five medals of honor. No cameras rolled for this courageous performance, since it occurred in the spring of 1871.

The officer commanding this patrol was Lt. Howard Bass Cushing of Company "F," 3rd US Cavalry. He was the oldest of three remarkable brothers whose service to the United States has rarely been duplicated in a single family. Capt. John Gregory Bourke, in his book, *On the Border With Crook*, called Howard Cushing the bravest man he ever saw. It appears to have been a family trait.

Howard's brother, William Barker Cushing, survived one of the bravest acts of the Civil War. When the Confederate ironclad *Albermarle* threatened the Union Navy's blockade, William Cushing took a 30' launch and put a 29' spar on the bow with an explosive charge on the tip. One dark night, he took the launch out past the Confederate shore batteries and jammed the spar torpedo into the *Albermarle*'s great iron side. He survived the explosion and the corresponding fire from enemy guns as he made his escape. Cushing was considered a hero and the Navy has since named four warships in his honor.

Another brother, Alonzo Hereford Cushing, is known as a hero of the Battle of Gettysburg. The point where Pickett's charge struck the Union lines, and broke, is called "the high water mark of the Confederacy." It struck a point on Cemetery Ridge called "The Angle," which was held by Battery "A" 4th US Artillery, commanded by Alonzo Cushing. Today, four guns belonging to that Battery mark

the site. Alonzo Cushing was brevetted to Lt. Colonel on the first day of the battle and might have been made a Brig. General if he had survived the third day, the day his battery blunted the point of Pickett's charge.

This was the family legacy Howard Cushing carried with him on April 27, 1871, as his patrol rode southeast out of Camp Lowell on a long scout into Chiricahua Apache territory. With him was Sgt. John Mott, 16 troopers, and a civilian packer, William Simpson. English born Simpson, a personal friend of Cushing, was a well educated and widely traveled mining engineer, not a muleskinner by profession. He volunteered as a way to see the geology of the area.

The route on April 27 was along Pantano Wash to Cienega Ranch, about three miles west of present day Pantano. All day on April 28 they rode south along the east side of the Empire Mountains, parallel to present day State Route 83, and eventually southwest to Camp Crittenden where they rested throughout the day on April 29, having covered 65 miles the first two days.

On April 30, the route was south to Potrero, along the route of present day State Route 82, where, on May 1, they picked up a temporary guide, the colorful local rancher Pete Kitchen. Cushing wanted to swing east, south of the Patagonia Mountains, and Kitchen got them started that way. About an hour after Kitchen left them, late that afternoon, Cushing and Mott noticed a grass fire being set behind



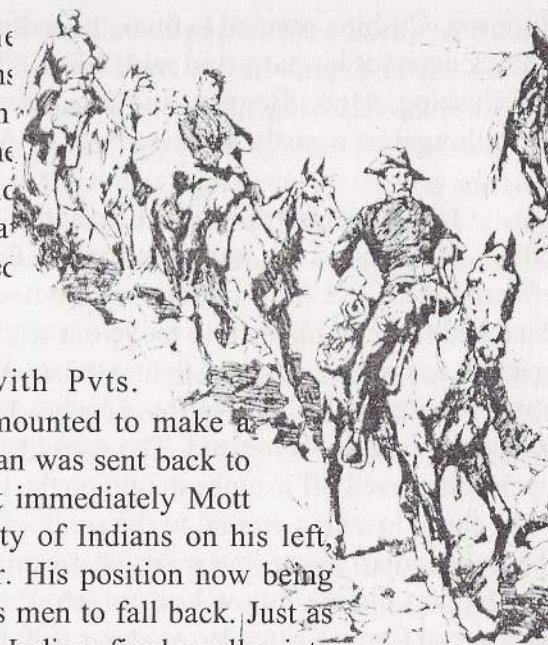
them. They assumed it was Indians trying to alert others to the patrol. Actually, it was Pete Kitchen who had spotted about 30 Indians trailing the patrol and he was trying to alert Cushing. Cushing continued on into Mexico and the weary patrol did not arrive in Santa Cruz, Sonora, until 11:00 that night.

The Commandante at Santa Cruz told Cushing that Indians had been seen in the Huachucas, so an easterly march was made all day on May 2, and late that afternoon they camped at Cienega Huachuca, just southeast of present day Montezuma Pass. On May 3, they traveled north up the east side of the Huachucas, moving slowly across many washes and with everyone on alert because of much Indian sign: many tracks and trails. Camp that afternoon was in a canyon about halfway up the range, somewhere around Ramsey or Garden Canyon. Movement on May 4 was slower still. The ground was broken and rocky and Indian sign was hard to follow. Grass in the area had been burned off. Camp that afternoon was at "Canyon Alisos" (probably around present day lower Huachuca Canyon).

At 7:00 a.m. on May 5, the march resumed northwesterly toward old Camp Wallen, closed some 19 months earlier. Cushing intended to make camp at Wallen; however, there was no forage for the animals when they arrived. Grass in the area had been burned off and was still burning in some places. Cushing decided to push on another 10 to 12 miles to Bear Springs on the west slopes of the Whetstones. About two miles north of Wallen, the patrol struck Indian sign again: the tracks of one squaw and a pony. Cushing directed Sgt. Mott to take three men and follow this track while the remainder of the patrol, and the pack animals, followed the main trail.

Mott's detachment followed the track for about three quarters of a mile to a point where it entered a deep arroyo. About this time, Mott decided he was being set up. The squaw appeared to have taken great pains to make a clear print at each step and seemed to be avoiding all stones and rocks that might obscure her trail. This was enough for Mott. He scrambled up the left wall of the arroyo and as soon as he

reached the top, he spotted about 15 Indians hiding in a side wash which joined the one he had just left. They would have cut off his retreat completely, had he passed that point.



Mott, along with Pvts. Green and Pierce, dismounted to make a stand while the third man was sent back to signal Cushing. Almost immediately Mott saw a much larger party of Indians on his left, running toward his rear. His position now being untenable, Mott told his men to fall back. Just as they were mounting, the Indians fired a volley into them. Pierce was severely wounded, Green's horse went down, and both men had to head back on foot. It became a foot race between Mott's men and the Indians. The Indians were so close on their heels that one of them snatched Green's hat off his head.

The third man, having signaled Cushing, swung back to help Mott. He took cover from which his unexpected fire into the pursuing Indians created enough surprise that the front rank of two advancing lines of Apaches, paused long enough for Mott and his men to escape. Lt. Cushing, Bill Simpson and Pvt. Chapman now joined Mott. As other members of the patrol arrived, they formed a line and commenced rapid fire into the Indians. Five of the Indians went down and the rest pulled back to the hills. Cushing had three more horses down and sent their riders back to the pack train.

Cushing now ordered his command forward. In Mott's view, a standing advance over open ground, against an enemy force (under cover), which outnumbered them about 10 to 1, was not prudent. He made this suggestion to Cushing and was seconded on this point by

Simpson. Cushing seemed to think the Indians were routed. He took a quick count of his party and said, "Eight, that ought to be enough." So, Cushing, Mott, Simpson and five other men advanced toward the hills against a vastly superior force of Apaches.

In the ensuing firefight, Cushing, Simpson and Green were killed. Mott pulled his survivors back to the pack train. He had 14 effective men left (Pvt. Pierce was too badly injured to fight). He detached some of his men to move out with the pack train while he and the remainder covered their retreat. After a running fight for about a mile, he had drawn the Apaches from under cover and he halted to make another stand. The Apaches broke off contact in the open and moved off to ambush him on the trail to Camp Crittenden. Mott chose to swing around to the south of the Mustangs and cross the Babocomari about four miles upstream from old Camp Wallen. The Indians did not follow him out into the San Rafael Valley, and he reached Camp Crittenden at about 1:00 in the morning on May 6 without further loss, except for four of his pack mules that he had to abandon during the retreat.

Troops were dispatched from Camps Crittenden and Lowell against a reported force of possibly 150 to 200 warriors "under Cochise." The pursuit was fruitless, as the war party had vanished into Mexico. The remains of Cushing, Simpson and Green were recovered and given temporary burial at the battle site. Six months later they were removed and reinterred with military honors on Nov. 20, 1871 at Camp Lowell. In the 1890s, after Fort Lowell had closed, Cushing's remains were removed to the National Cemetery at the Presidio of San Francisco.

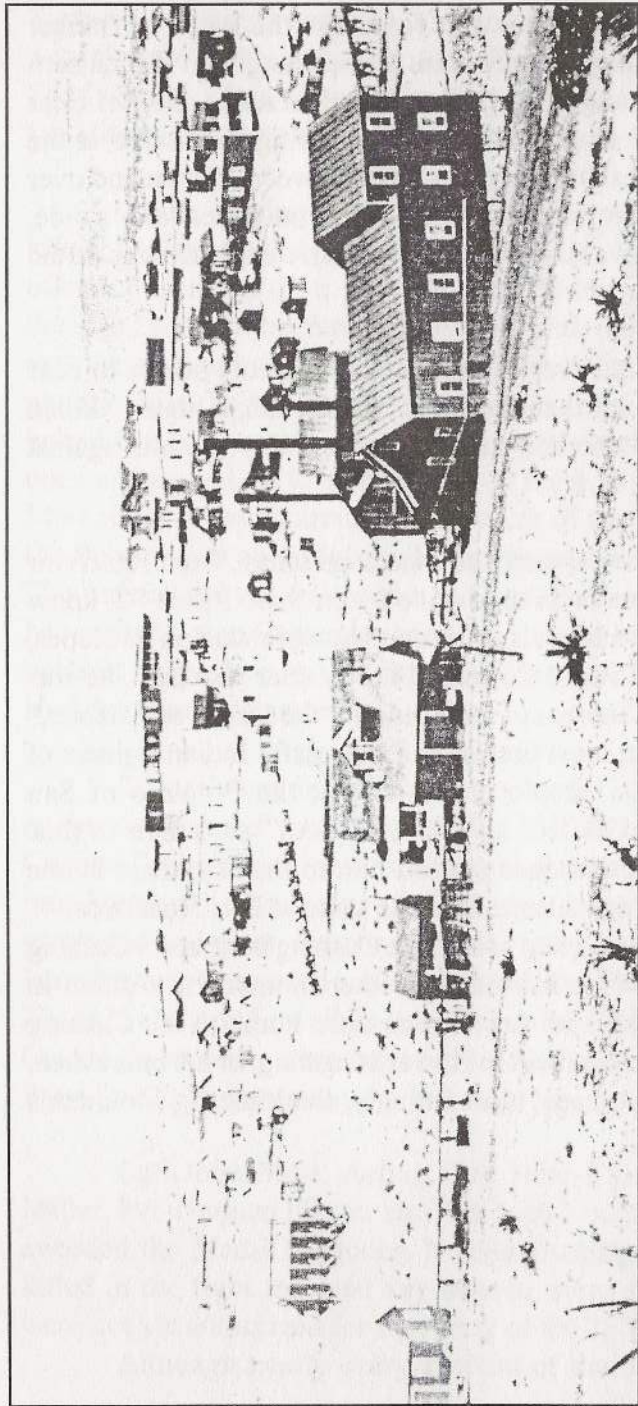
Sgt. John Mott, Acting Cpl. John Kilmartin, Pvt. Daniel Miller, Pvt. Herman Fichter and Pvt. John Yount were subsequently awarded the Medal of Honor. Neither Cushing nor the other men killed in the fight received any awards, since posthumous awards were not yet authorized for the Army of the 1870s.

Although nearly every account of the battle refers to Bear

Springs and to the Whetstones, this fight, like the Battle of Bunker Hill, was actually fought elsewhere. It was fought in the eastern foothills of the Mustang Mountains, a full eight miles short of Bear Springs. It has often been called the Bear Springs Massacre or the Cushing Massacre. I submit that any fight between 19 men and over 100 opposing warriors, with only three dead on the cavalry's side, was no massacre. It was one of the most classic engagements of the Indian Wars.

