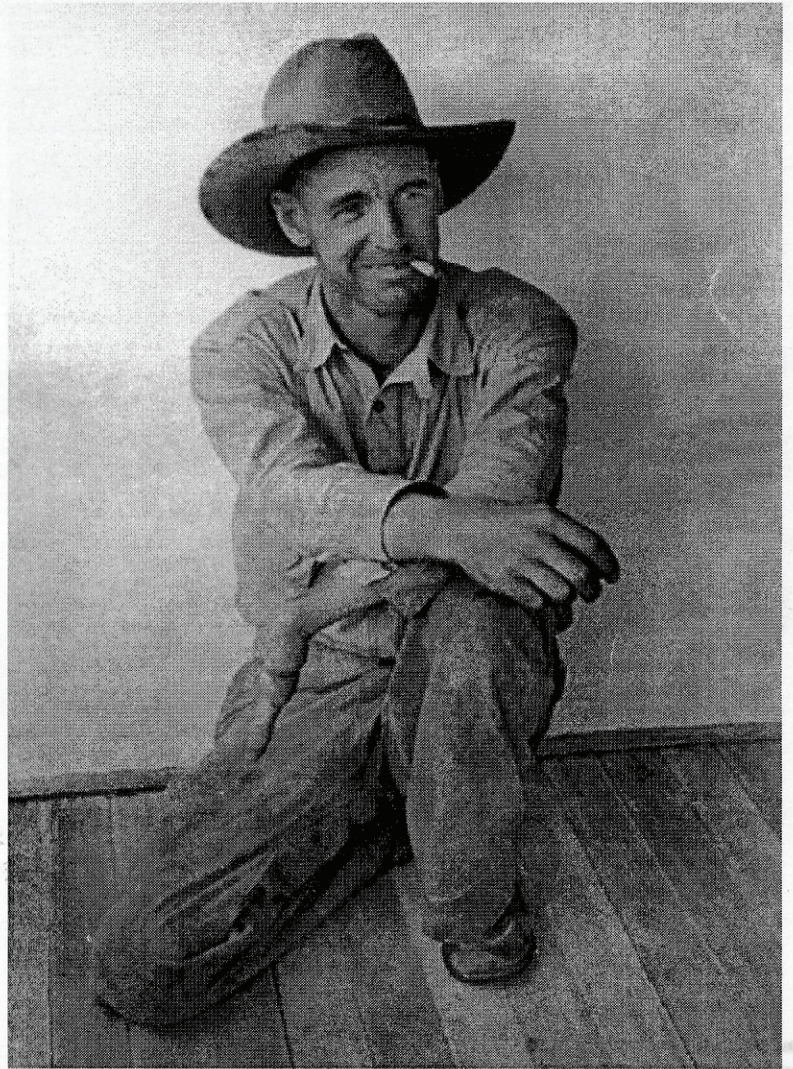


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TURKEY CREEK

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the Past
for
The Future**

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COVER PHOTO

Poke Choate

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Editorial Letter

Dear Reader,

When you read our Guardians of History articles, you will find that we have been left without either an Editor or a computer expert. Fortunately, we had hired Jonetta Holt to help Norma Lavanchy and she is still available. She will put everything into Journal format and onto the printer-ready disc. And we have our Nancy Pollack volunteering to do a lot of the typing. So, please bear with us as we struggle to put these wonderful stories into print for you.

This issue of the Journal is about the Turkey Creek area. Mary Magoffin is an old-timer and she knows the history of and the people to contact for the stories. Without her we'd have a very difficult time tracking down the information we need to produce our Journal.

In recent years there has been a lot of interest in having a reprint made of Ervin Bond's book, "COCHISE COUNTY PAST & PRESENT." Mr. Bond was very interested in recording the history of the county and he did a great service to history buffs by getting old-timers' stories down before they were forgotten. Now CCHS can offer copies of his book plus an index of the people mentioned within. The charge is \$20.00 per copy, which includes shipping and handling.

If you have spare time or stories, we'd appreciate your contribution. We need Board Members and volunteers. We are at the Douglas Williams House from 1 p.m. until 4 p.m. every Tuesday. If you'd like to write articles, book reviews, type, help with photocopying or becoming a docent, this is just what you are looking for. And you are just who we are looking for.

We hope that you enjoy this issue of the Journal. As you read it, give some thought to stories that you might share with us for future Journals. And don't forget to renew your CCHS membership for 2004.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

Guardians of History

John and Norma Lavanchy

Two of the finest people we have ever had the pleasure of knowing are John and Norma Lavanchy. We at CCHS miss them greatly. They have returned to their native Indiana after six years as leading members of this organization.

John served as President for three years. During this time, he facilitated the move from the Phelps Dodge building to the Douglas-Williams House. He smoothed the way for our transition from a museum to a historical society where he brought cooperation and action where there had been little. Norma worked right along with him, sorting through and making records of the artifacts, and their distribution among other museums of Cochise County.

John and Norma were also very active in the Douglas Historical Society, their church and many other organizations. They did this in addition to their position as managers of the Johnson Museum at Slaughter Ranch. Through their hard work they



kept the buildings and grounds a spectacular showplace.

Norma became our "Editorial Staff" by default. She would not allow us to list her as Editor, because she had help from Jonetta Holt in the final draft of the two journals that fell into her lap. Those two whipped that cantankerous computer into shape and rolled those journals "off the press."

John and Norma, may life bless you as you have been such a blessing to so many others.

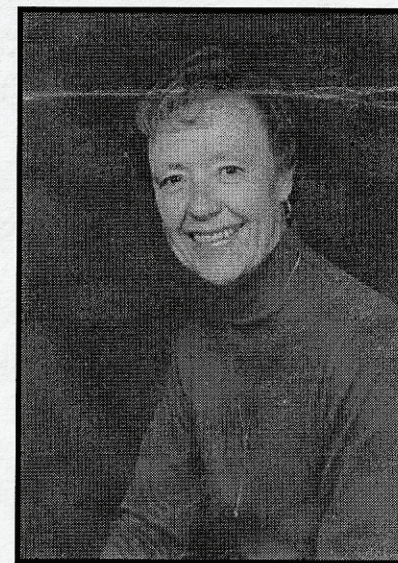
Ellen Cline

Ellen Cline was our guiding light into computerized, printer-ready journalism. She took classes in Adobe Pagemaker, a desk-top publishing program, and advised us to purchase a Hewlett-Packard computer with a grant we received from Dianne M. Bretharte of the Southwest Foundation.

Ellen edited the Cochise County Historical Journal for five years, from 1997 to 2001. She produced some wonderful articles while condensing four publications each year to two issues. Cost of printing and postage increases were contributing factors for this decision.

When Ellen announced her move to California, we worried about the future of the Journal. We, however, had a very capable computer operator in the person of Norma Lavanchy. Fortunately, Ellen dropped in from time to time to help out and give advice.

We failed to appreciate the extent of the work necessary to put the journals together.



Research is very time consuming, and hours were spent on the computer. Ellen did an enormous amount of work to produce a first-class publication.

We thank Ellen for her high standards and quality of work, and miss her friendship and presence.

The History of El Coronado Ranch, 1900-2003

By Mary Magoffin

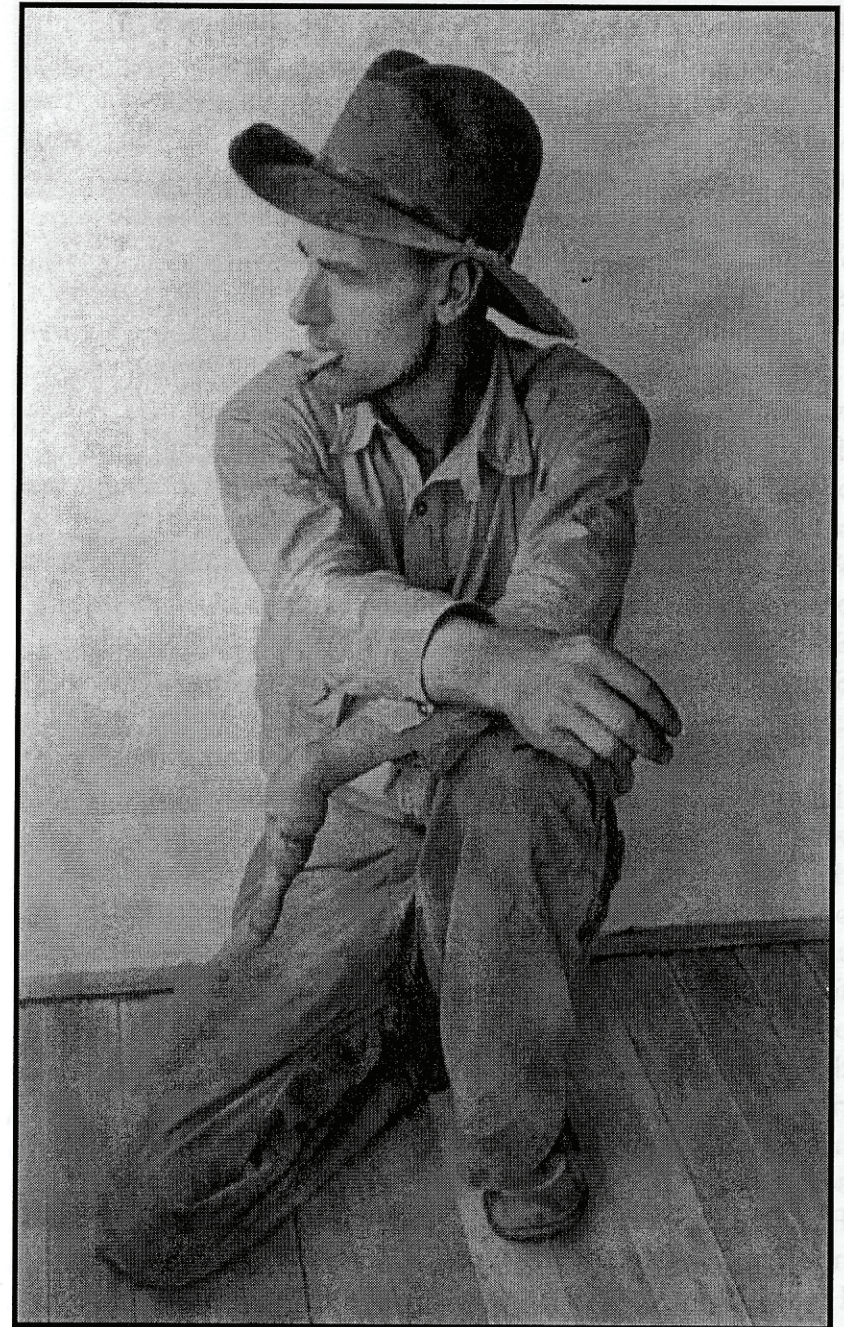
According to Poke Choate's reminiscences, the first Anglo person who lived on what became El Coronado Ranch was a 'squatter' by the name of Ted McGowan. Ted sold his rights to a man named Moore, who, in turn, sold them to Poke's father, Gabe Choate, who then homesteaded it.

When Gabe and Nora Choate settled on the bank of Turkey Creek in 1900, never could they have envisioned the showplace that stands there today. A venerable pecan tree is the last vestige of the Choates' presence. Family tradition has it that Nora carried a pecan in her apron pocket all the way by covered wagon from San Saba, Texas. When they built their cabin, she planted the well-traveled nut near the front door, where it has thrived all through the years. Incredibly, it still bears

nuts, doubtless San Saba pecans.

Five Choate brothers left Texas in the late 1880s and first attempted to settle at the Babacomari, which was deserted due to Apache depredations. When the rightful owners, the Elias family, returned, the brothers went their separate ways, with Gabe and Nora coming to the Chiricahua Mountains.

In due time Gabe and Nora had four children: Ola, Bill, Nell and Miles (Poke). Poke didn't get his nickname from the old saw about buying a pig (shoat) in a poke, as one might assume. Rather, a neighbor, Frank Ramsey, dubbed him "Poco Malo" because he was sort of sickly as a child. It was shortened to "Poke" which was his name for the rest of his life. The children attended school at Wilgus, just across



Poke Choate showing injured hand.

the road and a little to the east of the Sanders home.

