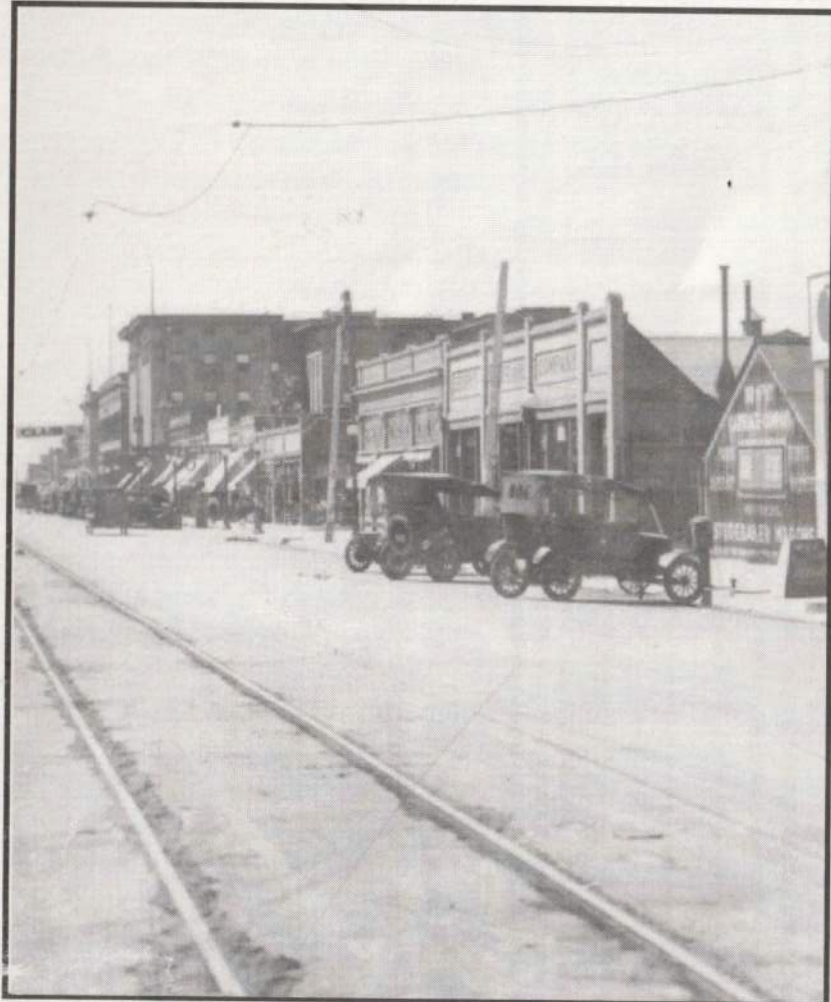


THE COCHISE COUNTY HISTORICAL JOURNAL

A COCHISE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY PUBLICATION VOLUME 31 No.1 DOUGLAS CENTENNIAL 2001



CELEBRATING DOUGLAS' 100 YEARS

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

President's Letter

To our Members,

It is with regret I note the passing of our president, Page Bakarich of Willcox, who died Dec. 31, 2000, of an apparent heart attack. Page contributed greatly to our society and will be remembered as a historian and storyteller who had a wonderful sense of humor and a vast knowledge of historical fact and fiction. When he was the leader of our field trips, his stories of the area and the people who had lived there (and some who still do) kept everyone entertained and interested in the history of the area. Page also contributed articles for publication in our historical journals, especially the Fall/Winter 1997/98 issue featuring the Arizona Marble Company. Page's sunny disposition and willingness to help whenever and wherever he could will be missed by all of us. Our sympathies go out to his family and many friends.

As vice-president, I assumed the presidency and John Magoffin was named vice-president by the board of directors at the January board meeting.

We have many projects lined up for the year 2001, and always welcome input from members and readers. The Historical Journal will be devoted to Douglas' centennial year; the new monument at Soldiers Hole will be dedicated, with an accompanying dinner, and we are planning another interesting field trip to some of our ghost towns and historical places in the northern part of the county. A newsletter will give further details.

As your new president, I hope to be able to contribute to the growth and continued improvement of our organization. We are always expanding our research library with new volumes and

Editor's Notes

To our readers,

To help Douglas celebrate its 100th birthday, CCHS is dedicating this year's issues to the history of the city. The Spring/Summer issue will focus on the early history, with articles and pictures of early scenes, plus personal histories of early residents. The Fall/Winter issue will have articles on such entities as Camp Harry J. Jones, the railroad, streetcars and aviation, as well as more personal memories.

Many of the articles are reprinted by popular request from older issues of the *Cochise Quarterly*, and some reprints courtesy of the *Douglas Daily Dispatch*. We are printing extra copies for sale to the public – members, of course, will receive both issues and can order additional copies at a 20% discount (\$6, includes postage). Though we must do some editing because of space restrictions, we will make every effort to ensure the stories are interesting and as complete as possible. If any of this material evokes memories of early residence from our readers, we would welcome response, either mail (P.O. Box 818, Douglas) or e-mail at cchsaz@earthlink.net.

As always, I thank all of the staff who helped prepare this issue by selecting articles and pictures, and the ever-important proofreading: John and Mary Magoffin, John and Norma Lavanchy, Mary Frances Burnett-Graham, Liz Ames and Naomi Zebrowski, all of whom help vanquish those sneaky gremlins, some of which outwit us and appear in print despite our best efforts. The journal could not be produced without the staff contributions.

Ellen Cline

Editor

Douglas History as Recalled Back in 1936

By

Dr. Lynn J. Tuttle

Mayor of Douglas [1930 –1942]



Original Douglas Townsite in 1901, before development began

(While reading this article, readers must remember that it was written in 1936, and what Dr. Tuttle writes of as being “current” was as of that time.)

To understand the early history of Douglas, we must first gain a little insight into the conditions that led to the selection of the vicinity where the Sulphur Springs Valley crosses the border into Mexico.

When copper was first found in Bisbee (1877), the nearest shipping point was Tucson, and later, Benson and Fairbank. From these points on the railroad, the supplies for the mines and the town were hauled by wagons, and the copper made the return load to the shipping point.

Still earlier, before smelters were established in Arizona, the ores were shipped to Swansea in Wales for reduction and this

done to cut the cost of freight. The Phelps Dodge also had acquired the valuable properties at Nacozari, Sonora, Mexico and wished to place the smelter so that it might serve both mines.

At that time, coal and coke were used for fuel and enormous quantities were needed. This came in from the coal mines in the east. The water jacketing of furnaces had come in and large quantities of water were needed for the smelters as well as for the employees and the town.

Plenty of good water was found along the Whitewater Draw near the border. This also was the lowest point in the Sulphur Springs Valley and the heavy ore trains from Bisbee could coast down to the proposed site at little fuel expense. This also held true for the fuel supply trains from the east which went down grade once they were through the pass on the east side of the valley. At the proposed site, therefore, both the Mexican and the Bisbee ores could be smelted advantageously. Douglas was also a favorable site for the junction of the Ferrocarril de Nacozari and the El Paso and Southwestern Railroad. In addition, there was space enough to accommodate a plant of any size. The railroad was, therefore, extended to Bisbee and through to El Paso.



Douglas townsite in 1902, looking south, Railroad Avenue (now PanAmerican) on right, G Avenue on left, depot is large building on right.



First National Bank of Douglas, southwest corner of 10th St. and G Ave.

Town Building

The C&A was first to get underway with their smelter, but both companies had started construction before the railroad was in from Bisbee. All supplies and passengers were hauled in by teams. The building of the railroad went ahead rapidly, connecting Bisbee, Douglas and El Paso, and at its completion, Douglas had excellent communication with both east and west. From now on, things moved more swiftly, and many people came into Douglas. Building was going on apace and any man who could handle a hammer and a handsaw could qualify as a carpenter and find plenty of work.