Cochise denied ever being there, and history seems to bear him out. The war chief that day was probably Juh, a highly skilled and deadly warrior who had participated in many assaults against the white intruders.

Most people who view the Mustangs today, from Reservoir Hill at Fort Huachuca or as they drive by on State Route 82, know nothing about the five Medals of Honor that were won on its slopes, and nothing about Howard Cushing. Shortly after his death, he was lauded as "the Beau Sabreur of the Border," "the Custer of Arizona," and one of the ablest, most tireless and successful Indian fighters of the Southwest." His simple gravestone at the Presidio of San Francisco, "H.B. CUSHING, LT, 3 REGT CAV" says none of this. In Tucson, the town that once praised him to the sky, there is one small street that bears his name. It is the same at Fort Huachuca. There is a splendid monument to all three Cushing brothers in Cushing Park in Delafield, Wisconsin; and another monument to them in Fredonia, New York. Both towns were once home to the Cushing family. There is no monument to Howard Cushing, or his brave men, in Arizona, except perhaps, most fittingly, the Mustang Mountains themselves.



Tombstone in about 1881. Mine buildings are in the foreground, and a large number of tents and temporary buildings intermingled with permanent structures. Note the "20-mule team" in the center left of the picture. Large building in the center distance is the Cosmopolitan Hotel.

Tombstone Gets Connected

In his book, *Railroads of Arizona, Vol. I, the southern roads*, David F. Myrick attributes the easing of transportation problems for southeastern Arizona mines to the arrival of the Southern Pacific Railroad in Tucson in March 1880, and Benson in June the same year. While that event helped, it did not solve the problem of getting rail service to the actual mining and milling sites, and therefore, getting the ores to the national markets.

A major contributor to the necessity of rail transport was the mining activity in and around Tombstone in particular, 25 miles south of Benson. Beginning with Ed Schieffelin's discovery of high-grade silver ore in 1877, and continuing for almost 20 years, several lines were proposed, but none constructed.

Schieffelin, his brother Alfred and assayer Richard Gird located and marked claims which included the historically known Lucky Cuss, Toughnut, Goodenough and Contention. Major stamp mills were built at Millsville (across the San Pedro River from Charleston), Emery City, and Contention, with

smaller mills in and around Tombstone itself. By 1880, Eastern money was invested to develop mines and construct mills. The Schieffelins and Gird sold their claims to Philadelphia investors backing the Tombstone Mill and Mining Co.

With increased mining activity, better transportation between Benson and the mines and mills became essential. However, the many proposals for rail lines remained just that. Some promoters seemed to want stock control and profits, but wanted the SP to foot the bills for construction.

Tucson merchants W.W. Williams and William Zeckendorf presented a

proposal to build the Arizona Southern Railroad Co. (the name quickly changed to Southern Arizona RR Co.). Preliminary work was done, but financing fell through when N.K. Fairbank of Chicago and a major stockholder of the Santa Fe RR, wanted to nullify a prior understanding of equal distribution of stock and control between the Tucson men and the Chicago investors who now wanted majority control of the enterprise. Then conflicts arose between the Santa Fe group and the Southern Arizona RR people who decided they wanted to be associated with the SP.

While these discussions were going on, Arizona Governor Safford and Mark McDonald, a San Francisco mining stockbroker, planned to build their own railroad. Financing was a problem, and planning evidently didn't get far enough to give their venture a name.

Charles Crocker, a major stockholder and the local contact man for the SP, apparently held the key to railroad development in the

Tombstone area. Because the SP at Benson was the connecting point for transcontinental traffic, they could set the rates for local haulage of passengers, as well as freight and ore.

In the 1880s, the SP was busy building tracks across Arizona and was reluctant to siphon off crews to build a small branch line to Tombstone, though Crocker thought that perhaps they could do it at a later date. Collis P. Huntington, another SP stockholder, suggested they do a joint venture with one of the fledgling companies, but Crocker thought that situation would lead to trouble and said, "If we conclude to build the road, let us build it and own it."

While the other proposals were being hashed out, a new outfit financed by local rancher H.C. Hooker and some of his associates, put in their bid, and in fact, went to work on the project. Called the Arizona & Mexico Railroad and Telegraph Co., their graders began work in May 1880. They soon had four miles of roadbed ready and did advanced grading



The Toughnut Mine. Most early mining was hard work, digging by hand was a common thing before the miners could afford to bring in large equipment.

at strategic points to prevent other parties from beginning their construction efforts on the Tombstone railway.

According to Myrick:
"The route of this railroad (Hooker's A&M) began at Benson and went south along the river to Charleston before hooking back for nine miles to Tombstone. Later construction called for a continuation in the same northeasterly direction to meet the SP again at Dragoon Pass, 55 miles in all. A branch from Charleston to the international line was specified...part of a 200 mile finger dipping into Sonora to terminate at Hermosillo, where connection would have been made with the Sonora Railway...Entry into Tombstone would have been over or near well-known claims including the Lucky Cuss, West Side Sulphuret, Girard, Tranquility and Empire, ending on the Silver Belt (about 11th and Allen Sts.). Outlying mines were to be served by a series of tramways..."

Principals of the A&M arranged financing through bonds to be sold in New York,

but there were no takers, therefore, no money for the payroll. In July 1880, after seven miles had been graded, the A&M became history. All other proposals, (including the Tombstone Street Railway Co. organized in March 1881, and the San Diego Bee, a line proposed to go through Mexico to Altar then north to Calabasas and Tombstone and on to Deming, NM) met the same fate. Tombstone's chances for getting a railroad were doomed, at least temporarily.

In 1881, hopes for their railroad were reborn when the Santa Fe RR formed the New Mexico & Arizona RR. This branch line was to go south from Benson, then turn west towards Nogales. The railroad built a large depot at Contention and the Tucson *Star* noted that the line probably would not go on to Tombstone.

In spite of all the talk of a Tombstone connection with the wye at Fairbank and rumors that Tombstone would become a division point on the Santa Fe main line to Deming with a roundhouse and machine shop, work on the line was suspended

in September 1882 with no explanation given.

During these several years of proposals and false starts, Tombstone's boom time faltered and expectations of vast wealth from the mines dimmed, in spite of the fact that "dividends of the four Tombstone mines in 1882 constituted ten percent of all dividends paid by gold, silver, copper, lead, nickel and quicksilver mines in the United States that year."

Myrick says:
"To add to the disappointment, a heavy flow of water halted progress in the Grand Central mine, and Tombstone had its second major fire. Also, the town was suffering continued shootings and reverberations from the gun battle at the O.K. Corral the previous October, when the Earp brothers and Doc Holliday fought the Clantons and McLowerys."

From the end of 1882 to the turn of the century, few dividends were paid by any of Tombstone's mining companies and investors shied away from the troubled area.

When rising water continued to flood the mines, E.B. Gage of the Grand Central, worked to consolidate most of the mines under one ownership. He then proposed a massive pumping operation that would enable miners to reach perceived rich ores below the water level. The Tombstone Consolidated Mines Co., Ltd. was incorporated in 1901 to carry out this plan, and W.F. Staunton became general manager the following year. The Development Co. of America, headed by Frank M. Murphy of Prescott, made substantial investment commitments to TCMCo. (Ten years later, after several fires and uncontrollable flooding caused tremendous financial burdens, both companies were forced to declare bankruptcy.)

With renewed mining activity in 1902, the EP&SW finally began the construction of a branch line to Tombstone. Coming from the south, it would juncture with the EP&SW line from Bisbee at Fairbank wye, run along Walnut Gulch for six miles and wind around Comstock Hill to enter Tombstone. Southeast of town,

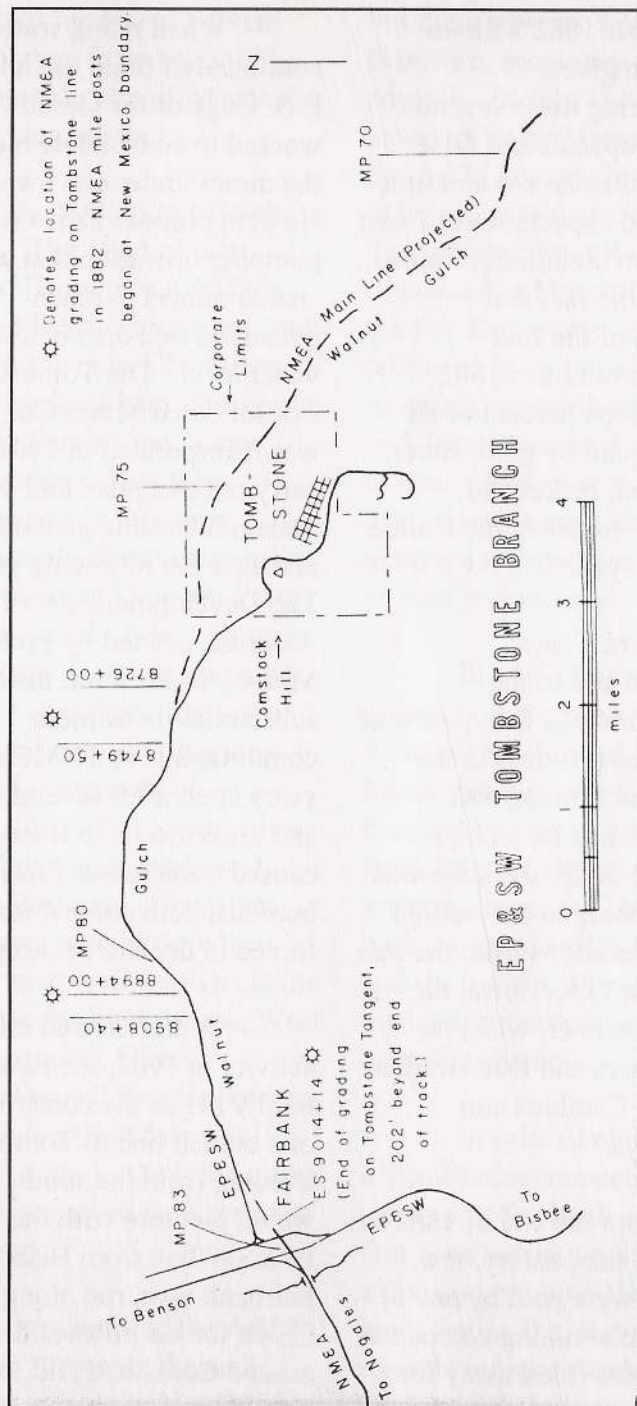


Diagram of the El Paso & Southwest branch road as it pertains to Tombstone in 1903

graders would extend the railroad to the pump shaft of TCMCo. on Contention Hill. The extension, shaped like a large letter J, was 6000 feet long and was the property of TCMCo.

Labor problems arose, including a federal inspector detaining all the Mexican workers just before they left El Paso, after they did arrive on the job site, some of them went on strike, and the remaining workforce was hampered by high summer temperatures and then summer rains. Ties were stockpiled at Fairbank waiting for fills and roadbeds to be finished. The EP&SW informed TCMCo. that track laying would be delayed by a shortage of locomotive power. TCMCo. was desperate, since its equipment could not be moved to the pumping site without the railroad tracks. Tombstone Consolidated's new locomotive had just arrived in Deming, and the company told the EP&SW they could borrow it to complete the job.

In March 1903, a twenty-car work train with 200 men arrived at the work site.

The men began the rail-laying job on March 16. At 4:00 p.m. on March 25, Tombstone's dream of being connected by rail to the outside world became a reality as the rails were spiked in place at the depot site. The parades and celebrations that followed reflected Tombstone citizens' delight that at long last they didn't have to take a bumpy stagecoach ride to get out of town. The mind owners were quite pleased, too.

