

THE COCHISE COUNTY HISTORICAL JOURNAL

A COCHISE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY PUBLICATION

VOLUME 34 No.1 SPRING/SUMMER 2004

DRAGON



THE COCHISE COUNTY
Historical Journal

1001 D Ave.
P. O. Box 818
Douglas AZ 85608

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED

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

NON-PROFIT ORG.
U.S. POSTAGE
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DOUGLAS AZ

CCHS

Cochise County
Historical Society

Founded in 1966

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**To Preserve
the Past
for
The Future**

ISBN 019-80626

THE COCHISE COUNTY
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
WAS INCORPORATED
UNDER THE LAWS OF
THE STATE OF ARIZONA
SEPTEMBER 13, 1968. TAX
EXEMPT STATUS UNDER
SECTION 501 (C)3 OF THE
INTERNAL REVENUE
CODE WAS GRANTED
DECEMBER 17, 1971.

COVER PHOTO

Undated view of Billy Fourr's
4F Ranch. Photo courtesy
Arizona Historical Society.

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Editorial Letter

Dear Reader,

As you may know, CCHS sponsored a field trip to Turkey Creek on March 20. It far exceeded our fondest expectations. Even the weather cooperated by giving us a gorgeous day! More than 60 people participated and seemed to thoroughly enjoy the outing. We want to thank the following people who added so much to the field trip: Ralph Velasco, Joel Moral, Jerry Sanders, Roy Lindsey, Gale Ginn, Joe Schreiber, Wampie Choate, Danny Danielson, Joe and Valer Austin, Mary Ella Cowan and Susan Nunn. You were all wonderful! And there just couldn't have been a nicer bunch of folks who came. We missed those of you who weren't able to make it. Better luck next time.

And speaking of the next time, we hope that sometime in October we will help dedicate a monument to Sulphur Springs. The Sulphur Springs Valley Historical Society is pushing this project, and it is looking very promising. We will keep you posted.

As you can see from the Table of Contents, we are honoring Billy Fourr, one of the earliest settlers in the Dragoon area, and whom we feel has been somewhat neglected. We found his reminiscences at the Arizona Historical Society Library and we feel sure you will enjoy them.

We are lucky to have not one but TWO published authors contribute articles for this issue of the journal. Jane Eppinga has written an article for CCHS about the Japanese Diplomats (spies?) who were held for a short time at the Triangle T Guest Ranch immediately after the attack on Pearl Harbor.

The second author, Dale Adams, has shared some childhood memories of his grandpa, Dave Adams, in "A Little Kid Remembers." It is charming, to say the very least.

CCHS's own Mary Burnett reviewed Louise Larsen's excellent history titled "Pomerene, AZ and the Valley of the San Pedro – A History," which was published in 1999. Louise is a CCHS member and was a Guardian of History in the Fall/Winter issue of 2000/2001.

We chose two very deserving ladies to be our Guardians of History. Sadly, Elizabeth Fulton Gunter Husband passed on in the fall of 2002. Liz contributed a great deal to the area during the years she lived here. Joan Hammer, a Willcox Cowbelle, wrote a lovely eulogy which we have used, along with Liz's obituary.

Our second Guardian is Ruby Nuttall Spurgeon, who grew up in Dagoon in the 1940s. Her memories are delightful. Liz and Ruby were neighbors for many years at Cochise and were good friends.

We sincerely hope that you will enjoy this issue of the journal and that you may learn something from it.

The Editorial Committee

Guardians of History

Elizabeth Husband

-- *Four Spear
Ranch --
Cochise, AZ.*



Liz Husband

By Joan Hammer

Elizabeth 'Liz' Husband was born in 1910 in Waterbury, Connecticut, the daughter of William Shirley and Rose Hayden Fulton. Her brother, Hayden, was born in 1907. The family was associated with the Copper Chief Mine near Prescott, and business brought her father to Arizona. He had always been interested in archaeology and became fascinated with Arizona.

In the 1930s, the family vacationed at the Triangle L guest ranch near Oracle and her father worked archaeological digs while the rest of the family rode horseback. When the Triangle L sold and the owner started the Triangle T guest ranch in Texas Canyon, the Fultons came to Texas Canyon. Soon they purchased the Double F Ranch next to the Triangle T and built a Spanish style house and stables. Mrs. Fulton raised Quarter horses and Mr. Fulton founded the Amerind Foundation.

Liz was fascinated with Arizona and the ranching way

of life and fell in love with an Arizona cowboy. Her parents did not approve of the match so she slipped out her bedroom window in the evenings and went to the Dragoon store to meet him. In 1935, she married her Arizona cowboy, Kenny Gunter, who had worked horses for her mother. Liz and Kenny moved to a ranch along the San Pedro River between Mescal and Cascabel where they lived for 10 years. Kenny was a rodeo rider and they frequently attended rodeos including the rodeo finals in Madison Square Garden. At one time, Kenny rode in the finals at the garden.

Returning from a rodeo in Douglas during a thunderstorm late one evening, they found a wash flooded so deep that they could not get through. They had difficulty backing up and turning around but finally managed and spent the night elsewhere. On returning home the next day, they discovered mud and water had flowed through their house. Mud was piled so high on the side of the house they could stand on it and reach the

roof. Mud also flowed into the horse corral but no horses or cattle were lost.

In the mid to late 1940s, they bought the Four Spear Ranch located southwest of Cochise where they had 10 or 11 sections and ran from 100 to 200 head of cattle. In the beginning they had Herefords, but soon found they were not tough enough for conditions there and changed to Brangus.

During WWII, a railroad was quickly built to the air base in Marana; so quickly the ties were not treated. Shortly after the war, the railroad was dismantled and the ties were sold. The Gunters purchased 1,000 ties to build a barn and fences. In 1948 they decided to build a house on the ranch and, having so many ties, they decided to build a "log house" using railroad ties for logs.

Kenny and Liz had one daughter, Shirley (Sherry). Kenny died about 1966 at age 50. Liz was a widow for three years and then married Tom Husband, a Harvard graduate, from Chicago.

Liz had a wide variety of interests. In 1948 she bought the Cochise Hotel which was

built in 1882 out of redwood. At one time the post office was in the lobby and it was the polling place until 1999. Liz furnished the hotel in period furniture, some of the pieces were in the hotel when she purchased it but others came from her family home in Connecticut. An old safe belonging to the Green Cattle Company was in the lobby. She operated the hotel as a bed and breakfast for many years and restored a small building next door, once a shoe shop, for a gift shop. In 2001 she purchased the old Dragoon store and began restoration, hoping one day it would become a museum.

Liz traveled all over the world and collected interesting items from many places including Bulgaria when it was behind the iron curtain. Her home was like a museum filled with the treasures of her travels, albums filled with pictures of her experiences and books and magazines she had collected during her lifetime. She enjoyed taking people on tours of her home and at one time considered opening it as a museum.

Her summers were spent at the family cottage on Fisher's Island, New York where she could lie in bed and see the Atlantic Ocean and Montauk Lighthouse through the window. Very different from the view she had from her Arizona home. There she saw a sea of grass, yucca and cactus.

Liz was an active Willcox Cowbelle for more than 50 years and was chapter president in 1957.

Elizabeth Husband remained active and young at heart until her death. She died at her home on the Four Spear Ranch Nov. 17, 2002 at the age of 92.

Obituary:

Elizabeth F. Husband
1910-2002

Elizabeth F. Husband, well-known owner of the Cochise Hotel and Gift Shop in Cochise, died at her home on the Four Spears Ranch on Nov. 17, 2002.

Mrs. Husband was born Jan. 14, 1910 in Waterbury, Conn. She was a Class of '27 graduate of Miss Porter's

School in Farmington, Conn.

Mrs. Husband was a founding member of Lambda Chi Omega Sorority, Willcox; a member of The Amerind Foundation Board of Directors; vice president of the Board of Directors of the Henry L. Ferguson Museum, Fishers Island, N.Y.; and was on the Cochise Community College Foundation Board of Directors.

She was also a member of the Cattlemen's Association, Civil Air Patrol, Arizona State Cowbells Association, Willcox Cowbells, Mayflower Society, Progressive Pioneers Women's Club of Cochise, and the Santa Catalina Corral of Westerners International, Tucson.

Mrs. Husband was a lover of books, an avid readers, and an active supporter of several libraries. She maintained an on-going interest in historical properties and their preservation.

Mrs. Husband participated in Children Research, Inc., and sponsored two European children under its foster parent plan.

The wonder and excitement of visiting new places and meeting new people took her to many parts of the world in her travels. Mrs. Husband photographed the world and the people around her. She leaves behind many friends throughout the United States and Europe.

Mrs. Husband was preceded in death by her parents, William Shirley Fulton and Rose Hayden Fulton; her daughter Sherry Gunter Adams; and her brother William Hayden Fulton. She was the widow of Kenneth E. Gunter and Thomas B. Husband.

Mrs. Husband is survived by grandchildren William (Angie) Adams, Rosemary Adams, David Adams, Steven Adams and Kenneth (Carla) Adams; great-grandchildren, April Adams, Jessica Adams, Guenter Adams, Dustin Adams, Desiree Adams and Christopher Adams Mueller; nephew Duncan (Marilyn) Fulton; and niece, Nancy (Jerry) Briggs; stepsons, Michael (Judy) Husband and Timothy Husband; step grandchildren, Susan

Husband, Larissa Husband Tackett, Andrew Husband and Benjamin Husband; step great-granddaughter, Ashley Husband; and other nieces and nephews.

Grandsons William Adams, David Adams, Steven Adams and Kenneth Adams together with Frank Flanders and William Flanders will serve as Pallbearers. Honorary Pallbearers are Duncan Fulton, Michael Husband, Timothy Husband, Benjamin Husband, Andrew Husband, Rusty Glenn, Howard Adams, Frank Flanders Jr., John McCarty, Teryl Murray, David Murray, Tyler Murray, Joseph Cannon, Keith Cannon, Dustin Adams, Guenter Adams, and Christopher Adams Mueller.

Graveside services will be at 11 a.m. on Saturday, Nov. 23 at the Texas Canyon Cemetery, Dagoon.

A reception in celebration of Mrs. Husband's life will be held at the Amerind Foundation, Dagoon, immediately following the services.

Contributions may be made to the Amerind Foundation,

Inc., Dagoon, Az., 85609, or to the Charles William Leighton Jr. Hospice, 319 W. Grant, Suite A, Willcox, Az., 85643.

Services are under the direction of Westlawn Chapel, Mortuary & Crematorium in Willcox.

Memories of Dagoon

By Ruby
Nuttall Spurgeon

I was born Ruby May Nuttall in Los Angeles, California on Oct. 7, 1930. When I attained the ripe old age of one month, mother brought me home on passenger train No. 6, to Dagoon, Arizona. My father, Curt Nuttall, greeted us by saying, "What is that THING?" He had ordered a boy, but there never could have been a more loving father than he was. He and I punched cows and went deer hunting together; we bought cows on the Indian Reservation, then branded them and tipped their horns, and for fun we danced at the Dagoon dances. All in all, we were the best working partners you could ever hope to see.

My mother, Jean Nuttall, was a teacher and she taught me how to sew, cook, clean house and play the piano: If I wanted to learn how to do something, I'd just ask mother and she would show me.



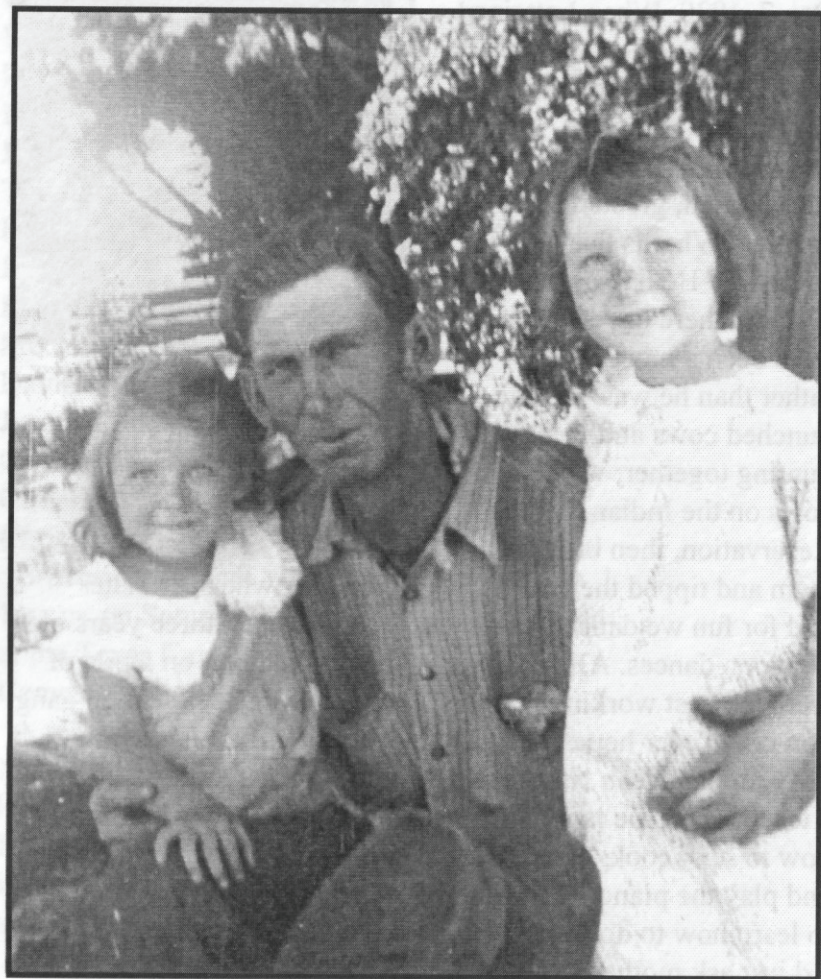
Ruby in 2003 with her Singer Feather Weight portable sewing bought in 1948 while she was a U of A student majoring in Home-Ec.

