

# THE COCHISE COUNTY HISTORICAL JOURNAL

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*CELEBRATING DOUGLAS' 100 YEARS*

THE COCHISE COUNTY

## Historical Journal

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Historical Society

Founded in 1966

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the Past  
for  
The Future**

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*COVER PHOTO*

Steam engine leaving the  
Douglas yards, heading toward  
Bisbee. Photo by Peter Atonna,  
former Douglas resident.

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### President's Letter

Dear Readers,

Finally our wonderful Arizona fall weather has arrived, and just in time for our October 20 dedication of the new Soldier's Hole monument. Thanks to the valiant efforts of John and Mary Magoffin, the long-planned monument became a reality. And, thanks to James Grizzle and Jim Collett, the physical labor of erecting the "ruggedly beautiful" monument was accomplished. Louis Cooper graciously provided the huge stones that came from the foundation of the original stamp mill built at Soldier's Hole in the late 1800s. CCHS has produced a 40-page booklet on Soldier's Hole written by Mary Magoffin. The book is available for \$5 (plus \$1 for postage, if that's necessary). Call 520-364-5226 on Tuesday from 1 p.m. to 4 p.m., or leave a message anytime, or e-mail [cchsaz@earthlink.net](mailto:cchsaz@earthlink.net) to order.

It's time again to remind everyone of the annual meeting to be held on Dec. 2, 2001, at the Douglas Golf Club. About the first of November, the committee will send a newsletter with final details regarding the program, meal choices and prices. We hope to see all of you there.

I would like to remind everyone that we are at the Douglas/Williams House, 1001 D Avenue, Douglas, every Tuesday afternoon. If you are in the area, drop by and see us, or come by and help us with our current project: putting all of our photos on a data base so they can be sorted several ways. This will allow us to quickly identify photos requested by people doing research. Some of you would be invaluable in helping identify people, places and dates, so come on down.

Annual dues for 2002 should be mailed to arrive in January – still \$20! Think about a gift subscription for that



“hard to buy for” individual and help support our society. Your membership and continued support are much appreciated.

I wish all of you health, wealth and peace in the current and coming difficult times.

Sincerely,

*Bill Hudspeth*

### *Editor's Notes*

To our Readers,

This issue concludes our Douglas Centennial volumes, and I hope our readers have enjoyed the reprinted stories as well as the new material. We regret that with the limited number of pages we can publish, we have to be more selective than we'd like to be. If any reader had a special request we didn't fulfill, I sincerely apologize.

My thanks to Larry Blaskey, Editor and Publisher of the *Douglas Daily Dispatch* for allowing us to reprint the articles on the smelter, railroads and flight. These articles appeared in either the centennial or the millennium special editions.

I appreciate Bud Strom permitting us to use his “*Race on the Wind*” poem. This is a great poem to read, but Bud has such a wonderful cadence in his personal presentation, I hope all of you will attend a cowboy poetry festival and hear him personally tell the story. Bud was the featured speaker at our 1999 annual meeting and we all enjoyed his recitation of several of his poems.

As usual, I thank all of our wonderful proofreaders as we match wits with those wily gremlins. Without the sharp eyes

of John and Mary Magoffin, Liz Ames, John and Norma Lavanchy, Naomi Zebrowski, Mary Frances Graham, Olive Bernett and Ken Friskey, these Journals would have many errors. The publication is a team effort and they are indispensable: a million thanks to all of you.

We love to get letters, so if anybody has suggestions for content, changes or complaints, please let us hear from you. I hope our stories of more simple times can bring a pleasant respite to these troubled times, and a realization that we are a strong people who have overcome adversity in the past.

Peace to all,

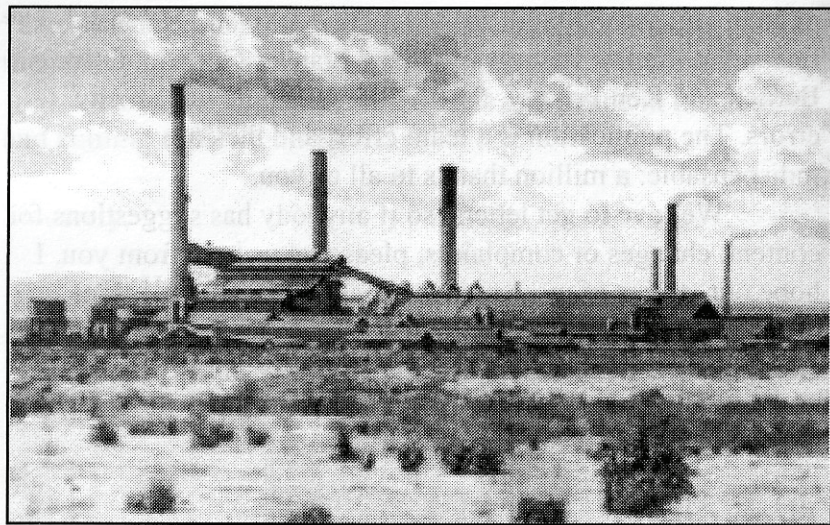
*Ellen Cline*

Editor



*Douglas' first Fire Department, ca. 1906. Picture taken in front of 10th Street Park.*





*The old Copper Queen Smelter, destroyed in the 1930s.*

## King Copper Helped Douglas Begin

Douglas was founded as the site of two copper smelters; a third such was planned, but was never built. The city was also the site of a lead smelter.

The Calumet & Arizona Mining Co. built Douglas' first smelter. With origins in the copper country of Michigan's Upper Peninsula, the C&A gained a prominent position in southern Arizona through development of Bisbee's Irish Mag Mine. The Irish Mag's 15 percent copper ore enabled the C&A to build its Douglas smelter.

Copper Queen Consolidated Mining Co., a subsidiary of Phelps Dodge Corp., built the other Douglas smelter.

While it was Copper Queen executives who decided upon a site for a smelter town, it was the C&A who got its smelter

going first. Workers constructed the smelter over a year's time slightly more than a mile west of town. It was "blown in," that is, a blast furnace was heated to the operating point, on Nov. 15, 1902.

In those days of rich oxide ore, smelting was a relatively simple process. Concentrate was heated, appropriate fluxes added and oxygen shot through the molten mass to remove impurities.

A hallmark of Douglas' early smelters was a row of huge pipes that sent oxygen to the furnaces. Alfred Paul supplied the need for process lime, first from a quarry north of Douglas and then from Paul's Spur west of town. A small town grew up around the plant, which is run today by Chemical Lime. The town does not exist today, but the Paul Spur cemetery is still located on the property.

### Four Furnaces Join C&A in 1906

By 1906, the one C&A furnace was joined by four more for a daily capacity of 3,500 tons. James Wood, construction supervisor, became smelter superintendent and lived in a large house on the grounds.

The Copper Queen smelter lay just west of town between 5<sup>th</sup> and 9<sup>th</sup> Streets. Because of various problems, the initial CQ furnace was not blown in until March of 1903. It, too, expanded rapidly after start-up. By 1908, 10 furnaces roared at the CQ smelter. Output was as much as 40,000 tons per month, making it the second largest smelter in the world.

William M. Adamson supervised CQ construction, but soon after the smelter became operational, he resigned and bought the Douglas Gypsum Plaster Co. For many years, it was the only Arizona plant supplying gypsum-based building materials.

The man most responsible for the CQ smelter's character in its first years was a Belgian engineer named Charles Legrand. Legrand supervised the installation of a direct-current system to run the smelter. He also built a 72-mile direct current power line to the El Tigre Mine near the CQ operation at Nacozari, Sonora.



In those heady days of rapid expansion, the Shattuck-Arizona Copper Co., founded by Bisbee resident, Lem Shattuck, announced plans to build a smelter in Douglas.

Shattuck owned a lumberyard and a saloon in Bisbee, and in 1900, he was one of the original associates in Charlie Overlock's New Erie Town Site Co. In 1905, the Shattuck-Arizona began development of the Shattuck Mine. Soon, the company was exploiting an average 17 percent copper ore body via a 3,200-foot tramway, Bisbee's only overhead haulage system.

In 1906, bolstered by development of the Denn Mine, Shattuck-Arizona announced plans to build a smelter in Douglas. The panic of 1907 put an end to that, and the Shattuck-Arizona continued to rely on custom smelting by the CQ and the C&A.

### WWI: Unprecedented Demand for Copper

World War I created an unprecedented demand for copper. Both smelters were ready, having installed, a few years earlier, roaster reverberatory furnaces to handle sulfide-type ores. With 12 roasters, the CQ smelter produced almost 21 million pounds of copper in January of 1918. This production required a large workforce: 1,600 men worked at the Queen, and about 700 at the C&A.

The 600 men working on the El Paso & Southwestern Railroad helped send Douglas' population to its highest total ever, an estimated 18,000, excluding the soldiers at Camp Harry J. Jones.

In 1918, work began on the Sacramento Pit, Bisbee and Arizona's first open pit mine. An economic recession after WWI shut down the Sacramento Pit, and temporarily, the Douglas smelters. Once wartime surplus was consumed, smelting resumed in 1922. Both the CQ and the C&A made operational improvements, mostly in the roaster area and converter aisle.

The CQ blast furnaces, originally the only smelting equipment, began shutting down in 1925, and were totally discontinued in 1927. That year on Aug. 18, the Copper Queen blew in a lead smelter. The new smelter processed CQ ore and did

custom smelting for firms in the southwest and northern Mexico. Monthly production in 1928 was about 1.4 million pounds.

But, just as the early-20s recession shut down the Sacramento Pit, so did the Great Depression affect the lead smelter. Then, due to a merger between the C&A and the CQ on Sept. 21, 1931, both CQ smelters were abandoned in the early 1930s.

Changes brought about by the merger include: shutdown of the Nacozari operation and cutback of train service there, closure of the PD dispensary at 745 9<sup>th</sup> St., retention of the C&A Hospital at 636 10<sup>th</sup> St., and reduction of staff. Some C&A employees with more than 25 years service were let go with just \$1,000 in severance pay.

Gradually, conditions improved to the point that PD reopened Nacozari and undertook an expansion and modernization plan at the Douglas Reduction Works (DRW) in 1937.

PD retained the former C&A smelter, instead of the CQ, because the C&A was up-to-date and had an acid plant, which supplied Ajo operations.

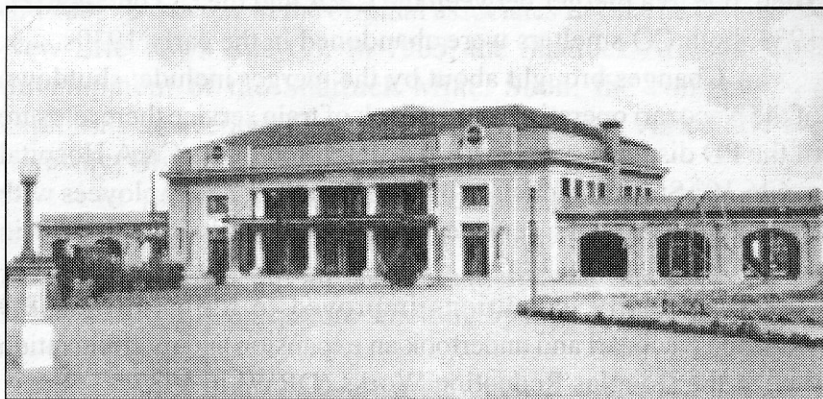
### Many Changes Followed WWII

The years following WWII brought many changes. With reserves depleted, Nacozari closed in 1949, except for a small leaching operation. In 1954, the Lavender Pit was commissioned and began sending concentrate to DRW. That year, DRW began producing "sponge" iron from slag through use of reformed gas.

In 1969, the Lavender Pit expanded into what remained of the Sacramento Pit, but then closed in 1974. Although deprived of its main feeder source, the DRW remained operational through custom smelting until 1987.

The smelter was shut down and dismantled beginning in 1989. Not long after, the smelter's two smokestacks, a symbol of almost 90 years of Douglas history, were demolished.





*The new El Paso & Southwestern Railroad station, ca. 1914. The depot was also used by the Southern Pacific Railroad.*

## **Railroad Brought Growth to Douglas**

Two metal strips linked by wooden ties, the railroad, played a huge role in the development and prosperity of Douglas. The Arizona & Southeastern Railroad Co., incorporated in 1888 with a goodly number of Phelps Dodge officials as shareholders, served Douglas in its first days and was the same one that gave Bisbee a jump-start on its affluence.

The A&SE line ran from Fairbank on the San Pedro River, around the southern end of the Mule Mountains and into Bisbee. The first train arrived there on Feb 1, 1889. Soon trains were bringing coke to fuel Bisbee's copper smelters. Cars

loaded with consumer goods helped Bisbee thrive, especially after A&SE extended its line to Benson.

It wasn't until 1894 that a Bisbee area rancher arranged for a special 16-car train to haul his cattle to a distant market.

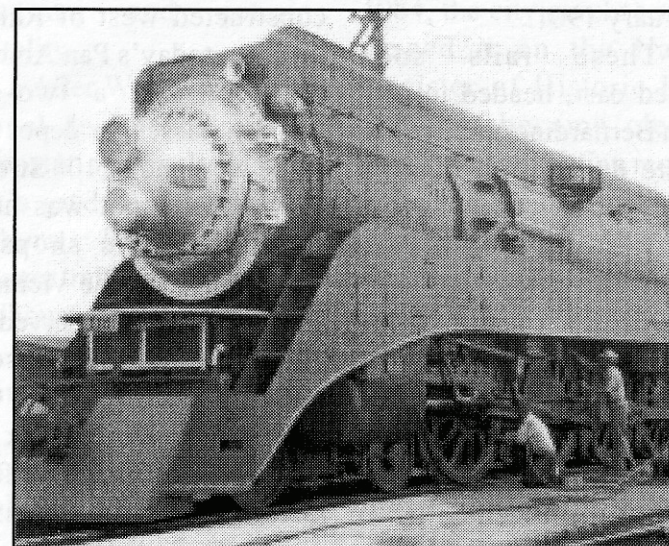
Soon stock pens, built in what is now Don Luis, helped cattle tonnage on the A&SE soar to more than 10,000 tons in 1897. This pattern of trains hauling coke and coal in and copper out, supplemented by cattle and consumer goods was repeated when Douglas was built in the early 1900s.

In July 1900, work began to advance the A&SE rails from a point south of Bisbee into the Sulphur Springs Valley. Even before this railroad connected Bisbee and Douglas, grading began on a line to connect Douglas and Nacozari, Sonora, site of a Phelps Dodge concentrator that

served the Pilares Mine.

Town site fever raged. Lots were offered at Charlie Overlock's New Erie town site and by the Douglas Town Site Co., headed by Cochise County cattle and businessman, William Brophy. Overlock sold five lots in November 1900. Two were purchased by E.G. Ord, a Bisbee plumber, who built a hotel on the southwest corner of 10<sup>th</sup> Street and G Avenue.

About the same time, Overlock hired a man to dig a well a short distance from the railroad tracks between 11<sup>th</sup> and 12<sup>th</sup> Streets. There is still a well at the location between the city



*Photo courtesy Peter Atonna*

*Workmen servicing one of the massive Southern Pacific steam engines as it stood on the tracks in Douglas.*



tourism center and a building erected in the early days to house the city's water department offices. More recently, The Little Gallery (past home of the Douglas Art Assn.) occupied this building.

Soon after the well was dug, Overlock's and Brophy's companies merged. Then Douglas growth expanded rapidly. Buying and selling of lots, residences and businesses became an occupation or sideline for almost everyone in the new town. All of this activity was possible because railroad cars began bringing construction materials as soon as the rails reached the town site in February 1901.