(Edited by Ellen Cline)

This article is a summarization of Mr. Myrick's in depth narrative on pages 443 through 453 of his book, Railroads of Arizona, Vol. 1. The book is out of print, but full text is available in the CCHS research library, as well as other public libraries in Arizona. Mr. Myrick is planning a reprinting of his books, and CCHS wishes him success in his endeavors. It is our considered opinion that his books are well researched and written so the layman can understand even the technical details involved with the development of railroads in Arizona. Hundreds of historical photographs add an interesting dimension to these well-written books.



Tombstone-Bisbee Stage, c. 1889

Commercial Enterprises on Carr Reef

(Summary of an article by William B. Gillespie)

Anyone driving State Route 92 east of the Huachuca Mountains needs only to look up toward Carr Peak to see the huge band of quartzite cliffs know as Carr Reef, or simply "the Reef."

Currently the site of "Exposed Reef Camp," managed by the U.S. Forest Service, the Reef has a long history of timber and mining activities. Beginning about 1880 and persisting into the 1950s, tunnels were driven, the surface quarried and mills were built. On Jan 7, 1901, prospects were so good, a U.S. Post Office was established, and plans for creating the town of Reef were made. However, fortunes waxed and waned through the years, and today the Reef bears only the scars of past activity.

Timber Operations

Though the Huachuca Mountains became part of the United States in 1850, it wasn't until two major events occurred in 1877 that the Anglo-American presence became pronounced.

In March of 1877, the U.S. Army established Camp Huachuca (later changed to Fort Huachuca) a few miles north of Carr Canyon. Later that same year, prospector Ed Schieffelin discovered the silver lodes that created the town of Tombstone.

The town grew rapidly and in 1880 was one of the largest towns in the West. This growth, and the mining operations that supported it, created a heavy demand for processed lumber for

town construction, timbers for mining operations, and fuel for steam engines and ore-processing mills. A proposal to build a railroad to Tombstone estimated that 150 tons of timber would be transported to Tombstone on a daily basis.

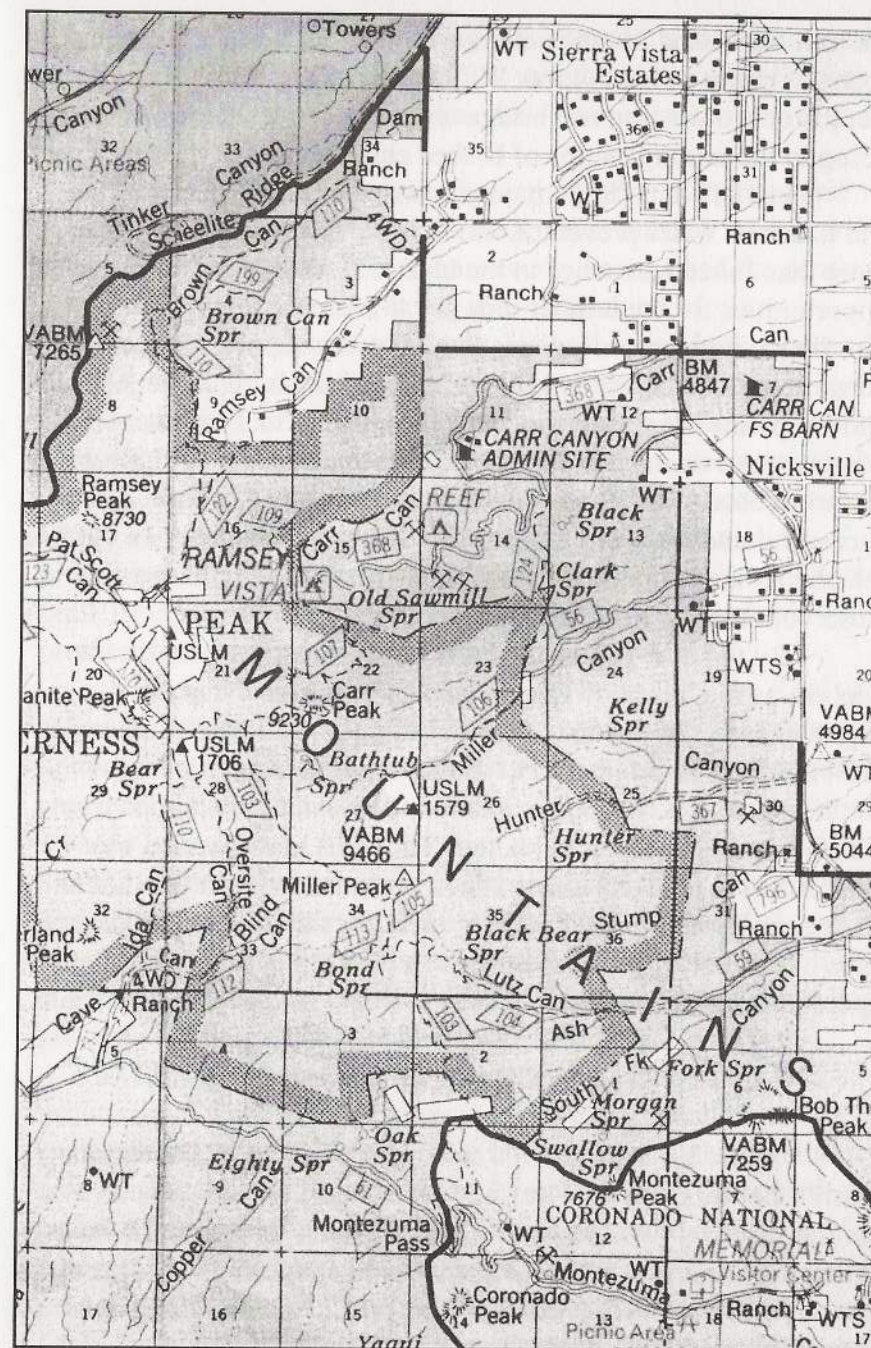
Sawmills were soon set up in the Huachucas and across the San Pedro River valley in the Chiricahua Mountains. In Carr Canyon, the Gird/Carr sawmill was the first and most productive of the numerous sawmills in the area.

Richard Gird, the original developer of the Gird/Carr sawmill, was an ore assayer and partner to Schieffelin. In 1878, with the mining prospects looking very promising, Gird went to San Francisco to order a new stamp mill. He realized the construction and operation of his mill would require huge amounts of wood, so he purchased a large sawmill, too. The mill was put on a boat, shipped around the Baja California Peninsula, taken by steamboat up the Colorado River to Fort Yuma, and then hauled by wagons through Tucson to the Huachuca Mountains.

The sawmill was set up in December of 1878, began production in January of 1879. The Tombstone Milling and Mining Co. ore-processing mill was soon built and went into production in June of 1879.

While Gird, his brother, William, and a partner, John McCloskey reportedly made handsome profits supplying the milling operations and construction projects in and around Tombstone; they didn't keep the sawmill long. In April of 1880, Gird sold it to James Carr, who changed the name to the Huachuca Sawmill. The focus of Gird's operation had been in "McCloskey Canyon," a place name for Carr Canyon at the time. Soon after the sawmill was transferred to Carr, "Carr Canyon" became the preferred place name for the mill location and McCloskey Canyon slipped into oblivion.

The Gird/Carr sawmill used a 60-inch circular blade driven by a 24 horsepower engine and capable of producing 8,000 to 10,000 board feet of lumber per day. By June of 1880, it had produced an estimated 1,750,000 board feet, about one-third of what the reserves of the area were estimated to be. Carr employed



U.S. Forest Service Map of Coronado National Forest
Sierra Vista And Nogales Ranger Districts

six mill hands and 25 tree cutters who used 12 yoke of oxen and 30 spans of mules to haul wood. While most of the wood went to Tombstone, a wooden toll bridge was built over the San Pedro, going to the mining camps of Bisbee and Harshaw.

In 1881 and 1882, major fires swept through Tombstone and a lack of water prevented fire fighters from providing little more than token resistance to the blazes. Both fires provided opportunities for the lumber industry to increase their profits. Needing a more secure and productive water supply, citizens constructed a reservoir in Miller Canyon, just south of the Reef, and a pipeline ran across the San Pedro Valley to Tombstone. Another reservoir and pipeline were constructed in Carr Canyon at the north base of the Reef. The Huachuca Water Co. was successful and the water system still serves Tombstone. By 1900, a telephone line connected Tombstone with the Miller Canyon Reservoir and the Reef mining camp.

By the mid-1880s, the local lumber business was on the decline, as the mines of Tombstone, and the associated mills, began to fade. By the end of the decade, all San Pedro mills were closed. Also, the Southern Pacific Railroad had come into southeastern Arizona, and it was found that lumber shipped from California was cheaper and better. Though a new sawmill was established at the Reef about 1900, when the Exposed Reef Mining Co. began its mining and milling operations there, a series of forest fires in the early 1900s brought an end to commercial timber operations in the Reef area.

Mining Operations

While Ed Schieffelin's discovery of silver in Tombstone wasn't that far from the Reef, it wasn't until the 1890s that a similar discovery was made in Carr Canyon. For almost 70 years following the discovery of gold and silver in the canyon, ores of various minerals were taken from the area. Gold and silver ores were not abundant and were extracted with limited success. Tungsten, in the form of scheelite, and quartz were more abundant,

but demand fluctuated and mining was sporadic at best. All mining on the Reef ceased in the late 1950s, and the U.S. Forest Service, which now owns the property, has resisted requests to revive the activity.

In the first recorded mining activity, Peter Connors and Richard Lusk filed six claims between 1893 and 1895. Lusk, a schoolteacher in southern Arizona, seems to have had the money, with Conner, a prospector, being the "field man."

In 1899, Eastern money came into the area in the form of the "Exposed Reef Mining Co." organized and incorporated by Ohio businessmen Willis D. Chapman, Pierre J. Boucher, Charles F. Wood, Oscar C. Evans and Charles Bowan, an attorney who had recently moved to Tombstone from Tucson. They hired Orlando B. Hardy as a representative of the company to acquire mining properties. For some reason, Hardy retained title in his own name until 1903 when the company began experiencing financial problems.

The ERMCo had planned a 40-stamp mill on the Reef to extract what they thought would be large quantities of low-grade gold ore from the widespread quartz veins. A company decision to construct a cyanide plant as well, delayed construction for at least a year.

In June 1901, at a reported cost of \$100,000, the mill was constructed and, because it did not produce as expected, it remained operational for only six weeks. A later mining venture suggested the ore had not been ground fine enough and the cyanide process was not properly applied.

During 1902 and 1903, the ERMCo cannibalized their first mill to build a second mill lower down the mountain, closer to richer ores discovered in that area. Ore from the higher southern area was transported down to the new mill on newly installed rail tracks. Construction on the new mill was slow and it was incomplete by the spring of 1903, when the ERMCo leased the property to Samuel S. Church of Cincinnati. It was stipulated Church would hold the property in trust until a new company could be formed. One day before the lease was signed, Orlando Hardy

transferred the Reef claims to the ERMCo. In June 1903, Church signed over the lease to a newly created "Reef Mining Co." which agreed to pay off \$45,000 in debts and to share future royalties.

Work on the new mill picked up and by Thanksgiving 1903, new machinery had been delivered to the site and a tramway to the northern mill was built. Operations started in late 1903 were halted by April of 1904, and miners filed a lien on the property for back wages. A major forest fire in the summer threatened the Reef, and though the fire was contained without harm to mining operations, the Reef Mining Co. halted operations.

Two years later, in 1906, two Tombstone residents, P.J. Warnekros and S.P. Gallens, claimed five of the Reef mining claims on grounds they had been abandoned by the ERMCo. They, and J.C. Elliot of Tucson, formed the Ellwell Co. to restart operations on the mountain. In May they battled another major forest fire, the third in five years. That seemed to have ended their efforts to reopen the mines.

A short-lived Sitruc Mines Co. was formed in June of 1907 and the necessary assaying and surveying was done so that, for the first time, all of the mines could legally be patented. The actual patent for nine Reef claims was issued in 1909, though Sitruc operations may have ceased as early as the end of 1907 after failing to achieve success in their operations.