One day when my sister Dixie was just three years old, she was playing on a pile of cross ties that the section gang had brought for us to burn in our wood stoves. Somehow she fell and broke her leg. The first doctor they took her to wanted to amputate her leg, but dad had heard about the Orthopedic Hospital in Los Angeles, so they took Dixie

there. The prognosis was not encouraging, but after about five years of hospital visits and numerous operations, not only did she walk, but she became a wonderful dancer. My sister had a very strong will.

For a number of summers,

Dixie had to go to California for treatments on her leg. She developed rheumatoid arthritis and the leg that had been broken didn't grow as fast as the other one. When she had grown as much as she was going to, she had an operation on the longer leg, cutting a



Ruby, Curt Nuttall and Dixie in 1935.

two-inch piece of bone out of it so that it didn't grow so fast, thus giving the shorter leg a chance to catch up. She had to get two pairs of high top shoes every year. In the beginning there was a three-inch difference in the length of her legs, necessitating a three-inch lift on one shoe. When she graduated from high school, there was only about two and a half inches difference. I had to wear high top lace shoes with her so she wouldn't feel so bad. I finally got to wear regular shoes when I was in the seventh grade.

My Aunt Marion lived in California and I would visit her while Dixie was being treated. I got to go to double feature movies and one time Aunt Marion took me back stage to meet Mae West! I remember her patting me on the head and saying, "What a pretty little girl," and she calling me "darling." I have an antique pair of glasses with her picture on one side and W.C. Fields on the other, telling about the movies they had made together.

The year I was seven, I got real sick. After about a week

in bed, the folks decided to take me over to Tucson to the hospital. On the way, I bent over to get an orange out of a sack and felt a horrible pain in my stomach. My appendix had ruptured. The doctor was taking the day off, but when he came in around midnight he decided to operate even though I begged him to wait 'til morning.

The operation was a success, but the patient (me) nearly died, as there were serious complications – and remember, at that time there were no wonder drugs. Mother stayed right there in the room with me for three weeks. She taught me the multiplication table which I would say to keep from crying when the doctor was changing my bandages.

One of the nurses brought her dog to visit me, and one day it jumped up on mother's bed. Unfortunately, it had fleas, which it shared with mother, much to her distress. After that the dog had to stay out on the porch when he came to visit.

On the way home we had to stop in Benson due to car

trouble. We went in to the Horse Shoe Café. I well remember how nice the waitresses were. They kept asking what they could do to make me feel better. For a year I had to wear a corset because my stomach muscles were so weak and I had so much scar tissue.

The following year I was back in school and had a wonderful teacher, Ida Morse. She organized what we called the Blue Bird Club. In the summer we would get up early and go hiking. We always took our lunch and water. I'll never forget one time we were coming by a dirt tank where a bunch of cattle were lying around in the shade. A couple of bulls were fighting, but they forgot all about their quarrel when they saw us and started after us. We were able to hide behind some mesquite trees until they lost interest. You may be sure that we never went by that tank again.

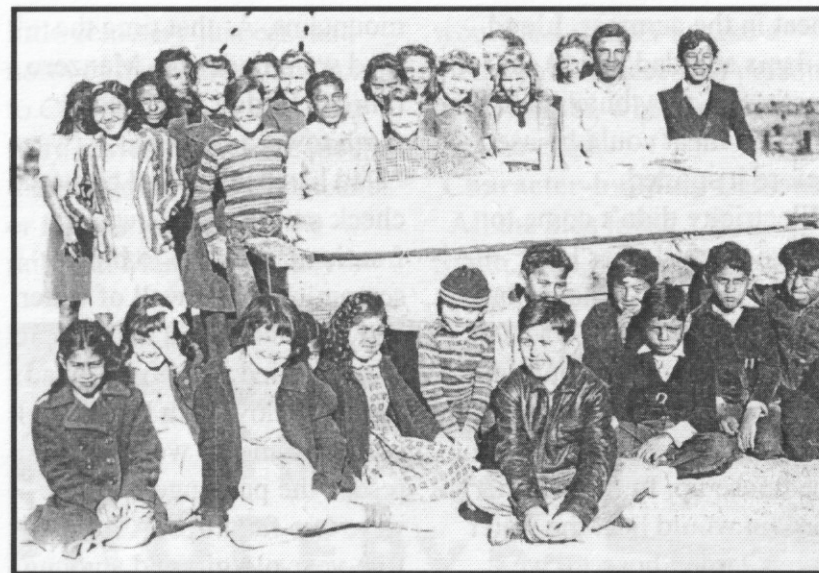
One memorable day, dad got a sliver of metal in his eye, the little boy who was staying with us cut his finger on a Vicks nose dropper made of glass (remember those?) and I

fell off my trapeze onto a wood box and broke my collar bone. That evening we all went to the doctor who got the metal out of dad's eye and bandaged up Robbie's fingers, but he assured us that my collarbone wasn't broken. When we got home, mother put me in a sling and the collarbone healed nicely. This was the third time it had been broken, so mother knew just what to do.

One summer day I was at Mrs. Burrell's house, which was about two miles west of Dragoon. Her grandson, Norman, suggested going out on a raft in the stock tank. It was great fun until the raft started sinking. When I jumped off, I stepped on a board with a rusty nail that went clear through my foot, which bled profusely.

At the house, Helen Burrell (Ray's wife), cleaned it up and old Mrs. Burrell, who was blind, advised her to put a piece of bacon on it to draw the poison out. She spent the rest of the day regaling me with stories of people dying of lockjaw.

When he got off work, dad



Members of the 4-H Club who constructed a bed and mattress and made the pillow, sheets, comforter and bed spread to go on them. Dixie and Ruby are indicated in the rear of the photo on the left. Photo from the 4-H Record Book.

came and took me to the doctor in Benson. The doctor got a big laugh out of the bacon remedy, then he cleaned the wound and gave me a tetanus shot. It wasn't too long before I was running around as usual, but I did learn that a mop stick made a pretty good crutch in a pinch.

When Mr. Peake (one of two store owners in town) passed away, we all missed him a lot. I used to visit him and his housekeeper, Alice Adams, in his backyard. It was beautiful

with bamboo all around and a little pond which kept it nice and cool in the summer.

After Mr. Peake died, dad bought the store's butane refrigerator. We could put a quarter of beef on the bottom shelf. Before we got the refrigerator, dad would wrap the beef in a sheet, then in a tarp and stick it under the bed in the daytime, then hang it out on the screened porch at night to chill. Every night he would can meat in a pressure cooker so that we could have

meat in the summer. Lloyd Adams and dad would split a beef when they butchered, that way the meat could be used before it spoiled.

Electricity didn't come to Dragoon until after I left home. The only time we had hot water for a bath was when the wood stove was burning. In the summer we cooked with kerosene to keep from heating the house up. In the summer the sun would heat the water in the garden hose, so we could take a warm bath, but that was when we wanted a cool one!

We always saved the little pieces of soap and put them in a jar of water to melt to use for our shampoos. We had a rain barrel to catch the rainwater to rinse our hair with. All the water for the town was brought from Bowie by the railroad. Harry Morse would come around to tell us when the water was getting low, so we would practice water conservation until the next railroad car full of water came.

Historical Information

In 1935, there was a cloudburst in the Dragoon

mountains. At that time the road went under the Manzano railroad bridge and headed north toward Cochise.

Dad had been called out to check on the signals when a frantic man ran up to him screaming that a wall of water had hit the bus and that people were trapped inside of it. Dad left the fellow with his (dad's) motorcar and he went to help rescue the passengers. There were two fatalities: A little five-year-old girl and a young woman.

People in Dragoon and Cochise took the survivors into their homes until another bus could come to pick them up, so dad brought home a lady carnival worker and an old maid schoolteacher. They were wet and cold so dad offered them a hot toddy. The schoolteacher primly informed him, "I never indulge," but she drank it and slept for 12 hours. For years we would get cards from the carnival lady. She was so nice and just full of wonderful stories.

In cleaning up after the flood, we found we'd lost some of our cattle too.

I remember that there was a

little cemetery just east and north of the cattle guard going to Cochise. The people who were buried there were mostly the Mexicans whose husbands or fathers worked for the railroad. Many times they

would ask mother to take a picture of the deceased person in the casket, which made her feel very sad.

Character-building Lessons

All the kids loved J.H.

Smith, who owned the grocery



Smithy's Grocery Store in 1938.

store. We called him 'Smithy.' When Ida Morse's daughter, Peggy Miller, had a birthday, Smithy gave her some candy. I said, "Where's mine?"

He said, "It's not your birthday."

I went ahead and opened the candy case and helped myself to a piece.

He then said, "If you take that candy, I'll bite your nose."

I took the candy and he actually bit my nose and drew blood. Boy, was I ever surprised! I didn't think he would do it. The candy didn't taste nearly as good after that sharp lesson.

Mrs. Heflin was our postmaster and when dad and mother went deer hunting she was supposed to keep an eye on us kids. The older ones talked me into going to Mr. Peake's store, which was part of the old Dragoon Hotel, to get a pack of Camels. I was told to tell him that dad had gone deer hunting and wouldn't be back until late and would need them for the next day. Well, I did it, and we got caught.

All the other kids had lit

theirs, but I just had mine in my mouth. But I had told a LIE, so when dad got home I got the razor strap you know where. I had to take a note to both stores for a year before I could get anything myself from the store. When the year was up I went to Smith's to get something. Smithy said, "Where is your note?" I had to go back home and get mother to send a note saying the year was up. You'd better believe that made a big impression.

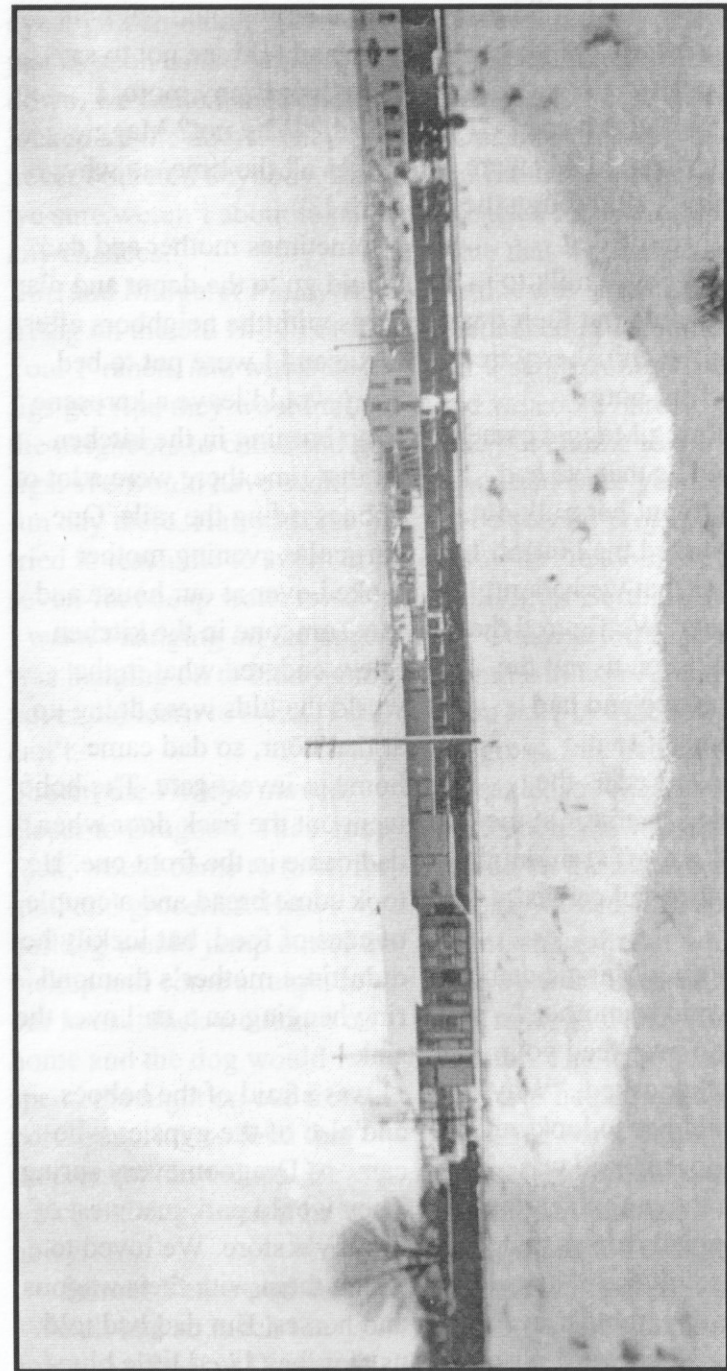
You don't tell lies!

Maryetta Heflin gave me organ lessons. She loved my long curls and remarked how she would love to have one. I went home and got the scissors and proceeded to cut off three curls. I looked in the mirror and got scared, then ran outside and buried them under a rose bush.

When mother came back from the neighbors she said, "Ruby, what have you done to your hair?"

I got a bob, but took a curl to Maryetta, and of course she said, "Why did you cut your hair?"

I said, "You said you wanted one of my curls."



Dragoon, AZ. in 1950. Photo taken from Dragoon Road looking across the railroad track. From left is Signal Maintainers and Nuttall home, Southern Pacific Depot, Peake's store/hotel, Smith's store.