These rails soon extended east, headed toward the San Bernardino Valley. The ultimate destination became known when the A&SE changed its name to the El Paso & Southwestern Railroad Co. in June 1901. That summer, the EP&SW had from six to eight trains on its line between Benson and Douglas every day. This heavy traffic became even worse when rails joined Naco and Cananea in January 1902.

During the first quarter of 1903, the EP&SW Railroad

between Douglas and El Paso was finished. In 1905, the railroad purchased a system that connected El Paso and Dawson, New Mexico. Dawson was the site of coal properties that Phelps Dodge bought at the same time. In the meantime, the line from Douglas to Nacozari was completed.

During the 1910s and '20s, EP&SW tracks also went north up the Sulphur Springs Valley, and Douglas became the only town in Arizona that had railroad tracks leaving town in all four directions.

The resultant traffic demanded proper facilities. Shops and a roundhouse were constructed west of Railroad Avenue, today's Pan American Avenue, and a two-story wooden passenger depot stood at the west end of 10<sup>th</sup> Street. In 1904, this depot was hauled north, past the shops and roundhouse, to the vicinity of 15<sup>th</sup> Street. Here it served until 1913 when a new passenger station opened. The old depot was moved another block north and served as the Good family residence for many years.

The new depot, built of brick in a symmetrical style, was a significant structure in

Douglas. It symbolized the residents' pride in their town and the important role the railroad played. Flanking the depot's sides were a pair of massive fountains surrounded by grass and trees. Families picnicked in this park, watching the comings and goings of as many as eight trains a day.

In 1925, Southern Pacific Railroad acquired the EP&SW. Although the depot lost its "flagship" status, it remained a focus of Douglas life. During World War II, the Douglas depot was always busy, because Red Cross volunteers met all troop trains with coffee, doughnuts, magazines and genuine hospitality.

After World War II, the national decline of railroad transportation resulted in the depot's gradual deterioration. Southern Pacific halted passenger traffic in 1961 and the roundhouse was dismantled in 1963. Today, only one building remains of all the shops.

About the same time, the stock pens, which held many a local rancher's cattle until they

were loaded into stock cars for the trip to market, were abandoned. The pens were just south of Highway 80 in the vicinity of today's K-Mart store.

Copper concentrate stopped coming to Douglas from Bisbee when mining ceased there in the late 1970s. The Douglas smelter hung on for a few more years, but when operations ceased, there was little need for the railroad. Tracks going east were removed in the 1960s, and those going west were removed in the 1990s.

Almost the only reminder of Douglas' railroad past is the passenger depot. In 1984, the city purchased it and placed it on the National Register of Historic Places. When it became clear the depot's rehabilitation required a large amount of money, it was decided to have the police department move into the depot, partially because the department had a large amount of "asset sharing" funds.

In 1994, the depot earned the Governor's Award for Historic Preservation.



## *A note from Peter Atonna*

Former Douglas resident Peter Atonna sent us several pictures of trains on the Douglas tracks, some of which we have used in this article and on the Journal cover. He also sent a short narrative detailing his “addiction” to trains.

Peter says his father told him of his first exposure to trains when he was six months old and living on Long Island, New York. Peter and his father, long-time Douglas physician, Dr. Guy Atonna, would meet the train bringing his grandfather to spend the weekend with them in Sea Cliff. At first the noise frightened him, but fright soon turned to excitement and love for those big trains.

The family moved to Bisbee when Peter was three years old. Their Phelps Dodge home in Warren was within sight of the rail yards and Peter’s fascination grew.

In 1948, the family was living on 11<sup>th</sup> Street in Douglas and Peter rode his new bike to explore the Douglas Depot.

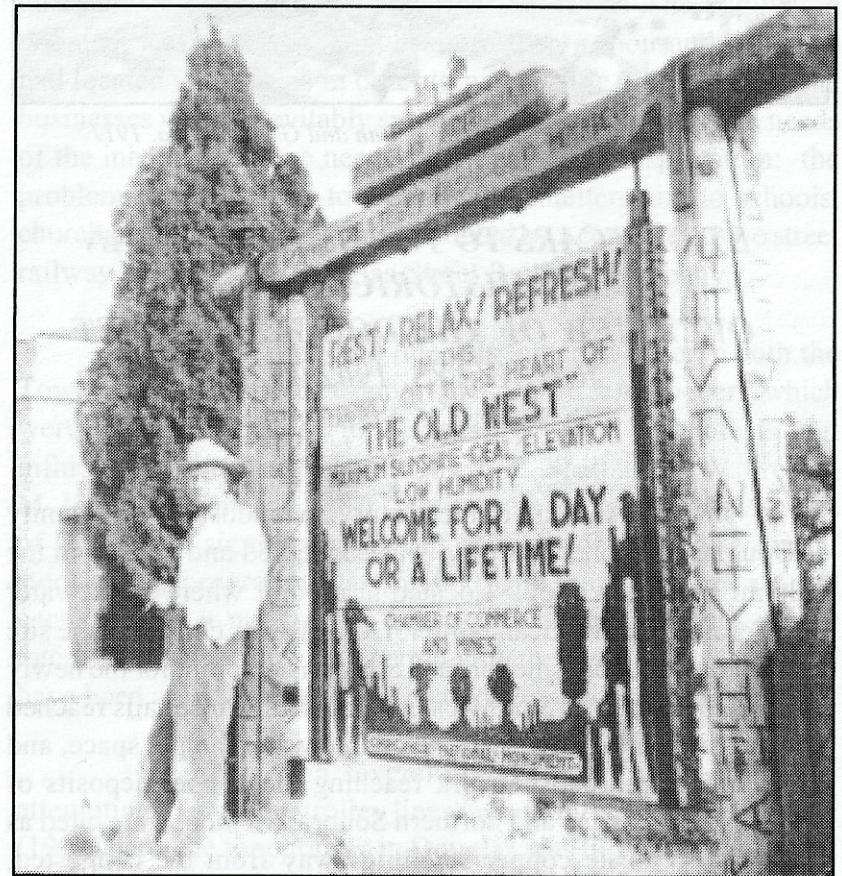
“Douglas was still a railroad town. As a division point on the El Paso & Southwestern (PD’s railroad built to break the freight rate stranglehold of the Southern Pacific), Douglas hosted many of the SP’s passenger trains, traffic to Nacozari, Mexico, and the constant traffic to the smelter from Bisbee, Ajo and other mines.

“I could hear the whistles of the incoming trains from our house and I quickly learned the schedules. Waiting at the depot, I could spot the headlight of an eastbound train as it rounded the bend at Paul Spur, and I knew that in 15 minutes it would be pulling into the station. If I was really lucky, there would be two trains in the station at one time.

“In the days of steam, each locomotive had to be watered and the bearings on the driving wheels lubricated. Men with huge air-powered grease guns would pound grease into the fittings while another man would be on top of the tender swinging the water spout over the hatch. When done, and the conductor’s whistle could be heard in the locomotive’s cab, the

steamer would slowly start off. If eastbound, due to a slight grade, often the drivers would spin wildly for a second or two until the engineer could get them under control. You can imagine four six-foot diameter wheels and steel connecting rods spinning madly within four feet of an enthralled, but terrified, youngster of ten. The thrill kept me coming back most Saturdays and Sundays until I entered high school.”

Peter’s letter continues to describe scenes of activity at the roundhouse and shops, and some of the layouts of tracks in and out of Douglas, as well as reminiscing about the beauty of the depot. His letter is on file for further reference at the CCHS research library, 1001 D Avenue, Douglas.



*Welcome sign at the Douglas depot. This sign was created by local resident John Salem. The observer is not identified.*





*Liberty Band Parade, corner of 10th and G Avenue, ca. 1917*

## ***STREETCARS TO THE SMELTERS: AN HISTORICAL OVERVIEW OF THE DOUGLAS STREET RAILWAYS, 1902-1924***

By Richard V. Francaviglia

Just after the turn of the century, the industrial community of Douglas, Arizona Territory, was conceived and created in the Sulphur Springs Valley. Located at a point where Whitewater Draw crosses the Mexican border, Douglas was chosen as the site for two major copper smelters and as a division point for the newly completed El Paso & Southwestern Railroad whose rails reached the townsite on Feb. 1, 1901. Available water, ample space, and a developing railroad network reaching the copper deposits of southeastern Arizona and northern Sonora, Mexico, were cited as reasons to relocate copper smelting away from the congested, smoky Bisbee area to the new townsite 25 miles distant. The new industrial town was named after Dr. James Douglas, president of

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the Copper Queen Consolidated (Phelps Dodge) mining operations in Bisbee.

As in Bisbee, two friendly rivals, the Copper Queen Consolidated and the Calumet and Arizona mining companies, cooperated. Both saw the advantages of shifting smelting operations to the new site. The fledging town was platted on an orderly, gridiron pattern of rectangular blocks, and from its earliest days was designed by the copper companies to include cultural amenities such as parks, churches, and substantial homes. The first smelter (the C&A) was "blown in" on Oct. 11, 1902.

The Copper Queen Store, which was to become a landmark in Douglas, was begun at this time. The population boomed, and almost overnight more than a thousand residents had located in Douglas in order to work in the smelters or in the businesses which inevitably sprang up to accommodate the needs of the inhabitants. One need, of course, was transportation: the problem of how to get to work at the smelters and to schools, churches, and shopping would be solved by a comprehensive street railway system – the Douglas Street Railway Company.

The proposed line was intended to serve both the Town of Douglas and the Copper Queen and C&A Smelters, which were being constructed to the west of town. Of note is that influential Bisbeeites W. H. Brophy, L. C. Shattuck, S. W. French, M. J. Cunningham and S. F. Clawson were joined by S. F. Meguire of Douglas in signing the articles of incorporation. The capital stock of the corporation was \$50,000 (500 shares of stock at \$100 each). Were it not for the foresight and capital of the copper interests, it is doubtful that a community the size of Douglas would have been able to raise the funds to develop a street railway.

Although several entrepreneurs in Bisbee were attempting to promote trolley lines in their hilly town at this early (1902) date, the topography in Douglas was more favorable, and the Douglas Street Railway became southeastern Arizona's first street railway, beginning operations five years ahead of Bisbee.

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Beginning in 1902, progress on the street railway continued rapidly, and on Feb. 7, 1903, the *Douglas Dispatch* proudly reported "Our Street Railway Making Regular Trips," after a trial trip was made a week earlier. The *Dispatch* article went on to state that "those who saw the rolling stock glide over the new track to the smelters were greatly surprised that a track could be laid in so short a time, in so substantial a manner." The street railway resulted in "great convenience" for smelter employees, delivering them to work with "good speed". The first trip had provided the street railway's brass and other dignitaries with an opportunity to show off the line, which had cost more than \$35,000 to construct.

There is much disagreement about just where the early streetcars actually ran in Douglas. The only known map showing the system is a small scale United States Geological Survey topographic sheet from 1914. While this map provides our most accurate information, it does not show changes, which inevitably occurred in the first ten years of operation. We know, for example, that tracks existed on Railroad Avenue (later called Pan American Highway), but this is not shown on the USGS map. Early newspaper accounts describe the streetcar routes: the line to the



The "Peanut Roaster" steam dummy used to pull the trolley cars prior to electrification, ca. 1902.

C&A Smelter, crossed the EP&SW Railroad between 10th and 11th Streets and was the first to be constructed and operated. The *Douglas Dispatch* reported, on Feb. 14, 1903, that the line would soon be extended to the Ord Hotel (10<sup>th</sup> Street & G Avenue). On May 7, 1903, it was reported that the streetcar line would run south to the depot, turn up 10<sup>th</sup> Street and go two blocks to G Avenue, but that construction had been delayed for want of material.

The development of the street railway tracks was complicated, and was accomplished in several increments. It is clear that the early operations were oriented only to the smelters, and that after 1906 it became a comprehensive urban streetcar system.

The 50-year anniversary supplement of the *Douglas Dispatch* (1952) contained a rare photo (among the earliest known of the Douglas streetcar line) of the "Peanut Roaster," which initiated streetcar service in Douglas in 1903. This is the "balky little steam engine" which made the first runs to the smelter.

The Peanut Roaster was actually a "steam-dummy," so-called because it was a small steam-tank locomotive disguised to look like a streetcar. The purpose behind such subterfuge was to avoid frightening horses: experience had shown that horses, which were often terrified by steam locomotives, could be fooled into thinking this conveyance was just another trolley car.

This steam dummy may have been called the Peanut Roaster because of its shrill whistle or the shape of the boiler and car body. The dummy hauled the railway's trailer cars (and their loads of passengers) to and from the smelters and along Douglas streets until the electric trolley arrived.

In its May 7, 1903 issue, the *Douglas Dispatch* reported that another steam dummy may have arrived by summer, 1903, and that the two engines performed yeoman service until the



system was electrified three years later. An article in the August 27, 1906 *Daily International-American* notes that the steam dummies burned oil for fuel. These locomotives pulled the occasional bullfight specials to Agua Prieta over the rails of the EP&SW in 1904.

The upgrade to electrical equipment was approved by voters on Oct. 2, 1905, to be accomplished in one year. By Sept. 15, 1906, the new electric cars were in operation between Douglas and both smelters. Within two weeks, the entire system was electrified, with one car serving the city, and the other car running to the smelters. The era of electric traction had arrived in Douglas.

By 1907, the electric streetcars had become a common sight in Douglas. The entire line had been electrified with trolley wire strung from wooden trolley line poles in the more open areas and suspended from brackets attached to the buildings in the downtown section of the city. In electrified streetcar railways, the car's trolley pole reaches upward to draw current from the wire.

All of the cars which operated on the Douglas Street Railway system were double-enders; that is, they could be run in either direction and did not need to be turned at the end of the line. The motorman simply reversed the trolley pole by swinging its end round to the other end of the car (or, in the case of a trolley car with two trolley poles, tying down one and lifting the other) in order to resume operation in the opposite direction. While this was being done, car seats would be reversed in preparation for the return trip – usually by the conductor.

Ultimately, no location in the city was more than four blocks from a car. Cars of the Douglas Street Railway connected the business or commercial streets (especially G Avenue and 10<sup>th</sup> Street) with the several sections of Douglas: the 4<sup>th</sup> Street line served the Mexican-American section of town while the other lines connected the more prosperous residential areas to the north.

The 4<sup>th</sup> Street line continued westward across the railroad tracks and on to the Copper Queen Smelter. On the north end of town, the 16<sup>th</sup> Street line ran out to the C&A Smelter. By 1914, the line is shown running up North J Avenue (the “Boneyville” section of town) and serving the community of Pirtleville on its way to the C&A Smelter. The line to the C&A Smelter was about 3.5 miles in length.

Given the proximity of the 4<sup>th</sup> Street line to the Mexican border, it is somewhat surprising that the cars never ran closer than four blocks from it. Early (1904) plans announced in the local papers called for a line to Agua Prieta, which would use gasoline powered streetcars. However, Douglas and its Mexican counterpart were never connected by streetcar. We do know that an occasional special “streetcar” run was made by Douglas Street Railway Co. equipment to the bull fights in Agua Prieta over the EP&SW right of way in 1904.

A few of Douglas’ older residents recall the street railway’s car barn, located in the block bounded by 10<sup>th</sup> and 11<sup>th</sup> Streets, and G and H Avenues – site of today’s large parking lot behind the Phelps Dodge Mercantile. It has been described as a long, narrow structure, probably red in color, with wooden sides. It was located about 50 feet from H Avenue and it fronted on the north side of an alley, which ran east-west between H and G Avenues.