Wilgus, Arizona, Place Names tells us, was a post office established as Aztec on July 21, 1887. It became Wilgus on Feb. 21, 1888. Here is Poke's version of the story about the post office:

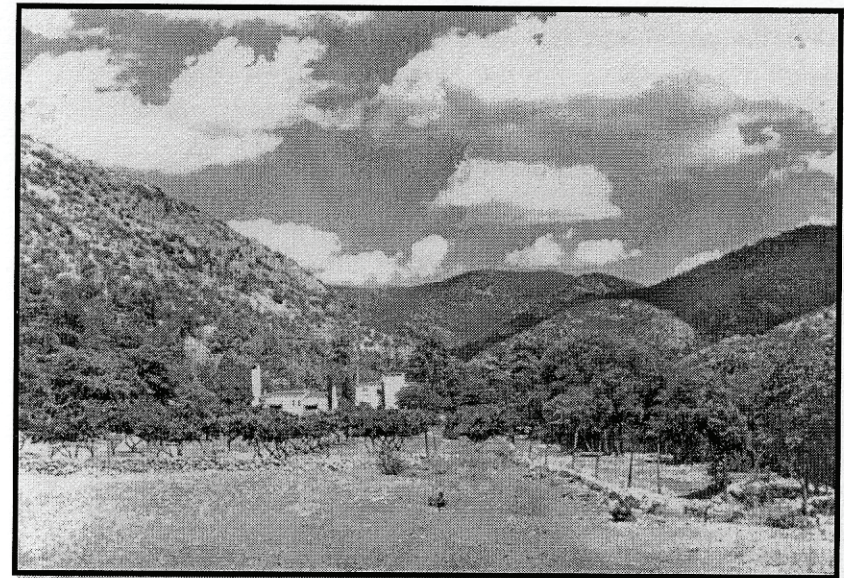
"In the early days, mail was brought from Pearce. Later there was a post office started on our ranch, a little shack just below the house. They called it Wilgus because the postmaster's name was Wilgus Smith. We called him Will Smith and he was a brother of B.F. Smith ... He lived on the Hatley ranch about a mile down the creek from us and used to walk up to the post office when the mail came in, which was once or twice a week. One day a fellow went after his mail but found the office closed so went on down to Will's house. He thought things did not look just right but there had been quite a heavy fall of snow and he could see no tracks, so he went to the B.F. Smith place. As they had not seen Will for some time, Henry, B.F. Smith's son and nephew to Will, went up to investigate. He searched the

house and grounds but the only living thing he saw was Will's little dog sitting on the woodpile. As the dog was shivering with cold and only lay down and flapped its tail when it was called, he went to it. Then he saw just the toes of one foot sticking out from under the snow. The dog was keeping watch over his master's dead body. He had been killed by Indians as he came out in the morning to get wood."

After Nora died in 1918, Gabe sold the ranch to Dr. F.W. Randall and moved to the Huachuca Mountains. In 1923 he made his last move to the Paradise Ranch near St. David, where he passed away in June, 1926, at the age of 63. The obituary stated: "He was a man of immense stature, being more than six foot four inches tall."

Sometime in the 1920s a wealthy widow from Seattle, Washington, Helene Ainsworth, arrived in Douglas. Here is an excerpt from a letter dated November 6, 1979 to Ervin Bond from Charles Evans Diehl concerning that lady:

"From your letter to



El Coronado Ranch in the 1930s.

me, I believe there's probably much you do not know about Mrs. Helene Ainsworth, of whom Douglas could have been proud excepting that she literally hated the Hell out of Douglas after an experience with The Hotel (that later burned down) which refused to provide accommodations for her black chauffeur (who was also her .45 pistol packing bodyguard, and he could shoot too!) It was that experience which inspired her to buy the property and build the Rancho Manzanita with a strict ruling that none of her money was to be spent in Douglas at any time and/or

for any purpose whatsoever. Mrs. Helene Ainsworth was a very wealthy widow, with important holdings in the Pacific Northwest and also Alaska. During any of the times she spent in the vicinity of the Rancho Manzanita, she always was a guest in the home of a wealthy and retired mining engineer at Tombstone. Her only friend at Douglas was the General Manager, who may have been the owner, of the Douglas Lumber Company and I wonder if he can still be living? In brief, however, Mrs. Ainsworth was a most interesting, damnably

rich and damned attractive woman who had the capability and willingness to spend money like a drunken sailor. And if she hadn't had the misfortune of employing a chronic alcoholic former hotel manager, recommended to her by the Ask Mr. Foster Service (his name was Paul Davis), the Rancho Manzanita probably would have been the finest dude ranch in the USA. In your letter you mentioned it was a "cattle working guest ranch," but that wasn't so because there wasn't even sufficient land on the spread to range the small horse herd we acquired; but we had good corrals and stables, and employed three full-time cowhands whose only work was to run the horses, at really top pay of \$45 per month and keep per man.

"Also in your letter, you mentioned a "large golf course" but that was something that just could not have happened up in the confines of that Turkey Creek Canyon. But so far as "the out of door swimming pool" was concerned, there was a swimming pool constructed

and it was blasted out of solid rock by a crew of hard-rock miners enlisted from Bisbee – but I can't remember that anybody ever went swimming in that swimming pool!"

Mr. Diehl was the Assistant Manager of Rancho Manzanita from July through November, 1928, a total of five months.

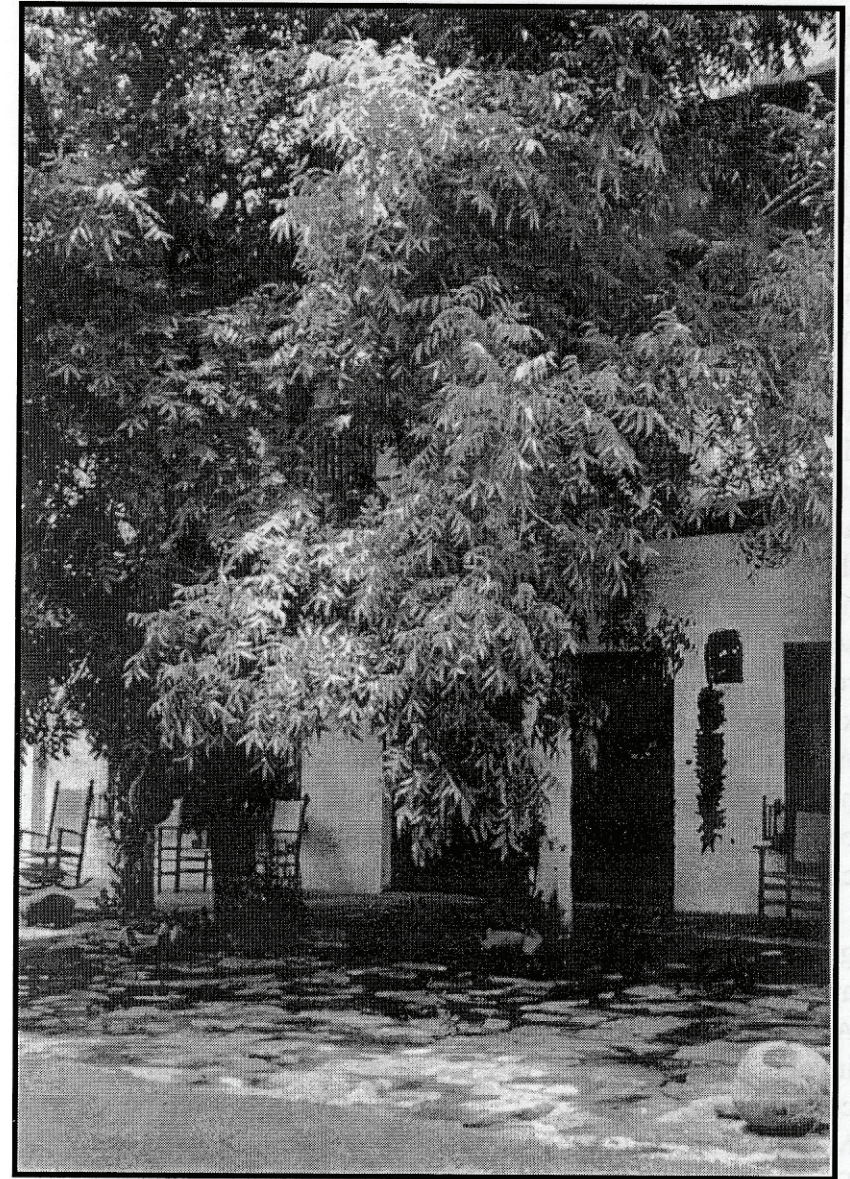
Gale Chamberlin Ginn gave her perception of Mrs. Ainsworth in a letter dated June 3, 2003:

"My mother, Bernice Higgins, was hired to cook for the crew while they were building the main buildings.

It was then owned by Mrs. Ainsworth, who named it Rancho Manzanita. She even hired a songwriter to compose a song and music for her. I still have the sheet music.

After things slowed a little, Mother kept me with her, I believe it was 1927. I remember Mrs. Ainsworth with such affection as she was so special to me. She gave me a little gold ring she had had for her daughter, inscribed with 'Helen Ainsworth' inside."

Walter and Virginia Hatley were neighbors to Rancho



Front door of El Coronado Ranch, 1940s.

Manzanita and lived about a mile down the canyon from the resort taking shape. Walter had come to Arizona from

Oklahoma to help out his Uncle, Jim Cosper, whose place he later bought. Like other local families,

they had a small orchard and would peddle the fruit in Pearce or Douglas to supplement their income. Jerry Sanders was told that it took his grandfather two days to go to Douglas with a load of fruit in the buckboard, and two days to come back home.

Stoney Hatley, Walter and Virginia's son, recalls that his dad also took fruit to Douglas to sell, but he had an automobile and could make the trip in one day. Stoney and his sister, Faye, attended school at Wilgus, and he well remembers how excited the kids were when Mrs. Ainsworth would drive by in her big black Pierce-Arrow, complete with negro chauffeur.

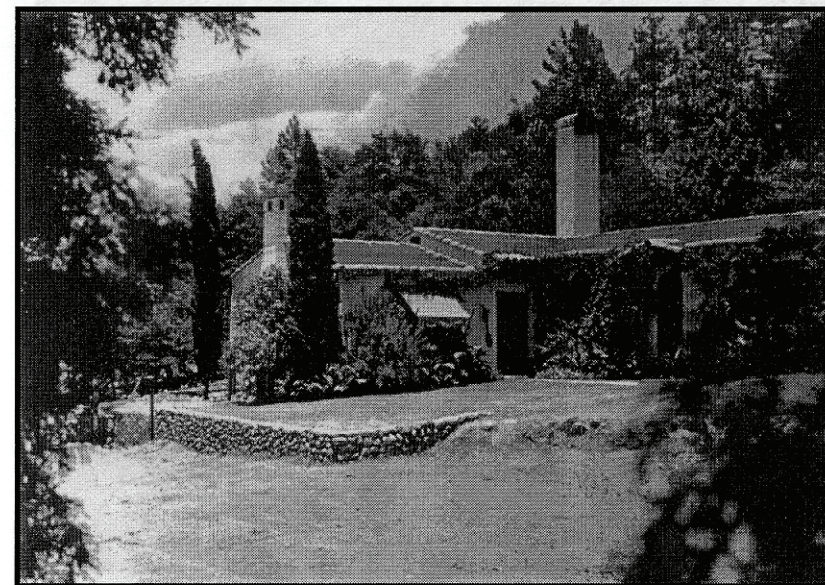
Despite the information given by Mr. Diehl, apparently when Mrs. Ainsworth became fully involved with the actual construction of Rancho Manzanita, her attitude toward Douglas must have softened.

Joe Austin, the present owner, was told that her chauffeur would drive her to Pearce, where Mrs. A. would board the train to Douglas.

When she arrived there, the chauffeur would meet her and they would proceed to do the necessary shopping. For the return trip the next day, Mrs. A. would ride the train back to Pearce where 'Jeems' would meet her and drive her home.

In a Douglas Dispatch article of July 3, 1927, the headline proclaims "\$100,000 Tourist Resort For Turkey Creek." In smaller print: "Mrs. Ainsworth, Formerly of Seattle, Now Erecting Hostelery and Guest House," and the third headline stated: "Completion of Magnificent New Resort in Beautiful Mountain Country Expected by Fall; Nine-Hole Golf Course To Be One Of Sportiest in Country; Swimming, Golf, Tennis, Archery and Other Sports Will Make Place a Summer Playground."

The article goes into great detail about the entertainment to be offered. In addition to the above-mentioned sports, there was to be a bowling alley, hiking, horseback riding and billiards. Also, bridge games, dancing and a fine library. Reliable sources



Undated photo of El Coronado.

allude to a well stocked bar.

Mrs. Ainsworth brought her personal chef from her country home on Lake Washington to assure "cuisine and service equal to that of any Eastern hotel." A gardener was imported from the West Coast "to supervise the work of adding to the scenic beauty of the canyon."

Plans for a dairy were in the works, along with a truck farm to furnish guests with fresh vegetables. A nice orchard had been planted by Dr. Randall.

