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Salt  Agua Fria  Gila
Three Rivers Historical Society

A War Story

Japan Surrenders to the Allies

We call it V-J Day! Do you remember where you were on that day? WWII vets certainly do. My husband and I interviewed a veteran in his Garden Lakes home to learn more about his experiences.

First, a little review of that period in history. Most readers of *The Quarterly* will think of one thing if I say, December 7, 1941! The Imperial Japanese Navy attacked the U.S. naval base at Pearl Harbor. The following day President Roosevelt declared war. Approximately four years and four months later, on April 12, 1945, and less than three months as Vice President, Harry S. Truman was sworn in as the 33rd President of the United States due to the unexpected death of President Roosevelt. He had served as Vice President for only three months. He took over the most complex issues that ever faced a new president. World War II was still raging! Even as Vice President, he had not been advised about what was being developed at Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory in Los Alamos, New Mexico. We all know now that it was the Manhattan Project, designing and creating the top secret atomic bomb. The extremely difficult decision to drop the bomb on Hiroshima was made in August; it had been concluded that bombing would save American lives and end the war quickly. However, it took a second bomb on Nagasaki to end the war. President Truman said, "It was the most terrible thing ever discovered."

Our interview with WWII veteran, Scott Henline and his wife Gwynn was very inspiring. He has a scrapbook of memories about his Navy days. He still exhibits the true American patriotic spirit that united the USA when Pearl Harbor was surprisingly attacked by Japan. Scott was a 17 year old senior high school student in Trinidad, CO. He was born on July 2, 1926, in Trinidad. His father owned a bar there. Scott and four buddies decided to join the navy. They took training at Lake Pontchartrain in Louisiana. Their enlistment included getting their diplomas

and then training at Naval Station Farragut.

They were then sent to fire control school in Ft. Lauderdale, FL, for four months. They were billeted in \$100.00 rooms at the Ft. Lauderdale Hotel which had been taken over by the Navy during the war. They were in the first class to graduate and be sent to Navy Amphibious Forces Base at Little Creek, VA, for four months training. Scott and a buddy went to underwater demolition training and then to Huston, TX, to commission a new ship, an LSMR 508. This ship carried 10 rockets, five on each side. It had a flat bow that could land on a beach. They sailed down river to Cape Hatteras and then back to the East coast to berth at Little Creek Amphibian Base. They were ready to go to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, on their shakedown cruise, which included stops in Bermuda and Puerto Rico.



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War Stories continued from page 1

Remember, there was trouble in the Caribbean. Cuba's geographical position at the entrance of the Gulf of Mexico made this a strategic position to be protected in the Atlantic. German U-boats and Italian submarines attempted to disrupt the Allied supply of oil and other materials necessary to fight the war in the Pacific and Europe. Germans sank ships in the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico. However, Allied anti-submarine warfare eventually drove the Axis out of the Caribbean. Scott said he had been scheduled to go to Pearl Harbor after their rocket practice at Gitmo, but the battles in the Pacific changed that plan.

Then in 1945, the crew was told that Japan had surrendered! The crew was told they could dive off the ship into the Caribbean Sea to celebrate the victory...and some did! With the war over, a flotilla of four or five ships was sent to Duluth, MN.

The ship he served on had more fire power per square foot than a regular Navy cruiser. It had two mortar mounts, one five inch gun mount, and rocket mounts on port and starboard. Scott escaped death in one incident during loading of a mortar which had the explosive charge at the bottom and was passed down the barrel by the wrong end by a sailor. Scott yelled, "Don't drop it!" And, he didn't! By now, Scott was thinking that he had learned all the Navy could teach him in two years. He had earned the 3rd class rating for which there was no match in civilian life.