By 1910, the population of Douglas had reached 6,437. In 1911, the Douglas Street Railway and the Douglas Improvement Co. (which had the city’s electric franchise) were sold to the same interests and reorganized into Douglas Traction and Light Co. The DT & L Co. was incorporated on December 13, 1911, and its charter became effective on New Year’s Day of 1912. During this same year, Arizona became a state, and the DT & L Co. was still reported as connecting both the Copper Queen, and C&A Smelters on ten miles of track. The DT & L Co. continued to use the five motorized passenger cars and the three trailers which had served during the Territorial period of operations.



World War I brought about a high demand for copper, and a resulting boom in the industry. Traffic volume increased accordingly. The war coincided with the Mexican Revolution, and the border town of Douglas was host to American troops patrolling and protecting the frontier. The years 1914-1918 were hectic indeed, as troops were stationed at the new Camp Harry J. Jones at the eastern edge of Douglas. This camp was served by the DT & L Co. trolleys, and many old-time Douglas residents can still remember the khaki-clad troops and the tension which filled the air as Pancho Villa's troops raided the border towns.

During the 1913-1916 period, the DT & L Co. equipment roster was increased as three used cars joined the fleet. A motorized passenger car was purchased used from the Prescott and Mt. Union Railway. This car was soon joined by two of the more distinctive trolleys, which ran in Arizona: in 1916, the DT & L Co. acquired a pair of California-style passenger cars from the San Diego Electric Railway. These "San Diego" trolleys, and the other cars on the roster, handled the crowds of smelter workers as they reported to work for the 7 a.m., 3 p.m. and 11 p.m. shifts. Office workers at the company headquarters also rode the cars to and from Douglas during the daytime shifts. School teachers reportedly had free passes on the system.

In 1919, the DT & L Co. purchased its last streetcar. Car number 10 was a four wheel Birney "Safety Car", so called because it was a type adapted from a design by Charles O. Birney, engineer in charge of car design on several street railway properties in Texas, Washington, and elsewhere. The Birney Safety Cars had a "dead man's" control, which required the operator to depress a special foot pedal when the car was in operation; if the pedal was released for any reason, the car would come to an automatic stop.

But it was economy that attracted the Douglas Traction & Light Co. to the Birney design. Low operating and maintenance costs resulted from the Birney car's lightweight metal body construction, and the car was designed for one-man operation – a



*G Avenue looking south from 10th St., ca 1916.*

design akin to that of today's busses. By the late teens, street railways had begun to do away with costly two man crews, and the DT & L Co. adopted this practice in an effort to keep up with rising track maintenance costs and losses of traffic brought on by the automobile and depressed copper prices.

On February 19, 1919, bad luck caught up with the DT & L Co. at the EP&SW crossing, where one of its streetcars unsuccessfully contested the right of way with a switch engine. Motorman J.D. Moberly was seriously injured, and to quote the *Douglas Daily International* of that date, the equipment fared no better "...about a third of the street car was taken off and the valve gear of the locomotive was smashed," resulting in its having to be towed back to the roundhouse by another locomotive. The streetcar, whose number was not noted, was probably damaged beyond repair in the encounter.

By 1920, drops in ridership due to slow downs at the smelter, the reduction of troops at Camp Harry J. Jones, and increased private automobile ownership had taken their toll on

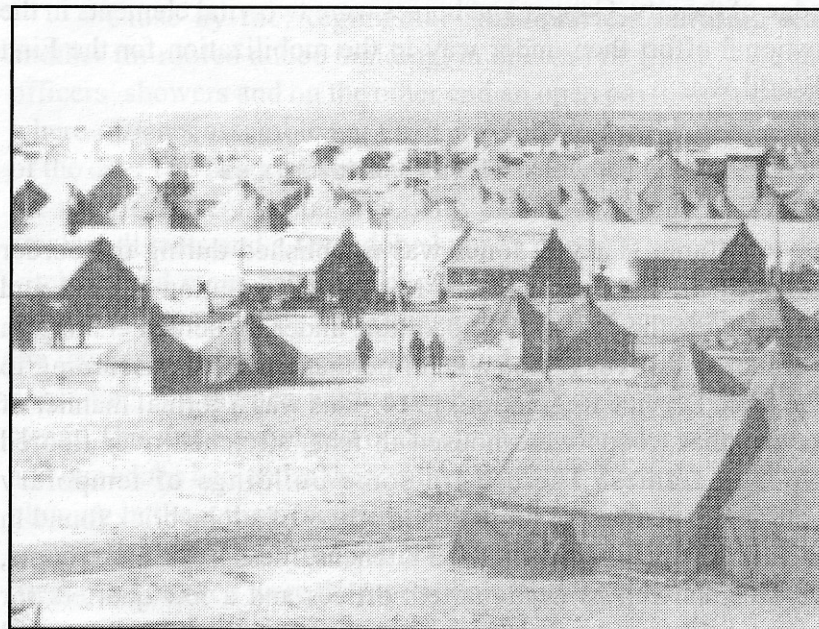


the street railway. Competitive jitneys (privately operated "bus" companies) may have also had an adverse effect on the DT & L Co.

The company announced plans to terminate streetcar service on May 15, 1920. On May 10, the company posted a "Notice to our Patrons and the Public" in the *Douglas Daily International*, noting that "conditions have come that clearly indicate that the operation of the streetcars is no longer a convenience to a sufficient number of people of the community to justify further endeavor in running them."

Despite this dismal news, the discontinuation of service was not permitted until a hearing could be held and a ruling made. On May 16, 1920, it was reported by the DT & L Co. that "The Arizona Corporation Commission, having issued an order that the application of this company to discontinue its streetcar service, will be heard by the commission on May 24, the streetcars will continue to operate till further notice." The decision was delayed until June 16, when it was announced in the *Douglas Daily Dispatch* that the service had been suspended, but that "...operation may be undertaken again later." It is ironic that the June 23 issue of that same paper announced a new bus line to Camp Harry H. Jones "...in view of the fact that the streetcar system has been discontinued...." The year 1920, in effect, marked the end of operations for the Douglas streetcars.

*(This article is an edited version of an article that appeared in the Spring 1986 issue of The Cochise Quarterly. The full text, with research and technical information included, is available at the CCHS research library, 1001 D Ave., P.O. Box 818, Douglas, AZ 85608, e-mail cchaz@earthlink.net.)*



## **Arizona Days (Camp Harry J. Jones)**

This article is a reprint from the *Cochise Quarterly*, Vol. 22, No. 3, Autumn, 1993, which in turn was a reprint from *The Twilight of the Cavalry: Life in the old Army, 1917-1942* by Lucian K. Truscott, copyright 1989 by the University Press of Kansas. Used with publisher's permission.

Douglas, Arizona, in the summer of 1917 was permeated by two odors. Each was characteristic of an important segment of the economy which made the city a flourishing metropolis on the Mexican border at the southern end of Sulphur Spring Valley in Cochise County. One was the acrid smell of sulfuric smoke from the towering stacks of the two great copper smelters just west of the city. The other was the pungent and perhaps more characteristic odor of 20,000 or so horses and mules and the bubbling of dozens of troop kitchen incinerators in Camp Harry J. Jones on the eastern



edge of the city. Copper and horses were two vital elements in the national effort then under way in the mobilization for the First World War.

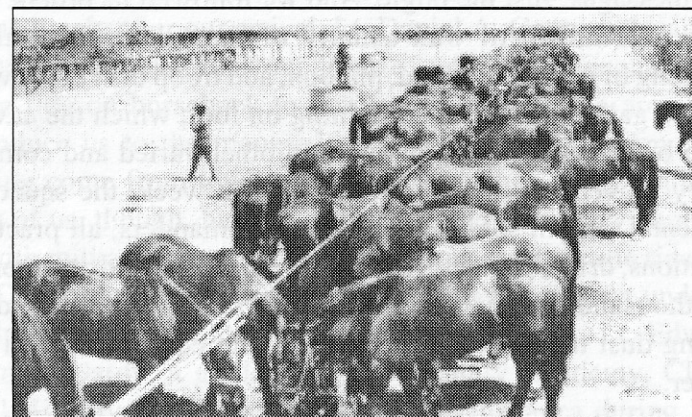
## **The Camp**

Camp Harry J. Jones was established during the border troubles which began with the Mexican Revolution in 1911 and ended with the Punitive Expedition under General Pershing in February of 1916. It was a semi-permanent camp, according to the Field Service Regulation, 1914. This was a formal manner of saying that troops were housed in tents stretched over floored wooden frames. There were some buildings of temporary construction, a few of lumber, and others of adobe brick found in the border areas. These housed kitchens, mess halls, storerooms, latrines, as well as headquarters offices and a few quarters for officers. But predominantly it was a sea of canvas which housed the 1st and 17th Cavalry Regiments, the 10th and 11th Field Artillery Regiments, a camp hospital, several mule-drawn ambulance companies and wagon trains, signal companies, pack trains, and other assorted mounted units. The camp sprawled out from the eastern edge of Douglas for about two miles, parallel to the high barbed-wire fence that marked the international boundary less than a mile to the south. The road from town led through the length of the camp and continued on generally parallel to the border, a distance of 18 or so miles to Slaughter's Ranch.

The layout of the 17th Cavalry area was typical of the times. Facing the border was a row of five or six small adobe houses, the Field Officers' Line, where the regimental commander and several of his senior officers lived. Immediately in rear of this line but facing in the other direction was the Regimental Headquarters. It was a long, low, tin-roofed building of adobe divided into three rooms each about 24 feet square. The regimental commander and adjutant divided one end room. The central room housed the regimental sergeant major and his four or five clerks. The regimental supply officer, the supply sergeant, and two or three clerks occupied the other room.

Close by the Regimental Headquarters building was another tin-roofed adobe building, in one end of which were the officers' showers and on the other end an open pavilion or porch, where officers assembled at Officers' Call to receive the orders of the day. The headquarters building was located in the center of the end of the regimental area, with the Troop Officers' Line of small wall tents and a few adobe huts on one side and the row of kitchens and mess halls, which stood at the head of each troop street, on the other. By the kitchen doors, cord wood fires kept the incinerators boiling away the liquid swill while the fire itself consumed any kitchen waste which could not be converted into steam. This was a major part of the characteristic odor of the camp, and our adobe haciendas were rather aromatic when the wind was blowing in the wrong (our) direction.

Each of the 15 troop streets consisted of 17 or 18 tents. At the far end of each were the storerooms, bathhouses, and latrines. The stables occupied the space across the street from the latrines, running the length of the regimental area. In each long, open stable, about a hundred horses stood in pairs in double stalls facing inward across a center aisle down which the stable crew passed with feed carts to fill the mangers with fragrant hay and to measure out the rations of grain into feedboxes of galvanized iron. There were usually two or three box stalls for the accommodation of such special animals as the horses of the captain, first sergeant, and



*Feeding time on the line at Camp Harry J. Jones, ca. 1917.*



stable sergeant or for sick horses requiring special care. Each stable had tack rooms for the storage of the riding equipment of each platoon, and a separate building furnished space for feed storage and the horseshoers and saddlers. On one side of each stable was a picket line, a cable of rope or wire, for tying out the animals for grooming and saddling. Each stable and picket line was surrounded by a corral with board fences, where the horses were turned loose during some part of the day. The entire regimental area occupied a rectangular space of somewhat more than a half-mile in length and over a quarter mile in width. This is where we lived and learned to be cavalymen.

At Camp Jones, the bugler of the guard regulated all of our day's activities. He ruled our lives with the clear notes which penetrated every corner of the camp. During those war days, Reveille sounded at half past five in the winter months, so our days began well before dawn. Troop officers took turns standing Reveille with their troops and, after roll call, reported to the officer of the day midway down the regimental street. Such reports were made again at Retreat in the evening and again at Taps at eleven o'clock at night after a bed check by the noncommissioned officer in charge of quarters. The bugle blew on numerous other occasions during the day at prescribed intervals: Mess, Police, Sick, and Drill calls early in the day; and later, Recall, Stable, Officers' and First Sergeants' calls. No bells, PA systems, telephone calls, or radio messages. Just the bugle. And we followed its orders.

Morning drill was usually of three hours' duration, consisting of equation, squad, platoon, and troop drill at the walk, trot, and gallop; exercises in fighting on foot, which the cavalry had to be prepared to do in war; and other varied and complex cavalry movements. On certain days each week, the squadron, regimental, and in some cases, troop commanders, all practiced formations, drills, parades, reviews, or other mounted ceremonies. Two thousand maneuvering horses stirred up great clouds of choking dust that coated men, horses, and equipment with fine powder.

Officers' Call sounded at 11:45 a.m. daily except Sundays and holidays. After passing along routine orders and directives

for the day, the adjutant usually announced the regimental commander, who then commented in detail and with some degree of displeasure on errors noted in his rounds of the camp area and drill field that day. At the same time, the first sergeants were receiving instructions and details for the troops from the regimental sergeant major. During these early months of the war, there were typewriters in each troop and regimental office but no telephones. Routine business was transacted orally or by handwritten or typed memoranda. As a rule, only official correspondence to higher headquarters, especially that dealing with financial and property accountability was prepared in more than a single copy.

The regimental staff was small, no more than four or five officers besides the commanding officer, and about the same number of noncommissioned officers and clerks. Great stress was placed on form in military correspondence and communications, and the use of the third person and the passive voice were habitual. Files were not extensive. A small portable field desk, about 30 inches on each side, held all troop records, property accounts, the complete file of correspondence, and necessary regulations and manuals. Typewriters were coming into more general use, and the regimental commander required each new second lieutenant to type a report in person to show that, if need be, he could type a letter in the proper format.

The schooling of the junior officers in the 17th Cavalry was typical of both the place and the times: simple and direct. Immediately after our arrival, Lt. Daniel A. Connor, the adjutant of the 17th Cavalry, took our group of a dozen provisional officers for a ride on horseback to familiarize us with the area and to introduce us to the mounted service. Most had ridden before, having come from towns, farms, and ranches of the southwest. Few of us, though, had any experience with military equipment or with military riding. After two or three quiet, gentle rides with Lt. Connor, instruction in equitation began in earnest under one of the senior hard-bitten officers of the regiment, Lt. Edwin N. ("Pink") Hardy, a graduate of the Military Academy, Class of 1911. [Hardy was commander of Fort Huachuca during World War II.] He was a man of rugged appearance, even more rugged



character and a fine horseman. Hour after hour of his supplying exercises at a slow trot, without stirrups, certainly went a long way toward developing our cavalry seats!

We attended drills and other formations with the troop to which we were assigned. There, under the wing of an experienced noncommissioned officer, each of us gradually acquired the rudiments of the technique of command and learned to apply them in putting our platoons through equitation: "The School of the Trooper Mounted," and the other complexities of mounted and dismounted drill formations by voice command, signal and whistle. The noncommissioned officers who guided us during these days of our early careers almost invariably remained close friends during the many long years of service which followed.