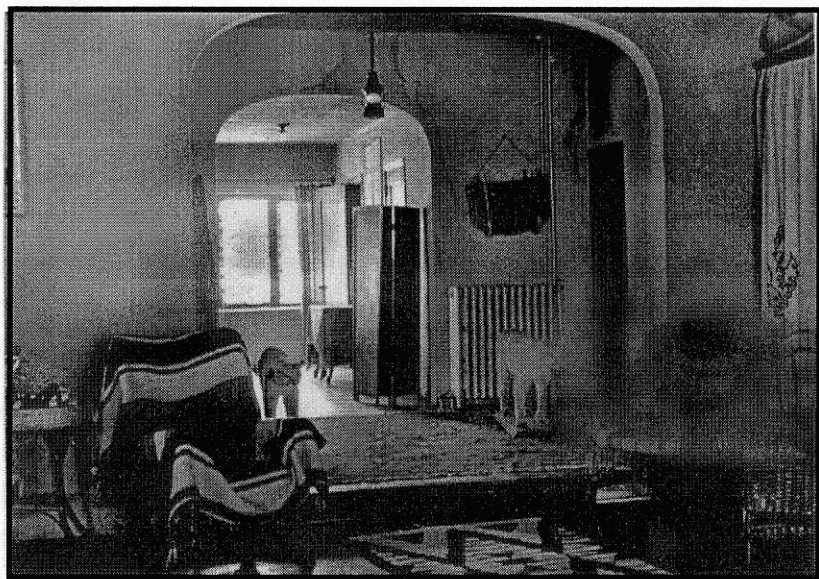
"My resort is just going to be a little gem," Mrs. Ainsworth said recently. "Anything that I can do or get to make it a

perfect resort will be accomplished. The Rancho Manzanita will be completed this fall.

"It will be two or three years before I get everything just as I want it. I have the whole thing planned in my own mind and am going to carry it through until it is perfect."

Again from the *Dispatch* article: "Mrs. Ainsworth is leaving no stone unturned in her plans to make the hotel a beauty spot in the district and in perfect harmony with its surroundings." (And to that end she spared no expense! mm.)

Bud Cooper said that the



Undated inside view at El Coronado Ranch.

huge beams in the living room were reputed to be coastal Ponderosa Pine (the finest shipped from Oregon, and that some of the other lumber used in the lodge was also from Oregon. The shell of the main building was poured concrete, built to last.

Rancho Manzanita opened for business in January, 1928. Mrs. A. must either have quickly become disillusioned with the guest ranch-resort business; possibly she was having health problems, or perhaps the Big Depression was a factor. At any rate, Rancho Manzanita was put on the market in February 1929 –

one year and one month after it opened.

While all this activity was taking place, a gentleman by the name of R.E. (Ed) Souers had established a small private school at the Faraway Ranch, 15 miles northeast of Turkey Creek.

Among his students were Curtis Cooper, Jr., and his sister, Miriam Alice (Mim) from Bronxville, N.Y. Their parents were delighted with the results they saw in their children, so they became enthusiastic supporters of Mr. Souers' school.

Mr. Souers had a Masters degree (we assume in

education) from the University of Chicago and had been School Superintendent for both Douglas and Bisbee.

The purpose of the school was to combine formal education with outdoor living and work, to "help the boy who requires individual attention in studies, or to the boy who needs to build up his health and strength by outdoor life in a sunny climate." It was geared for boys from 12 to 18 years of age, whose parents could afford the \$1,500 fee for the school term.

Subjects taught were: Latin, Spanish, history, mathematics, English and science. Extra curricular activities included horseback riding, hunting and trapping, athletics (tennis, swimming, etc.), photography and construction projects around the ranch.

Bud Cooper was 11 years old when he came to the Faraway Ranch and El Coronado School; here he became a life-long friend of Murray Riggs, and learned to ride and work cattle.

When his mother came to Arizona to visit the children, she fell in love with the area.

The upshot was that Mr. Cooper bought Rancho Manzanita for her, with the intention of moving El Coronado School to Rancho Manzanita, resulting in the name change.

Mr. Cooper paid \$33,000 for Rancho Manzanita to Helene Ainsworth's Estate, which indicates that she had died. Surely it was the depression that caused such a drastic depreciation of value of the resort?

After Mr. Cooper acquired Rancho Manzanita, he bought Hatley's ranch, increasing El Coronado holdings to four sections of patented land, plus a 17-section Forest Permit, so the ranch could run some 300 head of livestock in a good year.

Naturally the ranch needed a foreman, and Poke Choate was the logical choice as he had grown up there and knew the area like the back of his hand.

One occupational hazard for cowboys is the chance of losing an occasional finger, or in Poke's case, all four of them. His son, Rufus, told how it happened:

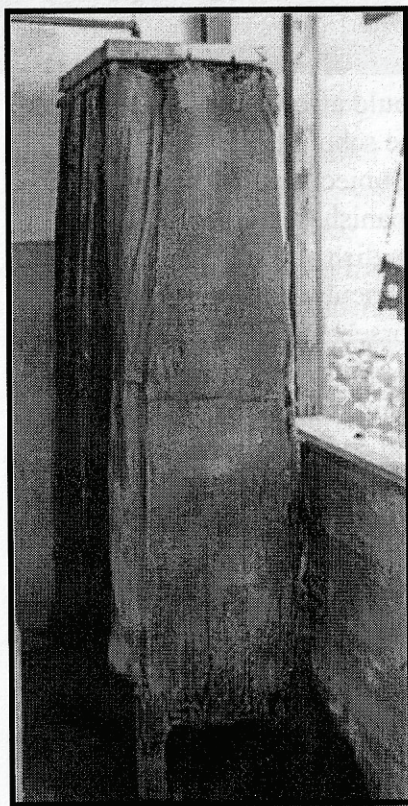
"Dad had roped a couple of wild 2-year-old steers, and left them tied to a couple of trees for a day or two. When he went back to check on them, he decided to yoke them together and lead them back to the ranch. He knew the horse he was on was pretty green, but decided to chance it. In Texas fashion, his rope was tied hard and fast to the saddle horn.

"They had just gotten a good start when he saw that the animals were about to fork a tree (go around on opposite sides). Dad grabbed the rope to take a dally, to shorten the rope, when his horse was jerked down. When the dust settled, Dad discovered that all four fingers and a good part of his left hand was gone, just neatly sheared off. (He told young Curt Cooper that for a few seconds it didn't hurt or bleed at all, but was as white as a sheet. mm)

"Incredibly, he was able to get loose from the steers, mount his horse and ride the 12 miles back to the ranch. Mr. Cooper immediately put him into his Buick and raced to Douglas to the doctor, as fast as he could

go over 60 miles of dirt road.

"He lost so much blood that it was several years before he gained back his former weight of 175 pounds. Strangely enough, he was not particularly handicapped. The only thing he couldn't do was to milk a cow with both hands. Actually, he could milk with one hand, but it was a slow and tedious process."



A desert cooler used before refrigeration.

When he was young, Poke could ride the wildest broncs, but he told Rufus that all his nerve must have been in his left hand, because he just couldn't get on those broncs after the accident.

Losing his fingers wasn't the only stroke of bad luck that Poke had while at El Coronado. According to Curt Cooper, when Poke and Betty Knipe got married, they came home to discover that their log cabin had burned to the ground. In Betty's words, "When we got married, we were going to live in the old log cabin," she said. "My Dad built a fireplace for it because I liked fireplaces, but before we could move in, the cabin burned down."

The fireplace wasn't wasted, because years later the Austins had a barbecue ramada built around it.

Curt Cooper blamed a new-fangled ice-making contraption called the "ICY Ball" which connected to a heater. Something went terribly wrong and the result was losing their house.

To quote from Gail Ginn's letter again: "My Aunt, Mable

Conroy, was hired as house mother and cook for the boys. After the Boy's School closed, Mr. Cooper's son, Curtis, opened the ranch as a guest ranch. "Aunt Mable was again hired as a cook. I was a junior in high school when they brought me in to work the summer as a dude wrangler for the younger guests. I had to groom and saddle their horses and take them on trail rides."

El Coronado Ranch did its part for the War Effort by serving as a Rest and Relaxation Retreat for the officers from the Army Air Base at Douglas. Curt Cooper leased the lodge facilities to the Army for 1943 and 1944.

A crew of six soldiers stayed at the ranch during that period. As a rule, a small group of officers would come on weekends.

The head cook was Odin "Danny" Danielson, who still lives in Willcox and was glad to share his memories of El Coronado with CCHS.

When he joined the Army Air Force immediately after Pearl Harbor, Danny was given the choice of becoming

an airplane mechanic or driving a truck. He chose the latter. Then the opportunity arose to go to Cooking School at an old Cavalry base, St. Francis E. Warren, at Cheyenne, Wyoming. Just as they were finishing training, most of the class came down with Scarlet Fever and were extremely ill.

After he had somewhat recovered, Danny was sent to Douglas, AZ, where he helped cook for a thousand men. His side effects from the Scarlet Fever were terribly swollen feet. One day an officer chided him for not having his shoes laced, and when Danny showed him his feet, he was immediately sent to Sick Bay.

Shortly thereafter, the officer asked him if he would like to go out to a ranch in the country and cook for the Officers R & R.

It turned out to be the closest thing to a vacation that anyone could hope for while in the army. The six young men who drew that slot stayed together until the war was over, and were just one happy family. Four days of the week they pattered around pretty much

on their own. Come Friday afternoon, the officers would arrive, the six would roll out the red carpet and the pampering began.

Having been raised on a farm in Minnesota, Danny was bothered by the sorry condition of the horses' feet. Poke Choate, who was in charge of the cattle ranch part of El Coronado, provided horseshoes and nails, and Danny proceeded to shoe the officers' horses. It's not your every-day, run-of-the-mill army cook who can shoe a horse properly!

One day Poke and Danny were riding in the vicinity of Cochise's Head (a mountain) when they came upon a miniature mule. It followed them home, and much to their amazement, performed a number of tricks, such as kneeling, lying down and counting to five when asked how old it was. It stuck around the ranch for a few weeks, then it disappeared. To this day, Danny is mystified about that little mule.

Danny regretted that he never had the opportunity to meet Mr. and Mrs. Cooper. He

thoroughly enjoyed his stay at El Coronado Ranch and has many happy memories of those two years. After Bud graduated from UCLA, he came back to the ranch with the intention of selling it. One day he got a phone call on the old crank phone from Davis Monthan Air Force Base, saying that a plane had been lost somewhere near the Chiricahua Mountains.

A formation of five Douglas Dive Bombers had left Santa Barbara, CA, going to El Paso, Texas. On the north end of the Chiricahuas they flew into a storm, and only four came out.

Bud had a hunch where the unfortunate plane might be, so he saddled up his horse and rode right to the crater where the plane had crashed in Tickle Gizzard pasture, west of Cochise's Head. The only recognizable remains to be found were the pilot's right hand, still clutching the throttle, and a small piece of his backbone.

In 1946 Bud sold El Coronado to Sherman Willard, a retired American Airlines pilot, and his wife. Mr. Willard had flown over El

Coronado numerous times and the first time he saw it from the ground he made arrangements to buy it. The Willards had an excellent rapport with the local folk and held lots of rodeos and dances. Will Sanders was his cowboy. Roy Lindsey remembers that the Willards had a daughter who was not only beautiful, but was an accomplished pianist as well.

After a couple of years, the Willards decided to sell to brothers Tom and Roy Lindsey, who paid \$60,000 for it in 1948. The first time Real Estate Agent Bill Freisdorf showed it to them, the mountains were covered with snow and the creek was running bank to bank.

Tom Lindsey owned a successful lithograph company in Akron, Ohio, where he produced beautiful brochures for the working guest ranch, aimed at office girls who craved some adventure in their lives. El Coronado was also advertised in the *Holiday* and *Sunset* magazines. The cost was \$70 per week!

Roy Lindsey, Sr., was the

first Highway patrolman to be stationed in Willcox in 1938, but was working for Mrs. Donet (pronounced Do-nay), as foreman of the Palmer Ranch north of Willcox when he teamed up with Tom.

Under Roy and Helen's guidance, the guest ranch business thrived, and many guests returned. At this time other guest ranches in the vicinity were the Silver Spur, the ill-fated M Bar B at Elfrida, the Painted Canyon Ranch at Portal and the Triangle T at Dripping Springs. Sometimes guests staying at one guest ranch would spend a few days at a different one, which was Roy's idea. In this way they had a variety of experiences. Day trips included tours to Tombstone, Bisbee, Agua Prieta in Old Mexico, the Wonderland of Rocks, etc ... Entertainment at the ranch included dances and rodeos, tennis, swimming, horseback riding and hiking.

Roy, Jr., was a youth of 14 when they moved to El Coronado, and one of his jobs was to look after the world-famous Lee Brothers' lion dogs (hounds) and their mules.

He fed them all, groomed the mules and exercised them, and tried to make sure they all stayed healthy. He also took guests on trail rides and made himself useful in general. He loved the ranch and still has a soft spot in his heart for El Coronado.

Helen Lindsey conceivably worked the hardest of all. She had to make sure that all the rooms and cabins were clean and appealing, pinch hit for the cook if there wasn't one, keep up with the laundry (no automatic washers then!) and keep things running smoothly, in addition to being the gracious hostess. She did have a maid to help her most of the time.