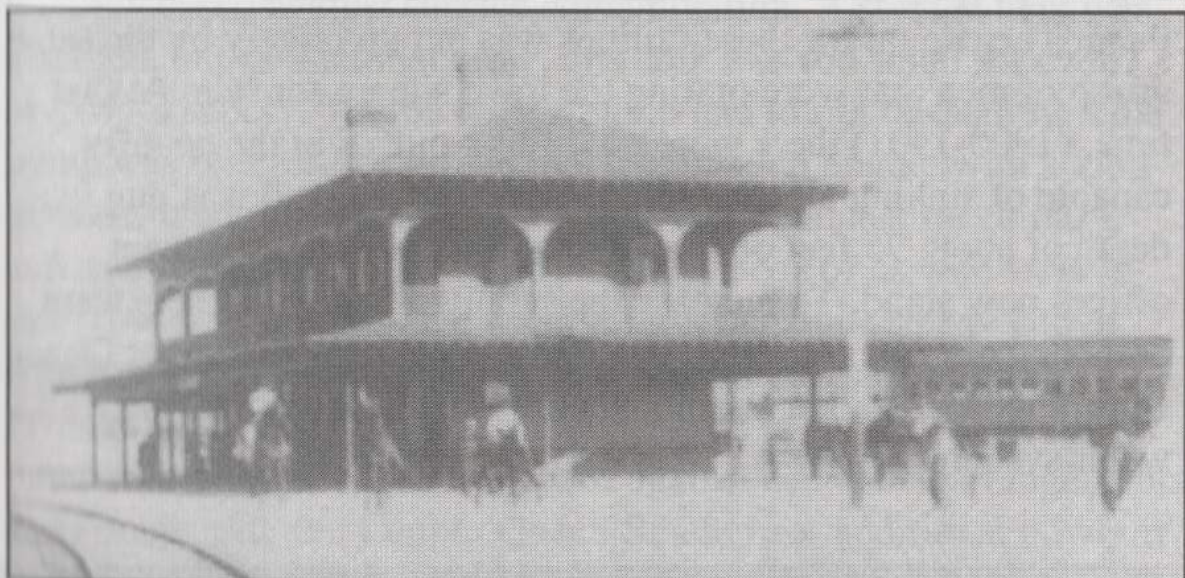
When a company goes out into the wilds to develop a new industry, its greatest need is labor. To get labor, it must provide reasonably good living conditions for its employees and their families. That means that there first must be houses, boarding houses and stores, as well as doctors, nurses and hospitals for the care of the sick and injured. Right along with these must go schools, churches, libraries and newspapers. It is a simple business proposition. The better the living conditions, the more people will

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Top: Copper Queen Company Store, northwest corner of 10th St. and G Ave.
Center: Original Depot, at west end of 10th St.
Bottom: Bank of Douglas, northeast corner of 10th St. and G Ave., c. 1917.

Street Car Line

In 1901, the street car line was built out to the smelters, going south on G Avenue, then west on 4th Street. The first car barns were about where the city hall now stands and the motive power was a little steam locomotive which frequently broke down. Later this line was extended to B Avenue and out 10th Street to the ball park.

The Douglas Investment Co., which at this time owned the 15th Street Park, put down a bored 12-inch well to a depth which insured a good uncontaminated supply of water and this well was securely cased against surface contamination. A storage tank was installed, but as the town grew, this tank was too small for even one day's supply. Therefore, the pump had to run constantly. This pump was operated by an internal combustion engine with a loud exhaust. It could be heard all over the town and nearby country, and as it frequently missed and stopped, those of us who were in the know would listen and worry until it began its steady cough-cough again. As soon as conditions warranted, the Douglas Investment Co. powerhouse was increased in capacity, electric pumps were installed, and to guard against accidents, arrangements were made with the Copper Queen Smelter for additional power if and when it was needed. So Douglas was sure of water, lights and power.

Water Pressure

The supply of water was always inadequate in the early days. During the day in the summer, the pressure was not sufficient to carry water up to a second story. Dr. Hickman and I, who lived at the Copper Queen dispensary where the bathroom was on the second floor, had several large pails which we filled with water late at night and then drew enough water in the tub for a bath. Whoever got up first would use the water already in the tub for a bath and the next man used the water in the pails. This kind of water supply was, of course, unsatisfactory, and it would take a

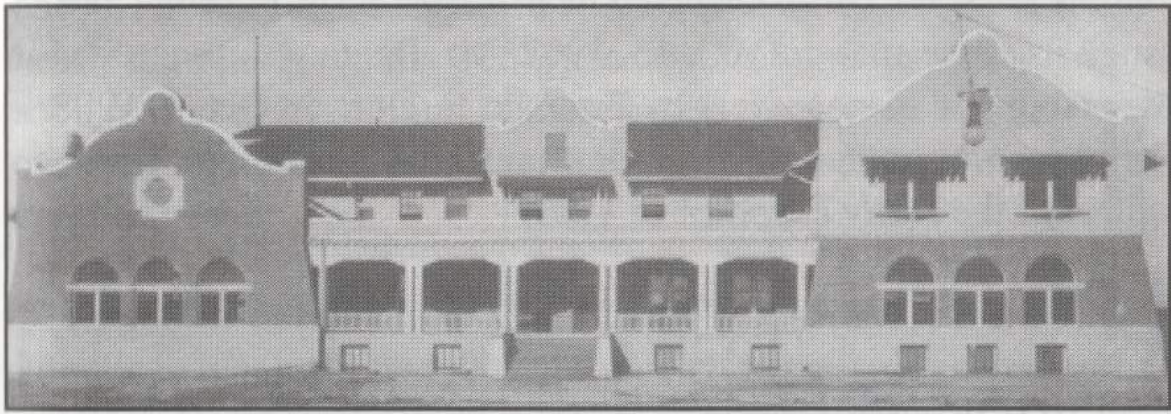
Early Paving

The next public improvement was the paving. The city was given the choice of going in as one improvement district, or of declaring each street a separate district or unit. The first plan would have spread the cost of paving over the whole assessment roll, the second assessed the cost on each lot of the street paved. Much to the disappointment of the city fathers, the second won out and the city was paved by streets. This was during the administration of Mr. Ellis.

G Avenue was first paved in the business district, then 10th, 11th, 12th, 9th, 8th [Streets], and part of F Avenue. Even this small amount of paving greatly cut down the troublesome dust. The business district was paved with Warrenite (Warren Bros.) and while it was the most expensive, because of its fine quality, it has proved the cheapest in the end and has been the cheapest as to upkeep in the city. As long as we are on paving, I may add that A Avenue was paved during Mr. A.C. Karger's administration [1929-1932] as a part of Highway 80 and there, a cheaper, but very good, type of paving was used.



City Hall/Fire Station with horsedrawn fire fighting equipment. Original part built in 1906, remodeled in 1917, and replaced in 1967.



Douglas YMCA, c. 1908

Passenger Depot

The first site of the passenger depot was at the end of 10th Street where the YMCA building now stands. This was a poor location, as the trains had to run into it, then back out to the main line to go on their way. This was changed by Mr. Ryan who was in charge of the railroad. To me it was an astonishing sight to see the building jacked up high, tracks laid under it, lowered on flat cars run under it and hauled away to its new location. Later the same building was again moved north of the tracks to make way for the present attractive station building.

The YMCA was built as a railroad YMCA and continued to be largely supported by the railroad until the El Paso and Southwestern was sold to the Southern Pacific.

Early Newspaper

Early in 1901, George F. Meek established the *International*, the first weekly newspaper to be issued in Douglas. Later he was joined by C.E. Bull who brought his *American* from Tombstone, and together they published the *International-American*. Major George H. Kelly bought a half interest in the concern, started a daily and continued with the paper until 1927.

bank is now the Valley National Bank.] The Queen, at 12th Street and G Avenue, was completed shortly afterwards. None of these hotels ran dining rooms. The Queen opened one for a time, but soon closed it. In addition to these hotels there were several small ones upstairs over stores, etc. [such] as the Woodward at 9th Street and G Avenue.



The Gadsden Hotel prior to the 1928 fire.

They all did a flourishing business in the early days. When the Gadsden Hotel was opened (1906), we really thought we had arrived somewhere in the hotel business. But even the Gadsden in those days could not make a dining room pay. Most of the dining was done in the restaurants and as far as I could see, they were equally bad. The flavor of stale grease pervaded everything and a cautious person always wiped off the table utensils.

Library and Theater

The Copper Queen Library was built before 1904 and served not only as library and reading room, but also as a dance hall until the Orpheum was built. The Orpheum was built to serve

Schools and Churches

The Episcopal and Baptist Churches were early established in their present location – the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Roman Catholic Churches – sometime later.

In the business of schools, we find again the same group of men who were so active in the Douglas Investment Company taking the lead and furnishing the money and credit for a school building before either the town or the school district was organized. The first 7th Street School was built by funds supplied by them. Tom Grindell – so far as I know – was the first superintendent of schools. He had to put children in almost any vacant room he could find, sometimes three to a seat and a morning and afternoon shift, until decent accommodations could be provided for the rapidly increasing school population. Be it said, to the credit of the people of Douglas, they never turned down a request of the school board for funds to build or equip schools.