### **The Men Who Made Us Cavalrymen**

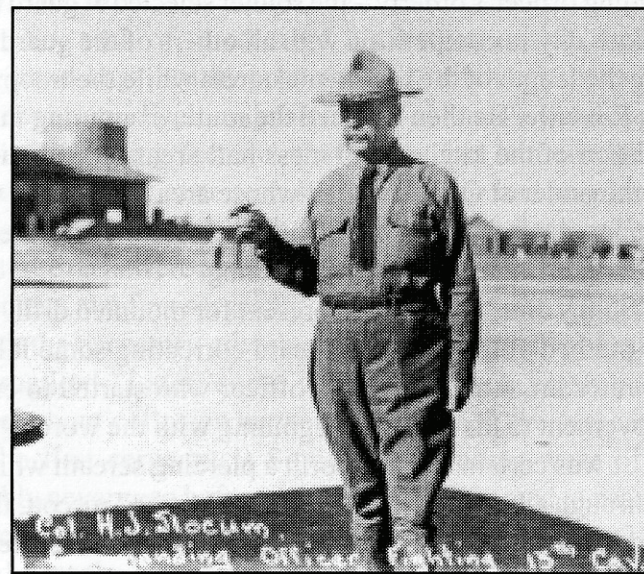
Typical of our instructors was Capt. Roy W. Holderness, a graduate of the West Point, Class of 1904, a real "old timer" in our eyes. He was a colorful personality, genial and attractive, and full of endless stories of life in the "Old Army." His instruction usually consisted of assembling our group of a dozen or so young officers in an open-air dance pavilion, which afforded shade from the blazing afternoon sun and some degree of shelter from the desert winds. Then he would read from the manual the lesson assignment for the day. There were no charts, no diagrams, no photographs, no illustrations, no training aids of any sort. No practical work for the students; no questions period. He read. We listened. Then, the day's reading done, he would regale us with tales and anecdotes of colorful cavalry personalities and past cavalry history. Most of us doubtless learned more from these sessions than we did from the reading of the dry, styleless military manuals, for Capt. Holderness was a storyteller of rare ability.

We young officers received practical instruction in our troop areas. In the orderly rooms, the first sergeants and the troop clerks introduced us to the mysteries of morning reports, sick reports, duty rosters, council books, and the details of troop

administration and correspondence. Mess sergeants explained how the rations were managed so that the men were fed adequately on 30 or 40 cents a day. We inventoried property with the supply sergeants and inspected feeding and horseshoeing with the stable sergeants. We made road sketches and practiced signaling, for semaphore and wigwag flags were standard communications equipment.

One of the most interesting afternoon schools was that of Pack Transportation. The pack train itself consisted of a pack master, a stevedore, a blacksmith, a cook and 10 packers. There was one bell mare, 14 riding mules and 50 pack mules. These last carried loads of 200 pounds or more, divided into top and side loads lashed to a packsaddle of Moorish-Spanish origin called an *aparejo*. A sling rope balanced the loads on each side of the *aparejo*. The top load was placed on top of the saddle and then lashed into place by means of the "diamond hitch," an intricate, but most effective, way of securing the load to the *aparejo* by means of a long lash rope.

The packers worked in pairs, and it was from them that we learned something of the terminology and the techniques of the art of packing. They were civilians, men of long service on the



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western frontier, all colorful characters with a language all their own. Pack trains had provided most of the transportation through the roadless west, especially in the mountainous areas. Their tales found ready listeners. A pair of these men could layer up loads, saddle the mule, place the load, and lash it with incredible speed, all with the exchange of just five words: cinch, rope, go, tie and rope. The pack train on the march was a sight none of us would ever forget: the loose pack mules trailing along behind the bell mare; the packers astride their riding mules along the flanks or in the rear; the swaying loads; the amazing distances disappearing under the rapid, swinging pace of the animals in a single day.

If Capt. Holderness was an old-timer in our eyes, Lt. Col. James J. Hornbrook, who commanded the 17th Cavalry during these days, was practically a page out of history, having graduated from West Point in 1890, before any of us were born. His nickname, "Sunny Jim," was not at all descriptive of the personality he exhibited to young officers. He was, in fact, a martinet of the old school, with an eye for minute detail. A ruthless disciplinarian, he was strict, abrupt and treated words as though they were drops of water in a canteen in the desert. His day began long before daylight when, mounted on his big bay horse, and trailed by the commanding officer's orderly – the soldier selected at guard mount the previous day in competition with all others of the guard detail – he rode the length of the regimental street while the troops were standing Reveille. He then retraced the route, examining in detail the condition of the kitchen and mess hall areas. Woe betide the troop commander at Officers' Call whose area at Reveille was in an improper state of police or whose incinerator fires were not blazing away with the swill pans bubbling.

"Sunny Jim" was always present for mounted drill, where his high-pitched voice was often heard correcting some faltering young lieutenant. And any young officer who started to explain some movement to his platoon, beginning with the words: "Now, boys," . . . was certain to bring forth a piercing scream which cut cleanly through all of the drill-field noise, "Mister Truscott, they're men, goddamit! They're men! Every one of them! They're men! Men! MEN!"

Col. Hornbrook believed that the way to instruct young officers was to assign them a task and then let them work out their own solution. The provisional officers had only been in the regiment a few days when we were directed by the adjutant to report to the commanding officer. One after the other, we went into his small office, reported, and received our instructions. (It took us several days to figure out that the same thing had happened to each one of us!) When we entered the office, the colonel's stoutish figure was motionless, his face absolutely expressionless, hands folded on the plain table before him, and his blue eyes were fixed coldly on the uncertain young officer standing before him at rigid attention. He spoke with his high, nasal twang: "Lieutenant, I am going to have a Russian ride next Sunday morning. All officers of the regiment will attend. Do you understand, Lieutenant? There will be 24 jumps, Lieutenant, and you are going to build two of them. You will build them at the locations shown on this sketch and to the exact specifications indicated thereon. You will build one sandbag jump 60 feet long and three feet high and one brush jump 60 feet long and three and one-half feet high. They will be ready for the Russian ride Sunday morning. Do you understand, Lieutenant?" No lieutenant dared to say "No, sir."

So, each of us received his instructions for two jumps: either sand-bag, brush, post-and-rail, ditch, chicken-coop, or another variety. Each understood the colonel's words perfectly. But the depressing fact was that none of us had ever heard of a Russian ride, had ever seen such jumps, or had any idea of the details of construction of them in spite of the colonel's sketch. Only three days were available for the work. Our mentors, second lieutenants, the first sergeants, came to the rescue. They provided us with the necessary advice, materials and details of men – and construction! (Later, some of us were even brash enough to wonder about collusion between the colonel, the sergeant major and the first sergeants!) Some of the jumps were of a form probably never seen before or since, but all seemed to pass muster, for the colonel led all officers of the regiment over the 24 jumps, spread over the course of his Russian ride on Sunday morning.



## Social Life - Such as it was

There was considerable rejoicing among military personnel when the Congress, in 1917, authorized an increase in pay. Officers received a flat increase of \$50 a month. Pay of privates was increased from \$13 to \$30 a month, privates first class from \$15 to \$35, and pay of noncommissioned officers proportionately. This all seemed enormously generous. However, pressure was soon applied to compel men to make allotments for dependents, for war-risk insurance and for the purchase of war bonds. Since deductions were always made for laundry, Post Exchange coupons, lost equipment and other such items, soldiers were soon leaving the pay table with the same or less personal spending money than they had before the seemingly generous raises.

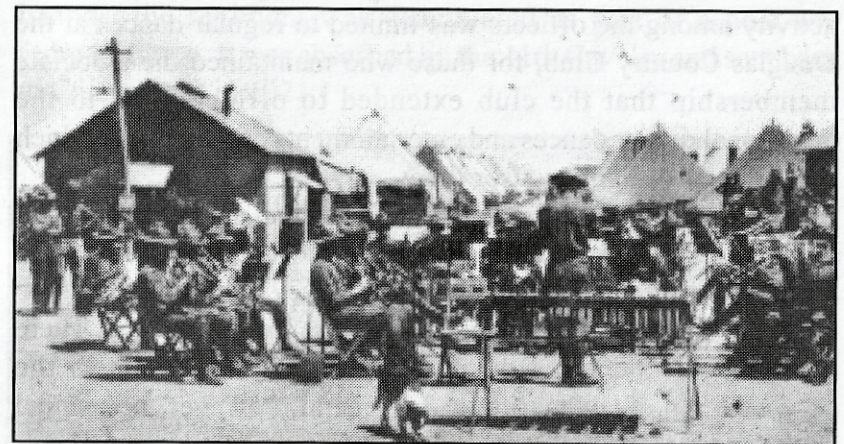
Douglas was a thriving city of about 15,000 during this period, with the cultural and recreational facilities to be expected of a city of that size and at that time. There were churches of various denominations, a YMCA, schools and a small country club that had tennis courts and a nine-hole golf course with oiled sand for greens instead of grass. In the principal business district along G Avenue and 10<sup>th</sup> Street, there were several popular drugstores, restaurants and cafes, billiard and pool parlors, hotels and some excellent stores. Hotel Gadsden was a first-class modern establishment with an excellent dining room, popular among the officers. In Pirtlesville [sic] and other outlying areas, there were numerous neighborhood stores, chili parlors and "soft drink" emporiums, always popular with soldiers. In these areas there were many adobe cottages occupied by Mexican laboring folk, and among these areas, the usual array of camp followers was to be found.

Arizona was "dry." It had adopted prohibition when it entered the Union in 1912. [Prohibition actually took effect Jan. 1, 1915.] There was plenty of liquor in the Mexican village of Agua Prieta, just across the international boundary, but the border was closed to all traffic. There was no official intercourse between the two cities or between the two countries. There was some

smuggling of the potent Mexican beverages such as tequila, mescal and sotol across the border; however, wartime restrictions prohibited alcoholic liquors within 18 miles of any military camp. The camp authorities supplemented the customs and immigration patrols with mounted patrols east and west along the international-boundary fence during the hours of darkness.

New Mexico was still "wet" at this time, and the town of Rodeo, just inside the Arizona-New Mexico state line some 50 miles to the northeast of Douglas, did a thriving business. Rodeo was a typical western cow town, with more saloons and gambling houses than all other establishments combined. Bootleggers made the trip to and from Rodeo almost nightly. One energetic Cochise County Deputy Sheriff [most probably Percy Bowden] made himself quite a reputation as a law enforcement officer by his success in apprehending "rum-runners" along the Rodeo to Douglas road. He also acquired a large measure of unpopularity among officers and men of the camp by these industrious activities.

A streetcar line ran from Douglas along 10<sup>th</sup> Street to the camp; another followed G Avenue from the customs house north to the village of Pirtlesville on the northern edge of the city. There were few automobiles, but there was a stage line utilizing Winston touring cars that ran between Douglas and Bisbee, located in the



*Regimental Band Concert, Camp Harry J. Jones, ca. 1914.*



Mule Mountains about 25 miles to the west. A two-lane concrete road connected these two cities. A graveled road led from Bisbee over "The Divide," Mule Pass, to Tombstone, the county seat of Cochise County, another 25 miles to the northwest. South of Bisbee about 10 miles was the town of Naco. The international boundary separated it from the Mexican town of the same name. One troop of cavalry was stationed in Naco for patrolling the border to the east and west.

Recreation facilities in Camp Harry J. Jones consisted of one large recreation hall, operated by the Red Cross, and dance pavilions in each regimental area, where dances were held occasionally when girls could be brought from Douglas and Bisbee under chaperon. There was some baseball during the spring and summer, but never on any well-organized basis. Occasionally, regiments would conduct track-and-field meets for competition among the troops and there would be occasional field days, which would feature such mounted events as gymkhana, races and tug of war.

A few of the younger officers were married and had brought their wives to Douglas. No quarters were provided for them, however. They rented and lived in adobe cottages in the neighborhood of the camp, but there was no social life in the camp itself for families – no dinners, bridge or tea parties. Most social activity among the officers was limited to regular dances at the Douglas Country Club, for those who maintained the associate membership that the club extended to officers, and to the occasional dinner dances and entertainments of that nature which the regiments might sponsor there.

For officers and men both, a principal social pursuit was gambling. Poker and dice games were almost nightly occurrences in some officer's tent or adobe shack. They were continuous in the troop areas around payday, so long as men had money. There was some clandestine drinking, and there was always the "postman's holiday" – riding. In general, however, occasional meals in town, the movie theater downtown, ice cream and soft drinks at the drugstores, and pool and billiards helped bachelor officers and soldiers alike pass such time off as they might have.

There were some forays to Rodeo and Bisbee, but these were rather limited because of expense and transportation difficulties.

Then there was the colonel's French school. No one in the regiment knew any French, so the colonel arranged for a French priest [Rev. Julius Gheldorf was really a Belgian] from the Catholic Church in Douglas as instructor. There were no texts, but regimental headquarters had received a few copies of the *Oxford English and French Conversation Book for Army and Navy Men*. This was a small cloth-bound phrase book, printed by Oxford-Print, Boston, Mass., which the War Department was beginning to distribute. Classes were held in the evening. Officers of the regiment crowded into a small room, took seats on folding chairs and the class began. No one except the padre, the regimental commander and the adjutant had copies of the text, but the padre began with pronunciation of the French alphabet – ah, bay, say, day, etc. – and the officers repeated after him. He explained accents and some of the peculiarities of the French language. Then he started with useful phrases and sentences. These periods were two hours long and the padre's English was difficult to understand. Officers of the regiment were relieved when the classes were discontinued after about 10 days. No one acquired a French accent!

[The 17th Cavalry remained at Camp Jones through Armistice Day and then in 1919 was sent to Hawaii. While on the islands, the regiment was deactivated as part of a post-war reorganization. It was absorbed by the 11th Cavalry and sent back to Camp Jones in 1921.]







*Air Freight delivery by Border Motors charter service at Douglas International.*

### ***Flight in Douglas***

Douglas residents always enthusiastically promoted aviation, giving the town many aerial "firsts." In early 1908, some Douglas residents built a glider that probably was Arizona's first heavier-than-air craft. Pulled aloft by a pair of horses, the glider drew crowds as it soared northeast of town. The group that built the glider kept tinkering with it and eventually added an engine.

In the meantime, Douglas became the site of one of Arizona's first air shows in 1910. On April 9, 1911, Alfred M. Williams, a clerk for the Douglas Grocery Store, made a powered flight. The *Douglas International* noted that transformation of the glider into an airplane required much hard work on Williams' part. It soon required more.

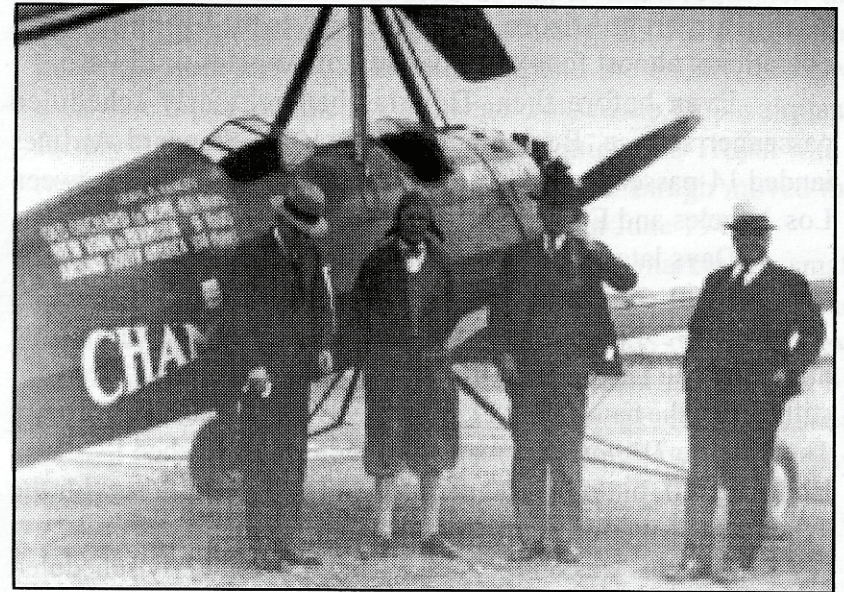
During a flight the next day, Williams' cap blew off and became entangled in the propeller. Pilot and plane suffered only minor injuries from the resulting crash and soon were flying again.