In March of 1911, Tucson businessman Albert Steinfeld paid \$10,000 at a public auction for ownership of the patented claims, but it wasn't until 1916 that miners would return to the mountain. This time, they were looking for tungsten.

World War I brought a surge in the price of tungsten to be used in the manufacture of high-grade steel alloys, used both for machine tools resistant to high temperatures and for armor plating. J.P. Steele, a miner who had worked on the Reef in the early 1900s suspected that an abundance of an unknown mineral in the Reef ore might be sheelite, a mineral rich in tungsten. He took a sample to assayer O.T. Smith who confirmed his suspicions. In April 1916, the two bought the claims from Steinfeld for a reported \$40,000.

They built a new mill, and by December of 1916, the first shipments of tungsten concentrate were made. Over the next two years, at least 63 tons of tungsten concentrate, worth nearly \$100,000 was shipped. Later, an assessment report indicated that unrecorded shipments may have been made and that large amounts of the concentrate, valued at almost a dollar a pound, were stolen or pilfered.

In May 1918, Smith sold the claims to the Tungsten Reef Mining Co., price unknown, who then increased the size of the mill. However, winter weather stopped work before the new mill could be put into operation. The end of the war brought a rapid decrease in tungsten prices and made operation of the new mill economically unfeasible. Mining operations on the Reef ceased, once again, until the summer of 1934.

In July of that year, John J. Seeman obtained an option from the TRMCo to work the claims. During the next seven years, Seeman shipped nearly 100 tons of tungsten concentrate down the road newly improved by the Civilian Conservation Corps. In 1941, he bought the claims for \$4,600 to satisfy a judgment against the TRMCo. Seeman's operations ceased in 1942.

In 1949, Seeman transferred ownership to his son, Lewis and his wife Hazel. In 1952, Lewis leased the operation to the Minerals Development Corp. of Dallas, Texas. In 1954, the new stockholders had obtained contracts from oil refineries to deliver crushed quartz to use as a catalytic agent in refining gasoline. Quartz was so abundant on the mountain that the main road to the Reef had been surfaced with it.

In September 1954, the Minerals Development Corp. lost the lease for failure to pay Seeman agreed on royalties. The federal government was pressing the corporation for unpaid taxes and had seized their property to be sold at auction. The oil companies cancelled their contracts because of non-delivery of the crushed quartz.

Lewis Seeman and his brother, George, resumed their small-scale tungsten operation. However, government price supports were withdrawn and the price of tungsten was so low that

even their small time operation was not profitable and they suspended operations in September 1956.

Lewis died in 1959, and in 1970, the U.S. Forest Service bought the patented claims from his widow, Hazel. A public campground with interpretative signs has been created, and a half-mile interpretative trail through the mining area and past one of the old mill sites has been developed using old mine roads.

The road up the mountains is not paved and has many switchbacks in the approximately 10 miles it winds up to the campground. While the last two miles are quite rough, it does not take a four-wheel drive vehicle to navigate it. One marvels at the tenacity of the former mining companies in getting heavy equipment up the steep incline. On the way down the mountain, the views across the San Pedro River Valley are simply fantastic. Certainly, even if a weekend camping trip to the well-maintained campground is not planned, a one-day trip is worth the effort. (Edited by Ellen Cline)

This article is a summarization of a portion of U.S. Forest Service Report No. 15, written by William B. Gillespie. The full text is available in the Cochise County Historical Society research library, 1001 D Ave. (P.O. Box 818, or e-mail at cchsaz @ earthlink.net), Douglas, AZ 85608. The report can be obtained from a U.S. Forest Service office.



Loaded wagon negotiating the Carr Canyon Wash, c. 1909

Cochise County Historical Journal • Fall/Winter 2000/2001

Stories of some Cochise County Ghost Towns

(The following article is a partial reprint of Jeanne L. Graham's publication in the Spring 1976 Cochise Quarterly. The quarterly is currently out of print, but a complete copy is on file at the CCHS research library, 1001 D Ave., Douglas, AZ, 85607.)

There are an infinite variety of ghost towns which dot the landscape in Cochise County, all of which are interesting in their own way. Some have died completely, and all traces have been washed away with the passing of time. There are a few that have all but vanished and now seem to be finding a new life, i.e., Gleason. Then there are those that should have died, but were just too "tough" and today live on with perhaps reduced mining populations, but with a citizenry of an entirely different mindset, i.e., Tombstone and Bisbee. Millville is gone, but Charleston can still be located by a few remaining buildings.

Charleston and Millville

Charleston is located in Cochise County nine miles southwest of Tombstone. The post office was established as Charleston on April 17, 1879, with Charles D. Handy designated as Postmaster. Postal service was discontinued on Oct. 24, 1888. A Wells Fargo Station was founded in 1885.

In 1716, Padre Luis Velarde described the San Pedro River valley as a flat land, interspersed with hills. Its climate was temperate and healthy. The surrounding hills were covered with mesquite, shrubs, poplars, willows, tamarisks, walnuts and many thickets could be found along the river. The San Pedro contained catfish and smaller fish; other fauna included lions, bears, wildcats, fox, deer and rabbits.

Cochise County Historical Journal • Fall/Winter 2000/2001

The area was familiar to Ed Schieffelin, prospector. The abandoned Brunckow mine was in this area, and this was one of the mines he worked in 1877. That same year, Schieffelin made his own silver strike. He didn't realize the silver ore he found would be responsible for the creation of six towns along the banks of the San Pedro: Contention, Grand Central, Fairbank, Emory City, Charleston and Millville, and Tombstone, the mining center a few miles east.

Ed Schieffelin shared his find with his brother Al and a mutual friend, Richard Gird, both of whom were experienced miners. On Apr. 9, 1878, the Tombstone Mining District was officially recorded by the three men. They made agreements with John S. Vosburg, Anson P.K. Safford, and Phillip and George Corbin for financing the development of the mines they discovered in the area, also for the construction of the reduction mills that included ten-stamp and fifteen-stamp mills.

Richard Gird was to direct the construction of the ten-stamp mill and the Tombstone Mill and Mining Co. whose claims were the Toughnut, Goodenough, Westside and Defense. The fifteen-stamp mill was to be operated by the Corbin Mill and Mining Co., which owned the Lucky Cuss, Owl's Nest, Owl's Last Toot, Eastside, and Tribute, claims. Gird also realized the importance of having good roads between the mines and mills. To secure financing for this project, he gave interests in his mines and reduction works to each of his partners.

Because there was no water at Tombstone to work the reduction facilities, a new town and mill site was established on the banks of the San Pedro River some eight miles from the mine locations. The site for the Corbin Mill and Mining Co. was also chosen a short distance from the Tombstone Mill. It cost an estimated \$20,000 to excavate for the foundations of the mill because solid rock was discovered just beneath the topsoil. The mill was steam-driven and had fifteen stamps. Richard Gird made a trip to San Francisco to buy the reduction equipment needed for both mills from Hincky, Spears

and Hays of the Fulton Foundry. On Jan. 17, 1880, the mills struck their first blow on Lucky Cuss ore. On Jan 31, the first bullion from the Corbin Mill and Mining Co. was shipped.

While in San Francisco, Mr. Gird also purchased a complete sawmill. This was sent by ship around the Cape San Lucas and up the Gulf of California to Yuma. At Yuma, the cargo was transferred to wagons and carried to the mill site in the Huachuca Mountains. The site chosen for the sawmill was 12 miles away from the stamp mills and seven miles south of the junction of the Babocomari Creek and San Pedro River. The mill was constructed and operated by John McCloskey and William K. Gird [Richard Gird's brother]. It was first estimated that 10,000 feet of lumber a day could be realized, but in reality, only 6,000 to 8,000 feet could be shipped, and then only at great expense.

The Corbin Mill and Mining Co. was established on the opposite side of the San Pedro River from the Tombstone Mill and Mining Co. On May 26, 1879, a post office was opened for this little community called Millville. A year later, the post office was closed and the Charleston Post Office handled all postal services.

On Oct. 28, 1878, Amos W. Stowe filled a claim for 160 acres for the purpose of agriculture and grazing. By Feb. 1, 1879, he hired A.J. Mitchell, civil engineer, surveyor and assayer of the Tombstone mining District, to survey a new town site on this claim to be called Charleston.

The San Pedro River separated the towns, and supplied water for domestic use and for the Millville works. The river was normally easy to cross, but during the months of July and August it could flood without warning and crossing would be dangerous. After several townspeople and their animals had been swept away, and after cross-river communications had been cut off, residents requested a bridge be built between the two communities. In November 1881, the 160-foot bridge was completed, located directly across from the

Tombstone Mill and Mining Co. office.

Many changes were taking place along the San Pedro during the six months from December 1878 to May 1879. From the uncleared mesquite jungles grew new communities. People flocked into the area until a population of three to four hundred was realized. Charleston contained approximately 40 buildings, with adobe structures replacing canvas shanties. Twenty-six blocks with 16 lots to the block had been surveyed. Streets running north to south were 80 feet wide, while the east to west blocks were 50 feet wide. Lots were leased for a three-year period to anyone who wanted to live there. There was no charge for the lease, but many people with leases sold their rights on speculation to latecomers.

With the mills in operation, Ed Schieffelin and Judge Bidwell arrived in Tucson on June 16, 1879 with a shipment of eight bars of bullion valued at 18,744.50. The bullion was consigned to a Governor Safford of Philadelphia, Pa.

Early businesses were established, and all the necessary entities to form a booming camp accumulated fast: the U.S. Deputy Collector of Customs was stationed at Charleston, the U.S. Army made Charleston its headquarters for the telegraph and had couriers to Camp Huachuca, 15 miles away. The post office had been established in April of 1879, but by August complaints against the postmaster were lodged.

The August 29, 1879 *Arizona Citizen* published these complaints:

"Several complaints have been made concerning careless delivery of mails at the Charleston Post Office. We understand that the Post Master is very intemperate and the business of the office is conducted in a very reprehensible manner. This should not be tolerated by the people there. . . . Appoint a sober man who will conduct your business carefully and promptly, and both you and we will feel better." Albert T. Gottrell was subsequently appointed and held the job for four years.

In January 1880, the Ohnesorgen and Walker Stage Line extended service from Tombstone to Charleston with the addition of an elegant four-horse Concord Coach. The stage line would pick up the bars of bullion from the Tombstone and Corbin mills and take them to the Wells Fargo office in Tucson to be forwarded to Philadelphia. They also received a contract in February 1880, to carry the mail to Tombstone with tri-weekly service to Huachuca via Tombstone and Charleston.

The Stilwell and Dremen Stage Line was established in January 1880. They formed a route from Charleston to Patagonia that ran every other day at a cost of \$4 one-way, or \$7 round-trip.

By August 1880, the Ingram & Co. Stage Line traveled via McGreary's ranch on the Babocomari Creek to Charleston and Tombstone on a tri-weekly basis on the off days of the Ohnesorgen and Walker Line.

A veteran freighter, C. "Ham" Light, owner of the Arizona Transportation Co. had the contract for hauling ore from the mines to the mills. His wagons were pulled by sixteen-mule teams, each team drawing about twelve and a half tons at a cost of approximately \$3 per ton.

By March 1880, the Southern Pacific Railroad had been completed to Tucson. The people of Tombstone wanted railway service via a branch line by which to get the rich ore to the market quicker. The SP did not complete their plans for a branch line for several years. Consequently, all passengers had to leave the train at Fairbank and complete their journey by stagecoach.

Neither Charleston nor Millville had a bank or newspaper.

The Charleston schoolhouse was a small, unpainted frame structure covered with morning glories and surrounded by mesquite trees. The school was located one-eighth of a mile west of the center of town. Inside, the pupils sat four to a bench. Each pupil had his

own homemade desk with the smaller pupils sitting in the front seats.