It turned out that Tom wanted the place for a tax break, and wasn't at all pleased that Roy was making it pay. The brothers decided to part company, so in 1952 their accountant, C.T.R. Bates bought El Coronado for the same price that the Lindseys had paid for it, \$60,000.

About this time, C.T.R. Bates had the reputation of being the leading CPA for Arizona ranchers, including

Tom and Roy Lindsey. He was intrigued by all the water at El Coronado, a rare commodity out on the Arizona desert, so when the Lindseys decided to sell, Mr. Bates was eager to buy.

His grandson, Dan Bates, remembers that his grandfather created a spring-fed, deep-water pond in front of the lodge which he stocked with rainbow trout. In his mind, Dan can still see C.T.R. practicing his passion, fly-fishing, in that pond. So long as the weather didn't get too hot, and the water stayed cool, the trout thrived, but during one long, hot summer most of them died, and Mr. Bates never restocked the pond.

Mr. Bates put in numerous small retaining dams around the ranch, so the water would seep into the underground water strata and also to help prevent erosion.

When Dan came to the ranch with his grandparents, he was admonished to be careful of the bears and the coatimundis. When he got a little older, he was surprised to learn that the coatis were actually quite harmless, just so you didn't

corner one up.

When he was old enough, he would ride his palomino pony 'Pocho' and go with their cowboy, Archie Smith, to check on the Black Angus cattle.

Dan has many fond memories of El Coronado Ranch. The ox-bow, which hung above the fireplace, was from the Donner party. There were two mounted mountain lions, one on either side of the staircase, which fascinated him.

C.T.R.'s son, Robert, (Dan's father), followed in his father's footsteps and had a successful career as a CPA.

From little up, Dan knew he would be an artist like his mother and grandmother. He recalls painting and drawing as a youngster, but found his true calling in sculpting. Horses and horse equipment are his favorite subjects.

Dan is connected with the exclusive Mountain Oyster Club in Tucson and also Trail Dust Town on Tanque Verde Road. There he has a marvelous collection of Cavalry and Military accouterments pertaining to

horses. If you are very lucky, he might show you around the museum himself!!

Sometime in the 1950s a change in the Tax Code made El Coronado too expensive a white elephant for Mr. Bates to support, so after much deliberation he donated the main buildings and cabins and 23.4 acres of land to the University of Arizona in 1962 believing that the most people would get the most benefit and pleasure from the ranch.

El Coronado was put under the auspices of the U of A Physical Resources Department and became a Field Camp Facility for the university, meaning that classes, seminars, conferences and other university functions were held there. It was a natural Geological Field Laboratory with a wonderful variety of geological formations to be studied. It was also used by the University Medical School, the Drama, Music and Arts Departments, Zoology Department, and many others. As one person put it, "everybody from the Audobon Society to the Girl Scouts"

utilized the ranch.

The master plan was that El Coronado, in time, would become self-supporting by renting the main building complex to university, government and religious groups, but at best it only generated about \$60,000 a year, while expenses ran from \$75,000 to \$80,000 or more. The university administration pronounced it a "financial drag" and the decision to sell it was made three different times; in 1974, in 1984 and again in 1989. The draw back was that it was used mainly on weekends and was not open to the public, because the university had no desire to compete with private enterprise.

There is a saying that the kitchen is the heart of the home, and indeed, all through the years the kitchen and the cooks contributed greatly to the vitality of El Coronado.

For most of the 20 plus years the university owned it, Gladys Ingram was the popular, capable cook. She and her husband, Jim, worked together at El Coronado for 18 years. When he died, she



The living room at El Coronado Ranch. Undated.

stayed on, taking over his job as manager, as well as continuing to cook. In 1982 she took an extended vacation, but returned in 1984. Two years later a back injury forced her to retire. Her son, Allen, and daughter, Sheila, helped their parents from the time they were able, until the ranch changed hands. Lori Stiles gave the following description of the house in *LoQuepasa*, October 25, 1985:

"The heart of the place is a historic two-story house characterized by solid, casual dignity. It has two conference areas, some upstairs sleeping quarters, a billiards room,

other amenities. The nucleus of the house, though, is the kitchen, where El Coronado Ranch hostess Gladys Ingram Holmes turns out four-star famous home-cooked meals.

"Outside there's a wing of 10 cottage dormitories and attached caretakers' quarters, a picturesque duck pond, a small orchard of apple and pear trees, a broad stone terrace, a wooden bridge. A rooster and a horse roam at will."

In the June 18, 1989, *Arizona Daily Star*, Tom Turner gives his impression:

"The living room of the old house is the size of a small gymnasium; a large

dining room and enclosed porch adjoin it. A spacious kitchen recently re-outfitted with all stainless steel fixtures and appliances is just beyond.

"Great redwood (not redwood, but coastal Ponderosa Pine. mm) beams hold up the lower-level ceilings. There are fireplaces in both living and dining rooms. Two smaller rooms complete the first floor. Upstairs are a conference room, three large bedrooms, a bathroom and a covered porch that runs the length of the house."

When Poke Choate died in 1978, his last request was that his memorial be held under the pecan tree that his mother had planted so many years before. As it was in February and the weather uncertain, the service was held indoors in the room shaded by the magnificent old tree. Walter Rosenfield, who had been a student at El Coronado school, scattered Poke's ashes over the Chiricahua Mountains from his plane.

When Joe and Valer (pronounced Va-lair) Austin took on the responsibility of

renovating the big house, they found that after 70 years or so, it needed almost a total overhaul: A new roof, new plumbing, a new electrical system and to replace about 60% of the hardwood floor, etc... Together they saw the potential to bring it back to its former glory. And it only took five years!! The Austins gave the following information to CCHS concerning their time at El Coronado:

"Mr. Bates, owner of the El Coronado Ranch, made a gift of the ranch house and 23 acres to the University of Arizona. In 1982 he sold the ranch lands to Joe Austin. At the time the university was using the house only occasionally and said they would be interested in selling it to the Austins. That didn't happen at that time, but in 1989 the university put the lodge up for auction. They advertised it as a perfect setting for a drug rehabilitation facility, minimum-security correctional facility or a religious retreat. The Austins bid on it and got it.

"The house was in very



The El Coronado Ranch House as it appears currently.

bad condition and needed to be totally renovated. Keith Boltz, a master craftsman, did most of the work. Valer Austin tried to keep in mind the style of the original lodge, for instance the old wicker furniture belonging to the Coopers is still in the living room. "I like to think that Bud would feel at home here when he visits," she said.

"The grounds immediately surrounding the old house have changed over time; where the entrance used to be now stands a small stone chapel. All four interior walls are decorated by a fresco depicting the creation. On the east wall a large window

looks out toward the mountains.

"Beyond the house and gardens the surrounding ranch lands have changed also. Joe attributes the increase in grasses to conservative grazing practices. But most impressive are the rock dam structures that the Austins have been building over the years. They are designed to catch the rainwater as it runs off the hills and to slow down the flooding in the washes. This permits the moisture to percolate into the soil and increases the amount of time that the creek will run. Both Joe and Valer are dedicated to restoration of the



The terrace at El Coronado today.

land, and to studying native species of the area. They have participated in the reintroduction of the Thick Bill Parrot and Goulds Turkey, once commonly seen in Turkey Creek area. Among other studies they are hosting a Sonoran Mud Turtle project, which has been on going for 14 years.

"Joe and Valer feel fortunate to live in this part of the world and would like to feel that their efforts will contribute to the ecological health of the area after they are gone."

In closing, what a wonderful

experience it has been to track down even this small part of the history of El Coronado, which covers only the Anglo period.

In 1873, before white settlers came, it was in Pinery Canyon that Tom Jeffords established the third Indian Agency during the short-lived Chiricahua Reservation. Doubtless the Indians knew Turkey Creek well, perhaps there was a rancharia on the very spot where El Coronado now stands!

The Neighborhood

Grandma Price

a.k.a. Mollie or Mary Ann

By Mary Burnett

In the last issue of the Journal, we mentioned Mollie (Mary Ann) Price. Since this journal is about the Turkey Creek area



Grandma Price with three friends: dog, cat and pipe.

where Mollie (also known as Mary Ann and, in later life, Grandma Price) homesteaded and raised her large family, we thought it fitting that this wonderful lady be remembered.

Flora Von Price Jolly, Mollie's great-granddaughter was able to contribute photos and material about Mollie and her parents. Bill Hudspeth, (whose wife Louise's sister, Theodora, was married to Mollie's son, Fred) shared a lot of personal memories.

To begin, Micheal McDonald, of Ireland (County Cork, according to family tradition) was Mollie's father. Micheal's immediate family died in a plague around 1830-1832, when he was five years old. Micheal immigrated to the United States with an uncle, but there is no record of the date or place of entry. Micheal rode for the Pony Express. When he was elderly he had over 20 tales of his thrilling adventures. He repeated the stories, over and over, always in the same order.

Annie McDonald was Mollie's mother. There is some confusion about her maiden name, whether it was Carter or Coxe. The names appear as her maiden name on two different death certificates – on her own as Carter, on a daughter's as Coxe. There were a number of Coxe families in the neighborhood of the McDonald family. We know that Annie's folks were slave owners and that they presented her with a negress slave when she married.

Micheal and Annie were married when he was 37 and she was only 15! They had a total of 22 children born in 21 years and **NO TWINS!** Only 11 of these children survived to adulthood. One of these was Mary Ann McDonald, who had been born in Texas. She married James Anderson Price at Seven Rivers, New Mexico, on August 25, 1883, which brings us to the Turkey Creek Saga.

I have discovered that Mollie had 11 children – 4 daughters and 7 sons – not 10 as I had reported in the last Journal. In addition, she raised her sister Hetty's son, Andy Hamilton. When the children were old enough to be left on their own. Mollie took a job in Douglas, many miles from the ranch.

Mollie drove a horse and buggy across rangeland to Rucker Road and across more rangeland into Douglas. She stayed all week, cooking for the railroaders, returning home on Friday night. She worked at this for three or four years.

There is a story that her husband, James Anderson Price, thought that he would take Fred, the youngest child, when he deserted the family for California. In one version of the story, Mollie arrived home from work, found Fred gone, took her gun and went after him and brought him back home. The other version has more detail. It seems that James Anderson Price came to the house and demanded that she let him have Fred. She got out her 30-40 octagon- barreled gun, fired off a shot, and settled the issue.

Memories of Mollie tell us that she homesteaded and is reputed to be the first woman homesteader in Arizona Territory. Her house was just bedrooms. When visiting, you sat on the porch. About thirty feet from the house was a timber cook shack where the cooking and eating was done. She made the best-ever biscuits, homemade bread and wild plum jelly; and she smoked a pipe.

Shortly after Mollie became independent, a rancher up the hill from her decided to run her out. He set a yucca afire. Mollie spotted it and fired a shot into the yucca. Somehow the rancher caught fire too. Mollie rode up and rescued him, took him home and doctored him for about a month. After that he was a fast and true friend and always helped her with her cattle drives.

Mollie ran good Hereford stock. In addition to her homestead, she acquired several sections of deeded land and she leased 14 sections of forest land. However, the permit only allowed for 37 head to run on the forest.

Nothing was wasted. One day a cow in a hayshed was struck by lightning and killed. The boys got right on it and butchered her out. It was hard times so barbed wire was hung in trees and the meat was strung on it to make jerky.

One of Mollie's sons, Isaac – known as Ike – had a nice ranch on Turkey Creek where he held rodeos and dances. He was

Flora Von Price Jolly's grandfather. Today you can see the sign "Price Ranch Road" on the north side of Highway 181. The ranch was sold off and sub-divided years ago.

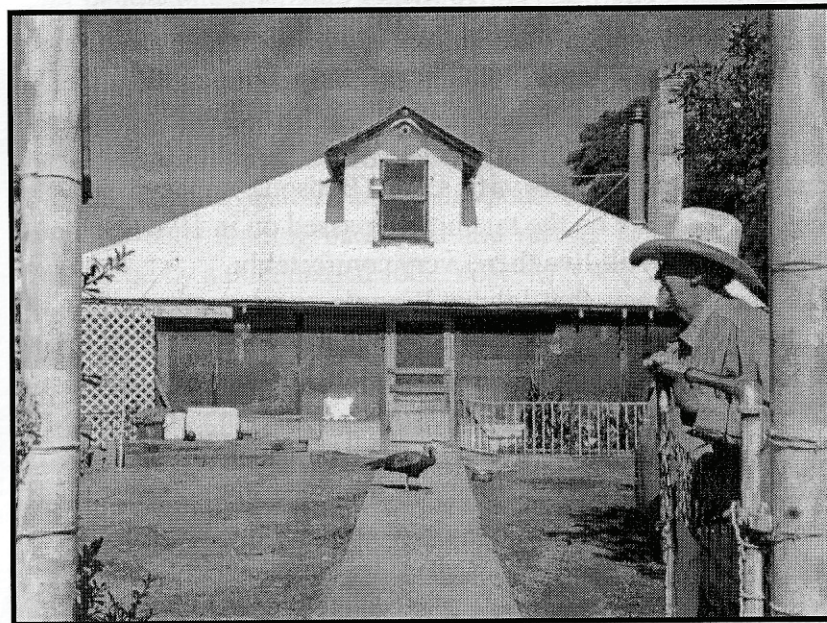
Fred, Mollie's youngest son, was a kind and helpful person. He once fed a hungry family camped under a tree on Turkey Creek by shooting a deer and taking it to them. Fred always hunted with a 22-caliber pistol.