Believe it or not, I still have one of those curls, 68 years later!

The Neighbors

Otis and Maggie Uhls were our neighbors all through the years that we lived at Dragoon. We sold milk to them and would put their quart of milk in the chinaberry tree in front of our house.

One morning Maggie came by and told us that we had forgotten to put her milk out. After I counted the bottles, I assured her that we had put it there for her. We figured that a hobo had seen us put the milk in the tree and had helped himself to it.

Maggie worked as the second trick operator at the depot and got off at midnight. Otis was the mail carrier at Cochise.

One morning Maggie came over and said to mother, "Don't you ever feed your kid?" Mother asked, "Why?" Maggie told her to look out the back door. Dixie was sitting on the ground eating some creamed carrots that mother had given to the cat!

Another day, mother heard me saying a bad word. She

washed my mouth out with soap and told me not to say those words any more. I asked, "Why not? Maggie cusses all the time, so why can't I?"

Sometimes mother and dad would go to the depot and play cards with the neighbors after Dixie and I were put to bed. They would leave a kerosene lamp burning in the kitchen. At that time there were a lot of hoboes riding the rails. One particular evening mother looked over at our house and saw someone in the kitchen. She wondered what in the world the kids were doing up at that hour, so dad came home to investigate. The hobo went out the back door when dad came in the front one. He took some bread and a couple of cans of food, but luckily he didn't see mother's diamond ring hanging on a nail over the sink.

I was afraid of the hoboes and also of the gypsies who came to Dragoon every spring. They would park just west of Smithy's store. We loved to watch them with their wagons and horses. But dad had told us that they liked little blue-

eyed, golden-haired girls, so just as soon as the sun went down, we came inside and locked all the doors. They never bothered anybody, but we sure weren't about to take any chances.

Jim and Margaret Finley were living on the old Billy Fourr Four F ranch, and when the figs got ripe they would tell all the neighbors to come and get figs. We would have such a fun day there. Harry Morse tried to teach me to swim in a seven-foot deep water tank. If I wasn't hanging on the edge I was hanging on to Harry and never did learn to swim. I still can't.

Later, the Finleys moved closer to Dragoon. Their son, Jack, would come to town for mail and groceries. His bulldog would jump out of the pickup and come straight to our house. Jack would go on home and the dog would spend the night on our front porch, snoring so loud that mother couldn't sleep. He was a nice old dog, even if he was noisy.

School Years and 4-H

We all had so much fun going to school at Dragoon.

The best time of day was the last 30 minutes which was our time for 4-H club work.

Our first project was to make our mother a cutting board. We used the end of an orange crate that we sanded by hand until it was smooth then we shellacked it. It took days to get it sanded smooth enough, and we could hardly wait to take ours home to our mother, who used it for years.

The second project was a dishtowel made from a feed sack. Miss Bertha Virmond, the County Home Demonstration Agent, came from time to time to check our progress. She had an eye like an eagle, so we learned to be perfectionists. When we sewed on the machine, if we left any thread at the end of a seam, she called it whiskers and we were marked down for it. I'm so glad she was our mentor. The lessons she taught me have helped me all my life.

In 1942 our 4-H club had a project that all the kids in school participated in. We made a bed to be used for anyone who got sick at school. The boys got old car springs from car seats and made a

wooden frame for the bed. The girls made a mattress to fit, as well as the pillow, the sheets and a blanket. My sister, Dixie, made a bed spread with a big 4-H in the center. The bed was a real blessing as there weren't any telephones to call parents if a kid got sick at school.

The year I was 17, I saw a picture of a formal gown in the newspaper and decided to make one like it for my 4-H project. It turned out very nicely, I must modestly admit. It was a soft shade of baby blue and the material a net, with an under slip of the same shade. The dress got a special award at the County Fair, a Gold ribbon at the Arizona State Fair and won a Blue ribbon at the Cochise County 4-H Dress Review. I wore it a lot and loved it. I even wore it when I was a bridesmaid for cousin Helen Burke's wedding in Hollywood, California on the *Bride and Groom Show*.

Several people said I should have won a trip to Chicago with that dress that year. By some strange quirk of fate, the Home Demonstration Agent (not Miss Virmond) "lost" my

records and found them after the judging was over. I must admit I was disappointed, too.

The students for the Dragoon school came from the Johnson mine, Russellville, Dragoon and surrounding ranches. But the school kept getting smaller and smaller as the mines shut down and people left the area. In 1944 mother taught five grades and used only half of the schoolhouse. That year, Frank Anaya, Edna Carper and I graduated from the eighth grade and I was the valedictorian.

A big thing in our lives was the dance which the Dragoon Women's Club put on every month. Athena Burrell played the piano and her son, Edgar Hughes, played the drums, the trumpet and the guitar. He was the best dancer, too, when his mom would let him take off for a set. Athena would ask me to play when she wanted to dance. One time she was dancing while I was playing and she had a Coke bottle sitting on the end of the piano. I took a little sip and much to my surprise discovered that it was pure whiskey, not Coke at all! Whiskey always meant



Curt and Jean Nuttall going to the Benson Roedeo.

medicine, as far as I was concerned, dating back to the days when dad would give me a hot toddy to ease the whooping cough, so drinking never appealed to me.

We always looked forward to going to the movies. We would catch the No. 6 passenger train to Willcox and come home on the No. 43. When Jess and Grace Kennedy moved to Dragoon we would all stuff ourselves into their car and go to Benson to the movies. We would all chip in to pay for the tickets. Gas was a real item due to gas rationing during the war. If there wasn't any gas, we didn't go.

At one time rodeos were held at Texas Canyon. The cars would be parked all around to form the arena. There was a pen at one end for the calves and after a cowboy roped his calf and let it up we would chase it back to the pen. After the calf roping, the cowboys would have horse races.

The Ranch

When I got big enough to be of some help to dad, we would go to the ranch where we rode around hunting for cattle with

screwworms. One time he was about to untie a calf when I saw blood in its mouth. It had the worms there, too.

Ranchers lost a lot of stock every year until the Screwworm Eradication Program in the late '40s and early '50s. They used sterile flies, which upset the balance of nature. It was very successful.

The last time dad and I drove our cattle to Cochise to be shipped to California to the livestock auction, we had a hard time getting the mama cows back to the ranch. Naturally they wanted to stay with their babies. Dad would get on the train with the cattle (he rode in the caboose) and when the train stopped he would walk up the track to check on his cattle in the livestock cars. After they were sold, he would catch a train back to Dragoon and then we would all go on a trip.

In 1934 we went to the World's Fair in San Francisco. We came home by way of the Grand Canyon and stayed at Tonopah, Nevada, one night. We also visited Yosemite Park where I remember feeding

apples to the deer. We took our schoolbooks with us so we wouldn't get behind in our work.

When dad was finally able to afford it, he had cattle scales put in at the ranch, then the cattle went in V.F. Swanner's Willcox Dray and Transfer cattle trucks, which was much easier.

One year it didn't rain at all, so we took our cattle over to Uncle Fred Bennett's ranch out of Tombstone. One cattle truck turned over on the rough road, but luckily none of the animals were hurt. It was so much fun riding over there with cousins Freda and Shelby Bennet, dad, Uncle Fred and me, all working together.

Vernon Spurgeon and I were married in 1948. I can't believe that we've been married for 56 years! We were blessed with two wonderful children, Frances Jean, who was named after three grandmothers, and Steven Curtis, who was named after his two grandfathers. Of course, we call him Curt.

In 1951 my dad died at home in Dragoon from a blood clot following surgery, just one

week before his 46th birthday. I still miss him a lot.

Vernon and I bought the ranch in 1951 and felt very lucky to be able to raise our children out in the country. Later, we sold the west half of it to Kenny and Liz Gunter.

When mother left the ranch she moved back to Tombstone where she had taught school previously. As a matter of interest, her mother, Frances Helen McClelland, had been widowed at the age of 35 and left with four young daughters to raise. Three of the four daughters became schoolteachers, and my grandmother and two of her daughters all retired from the Tombstone school system. The third schoolteacher daughter retired from the St. David school system. Mother died on Feb. 8, 1983.

Sister Dixie lived in Tucson all her adult life. She graduated from the university one day and got married the next! She passed on just last fall, on Oct. 19, 2003.

I'm so grateful for my children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. They surely do make life worth

living.

I also would like to thank Mary Magoffin for asking me to write some history on Dragoon. Jean, Curt and Lynn,

Jean's daughter, all urge me to continue to write.

I may just do that.



Undated photo of Curt Nuttall and friend.

Reminiscences

of

Uncle Billy Fourr

NOTE: Following are the reminiscences of Arizona Pioneer William Fourr as told by him to Mrs. Geo. F. Kitt. The manuscript is on file at the Arizona Historical Society. Popularly, Mr. Fourr was known as Uncle Billy.

I was born in Missouri in 1843 and am the son of a Missouri farmer. My brother still owns the old place.

At the time of the Civil War, I decided that I had rather come West than fight in the South, so, when I heard that a man by the name of Eyliff was driving cattle overland to New Mexico, I joined his outfit. Stayed with him in New Mexico for two or three years, then went to work for the government under George Cooler.

I first met Cooler at Fort Craig, New Mexico, where he came as forage master under Captain Ransen. Before that he was a Texas Ranger. I was a young fellow then, between 16 and 18, I guess, and was an assistant to Cooler — took care of the corrals, weighed the wild gramma hay that the contractors brought to the post and sometimes stood guard over the hay at night. You see, at times we had as much as 500 tons in one rick and the contractor might try to burn it to get another contract.

Cooler was a great Indian fighter. I remember one 4th of July in New Mexico. There were only 20 horses in the camp and they were kept up for the races that afternoon. The mule herder had about 400 head of mules out on grass. No one thought of Indians but Cooler heard shooting and told me to run quick and

tell the Captain that the Navajos were attacking the mule herders. When I reached the Captain he said, "Who told you so?" and I said "Cooler." "Well I guess it must be so, then" and he ordered out 20 soldiers on the 20 horses. But before they got started, Cooler, an Irishman and cooper by trade, and a Mexican named Pedro were on their way. They overtook the Indians before they succeeded in separating the herd and Cooler killed two or three and captured several besides getting several horses. And believe me he brought back all of those 400 mules but one. We never could figure out what happened to him. The soldiers never did get to the fighting as their horses all gave out about a quarter of a mile before they got there and the Mexican had to rope them some mules to ride home.

At the time of the gold excitement near Prescott, a stage passenger showed us a gold nugget worth about \$10 and told us of the excitement. George Cooler fitted up an outfit and asked three of us to go with him. We went along as protection and company. Each of us had a horse, and Cooler had three yoke of oxen and a covered wagon. It was slow going, but we were nearly always moving, and "by-gosh" we got there, so what did we care. I forget the names of the other two men if I ever knew them. You usually called a man Jim or John or something and did not bother about his other name. One man had fought at Bulls Run, and I never saw him after we reached Prescott. The other man was living in Lordsburg up to a few years ago. We picked up a man by the name of Baker on the road near San Simon, that made five.

We had no trouble with Indians on the way but we saw lots of tracks and always kept someone ahead as a lookout. If a bird would fly up suddenly George would say, "See that bird? Why didn't you throw your gun down on him quick? That might have been an Indian."

That was the way he trained us kids. We reached Tucson and remained there two days. Tully and Ochoa had a store there and so did 'Pie' Allen, but there was not much of a town. We had a funny experience: George said "Here kid, we've a gunny sack

of dirty clothes. Take this \$5 and see if you can get them washed." I found a Mexican woman who lived just out of the main part of town and she said that she would do it. The night before we left, after dark, I went for the clothes. Pounding on the door, I called in Spanish but got no answer. Then hollered in English and she opened the door. She said it was a good thing that I called in English, as the Indians often called in Spanish to deceive people, and then when they opened the door a crack, stuck something in so that they could not shut it again.

From Tucson we went to the Pima and Maricopa villages. These were about 10 miles apart and below where Sacaton now stands. A man named Nick Bechard had a store there, and I think a mill at one of the villages. There was no Phoenix. When we crossed the Salt River it was about three spokes deep. There was practically no road, just a wagon track, and the sand was deep for several miles. We had not gone far beyond the river when the oxen gave out. It was 10 or 12 miles to the next water, a place called "The Tanks." So George sent me back to the river with a keg to get more water. I filled the keg and put it on the saddle and then crawled up behind. I got the water to the outfit all right, but the keg made my horse's back sore and I had to be careful riding him after that. It took us all day and all night to make The Tanks as we had to stop every now and then to let the oxen rest.

Before reaching the Hassayampa, we ran out of water again and about daylight another boy and myself were sent ahead with all the canteens to get some. It was kind of dangerous and we saw Indian tracks but we got back without anything happening.

That evening when the outfit reached the river it was dry and some of the party would not believe that that was where we had gotten the water in the morning. We nearly had a fight over it. "By Jimminy," I said, "Can't you see the tracks?" Then George came along and explained to them how in the hot weather the rivers run under ground in the daytime, so as not to get all dried up.

The next place we struck was what was afterward known as Wickenburg. Saw Henry Wickenburg. He had a camp down the canyon and a few Mexicans taking out placer gold, but he had not discovered the rich Vulture Mine way up on the hill, and there was no camp. Passed Skull Valley where someone had tried to settle but had been driven off by the Indians.

Prescott was just beginning to build and George wanted to be there in time, so, because the road was very rough and steep, we left some of our things (a trunk that belonged to Cooler, some blankets and things) at People's Valley where old Uncle Joe Blackburn had a place. Later George sent another boy and myself back to get them.