Judge J.S. Wood, Superintendent of Public Instruction, appointed Selwyn W. Wood, Walter B. Scott and Jack Swart as trustees to the Charleston School District, No. 10. The first recorded teacher at Charleston was H.E. Witherspoon. Miss Ella Foy was the next teacher at the school. She received her territorial certificate in February 1886, from the Honorable B.L. Peel, County Superintendent of Public Schools.

Little mention is made of any church services being conducted in either community, though the *Tombstone Epitaph* mentions an itinerant preacher going to Charleston to hold services on Sunday, returning to Tombstone on Monday.

After the initial population and building boom, the communities settled down with a frontier town's requisite murders and shootings. One such incident happened in 1882, in the affair of the Tombstone Mill and Mining Co. Mr. M.R. Peel, a mining engineer, was sitting in the office talking with three friends, when suddenly the door was flung open and two gunmen fired at Peel. He slumped over dead. No attempt was made to harm Peel's companions or to rob the office. The assassins' deed was accomplished and they fled into the night. Because no motive could be found for this cold-blooded murder, it was recorded in the books as an attempted robbery.

Many colorful characters roamed the streets of the two mining towns. One such person was Justice Jim Burnett who ruled the wild river camp during the early 80s. His salary was a fixed percentage of the revenues received from fines. During his term in office, he filed only one quarterly report to the Board of Supervisors at Tombstone. It included a demand for \$380 from the county due him from unpaid fees. When notified that the board had cut the amount, he replied, "Hereafter, the justice court of Charleston precinct will look after itself." Only once did the county attempt to audit his books. He greeted the men and said, "This is a self-sustaining office. I never ask anything from the county and I never give the county anything." Burnett was

the law in Charleston – he held court and imposed fines when and where he pleased.

By 1881, the mines in the area began to fill with water and with this, the once bright and prosperous future of Charleston and Millville began to fade. In May 1886, the Tombstone Mill and Mining Co.'s concentrating works were dismantled. Plans were made to move these works and the entire smelter to Tombstone.

On Oct. 28, 1888, the post office at Charleston was closed, though the town still contained a number of stores, hotels and private residences, for all intents and purposes, Charleston ceased to exist as a community. By 1889, the town basically had been dismantled, and only a few structures remained. Millville suffered the same fate.

Contention City

Contention City is located in Cochise County, three miles north of Fairbank and east of the San Pedro River. The camp was established as Contention City on Apr. 6, 1880, with John McDermott as Postmaster. On Nov. 28, 1888, the Post Office was closed when the town was abandoned. A Wells Fargo Station was established in 1885.

One story has it that Hank Williams, a prospector, was among the thousands of miners who flocked to Tombstone when word got around that Ed Schieffelin struck it rich.

Williams set up his camp headquarters near the Schieffelin camp. One night, one of Williams' mules got loose and wandered away. As Williams trailed his wandering mule, he noted that the dragging halter chain was scraping metallic ore. Sensing that he might have found something, he immediately staked claim on his findings.

When he heard of the new claim, Richard Gird who was a close friend of Ed Schieffelin, hotly contested this claim. At long last, Gird and Schieffelin succeeded in buying out Williams, but not until after a heated argument. As a direct result of this argument, the

mine was named "Contention." During the latter part of 1879, the town site was surveyed and laid out for approximately one-half mile beside the east bank of the San Pedro.

Some former San Francisco Vigilantes who tolerated no foolishness founded this community. Soon this camp became a bustling community of over one thousand sober, God-fearing and industrious citizens that included ten American ladies who arrived with their husbands.

Businesses found in Contention City included a saloon that was owned and operated by John McDermott, the Western Hotel, a mercantile house, a blacksmith shop, a dairy, a meat market and a Chinese laundry. The Kinnear Stage Line and the Ohnesorgen and Walker Stage Line served this thriving community by providing daily passenger service from Tucson and Tombstone.

There is no indication in either fact or fiction as to whether or not Contention City was ever a wild and/or tough town. About the only indication of any serious trouble came after a local altercation was settled by Mayor Clifton, who donned his authoritative judicial robes and held court in John McDermott's saloon.

When the mill and mine closed, Contention City became a trading center for ranchers and farmers who lived nearby. Because they felt secure in their holdings, the farmers invested heavily in irrigation systems.

When Congress validated the Babocomari Grant at the turn of the century, the town site became the property of the Boquillas Land and Cattle Co. The townsmen fought for their property rights, as did the farmers, but lost their appeal to the Supreme Court and were dispossessed without receiving anything for their investment. The town was then completely abandoned.

Sunnyside

Sunnyside is located in Cochise County approximately 15 miles southwest of Fort Huachuca. The post office was established at Sunnyside on July 16, 1914, and discontinued on March 15, 1934.

The Copper Glance Mine, located high in the Huachuca Mountains, once supported what was Arizona's most unusual mining camp. Instead of the rowdy, rough-and-tough mining camp, this was a community devoted to hymn singing, Bible reading and brotherly love.

The founder was Samuel Donnelly and one story has it that before receiving his calling, he was a patron of the San Francisco waterfront bars.

After receiving his calling, he came to Tombstone in 1887, relocated the Copper Glance Mine, and became the preacher and leader of the cult known as Donnellites. This cult was not affiliated with any denomination nor did they advocate any theological dogmas. The word of the Bible served a both a guide and as inspiration.

Members of this cult lived as one large family, the men worked the mine and pooled together all the funds taken in and this was used for the entire community. Each family lived in their own cabin, but took their meals in the community kitchen that was operated by the women of the camp. All provisions and supplies had to be packed in over the mountains from either Tombstone or Fairbank.

To assure the success of this camp, everyone contributed his or her talents and/or skills for the betterment of the camp. At the end of the day when the work was done, all the members of the cult would congregate to listen to "Brother" Donnelly speak or else join in singing hymns.

The main theme of this camp was brotherly love, which was practiced every day. They took nothing in return for their deeds. Many a prospector owes his second chance to this cult's practices.

After Donnelly died, the members of the cult remained together for several years, but when the mine closed, they disbanded in search of work.

Fairbank

Fairbank is located in Cochise County ten miles west of Tombstone on Arizona Highway 82. The post office was established as Fairbank on May 16, 1883, with John Descart appointed as Postmaster.

The Wells Fargo Station was established in 1885. Long before the white man had settled this area, this site was an Indian village called "Santa Cruz."

The mining camp was given the name in honor of N.D. Fairbank, a Chicago merchant who organized the Grand Central Mining Co. of Tombstone. When the town was settled in 1882, it served as an important railroad supply point and a stage terminal for mail and express.

The businesses that could be found here were: a team quartz mill, a Wells Fargo Express Office, a meat market, a grocery store, a general store, restaurants and saloons.

Perhaps one of the lesser-known events that took place at Fairbank occurred in February 1900, when the notorious Billy Stiles-Burt Alvord gang attempted a robbery of the railroad express car here.

The gang was made up of the Owen brothers, a man by the name of Brown, Bravo Horn and a particularly bad desperado by the

name of Three-finger Jack Dunlap. The object of this gang was to rob the express car of the payrolls when it made its usual stop to pick up passengers at Fairbank.

The plan designed by the leaders of the gang seemed simple enough, but there was one catch that the gang hadn't planned on – the guard was Jeff Milton. Just who was Jeff Milton? Well, it's like this, he was the best guard the railroad had. He was a deadly shot with his guns.

Milton refused to cooperate with the robbers by handing over the payroll. In the short volley of fire that followed, Three-finger Jack was wounded, as was Jeff Milton who suffered a badly shattered arm.

Milton realized his wound was serious, and that not only was he losing a great deal of blood, but was in danger of passing out at any time. So. He opened the opposite door of the railroad car and gave the key to the lock box a toss. The shots quickly attracted the attention of the townspeople who came on the run to see what the shooting was all about.

Forced to abandon their robbery attempt, the Owen brothers, Bravo and Brown quickly lashed their wounded companion to his horse and made a hasty exit. The next day, the posse found Jack some miles from the scene of the robbery where his companions had left him. Jack lived long enough to confess his crime.

Jeff Milton was rushed to a hospital in San Francisco for treatment. When he was told that his arm would have to be amputated, he loudly protested and said that he would kill the man who did it. His arm was not removed, and finally he was able to regain partial use of it.

Today, Fairbank is a quiet little railroad town with a country store, a post office and a few houses. (As of 1976.)



Louise Fenn Larson
Guardian of History

Louise Fenn, born in Pomerene, Ariz. on March 27, 1921 to Alvah and Carmen Forster Fenn, was delivered by midwife Rosetta Scott. Louise was one of 14 children, 11 of whom survived to adulthood. Her parents had come from Mexico during the revolution there, and were married in Douglas in 1910.

Louise tells her story:

"When I was a year old, my parents moved to Fort Huachuca where my father was hired by the U.S. Government to operate the farm and dairy on the fort. Two years later, they moved to Mesa.

"I grew up in Mesa when there were only four LDS wards, four paved roads, no coolers (only fans for cooling), swimming was done in a canal or at the irrigation pumps. One could go to the city pool that charged ten cents. We could run to the corner

Chinese store, "Hams," to barter an egg for candy. We had an ice man that delivered ice to our icebox.

"A newspaper with "funnies" was delivered to our door. It was a time when firecrackers were legal; a postage stamp cost two cents. For ten cents, one could attend the silent cowboy matinee. How nice it was when the "talkies" came in. There was an ice cream man that came along the streets with his skinny horse and ice cream wagon, and for a nickel, one could get a double dip of real ice cream.

"How exciting it was when we had our first radio and could listen to programs such as "Amos and Andy," and "Little Orphan Annie." Life was almost all play. I attended the Irving, Alma, and Franklin Schools.

"Then the Great Depression came and changed our lives. My father had an office job, and the company he worked for closed. We moved back to Pomerene in the fall of 1933, where my father planned to farm.

"In moving, we were so loaded down in my father's Model A truck and trailer, it took two days on a dirt road to get from Mesa to Pomerene (in 1999, it takes two and a half hours). We children thought it was all fun and an adventure! At a meeting at the church that evening, I was welcomed by several cousins. I entered the seventh grade in the little lumber schoolhouse where there were three grades in one room. In Mesa, there had been three separate classrooms for one grade.

"Pomerene was a nice little place. There was one dirt road that went through the settlement. It was lined with big shady trees, an eight-year-old church building, a store and post office combined, and the schoolhouse. The homes were beautified with fruit trees, rose bushes, lilies and other flowers.

"Life changed dramatically. We were introduced to the outdoor privy, had to haul water for domestic use, bathed in the laundry tub, and we had no electricity. However, one thing my mother insisted she had to have was electricity to use her iron and washing machine, and we soon had an electric cord with a light bulb hanging from the ceiling. A box frame covered with burlap, and kept wet, was our milk and butter cooler.

"We did have a school bus to pick us up; that was a treat, as we had to walk about two miles to school in Mesa. But, there was no place to swim, no corner store, iceman, movie or funnies.

"My father soon bought a team and wagon to farm with. Life seemed to change to all work and very little play. I helped my mother in the home, and my brothers worked with my father in the fields.

"When I was old enough to attend Benson Union High School, I met and started dating Thurber Larson. We courted for two years before we were married. After our marriage, we moved several times in Pomerene, and then bought six acres from my parents. When my sister, Gwen and her husband Ward Ray, moved to Chandler in 1960, we bought ten acres from them.

"Thurber went to work for the Apache Powder Co., but was drafted for World War II and served two years in the U.S. Army. He returned to the powder company and worked there for 22 years. He then went to work at Fort Huachuca as an engineer in their heating and cooling department. He retired after 23 years at the fort.

"I took a temporary job at Benson Middle School in 1968, worked there for three years, then worked as secretary to school nurse Bettie Smith for over 12 years."

Louise and Thurber were the parents of eight children and one adopted child, though three of their children did not survive to

adulthood. Louise now has 45 grandchildren and 50 great-grandchildren.