Even after Fred married Theodora, he stayed on and helped run the ranch for Mollie. Sadly enough when he and Vernie Kambitsch were working cattle for a Mormon outfit over around Bowie, Fred was killed. His horse was pretty crazy and in those days the trailer gate (door) came down and served as a loading ramp. After loading his horse, Fred reached to pull the door up and was kicked in the head. He died in the Willcox Hospital later that night, June 4, 1960.

Fortunately, Fred outlived his mother. Mollie started getting sick right after the war. Fred's wife, Theodora, would take Mollie into Douglas to be near the doctor. They stayed with Theodora's sister, Louise, and husband, Bill Hudspeth. Then it was back to the ranch until the next bout of illness. Over time, Mollie was taken to Carlsbad to stay with another son who had a nice ranch and while there she improved a lot. However, on September 19, 1949, Mollie died in the Douglas Hospital. She is buried in the old section of Calvary Cemetery. Bill Hudspeth is owner of the last parcel of Mollie's ranch as it was willed to him and his wife, Louise (deceased), from her sister, Theodora.

Mollie was quite a character, running a ranch and raising 12 children all on her own and smoking a pipe! She lived to be 85 years of age. That she is so well remembered as a wonderful person and a great cook over half a century after her death is certainly a tribute to a fine lady.

The Sanders Family



Jerry Sanders at the gate of the Sanders Ranch.

Grandpa (John William) Sanders came to Arizona with his widowed father, Henry William, from Des Moines, Iowa, via Kansas. He was about 16 years old when he got to Tombstone, just in time to see the notorious gunfight at the O K Corral. Henry and Bill were teamsters and, among other work, they hauled huge timbers for the mines from the Morse Saw Mill in the Chiricahua Mountains to Tombstone and Bisbee.

Bill especially liked the looks of a certain spot at the mouth of Morse Canyon, and after he married Effie Davidson, they lived at Pinery for a few years, then homesteaded where the Sanders home stands today.

The Sanders family consisted of 12 children, six girls: (Eva, 1890; Pauline, 1892; Sybil, 1894; Rose, 1899; Alice, 1901, and Minnie, 1908), and an equal number of boys: (Will, 1896; Ray, 1898; Henry, 1903; Albert, 1910, and Ben, 1911).

In 1896, Bill and Effie settled at Turkey Creek, and were able to start building their home. By now some of the children were

big enough to help make the adobes for the four-room, ell-shaped house. The walls are 18 inches thick, which helps to keep it warm in the winter and cool in the summer.

After Grandpa and Grandma Sanders died, (incidentally, she lived to be 93), Will came back from Iowa and lived in the family home from 1944 until he passed away in 1969. That year, brother Ben and his wife, Ethel (Benson), and their son, Jerry, came to live on the ranch. Ben passed on in 1985, so Ethel and Jerry still live there, very comfortably.

The Sanders knew that Johnny Ringo's grave was just a few hundred yards to the west of their home. Johnny's death is one of the enduring unsolved mysteries of Cochise County.

When he was discovered, dead, sitting in the fork of an oak tree which had five trunks, on the 13th of July, 1882, a hastily summoned Coroner's Jury declared it suicide in order to expedite matters. After all, they probably reasoned, what difference did one more or less desperado make?

We hereby reprint the article from the July 18, 1882, *Tombstone Daily Epitaph* just as it appeared that day:

"Death of John Ringo: His Body Found in Morse's Canyon. Probably Suicide."

"Sunday evening intelligence reached this city of the finding of the dead body of John Ringo near the mouth of Morse's canyon in the Chiricahua Mountains on Friday afternoon. There was (sic) few men in Cochise county of Southeastern Arizona better known. He was recognized by friends and foes as a recklessly brave man, who would go any distance or undergo any hardship to serve a friend or punish an enemy. While undoubtedly reckless, he was far from being a desperado, and we know of no murder being laid in his charge. Friends and foes are unanimous in the opinion that he was a strictly honorable man in all his dealings, and that his word was as good as his bond. Many people who were intimately acquainted with him in life, have serious doubts that he took his own life, while an equally large number say that he frequently threatened to commit suicide, and that event was expected at any time. The circumstances of the case hardly

leave any room for doubt as to his self-destruction. He was about 200 feet from water, and was acquainted with every inch of the country, so that it was almost impossible for him to lose himself. He was found in the midst of a clump of oaks, springing from the same stem, but diverging outward so as to leave an open space in the center. On top of the main stem, and between the spreading boughs, was a large stone, and on this pedestal he was found sitting, with his body leaning backward and resting against a tree. He was found by a man named John Yost, who was acquainted with him for years, both in this Territory and in Texas. Yost was working for Sorgum Smith, and was employed hauling wood. He was driving a team along the road, and noticed a man in midst of the clump of trees, apparently asleep. He passed on without further investigation, but on looking back, saw his dog smelling of the man's face and snorting. This excited curiosity, and he stopped the team, alighted, and proceeded to investigate. He found the lifeless body of John Ringo, with a hole large enough to admit two fingers about half way between the right eye and ear, and a hole correspondingly large on top of his head, doubtless the outlet of the fatal bullet. The revolver was firmly clutched in his hand, which is almost conclusive evidence that death was instantaneous. His rifle rested against a tree and one of his cartridge belts was turned upside down. Yost immediately gave the alarm and in about fifteen minutes eleven men were on the spot."

The subjoined statement was made by the eyewitnesses to Coroner Matthews:

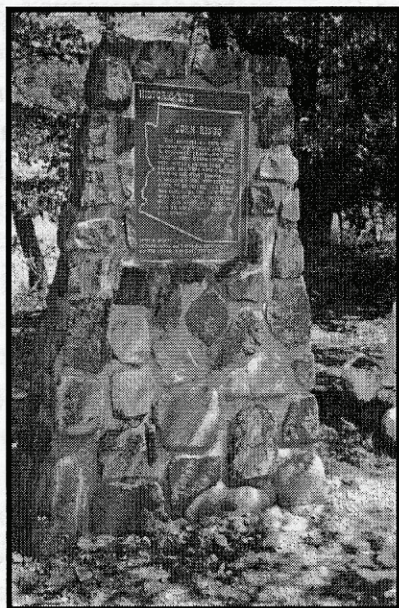
"Turkey or Morse's Mill Creek"

"Statement for the information of the Coroner and Sheriff of Cochise county, Arizona: There was found by the undersigned, John Yost, the body of a man in a clump of oak trees, about twenty yards north from the road leading to Morse's mill, and about a quarter of a mile west of the house of B. F. Smith. The undersigned viewed the body and found it in a sitting position facing west, the head inclined to the right. There was a bullet hole on the top of the head on the left side. There is, apparently, a part of the scalp

gone, including a small portion of the forehead and part of the hair. This looks as if cut out by a knife. These are the only marks of violence visible on the body. Several of the undersigned identify the body as that of John Ringo, well known in Tombstone. He was dressed in a light hat, blue shirt, vest, pants and drawers (not sure of this. mm). On his feet were a pair of hose and an undershirt torn up so as to protect his feet. He had evidently traveled but a short distance in this footwear. His revolver he grasped in his right hand, his rifle resting against the tree close to him. He had on two cartridge belts, the belt for revolver cartridges being buckled on upside down. The undernoted property was found with him and on his person: 1 Colt's revolver, caliber 45, No 222, containing five cartridges; 1 Winchester rifle octagon barrel, caliber 457 model 1876, No. 21,896, containing a cartridge in the breech and 10 in the magazine; 1 cartridge belt containing 9 rifle cartridges, 1 cartridge belt containing 2 revolver cartridges; 1 silver watch of American Watch Company, No. 9339, with silver chain attached; two dollars and sixty cents (\$2.60) in money; 6 pistol cartridges in pocket; 5 shirt studs; 1 small pocket knife, 1 tobacco pipe; 1 comb; 1 block matches; 1 small piece tobacco. There is also a portion of a letter from Messrs. Hereford & Zabriskie, attorneys-at-law, Tucson, to the deceased, John Ringo. The above property is left in the possession of Frederick Ward, teamster between Morse's mill and Tombstone."

"The body of deceased was buried close to where it was found."

"When found deceased had been dead about twenty-



Marker at John Ringo's gravesite.

four hours. Thomas White, John Blake, John W. Bradfield, B. F. Smith, A. E. Lewis, A. S. Neighbors, James Morgan, Robert Bolter, Frank McKinney, W.J. Dowell, J.C. McGray, John Yost and Fred Ward."

From Fred Ward, who arrived in the city on Sunday evening, and Epitaph reporter learned that the general impression prevailing among people in the Chiricahuas was that his horse wandered off somewhere, and he started off on foot to search for him; that his boots began to hurt him, and he pulled them off and made moccasins of his undershirt. He could not have been suffering for water, as he was within 200 feet of it, and not more than 700 feet from Smith's house. Mrs. Morse and Mrs. Young passed by where he was lying Thursday afternoon, but supposedly took no further notice of him. The inmates of Smith's house heard a shot about three o'clock Thursday evening, and it is more than



Left to right: Nele Choate, Pauline Sanders, Ola Choate, Mary Kane, Sybil Sanders and Eve Sanders, approximately 1910.

likely that that is the time the rash deed was done. He was on an extended jamboree the last time he was in this city, and only left here ten days ago. He had dinner at Dial's (?) in the South Pass of the Dragoons one week ago last Sunday, and went from there to Galeyville, where he kept on drinking heavily. We have not heard of his whereabouts after leaving Galeyville, but it is more than likely that he went to Morse's canyon. He was subject to frequent fits of melancholy and had an abnormal fear of being killed. Two weeks ago last Sunday in conversing with the writer, he said he was as certain of being killed, as he was of being living then. He said he might run along for a couple of years more, and may not last two days. He was born in Texas and is very respectably connected. He removed to San Jose, California, when about sixteen years old, and Col. Coleman Younger, one of the leading citizens of that town is his grandfather. Ringo was a second cousin to the famous Younger brothers now in the Minnesota penitentiary, for the partnership with the James boys. He has three sisters in San Jose, of whom he was passionately fond. He was about thirty-eight years old, though looking much younger, and was a fine specimen of physical manhood. Many friends will mourn him but doubtless there are others who will take secret delight in hearing of his death.

Since that fateful day in July 1882, reams of paper and gallons of ink have been used debating the pros and cons of who killed Johnny Ringo. The obvious suspect has to be Buckskin Frank Leslie. Bill Sanders and his dad met Ringo on the road heading for Turkey Creek, and a short time later they met Buckskin Frank who was looking for Ringo. Leslie was a confirmed killer who had no compunction about murdering people, whether they needed it or not.

For years the Sanders have put up with the fact that Johnny Ringo's grave has become a Mecca to aficionados of the Old Wild West. People come from far and wide, including foreign countries, to visit the grave and to puzzle over who killed this man. In fact, it's a rare day that someone doesn't come, wanting

to visit the grave.

In the fall of 1973 a handsome rock and cement monument as erected by Ralph Velasco at the head of Johnny's grave. Ervin Bond, CCHS member and local historian, obtained the plaque from the Arizona Historical Society, which tells about Johnny Ringo. People who helped with the project were: Glenn Dunham, Elias Cabarga, Joe Shannon, Ralph Young and, Ralph Velasco's young sons, Ralph, Jr., and Ricky.

Should you decide to visit the grave, remember that it is on privately owned land and please have the courtesy to ask for permission. And, by all means, remember to observe the code of the Old West: 'Always leave the gate the way you find it!'

(This article was a cooperative effort between Ethel and Jerry Sanders and Mary Magoffin.)

The Smiths



Ben Smith's Livery Stable, Pearce

Not surprisingly, two Smith families settled in the Turkey Creek area. B.F. (Coyote) Smith was a close neighbor of the Sanders family and had been living in Turkey Creek about 10 years before they came. He owned the Old Kentucky Livery Stable in Pearce during that town's heyday, and was found murdered in his office, "weltering in his own blood," to quote the *Tombstone Epitaph*. He had been shot and beaten with a hammer. There was no known motive and the killer was never



Joe and Bonnie Smith

apprehended.