On the way to People's Valley I met my first Indians in Arizona. They jumped out at us in a bushy place and yelled and pointed their bows and arrows. I drew my six-shooter on them quick and they jumped back again. I did not fire because I had been taught not to as long as I could help it. You see, it was not so easy to load in those days and if you were not careful the Indians would rush you before you could get another shot at them. I told Uncle Joe about the Indians and he said that he had seen them but they had not bothered him yet. Nevertheless, he thought he would get out for a while. After we left he went about 10 miles down the Hassayampa where there was some miners and stayed a few days. When he came back he found that the Indians had raided his place and burned his house and corrals. We had the same experience with the Indians when we came back as we did when we came out. There were about 20 or 25 of them and they were too darn near the road to be comfortable, but they only tried to scare us.

At Prescott the party broke up.

A Man Named Baker

Baker, as I have said, we picked up near San Simon. He had been driven out from Pimas Altos, Mexico, for poisoning some Indians – followers of Mangus Colorado. He did it in revenge because they waylaid and killed his partner who was bringing a load of flour from New Mexico to Pimas (Pinos) Altos.

He was associated with, and traveling with an old trapper by the name of Weaver. The partner, Weaver, was killed by the Indians on a short-cut trail from Skull Valley to Prescott. The Indians were above shooting down, and in some way Weaver lost his gun. But he did not lose his nerve. He kept talking to the Indians telling them not to shoot as he had always been their friend. One arrow got him in the eye. He was wounded in other places, but he kept saying to Baker, "Now don't shoot unless you have to but just throw your gun down (point it) quick at any Indian who starts to come forward and he'll get back in a hurry." Then he would say, "For God's sake give me a smoke." Baker was shot in the forearm with a poison arrow. (In New Mexico the squaws used to stick arrows in stale liver to poison them, and others used a poison weed. They seldom had but one or two, and seldom used them.) Suddenly the Indians disappeared and were not seen again. They probably sighted someone down the valley. When they were sure the Indians were gone, Weaver said, "Now put me over in the gr(rass) and go to Prescott and get somone to come after (me)." They got him to Prescott but he died soon after. Baker lived for some time, but he first had his arm cut off at the elbow and later at the shoulder joint, but it was no use. He died from the effects of the poison.

Weaverville

Baker and Weaver had been placer mining just below Weaverville. It was while they were there that the big gold excitement occurred near Weaverville, where they picked up gold nuggets off the ground that you could cut with a knife. The find happened in this way:

A young Mexican boy was tending goats for a Mr. Peralta and one day he went further than usual up onto a high mountain with his herd. While there he chanced to find some nuggets and brought them home and showed them to his boss. Peralta showed some of the nuggets to Jack Swilling. Swilling asked where they came from and when Peralta told him the circumstances he said, "For God's sake tie that youngster up so

that he will not tell anyone else and we will go make a cleanup." But somehow the secret leaked out and a few mornings later saw at least a dozen sitting on their claims afraid to leave for fear somebody would jump them. None of them had much water and when some was brought to them in reply to an S.O.S. call it sold for \$7 a gallon. I do not know what whiskey sold for.

The gold was there all right, but it was only on the top of the ground and when that had all been picked up there was no more. Jack Swilling cleaned about \$11,000 which he invested in Salt River Valley. He really was the father of Phoenix as he went about five miles above the present site of that place and took out the first irrigating ditch in the valley. He had 10 or 12 men with him. By that fall they had gotten enough water on top of the ground to raise pumpkins and jack rabbits. They called it Pumpkinville. By the next spring they put in quite a crop of alfalfa. I remember later when I was in Oatman, Dennis and Murphy, who had a store in Phoenix, used to pass my place with ox teams. I would say, "Where are you from?" and they would answer, "Pumpkinville."

Prescott

When we reached Prescott it was just starting to build. Fort Whipple was some 20 miles northeast but was soon moved to its present site. Prescott was a pretty tough place, but whenever two men got to fighting or even having high words the crowd usually stepped in and disarmed them and told them to go to it with their fists that men were too scarce to go to killing one another.

I stayed in Prescott three or four years. At least I was mining on the Hassayampa below Prescott.

Met old man Kirkland (W.H. Kirkland) while in the northern part of the state. He and I had mines together on the Hassayampa. He married a widow in Tucson and some people tell the story on him that he and his bride went out about 14 miles to look for a hay camp to cut native grass hay. He happened to see a tame Indian and he dusted for town. You see

he was part Cherokee which may have accounted for it.

My, the Indians were cruel in those days if they did get you. I never saw anyone tortured myself, but a man named Bowman, who worked for me, said that they once jumped him and his partner. They wounded the partner, but Bowman got away and hid. He could see the Indians jabbing spears and arrow points into the wounded man as he crawled away into the brush.

A funny thing about fighting Indians, however, is that it does not much matter how they outnumber you, if you succeed in killing one the rest will usually run. Of course, that does not always hold good.

While mining near Prescott I went on several scouting trips with the soldiers. Captain Thompson, the commanding officer who was a good friend of mine, would come into camp and say, "You fellows want to go out with me? Got lots of grub." One time my partner, Chas. Croup, and me were with the troops down in the 'Black Canyon' and we decided to go look at a mine. We accidentally surprised three Indians in their camp and took them prisoners and brought them back to the Captain. He sent two of them to bring in five more Indians whom they said were in the hills, and held the other one. The two never came back. The captain had the one Indian guarded by a circle of soldiers, about dark that night, and he seemed pretty quiet but all of a sudden he was up like a shot and jumped clear over those soldiers. We were afraid to shoot for fear of hitting someone, and the Indian hid in the brush. We caught him again later that evening and tied him in the Jacal. The next morning, the Captain set some of the soldiers to guard him, and they were following behind the rest of the troops. Were going to put him on some reservation or something. After a while we heard a shot, and the Captain said, "I am afraid my lambs got him." Sure enough, when the soldiers came up they said that the Indian had tried to get away and that they had shot him. Well you know, he would have been an awful nuisance to guard all the way to the reservation.

At another time the Captain asked us if we would go with him

to bury a man by the name of Bell. As a matter of fact the mail carrier had buried him and we reburied him, for the coyotes had dug him up.

Bell lived in Bell's Canyon somewhere near Skull Valley, and used to bring us beef. He was a jolly fellow and played the banjo. You know how miners are, some nights they would be all down in the mouth and swear that they were going to throw up everything and go back to California. Then Bell would come along and play his banjo and sing some of his nigger songs and in the morning they would have forgotten all about going. Bell was killed while going home from one of his trips to our camp.

The Captain had an eight-day leave, or whatever you call it, so after burying Bell we scouted around into a large valley. Here we just happened to find some Indians early one morning because of the smoke from their campfire and we surprised them. Left three or four good Indians in the valley, which we named Santa Maria Canyon. It is still known by that name.

After leaving Santa Maria Canyon, we got into some terrible rough country where we could not even get our pack mules through. The Captain said, "William you go up in that direction and see if you can find a way through." He sent some soldiers in another direction. They found a way through before I got back, and what do you suppose they did but all go and leave me. They told the Captain that everyone was in, so he started. When I got back I could not even find their tracks. I wandered around that night, and in the morning saw a green spot where I thought there must be water, so I went down there and got a drink then went back to the trail and sat down to wait. Figured they would be back after me, but when I saw them coming I somehow thought of nothing but that they were Indians, and I decided that I was going to yell and hoop and shoot off my gun and make them think that there was a lot of me.

When they came up they had something to eat, and I tell you I was hungry. They also brought a pick and shovel as they were afraid that something had happened to me and they wanted to be ready to bury me.

During my stay around Prescott, I hired out to two freighters: A man called St. James from St. Louis and a man called Joe Walker. We freighted from Fort Mojave, a point of navigation of the Colorado on the old Prescott road. We had three or four wagons in a train and seven yoke of oxen to a wagon. It took us about a month to make the round trip and we got about \$40 and board. Tom Goodwin was wagon master. There were lots of Indians along the road but they did not bother us much except to run off our stock. Now and again we would see one sticking his head up behind the rocks of some high hill. We called them "crows" and one man would cautiously slip back and around while the rest of us went on with the teams as if we had seen nothing. By and by we would hear a shot and our man would come back. Of course, the range was long and we never dared go up to see whether we got our "crow" or not. Well, it was their own fault. They were waiting for us. An Indian is peculiar. If he can kill even one man he is willing to die.

Then there were the Miller brothers, Sam and Jake. Jake was quite a character. He always wore his hair way down on his shoulders. Sam was big, good looking and a brave man.

They came to Arizona with the Walker party in 1863, I think. The Millers had a ranch about 23 miles from Prescott. They had about 20 cows. When I knew them, they had a pack train of 25 or 30 mules carrying freight from La Paz to the miners in and about Prescott. Every now and then when their pack was strung out along the trail with Sam in the lead – Sam always rode at the head of the train – the Indians would charge through the line and run three or four mules off into the brush. One time Jake was camped on the trail and a Walapai Chief slipped into his camp alone. Of course, the wild devil had no business doing that. Jake hollered at him, "What the hell are you doing here?" and reached for his gun. When he fired, half a dozen other Indians jumped out of the brush and ran.

Phoenix

From Prescott, I came down to Phoenix. Here, in early days, Dennis and Murphy raised pumpkins and marketed them in

Yuma. When they were asked where the pumpkins came from, they would say, "Oh Pumpkinville on the Salt River." So people got to calling Phoenix, "Pumpkinville." Dennis and Murphy had the first store there.

Phoenix was a tough place in early days. Once, a man who worked in a livery stable, came to a dance half drunk. Tom Childs, who was running the dance, said "You behave." The man left but soon came back. Tom put him out again. This time he came back with a double-barrel shotgun. Tom was stooping down, picking up a lady's shawl and got both barrels right in the head. Many of the shots went through the lady's dress. The dance stopped, the ladies hurried home and not much was ever known as to what happened after that, but a few minutes later the man was hanging from a cottonwood tree. It seemed to me that every evening when I came in from prospecting someone would say, "Well, John got shot today" or "Well, Bill got shot today."

Once when we were traveling nights on account of Indians, we hit a tree and broke down. Mr. Hayden, who was coming behind us, started to light a match. Cooler said, "Don't light a match - Indians." Hayden answered, "The spirit tells me the Indians won't harm us." "To hell with the spirits," said Cooler. Hayden once wanted a government contract but was afraid to trust the mails so he drove to New Mexico, and from there went to Washington by train.

Stations

I was in Phoenix when Sheriff Hays was there. One evening said he, "Here Joe (Phy) come on, a Mexican out here is cussing the gringos." Not many men would have gone with him but Joe went. "Bang," Joe said as he met the Mexican, and he would not give up, so he had to shoot him. I did not stay in Phoenix long but came down to Yuma and carried mail for the government from Yuma to Stanwick Station which is about 100 miles from Yuma, and near Gila Bend. Started from Stanwick, my home station, about noon and would ride all that afternoon and all night, except a couple of hours, and the next day until



*William Fourr and Lucinda Jane Peraline Nunn.
Photo was taken probably around the couple's wedding date, May 28, 1868. File photo.*

between three and four o'clock. Rode one mule and had the mail packed on another. Had six mules or three changes, but I, myself, had to go on to the end. Could not give my mail up to anybody unless I was killed. Sometimes it got awful hot. Have known men to fall off the stage just from the heat. I always wore a cork hat and used to put green cottonwood leaves inside to keep my head cool.

The first station on the route was Gila City about 20 miles from Yuma. It had been an old mining camp and at one time the station was kept by Andy Keen whose second wife still

lives in Tucson. A Dutchman named Lang also kept it at one time. He shot a Mexican for looking in the window. Mission Camp was where the road turned off to go down into Mexico and was probably named because it was used by the missionaries. Next was Antelope Peak named for some high rough rocks. Mr. Killbright from Virginia kept it at one time. Mohawk station was kept by a fellow called Williams who was murdered by two Mexicans. Teamster's Camp was kept by a man named Bailey who later lived at old Gila Bend and later at Yuma, where he died.

Stanwick Station was named for a man who kept it when the Butterfield route first started long before my time. (I am not quite sure about this.) When I was there it was owned and kept by a man named Sweeney and was my home station.

Burk Station was the one next to this side of Stanwick and one of the stations I afterward owned. I sold to a man named Whistler who was murdered by Mexicans. We afterward hanged one of the Mexicans. Kenyon Station was started long before my time and after I owned it I sold to a man called Tex. That was the only name we ever knew for him and if he had died, that is the name that would have gone on his grave. Gila Bend was named for the bend in the river. It was kept in very early days by a man named Suttin. I met him while I was still in Prescott. He and another man took out a ditch about five miles from the station to do some irrigating. They were attacked by Indians but escaped. At the same time the Indians attacked the house where there was a small girl, a 10-year-old boy and the hostler. The hostler crawled under the bed but the boy got out the gun. The Indians threw brush up against the door with the intentions of setting the place on fire but the boy watched his chance and the first Indian to try to come near the house – “Bang” – he shot him through the head. The others then left. When the overland stage came in that evening there were several big, husky passengers on board and they each gave the hostler a kick and it is said that he wandered out into the desert and died.

From Gila Bend it is 45 miles across the desert to Maricopa. A Mr. Moore and Mr. Carr kept the place when I knew it, and ran a big store. It was the junction point for Camp McDowell and for Ajo and was a big station. The soldiers used to come down to meet passengers and the express.