Originally built as the new Douglas High School, this building is now Joe Carlson School, serving as an elementary school and as DUSD offices.

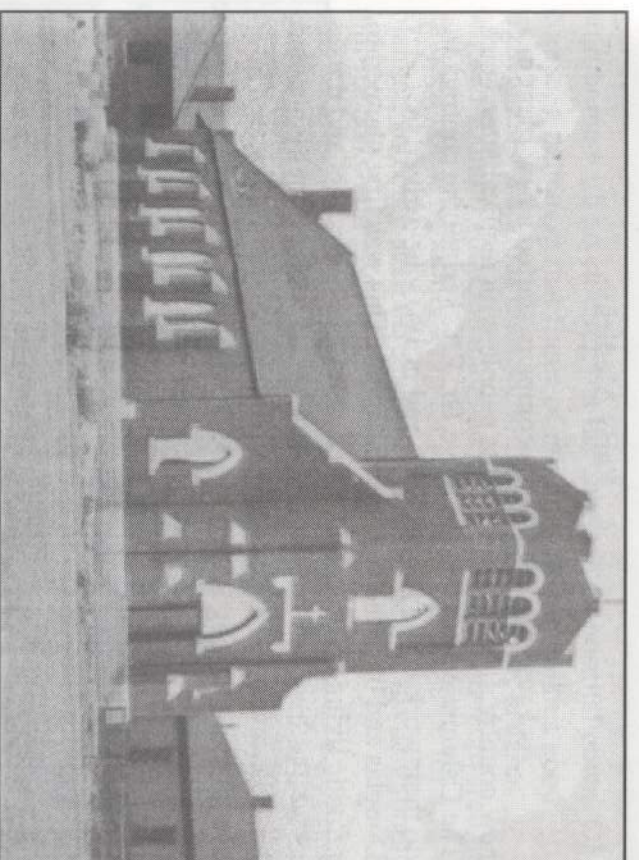
Peace Officers

Until Douglas was organized as a municipality late in 1904, the county and state officials supplied all the government we had. The board of supervisors appointed a justice of the peace and a constable. R.O. Johnson was the first elected justice of the peace. Deputy sheriffs were specially appointed to serve this district and the headquarters of the Arizona Rangers was located here – for in

the early days, Douglas was the most wide open and the wildest town in Arizona territory. These rangers were copied largely from the Texas Rangers and were a most efficient body of peace officers. Gun fights, with their frequent killings, were all too common. The saloons, of which there were many, all had gambling games going, and bartenders and gamblers worked in three shifts. The front door was never closed. Many of the men in town were single and had no place to go except the saloon. It served as a man's club. The radio and movies were unknown – road shows, lectures and concerts were of very infrequent occurrence, so the saloons and gambling were usually crowded and did a thriving business. Also, a new town attracted all sorts of drifting characters – lawbreakers and outlaws. Some of these settled down and became good citizens – some kept on in their wild ways and were the source of much trouble and disorder. Holdups, especially of people careless enough to show much money around the saloons, were quite common. Fights and crimes of violence showed a periodicity in their occurrence. The hot weather seemed to cause one wave, while the holiday, with its drinking and conviviality, seemed to bring another.



Percy Bowden, early Douglas Police Chief



Immaculate Conception Catholic Church, ca. 1909.



St. Stephens Episcopal Church, ca. 1909.

start home with no clothing but the abbreviated hospital gown. Of course, a patient in that frame of mind would not make a good fight against a serious disease, so I began treating these cases where I found them. One man had his pneumonia and recovered on an open porch with only a rag for a mattress and a zarape for a blanket, and only such care between doctor visits as his neighbors and friends could give him.



Courtesy of Douglas Historical Society

Calumet & Arizona Hospital on 10th Street, early 1930s.

Smallpox Common

Smallpox was common then, and if we wanted to vaccinate Mexicans who had been exposed to it, we had to call on the peace officers to round them up and hold them. Long before I retired from practice here, this was all changed and our Mexican patients went eagerly to the hospital where they knew they would be better cared for than they would be at home. As to vaccination – many of our Mexican mothers would bring their little babies for vaccination before they were two weeks old.

Housing conditions were bad in the town and the supply was far short of the demand. Sometimes five to six men would be

from the horse's head. The noise of the storm had so blanketed the rattle of the train and the dust so obscured it that neither the horse nor I could see it.

Another time, Dr. Hickman and I were returning after dinner to our office over the *Dispatch* and were just at the alley back of the Douglas-Brophy building, when we heard the rattle and crash of a runaway team. As we could not see, we hurried back a few steps into the alley to get out of the way. Just at the entrance of the alley there was a telephone pole. We heard the crash of the team and the wagon hitting the pole, which was broken right off, but could see nothing of the team, although we were only eight to ten feet away.

Gypsum Plaster

A good house plaster that would work in this climate was not to be had until Mr. Adamson put his gypsum plaster on the market. The interior finish of the early houses mostly consisted of a warped ceiling of lumber or worse, and the dust went through everything. Good housewives would get up in the morning and work hard cleaning their houses and putting them in order, only to have the wind come up by 10:00 a.m. and make things worse than ever.

It was little wonder that they found it too much for them and that many of them suffered from hysteria and nervous breakdown. Whenever possible, the doctors here would order a trip to the coast for such cases with most happy results. When I first came to Douglas, I was told that this climate was grand for men and dogs, but very bad for women and cats, and you can easily see the reason why.

Surgery under such conditions was dangerous, and always when possible, operations were set for 6 a.m. so as to get them over before the dust came up.

As a newcomer, I was puzzled to find a feather duster hanging up on the porches of most of the houses. I very soon found



Dr. Lynn J. Tuttle

Dr. L.J. Tuttle was Mayor of Douglas from June 1932 until his death on March 19, 1942. He was born in Iowa on Dec. 22, 1869, received his degree in medicine from the University of Michigan in 1902, interned for a year at Calumet and Hecla Mines, and in 1903 with Adventure Mine Co., both companies in Michigan. In 1904, he came to Arizona for Phelps Dodge Corp. and the El Paso and Southwestern Railroad. Later he was surgeon for the Southern Pacific Railroad, as well as physician in charge of the Phelps Dodge dispensary in Douglas. He married Margaret Martin Rae on Dec. 27, 1911, and they lived at 817 9th St. in Douglas, for more than 40 years.

Ernie Ruterman

Growing up in Douglas in the Early Years

CCHS editor's note: We have tried to keep Mr. Ruterman's story in his own words, as far as possible. Any editing we have done is to make the intent of the sentence more readable and is indicated by brackets [—]. We have also added some punctuation for clarification. People who have read the story say that it is written just the way Mr. Ruterman talked and is a true reflection of his personality as they knew him. The reader should remember Ernie was writing in the early 1980s, and his "present day" references were of that time.

FAMILY

My Grandmother and Grandfather Bauman were born and raised in Switzerland. My grandmother's maiden name was Marie Josepha Muheim. My grandfather's name was Frank Bauman. After marriage they lived in this house and had seven children. My grandfather and his brother had to farm to raise feed for cattle they raised. These brothers and their wives were devoted to each other. They were honest, hardworking, religious and caring people.

After some years my grandfather's brother's wife died and he remarried. The new wife had two boys. My grandmother told my grandfather that he and his brother better go get the law to make out some papers on the land and cattle so if anything happened, all will know what to do about dividing up things. My grandfather told her there was no need for this because he and his brother got along well and always had. Later the new wife died, and the two boys wanted their mother's share. They didn't care about the farm and wanted to leave it. As none of my folks could come up with the money to buy out the boys, they had to sell the farm.

west side of C Avenue from Grandma Bauman's house at 904 4th Street. On the lot between 4th Street and the alley going north on C Avenue, there were three little green three-room houses on the avenue. They told me in later years that I was born in the middle house. All have been torn down now.

MY EARLY LIFE IN DOUGLAS

We lived first on 3rd Street where Mrs. Muheim's brother, LaForge, lived: the 700 block on North side near E Avenue. They had gone to live in Rucker Canyon on a ranch. My old friend Henry McGee lived across the street.