When the Mexican Revolution began, the Douglas plane and crew joined the cause. George Rogers constructed bombs using empty five-pound lard pails and offered his ranch east of town as a practice range. Rogers said one Douglas pilot, Charles Ford, took off in May 1913 from Douglas on a bombing run into Mexico. It was the first international bombing mission in the Western Hemisphere. Although this run and succeeding ones were only moderately successful, Revolutionary leaders quickly grasped the possibilities of air warfare and acquired planes. By March 1915, Williams was flying for Pancho Villa.

The Douglas plane, left in town by Williams, became the first aircraft sold in the state by public auction on March 27, 1915. Z.C. Prina of Safford bought the plane and motor for \$700.

Plutarco Elias Calles acquired his own plane, a Christofferson, and pilot, a 19-year-old man named Lawrence Brown. On May 23, 1915, over Agua Prieta and Douglas, Brown tried out the Christofferson, later used to enforce prohibition in Sonora.

On Sept. 14, 1916 on the Camp Jones parade ground, Lts. Carl Spatz and T.H. Bowen landed a Curtiss R-2. It was the first



*"Miss Champion" autogyro at Douglas airport, ca. 1930.  
L. to R.: John Crowell, pilot Lewis A. Yancy, John Curry, unknown man.*



plane to travel from Columbus, N.M. to Douglas and the first military aircraft to fly into Arizona.

During the summer of 1919, Douglas became the site of the first Aerial Border Patrol station. A field built northeast of the city served Border Patrol pilots, who soon had an airdrome with the addition of hangars and other services.

After the Aerial Border Patrol was deactivated in 1926, five local aviation enthusiasts formed Arizona's first chapter of the National Aeronautics Association. In 1927, the locals procured land east of Douglas, raised funds and prevailed upon James S. Douglas to donate 14 acres along the border. The latter proved important since it provided access to Mexico via a gate in the border fence.

In December 1928, the Douglas airport became the first international airport in the Americas, and was dedicated as such by Eleanor Roosevelt on June 5, 1933. For a time, the airport was the largest such U.S. facility.

It featured a graded airstrip, its own well and a small brick house (still standing) as manager's quarters. In June 1930, a hanger was built with partial federal funding – the first such instance at a civilian airport in Arizona. Another first was the lighting system, operational almost four years before Los Angeles or El Paso.

Even before then, Douglas had regularly scheduled passenger service. Beginning Aug. 6, 1929, Standard Airlines landed 14-passenger Fokker F-10s at Douglas on flights between Los Angeles and El Paso.

Days later, Douglas was a National Women's Air Derby stop. The 20 contestants, who left Santa Monica, California on Aug. 18, 1929, bound for Cleveland, Ohio, didn't like the title humorist Will Rogers gave the race: Powder Puff Derby. The race still carries the name today. Douglas was the third overnight stop. The *Douglas Dispatch* estimated that thousands watched 17 planes land Aug. 20, but only 200 people were invited to dine with the aviators that night in Agua Prieta's Club Social.

Douglas was on the route of the first regularly scheduled coast-to-coast airmail service. On Oct. 15, 1930, two of the three inaugural airmail flights landed at Douglas airport.

In 1933, the Douglas airport was ranked as one of the 10 best in the country. But by the end of 1939, advances in plane size and increasingly stringent federal safety regulations meant the airport had lost some scheduled passenger and airmail flights. Local aviation promoters searched for a larger location, settling upon a spot 10 miles north of Douglas. By the time funding was secured, World War II had begun, so the new airport became Douglas Army Air Field (DAAF).

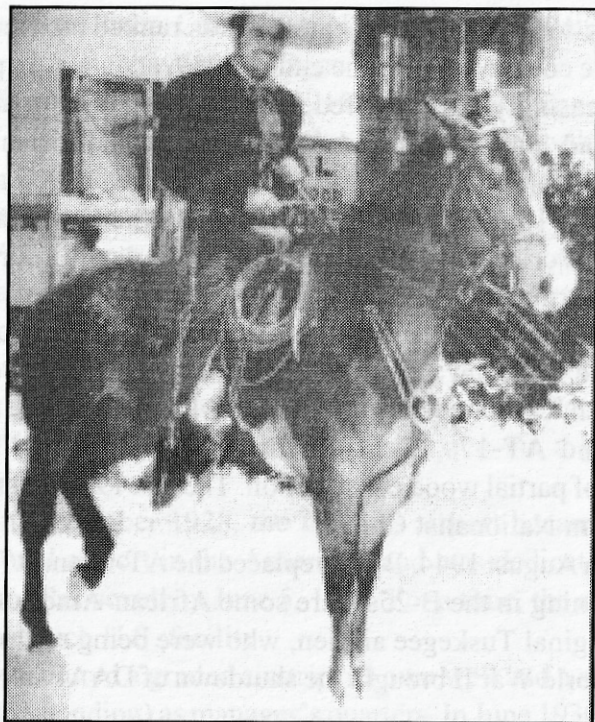
Construction began in January 1942 and on June 2, the first plane landed at the base. Eleven cadet classes, an estimated 4,000 men, completed training at DAAF in 1943. The men flew AT-9s and AT-17s, the latter nicknamed Bamboo Bombers because of partial wood construction. The last 1943 class included pilots from Nationalist China.

In August 1944, B-25s replaced the AT-9s and 17s. Among those training in the B-25s were some African-Americans, a few of the original Tuskegee airmen, who were being re-trained. The end of World War II brought the shutdown of DAAF in November 1945.

Cochise County's Board of Supervisors requested the airbase be given to the county and eventually this was done. Some buildings were moved to locations around the county, but new uses were found for others. One hangar housed the Trojan airplane factory for a year. Designed by Harold Emigh, the Trojan was a two-seater notable for its sturdy construction. Emigh moved the Trojan factory from California to Douglas in June 1949.

Unfortunately, the move came as the market for small personal planes dried up. Only 59 of the planes were made and the Douglas factory closed in July 1950. Today, one of the few remaining Trojans resides in a small museum established by occasional Douglas resident Richard Westbrook. He hopes soon to open the museum at Douglas Municipal Airport where so many aviation firsts took place.





*Relámpago and his owner, Rafael Romero.*

## Legendary *Relámpago's* Story

The phrase "flash of lightning" held special meaning for some Douglas/Agua Prieta residents in the 1950s, for it was both the speed and the name of a special horse.

*Relámpago* was owned by Rafael Romero, owner of the Copacabana night club in Agua Prieta. A chestnut gelding, *Relámpago* bore the name of Dr. Joe when he arrived from California in 1953.

Four years later, he was involved in a match race that became famous after Leonardo Yañez wrote a *corrido* (ballad) about it.

The race was held on March 16, 1957 on Calle 4 between Avenida 15 and Avenida 20 in Agua Prieta.

*Cochise County Historical Journal • Douglas Centennial Vol. 2, 2001*

*Relámpago's* competition was a gray stallion named *El Moro*, trained in the town of Cumpas.

*El Moro* was owned by Pedro Frisby, a rancher who had traded some mules for the stallion. A cousin, Francisco Frisby, who belonged to the Agua Prieta Lions Club, arranged the race to benefit charity.

As Yañez sang the song, "*El Moro de Cumpas*," workers and peasants, cowboys and ranchers, bartenders and waiters, chauffeurs and visitors all bet on the race's outcome.

*El Moro* took the early lead, but as the two horses topped a rise, *Relámpago's* rider urged the gelding on and he pulled away from *El Moro*. Of course, those who had bet on *El Moro* protested, saying the stallion was sick or the jockey had thrown the race, so another meeting was arranged and again *Relámpago* won.

The spirit of the race so impressed Yañez that he wrote a ballad, which quickly became a local favorite. After it was made into a record, the song became a national hit.

In 1958, *Relámpago* ran another match race; this one on the Mexican side of the international border. A horse, owned by Pirtleville resident Felipe Pinedo, ran on the American side of the Line. Pinedo's horse was named *Chiltepin*, but in pre-race publicity he was billed as Rex, perhaps to play up the Mexico/U.S. aspect.

Each horse had to stay on his side of the Line because of hoof-and-mouth disease regulations then in effect. The race, with only the international fence separating the horses, took place Sept. 14, 1958 in the vicinity of today's Agua Prieta Lions Club.

Several preliminary races warmed up a large crowd gathered on both sides of the border. Then, *Relámpago* and *Chiltepin* took off from a start line drawn in the dirt of the border road.

As in his race against *El Moro*, *Relámpago* was behind early, but came on strongly and won by at least a length.

Romero retired his famous horse in 1964. By that time, money *Relámpago* had earned for charity rebuilt *Fray Pedro de*

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Gante School and *El Sagrado Corazon* Church in Agua Prieta, constructed a school in Caborca and repaired a church in Hermosillo.

In 1970, 25-year-old *Relámpago* was pitted against a much younger horse (a substitute for *El Moro*), and incredibly, the grand old gelding won his last race for charity.

On May 5, 2001, as a part of Douglas' centennial celebration, a reenactment of the race was staged on the border just west of Douglas, with each horse staying on his side of the border fence. The first race was won by the American horse, but all other challenges went to the Mexican horses. Even so, the mood was festive and hundreds turned out to view this nostalgic event. The betting was not sanctioned, but surely occurred.

\* \* \* \* \*

### ***Race on the Wind***

by Cowboy Poet Bud Strom

I thought the wind was howlin'  
On the border, late last night.  
Or was it something else my friend,  
As we rode, by pale moonlight.

We rode the fence to check for breaks,  
The wire, tight and sound.  
Ol' Mike and I routinely look  
For gaps or posts that's down.

But now there's something in the air,  
A noise we've never heard.  
It's not the bawling of a calf,  
Or the screeching of a bird.

It's a roar, far in the distance,  
Like crowds of people there,  
A cheering for some reason.  
I strain to see, but where?

My mind it fleets through days gone by,  
I search my thoughts to see.  
Ol' cowboys told a tale back when,  
Of wondrous history.

A race, they say, it was proposed  
To run down Douglas way.  
A horse to race from each side,  
To run on Christmas day.

Vaqueros from Sonora  
Had wager on their mind.  
No bettin' man could pass it up.  
The fastest mare they'd find.

The cowboys and vaqueros  
Searched each country high and low.  
Found a roan from Arizona,  
And a grey from Mexico.

Now that mare was grey, like clouds with rain,  
Her nostrils, flared and deep.  
Stood proud with tail flaggin' high,  
Oh, the pesos they would reap.

The cowboys from Cochise were quick  
To see the challenge there.  
They'd merely found the fastest,  
That won the county fair.

The deep red steed that they chose  
Was strong and smart and steady.  
A winner every one would say,  
With muscles taut and ready.

The year's event, a week away,  
Had caught the country's eye.  
Blood ran hot on both sides,  
Braggin' fever high.



The Douglas fairgrounds racing track  
Became the chosen ground.  
Race day, it was close at hand,  
The horses, fit and sound.

They loaded up Sonora way,  
To make the half-hour ride.  
Got stopped by customs at the Line,  
Ten days they must be tied.

No problem, said the cowboys,  
We'll race Sonora's track.  
But if they crossed the border South,  
Then they could not turn back.

The quarantine is law, they said,  
Can't take that roany South.  
Something 'bout a new Disease,  
They call it hoof and mouth.

Then, Genius struck, I know not where,  
When someone said out loud,  
Let's race the border fence right here.  
A murmur filled the crowd.

Agreement came from both sides.  
Bureaucracy outdone!  
The betting hit a fever pitch,  
The tracks were cleared to run.

One mile was laid out side by side,  
With border fence between.  
The horses groomed and ready,  
The jockeys hard and lean.

The day was here, the starting gun  
Was raised high over head.  
Then, with a crack that broke the air,  
The frenzy it was fed.

The border east of Naco  
Was where the race began,  
And at the tape down Douglas way,  
The crowds were man to man.

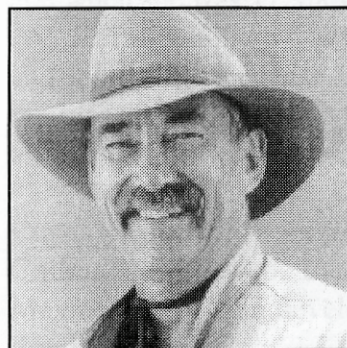
They took off West to East you know,  
Two thousand watched in awe.  
A streak of red, a streak of grey,  
Was all they ever saw.

They could hear the horses coming,  
See the dust a churning round.  
They would strain their eyes, to no avail.  
Their hearts began to pound.

O! cowboys tell this story,  
And I'm sure vaqueros too.  
Memory may fade a bit,  
But some of this is true.

Vaqueros say the grey took first,  
On that wondrous Christmas day.  
Just listen to the cowboy's tale,  
You'll hear it weren't that way.

Well, I'm sure the wind was howlin'  
On the border, late last night.  
Oh, Lord, I love this cowboy life,  
Checkin' fence by pale moonlight.



*Local cowboy poet, Bud Strom, is much in demand as an educator and entertainer. He has won many awards for his poetry, and his first book, "Dry Lightning," a CD and a cassette, "Lightning and Angels," are available. A second volume is now being printed. For more information, contact him at his Single Star Ranch, Hereford, AZ, 85615.*



# Pioneers

in

# Profile

## ***The Dan C. Best Family***

### *Early Douglas Residents*

According to family history, Daniel Curtis Best was born in Pennsylvania in 1878, and was educated to be a teacher. However, he was a large man with boundless energy who needed a more rugged vocation. It seems only natural that, as a young man, he would set out to find adventure. In 1910, he secured a job with the Madera Lumber Co. and worked in their lumber camps in Mexico. Starting as a general handyman, he soon worked up to a supervisory position.

Also working in the camps was another American, John Jones, and several members of the Luis Varela family. Magdalena Maria Varela, born in Chihuahua in 1895, was the oldest child and helped her mother with the younger boys. Her father and brothers, Luis and Jose, worked with the horses that pulled the cables used for moving logs and material around the camps. Her three younger brothers, Ernie, Jesus and Ted, were in the camps with their parents, also.

When Mrs. Varela learned that Dan Best was a teacher, she made arrangements for him to come to their home to teach her children English. In turn, they would teach him Spanish. Inevitably, the young teacher fell in love with the young daughter, and when she was 17, they married.

Though there was a "friendly rivalry" between Dan Best and John Jones, because John loved Magdalena, too, in the end the men remained friends. John married another young woman and the families have remained close through all the ensuing years.

On Oct. 11, 1912, Dan and Magdalena's first child, Dennis Curtis Best, was born in the lumber camp at Temosachic, Chihuahua, Mexico. Later, the family moved to Monterey, Mexico, where Dan developed a large lumber business and the family prospered.



Dan and Magdalena's second child, Larry Sullivan Best was born Feb. 4, 1914, during the Mexican Revolution. Before long, all Americans were forced out of Mexico: they left with the clothes on their back, having to abandon homes, businesses and bank accounts – from wealth to poverty in a single stroke.

In Tampico, the Best family joined other refugees, the Jones family included, on a ship bound for Galveston, Texas. The Varela grandparents and their families followed on a different ship.