B.F.'s son, Henry, married Sybil Sanders, and it was his brother, William Wilgus, for whom the post office was named posthumously.

The patriarch of the second Smith family was Charles Pears,

who was born in Leeds, England, in 1833. As a youth he was baptized into the Church of Latter Day Saints and remained a faithful member the rest of his life. He came to New Orleans in 1849 and worked his way to Salt Lake City, where he married Mary Wilkerson in 1863. She, too, was a native of England and was a staunch member of the L.D.S. Church. They lived in several of the western states before arriving at the Chiricahua Mountains in 1888, where he homesteaded.

According to the family history, Charles Pears re-opened the post office under the name of Wilgus. At its peak, the town of Wilgus consisted of one house (which was also the post office), a number of tents, a frame schoolhouse, a makeshift saloon, a corral and a cemetery.

The Wilgus School, which was established by Charles Pears Smith in 1889, had nine students, eight of whom were named Smith. Five of them were C.P.'s and three were B.F.'s. Fife was the other boy's name. The first schoolteacher was a man named C.L. Prouty.

Of the six sons and five daughters Charles Pears and Mary parented, nine grew to adulthood. All left Turkey Creek to seek their fortunes except Joe, (Joseph Wilkerson), the seventh child.

In 1911 Joe married Bonnie Wagner and they also had a family of 10 children; four boys and six girls, but two daughters died in infancy. Their children were: Archibald Joseph, Charles Mason, Marylee, Lillie Estrella, Edith Velma, Albert Samuel, Augusta Bonnie, Adelene Fay, Annie Loree and Kenneth Lavern. Bonnie had a daughter, Willie Mae Owens, by a previous marriage. The little girls who died were Lillie Estrella and Augusta Bonnie. The two surviving daughters are Fay (Valentine) and Annie (Pinkerton). An interesting note: Three of the Smiths married Kambitsches. Marylee married Freddie, Edith married Vernie, and Archie married Mary Kambitsch. From the history of Martha Smith Riggs (Mrs. Brannick) we learn:

"Joe would leave home Sunday afternoon and stay all night at the post office at Rucker. Monday he would take the



At the Chiricahua Cattle Co. Headquarters are: standing, Sam McCoy (Chinese Cook), John Cummings, Ted Moore who was later fatally wounded while assisting in an arrest, and Joe Smith. The man on horseback to the far right is unknown.

mail to Tombstone; return to Rucker Tuesday and come home Wednesday morning. He did this for over a year. Father got a post office at our house, called Wilgus. The mail then, in 1890, came from Willcox by way of Dos Cabezas to our post office, then to Rucker." Joe was 15 years old, and no doubt the money he made helped keep the family in food.

When he was 16, Joe went to work for the Chiricahua Cattle Company.

One of the family stories concerned Marylee, who was a toddler when this incident happened. One morning Joe went to the field to work. Bonnie was in the kitchen and the children were playing in the yard when one of the little boys came running into the house crying that the baby, Marylee, had fallen into the well.

Bonnie raced out and sure enough, there the little girl's body lay under several feet of water, eyes open, peering up at her.

Bonnie threw off her shoes, grabbed the pipe in the middle of the well and slid to the bottom. She snatched the baby up and somehow managed to start up the pipe with one arm around the pipe, her bare feet clutching the pipe, and as she climbed up, she held Marylee over one shoulder.

Just as she reached the top, Joe arrived and took the baby and started pumping her little body to get the water out of her lungs. Incredibly, by evening Marylee was out of danger, but it was several weeks before she was herself. Bonnie always credited her guardian angels for helping save her baby's life. Two months after this harrowing ordeal, Bonnie gave birth to Edith.

Joe Smith died in 1943 and Bonnie passed on in 1960.

In 1962 Kenneth Smith married Louise Adams and their children are Joe and Shanna (Davis). Ken worked for the Forest Service and lived all of his life on the Smith ranch. He passed on to his reward in 2000.

In 1985, Ken invited the Southwest Pioneer Cowboy Association to use his picnic area (pasture, then) for their annual meetings, as they had outgrown the facilities at Cochise Stronghold. For the past 18 years the members have met under Ken's beautiful old oak trees for an old-fashioned cowboy steak dinner and to catch up on news of friends from far and wide. Louise has continued the tradition, which is a great blessing to old cowboys and their descendants, and is much appreciated.

(This has been compiled from the Smith Family History loaned to CCHS by Louise Smith. Thanks, Louise!)

William Knott



William Knott in front of the Hotel Neurbo in Pearce. He was delivering fruit.

I was born in Iowa in 1863 and made my move West when I was only a year old. Mother crossed the plains by way of Nauvoo and Salt Lake City to Carson City, Nevada and soon after my father died in an accident. After some years, Mother married again, a man named Smith. The Smith boys of Turkey Creek are my half brothers.

We came to Turkey Creek in November of 1881 from California. My stepfather and our group drove three stages through, loaded with Chinamen, for which he was paid one hundred dollars apiece. The old stagecoach at Tombstone is one of those he drove through.

The Apaches were not too dangerous at the time we came here. They were cowardly in actual battle, rarely attacking an organized group. Their favorite warfare was to shoot a lone prospector or freighter or homesteader from ambush. Everyone rode armed and kept a sharp lookout for signs of Indians.

Whenever there were killings by Indians, troops would follow their trail in an effort to wreak vengeance on the murderers, but this trailing was not too enthusiastic and rarely accomplished its purpose.

My stepfather's brother, William Smith, was killed by a group of Indians led by a brave called Bigfoot because of the enormous and unusual size of his feet. William Smith was postmaster. We had a post office up the canyon then. He had not been well for several days, and when friends reported to us that the post office was locked and had not been opened, my half brother, Henry, went up at once, supposing him to be worse. He was found back of the house with an empty chip bucket in his hand and a hole through his head, where he had evidently gone for chips to start his fire.

Troops came immediately, with Indian scouts as trailers. These easily led the troops to the encampment of the murderers, but when almost upon this camp one of the scouts accidentally – on purpose – tripped over a rock, when his gun went off. Of course when we reached the place we found it unoccupied. Seven stolen horses, six saddles, enormous quantities of four, sugar, dried beef, etc., were seized from the camp. These last had been stolen from homesteaders; and the quantity of provisions was in excess of that of many stores and trading posts of the times.

Indian scouts were a necessity, since the troopers could not follow any sort of trail; but they were also a hindrance in pursuit because they contrived to give the pursued warning in some manner or other so that they were rarely caught. Once I had gone to Tombstone with a Mexican who worked for Father. On the return trip we happened to see three Indians sneaking across a ridge in single file. There was no way of knowing how many more there were, but we were sure that they were bent on mischief, from their actions. We hurried to the post and warned the troops that the Indians were out. Soldiers hurried to the place where we had seen the savages. One of the Indian scouts was so plainly bent on confusing the troops that I suddenly

became very angry and for the first time felt the impulse to kill a man. I threw my rifle on the scout, but it was quickly grasped by one of the soldiers, who said, "No, no, kid. You don't want to do anything like that."

I probably came as near to being shot by Indians myself as I could, and still be alive. We had quite a bunch of horses grazing at some distance from our place, and when we heard the Indians were off on a horse-stealing spree, I decided that I had better get in the horses before they reached our location. I caught up my mount and rode off for the approximate location of our bunch. We came to a brush thicket, and my horse stopped short at some little distance from it, refusing to budge farther in that direction. When I couldn't make him go, I rode back for some distance and again approached the thicket. The same thing happened again – he would not approach beyond a certain distance from the place. I decided that there must be a bear or mountain lion in the thicket and resolved to return the next day and look for tracks. After detouring the thicket I found the horses and drove them to the ranch. Next day I returned to the place and found tracks of three Indians in the brush.

Undoubtedly the horse saved my life by his refusal to carry me near the thicket. Of course the Indians could have risked a rifle shot at me from their place of concealment, but they habitually did not shoot unless a short distance made it practically impossible to miss the first shot. Some of us cowboys and ranchers were excellent shots ourselves, and they did not care to risk return fire. Their usual object in killing a man was to get possession of horse and gun, but they would not risk their lives for them.

There were other varmints around besides Indians in those days. Grass grew so rank at that time that we cut it for hay. When a youth, I was once cutting hay about three and one half miles from home. I used to take my lunch, and consequently had to take two sickles because one would not remain sufficiently sharp to cut all day. This day I leaned one of the sickles against a tree and went to work with the other. There

were some cattle around the tree later in the morning, and they knocked the sickle down in the grass. At noon I went over in the shade to eat and was then ready for the sharpened sickle. When I picked it up from the grass a huge diamond back rattler grabbed me by the middle finger. He hung on like grim death. I had quite a time shaking him off. After I got rid of him I made a rude tourniquet on the finger below the wound, and another on my wrist. Instead of riding the team home, I left it there and walked the three and a half miles. I felt no symptoms whatever. I hung around the house for several hours, feeling as well as I ever had in my life. At last I told Mother that since I was all right I had better go for the team. So I walked back to where I had left the team and returned to the house with them. I was within a few hundred yards of the house when the whole world suddenly began going round and round at a rapid rate. I became sicker by the minute and it was finally decided to take me to Willcox where I might receive medical attention. My stepfather was dead at that time, but there was a schoolteacher boarding at our place who agreed to make the trip with Mother. At about eight o'clock that evening we started for Willcox, forty miles away, in a light spring wagon. The teacher had to be back the next morning to teach, so he led a horse behind him on a long rope, which he intended to ride back as soon as we had reached our destination. When we reached the present location of Pearce, or thereabouts, the teacher discovered that, while he had the rope in his hand, the horse was no longer on the other end. We had to go back about five miles to get the horse. We reached Willcox about four o'clock in the morning. I had been violently sick to my stomach all the way, the poison seemingly affecting stomach and bowels instead of heart and brain as is supposedly its usual effects. The doctor had great difficulty in lancing the hand, which had swollen to a great size. He cut it in several places, but could not induce bleeding, getting only a drop or two of blackened, coagulated blood for all his cuts. I remained in Willcox for several days, the symptoms gradually disappearing, until at last I was declared out of danger and

returned home.

I knew most of the cowboys – outlaws or rustlers, as we called them then – and other inhabitants of the vicinity, good, bad and indifferent. There was Harry Sheppard, whose real name was Albert Shropshire, a fine fellow, good cowpuncher, good roper, good pal, best dancer in the locality. I learned by accident that he had been in a fight in Texas, after drinking a little too much. The man with whom he fought was pronounced dead and Harry left too quickly to discover that it was a mistake. It must have been some years before he learned that his opponent was not even seriously injured.

There was Dan Dowd, a cowboy who worked for the Chiricahua Cattle Company. He was as fine a fellow as ever lived, although he was afterward hung for participating in a holdup in Bisbee. When I was quite a boy, I was riding toward home after being on an errand, astride a very fine horse. Something impelled me to look behind me, where I saw two horsemen riding toward me. Chance encounters with strangers were not always pleasant in those days, so I speeded up, hoping to leave them behind. They speeded up also, and realizing that their overtaking me was inevitable, I drew up and waited to see what they wanted. One of the men rode up on one side of me, one on the other. One was a man of whom I knew no good, the other was Dan Dowd.

“Get off that horse, kid,” said the other. “I need him. You can have mine.”

I looked at his horse, which was very poor both as to flesh and quality, and shook my head.

“I won’t trade. Your horse is no good,” I said.

The man made a threatening gesture, but was stopped by Dowd, who said that he was acquainted with me and would permit no robbery or violence where I was concerned. I was then allowed to ride on, which I did thankfully enough.

I knew both Joe George and Grant Wheeler, who figured in the Willcox train robbery. Wheeler told me some time after the robbery that during the pursuit, the deputy, Billy Breakenridge,

was often within twenty feet of him, and that he could easily have killed his pursuer had he cared to do so.

There was three-fingered Jack Dunlap, with whom I was well acquainted. He wasn’t bad, only hot-headed and easily led into trouble. Two or three weeks before the Fairbank holdup, in which he was wounded to death, he told me that he had been accused of horse stealing, and brought back to this “neck of the woods” for trial. He said he was innocent and had come clear, but he added that he was now “going to give the officers something to arrest me for!” The next I knew he had been shot in the holdup and had later died from the wounds.

At Pearce there was a fellow lucky enough to win about four hundred dollars in a gambling game. The tale soon went the rounds, and on the way home this man, whose name I have forgotten, was held up by three-fingered Jack Dunlap. He had his hands in his pockets, fingering the roll of bills, when Jack accosted him. At the command to raise his hands, he immediately did so, raising the roll at the same time. Jack got only a little small change believing the man when he said: “Surely you don’t think I am fool enough to carry that much money with me!”