Then we used to have all the kids [his brothers and sisters] on 3rd Street: Frank was now living with us as he and Yack had reached the age they could no longer live in St. Joseph's School in Tucson. We, that is, Frank had a good mind. We built a merry-go-round, a 4x4 post and a 2x4 eight feet long, a pin in the middle of the top of the 4x4 post, a couple of cleats on the 2x4 arm. One kid on one side and one on other and one to push you round and round. Frank built a



Frank Anthony Ruterman, ca. 1927

[It]would not be right not to mention Abe Smith. He was a kleptomaniac — things just stuck to Abe's fingers. Every time a policeman came into the area everybody said I wonder if they are looking for Abe. He was a good kid other than his human weakness taking things, even from us kids, and could look you straight in the eye and lie. In later years, Abe learned to weld and left Douglas. He came back with construction people to build the new Copper Queen Smelter buildings. He married and was the best man you would want to meet. He finally went to Los Angeles, and do you know he became a policeman and was retired as a police chief.

Ross Brooks lived next door to Whitty's. There was a vacant lot between these two houses. Ross' dad was a night police officer and rode a horse all over town as it was against the law for a kid to be on the street after 9:00 P.M. They had a 9:00 P.M. whistle. You could hear his horse coming and the kids would scatter like quail and head for home. He rode up one avenue and down the next all night long. We would be playing hide the whip or ditch around the three little vacant green houses that were catty corner from Grandma's house.

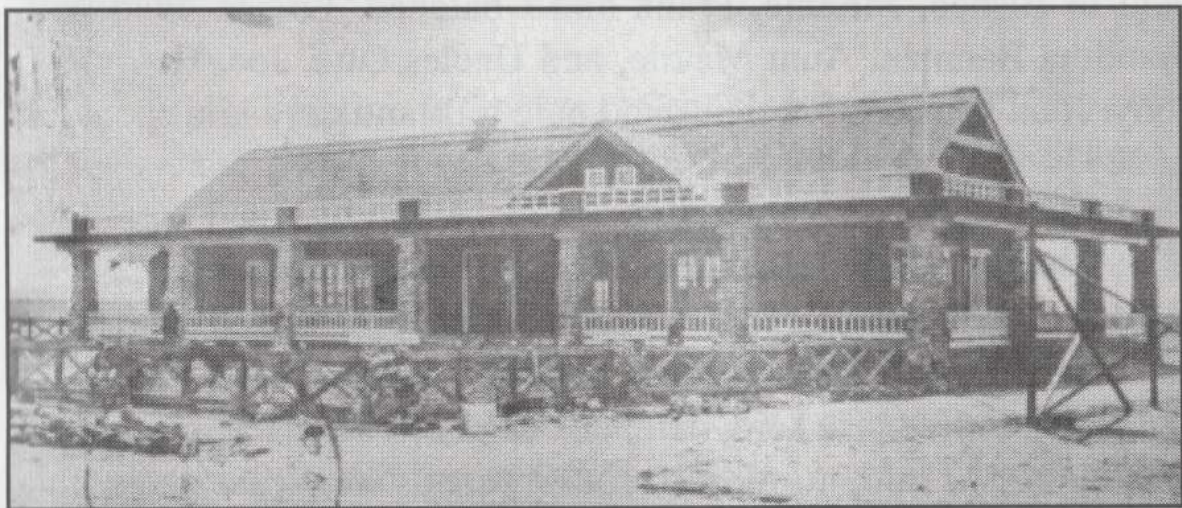
We were living at 908 4th Street at this time. The little green house by the alley was the one I was born in. Some people rented the vacant lot between Brook's and Whitty's and of all things, they sold ostrich eggs and empty shells for ornaments. This business didn't last long. Claim was that one ostrich egg fed four people.

We had a baseball diamond back of Grandma Bauman's house. We cleared out all the mesquite and made the field across C Avenue. We played a team from a 17th Street gang which were kids from 17th, 18th and 19th Streets, and also the Mexicans from 2nd Street to the Mexican border. The Second Street School is where these Mexicans practiced. They would come and challenge us. Course, we played on their regulation diamond. After the game, as we were going towards 3rd Street, they would start a rock fight. Most time we drove them clear back to 1st Street.

We also had a football team. Our team was integrated in

Tony one time took a chance on a horse and he won it. So a stall was built next to the chicken house, for Buster, as they named the horse. They bought a second hand saddle and equipment and a two-wheel cart. In the cart, from the seat to the horse's fanny is not far. A man by the name of Gus Bickle was working at the smelter and did room and board at Grandma's. Sure, he was Swiss. He slept in the back yard in a tent but was treated and used the house just as the rest did. Old Buster would pitch, kick and raise hell when you first saddled him and got on, or when you started to take off in [the] cart. From floor of cart up to about 2 feet or so it was rounded and had slats. Buster, one time when Gus started off, kicked all these slats in. Gus would drive across the line and buy produce and meat. Bushel basket of vegetables cost maybe 75 cents meat 10 cents per kilo.

Then we moved to the house on C Avenue across from Grandma Bauman's. Here we made more friends, Abe Smith and Barrett boys. So right in the vacant lot back of Grandma's at 905 4th Street we made a ball diamond and golf course. We used a pipe tee on a pipe handle for a golf club. Course, Pete Puzzi was always our manager in baseball and golf. He was a caddie and acquired discarded clubs.



Courtesy of Douglas Historical Society

Douglas' first Country Club located on east 12th Street, early 1920s

and Amanda moved into her folks' home. Louise and Paul Morris took over. They sold the house and moved to Frederick Drive and I took care of Mom when Louise died.

DOUGLAS SCHOOL DAYS



Right side standing, Joe Carlson, Principal, just back to work from WW I
 Back Row, L to R: Teacher ?, unk girl, Bertha Krentz, Margaret Somma, Florence Nelson, Katie Kemp, Jess, unk girl
 Middle Row: Brown Martin, Pete Hildebrant, Homer Seeley, Dennis Shehan, Henry Beecroft, Chester, Ernest Ruterman, ? Stevens, Lillian Ellitzski
 Front Row: Danny Carrol, Pee Wee, Charley Kenwood, Ed Beauchamp

This picture is Grammar School, 8th grade, at 12th Street and A Avenue, just before going to be freshman in High School. Mr. Podder resigned and Mr. Carlson had just come back from World War I and he took over. He was at Grammar School for years and then he was the high school principal. Now Grammar School is known as Joe Carlson School. Not too many Mexicans kids going there at this time, and the Negroes went to school at Second Street School. This school, on 2nd Street and C Avenue, was for Mexicans, as was 15th Street School and Pirtleville Schools. The Negroes had two little buildings maybe 25' x 12' x 30' not many pupils but only one teacher



Douglas Bulldogs Baseball Team, c. 1922-23

Back Row, L to R: Abert Negri, Bert Foster, Jim O'Neil, Gent Lovelady, Bud Clark
Front Row, L to R: Ernesto Eslava, Dan Jackson, unk., Harry Stevens, Ernie Ruterma

softball, track and basketball. At the end of the year was a big track meet. All year long we had baseball and basketball schedules. When we had to compete at 12:30 to 1:00 P.M., I used to leave school at 12:00 noon, run from 12th at A Avenue to 3rd Street between C & D Avenues. Eat a piece of toast, drink a cup of cocoa and be back at 12:30 P.M. for softball or basketball game. Some games were played after school. When some kid was kind enough to lend me a bike I was grateful. Finally I acquired a bike. Someone gave me a frame, girl's no less, some others two wheels, seat and chain and I was in business.

In high school, the first principal I had was Mr. Robison, a very nice guy and a gentleman, a good man, but believe me he was stern. He would belt you or expel you. I mean some of the seniors were men as big as he, but they did not scare him. I believe that kids were so big because you did not start school until you were six years old and if you did not make a grade you stayed another year. Mr. Powers was my second principal as Mr. Robison went on to be principal somewhere else.