After arriving in Galveston, the families worked their way to Juarez, Mexico, where they lived until they could enter the United States via El Paso, Texas. While living in El Paso, Dan and Magdalena became the parents of two daughters, Josephine in 1916, and Bonnie in 1917. When the Varela families arrived, they secured work at Price's Dairy, one of the biggest dairies in the area.

In 1919, after much research, Dan selected Douglas as a good place to settle his family, since the smelters and Camp Harry J. Jones offered many job opportunities. Magdalena Best's parents, the Luis Varelas, and her brothers joined them in Douglas, as did the Jones family, and their friendships and interdependence continued.



*Mose Kline's grocery store in Douglas in 1904. Kline was one of the first merchants to set up business in the new town of Douglas.*

## ***Dennis Best Remembers Douglas and Fairview Addition 1919 – 1930***

“My father chose Fairview Addition, on the northwest outskirts of the Douglas city limits, as the place to build a home for his family. He secured temporary housing for us with the Frank Bruno family who lived near the property he had purchased. Our neighbors there were the families of Fred Sanstrom, Frank Bruno, Earl Sanders, Bill Evans, the Harts and Tamale Williams. Black's Dairy occupied a large area in Fairview.

“Dad hired a man named Pete, from Pirtleville, to help with the construction of our home. Pete and his son dug a basement to get the dirt to make the adobes for the walls. The earth was fortified with straw and mixed with water, then shoveled into the block forms which were then lifted and the blocks were left to dry. I can remember watching them mix the mud with their bare feet and a hoe in a hollowed out place near the cellar. I was fascinated to see the men with their pants legs rolled to their knees and the mud squeezing between their toes. It was a scene I have never forgotten.

“My most vivid memory of the finished construction was the ceiling in mine and Larry's bedroom. I guess my dad found the least expensive, or free, materials available, and for our bedroom, that resulted in a brightly colored circus canvas announcing the viciously growling lions featured in their shows. I suppose it could have been intimidating, but we were so exhausted after roaming the Fairview acres all day that we tumbled into bed and paid no attention to the painted lions.

“Our home had a kitchen, pantry, dining room used as a bedroom, living room, front bedroom with one closet, and a small sleeping room which apparently was planned for a future bathroom, as we used an outhouse for toilet facilities and took our weekly bath in a big round tub in the kitchen. Our home was simple, but there was much love and laughter, with children romping around. We all had such a warm feeling of love.





*G Avenue, looking north from 9th St., after a big snow storm on Jan. 15, 1916. First National Bank and Copper Queen Store on left.*

"On Oct. 13, 1919, Theodore Miller Best was born in that front bedroom, and on Jan. 13, 1924, Dan and Magdalena's last child, Joseph Curtis Best was also born there. The baby's cradle was made from a heavy-duty orange crate which hung securely from the ceiling. It was Teddy's cradle, and later baby Joseph used it, too.

"The biggest problem my father had was getting adequate water for the house. The City of Douglas would not extend their water lines as far north as Fairview, so as a temporary measure, Dad ran a galvanized pipe about 500 feet to Frank Bruno's well.

"Soon Dad hired Pete and his son to dig a well for us. He built a trestle over the top of the well and fixed a windlass rope and bucket to hoist the dirt to the top. Pete and his son took turns digging in the bottom of the well. Pete stood in the bucket and held the rope as his son slowly lowered him to the bottom. Pete would fill the bucket and the son would raise and empty it. It was a slow process, and somewhat dangerous, so we boys were not allowed in the digging area. The dirt from the well was used to form the banks of a pond. When they reached water and the digging was finished, they rigged a windmill to pump the water. The windmill also served as a lookout tower to keep track of our cow and horse that roamed freely.

"One incident I vividly remember concerned my mother's uncle, Jose Fierro. Through a bootlegging adventure during Prohibition, Jose became the subject of a manhunt by the Mexican Federales. Knowing his relationship to our family, the authorities surrounded the whole of Fairview with blinding floodlights one night. Whether he was guilty or innocent, my parents knew he had no chance unless they hid him. The only safe place was in the pond, under four feet of water. I'm not sure how he survived, but he did. I think my grandmother, Mama Lole, prayed a thousand rosaries that night for the safety of her brother. Jose quickly left for California and a few years later he sent for Mama Lole, who was a widow with three sons to support. Jose had been successful in the farming industry and he provided housing for Mama Lole and jobs for my uncles, Ernie, Jesus and Ted Varela.

"Our father was a wholesale grocer in Douglas and was a highly thought of individual throughout the county. He was very proud of his children, and we were proud of him. I remember he helped me get a job after school and on Saturdays, working for Mr. Douglas Cooper at the Piggly Wiggly Store on F Avenue. At the beginning, he arranged with Mr. Cooper that he would pay my salary until I could learn enough to be worth the pay. I worked hard and soon knew enough to earn my money legitimately. It was one way my father helped us boys grow up and learn responsibility.

"In 1925, when I was about 13 years old and a student at A Avenue School, I went to work for Mr. Black at the dairy. Those were the days when the local dairies (Black's, Watson's, Hannigan's and others) bottled their milk and delivered it house-to-house early every morning except Sunday.

"We would arrive at the milk house at 5 a.m., finish the bottling process, load up Mr. Black's truck and start driving up and down the streets. The delivery truck had running boards on each side. I would stand on one side and Mr. Black's son Edward, would stand on the other. Mr. Black would hand us the bottles to be delivered on each side of the street and Edward and I would run to the porch, set down the full bottles, pick up the empties, and dash back to be ready for the next house. We would finish the



route and be at school in time for our classes. Then after school, I would go to work at the Piggly Wiggly Store.

"The store fronted on F Avenue and across the back alley was the Calumet and Arizona Hospital, facing 10<sup>th</sup> Street. One Saturday in 1926, I was near the back door of the store preparing vegetables for display when I noticed a large procession of cars and people arriving in front of the hospital. I certainly was curious and as I watched, I saw Constable Gordon Newman, dressed in full motorcycle uniform, take a lady from a car, cradle her in his arms and carry her into the hospital. Police Chief Percy Bowden and several other people hurried into the hospital close behind them. I later learned that the lady was the evangelist, Amie Semple McPherson, who had supposedly been found in a desert shack across the line in Mexico.

"Douglas was a quiet place, and the McPherson event probably should be ranked with Pancho Villa in Agua Prieta and the jailing of John Dillinger for exciting entertainment for the town.

"Unfortunately, our life in Fairview was to be no more. No one knows why or how, but our home burned to the ground in the early 1930s. The family was away on that particular Sunday, as our family owned the San Bernardino Ranch, south of the border and adjacent to the Slaughter Ranch on this side of the line. We would go there on Sunday to visit my Uncle Luis Varela who was managing the ranch. At that time, Mama Lole was living with him and caring for his three daughters.

"As we were returning home late that night, we could see the smoldering embers of our home. All our clothing and personal things, virtually all our belongings were destroyed and our family was left with only the clothes we were wearing at the time. It was a tragic, traumatic time for all of us.

"However, in those years of living in Fairview, the love of our parents for us and the love we had for each other, our home, our grandmother and other relatives, allowed us to overcome this adversity and makes those times in my life very nostalgic and unforgettable."

## ***Best Family History***

The family relocated to a house on 17<sup>th</sup> Street in Douglas, and picked up the pieces of their lives. Dennis, who had started high school at Douglas High, transferred to Loretto and graduated in 1933. He and his brother, Larry, were excellent athletes and participated in all the team sports at school. Larry also played basketball for the University of Arizona and participated in their boxing program.

Dennis worked at the smelter for a few years, and for the railroad in 1938-39. Their mother, Magdalena Maria Varela Best, died in 1939; father, Dan Best, died in 1950 in Florence, Arizona.

In 1940, Dennis and Lillian Carter were married and moved to California in 1941. They were the parents of two children, Dennis Jr. and Madelyn. The family moved to Phoenix in 1949, where Dennis worked for the City of Phoenix as a building inspector. He retired in 1976, and still lives in Phoenix. Lillian died in 1995, and Madelyn now checks on her father to make sure he's doing well.

Larry Best left Douglas in 1942, and has lived in Baltimore, Maryland for many years, where he was involved in construction and real estate until his retirement. He has a son, Michael, with his first wife, Mildred Yancey, and he and his second wife, Marjorie DeLuca are parents of two daughters, Linda Rose and Lisa. Larry and a companion, Mildred Ihrie, now have homes in Baltimore and Florida.

Josephine Best Shaya is the only family member who presently lives in Douglas. She lived in El Paso, Texas, during WWII, where she worked at Fort Bliss. After her Douglas marriage to Mike Shaya in 1944, they lived for a time in Shreveport, Louisiana. They were the parents of Mike Jr., Salima, and Dennis. They returned to Douglas in 1952, where Mike Sr., died of heart problems in 1962. Son Dennis died from injuries he suffered in an automobile accident in 1969. After Mike's death, Josephine worked for Bill Meloy in his insurance business, then for the



Douglas School District. She retired in 1981, has been active in community organizations and is a member of St. Luke's Catholic Church.

Bonnie June Best became a registered nurse and served 30 years as an Army nurse, seeing duty at several foreign and domestic locations. She served in all war theaters, including Viet Nam, and was one of the first military women to earn the rank of full colonel. She retired in 1970 and lived in El Paso until her death in 1990. She is buried at Fort Bliss.

Theodore Best died in 1942 at the age of 23, after undergoing surgery for a brain tumor. He is buried at Fort Bliss.

Joseph C. Best died in the early 1970s from cancer, and is buried in Phoenix. He was married to wife Trudy, and they had six children. He lived in Phoenix and retired from the Mountain Bell Telephone Co.

#### ***Dennis Best Remembers (a partial list):***

##### *Favorite Teachers:*

*Conception & Rose Faras  
Vern Rogers  
Miss Tully  
Sister Mary Gregory  
Mr. A. Stuppi  
Miss McCaughney  
Jessie Black  
Mr. Stephenson  
Mr. Penny  
Milt Morse  
Glen Dunham  
Mr. Bergfield  
Joe Carlson*

##### *Business Men:*

*J.L. Black  
Douglas Cooper  
Mike Shaya  
Francis Ames  
Curtis Page*

##### *High School Athletes:*

*Joe Causey  
Les Miller  
Chench Cummings  
Ernie Ruterma  
Rabbit Lewis  
Fred Appel  
Billy Jack  
Ken Adamson  
Bunny Vickers  
Larry Best  
Tony Quisar  
Jay Negri  
Vince Byrne*

##### *Golfers:*

*Ralph Williams  
Ken Melcher  
Alfred Levy  
Henry Williams  
Ed Kelly*

## **Douglas As I Remember it, 1904 – 1919**

By A. Knickerbocker

My name is Andrew Knickerbocker and I was born Nov. 25, 1899, in Jacksonville, Fla. In 1904, my father, Charles Knickerbocker, secured work at the Copper Queen smelter in Douglas and my mother, sister, grandfather and I moved there the same year.

We came by train and I was told it required five days and four nights. We changed railroads in New Orleans and had to travel across town. I remember the iron rims on our vehicle of transportation making a terrible clattering noise on the cobble stone streets.

In Douglas, my first recollection was living in a tent which had the sides covered up about three-and-a-half feet with some kind of siding. I believe this place was located on 9<sup>th</sup> Street between G and H Avenues.

Shortly thereafter, my mother became manager of the Magdalena Hotel, a two-story frame building which was right next to the tent where we lived.

Mr. Fletcher ran a livery stable just across the street from the hotel and had a son, Earl, who was younger than me. We played in that livery barn around the stalls and in the upper part where they kept the hay and grain. I know my mother must have worried about me.

After a couple of moves, my parents leased the Pullman Hotel and we moved into it. It was a two-story brick building located close to the southwest corner of 10<sup>th</sup> Street and G Avenue. The Pullman had no restaurant; it was what was called a rooming house. I believe we lived in this place for several years.

Next door, a bank was built after we moved there. I remember playing in the foundation and later I played in the foundation of the first Gadsden Hotel.





*Unpaved G Avenue just north of intersection of 10th Street, ca. 1907.  
Copper Queen store on right.*

The Pullman Hotel was on the second floor of its building and was entered by a stairway in the front or in the back. On the ground floor was a gambling establishment called the Pullman Bar. Some of the gamblers and their wives lived at the Pullman Hotel and I learned how to play poker before I was six years old.

One of the things I remember was the Salvation Army where people would come and stand in the street, the women in their bonnets and with their tambourines and the men in sort of military style caps and jackets with their horns and drums. They would sing and play their instruments and sometimes the women would take their tambourines into the bar. I was told they would walk around the bar shaking the tambourines and hoping for some contributions.

Sometimes it would be cold and raining and the unpaved streets were muddy. From my vantage point in the upstairs front window of the hotel, I would watch them and feel sorry for them. To this day, any contributions which I may make are sent to the Salvation Army.

Another time, from the same vantage point, I witnessed a man killing a horse with an ax by striking the animal in the head. This spot in front of the bar was the drayman's stand where he and his horse waited when he had no work to do. A good deal of this drayman's work was hauling freight from the freight depot.

I was told that while the drayman was at or near the freight depot, the horse somehow collided with a train and had one forefoot cut off. I suppose the drayman cut the harness so the horse became loose and ran to where it was used to waiting in front of the bar. I remember how badly it was bleeding and so it had to be destroyed.

When we left the Pullman Hotel, we moved to a house on Railroad Avenue between 15<sup>th</sup> and 16<sup>th</sup> Streets. That house was next door to a wagon yard which had about a five-foot-high board fence around it.

About 1909, I remember watching some U.S. Cavalrymen ride into the wagon yard and pitch a tent and unload their equipment. That was some time before the Mexican Revolution began in earnest. It seems to me that we always had some soldiers in Douglas after that time.

There were bullfights in Agua Prieta and we went often. What I remember most was that after the bull was killed, they would come into the ring with several mules and tie onto the bull and drag him out. I would run up to the top of the stadium and watch while the bull was being dragged away.

Occasionally we would see vaqueros in town. I suppose they came from Mexico, I do not know, but their saddles had a large horn, probably six times as large as the American type saddle. These vaqueros wore colored pants and jackets that looked like they were made of velvet and were adorned with various spangles. They wore large hats which were also decorated.

The spurs they had on usually had large rowels, and it seems to me they might have been four inches in diameter and when they walked they dragged along the sidewalks. The sidewalks were not made of cement but were probably 2X12-inch planks. They were not parallel to the buildings, but were at right angles to the buildings, which caused the spurs to make a broken sound when they were dragged along by the vaqueros. I remember it intrigued me.

I do not believe they wore side arms. I was told they received \$15 a month and keep. I remember the peso as being worth 50 cents. We referred to them as "dobie dollars."



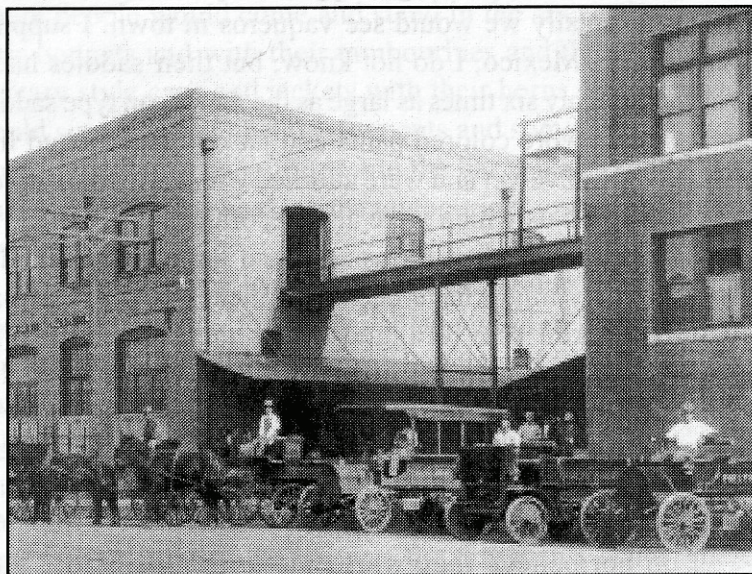
My parents divorced when I was about 10 years old, and my mother went to work at the Phelps Dodge store. I believe we referred to it as the Copper Queen. She was the alteration lady.