I knew John Ringo well, also. My brother, Henry Smith, and his wife, who is the daughter of Bill Sanders, can tell you the whole story of Ringo better than I, but I want to say one thing – I was not on the coroner’s jury at his death, although books and newspapers credit me with it. I rode for some of the men who were and brought them to the scene and also helped bury him, but I did not act on the jury. I do not believe he committed suicide. There were no powder marks about him. It seemed to me that his own gun stuck through his watch chain was a clumsy and not very convincing attempt to make it appear that he had shot himself and then dropped the gun. Besides that, Billy the Kid – Billy Claiborne – said on his deathbed that he was shot by Frank Leslie and that he, Billy, saw him do it.

There wasn’t as much fuss about a death in old days as there is now. And queer things happened in connection with killings

which proved this point. There was a fellow named McGowan who had a vegetable ranch up here in the mountains. He used to haul his load to Fort Bowie, where he could easily dispose of it. This kept him on the road much of the time, so he finally took a partner named Dawson, a fellow from California. This partner was supposed to care for the ranch while McGowan marketed the produce. Soon after Dawson's arrival a woman came who claimed to be Dawson's wife. McGowan took a load of vegetables to Fort Bowie. Grass was scarce and he used most of the money he had taken in for the vegetables to buy horse feed. Dawson claimed all the remainder as his share and they quarreled. Dawson and his wife drove McGowan from the place.

McGowan decided to kill Dawson in retaliation. The only gun he could get his hands on was a shotgun loaded with no. 6 shot. He sneaked up to the house at dusk and when Dawson came to the door in answer to his knock, he shot him in the chest with the birdshot. This knocked Dawson over and McGowan grabbed his own rifle which was standing just inside the door as he had known it would be, and finished Dawson with a rifle shot, "to put him out of his misery," as he afterward said at the trial. He came clear, since Dawson was holding him from his own place.

I once took in a white man who had been raised by Indians. He did not know when he was taken by them, nor how he came to be there, nor any of the circumstances. He must have been taken from some massacre when a baby. He was the dirtiest sucker that ever walked the road when I took him in. I had only one bed, and although not overly particular myself, I had no intention of sleeping with him as he was. I gave him a towel and some soap, some of my own underwear, etc., and sent him to the creek to bathe. He stayed with me several weeks, proving to be quite handy about the house, a good cook, and a willing worker. Soon he got a job and months afterward, at a chance encounter, he paid me well for all the clothing, etc., that I had given him. I have often wondered what story was back of his

being in the possession of the Indians.

My two half brothers and myself once contracted with John Slaughter to buy cattle from Mexico. This was after Slaughter had served his term as sheriff. We made several trips to the San Bernardino ranch, but they had not been able to get hold of the cattle. Finally Slaughter sent us across to get them ourselves, paying us wages as he would have one of his own hands. He also sent Jess Fisher, his foreman, with us. Duty was soon to be quite high on Mexican cattle coming across the line, and every cattleman and his cousin was bringing herds across before the raise in duty. When we got our herd to the line we could not get an inspector, and we were forced to wait until one should be free. Slaughter told us to hold our herd in his pasture until we could get the inspector, which happened to be ten or twelve days later. We rode herd on the cattle to keep them bunched and ready to move. After a day or so, Mrs. Slaughter accidentally discovered that I was a fair carpenter. She was having a new building put up, which work was going slowly.

"Get up on that roof and put on these shingles," she told me, handing me a hammer and pointing to piles of shingles.

I really didn't want to work when I could loaf around riding herd on the cattle, so I told her I had to watch the cattle. She immediately sent some of their cowboys to take my place. I might have known I couldn't get out of working around her.

Slaughter had a Negro, old Bat, who was always around, and very important in his own eyes. Old Bat, whose real name was Jean Baptiste, had come to Arizona with John Slaughter from Texas. He was a comical cuss, but very dependable and very able. He had only one ear, the other shot off, so goes the tale, by Slaughter after he had commanded Bat to move faster, without visible result. I do not know that this story is true. Bat did considerable freighting for the San Bernardino Ranch from Tombstone. He used to carry an old phonograph, which he played continually when driving after dark, in the belief that it kept Indians and "ghostes" away from him.

Much to Slaughter's amusement, Bat used to tell a tale of

share-cropping for "Don Juan," as he called Slaughter.

"I piles all de beans in one pile and all de punkins in anoder and all de corn in anoder," he would say. "Dan Don Juan, he divide de piles in two and he say 'dis yore pile' to me. Dan he pull out he little book from he pocket and he figer and he figer and den he take both piles!"

Old Bat would then throw back his head and laugh proudly at his beloved Don Juan's shrewdness.

Once there was a bunch of us going to the Slaughter Ranch for a picnic. I was driving the four-horse team. The two leaders were slow, while the two behind were continually trying to run over them. Consequently, there was considerable excitement in the party. I had no whip and could not make the leaders step up as I wished to do. Soon we met old Bat driving out with a pair of mules.

"Leave me your whip, Bat," I said. "If you can't keep the mules moving of their own accord, you can pepper them with rocks. I've got to have something to move these leaders."

Old Bat shook his head.

"Dawgone it, Bat, I've got to have that whip!" I told him.

"No suh, Mista Bill, no suh! Don Juan, he going to be mad if ol' Bat lose dis yere whip," he replied, still shaking his head.

I promised faithfully to leave the whip at a certain spot on my return, and he loaned me the whip, although dubiously.

Sometime afterward I met old Bat and Gillman on their way to Bowie with a load of hogs, and Bat told me that he had found the whip all right. He was all smiles.

One day Ainsworth, constable at Pearce, came by the house and asked me to show him the way to the Halderman boys' place, as they were wanted for stealing a beef. I took him to the place, but he would not allow me to go with him to make the arrest because the boys were acquainted with me and he was afraid I might get into trouble later. I went on and got Ted Moore to go and make the arrest with him. There was beef hanging on the line when we got there.

When they called the boys out and served the warrant on them

the boys indicated their willingness to go on to Pearce with them. Ainsworth advised them to take some tobacco, etc., along, saying they might have to stay in Pearce several days. The boys went back in the house and returned with rifles. Ainsworth was killed at the first shot, but Moore escaped temporarily. The boys followed him for some distance, shooting as they followed. Moore reached home where he died later, after telling the circumstances.

Old man Taylor and I immediately started out on the trail of the boys. Taylor was part Cherokee and could follow a trail at a run, which was perfectly invisible to me. The Halderman boys showed a great deal of cunning, walking in the water, doubling on their tracks, etc. Taylor would say, "See that rock out of place," or "see that bent grass," and go on. Once we went through a narrow canyon with straight, high walls. I would look up and imagine the boys hidden behind each rock, waiting to get a shot at us, and my hair stood on end most of the time. Taylor appeared perfectly unconcerned.

"What will we do when we come up with them?" I ventured at last, this possibility just occurring to me.

Taylor laughed. "Just watch me and do as I do," he said.

I doubt if I would have had time to watch him had this occurred.

At a roundup in the San Simon, we were overtaken by a posse of nine men. We camped that night in a wire corral near where the town now is. It was very cold and most of us had little protection from the cold wind. One of the posse remarked that he was "a son-of-a-gun if wire would turn wind."

The cold wind still hung on the next day, and when we stopped again we built a fire of sotos. Here we had a casualty. One of the posse got too close to the fire and burned the seat of his pants out before he knew it. At the New Mexico line, we gave up and another posse took up the trail. They captured the Halderman boys in New Mexico and they were tried there.

Old man Wilson, who was visiting at Haldermans' at the time of the shooting, proved to be the chief witness. Under

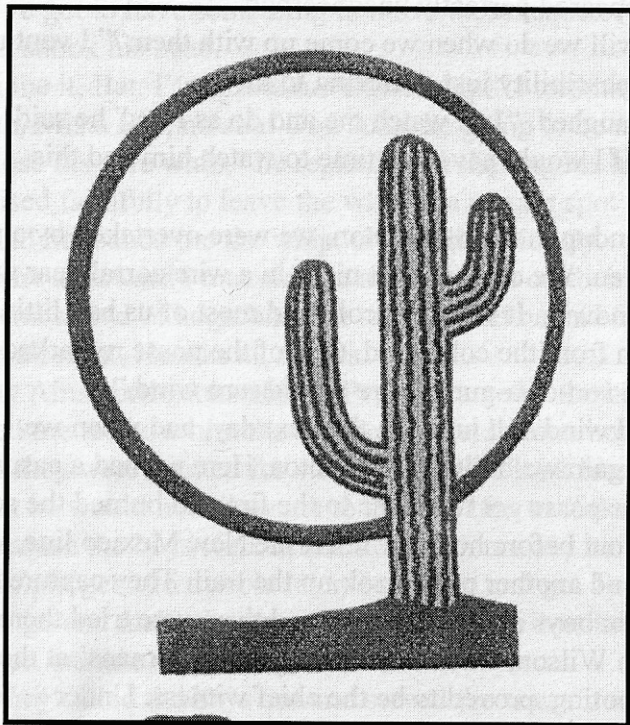
questioning he told the story of the killing. He was very close-mouthed, telling only what he was asked, and the story came out only a little at a time as the questions came. It seems that the boys intended going peaceably with the officer. Bill Halderman had bragged to the Wilson girl, who was also there, of how tough he would be under certain circumstances. Now she taunted him with his boasts, reminding him of how hard he had claimed to be, now peaceably allowing himself to be carried to jail. Under her taunts the boys started shooting.

"Why didn't you tell us all this at the inquest?" inquired one of the officials.

"No one didn't axe me," replied the old man.

Bill Halderman tried to save his brother Tom, claiming that it was he who had killed the men. Old man Wilson testified that both had shot and that he could not tell which had killed Moore. Both men hung.

This story was contributed by Mary Ella Cowan.



Sunglow

By Susan Nunn

The Sunglow area was homesteaded by Charles Pears Smith back in the late 1800s. His homestead papers actually read 1900, but by then some improvements had been made on the land.

In 1920 Sunglow was given its name by Jeff P. Thomason, Sr., because when the first rays of sunshine strike the area early in the morning, it is enveloped in a golden glow.

We are not sure when Jeff and Mary Thomason bought the property, but we do know that Jeff Thomason was appointed Post Master on Dec. 2, 1922 thus the Post Office at Sunglow became official. Jeff was commissioned as Post Master on Jan. 2, 1923. After the Thomasons divorced, Mary Thomason was appointed Post Mistress on Oct. 4, 1927, and commissioned Nov. 9, 1927. The Post Office was closed on Dec. 30, 1933. (Editor's Note: Mrs. Thomason was known locally by the name 'Pearl'.)

Sometime later, Mrs. Thomason married a man by the name of Cook.

After Mrs. Thomason's death sometime in the 1960s, her heirs sold the property to the Perretts and Shaffers in 1969.

In 1970, construction started on the now existing buildings, including a chapel in 1973. They opened for business renting out "casitas." Church services were performed each Sunday.

In 1983 they sold to Mr. Huff, who, in turn gave the property to Casas Adobes Baptist Church in Tucson in 1986. Then, for some unknown reason, Mr. Huff got the ranch back, and gave it to The Baptist Children's Services in 1987, who also rented out rooms to guests.

In the fall of 1995 or 1996, Bob and Sue Parel purchased the property.

Mitchel Sayare, who bought the property from the Parels in February 2000, had been drawn to Sunglow by the dark skies and visited several times to observe the stars. Now, he caters to

astronomers. Susan Nunn came to manage the property in April 2000.

In January 2001, the renovations began. The old farmhouse, that had stood since the turn of the century, had to come down. The new owners spent the first six weeks trying to renovate it, only to find that everything was crumbling beneath it. The architect, Paul Weiner from Tucson, redesigned the building, following the design of the old farmhouse.

The dining room and kitchen and bathrooms are the only new buildings on the property. All of the casitas have been remodeled, but are still of the original adobe.

Sunglow Ranch, which is located in the foothills of the Chiricahua Mountains, now sits in a silent splendor, embracing the wildlife and natural surroundings of the Chiricahuas.

Olive Bennett

My grandparents, William and Genevieve Kennedy, moved their family of seven boys and two girls from El Paso, Texas, to Pinery, Arizona, in the latter part of the 1890s, where they homesteaded. Pinery was a tiny settlement in the Chiricahua Mountains of southern Arizona. My grandfather worked for the Southern Pacific Railroad and helped bring the lines into Arizona.

My dad, Cicero Kennedy (better known as Cy) grew up in the Pinery area and attended classes at Eldorado School, helped on the homestead, and did some "cowboying" on some cattle ranches. He was a great fiddler and played for many dances, along with some of his brothers, in the Sulphur Springs Valley.

My grandparents on my mother's side of the family, Charles and Juanita Rand, moved their family of three boys and four girls from Baldy, New Mexico, to the Turkey Creek area, about seven miles from Light, in the early part of 1900. Light was also in the Chiricahua Mountains, off Highway 181. My Grandfather Rand was a miner and a horse trader.