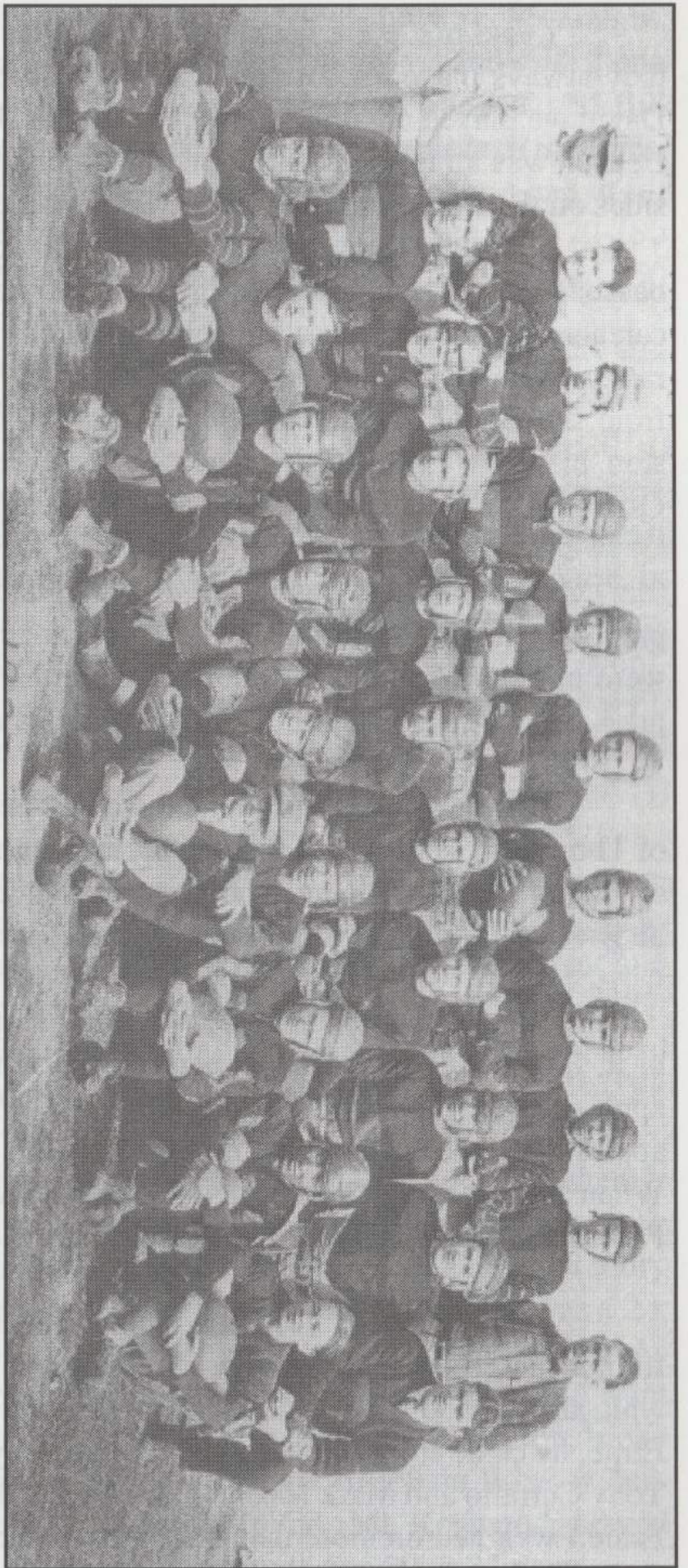
Once a year we had to parade in the lot where Coronado Courts are now, on 15th Street just [West] of 15th Street Park.

They also made us go full pack, rifle and all 15 miles to Mudd Springs over Friday, Saturday and come back Sunday. You had a pup tent, a little tent about 3 feet high that slept two. You learned to cook in your mess kit. The cooks and all the equipment came from Camp Harry J. Jones. Some of us were put on K.P. to help prepare food, then, they showed [us] how to cook it.

We had to go to the rifle range east of town on 15th Street road by the hill next to D Hill for target practice. Army facilities at this time were 100, 200 and 300 yards. Targets at each one of these yardages were shot standing, on one knee and laying flat on your stomach, one clip or 20 bullets at each position and each distance.

Yes, we had to walk to the rifle range and back in formation. We had two companies, A and B, with about 80 in each company. The honor guard put the flag up every morning and took it down just before school was out: two buglers, two guards and one flag bearer. Lots of parents griped about this training. Of course, us boys did not like to get up so early four days a week in winter. Winter in those days we had ice and snow. But when you got a little older, you think it was a good idea after all, as World War I came along, some 18-year-olds had to go to war, and you got limited training because they needed soldiers up front quick. So, we at least knew how to handle and fire a large caliber rifle. Our guns were regular Army guns, Enfields and Winchesters.

In order to go to school, you had to buy books, pencils and paper. Most poor people could not stand the expense. Also you had to wear nice clothes, no overalls. When World War I came, we were permitted to wear corduroy pants and Levis and you had to wear a tie. Most wore bow ties. Shoes had to be shined and you said Ma'am and no Ma'am and yes sir, Mr. Powers. When some of the boys got sassy with the principal, they got slapped in the jaw, taken to the office and the riot act was given to them. You do thus and so, or we



1923 Douglas Bulldog Football Team

Front Row, L to R: Frank Harris, Dick Seeley, Ernest Ruterma, Bill Greene, Bill Hood, Bill Stevens, Tom Sanders, Si Fores, Russell Moore, mascot Ted Wood (in front).
 Second Row, L to R: Nathan Kline, Frank Cummins, Frank Lea, Joe Causey, Henry Bollweg, Charles Rork, Ben Flores, Douglas Cary, trainer Gates Foss.
 Third Row, L to R: J.H. Couch, coach; Roy Banta, Tom Negri, Harry Maechling, Bill Meloy, Jack Tetley, Earl "Coley" Powles, James Rork, Kumen Herbert, J. Mercer Johnson, and J.E. Carlson, Principal

coach said, you could play first team. I said, no way. One night, Coach Couch said, send him over. He kicked my ass and said, damn it move and I did. I made the team. I beat Tom Sanders and Bill Meloy out for end, and then he made me fullback in place of Si Flores.

In my sophomore year I made the football team. I had to fill the shoes of George Harris who was about 5 feet 1 inch and 170-180 pounds. I weighed 125 pounds at the beginning of the year and 150 pounds at the end of the year. Our coach, Coach Couch, was a wonderful dedicated man. You play hard, block and tackle hard, but no dirty work. He pulled you out if you played dirty.

Couch patrolled the streets to see if any of his players were breaking the curfew. If he caught someone he would say, don't let it happen again and if it did, he'd say, turn in your shirt. So you see, in my day it was discipline all the way in school and in athletics. Seems to me that now it's like the gladiators in Rome, win is the word. What happens today to a good coach who loses? He doesn't get a contract the next year. All athletic contests are win or you're out no matter how good you are.

Phelps Dodge and the Calumet and Arizona Smelters were good to let high school kids have summer jobs. They usually tried to help the ones who needed it most. As I was a good ball player and the Copper Queen Smelter had intershop competition, I was hired at 16 years old for awhile. He thought I was 18. Old Gus Nelson, head of the repair gang, arranged this.

It was not easy being an oiler in the roaster building where it was hot and smoky. I had to get underneath the roasters once a week to grease all the bearings. It was hot as hell. When done, not a dry stitch of clothes. To get from one roaster to another, there was a 2 x 12 walk way with no hand rail about 12 feet above the ground. As you went from one roaster to another, you grabbed a pipe and went through a moving belt that drove the roaster. Mr. Bill Beaton, broke me in to this oiling job. I shall never forget Bill, Sam Wise or Jack Kenwood and Al Puzzi, my boyhood friend. Mr. Kenwood showed me on your knuckles how to tell if a month has 30 or 31 days.

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Soldiers Hole Monument

From 1861 to 1886, the United States mounted the Chiricahua Apache Campaign in an attempt to subdue the Apaches. Cavalry troops on maneuver camped at Soldiers Hole, one of a very few permanent water sources in the Sulphur Springs Valley. In 1883, W.G. Sanderson and Ambrose Lyall dug a well nearby that became an artesian water supply.

In 1892, a 12-battery stamp mill was erected, a post office called "Descanso" [haven of rest], was established and a

My Father, the Doctor

By Adeline Greene Parks

These recollections are dedicated to my daughter-in-law, Vicki Parks. In 1987, her interest in the history of the Slaughter Ranch gave me the pleasure of taking her and my three grandchildren on a sentimental journey to visit the house on 9th Street where I grew up.

William Arnold Greene

William Arnold Greene was born in 1869 to Albert Coggeshall and Ann Arnold Greene. Genealogy records say all of the Greenes who descended from John, the cherugeon, were born in Rhode Island, and there is no evidence that any of them left the state until my father did in 1890, at the age of 21, for the mining town of Bisbee, in the territory of Arizona.

According to the entry in the 1913 Who's Who, Will Greene wanted to become a doctor, but did not have the money to attend college. Instead he became a drug store apprentice and then a pharmacist.