At Christmas time, the store had a large display of Christmas toys. I would walk there after school and arrive an hour before the store closed. While waiting for my mother, I would spend that time in the toy department.

We did not have much, so I did not expect much. An air rifle and some clothes, which I could always use, just about took care of Christmas, but I do not remember ever feeling deprived.

Later my mother married Joseph Waterman, who owned the Atherton Bar, which was located at G Avenue between 14<sup>th</sup> and 15<sup>th</sup> Streets. We soon moved into a new house of gypsum block construction on 16<sup>th</sup> Street between E and F Avenues. There were several families in that neighborhood that had boys about my age and we played together a lot.

I never learned to speak Spanish because the Mexican children I played with spoke English and I took Latin in high school when I should have taken Spanish. I have always regretted failing to learn the Mexican language.



*Copper Queen Store delivery crew shown beside the store warehouse. The rear of the CQ Store is at right.*

We played baseball on vacant lots and I remember the times we played on a lot behind the Douglas home. Jimmie Douglas, who was some years younger, played with us. His nanny or maid, or whatever she was, would sit on a bench and watch us play.

Between Douglas and Pirtleville was a small spring which filled up a small pond or mud hole. It was known as Roberts Pond and was a swimming hole we often visited. Occasionally the Mexican boys from Pirtleville would chase us out. Sometimes we would go back into town, recruit some help and go back and chase the Mexicans out. I have seen some pretty hefty battles occur and both sides using slingshots. One time, someone brought a revolver and fired a few shots.

We also used the creek near the C&A smelter. I believe its name is White Water Draw but we always referred to it as "the creek."

We played ball, went to the YMCA a couple of times a week, took a potato out into the country about a mile and cooked it. We rode our bicycles. I rode my bicycle to Bisbee and back one time.

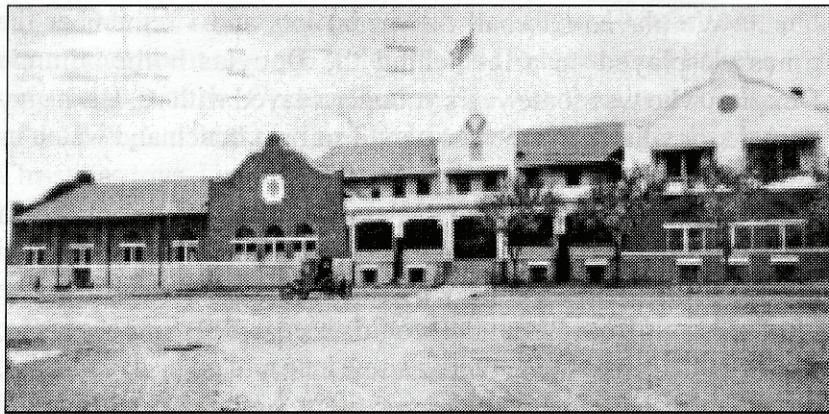
I do not remember needing any entertainment. I remember a few trips to Slaughter's Ranch. I didn't go to the movies too often. There was a serial, "Million Dollar something" and "Perils of Pauline" that I think came once a week which I kept up with.

The first moving picture house was on G Avenue. The building had been a store at one time so no elevation of the floor. The chairs were folding chairs, I believe, and of course, the film was black and white. The movie projector was hand cranked. There had to be an intermission when the reels needed to be changed.

This was later corrected by using two projectors so when the film ended on one, all that was needed to continue, was to start the second projector. One of the first projector operators was one of my friends, Jimmy Nelson.

The first job I ever had that earned money was when I was 11 or 12 years old. I had a bicycle and worked for the Red Cap Messenger Service. Most of our calls came from the red light district, which was on 6<sup>th</sup> Street.





*The El Paso and Southwestern YMCA building, Douglas, Arizona, ca. 1915.*

I do not know how many residents there were in the district but I would say more than 100. I learned later in life their standard fee was \$1. Of course, some were a little higher and there were the "parlor houses," which were a little nicer.

The police gave the women trouble if they were caught out of the area, so they used the messenger service if they needed something from the store. I believe we made 25 cents for making the calls.

I will always remember the bad fall I had while trying to carry an empty ice cream freezer on my bicycle. The freezer handle became involved with the front wheel of the bicycle, which caused a very sudden stop when bicycle, freezer and I hit the ground. The freezer came apart and scattered all over. Fortunately, no broken bones, but some skinned knees and elbows and I was embarrassed!

Much of my time was spent around the Miller Bicycle Shop and the Harley Davidson Motorcycle agency and shop. Occasionally they would pay me something. I also spent a great deal of time around auto repair shops.

I would watch them and bring them tools. I finally became somewhat of an auto mechanic and intended following that for my livelihood.

Since I spent a lot of time around the motorcycle shop, they occasionally allowed me to ride one. I eventually had three bad wrecks, two of which could have been fatal. At this point, my

mother went to the shop and told them she had had enough and if they ever let me sit on one of the motorcycles again, she was going to sue them.

\* \* \* \* \*

When my stepfather, Mr. Waterman, was running the Atherton bar, he told me that one afternoon a Mexican man came in and ordered a drink at the bar. After he had gone, my father found a paper sack on the bar which he assumed was someone's lunch and they had forgotten it, so he put it on the back bar. He said he tried to give it away half-a-dozen times, thinking it was food, but no one would take it.

Later that evening, the Mexican man came back and picked up the package. A couple weeks later he was back and told my stepfather that the sack contained \$30,000 which he was delivering to someone in payment for a carload of ammunition. There was a lot of intrigue going on in those days before and during the Mexican Revolution.

One story I remember was that every time a new general obtained power, new paper money was printed. In Mexico, it was against the law to refuse to accept it. They arrested a Chinese merchant and fined him 500 pesos but the judge would not take the paper bills and the merchant had to pay in gold coins.

I remember some attacks on Agua Prieta. Many people climbed up on houses and tried to see what was going on. Sometimes one could hear the machine guns firing away into the night and also hear the yelling. I was told that was the Indians fighting with Pancho Villa.

The Mexican trouble went on so long I guess I lost interest in it. I believe the town was more stirred up when Sheriff Harry Wheeler rounded up the "Wobblies" in Bisbee and put them in cattle cars and shipped them to Columbus, N.M. I remember going to the depot and looking at the men in the cattle cars. Many Douglas residents had black bands on their sleeves and rifles.

\* \* \* \* \*

The house that we lived in after my mother married Mr. Waterman was made of gypsum block. The blocks were made in



Douglas. The raw material was hauled from the east side of Douglas down 15<sup>th</sup> Street. They had some sort of an engine, I suspect diesel, and it pulled several wagons with iron wheels. I remember one of my Mexican boy friends fell under the wheels (we used to catch rides) and was killed.

I remember a brewery. I had been in it, but I remember it mostly because the owner had a very racy looking automobile, which was driven by chains to the back wheels. There were only a few cars in Douglas early on.

I think the larger buildings such as the Copper Queen Store were steam heated. We also had gas that was manufactured, not natural gas. We used coal for heating and I made the fire in the stove each morning.

After my mother married Mr. Waterman, we had a washing machine but it was hand-powered. Some Saturdays I furnished the power. The wringer was also hand-powered, and then the clothes were hung on the line.

Every Sunday, my mother gave my sister and me our dime and sent us to Sunday school. My sister went and I played in the park until my sister came by for me and we walked back home. I think my mother knew what I was doing but she never said anything to me about what I was doing.



Mose Kline's new building at 830 - 834 G Avenue. The building was constructed from gypsum blocks described by Mr. Knickerbocker.

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I was never too interested in the smelter. I never had any desire to work for the smelters or railroad, which had a division point in Douglas. The C&A smelter was about two miles from town and it was beautiful to watch them dump the slag at night, lighting up the whole country.

The tall smokestacks belched thick smoke all day laden with sulfur. If the wind and temperature was just right, it was pretty bad in town. I remember seeing the streetcars filled with workers coming and going off shift.

I do not remember which streets the cars ran. They did go to both smelters but not from one smelter to the other. The one that went to the C&A smelter went through Pirtleville. The cost I do not remember; I think a dime. I did not ride them very much. I had a bicycle. We also had a horse and buggy.

\* \* \* \* \*

I remember two superintendents of the C&A smelter because both had daughters about my age. Mr. Woods was the first one I remember. I knew two of his daughters and one son. The second superintendent was Harry Clark. He had two daughters that I knew.

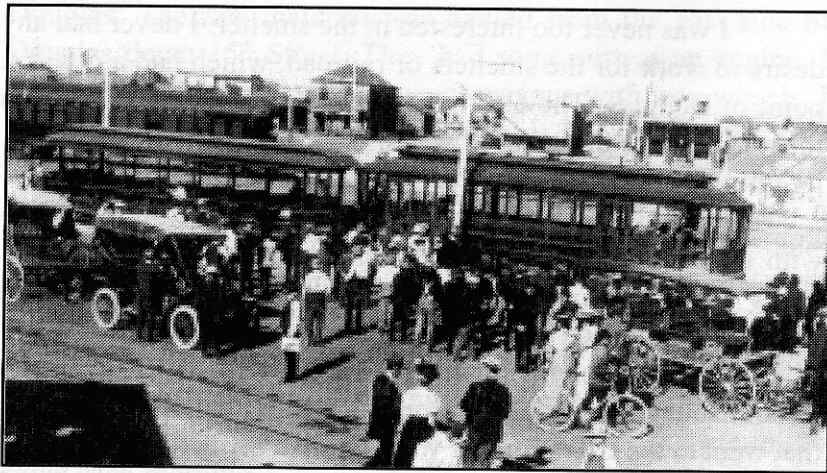
One of the Wright girls, whose father was night superintendent, was my steady from the eighth grade through three years of high school. Other boys were involved and we very often rode the streetcar out to the C&A smelter and visited the girls on Saturdays and rode our bicycles out there sometimes. We also had school dances. I remember some in the Elks Club building but most were at the high school.

When I was 16 or 17, I hired out as a chauffeur for a motorcycle with a sidecar used to transport the superintendent who was in charge of building Army camp buildings. I also took a couple of Army sergeants on their rounds, checking time of workers and bringing the payroll money from the bank, etc.

Also about this time, I worked for Mr. E.D. Conger who imported out-of-town and out-of-state newspapers and I delivered them. I used an Overland auto with a cage on the back. The windshield could be "broken" in half and lowered so that the driver

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*Douglas electric trolley cars, with El Paso & Southwestern car in back, ca. 1912.*

could throw papers, which were rolled up and tied with string. I think the route, which covered all of Douglas and one addition, was 22 miles long.

It was exciting to go to the depot on Sunday morning and meet the passenger train and pull the carts up by the baggage car door and enter the car and secure the Sunday papers. We had to hurry because the train did not stay too long as it was a transcontinental. One was the Golden State Limited.

I also worked for McCoy and Kinmore, an automobile battery shop. Now when a battery fails, all one has to do is buy a new one. But then we would take the car storage battery apart, replace the insulators and plates which had deteriorated, put in new acid, charge up the battery and reinstall it in the car.

\* \* \* \* \*

At one point, my family moved to Texas and back to Arizona. In the shuffle, I lost a year of high school. In 1918, the children that I started in school with graduated from high school and I needed one more year.

World War I was not over and the government offered a deal that if one was 18, had 16 high school credits and would enlist in the Army, they would send the enlistee to college and

also give him military training. I did this and along with some of my friends was sent to the University of Arizona.

We were not there very long before more than half were sick with influenza. Classes were closed and those of us who were not ill received military training. We had a sort of athletic meet and I won the 100-yard dash. My time was 10.40 seconds. We were discharged in December 1918 and I never did go back to finish high school.

During the summer before this, when I was 17, I was the driver for a Mr. Lester who ran a pool hall and also had a gambling room and sold liquor. Arizona had voted for prohibition in 1914, before the nation did, so New Mexico was "wet" and Arizona was "dry." Mr. Lester and I made many trips to Rodeo, N.M.

I guess one might say bootlegging was a common thing. When the sale of liquor was legal, there were 12 saloons in Douglas. After we had prohibition, there was an influx of soldiers. The price of copper went up and more people were hired at the smelters. I heard there were more than 100 places selling liquor in Douglas. I do not know that to be a fact, but might be like so many other rumors.

I knew Percy Bowden when I saw him, that was all. There were plenty of rumors about his actions, such as he always had women to spare, or that the common practice was for several officers to catch a load of liquor on the road. One officer would take the bootlegger to town and the others would ostensibly stay behind to break up the bottled liquor. But they really would take it to town and it would be sold. All rumor, I do not even know anyone who witnessed anything like that.

Mr. Lester owned a Hudson 40 which was a seven-passenger touring car. The two "jump seats" in the back could be folded down, which made the floor of the car flat. We left the back cushion out and we could stack five barrels of bottled beer like cord wood. Each bottle had a straw jacket which kept the bottles from breaking. On top of this load, we placed four cases of whiskey to hold the load down.

The roads were all dirt and it did rain occasionally. One time I got stuck in the loaded car. A man happened by and took us



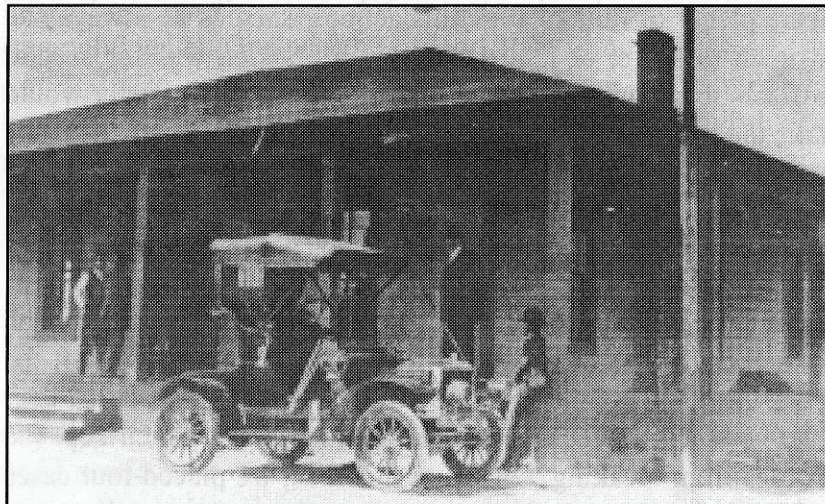
to his ranch. We spent the night and had supper and breakfast. My employer left some gold coins under his breakfast plate. The rancher hitched up his team and wagon, hauled us back to the stuck auto, pulled us out and we went home to Douglas.

I have often wondered what my mother thought when her son was gone all night, for she knew where I had gone and what I had gone for. She was a wonderful mother.