Both Larsons held many positions in their church and served several missions. For the last 14 years, Louise has been engrossed in her family's genealogy and has traced her family back to 11th century France. In 1999 she published a 450-page book about Pomerene, and that general area of Arizona, which contains much valuable and interesting information about the people and places. She enjoys painting, especially her own folk art designs. After her husband's death from cancer in 1994, her church and hobbies have filled her time.

With the publication of her book, Louise has demonstrated her value as a true Guardian of History, and the Cochise County Historical Society is proud to honor her in the Fall/Winter 2000 issue of our Historical Journal.

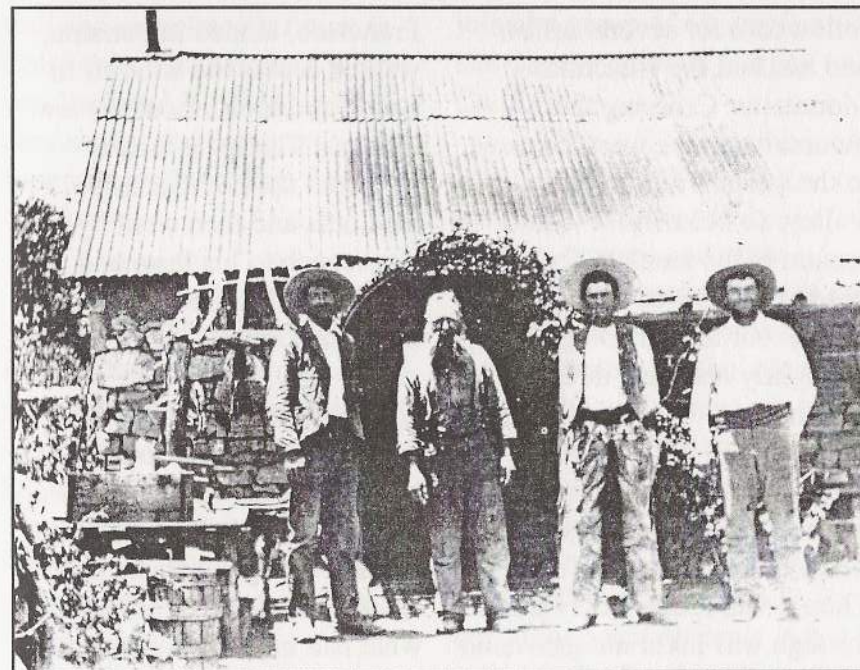


Larson Family, July 1991
Front row: Beverly, Louise, Thurber, Sherrie Lyn
Back Row: Nolan, Gail, Philip

Pioneers

in

Profile



L to R: George Parker, Fred Horn, Lee Parker, Duke Parker
at the Fred Horn Ranch in the Huachuca Mountains, c. 1908

Parker Family History *Parker Canyon Lake*

By Howard Lindsey

Early in 1849, rumors that gold had been discovered in California the year before reached William Andrew Parker, a farmer in Springfield, Missouri. Like many men across the nation, William decided he should go west to the gold fields to find his fortune. His wife, Jane, was

reluctant to go along with his plan to mortgage their farm so he could make the trip. She finally gave in and William began his journey of discovery.

He entered Mexican territory, which at that time included present day New Mexico and Arizona. He reached the San Pedro River,

followed it for several miles, and reached the Huachuca Mountains. Crossing the mountains to the west, he came to the verdant San Rafael Valley, so beautiful it would remain in his memory for 30 years. He traveled to Tucson and set out for San Diego, a trip of slightly less than three months.

In San Diego, he joined a group bound for the gold fields of Northern California. Though the country they passed through was luxuriant grassland with rivers teeming with fish for the taking, the group held a steady northward course.

In the gold fields, they found all the streams being worked by other miners, but a determined William headed up a river out of the congestion. There, he staked out and filed on a claim which he sold at a handsome profit a short time later. Taking the money, he headed out of the gold fields, planning to return to Missouri for his family and then settle elsewhere in California.

In mid-1850, William boarded a boat in San

Francisco, landed in Panama, walked across the isthmus to Colon and took a boat to New Orleans. There, he took a riverboat up the Mississippi to St. Louis and then went by stagecoach to his farm and family. He had been away for more than a year.

It was late fall when he arrived home, and Jane and the boys, John age 6, and James age 3, were very happy to see him. It wasn't long before he had caught up on the local news and what had happened during his absence. Soon, he was telling Jane of his plans for their future.

"Well, Jane, I'm going back to California. I came to get you and the boys and we are leaving this place and going to a land of sunshine where the climate is warm and healthy. There are too many people here and I don't like to be fenced in," he told his wife.

His plans did not sit well with Jane. She was reluctant to leave the security of her little log cabin in the beautiful Ozarks for the hardships of the

trail and an unknown future in California. The Missouri winter was hard and William was persuasive, and by springtime, Jane was ready to start for California.

William learned that a caravan would be leaving Independence, Mo. in the early spring and decided the Parkers would join it. He had paid off the mortgage on the farm and now he sold it to his uncle, Abe Potter, who would take possession when they left for Independence.

William bought two Conestoga wagons and outfitted them with water casks and a chicken coop on the back for some hens. Jane selected articles to take and gave things they couldn't take to friends and relatives. As departure time neared, Jane realized she was pregnant, and it made her and William happy to think the baby might be a girl this time.

By the middle of March, the Parkers were packed and ready to go. They hitched the oxen to the wagons and set out for Independence. There, they

joined a group of 60 wagons starting the arduous journey to California.

A meeting of adult males was held to select a captain, council and other officials to govern the group on the way west. William was elected captain, as the others thought he was honest, dependable and had a courageous but friendly disposition.

The trip was time consuming and difficult. After crossing the Truckee River, they rested a few days before heading into the Sierra Nevada Mountains. They had been told the grades were steep and long with narrow, rough ledges. The women and children walked to relieve the straining oxen of their weight.

Jane knew her time of delivery was near – she had been feeling poorly and knew the baby would be born before the end of the journey. The train reached a final summit and pitched camp. At about 10 p.m. Jane woke William and asked him to call Mother Wear, the

midwife. Mother Wear arrived quickly and had William rebuild the fire and put water on to boil. In a few hours, Sarah Elizabeth, the first girl of their family was born. It was Sept. 3, 1851.

William believed a heavy snowstorm was coming and was afraid the group would be caught on the mountain. The fate of the Donner party was well known and evidence of the tragedy was still visible. He told Jane they should leave the mountain as soon as possible, and was relieved when she agreed.

"Jane, you are a brave woman and I shall never forget it," he told her in admiration.

William roused the camp and all were soon loaded and moving down the mountain. The grade was steep and progress was slow, but they did not stop until they had passed the snow line at 4:00 in the afternoon.

On Sept. 8, 1851, still on the trail, young Jimmy Parker celebrated his 5th

birthday, and his baby sister was five days old.

After the train was disbanded and the settlers went their separate ways, the Parkers began the search for their part of the California dream. After viewing many areas, they finally chose a place not far from the Pacific Ocean, near a spring close to the Russian River. With help from friends, William built a one-room log cabin with a large fireplace at one end. He bought a small building in nearby Healdsburg to be used as a blacksmith shop.

On Oct. 27, 1852, daughter Nancy was born, and on Oct. 28, 1853, baby daughter Martha Melvina arrived.

William traded his oxen for some cattle and registered a brand. The years were prosperous: his herd increased and life was good. However, the community was growing and in about 1859, William was once again showing signs of "suffocation." He told Jane a rancher near San Luis Obispo had offered to let him run his cattle on shares with the rancher's cattle for 3 years, and

he wanted to accept the offer. William sold the blacksmith shop and the farm to his partners and the Parkers were once again ready to move.

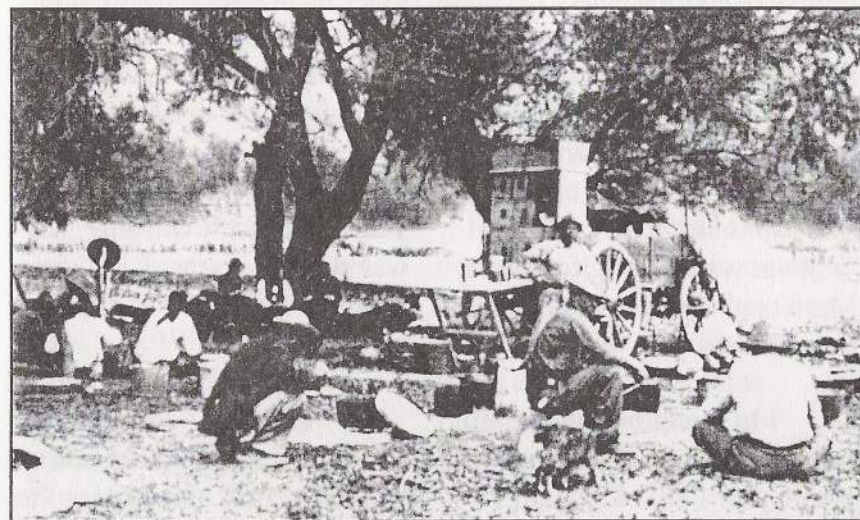
The new location proved satisfactory, with better forage for the cattle and the ocean near enough for William and the boys to go fishing. The Parkers' sixth child, third son, William Andrew Jr. was born while they lived at San Luis Obispo.

The rancher died before the lease was up and William took his cattle and half of the herd increase, leaving the rest for the heirs. He moved his cattle to a tract of land he had

filed on near where the city of Downey is now located.

In the late 1860s, the Parkers' eldest daughter, Sarah Elizabeth, married Bill Fentner and they moved to his home state of Arizona. A few months after the move to Phoenix, their small son Henry died. He was the first white child buried in the Phoenix cemetery. In 1871, the Fentners' daughter Minnie was born: the first American child born in the settlement. There were only five other families living there.

Jane was very happy in her new home in Downey and hoped this would be a



Chuck Wagon in the San Rafael Valley, 1909

permanent situation. However, when Sarah wrote to William extolling the virtues of the Phoenix area, Jane could see William was having suffocation symptoms. When he said, "This country is gittin' too danged many people in it. It's time to move. I would like to go to Arizona."

Jane refused to go and said that he would probably get tired of the dust and heat and would want to return to California. In 1870, William went to Phoenix, and he was not there long before he wrote to Jane to sell everything and come to Arizona. She was not happy about it, but she did as she was told. She sold everything she could, loaded up two wagons and with son John driving one and Jane driving the other, they joined a caravan leaving for Arizona Territory. The trip took three weeks, and William was waiting for her at Maricopa Wells, about 28 miles from Phoenix.

In Phoenix, son Jimmy met Emmie Coggin and married her on April 18, 1872, the second white couple married in

Phoenix. By 1880, they had three children and Jimmy thought Phoenix was getting too crowded for his rapidly increasing family. Jimmy told Emmie about the beautiful country his father had seen on the west side of the Huachuca Mountains when he was going to the gold fields in 1849.

He and Emmie, joined by Bill and Sarah Fentner and the small children of both families, decided to cross the desert through wild Apache country to find the place their father had remembered.

Jimmy and Emmie settled temporarily in Ramsey Canyon on the east side of the Huachucas, while Bill and Sarah went on to Harshaw. Jimmy and his oxen were hired to haul lumber from the mill in Ramsey Canyon to Charleston. When he wasn't working, he was riding horseback looking for the place his Pa had talked about.

One day he reached a summit on the southern end of the mountains, and looking down, said, "This is the place

Pa talked about." He saw before him a wide canyon extending westward to the valley of the Santa Cruz River. A swift stream of water was running the length of the canyon from its source high in the mountains. He went home, loaded up his family and spent 10 days traveling around the north end of the Huachucas into what would later be named Parker Canyon.

In exchange for a horse and saddle, Jimmy and Emmie received a three-room log cabin with a fireplace and mantel. They moved into the cabin on April 24, 1881, the day their small son, Duke, was one year old. They immediately arranged to leave for Phoenix to get their cattle and the two children who had stayed in Phoenix with relatives.