The Bisbee he moved to was a pesthole. There was one doctor, Dr. Darlington, one orderly and no trained nurses. Opie Burgess in her book, *Bisbee – Not So Long Ago*, wrote that during a typhoid epidemic, "Mrs. Williams, wife of the smelter's superintendent, saw the critical condition of the camp. Under her supervision she organized groups of women to do their share of helping the doctor. The women took shifts, the same as their husbands did when working in the mine. Some weeks, a certain group would provide the patients with broth and boiled water to drink while others laundered the sheets and towels. . . .

"One day, when Mrs. Stillman had taken her bundle of clean sheets and towels to the hospital, she said to the doctor, 'In order to stop this epidemic, the camp must be cleaned up. It is the filth and flies that are carrying the disease. You are working beyond your strength. What if you get sick? What would we do?'"

"A meeting at the schoolhouse was called by the doctor to see what could be done. The doctor was not burning up with fever of typhoid but of rage and disgust. He told the townspeople he was helpless.

"He raised his voice to its highest pitch and pounded the teacher's desk where he was standing, saying, 'We are going to have a hospital, more doctors and nurses.' The uproar of the townspeople who were listening drowned out what else he had to say, with their shouts of enthusiasm and cheering."

A few weeks later work on the hospital started. When finished, it was named "Dr. Darlington's Cracker Box." There were two 12X16 foot rooms. This was where Will Greene worked as an orderly.

Dr. Darlington left Bisbee in 1889 and returned to New York. Dr. Frederick Arnold Sweet became the chief surgeon. When Dr. Sweet found out that the young man from Rhode Island was a pharmacist, he persuaded him to train under him as a nurse. I don't know how long my father lived in Bisbee, but long enough for Dr. Sweet to encourage him to go back east to study medicine. My mother many times spoke of Dr. Sweet. "He loaned your father money," she'd say, "and along with his own savings and a little help from your Aunt Emma, he graduated from New York University. After graduation he interned at Bellevue Hospital."

His first position was medical examiner for New York Life [Insurance Co.] The salary must have been good for those days, as

for a year and then returned to Douglas where my father went into private practice. In 1905 John Slaughter Greene was born, in 1907 William Arnold Greene and in 1911 Adeline Howell Greene.

He held two elected positions in Douglas – second ward alderman from 1906 to 1909, and mayor from 1908 to 1910. He served as city health officer until 1912 and then again in 1914. Under his direction a scavenger system was established, health department regulations formulated and a public sewer system installed. He also was Cochise County health officer for a time.

The House on 9th Street

When my father returned to Douglas from Chicago to establish a private practice, he and my mother lived in a house on 8th Street between C and D Avenues. Shortly after the birth of my brother William, they moved into 825 9th St. A prominent contractor of the time, Clay Sparks, built the house.

Now for a tour through the house I remember. The front door flanked by leaded windows opened into an entrance hall where a hat tree bore a crop of my father's hats, and my brothers' baseballs, bats and mitts.

The room on the right was called the front room – not the parlor, not the music room. In spite of our mother's insistence and the music teacher's patience, we never learned to play the piano. Sometimes in the evenings and on Sundays, the room turned into an emergency consulting room for my father's patients.

On winter evenings, we sat in the library where we shared our parents' love of reading. I remember the leather bound sets of Grimm and Hans Christian Andersen. When we grew older, we read Mark Twain, Dickens and O. Henry.

The dark paneling in the dining room ended in a plate rail, which displayed china plates, hand-painted by my mother. The crystal chandelier hung over the oval oak table which, with leaves

cloth to mellow, the cakes got a generous sprinkling of whiskey.

Every Tuesday for 18 years, Lola Robles put up the ironing board on the back porch. Wicker baskets held the starched and dampened bed and table linen, shirts and petticoats.

When my grandmother and great-grandmother had an illness that needed my father's daily attention, they stayed in the downstairs bedroom. I was delivered there. My mother nursed my father there during his last few months.

My brothers spent little time in their bedrooms upstairs. The front yard full of their friends looked like a municipal playground where the boys played their seasonal games of marbles, mumblety-peg and top spinning. Even the front porch was off limits to my friend Mildred and me. I remember the command, "Go in the house." So we went in the front door and out the back to the umbrella tree in the side yard. From the perches in the top branches, we spied on them.

William Greene, The Doctor

In addition to his private practice, one of my father's duties as health officer was the care of the patients in an isolation hospital called the pest house. In spite of the availability of vaccine, there were always a few cases of smallpox among the Mexicans.

Another responsibility was the weekly venereal disease examination of the prostitutes in the local brothels. After prostitution became illegal, my grandfather predicted, "A decent woman won't be safe on the streets."

In 1914, during the battle of Naco, Dr. Greene was the only American doctor who had the courage and compassion to cross the border and care for the wounded and dying. He had some wounded soldiers sent to Douglas where proper medical attention could be given to them. He received a letter from Arizona Governor George W.P. Hunt commending him.

voice that broke, "The little Glenn girl died. I did everything I could. There were little hemorrhages under her skin. She got weaker and weaker."

Twice in those early years we woke up to find snow! There was frantic digging in the drawer of the hall tree for rubbers and mittens. One time I played too long with wet mittens. With hands on fire, I ran screaming into the house. My father took off his coat and knelt down. He placed my hands under his armpits – as if by magic, the pain began to disappear.

When I wanted a dog of my very own, I was given permission with the understanding that I pay for it. After a year, I turned over my life savings to my mother who sent a check to a Pekinese kennel in New York. Finally Toto arrived frightened and dirty after a train journey of six days.

About a week later he came down with distemper. He lay on a blanket near the floor register in the library where I sat by him until I could no longer bear the suffering.

One day after school I stayed at Mildred's house until dinnertime. When I came to the table I realized I hadn't seen the puppy since lunch. I asked how he was. There was silence. I went to my room where the tears and the sobs started.

I knew my parents had plans to attend a performance by the famous Scottish man Harry Lauder, but my father came upstairs. "I've sent your mother on," he said. He gave me an aspirin and stroked my forehead until I went to sleep.

One night I went with my friend Mildred Smith to the Baptist Church to hear an evangelist. I dismissed his ranting about the evils of dancing but not his predictions that most of us were going to hell. The next morning I asked my father if there really was a hell. He looked at me, touched his temple and said, "Yes, there is, right here."

Sweet Adaline

By Gladys E. Dunham

"Sweet Adaline, My Adaline,
You're the flower of my heart, Sweet Adaline."

Many lovely girls by this name have been serenaded by this song, but Douglas is proud to claim, as its Sweet Adaline, Mrs. E.J. (Adaline) Huxtable, of 837 10th Street, a resident of Douglas since 1910. Born in West Point, Clay County, Mississippi, the daughter of Martha Ann (nee) Trotter and William Carter White, a pharmacist who served the Confederacy in the Civil War, she and two brothers, Charles Thomas and Peyton Henry, were the only ones to survive in a family of seven children. As she says, "In those days people just didn't know how to wean babies." She spent a happy and uneventful childhood in the small town of West Point, enjoying the usual amusements of a southern town – dancing parties, hayrides, fishing in a nearby river, and marshmallow roasts. She was very much of a homebody as a child and can remember an occasion when she went to visit her paternal grandparents for an overnight stay. She sat on the porch at sunset, growing more and more homesick, until she finally slipped from her place and trotted home, a mile away, unwilling even to be away from her parents overnight.

She attended grade school, high school, and Presbyterian college, graduating with an A.B. degree in mathematics and piano. She studied piano in college and with private teachers. She remembers one piano recital in which she participated, when, on taking her place at the piano, she looked down at her feet and saw to her horror that she still had on her overshoes!

She remembers many visits to her grandmother when she grew older. Her first trip alone was to visit an aunt in Murfreesboro, Tenn., when she was 15 or 16 [years old]. She

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commercially and the peanuts had to be ground by hand and made into the butter. Many years afterward, when the young man who wanted to marry one of her daughters asked Adaline for her hand, she said, "Well, you two have known each other for a long time. Daddy and I knew each other for only three months, and we had a beautiful marriage, so I guess it is all right."

Following their marriage, Adaline and her husband had a three-month wedding trip to the Orient, where she bought her linens for her new home. On their return, they bought their furniture at an exposition in Los Angeles, of this furniture she still uses the dining room set, in perfect condition and highly polished. They first lived in a house on the corner of 12th Street and A Avenue, opposite Carlson School. After a few months, they bought the present home at 837 10th St. from the Applewhites who were living there. Mrs. Applewhite, always her dear friend, said, "That's the only thing I have against you, Adaline, you took my home!"