The Courtship: I believe my parents first met at a dance where

the Kennedy brothers were playing. Dad courted Mom for three years, from what I've been told, sometimes by letter. Eventually, he proposed and Mom accepted. They were married in Light, March 24, 1915, and parented six boys and six girls, Four of each are still living.

Mother and Dad spent 41 years together, mostly in Cochise County and other parts of Arizona. Dad passed on in 1956 and Mom followed in 1961. They are both buried in Glendale, Arizona, along with one of their sons.

One son is buried in the Light Cemetery. My mother's mother, and one of her aunts are also buried there. I also have four cousins and some dear friends buried in Light Cemetery.

Mom and Dad would be very proud of their many grandchildren, great and great-great grandchildren.

Book Review

Sequel to book review of *Ramona*.

The Tragedy of Ramona by Gary L. Roberts and Raymond W. Thorp, courtesy of *True West Magazine*, as reviewed by Mary Burnett.

In our Spring/Summer issue you read the book review of *Ramona*, a book written by Helen Hunt Jackson and published in 1884. *Ramona* was "... reprinted more than 135 times, made into three movies and is considered by many, a classic piece of American literature." The October 1964 issue of *True West Magazine* article, "*The Tragedy of Ramona*" by Gary L. Roberts and Raymond W. Thorp, gives us a sequel that we hope you will find interesting.

"Sam Temple was a big jovial teamster who hauled lumber and supplies over the San Jacinto Mountains in Southern California, sometimes as far north as Bakersfield. He was renowned for his fine horses, in which he took great pride. A happy man, wherever he went, the mountain roads and wide stretches resounded with the tinkling bells of his horses and his voice lifted in song."

How did such a person as Sam Temple become the villain, Jim Farrar, in the story of *Ramona*? And how did drunken, "Crazy Juan" Diego become the martyred Alessandro?

"It was well known in California that Sam Temple was a mild man of even temper, who rarely carried a gun of any sort. The one thing that he really hated was horse thieves, and yet, as far as the record shows, Juan Diego was the only man Sam ever chased and the only man Sam ever killed."

The story goes that "There was blood in Sam's eyes and a double barreled shotgun across the pommel of his saddle. The big black stallion was there, as Sam knew it would be, tied to a

scrubby tree near the small Indian hut. As he approached the hut, he could see 'Crazy Juan' lying drunk just inside. Beside him, sitting cross-legged on a filthy blanket, was a decrepit and fat squaw, naked to the waist. A small baby rested on her lap.

Sam Temple paused a short distance from the hut and shouted, 'Juan-Juan Diego, come out here!' The locoed Cahuilla stirred and rose slowly, picking up his knife as he stumbled outside.

Jerking his head toward the black horse, Sam said sharply, 'Where'd you get the horse, Juan?'

'At Senor Hewitt's,' Juan replied. He continued toward Sam with his knife in hand.

'Stay back,' Temple warned, leveling his gun on the Indian. 'Did you know he was my horse and that you could be hanged for stealing him?'

'Si, Senor.'

In the same instant, Juan lunged at Temple with the knife. The shotgun roared and Juan fell to the ground with gaping holes in his body. With almost frenzied fortitude, he struggled to his knees, trying desperately to knife his killer. Temple jerked his revolver and fired three more shots into his head."

The authors tell us that Sam himself surrendered, was tried and exonerated. They point out that the killing of horse thieves was considered common justice in those days.

Unfortunately for Sam Temple, "A prim lady writer, relatively unknown.... had been sent West by *Century Magazine* to do stories on the plight of the Indians.... That she was sincere in her efforts can hardly be doubted, but in her zeal, she looked only for the evil in the white man, while seemingly ignoring Indian failings of the same nature."

Helen Hunt Jackson learned of the Indian widow, *Ramona*, from a Mrs. Jordan, the lady she roomed with. She then produced a romantic novel in which both facts and characters were changed. She used the Italian Alessandro rather than Alejandro because "Alessandro was more pleasing to the eye."

At that time in California it was the custom to burn Indian villages for health reasons and the local folks helped rebuild

them. Helen Hunt Jackson forgot to mention the rebuilding, just as she did not portray Alessandro as a drunk. She did not tell that the baby died in a cholera epidemic that killed six others, nor did she tell that the real Ramona was not beautiful.

"Sam Temple had no idea of the conspiracy that had made him into the "Simon Legree" of California. One day he pulled into San Jacinto and jumped down from his big wagon to find himself the center of attention of a great many strangers.

Somewhat annoyed, he asked of a stranger in Eastern clothes

"What the *#@! is going on?"

"Aren't you Jim Farrar?" the man asked contemptuously.

"Guess you got the wrong man. My name's Temple."

"Oh, it's all the same. You've been pointed out to me. You're in the book."

"Of course it's him," the man's lady companion said indignantly. "He looks just like a murderous brute who'd kill Ramona's husband and baby."

It seems that once Sam bought the book, he thought it was funny. He even posed for photographs, as did Ramona. Unfortunately, the real Ramona did not please the public. After awhile the notoriety was no longer amusing. "Always the odium of RAMONA dogged his trail. The once jovial man grew silent. He rarely smiled or sang anymore, constant harassment had changed him. Haunted by the jeers of people and the memories of the insults hurled at him over the years, he sat out the remainder of his life. One day in May 1910, Sam asked a neighbor to call a doctor for him. He was dead before the physician arrived. Among his belongings was found a worn and dog-eared copy of the book that had forever branded him. Inside one cover....were these words, "I wish I had killed a white man instead of an Injun."

As the authors so eloquently state, "her pen haunted him to his death. That is the real tragedy of Ramona."

We Get Letters

To the editor,

Please find enclosed my check in the amount of \$20.00 for renewal of membership in the CCHS.

Keep up the good work as I look forward to your excellent articles in the Cochise County Historical Journals.

Sincerely,

Hoyle Rogers

3759 E. Sylvane St.

Tucson, AZ 85713-2411

To the editor,

In honor of Harry Ames:

My brother, Larry Best, and I knew Harry as a youngster. In those days I believe Larry had a closer relationship with Harry than I did. I do know we both loved his parents and highly respected their family.

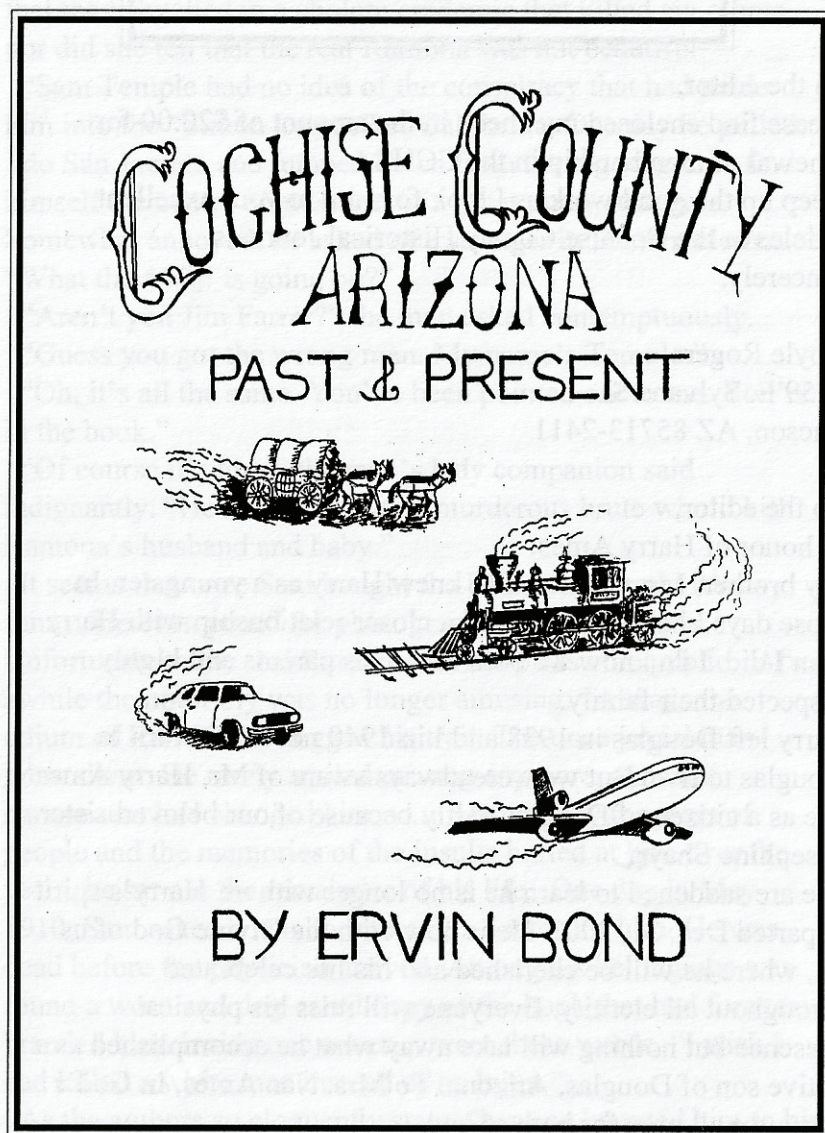
Larry left Douglas in 1938 and I in 1940 never to return to Douglas to live. But we were always aware of Mr. Harry Ames' life as a citizen of Douglas partly because of our beloved sister Josephine Shayr.

We are saddened to learn he is no longer with us. Harry's spirit departed Dec. 31, 2002. He is now with the Divine God of us all, where he will be cherished and his life celebrated throughout all eternity. Everyone will miss his physical presence but nothing will take away what he accomplished as a native son of Douglas, Arizona. To Mrs. Nan Ames, In God's name we all pray for both of you.

Sincerely,

Dennis Best

26 years early life resident of Douglas



CHRISTMAS GIFT SUGGESTION

You don't know what to give to yourself or your friend or loved one for Christmas? We would like to suggest a CCHS membership OR a re-print of Ervin Bond's book *COCHISE COUNTY ARIZONA PAST & PRESENT*.

This book was first published in 1981 and has been out-of-print for many years. Copies found in used bookstores cost up to \$80.00. We are offering this book exactly as it was published in 1981, for \$20.00, which includes an additional index and shipping and handling.

Take a fireside tour of Cochise County. Give yourself or a loved one a copy of the book, a Journal or a CCHS membership. See order form below.

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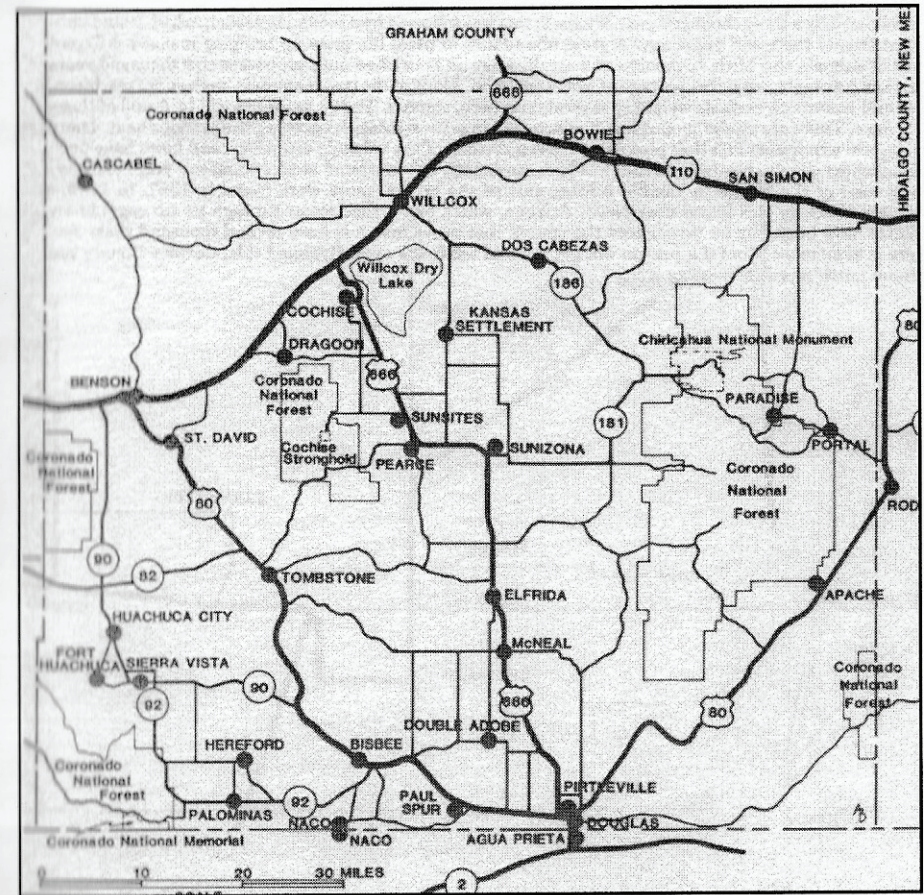
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Cochise County, Arizona

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