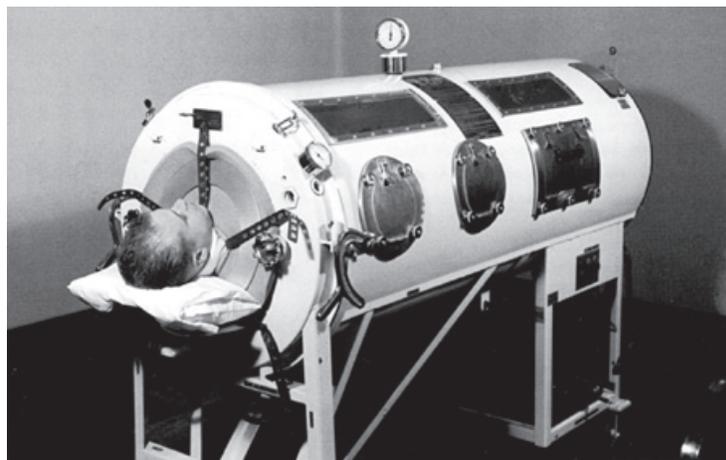
Scott was discharged June 5, 1946, and went home via Billings, MT. He applied for linotype mechanics school for which he qualified but there were way more applicants than openings. So, he went to junior college and earned an AA degree, then entered the University of New Mexico and graduated with a degree in pharmacy. He worked for Owl Drug in Albuquerque, married and raised four children.

By 1988, he moved to Goodyear and married his current wife, Gwynn. He again worked for an Owl Drug Store, but in Litchfield Park. Currently Scott and Gwynn are deacons at the Church in Litchfield Park, teaching Sunday School and enjoying eight grandchildren and twelve great grandchildren. Scott says, "If it hadn't been for the GI Bill, I never would have had the education that I needed to be successful."

Scott Henline 2008 Arizona Ageless Hero Award

Nominated by Richard L. Boals, President and CEO Blue Cross Blue Shield of Arizona and John Zidich, President and Publisher of the Arizona Republic.

By Lenore and Ken Semmler and Gloria King



Paralysis Warning by Dr. Enfield

A warning was issued by Goodyear Aircraft Corporation's, Dr. George Enfield, concerning the prevalence of infantile paralysis, also known as poliomyelitis. The July 22, 1943, issue of "The Wingfoot Clan," the weekly newsletter of GAC, carried a warning to employees and families with children to guard against this dreaded disease.

Particular care was needed for swimming, playing in irrigation water, contaminated drinking water, and exhaustion from exercise. The elimination of flies was encouraged to prevent the spread of the disease. "If a child has a fever, headache, and severe pains in the muscles of the neck, back or legs, call your family doctor. There is no drug, serum, mouth wash, or gargle which is known to prevent infantile paralysis, and by following these suggestions you will be doing the best you can to prevent this serious disease."

When many of us were children, polio was quite common. Severe cases required the use of an iron lung to assist breathing. It was fairly common to see children return to school with leg braces because of residual muscle weakness.

In 1952, Jonas Salk, MD, developed a vaccine for polio. Using an inactivated virus, an injectable vaccine was produced. It required two doses to assure immunity. Diane Fekete said that she was a part of the clinical trials for the vaccine at her elementary school. She received a placebo, so had to get more shots when it was approved. She remembers the boy in front of her fainting when he got his shot. She can still hear his head hit the marble floor!

In 1957, Albert Saben, MD, a Polish immigrant, developed the oral polio vaccine. With the advent of these two vaccines, a dreaded disease was virtually eliminated worldwide. Current practice for the prevention of polio is the injectable vaccine with three doses given in the first 18 months of life with a booster at age 4-6 years.

1943 Revival Leads to First Southern Baptist Church

In our earlier history, a large tent going up created a lot of stir. The area's first movie theater was in a tent and provided entertainment for eager folks. And often, a tent meant a revival was coming to town, and the chance for an itinerant preacher to bring the Gospel to town. Prior to the 1940's, the town was not home to a church for each denomination. Local folks wanting to worship often had to travel to other communities for services. A revival that lasted four weeks in early 1943 prompted the beginning of the First Southern Baptist Church in Avondale. The present congregation worships at their lovely church at 1001 North Central Avenue.