At this time, Mr. Huxtable owned the Douglas Drug Co., which he operated for a few years, and then sold it, buying the Owl Drug, which he owned until he retired. He became postmaster of Douglas in the '30s, which position he held until he retired again, this time permanently, until he died in 1937. The Huxtables had three children: Edward J., of Cochise Drive, Douglas; Martha Vickers of Miami, Florida; and Mary Russell Borcharding of Flagstaff, Ariz. These children were educated in Douglas, and upon marriage, gave Adaline numerous grandchildren: Edward, one son; Martha, three sons, two daughters; and Mary Russell, two daughters and one son. One of Mary Russell's daughters has also presented Adaline with two great-grandchildren.

The Huxtable home is essentially the same as it was when they bought it from the Applewhites, with the exception of several additions to accommodate their growing family – the front porch and two larger bedrooms. Adaline has kept it as it was so that the children would always be able to return and find things exactly as they expected them to be, and also, as she says, "The children just

wouldn't feel right about coming back to any other house. They all know there's room enough here for as many as want to gather at one time."

In the early years of her marriage, Adaline proudly enjoyed driving her own horse and buggy, which were kept in a local livery stable. However, she says, "When the babies came along, I couldn't handle babies and buggy, too. So Daddy bought our first car, a Paige." At the age of 84, she surrendered her driver's license with the remark, "If I ever had an accident, the first thing people would say would be, 'That old girl's too old to be driving anyway,' and I'm just not going to give them the satisfaction!"

Both Mr. and Mrs. Huxtable were devout Christians. Adaline had been a Southern Baptist, but upon marriage, she joined the Presbyterian Church in Douglas, of which he had been a member since his arrival in 1905. She has always been a staunch pillar of that church, serving it in many ways. Even in December 1973, she attended a church luncheon and enjoyed the fellowship greatly. She still attends her church circle frequently. She has been president of the United Presbyterian Women's Association more than once, worked in the Sunday School, served on the board of the YWCA, helped with its fund-raising drives, and has always been a willing contributor to all good works of the town.

But her chief characteristic is her love of people. She has always had a host of loving friends, and was a gracious hostess to social gatherings. Of late years, these social gatherings have been curtailed to small groups, three or four, but she is always alert and at her best in conversation with friends in these small groups.

Adaline has always been reticent about stating her age. Once she answered to a census taker's query about her age, and told her daughter-in-law, "Tell her I was born in 1877 and let her figure it out for herself!"

In figuring it out, we come up with the number 96. Ninety-six years of gracious womanhood and motherhood — a shining light



The Huxtable Family, 1925

L to R: Mary Russell, Mrs. Adaline Huxtable, Edward Huxtable Jr., Mr. E. J. Huxtable Sr., Martha

for all to steer by. Ninety-six years young! Sweet Adaline, we salute you!

This article is a reprint of an article that appeared in The Cochise Quarterly, Vol. 4, No. 1, March 1974.

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CCHS

Guardian

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History

My great-grandparents, John S. and Mary Williams, came from Cornwall, England and settled in Bisbee where he was a stonemason and served one term as mayor. My grandfather, John Sidney Williams, was 13 years old when the family emigrated. As a young man, John Sidney married Hanora Wickstrom and they lived in Tombstone and Bisbee. My father, Ralph Sidney, was born in Bisbee. In the early 1900s, the family, John Sidney, Hanora and the children, Ernest, Edith and my father, lived in Nacozari while grandfather was superintendent at the mine there. John (later a lawyer and city attorney of Douglas) and James were born in Nacozari and the youngest boy, Robert, was born after the family moved from Mexico to Douglas.

The family home at 1235 E. 10th Street was built by grandfather and remained in the family until 1969. It has been sold several times since then, but now is the home to another Williams family, Chuck, Helen and their three children.

Mother's family came from Missouri and Georgia. Her mother and father, Minnie and John N. Hutcheson, were married in Solomonville, near Safford, where my mother, Elizabeth, was born. They moved to Douglas by wagon when she was a very small child. Grandfather Hutcheson died while a young man, leaving his widow with mother and her brother, my uncle John. Mother told us of many happy memories of time spent in Georgia on her grandparent's farm.

A few years later, Grandmother (Nana) Minnie married Daniel N. Darling, a building contractor who was responsible for the construction of many of the buildings in Douglas: "including part of the Copper Queen Smelter, the Calumet & Arizona Smelter, the Bank of Douglas building and an addition to the Meguire building, also many of the best homes in town." (From *History of Arizona, Biographical Vol. III*, pp 356-357.) He also built the house on 11th Street where I grew up. Mother said that she had helped her stepfather lay some of the bricks! He was a devoted father to her and John.

"encouraging" them with their wooden paddles!

Dances were held in the gym following almost every football game, other dances through the year: Coronation Ball, Twerp dance, Sadie Hawkins Day, and the Junior-Senior Prom. Pep rallies were held the night before the football games, we gathered in front of school, holding hands to make a blocks-long serpentine, and following the band down to G Avenue, through the Grand Theatre in the middle of the movie, to the rear of the YMCA where there would be a huge bonfire. Afterwards, almost everyone ended up at John's Place (next to the Bank of Douglas, now Bank of America) for cokes and dancing.

World War II brought many changes in Douglas. We all did what we could for the war effort. We saved the tin foil wrappers from chewing gum, which was deposited into a small box on the flagpole at the fire station! We had aluminum drives, bond drives, bought war stamps, saved bacon drippings which we took to the meat department at the PD store to be sent to make munitions. Food, shoes, gasoline, tires, and sugar, among other things, were rationed, but living right on the border, we were able to go to Agua Prieta for meat, sugar and gasoline. Each block or two had a block warden and every now and then we would have drills, blackouts, etc. During these drills, when we were supposed to be in the house, we would take a blanket out and sit on the lawn. We'd always be very quiet when the block warden passed by.

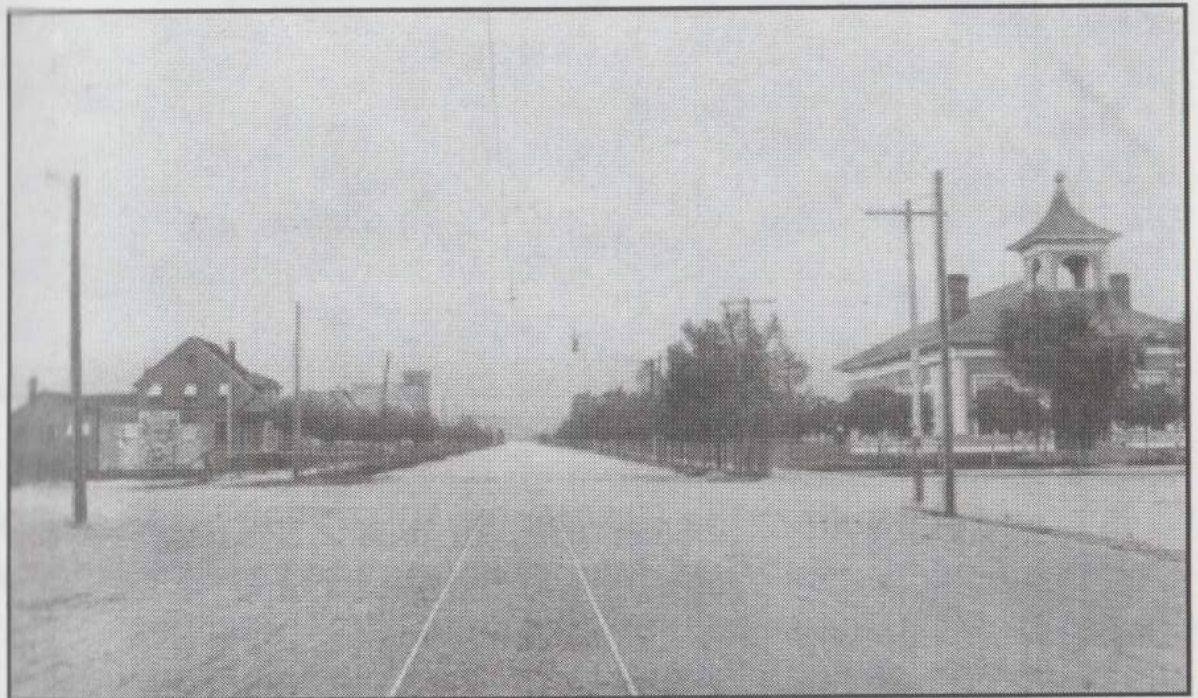
Many of us joined the Red Cross and folded bandages, earning a small embroidered Red Cross emblem, which was sewn on the head covering we were required to wear. Many of the women in town joined the Grey Ladies, some driving in the motor pools, others volunteering at the railroad depot, meeting the troop train, serving coffee and donuts, distributing magazines, and visiting with the soldiers as they passed through Douglas.