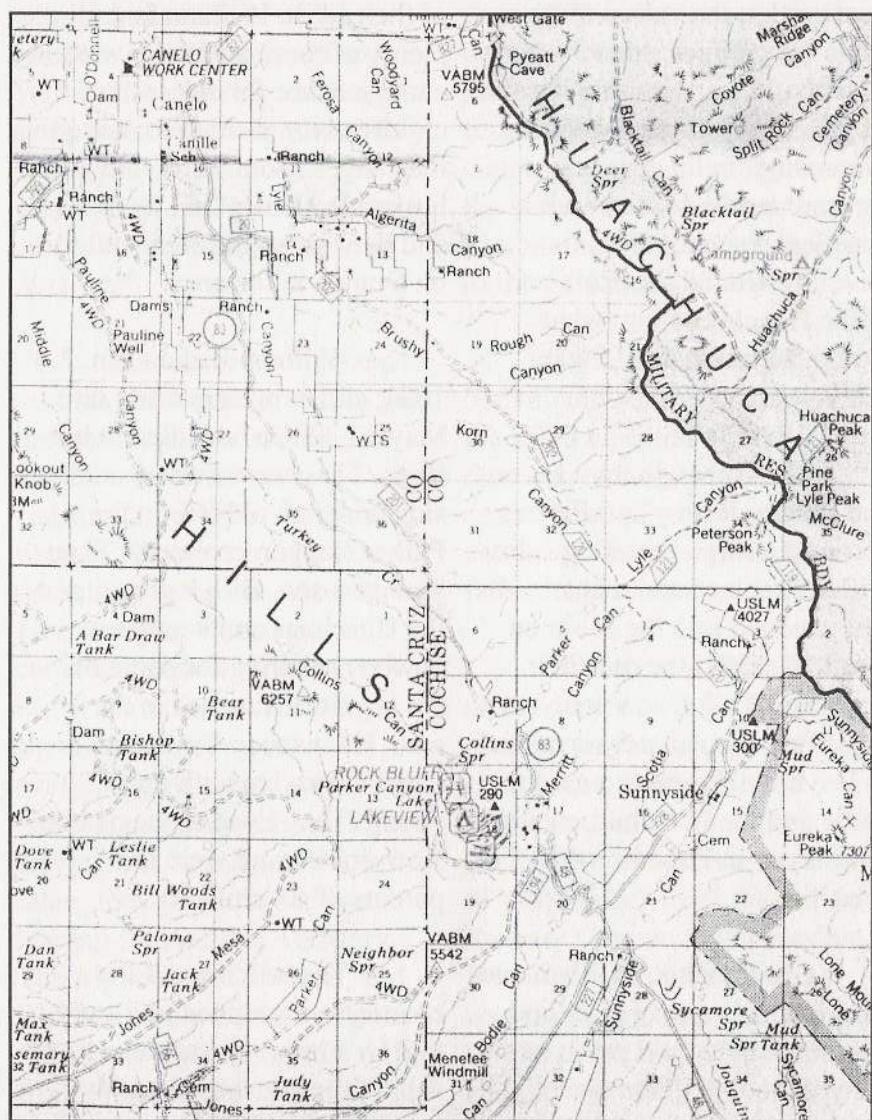
In Phoenix, William and Jane heard Jimmy's story and decided they would move to the canyon, too. William was getting old and depended on Jimmy for help. With their combined herds, they could work together on the ranches. The older Parkers settled in an

old log cabin near Jimmy's place where they spent the rest of their lives. William had plenty of room and there was enough space for any of the children who wanted to move to the canyon. Soon, Melvina, her husband, Ahriah "Hi" Sorrels and their three children settled on a ranch in the area.

William died on Jan. 2, 1891, and two years later, on May 27, 1893, Jane died in her sleep. They were buried side by side under an old tree in the Parker Canyon cemetery. Their youngest son, Billie, grew up in the Huachucas and became a cowboy working for some of the big cattle ranches in the area. He married Evy Landers when they were both quite young. They lived at the nearby Korn Ranch and were the parents of six children.

The wildness of the country is illustrated in a story told by Elmer, one of their four sons. When he was about 4 years old, his father came running into the house and excitedly said, "There are two bears in the yard!"

He hurriedly took down



U.S. Forest Service Map
Coronado National Forest
Sierra Vista and Sierra Vista Ranger Districts
Parker Canyon Lake & Canelo Areas

his muzzle loading rifle and powder horn, but finding only two bullets in his pouch, called to his wife, "Evy, mold me some more bullets, quick!" and was out the door in pursuit of the bears. He killed one and returned to the house.

Evy, in the meantime, had hastily melted lead in a frying pan over the fire in the cook stove. Then, she poured it into the bullet mold, let it set until it cooled and refilled the mold, repeating the process until all the lead was used up. Billie grabbed the warm bullets, followed the second bear for some distance and finally killed it.

He returned home for the wagon and the whole family piled in and went with him to get the second bear. He brought it back to the house and the children stood around and watched while he skinned the bear and cut up the meat.

About a year after the bear incident, Evy, who was pregnant, was outside feeding the dogs when one of them jumped up and knocked her down. A short time later, she

became very ill, and when she seemed to be getting worse, Billie rode over the mountain to Fort Huachuca and got one of the military doctors to come to see her. The doctor could not help her, for the fall had killed the fetus, she did not abort it, and she died in great pain on April 9, 1899.

Pearl, who was the oldest at age 14, mothered the other children until she married at age 16. Jimmy, the next oldest, took over the care of Lon, Jack, Elmer and Eunice. Their Aunt Melvina took Eunice, who was 3 years old. Elmer, who was only 5 years old when his mother died, was frightened and lonely when his brothers had to be out working with their father, so he spent much of his time with other relatives.

Pearl had married Frank Moson and they eventually acquired the large Y Lightning Ranch east of Hereford. Moson road, and much of the land east of Sierra Vista, was part of their ranch.

Billie sold the Korn place and bought a ranch at

Canelo where he died on May 16, 1946. This ranch is still in the family and is now operated by Byrd B. Lindsey and his family, son of Eunice Parker Lindsey and Howard W. Lindsey.
(Edited by Ellen Cline)

Howard A. Lindsey (son of Eunice and Howard) lives in Tombstone, Arizona.

*Don't forget to make your reservations
for the CCHS Annual Meeting*

Dec. 3, 2000

at the Douglas Golf Club

off Leslie Canyon Road

behind the Cochise Co. Fair Grounds

*\$15.00 includes dinner, entertainment,
and door prizes*

Call Liz Ames at 364-2208

or

e-mail us at cchsaz@earthlink.net

or

Mail check to P.O. Box 818

Douglas, AZ 85608

Parker Canyon Memories

By Mary Burnett Magoffin

During the school year of 1932-33, my mother, Grace Nebold Burnett, was hired to teach the little one-room school at Parker Canyon.

On the way over to the canyon, my brother, Lea Jr., decided to play a joke on Mom and Dad. He hid in an empty box and told me to tell them he'd fallen out. Dad immediately slammed on the brakes, turned around and started back down the road, whereupon, Dudie (short for Doodle-bug) jumped out of the box amid our childish shrieks of laughter. I don't think the folks were amused, but they were so relieved that he wasn't hurt that we just got a scolding.

Mom, Lea Jr. and I lived in a tent-house that winter. A tent-house is a house about halfway up, and canvas the rest of the way. We had a wood stove for heat. We lived up the canyon from Jeff and Lucy Parker, who lived with Grandma Parker on the Parker ranch, possibly one of the homesteads.

Mom would go to the schoolhouse early, build the fire and get everything ready for the school day. Dudie and I would come later, and I remember being terrified of the cattle that were in the creek. Jeff would scare them away so I could go on to school.

There were probably nine children in the school that year. The Myers children rode a Shetland pony to school and lots of times he would roll in the creek on the way to school.

Daisy Parker had a white pony and she would take Lea Jr. and me for rides. Jimmy Parker was just a toddler and I remember swinging him in a little swing. Little Jeff was just a babe in arms.

If I stopped by the Parkers, Grandma Parker would put lard and sugar on a biscuit for me. I would always eat it because I didn't want to hurt her feelings – it was very nice of her to offer it to me.

My memories of Parker Canyon are certainly happy ones. I guess a five-year-old child takes everything in stride. I sure didn't know that there was anything to worry about except the cows!

At the end of that year, my Dad had built a house for us at my grandfather's homestead north of Elfrida. Mom taught at Pearce and Elfrida later on.

*Seasons Greetings
and
Best Wishes for a
great year
2001*

*with just a reminder that
dues are payable
as of Jan. 1, 2001*

*Make your reservations for
the 30th Annual Meeting
on Dec. 3, 2000
and
send in a check to include
dues and dinner!*

Thanks for your support of CCHS



Grace McCool

Grace Edgerton Bakarich McCool was born March 17, 1903 to Frank Page and Etta Blanche George Edgerton, in Waterloo, Iowa. She grew up and graduated from high school there. She studied music, piano and voice at the University of Iowa, and over the years, taught these subjects. In 1922, she married Mike Bakarich and eight children were born to this union.

In 1929, Mike and Grace moved to Bisbee, Ariz., where Mike worked underground for the Calumet & Arizona Mining Co., which later merged with Phelps Dodge Mining Co. They owned a five-acre place at the upper end of Brewery Gulch.

The couple decided they wanted a ranch, and filed for a homestead in the San Pedro River Valley between Hereford and Garden Canyon. School for the children was at Hereford, at the

end of a cow trail that crossed several arroyos and necessitated an hour's time to make the one-way trip. Grace decided it was not possible to send the children to school like that, so she taught them at home. After three years, the Buena School District needed three children to maintain their two-teacher status, so school boundaries were redrawn, enabling the Bakarich children to attend Buena schools. Roads to Buena were short with no arroyos, and son Jim, now twelve years old, was big enough to drive.

One of Grace's great uncles had come to Arizona Territory in the 1880s and had not been heard from again. She began questioning "old timers" about her uncle, and the answers she received increased her interest in the history of the area. She finally searched the coroner's files and found a notation that unknown Indians near Black Diamond Springs had killed Uncle George.

In the 1940s, Grace began writing articles about local history for several newspapers, including the *Bisbee Review*, the *Tombstone Epitaph*, the *Tucson Daily Star* and the *Arizona Republic*. Her first book, *Gunsmoke*, was published in 1946 and dealt with what certain locals deemed "cavalier" treatment of the Clantons and McLaury's in articles published after the gun fight at the O.K. Corral. She published three more books: *Sunday Trails*, *So Said the Coroner*, and *Buried Treasure*.

In 1948, Mike was killed in an underground mining accident, and in 1950, Grace married Dr. Merrius Mickey McCool, a retired scientist. He died in 1954 of cancer.

In 1963, at the age of 60, Grace began correspondence studies to become a licensed Methodist Lay Minister. Subsequently, she occasionally preached at Methodist Churches in Huachuca City, Sierra Vista and Bisbee. She conducted weddings, funeral services and gave counseling to those with troubled spirits. Starting in 1983, Grace gave programs for Elderhostel through Cochise College, with interesting and witty lectures about the people and the history of the area.

Family and friends who knew her well would tell you that she was a real pioneer in every sense of the word. She cultivated her garden with environmental concerns, sheltered her animals and recognized the calls of wilderness animals and birds. She accepted the harsh desert climate and the tolls it took on its inhabitants,

whether animal or human. Grace was the epitome of western hospitality when guests called, offering food and drink or overnight accommodations if that was needed. She lived alone on the homestead, doing what had to be done when there was no one else to do it.

In raising her own children and helping with the grand- and great-grand children, Grace was a proponent of higher education and perseverance in achieving their highest goals. She maintained her interest in current events as well as continually seeking out historical facts about her local area and the world at large.