Some of these stations were not much more than brush huts, others two and three roomed adobes. Gila Bend had, I think, four adobe rooms. Kenyon Station, where I was, had three adobe rooms. Stanwick was made of poles stuck on end.

I quit carrying mail when they put on the stages, and bought Kenyon Station – a place on the Gila River between Yuma and Maricopa, and named after some old-timer. It was for the accommodation of travelers. Nothing much happened at Kenyon Station, but later I sold it and bought Burk's Station. It was while here that I got married, and that I had the big Indian fight.

Married an immigrant girl from Texas. Had known her about a year. Her folks were camped at Gila Bend and farming. They went to California later. Cost me \$600 to get married. The dog-on Justice of the Peace, Billy Baxter, had to come from Maricopa on a mule and the Indians were bad, and he had to ride at night and the dog-on fellow charged me \$150. Then there were other expenses. But I had plenty of money for those days and everyone knew it.

After I had been married about a year, I left my young wife with her mother, and went on an Indian fight. The Indians had run off about 200 head of my cattle, a few at a time. For instance, the herder had left the herd one morning to get breakfast. (We always had to keep a man or boy with the herd in the daytime and put them in the corral at night.) Pretty soon we thought we heard the cowbells going fast. The boy said, “Boss, them are the Indians got your cattle.” By the time we got our horses and guns they were gone. An Indian on foot can travel as fast as any man on horseback. We struck the trail and it was headed south. The Mexican line was about eight miles, and we thought it was Mexicans, but soon the trail began to

curve back and finally cross the Gila River. The river was high and I wanted to jump in, but Crump, my partner said, "Hold on, you got a wife, you had better let those damn scoundrels go." King Woolsey, who at the time lived on the other side of the river, told me afterward that it was a good thing that I could not get across, as there were about 20 Indians, and they would have gotten me sure.

The Indians in those days were not very good with a gun because they had the old-fashioned muzzleloader and also had to be mighty careful of the amount of powder they used. They could not always get powder.

Well, this stealing of cattle kept on until I got tired and petitioned Camp McDowell, in the Verde Valley, for help. Colonel McCabe came down with 30 men. It happened that I was in Yuma at the time getting provisions, but my wife told them I would be at home in a day or two and would go with them, so they waited. Colonel Woolsey, George Lee, old-man Shepherd and myself went with them.

Woolsey was at one time a regular ordained Colonel in a home guard of militia. Shepherd was an old, old timer, and had done service a great many times with the regular army. He could track a mosquito. But he was getting old and was an awful drunk so was not much good. He was employed by Clymer, at that time, guarding a mine.

After crossing the Gila we could see the Indians' smoke, and four of the soldiers deserted: guns, horses and all. We went to Harque Wa, in the hopes of finding water, but there was none. (Harque Wa is an Indian name meaning 'Sometimes Water.') So we had to go to Harque Hala, 'Always Water.'

To get to water we had to go up a narrow canyon about two blocks wide, with steep rocky sides. Here we pulled the packs off our animals, ate dinner and then thought we would take a little rest. Woolsey and I were asleep under the hill. Before anyone realized it, we were surrounded by at least 60 Indians hollering and making fun of us and saying, "Americanos mucho mala." Soon the bullets began to fly.

I said to Woolsey, "Lie still and shoot." But he answered, "Gosh man, don't you know we are in the open? Let's get out." One soldier was shot and the Indians were trying to get to his gun, but Colonel McCabe, with two six-shooters in his hands, walked right toward the rock where the Indians were hiding and picked up the gun. Two soldiers declared they had the colic and could not fight, so lay down behind some rocks. Well, I guess we were whipped that night, as we had to pack up as we could and get out of the canyon. McCabe told us to drive our horses in the center, and to walk behind, and he said, "I'll kill any soldier who starts to run." We fought Indians all the way and it was dark when we got out of the canyon. Only the one soldier was killed.

The next morning they asked Woolsey how far it was to water and he said that he did not know. The nearest water anyone seemed to know was about 60 miles, so there was nothing to do but drive the Indians out of the canyon at Harque Hala. I found out afterward that Woolsey did know where there was water about 14 miles away, but he would not tell because he was afraid that the soldiers would not fight.

When we got to the hill above the water we could see the Indians camped at the spring. They kept shouting to us to come down, that there was lots of water. Colonel McCabe left us civilians on top of the hill to guard the packs and to get the Indians as they scrambled up the other side of the canyon. Then he and his men marched down firing as they went. Several soldiers were killed, but we got at least 27 Indians that I can swear to. The papers all said that I killed the big chief but I did not. Woolsey killed him. He was behind some rocks on the other side of the canyon from us and was doing considerable damage. I kept shooting at him, but was shooting too high. I thought it was about a 1,000 yards, but Woolsey said it was only 500 and I lowered my gun to change my sights. Just then Mr. Indian showed himself pretty well and Woolsey shot. The Indian just went "Woof." We could hear him clear across the canyon. You have the story of this fight in the account I gave

Mr. Wood, so I will not tell any more.

We went to Wickenburg and got some kegs of water, and then started out to find more Indians, but failed. After being out 14 days, the soldiers went back to Fort McDowell and we came home.

I had known King Woolsey in Prescott and after I came south we were in many Indian fights together. He married a woman from Agua Caliente. She had come from Georgia with a man named Nash. They had been burned out during the war by the Union soldiers and she was very bitter. Why, when our boys were leaving Phoenix at the time of the Spanish American War I wanted her to go down with me and see them off and she would not do it because she said she hated the sight of a blue coat. Well, she and Nash did not live together very long – they say that any man who drinks Agua Caliente water is liable to separate from his wife or do most anything.

After she married Woolsey, they had charge of Stanwick Station. Many a time she had gotten up at midnight and cooked us something to eat when we had come in after chasing Indians. Woolsey was pretty sharp but she was sharper. She never let any bones lay around her. She always put them to work and law! How she herself, could work. A number of years later Woolsey went to Phoenix and took up land. Made a lot of money. He died there of heart disease. After that she kept a boarding house for a while and then married a man named Wilson. Later she married Judge Baxter, who is now dead, and they moved to Yuma. She is an old woman now and her mind is not as keen as it was but she is still a rich woman.

I sold Kenyon Station and bought Burk's Station. Nothing very important happened to me here, but the Indians were quite bad. They attacked and killed my brother-in-law's Mexican herder, and near Gila Bend they ran off 150 mules belonging to a freighter named Sanguenetti and left him stranded with his loaded wagons. He had to send back to Yuma for stock to move his load.

I stayed at Burk's Station three or four years, then sold it and

went to the deserted Oatman Flat Station. This had been given up as the road was very bad and they had made a better one 10 or 15 miles around. I spent \$5,000 fixing up a more direct road, which would come by the station. Made it a toll road and also charged 10 cents a head for water. At that I never got my money back. Sometimes people did not want to pay and would ask me where my charter was. I would tell them that they had come over part of my road and that, if they did not pay, I would show them where my charter was. I had charter from legislature to collect but the best charter was a double-barreled shotgun.

While in Oatman a little Arab (named Hi Jolly) came through with from 16 to 30 camels which he had bought from the government cheap. The government, when they gave up their camel experiment, sold some to Hi Jolly and others and some they turned loose. Hi Jolly packed water across the Maricopa desert, 22 gallons on each side of an animal, and sold it to teamsters between Gila Bend and Yuma.

One time he (Hi Jolly) came over my toll road and we all went out to look at them. I charged him \$15 to take the outfit through and he never came back. It was not long after that he stopped using them. Just pulled off the saddles and threw them down and turned the camels loose. They were not a success as the red clay was too hard on their feet. When he came through Oatman a few months later on his way back to Nevada, I said, "Say you froggie, what you do with those camels?" He answered, "O, I not take back, I not take back. Devil, they cost too much. I turn them loose."

One time I rounded up six of them in a corral and roped one but the whole lot of them broke loose and this one got away with my rope. Once, about 20 years later, about 1897, a camel came into a man's field. He was saddled and on the saddle a man had been tied with a riata. Nothing much of the man was left but the head.

While I was here, there was a lot of trouble with Mexicans. A fellow they called the "Flying Dutchman," hauling a load of dry goods to Tucson to start a store was murdered at Antelope Peak.

J.R. Whistler was killed by a Mexican to whom he had given a job of cleaning out a well. The man came into the store after being paid and asked the price of something on the shelf. When Whistler turned around to get it, the man shot him in the back. Ed Lumley and Tom Childs were fed strychnine by their cook at Gila Bend who wanted the \$700 they were sending to my brother-in-law to buy his station. Childs knew what was the matter when his muscles began to jerk and so they swallowed all the oil out of the sardine cans. This made them throw up the poison.

When I was at Gila Bend, farming, Lumley was killed by two Mexicans at Kenyon Station. Lumley was a big, powerful fellow. The Mexicans were just traveling from Salt River toward Yuma and had camped for nearly a whole day at the station. In the evening, Lumley went to get the eggs out of the hen house. While he was getting eggs, the Mexicans slipped up and hit him across the back of his head, knocked him down, tied both hands around a mesquite bush and stabbed him 21 times with a butcher knife to make him tell where his money was. No one knows if they got any money. They walked down the Colorado River two miles to cover up their tracks but their dog followed them on the bank. They crossed the Colorado River at Yuma, got beyond Yuma and the Sheriff of Yuma got after them and caught one. He told two California boys that one of the men had got away and had a dog, and that if they could catch him, he (the sheriff) would give them \$500. So the California boys followed him through the sage brush and shot at him with a shotgun, wounding him but not getting him that evening. So next morning they took the station keeper called "Haunts" (he kept Alamo Station) and followed the outlaw up. They saw blood and tracked it through the arrow weed. The boys who were on horseback, stood above on the bank so that they could see through the brush, but Haunts could not see into the brush. He started in to get his man, but the Mexican came at him with a knife a foot long. The boys saw what was up so shot from the bank above. Then they had to kill the dog to get to the

dead Mexican. They got the butcher knife with which they (the Mexicans) had stabbed Ed, got back to Yuma and got the reward.

Maricopa Sheriff Hays came down to Yuma to get the other Mexican. He and Rowell, an attorney from Yuma who was to defend the prisoner, started out towards Phoenix. But when they got to Kenyon Station the stage was stopped by a mob, which wanted to take the prisoner. But the sheriff was wise and he and his party had gotten off before the stage station and walked around the station. The mob followed the stage out of the station. On the way-bill a passenger was listed. The driver did not want to tell, but stage agent happened to be there and made the driver come to time. The crowd told the driver to go slow and they followed for a mile or so.

When the mob reached the sheriff and his prisoner they called three times for him to halt, then threw their guns down on him. Mob said, "Turn that prisoner over." He was turned over to the crowd. They made the sheriff take his shackles off then said "You go on and take your shackles. We do not need them around here." So Sheriff went on, the mob took the Mexican back to Kenyon Station within sight of the hen house and hung him to a mesquite tree, and buried him like you would a dog.

I had seen the same two Mexicans a few days before the murder – drove them out of a watermelon patch near mine. I was hauling a load of wood at the time so took one of the horses, took my rifle and jumped on. The old woman said, "Where going." Says I, "Oh, down here." I would not tell her. The Mexican offered me four bits but I would not let them come near me. I could see murder in their faces and sent them packing. They had stolen a lot of sacks from Phoenix even before that.

The Sam Baker family was murdered at Desert Station, or Blue Water, I forget which, by a Mexican who had been cutting hay for him. They heard him say he was going to Florence to buy a place so they knew he had money.

One of the Mexicans was found in Phoenix with Mrs. Baker's

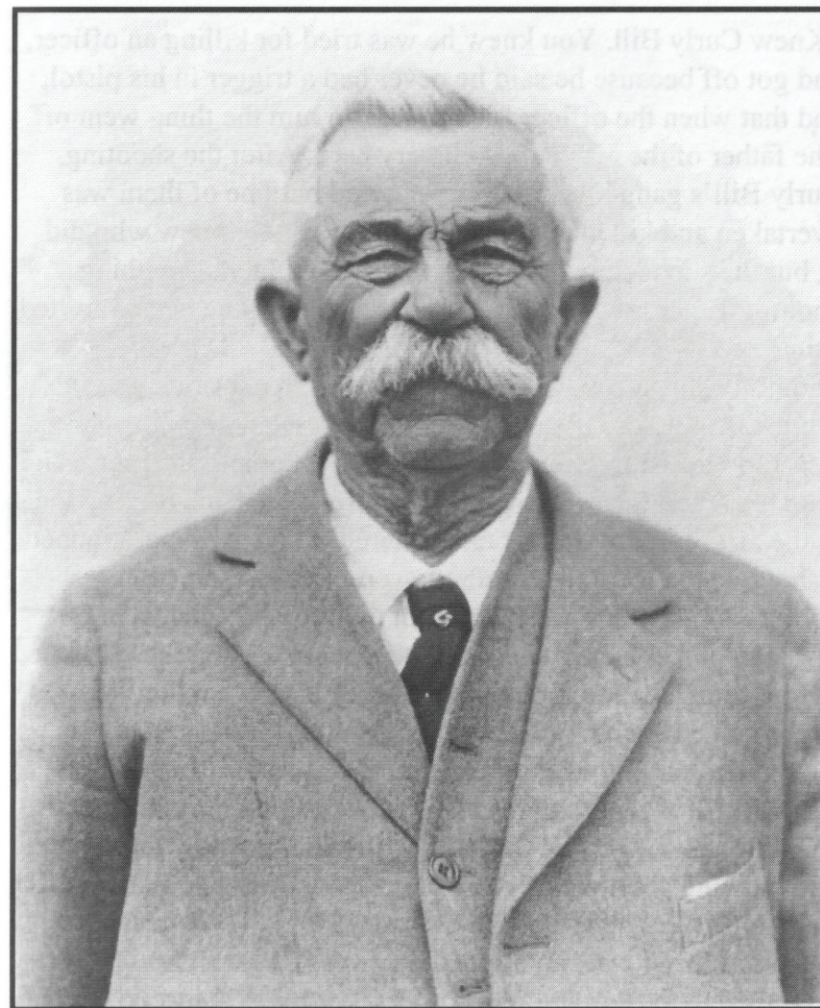
ring and was tried and hung. A man named Williams who kept Mohawk Station was murdered by two Mexicans. They were after his money, and cut off his finger to get his ring. There were a dozen other people killed but I cannot think who.