After high school graduation from the stage of the Grand Theatre, I attended the University of Arizona, graduating with a bachelor's degree in education. I taught one year at Drachman

Now I can appreciate those who are writing their stories or taping oral histories. I don't think that we fully appreciate our ancestors until we get older and we miss out on some wonderful stories because we have not pursued them.

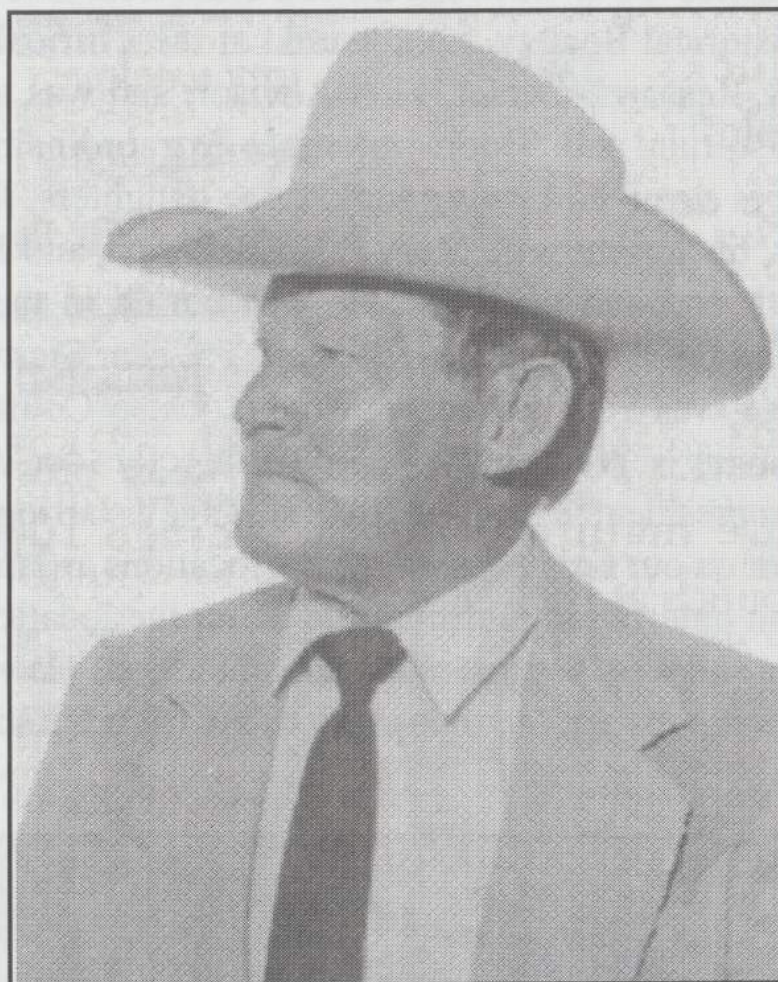
My family now consists of one son, one daughter-in-law, six daughters and five sons-in-law, 13 grandsons, one granddaughter, and one granddaughter-in-law.

The Cochise County Historical Society is proud to honor Liz as a Guardian of History for the year 2001. She has contributed much to the society and is a faithful, hard-working member of the organization. Thank you, Liz.



Tenth Street looking east. The C&A Hospital is on the left, the library on the right, facing F Avenue, ca. 1916.

IN MEMORIAM



Page Bakarich

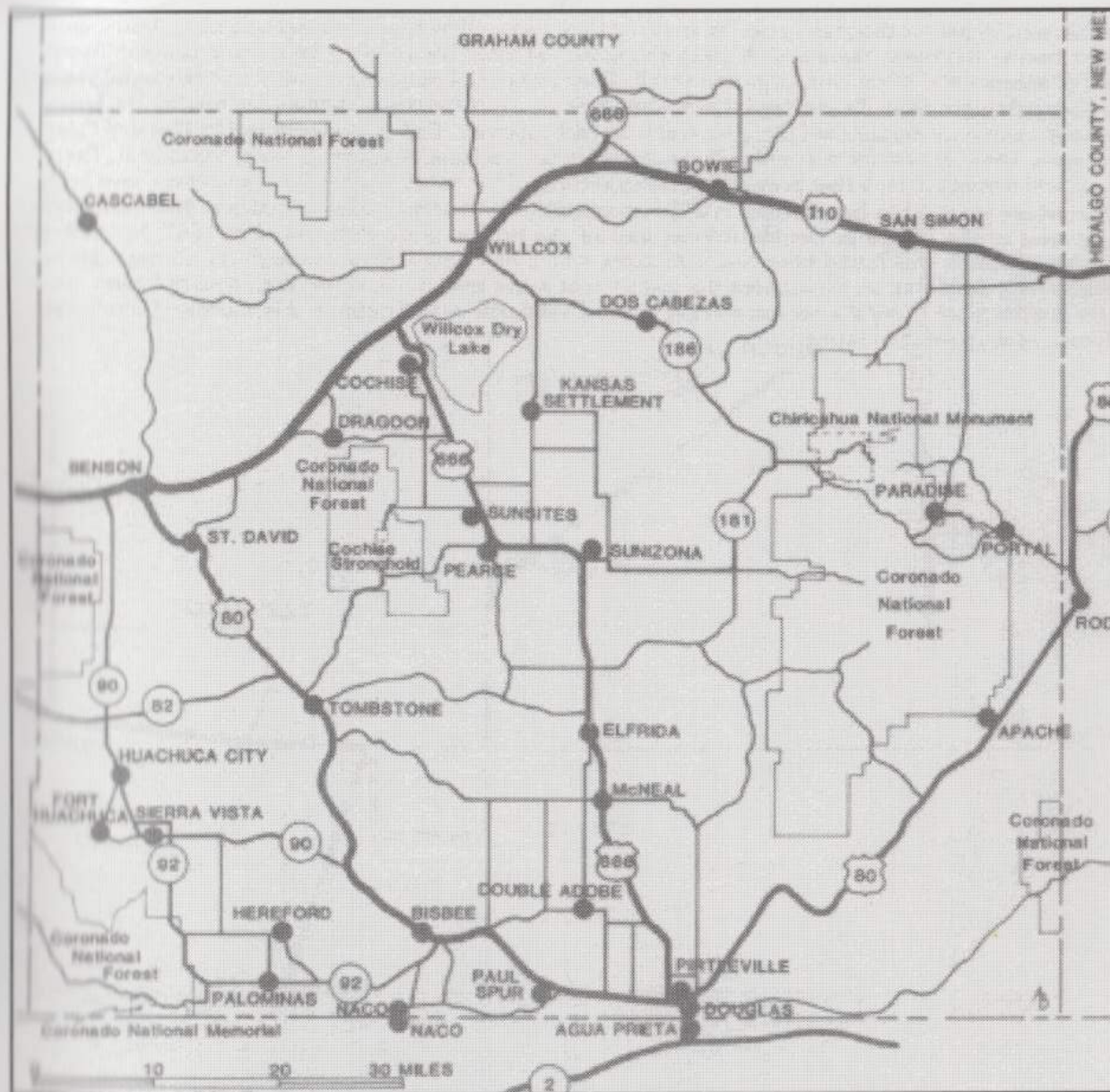
June 29, 1925 – Dec. 31, 2000

Page Bakarich of Willcox, AZ, president of the Cochise County Historical Society, died in Willcox on New Years Eve, 2000. He was born in Baton Rouge, LA to Michael N. and Sarah Grace Edgerton Bakarich. He came, with his parents, to Arizona when he was 4 years old.

Page was an underground miner in Jerome and at the Copper Queen Mine in Bisbee in his early youth. He served with the U.S. 4th Marine Division during World War II in the Pacific Theater. After his honorable discharge, he attended the University of Arizona under the GI Bill and graduated in 1952. After he received his degree, he was hired to teach Vocational Agriculture in the Willcox school system. He retired in 1989 after a career of 37 years.

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Cochise County, Arizona

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