Grace died on Jan. 25, 1992, and was laid to rest in the Holy Hope Cemetery on the Lazy Y5 Ranch, the family homestead on Moson Road. She will be long and lovingly remembered by her family, her many friends, and her fellow historians.



O R Ranch Headquarters, a typical homestead in the 1920s

Pioneer Grace McCool

Bring Your Father or Older Brother Next Time

By Mike Bakarich

It was the fall of 1942. My father was away working in a defense industry, and my two older brothers had enlisted in the service. At 14, I was the man of the house at our ranch in the San Pedro River Valley.

As we were eating supper Friday after school, mother said, "Michael, I want you to take some of those Leghorn roosters to Fry tomorrow morning and sell them. They're three months old now, and they keep getting out of their yard. When they do, they give my laying hens no rest. I wish they'd sent me the Wyandotte roosters that I ordered. The Leghorns are too wild."

After supper, I gathered up some chicken crates and entered the ocotillo-fenced yard that housed the Leghorn roosters. My mother was right: the Leghorns were wild.

Hearing chickens squawking and me addressing them loudly, mother shouted, "Why don't you wait until dark when they're on their roosts?"

Waiting until dark made sense, so I did. With a dim kerosene lantern to light my way, I sneaked into their large coop and grabbed a rooster real quick-like and placed him in the crate. His medium-loud protestations didn't overly disturb the other

roosting chickens. I repeated this process until I had placed 24 roosters in three crates. Because in those days folks in this part of Arizona didn't have electricity or refrigerators, I intended to sell the roosters alive from the crates.

Early Saturday morning, my younger brother Steve, and I placed the crates in the back of our Ford pickup and headed for Fry, about 10 miles down the road. Prior to 1941, Fry had consisted of a combination store and post office and a couple of adobe houses. Now, in 1942, Fry was a booming place. Fort Huachuca was in the process of growing from a sleepy, one-regiment post to one that would accommodate two divisions. Additional barracks and other facilities had to be constructed. A good portion of the work force doing the construction was housed in trailers and tents in the area surrounding Fry. Also, the new Fry population included many black prostitutes that were brought in to make the isolated location more attractive for the Fort's black troops. Most of the girls were in a barbed wire fenced tent area, but some operated out of the old adobe houses.

I started my door-to-door selling effort at the west end of the sprawling town. I sold the roosters for 75 cents each, but had only modest success. When I reached the last dwelling on the east side of town, a low-roofed adobe, I still had five unsold Leghorns in one crate. I knocked on the door, but no one answered. Next time, I knocked much louder. I could hear heavy footsteps inside and when the door opened, a sleepy-faced, formidable black lady faced me. She looked at this small white boy with annoyance over having been awakened, and said "Yes?" I told her I had frying roosters for sale, only 75 cents each.

She considered that for a moment, then asked, "Is your father or an older brother with you?" I said no, and she seemed disappointed. Then she said, "Well, I want to look at the roosters before I buy any." I returned to the truck, picked up the crate and brought it to the door. She took the crate from me, opened it,

pulled out a protesting rooster, hefted it, pulled out a few feathers, and then placed it back in the crate. She repeated this process with a second chicken. I guess she intended to do this with all five, and then make a choice. Word of the feather pulling must have gotten around, because the third rooster struggled, squawked, pecked and scratched as he was being removed from the crate. She dropped the flapping rooster, stepped back, and said a string of uncomplimentary words about him and his ancestry. As she was doing this, the four remaining roosters scurried out of the crate and dashed wildly into the unfenced yard – no more feather pulling for them, either.

I took after the closest rooster, but he dodged my grasp and I yelled for my younger brother. He stayed hidden in the truck. I explained to the lady that we had to catch the roosters. She started calling names: “Lydia, Marian, Ruth, get out here, now!” I heard a voice protest. “I don’t care if you’re dressed or not,” she yelled, “Get out here now! We’ve got to catch these chickens!”

Lydia, Marian, and Ruth burst through the door. They were young, shapely, black and clad only in pink panties and bras. They were fast and agile, too. As we chased those cussed Leghorns, I heard horns honking. I looked toward the sound and saw occupants of automobiles in the bumper-to-bumper traffic on nearby Highway 92 waving and shouting. One white boy and three scantily clad black girls chasing after Leghorn roosters in broad daylight along a main traveled road must have been an unusual desert sight. Motivated by their loud encouragement, the young ladies and I soon captured the roosters.

After we had placed all of the roosters in the crate, I cautiously asked the lady if she wanted to buy any. She bought one. As I walked away carrying the crate with the remaining four, she called after me, “Bring your father or your older brother with you next time, you hear?”

Pioneer Grace McCool



The Ranch

By James E. Bakarich

The Hard Scrabble Ranch
Were the kindest words used
To describe a tough place
Where even God seemed
confused

There were rattlesnakes coiled
Under half of the trees
And wolves that would go
By twos and by threes

There were coyotes in dens
And scorpions too
With the deadliest spiders
Hidden from view

The summers were parched
In a white blinding heat
And even the rocks
Looked dried out and beat

When devil winds blew
Like tornados of old
The soil on the ranch
Would sort of unfold

It would take to the air
With parched grass and trees
And head for the mountains
Where it would much rather be

The cattle were wild
With horns that were long
And they would charge in a
moment
If your movements were wrong

The horses were killers
Big, aggressive, and mean
Who would stomp out your life
Or rupture your spleen

They longed for the freedom
Their wild cousins knew
When they sounded like thunder
As their mighty hooves flew

The trees on the ranch
Grew in mean little clumps
And would put chips in your axe
And grow back from the stump

They had thorns like small
daggers
That tore at your face
And they lived on for decades
In that gosh-awful place

The brush and the cactus
Could tear off your clothes
And a monster called Gila
Could poison your toes

The nights were so cold
And there was so little heat
That you warmed up a rock
For the bed and your feet

There were tusked Javelina
A primeval pig
That would eat your best dog
And the plants it would dig

The hot summers lingered
As the dams all went dry
And even their bottoms
Would sizzle and fry

But the kids all grew strong
In that hard-scrabble land
And went out in the world
With strong, willing hands

And they rose to the top
In the mainstream of life
Because they were tempered
like steel
By the hardship and strife

And what of the mother
That nurtured the seed
She was something of legend
Most would concede

She picked up the pieces
That were shattered each day
And mended the spirit
Like a potter works clay

She weathered the years
As each child went away
And she lives at the ranch
To this very day

When the Master was shaping
Her fibers and soul
He called her perfection
And then broke up the mold

Pioneer Grace McCool



Ranch Grandma

By Jacey Jones

My great-grandmother, Sarah Grace Bakarich McCool was a true Arizona pioneer. She filed and "proved up" on the last available homestead in Arizona. She homesteaded on Horse Thief Draw, west of the San Pedro River near the present location of Sierra Vista.

In the early days, before the hand-dug well was finished, it was her job to walk the two miles to the closest water and haul it back. My dad claims she hauled the water using two buckets and an old ox yoke. I'm not sure of this, but wasting water around "Ranch Grandma" was not a good idea.

Raising eight children on a makeshift ranch in the middle of nowhere is a tough job, and it requires a tough, able-bodied person to even attempt it. My dad recalls my Great Uncle Steve once telling a stranger that Ranch Grandma was so tough that she sharpened her teeth with a file. My dad says the stranger believed him, and I think daddy did, too, for a while.

One of my favorite stories of Ranch Grandma took place when she was well into her eighties and she was entertaining my Great Aunt Sarah. While talking in the basement of the old homestead, they heard the unmistakable buzz of a rattlesnake. Grabbing a flashlight and climbing the stairs to investigate, they

found the snake coiled and ready to strike. Ranch Grandma traveled with the help of two canes, one in each hand, as hip problems slowed her slightly in later years. In her excitement to retrieve a shovel, Great Aunt Sarah dropped the flashlight. This left the night pitch black with the coiled snake in striking distance, and no back up flashlight around.

Ranch Grandma proceeded to hold the snake in place with her cane until she could get a foot on it. She then stood on the snake in the dark until Great Aunt Sarah could pull her car around, and with the aid of the headlights and a shovel, they were able to dispatch the snake.

My great grandma was a well-known local area historian. She had five books published and wrote thousands and thousands of articles for various newspapers throughout the years. She was an Arizona pioneer who stood up to every adventure that came her way.

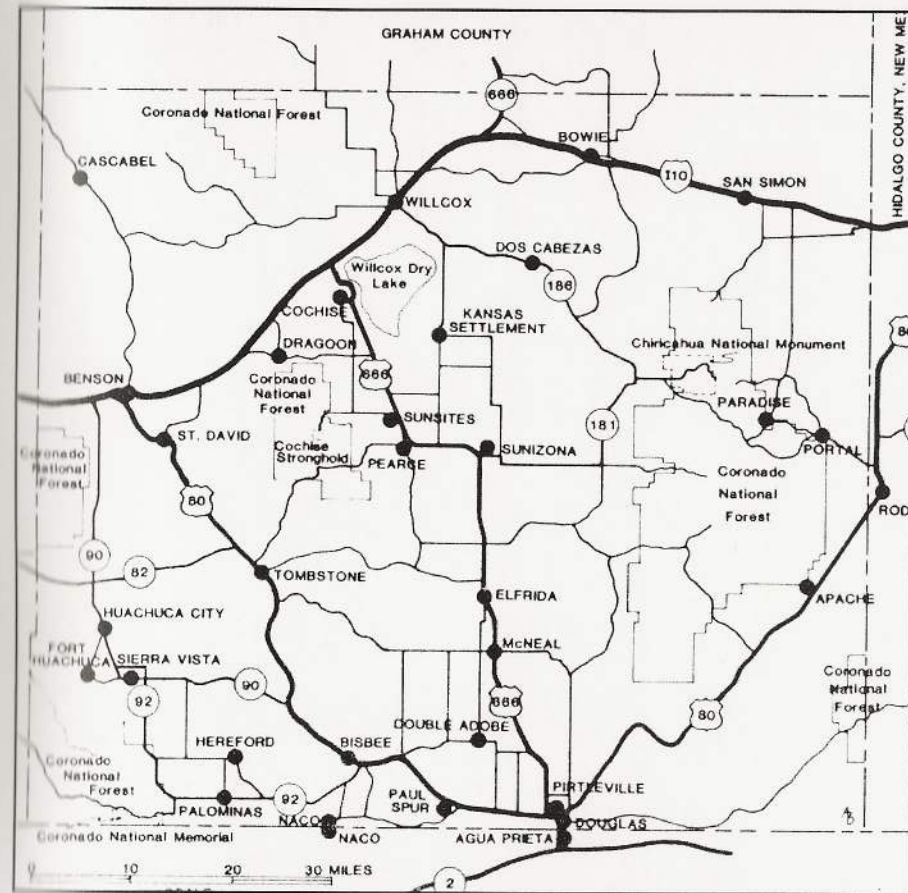
Dear Member,

Just a little note to remind you to call our treasurer, Liz Ames, to make your reservations for the 30th Annual Meeting of the Cochise County Historical Society.

As usual, our party will be held at the Douglas Golf Club located behind the Cochise County Fair Grounds on Leslie Canyon Road. Entrees will include your choice of a beef or chicken dinner, with all the trimmings. Alcoholic beverages are available at the golf club bar at diner's expense. Cost for dinner is \$15 per adult.

To make reservations, call Liz at 520-364-2208, or send your request to P.O. Box 818, Douglas, 85608, OR e-mail us at cchsaz@earthlink.net.

A newsletter will soon be sent outlining dinner choices and detailing our entertainment. We are in the process of selecting our speaker, but whoever it is, we think you will find the entertainment interesting.



Cochise County, Arizona

Cochise County Historical Society Membership Information

Individual/family	\$20
Business	\$25
Lifetime	\$500

Mail to:
P. O. Box 818
Douglas, AZ 85608

Dues are paid effective in
January of each year and
include one copy of each
Journal published.