In 1878, after Oatman Station, about the time Tombstone opened, I went out to the Dragoon mountains, in what was later Cochise County. Looked around for three or four days hunting for a place where there was a permanent water so as to start a cattle ranch. Brought about 80 head with me which I had bought in Yuma. Found a place with lots of sycamore trees, which is a good sign of water, about five miles from where Dragoon Station is now, on the west slope of the Dragoon mountains.

Of course I had been to old Dragoon Station before, when coming to this country over the Butterfield route. At that time it was more or less fortified by an old stone corral with the stables forming one side and the house forming the opposite side. The house had no openings except into the corral.

There has been a question of late as to where they got their water, as there is no spring nearer than two miles. They probably had a well which the Indians have since covered up, as they often do, for the savages were too bad to trust to a two-mile spring, and besides they had from four to six horses to water.

There has been much digging done around the old station, as there are several stories of buried treasure. One story says that a Mexican named Pedro killed someone, or robbed a stage or something and got a lot of money which he buried before he, himself, was shot. The other story says that some Indians attacked Colonel Stone and two soldiers this side of Apache Pass as they were bringing four mules packed with bullion through from Silver City. (I knew Stone, met him at the time he was bringing his mill through Mexico from the Gulf to set up at his mine near Silver City.) A Mexican once told me that he was up around San Carlos and an Indian told him about the murder and said the stone was very heavy and very bright, "Very



Uncle Billy Fourr, undated. File photo.

heavy, muy marlo," and they did not carry it far. The Mexican went hunting for it many times, but never found it.

Well, my wife and five children and myself settled at the ranch. These were tough times. The rustlers were bad. At a ranch near mine where they ranched out horses, (kept other people's horses for them) there were 125 horses stolen. Not all at one time, however. I had a fine colt I had put there for safe-keeping and that was taken.

Knew Curly Bill. You knew he was tried for killing an officer, and got off because he said he never had a trigger in his pistol, and that when the officer tried to disarm him the thing went off. The father of the officer took it very hard. After the shooting, Curly Bill's gang immediately scattered but one of them was overtaken and killed near Willcox. No one ever knew who did it, but the supposition is that the father could tell something about it. He afterward went to Los Angeles where he committed suicide.

Frank Leslie, a cowboy living outside of Tombstone, used to kill his man before breakfast. He came home drunk one day, saw Jim Neal sitting on his woodpile so went into the house and killed his wife then came out and took a shot at Jim, hitting him in the arm. Jim ran to the ranch where he was working, grabbed a shotgun and hid in a tent. Pretty soon Leslie came along crying "Jim shot my wife, Jim shot my wife." Leslie went on toward Tombstone but by that time a posse was on the way out to find him. He did not know them or at least what they were after and he began to tell them about Jim killing his wife. But they pulled their guns quick and said, "I guess you are the one we want," and took him into town. I was on the jury that convicted him. We sent him up to 99 years, but they let him out after serving about eight years because he turned preacher and also helped to stop a riot in the prison.

Another jury I was on, a grand jury, was one which investigated the dynamiting of Clark's stove. You see, Clark claimed all of the town site of Tombstone as his mining property and there was much hard feeling. Someone put a stick of dynamite in his stove wood and it blew the stove all to pieces, but no other damage was done, as the windows were open and there was no one around.

Whenever my wife would scent trouble and I was not at home she would take the children and hide in the canyon. She always took a pistol with her and she could shoot it too. Though the Indians were bad in the country, we never happened to be troubled. Once when my nephew and myself were bringing in a



Undated view of Billy Fourn's 4F ranch house near Dagoon, AZ. Photo courtesy Arizona Historical Society.

load of groceries from Benson, we saw an Indian signal fire on the mountains not over two miles from the house. We got home as quickly as we could for the wife was there alone with the children. But nothing happened. The next morning I went up and found the camp but the Indians were gone.

Cochise was not a murderer but his Indians were. Cochise wanted to be buried deep, so that no one would dig him up and sell his saddle, etc. Cochise and Jeffords were good friends and I think Cochise had something on him. Jeffords often lived with the Indians and would sing with them. If he took a girl, she had to be good looking.

We have lived here at Dagoon since 1879 and have never had to go to the fort.

The few cattle we had along in the beginning did not support us, especially as the children got older and my wife and they had to spend the winters in Tombstone so that they could go to



Lucinda and Uncle Billy Fourrat the ranch in the 1930s. File photo.

school. I used to make extra money by hauling wood to the mines.

The Indians did at different times drive off my cattle, and I once put in a claim to the government for \$7,500 for the 600 or 700 head that had been stolen. Went back to Washington with my daughter, Clara, at the time of the Chicago World's Fair to

attend to it, but they told me I needed one more witness and, as I did not have him, I lost my case.

Now things are different. I have homesteaded my land and have leased land from the government until I have under my control about 1,400 acres. Well, I have cattle, a fine orchard of 75 apple trees, 25 peach trees, 10 pear trees and some plums. Am asking \$50,000 for the place. Also have some silver, copper and lead and some gold mines.

People make fun of me because I keep an accurate account of every cent I spend. I have done it for years, and I find it a good thing to know where you stand at the end of the year.

All of my children are grown now (1929), or at least the five who are living are. I have lost seven. One little tot was drown in the wash tub – had not been out of our sight more than five minutes. Mary and Zona are married and living in Tombstone. Clara, who graduated from the university, is married and living in Tucson. Ida is studying in Phoenix. Then there is Jim and Bob. Bob also went to the university.

Well, we are alone now. When my wife gets mad at me I say, "Well, you have lived with me for 59 years." And she answers "That's all right, but you get more onory every day."

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## 4F Ranch - Today

*NOTE: Assuming that our readers are interested in the disposition (not the temperament) of the old Billy Fourr 4F Ranch, here is the contemporary history, thanks to Clifton Comstock, Jim Burnett, Christine Rhodes and Larry Elkins.*

Billy Fourr died at his ranch on Jan. 9, 1935. Lucinda Jane Fourr sold the ranch on June 19, 1935, to Jim and Margaret Finley. The Finleys lived at the old ranch headquarters, but split the ranch in half in 1943.



Their son, Jack, lived on the east half of the ranch until it was sold to Paul and Julia Riggs on Aug. 7, 1953. Incidentally, Paul and Jim were cousins.

About five and a half years later, on April 1, 1959, the Riggs sold their half of the ranch to Clifton and Mildred Comstock, along with his brother and sister-in-law, Edward and Iva Comstock. Edward died in September of 1980 and Mildred passed on in 2003. Iva is 100 years old this year (2004) and lives at the Circle B Rest Home in Willcox. Clifton, his son and daughter-in-law, Thurston and Della Mae, live on the ranch.

In January 1947, the Finleys sold the west half to Les Armour. Jim and Margaret then moved to Gilbert where they farmed and put in a feedlot.

Les Armour sold his half of the ranch to Willus and Lois Moore, who lived there during the 1960s. The Moores sold to William and Antoinette McFarland who owned the property until 1977, when they sold it to C.W. and Mary Zimmerman.

The Zimmermans sold to the F & F Cattle Company (Edward and Michael Fitzgerald) in 1979, who, in turn, sold it to Jerry Wilbur on May 11, 1982.

Jerry lived there on and off until he died in 2003. The west half of Billy Fourr's original ranch containing the headquarters was recently put up for sale and our understanding is that it is in escrow, even as this article is being written.

## World War II Japanese Spies at the Triangle T Ranch

By Jane Eppinga

U. S. naval personnel stared in horror as the blazing battleship, *USS Arizona*, emerged through the clouds of the Pearl Harbor inferno on Sunday morning, December 7, 1941. At their consulate headquarters, Japanese officials listened to the radio above the crescendo of exploding torpedoes and bombs. Twice they heard three words, "East Wind, Rain," in what was otherwise a routine weather report. This code phrase signaled that Japan had gone to war with the United States. They knew that they would be arrested by the Americans, because their government had decided to sacrifice them. They could not have known that they would spend four months at the Triangle T dude ranch in southern Arizona.



*Tadashi Morimura  
Photo courtesy of the  
National Archives.*

When the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) arrived at the consulate about midmorning, Honolulu Police Captain Benjamin Van Kuren had already stopped the Japanese from burning coded documents. Consul Nagao Kita and Vice-Consul Otojiro



Okuda, knew that Pearl Harbor would be attacked, but not the exact date. They had arranged to play golf on December 7. During their arrest, their cab driver, Richard Kotoshirodo, arrived. He was informed that his services would not be required that day. Nothing was said about a return engagement.

The late Rhea Robinson recalled that one day in February 1942 a U. S. Border Patrol Agent told her husband, Reed P. Robinson, to be ready to go on assignment in 30 minutes. Weeks later she received a letter from him, postmarked El Paso. She did not know that he had been on a special detail at the Triangle T "just 20 minutes down the road" from their home in Benson.

Long before the Pearl Harbor attack, the U. S. suspected the Japanese Consulate in Honolulu of espionage. In 1940, 84 boxes of "New Year's presents" from Tokyo, were found to contain scrap metal. The 400 *Toritsuginin* or "persons able to handle matters" and 730 Japanese language school teachers in

Hawaii had no consular status, but were by reason of intellect and education ideal for espionage.

After the Pearl Harbor bombing, the Japanese Consulate remained under house arrest until February 8, 1942, when they were placed in the custody of the U. S. Navy. When they arrived at



*Otojiro Okuda*  
*Photo courtesy of the*  
*National Archives.*

San Pedro, California on February 17, State Department Special Agent Edward Bailey assumed responsibility for their welfare. Robinson and Border Patrol agents guarded the entourage in air-conditioned Pullman

staterooms to Dragoon, Arizona, where they were transferred to the Triangle T.

State Department Special Agent Thomas F. Fitch had been given 48 hours to find accommodations for these people. He and Arizona Postal Inspector Harry H. Smith, scouted Arizona and settled on the Triangle T. In a spirit of patriotism Smith used his own transportation so there would be no charge to the government. The Triangle T had hosted such notable guests as John D. Rockefeller Jr., and General Jack Pershing, but their importance paled in comparison to the high ranking consular Japanese who arrived with their families on February 19, 1942. This operation was shrouded in secrecy, because no harm must come to these prisoners if an exchange for Americans in Japan was to be negotiated.

Consulate members included: Nagao Kita, Consul General; Otojiro Okuda, Vice Consul General; his wife Sadako, their children Kazuhiro and Masahiro; Sainon Tsukikawa, Consul Secretary; Kyonosuke Yuge,

Consul Secretary; his wife Kiyoko, their daughters Kazuko and Ayako; Kohichi Seki, Consul Secretary and his wife Michiko; Takeo Yoshikawa a.k.a. Tadasi Morimura, Chancellor; Kita's servants, Takeo and Hana Kusanobu; Setsuko Yamada, Okuda's maid; Sadako Kojima, Yuge's maid; Saburo Sumida, gardener, his wife Kaneyo and their two sons Robert Hiroyoshi and Herman Minoru; Rokuro Fukushima, gardener, and his wife Teruo.