My mother and stepfather decided to move to Arkansas where my sister was living. They had a 1916 Maxwell touring car and disposed of everything they owned except what they could get in the car. We had folding cots and cooking utensils and camped by the side of the road at night.

All roads were dirt roads. The only pavement we would find was in some of the towns we passed through. Rain and high water put us off the road and into hotels for several days until we could travel. I think it was two weeks from the time we left Douglas until we arrived in Pine Bluff, Ark.

I went to work in a garage, and as soon as I saved enough money to purchase a train ticket, I went back to Douglas. Not too long after returning, I obtained a job as a civilian driver for the



*1905 Mitchell 4-cylinder automobile in front of the Douglas Customs House, ca. 1911.*

Army. They were using F.W.D. and Liberty trucks with solid rubber tires.

This job lasted until December 1919, at which time I heard that they needed drivers who would haul nitroglycerine in the oil field at Ranger, Texas, and they were paying \$800 per month. I had enough money for a railroad ticket to Ranger, so I left Douglas.

**About the author:** Andrew Knickerbocker eventually became a successful independent oil producer.

*Don't Forget!*

## *Cochise County Historical Society's Annual Meeting*

*Date: Sunday, December 2, 2001*

*Time: 12:00 p.m.*

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

*Further details will be sent in a Newsletter (entrees, price, and program highlights) to reach you on or about November 1.*

*We hope to see you there!*



# Guardians

# of

# History

## *Nanette and Harry Ames*

### *Guardians of History*

Harry Francis Ames was born to Francis M. and Grace Sharpe Ames in 1925 at the Calumet and Arizona Hospital on 10<sup>th</sup> Street in Douglas, Arizona. Harry was what was known as a “blue baby” with serious health problems. The attending physician, well-known and respected Dr. Edward Adamson, put his medical skills to work and saved this new Douglas citizen. Harry has one sister, Jacqueline.

In 1904, Harry’s paternal grandfather, Bernard J. Ames, sold his home and housing development in Meriden, Connecticut and brought his family to Douglas, Arizona Territory. Bernard, wife Julia, and their six boys and two girls lived in tents west of the smelter while Bernard built a home for the C&A Smelter superintendent. When this project was finished, the family moved to tents closer to town while Bernard built the family home at 920 10<sup>th</sup> Street. The apartments he built at the back of the lot were planned to provide his retirement income.

The Ames’ sons, John, Francis, Thomas, Paul and William worked in construction and at the smelter, while son Howard operated the city’s trolley lines. Three of the boys, John, Francis and Howard, stayed in Douglas and became respected businessmen.

Harry’s maternal grandfather, Frank Sharpe, Sr., was a dispatcher for the Southern Pacific Railroad when he brought his family to Douglas some years later. Florence Sharpe, Harry’s grandmother, often played the piano accompaniment for the silent movies shown at local theaters. She was the mother of Grace (Harry’s mother), Frank and Harry.

Grace Sharpe was employed by Dr. Paul Collins before her marriage to Francis Ames. Her brother, Harry Sharpe,





*Harry and Nan Ames*

started his newspaper career with the old *International* in Douglas and retired from the Associated Press in Washington D.C. Frank Sharpe Jr., was employed by the original Bank of Douglas. He was elected to the state legislature and was named Speaker of the House in 1938. When he returned to Douglas, he established the Frank Sharpe Agency, which sold insurance, and real estate.

Harry's years in Douglas were very busy from boyhood through today. He and his sister, Jacqueline, attended Loretto School. Jacqueline was in the last senior class at Loretto. Harry attended Loretto through the 8<sup>th</sup> grade, and then transferred to Douglas High School where he became active in school affairs. He was named to Who's Who at Douglas High School in 1943, the year he graduated. He quotes the class slogan as "One nine four three, we're the best you'll ever see!" Their graduation exercises were conducted from the stage of the Grand Theater.

Harry briefly attended the University of Arizona before enlisting in the Army Air Corps. He returned to Douglas and went into business with his father and Harry Foster, managing a wholesale liquor dealership and the Round Up Bar.

In 1951, Nanette Johnson came to Douglas to teach

drama and physical education at the new Douglas High School on 15<sup>th</sup> Street. Nan is the daughter of Arthur A. and Rose Kahnke Johnson of Waseca, Minnesota. She graduated from Waseca High School and the University of Minnesota at Mankato, MN (Mankato State University at that time). She later attended the University of Arizona for post-graduate studies.

Nan and Harry met the week before Thanksgiving in 1951. They were married on March 22, 1952, in Waseca, Minnesota in the middle of a spring blizzard. At the end of that school year, they moved to Ohio for a short time, then to San Antonio, Texas. They returned to Arizona and lived in the Warren area of Bisbee for almost eight years. Harry was employed in the engineering department of the Phelps Dodge Corporation. They became active in several community service organizations, including the reactivation of the Bisbee Little Theater. They also witnessed the building of the tunnel through the Mule Mountains on Highway 80.

The Ames returned to Douglas about the time of the 1961 DHS All-Class Reunion, and again became involved in community organizations such as the Cochise County Historical and Archaeological Society, the Douglas Community Concert Association, YWCA, St. Stephen's Episcopal Church and the Cochise County Fair Association, plus many more.

Harry had purchased his father's share in the operation of the Round Up Bar on G Avenue, but he also worked for Phelps Dodge at the Douglas Reduction Works (smelter), was Asst. County School Superintendent and was Director of the Neighborhood Youth Corps in Cochise County. He began his service for the City of Douglas, and in 2001, is in his 16<sup>th</sup> year on the City Council.

Nan and Harry are the parents of two sons, Michael and Christopher. In 1983, when the boys entered classes at Colorado State University and the University of Arizona, Nan returned to the classroom. She retired from teaching English and Drama at DHS in 1991.

Since their retirement, Nan and Harry have worked to preserve the history of Douglas, Cochise County, and Arizona.



Harry had served for several years as vice president and president of CCHAS, and was elected to the Board of Directors of the Arizona Historical Society to represent Cochise County. He served for nine years in the positions of treasurer, vice president and president.

In 1990, the Ames helped established the Douglas Historical Society at the Arizona Historical Society's Douglas/Williams House on the corner of 10<sup>th</sup> Street and D Avenue, with Nan serving as the Charter President. They have been instrumental in collecting and displaying many historical Douglas items of interest at the museum.

After his university education and veterinary training, Michael Ames returned to Douglas to go into practice. He and his wife, Gail, a counselor at DHS, have three children: Sean, Alexander and Amanda, all of whom attend Douglas schools.

Son Christopher lives in Phoenix, but returns to Douglas for frequent visits.

The Cochise County Historical Society is proud to honor Nan and Harry as Guardians of History for the year 2001. They are hard-working individuals who have contributed much to the preservation of Douglas history. Thank you, Nan and Harry.



*The Douglas/Williams House, home of the Douglas Historical Society.*

## *We get Letters . . . .*

Dear Editor,

Enclosed is my check for \$15 to pay for two copies of the Journal which features the 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Douglas, which I received a couple of weeks ago. It was greatly appreciated and brought back fond memories.

Please send copies to:

Thomas J. Scott, Sr.

And

Sheila S. Rogers

Thank you very much,

Matthew J. Scott

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing \$18 to have copies of the Douglas Centennial Journal sent to my cousin, Rosemary Bauman.

Her father and my great-uncle Joseph Bauman served on the Douglas City Council for many years. I also want copies sent to my two sisters. I know they will love this volume. Our mother is Louise Morris and Whitty, as Uncle Ernie Ruterman mentions in his memory writing, is our father.

The Bauman-Ruterman family most certainly are Douglas-Bisbee pioneers. Anton Bauman offered the house at 905 4<sup>th</sup> Street in 1904 so they moved from Bisbee. We three Morris girls were raised at 908 4<sup>th</sup> Street where I lived to age 21 when I married Vic Daniel.

Vic's mom and dad were married in Douglas in 1904, so his family is pioneer, too. He was raised in Rucker Canyon till time for him to go to DHS. His folks sold Rucker Ranch and moved to Douglas during his high school years.



Vic was five years in the Navy and we were married in 1950, living in Albuquerque until 1953 when we moved back to Douglas. We raised our four children there, leaving for Alpine in 1994, on our 65<sup>th</sup> birthdays. We now have beautiful homes in Alpine for six months and in San Pedro de la Cueva, Sonora, Mexico for six months. We love to fish, so lake country appeals to us.

We enjoyed reading the Journal, thanks,

Mary Lou Daniel

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Editor,

The Douglas Centennial issue of the Journal is great! We are very pleased and grateful that you included Ernest F. Ruterma's story and that the photographs were so carefully reproduced.

Sincerely,  
Louise Ruterma

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Editor,

We so enjoyed the Centennial edition of the Journal. Keep up the good work. I have a suggestion for your next Journal. How about including a map of the additions and their dates to the original town site? We have lived there, in Foothills, Applewhite, and now Vista del Sol, but as an "old timer" I still don't know the boundary lines. Just where is Fairview? Where does Pirtleville begin? So often, your articles refer to these additions and I think others would also be interested. I have seen a map put out by the city and don't think much of it.

Again, congratulations on an excellent job,

Kitty Deiss

*(We regret to have to tell Kitty, and all of you, that we could not locate a satisfactory map, either. We will keep trying, and if we find one, we will have it in the research library so everyone who is interested can see it. Thank you for the suggestion, Kitty.)*

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Editor,

What a wonderful start on the "year of Douglas" in the CCHJ. You have done an admirable job of including an interesting variety of articles documenting the city's early years. I still remember the 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary edition of the *Dispatch*. It seemed like it had hundreds of pages – actually, maybe it did, and I read every one of them. I wish I still had my copy.

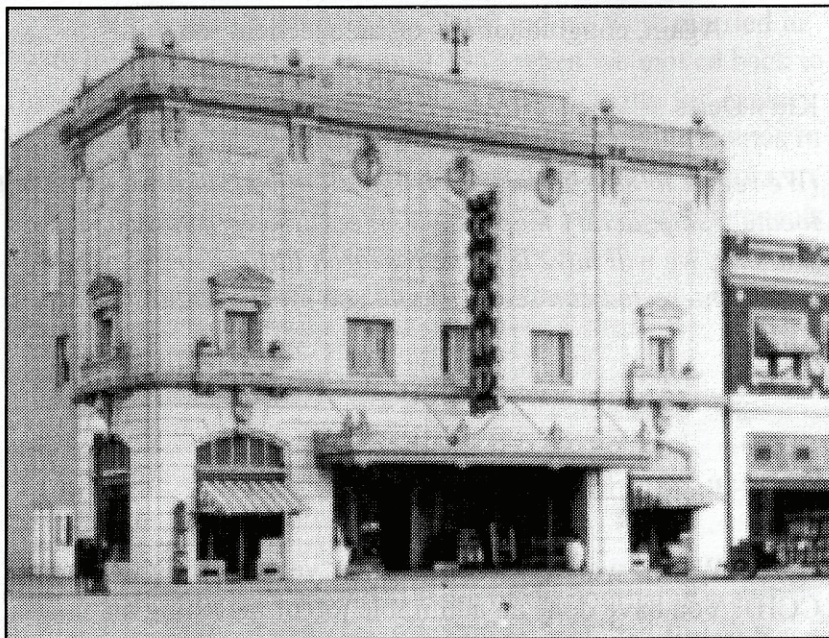
I don't know if you are still looking for material for the fall edition. I don't have a lot of stories to tell, but as the town's official "train nut" when I was a kid, I do have many photos of the trains coming through town in the late '40s and early '50s.

The only other photo I have that may be of interest is a shot of three of my fellow "Class of '57" mates in their eighth grade graduation finery, with full, billowing squaw skirts. *(Will those three classmates remember and admit to these pictures? Ed.)*

Let me know if you can use anything,  
Peter Atonna

*(We used two of Peter's train pictures, one on the cover, and one with the article.)*



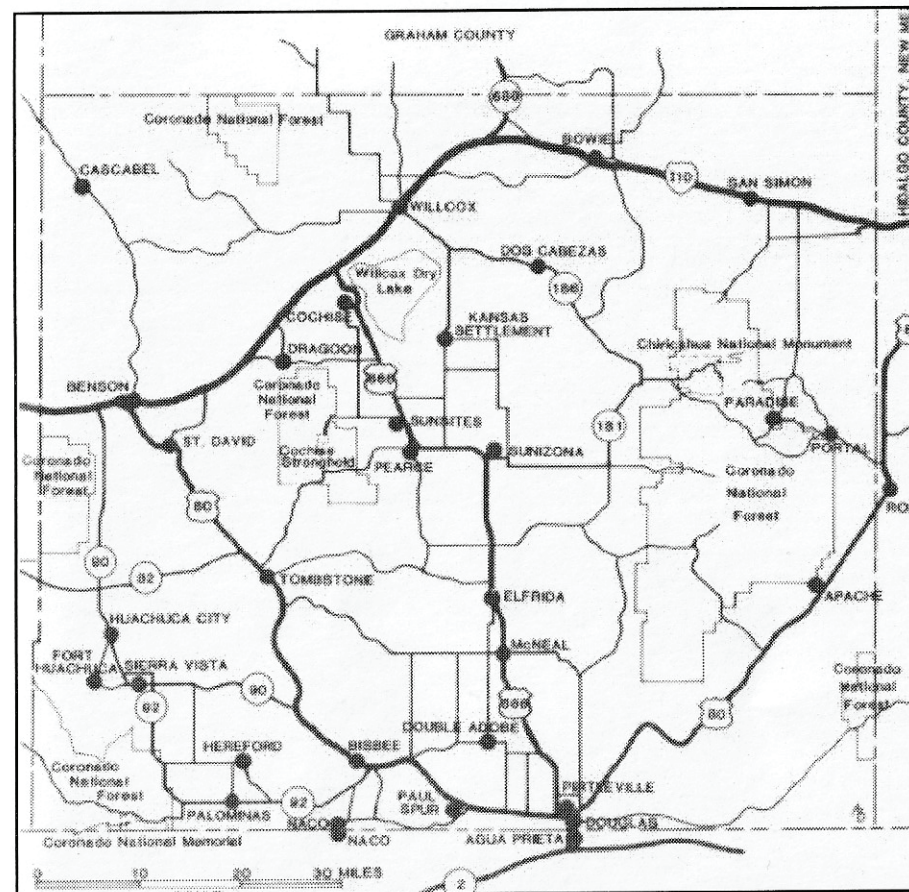


## *Help restore the Grand*

The Grand Theater, built in 1919 by the Lyric Amusement Co., was constructed of reinforced steel and concrete. It featured a terra cotta facade and cost \$250,000 to build. The doors opened on Jan. 25, 1919 to the largest and finest movie theatre between Los Angeles and Texas. A magnificent Wurlitzer pipe organ accompanied silent movies. In addition to movies, stage companies from New York would routinely perform at the Grand on their way to California.

The theater closed its doors in 1958, and the owners ignored the building for decades. Due to clogged gutters, the roof caved in and the auditorium was nearly destroyed. Currently, the Douglas Arts and Humanities Assn. Inc. is attempting to rescue the theater and restoration costs are estimated at \$2.2 million. The group is soliciting donations which can be sent to the association at 1139 G Avenue, Douglas, 85607. For further information, call Holly Berryhill at 520-364-6144.

*Cochise County Historical Journal • Douglas Centennial Vol. 2, 2001*



## Cochise County, Arizona

### Cochise County Historical Society Membership Information

Individual/family . . . . .	\$20
Business . . . . .	\$25
Lifetime . . . . .	\$250

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P. O. Box 818  
Douglas, AZ 85608

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