On April 15, FBI agent Fred G. Tillman arrived at the Triangle T to interview the Japanese. Separated by barbed wire fence, Bailey informed Tillman that he would not be allowed to interrogate the Japanese until his request had been cleared with the State Department. Three days later a letter arrived, granting Bailey permission to let Tillman interview the Japanese after producing satisfactory credentials.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt had wanted to keep Consul General Nagao Kita incommunicado from the other diplomats. Roosevelt

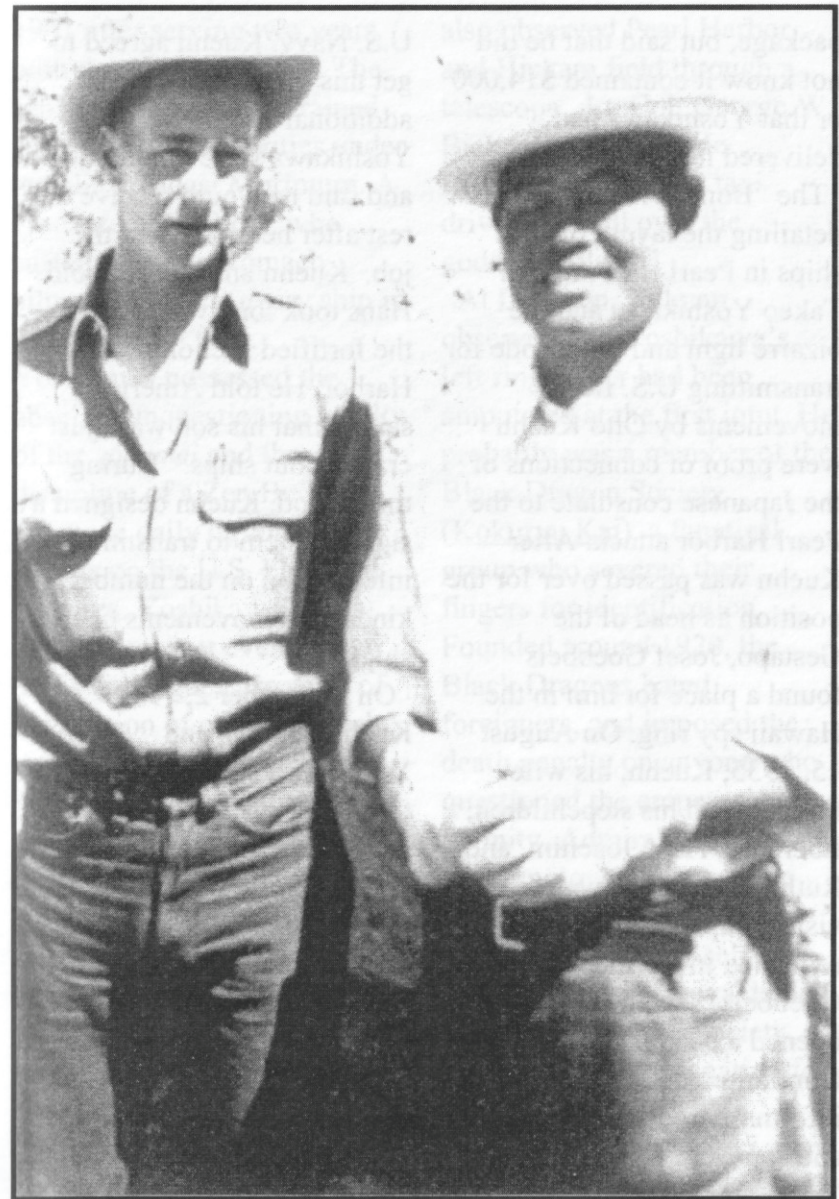


requested, "Plenty of food but no communications in or out." Kita had 19 years service with the Japanese Foreign Office in Tokyo and China. A widower devoted to his work, the affable stocky diplomat enjoyed golf. He was born in the Tokushima Prefecture of Japan and attended the Seventh College at Kagoshima. After graduation with a law degree from Tokyo University, he entered the foreign service. Kita described his duties as filing of papers pertaining to Japanese family records, preparation of passports and visas, and routine consular work. When Tillman produced proof that the Honolulu Consulate had forwarded information to Tokyo pertaining to the movement of the U.S. Fleet, Kita shrugged and said that such acts might have been performed by some of his staff.

Otojiro Okuda arrived in Honolulu on June 10, 1940 from Hongkong where he had served as Vice Consul. In Honolulu, he served as Consul until Kita arrived. Okuda did not notify the U.S. State

Department when his duties officially terminated on June 25, 1941. He remained at the consulate, ostensibly to commit espionage without involving the Japanese government. At Dragoon, he refused to discuss consular business, but became very "agitated" when Tillman pointed out his lack of credentials prior to the Pearl Harbor attack. Under these circumstances, Okuda had no diplomatic immunity and J. Edgar Hoover sought permission to prosecute him. Assistant Secretary of State Adolph Berle responded, "Quite likely the Japanese consul deserves to be shot but we should undeniably risk the life of one of our men without gaining very much, save abstract justice."

Okuda insisted that reporting U. S. fleet movements was consular business, not espionage. He refused to discuss his visits to Pearl Harbor with Yoshikawa or his association with a Nazi, Otto Kuehn. He contended that a trip with Yoshikawa to Kalama where Kuehn lived, was for the purpose of looking



*Reed Robenson and Nagao Keto  
Photo courtesy of Rhea Robenson.*

over a golf course. However, he did not bring golf clubs or even see a golf course. He admitted giving Yoshikawa a



package, but said that he did not know it contained \$14,000 or that Yoshikawa had delivered it to Otto Kuehn.

The "Bomb Plot" messages detailing the layout of U.S. ships in Pearl Harbor from Takeo Yoshikawa and the bizarre light and linen code for transmitting U.S. fleet movements by Otto Kuehn were proof of connections of the Japanese consulate to the Pearl Harbor attack. After Kuehn was passed over for the position as head of the Gestapo, Josef Goebbels found a place for him in the Hawaii spy ring. On August 15, 1935, Kuehn, his wife Friedel with his stepchildren; Eberhard, Hans Joachim, and Ruth arrived in Hawaii after a visit to Japan. Son, Leopold, remained in Germany as Goebbels' secretary. Ruth opened a beauty salon in Honolulu which relayed information to the German and Japanese Consulates.

Kuehn, code name "Ichiro Fujii," was a former member of the German Navy's secret police. On or about October 25, 1941, Kita asked Kuehn to obtain facts and figures on the

U.S. Navy. Kuehn agreed to get this information for an additional \$40,000.

Yoshikawa gave him \$14,000 and said he would receive the rest after he completed the job. Kuehn and six-year-old Hans took long walks along the fortified section of Pearl Harbor. He told American sailors that his son was "just crazy about ships." During this period, Kuehn designed a signal system to transmit information on the number, kinds, and movements of U.S. ships.

On December 2, 1941, Kuehn, Okuda, and Yoshikawa successfully tested the signal system. However, on December 8 the entire Kuehn family was arrested. At first he denied subversive activity, but ultimately admitted that he had committed espionage. On February 21, a military court sentenced Kuehn to be shot "by musketry." On October 26, his sentence was commuted to 50 years of hard labor and eventually he was deported.

Takeo Yoshikawa followed Kita to Honolulu on March 27,

1941 after serving two years with the foreign service. The Japanese slipped this trained spy past U.S. authorities under the alias, Tadasi Morimura. A graduate of Ito Jima, who suffered from a stomach ailment, he knew every ship in the American fleet.

Yoshikawa possessed the absolute unquestioning loyalty of the *samurai* and the discipline of a Zen Buddhist. He made daily diplomatic reports on the U.S. Fleet and its bases. Yoshikawa's real identity was not even known to his colleagues. Because of his evasion of consular work and frequent absenteeism, he incurred staff resentment. A clerk testified that he drank heavily and stayed home when suffering from a hangover. The 29-year old handsome spy, in keeping with his James Bond image, freely associated with geishas at the Shuncho-ro Tea House in Honolulu. He insisted upon service without proper reservations. The geishas insisted on payment and appeared at the Japanese consulate to collect their money. From the second floor of Shuncho-ro, Yoshikawa

also observed Pearl Harbor and Hickam field through a telescope. Lt. Col. George W. Bicknell recalled, "He (Yoshikawa) and his taxi driver were all over the goddamn place."

At Dragoon, Tillman observed that Yoshikawa's left ring finger had been amputated at the first joint. He probably was a member of the Black Dragon Society (*Kokuryu Kai*), a fanatical group who severed their fingers for identification. Founded around 1920, the Black Dragons hated foreigners, and imposed the death penalty on anyone who questioned the emperor's divinity. Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto, architect of the Pearl Harbor attack, also carried this mark of self-mutilation. Yoshikawa denied membership in this society, but offered no explanation for his missing finger.

Treasurer Kohichi Seki, born in the Kagoshima Prefecture, attended Nagasaki Commercial College and studied law at the Meiji University. He had attended naval college but was



dismissed because of poor health. Seki joined the Foreign Office in Tokyo, before moving to Honolulu on August 12, 1940. He took many photographs of Pearl Harbor from a taxi but so long as he stayed off restricted areas, there was nothing American authorities could do. Predictably, he denied committing espionage, but gave Tillman information on Japanese couriers residing in Hawaii.

Kyonosuke Yuge, a Consulate Secretary fluent in Korean and English, was born at Ibaraki-ken, where he taught school before joining the consulate. After graduating with a degree in law from Waseda University, he served one year in the army as a private. A secretary testified that Yuge developed his photographs on the consulate premises.

Sainon Tsukikawa, a Foreign Office employee for 22 years, lived at the consulate until Yoshikawa arrived, at which time he moved into a hotel. Both men were supposed to remain on the premises, but apparently there was jealousy

between them. Tsukikawa admitted to occupying the Code Room, but denied encoding or decrypting messages. However, a secretary in Honolulu testified that she brought him telegrams for decoding.

Saburo Sumida, a gardener, entered Hawaii on February 15, 1937. Two of his Hawaiian born children resided at the Triangle T, but the other two lived in Japan. Sumida had been awarded the Foreign Minister's Wooden Cup for meritorious service in the overseas development of the Japanese Empire. A most unusual award for a gardener. Sumida's son, Robert Hiroyoshi, graduated from the Central Intermediate School at Honolulu. At Dragoon, he told Tillman that at the time of his arrest, he was studying "electricity and radio" at the Honolulu Vocational School. He claimed to know nothing of consular activities. Tillman did not interrogate the rest of the consulate because they could not speak English.

Life at the Triangle T settled into a routine while waiting for word on repatriation.



*Group photo taken at the Triangle T Ranch.  
Photo courtesy of Rhea Robenson.*

Occasionally Border Patrol guards grumbled because they were quartered in tents, while their enemy enjoyed a privileged life. The prisoners occupied themselves by playing tennis and "assiduously" trying to trap small animals. Their bag consisted of one bird which "languished and died." Efforts along these lines were discouraged by Bailey. One tent contained the signal system. Robinson told his wife that the guards put fuses on boxes around the ranch, and

told the Japanese that all their movements were being photographed.

The U.S. government paid the Triangle T \$900 per week for room and board for the Japanese, \$225 for the Border Patrol guards, and \$35 for tips. In addition, the State Department remitted \$100 from its Confidential Fund to Bailey for transmittal to Kita for incidentals. The Japanese received their personal mail after it passed U.S. Censors. Twice a week Bailey took their lists, which he said "read



like a Sears Roebuck catalogue," to Tucson where he did their shopping.

On February 26, the *Tucson Daily Citizen* announced, "Arizona Ranch Now Occupied by Jap Aliens." The article caused alarm in the State Department and the censorship board stepped in immediately. The episode caused even greater consternation for the *Arizona Daily Star's* pugnacious editor, William Matthews, who hated being "scooped" by the *Citizen* editor, William Johnson. Nevertheless, after conferences with Bailey, both editors agreed not to publish any material on the Triangle T.

Dr. Alexander Shoun from Benson treated the prisoners' medical problems, most of which involved simple infections or toothaches. However, when Hana Kusanobu suffered severe abdominal pain on March 25, the Border Patrol faced serious security complications. After Shoun diagnosed her condition as appendicitis, Bailey drove Kusanobu, Robert Sumida, and a patrol

officer to the Desert Sanitarium (Tucson Medical Center). When it was determined that she had a ruptured tubal pregnancy, Dr. Victor Gore performed the surgery. During her recuperation, Robert Sumida served as translator and her husband was allowed to visit her. The U.S. government paid for her medical expenses.

In March, the Japanese requested tonsorial services, and even a hair cut required caution. Bailey proposed contacting Benson City Councilman Val Kimbrough, who was also a barber. He would have to go through Mayor Vince Gibson known as "a man of discretion." The State Department advised Bailey to tell the barber to "cut their hair a little close so they won't have to go so often." Instead he bought scissors and clippers and the Japanese did a fair job of cutting their own hair.

On May 21, the State Department ordered Bailey to prepare the Japanese for repatriation. The Swedish legation requested that each evacuee be allowed 1000 yen.

Because the Japanese at the Triangle T were without funds, Kita wrote a check for \$2700 on his bank account with the Bishop National Bank in Honolulu. He gave each of the nine adult males \$300. Ten days later, the prisoners were loaded onto two pullmans at Dragoon and escorted by Border Patrol guards including Reed Robinson to Jersey City, New Jersey. The fences and signal system at the Triangle T were dismantled.

On June 7, 1942, 340 Japanese from the United States, Canada, and Latin America began arriving in New York City for repatriation where they were installed in the Pennsylvania Hotel. Border Patrol agents and New York City police guarded all entrances to the top two floors. After several delays, on Thursday, June 18, 1942, the "guarded enemy aliens" were boarded for Japan on the neutral Swedish ship Gripsholm.



# Memories of a Little Kid

By Dale A. Adams

Grandpa pushed the porch swing back and forth. I couldn't help him 'cause my legs were too short. I listened carefully, as he talked. His normally soft voice now slurred from something my mother called a stroke. It would not be his last.

"Go up there," he said, haltingly. "Stay out of the way – but count the men – all the machines. Count everything – and then come back and tell me." I tried hard to hear him 'cause it was difficult for him to talk.

The normal solitude of Texas Canyon was now broken by the activities across the wash and up the hill. We could see huge road building equipment and lots of trucks. Also lots of men with tools, all very busy. At sundown great blasts of dynamite would echo around the foothills of the Little Dragoon Mountains, fracturing huge granite

boulders into pieces that could be moved out of the way the next day.

**David Anderson Adams** (you would be wise to call him 'Dave') was, in addition to his ranching activities, no less active in civic affairs. He was County Supervisor for 12 years and served as State Representative for two terms. He also served on the Benson School Board.

But the highway from Benson to Willcox was his project, a dream during his time as Representative in the Arizona Legislature. He would never see it as we know Interstate 10 today, but the success of his project was now evident.

Dave Adams was born in Alabama and raised in Coleman County Texas. In 1880, when he was 20 years old, he came to Arizona. He married and had a son, David Lee. His wife died, possibly during childbirth according to one report.



*Dave Adams. Photo courtesy Dale Adams.*

In 1896 he bought a homestead from Dutch Henry and established the TL-Bar Ranch 12 miles east of Benson. The purchase included some of the first Herefords in Arizona. They were good stock costing \$7.50 a pair.

In that same year, Dave married Clara Fourr, daughter

of the well-known Billy Fourr. They had 10 children, eight of whom reached maturity.

His ranching and public interests also extended into the technical. He established the first telephone system among ranchers and nearby communities, stringing wire along mesquite trees with beer



bottles as insulators. The initial ringing method was of the "long and two shorts" variety but he continued to improve this system. His wife, Clara, became the first "Central," I was once told. First of the county? Of the state? I have not been able to confirm this but it's a good story anyway. His telephone system was later bought by Bell Telephone.

The eight children who grew to adulthood were Ellis, Birdie, Lloyd, Alvie, Joyce, Ralph, Gladys and Woodrow. A baby born in 1909 is not named in the family bible nor have I found anything about Carl D. Adams, born in 1915. I suspect that the baby and Carl died while very young.

The family grew, married and began the process that keeps the genealogists busy, creating families, offsprings and scattering to the winds. The list so far:

**Ellis** died of injuries sustained during a football game at the Tempe Normal School (now ASU) in 1915. Ellis's popularity was clearly portrayed in the *Tempe Normal Student*, the full

edition devoted to his eulogy.

**Birdie** married William R. Glenn in 1923. Bill Glenn was Grand Master of the Masons during the '50s. A son, Richard Foreman, died at age three and a second son, William Ross, lived only 10 days. Their daughter, Stella, is married to Chuck Sorensen. Stella and Chuck live in Yuma, Az.

**Lloyd** married Letha Brattin in 1926. Their first daughter, Druscilla, died of an illness in 1940 at eight years old. Their second daughter, Jackie, now deceased, married Christie Turner, a professor at ASU. Christie lives in Tempe, Az. A granddaughter, Kali, lives with her husband, Mike, at the TL Bar ranch house in Texas Canyon.

**Alvie** ('Alva' in the family bible) married Alice Wyatt. Alvie managed the Rail X Ranch during the late '30s. They then moved to Mexico to develop and manage the Santa Barbara Ranch. They lived there for 23 years. Their son, Dale, now lives in Tucson with his wife, Joanne Thiessen.

**Ralph** married Nina

Stevens. Their daughter, Jeanne Raye, and her husband, Bob Kendrick, live in Olancho, Ca. Ralph's and Nina's oldest son, David, lives with his wife, Marna, in Piedmont, Ca. Their youngest son, Don, lives with his wife, Linda, in Citrus Heights, Ca.

**Joyce** married Virgil A. Mercer. His Son, Virgil E. and his wife, Mary, still run the Camp Stool ranch near Mammoth, Az. The ranch has been family owned for three generations.

**Gladys** married Orville Robeson in 1931. Surviving children are Rosalie Rynning, in Dixon Mo., Dean (Mary) Robeson, in Show Low, and Doug (Doris) Robeson in Emmet, Id.

**Woodrow** married Ann Hughes in 1936. Their son, Steve, lives with his wife, Donnett, in Dragoon. Their oldest daughter, Clara Norwood, lives in Sierra Vista. A second daughter, Louise Smith, lives on her ranch near Pearce, and the youngest daughter, Burdetta Valdes, lives in Rio Rancho, NM.

There is no end, is there?

Families beget families, each shaping successive events, each with stories to remember, stories to be lost in the fuzziness of fading memories and smudged documents.

My time with my grandfather on the porch swing had to have been in the '30s, although he lived until 1943. Now this 'little kid' is goin' on 77 years and it seems there are still memories that will never fade.

"Christmas at the ranch" was a tradition that included absolutely everybody: All the aunts, uncles, neighbors and dozens of little kids. Virgil and I were the oldest and we'd squire the little ones at times but mostly create our own mischief together as we waited for the crucial hour — the time we were allowed into the living room to open presents.

Suddenly we were shushed. Santa Claus was coming! We could actually hear his sleigh sliding across the roof and Santa's boots as he walked to the chimney. A rope being pulled across the ridge line by a missing uncle? Another missing uncle stomping on the





*The Adams ranch house in Texas Canyon prior to 1896. Photo courtesy of Kali Holtschlag.*

roof? When we became old enough to figure this out we were warned to keep our mouths shut! The young ones still believed in the magic of Christmas.

Finally, we were allowed into the living room. The Christmas tree touched the ceiling and the huge fireplace roared. Presents – for *everybody* – overflowed the entire corner of the room. It was an awesome sight to a little kid. Presents were doled out by name – there was no disorder you can bet – and it absolutely took forever.

I remember I'd sleep in the back seat on the way home to Benson. It was a good time.

Sometimes my dad (Alvie) would take me to the ranch and I'd ride with him and Uncle Lloyd. They'd wedge my feet into the stirrup straps (short legs, remember?) and I'd help and be a real cowboy.

Once a warm sun had caused me to doze a bit. Suddenly a flurry – galloping hoofs – somebody yelling, "Head'im off, head'im off!" It was my dad, snapping me out of my reverie as a calf broke from the herd. Quickly I gave chase 'cause I was there to help.

But the horse bolted and started runnin', head high and wild-eyed. I don't suppose he even noticed my frantic but puny tugging on the reins.

Into the brush on the edge of a wash, through empty space for a long moment and then me and that horse were both rolling in the sand. There was sand in my eyes and my mouth and I'd lost my hat. I came up spittin' dirt and I couldn't see, but nothin' hurt much. It was awful scary but I tightened up and didn't cry. Cowboys don't cry.

Then the sound of horses coming and hands brushing me off and voices telling me I was OK – without asking if I was OK.

There was "man talk" on the way home. About how I'd headed off the calf so well (I didn't know I had) and how I'd really helped. And then it seemed like my dad and Uncle Lloyd were talking at the same time telling me how a cowboy's work was not interesting to all the women back at the ranch and how they wouldn't understand about a dumb horse's falling and they'd get all excited over nothing. They might not want me to ride again. Probably best not to mention it at all.

Especially to my mother. So, with their secret I

became a man, too. But I didn't recognize until years later (years ago) why.

Yep, I was a real cowboy.

An early story I recall was when Uncle Woodrow fell off the windmill! That's what they told me, anyway. It was one of those tall windmills just down the hill from the main house and I guess he just slipped and fell. He recovered and it didn't seem to affect his sense of humor, a wonderful trait he kept throughout his life.

I was fortunate to be able to visit him during his last days. The night before he died, he called me to his bedside.

"Dale," he said, "I want you to have something after I die."

"Well, Woody, I hope that's not going to be for awhile." I was trying to be encouraging.

"It's going to be soon," he insisted. "I want you to have that boat and trailer that's parked alongside the house. Just drop it on the hitch on your pickup and tow it home."

"Well, Woody, that's pretty generous. You gonna help me hook it up?" (He couldn't get out of bed, of course.)

"I'll give you a hand but



we'll have to wait until after dark."

"Really? Why's that?"

"It belongs to my neighbor!"

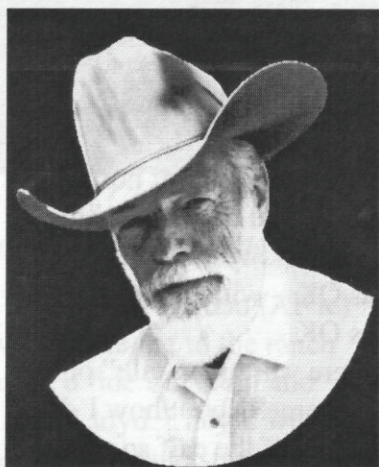
That was my Uncle Woody. If you were one who knew him, you will remember.

I could go on and on with little vignettes about the Adams family and all the families that were an integral part of my childhood, the Mercers, the Robesons and the Glenns. These were stories that brought vivid recollections of the sound of boot heels and jingling spurs on a wood floor, images of a man slapping the dust off his britches with his hat (you did this *before* you came in the house) and uncles taking turns cranking the ice cream bucket. Outside, there was the smell of horses and leather; inside, Grandma's kitchen surrendered the odors of bacon frying and fresh biscuits.

All mixed together in the memories of a little kid.

*Author's Note: My sincere thanks to my cousins Virgil E. Mercer and Stella Sorensen for their contributions to this*

*article. I must also credit Richard G. Schaus for his well researched article about "Dave Anderson Adams" which probably appeared in an early issue of Arizona Cattle Grower's Catalog.*



*Dale Adams*

## Book Review

*Pomerene, Arizona and The Valley of the San Pedro*

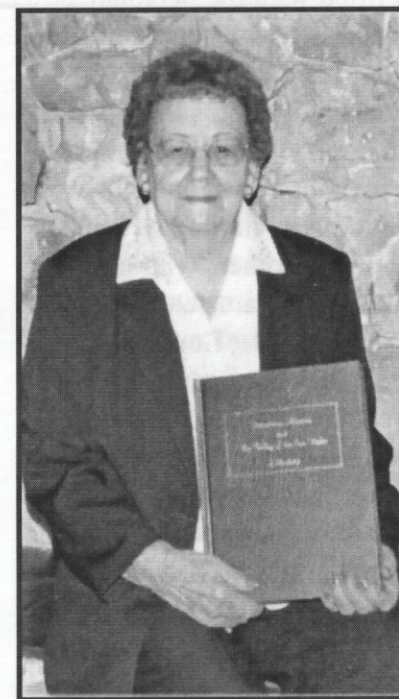
*~ A History ~*

by Louise Fenn Larson

Reviewed by  
Mary Burnett

Louise Fenn Larson has written a history of the San Pedro Valley area that begins with the prehistory, touches on the Indian and Spanish cultures and introduces the role of the Mormon Battalion in settling the area.

An interesting story she tells about the Mormon Battalion's passage through the area is that of a fight with wild bulls. This took place south of present-day St. David. It seems that the area had great numbers of wild cattle roaming about. These wild critters took exception to these strangers trespassing in their territory. Several angry bulls attacked and gored a number of mules to death, tossed wagons and supplies about and threw Amos Cox into the air, wounding him. This was the



*Louise Larson*

only battle that the battalion encountered in more than 2,000 miles of marching.

She tells of fur trapping along the San Pedro River in 1824 and shares a number of descriptions of the valley in the 1850s. She covers the history of the stage lines, railroads, dams, bridges, floods, Fort Huachuca and the towns. Louise writes in a style that is interesting and easily



understood and enjoyable.

This large book of 437 pages is filled with the personal histories of the people of the area. There are many wonderful photos throughout. It is, in fact, a memorial to many fine Mormon folks who settled here in the late 1800s, as well as others who had come to the area earlier.

For example, Louise actually includes the memories of these folks. One is that of Ethelene Scott Bailey. Some of her memories on page 232, are – “having to wait for a hen to lay an egg so she could bake a cake – the daily chore of having to bring in wood and a bucket of chips to start the morning fire in the wood-burning stove.” One time, when the barn was full of hay, she and her older sister, Verna, caught a lot of grasshoppers, fried them and fed them to the younger children. And “When the Pomerene store owner, R.L. McCall, who also drove the school bus to Benson, had to go to Tucson to get supplies for the store, his wife Christina would get me to drive the school bus. I didn’t

have a driver’s license. She would give me two or three packages of gum or candy as pay for driving the bus.” As you can see, Louise has a warm, personal way of sharing the history of her people.

Louise has done a tremendous job of interviewing, researching and gathering the histories and photos included in this publication. We highly recommend this book as a history of the towns and peoples of the San Pedro Valley area. We understand that Louise has also published another book, which we look forward to adding to CCHS’s research library.

## We Get Letters

### **Dearest Friends,**

Please accept this check as a contribution to the support of the society.

I am living the ninety-second year of my life and at times looking back I think of my early years, simple and wonderful times in Douglas, Arizona. Thanks for much for preserving the past for the future.

**Sincerely,  
Dennis C. Best**

### **Dear Mary,**

I really enjoyed your last two articles: The story of Soldiers Hole and Turkey Creek.

Turkey Creek was so accurate, I couldn’t believe my read.

Our family built a cabin in Turkey Creek in 1935 about half way between the U.S. Forest Ranger Station and the old CCC camp. At the time my father, Claire Meyer, with help from fellow PD accountant, John Kuhn, and assistant Postmaster, Jack Tucker, built the cabin with

timber from the mill at Pinery with just ordinary tools, nothing electric and no plumbing.

I, as a young lad, built dams, forts, fished and chased Turkeys between 1935 and 1945 when our family returned to California.

Today, I believe the cabin remains – at least it did in 1980 when my wife and I visited the area. The area has not changed too much in the intervening years.

As editor of the Arizona-New Mexico Postal History Society quarterly journal, I would like to reprint parts of both these articles, of course giving credit to you, Mary Magoffin, and the Cochise County Historical Society. I would add the history of the local Post Offices.

**Sincerely,  
Jewell Meyer  
Arizona-New Mexico Postal  
History Society**

*Note: Permission was granted.*



**Dear Mary,**

Your history of the El Coronado Ranch in the latest issue of the Cochise County Historical Society Journal gave me and my family so much pleasure I just have to write and thank you! The research the writing and the photographs are very special additions to our history of the country we New Englanders have come to love in the thirty years we've lived here.

**Sincerely,**

**Fran MacNeil, Hereford, Az.**

P.S. Mary Burnett, Thanx for Grandma Price – lots of fun to read about!



## Cochise County, Arizona

### Cochise County Historical Society Membership Information

|                             |       |
|-----------------------------|-------|
| Individual/family . . . . . | \$20  |
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| Lifetime . . . . .          | \$500 |

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