Following the Revival, a number of people met and decided to organize a Baptist Church. With the help of the Southern Baptist Convention of Arizona, the pastors of the Calvary Baptist Church, Glendale, and Eastside Baptist Church in Phoenix, a meeting was called on March 7, 1943, to organize a local church in Avondale. Locally, Mr. and Mrs. W.C. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. C.E. Fitzgerald, and Mrs. W.M. Fulks expressed their desire to help organize a Baptist Church. Mr. Ferguson was elected as temporary moderator, Mrs. Ferguson, temporary clerk and C.E. Fitzgerald, temporary treasurer. The new church voted to adopt some Articles of Faith and a church covenant. They also voted to request admission into the Southern Baptist Convention of Arizona and the Southern Baptist Convention. The first services were conducted in a tent. On June 9, 1943, a lot was purchased on the corner of Western and Central Avenues from Mr. Hill. A small frame building was erected by that September and the congregation was led by its first Pastor, W. C. Ferguson.

In 1946, Rev. Jack Daniels was called as pastor of the church. While he led the congregation, an addition was added to the front of the building. Another addition to the side of the building created living quarters for the pastor and his wife and for Sunday School classrooms.

Rev. Byron Millard was called as pastor of the church in June, 1948. He and his wife were talented in organizing a church and he led the church in ordaining its first deacons: Henry Brooks; Henry Banks; Glen Bowers; C.E. Fitzgerald; and Edgar Watson. A small addition to the back of the church was added as well as a new baptistery that was built with money donated by Mr. Al Belluzzi. In 1949, under the leadership of Pastor L. B. Moss, the church purchased a new parsonage in Goodyear.

In the early 1950's, it was decided that they had no further room to grow on the corner of Central and Western, so the church sold its property and buildings to Harry Nace Theater, Inc. the

owner of the Avon Theater, and moved to property on the corner of Central and Hill Dr. The church also realized that the two lots they were purchasing from the Hill family were not enough. They made a contract with Mrs. J.W. Fowler to purchase the remainder of the lots in that block for the purpose of future expansion. A new church auditorium and the attached building were made possible with a loan from the Baptist Loan Corporation of Texas. The congregation moved into their new quarters in

February of 1953.

The mid-50's brought a new pastor, Rev. Gerald Pinkston, who built the membership of the church and taught the great advantage of tithing and missions. He led in the establishment of a mission at the White Tanks housing development. Services began in the home of Len Worsham with Alvis Stewart as the first mission pastor and H.B. Tyler served as Sunday School Superintendent.

A fellowship building and more classrooms were added in the late '50's. The '60's brought the addition of a children's building, refrigerated air conditioning, and the payment of all debts.

In 1977, under the leadership of Pastor Jerry Ray Allen, ten acres of land were purchased located at 1001 North Central Avenue. By 1980, the land was paid off and ground was broken for new buildings. The church held its first worship service in the new building on December 6, 1981. In 1986, four buildings were added on the east side of the church building adding needed classroom space. In 2007, a gymnasium and six children's classrooms were added.

A visit to First Southern Baptist Church's website demonstrated that they not only serve their congregation with a wide variety of programs and services, but they also serve the larger community by partnering or hosting other organizations. In 2010, they partnered with Mission of Mercy, an organization that provides free healthcare and prescription medication to uninsured and underinsured patients. They also host New Song Center for Grieving Children, a ministry of Hospice of the Valley. This ministry offers ongoing grief support groups for children, teens and young adults who have lost a family member.

Pastor Jack Marslender was so helpful in providing me with information and had great documentation of the church's history. Naomi Hutchison, Business Manager, provided me a warm welcome, space to work, and answered all my questions. I truly appreciate their help.

Sally Kiko

Black Bear Diner

Breakfast • Lunch • Dinner



I wanted to get a bit of history of this restaurant for you, so a friend and I went to visit with the Manager, Jim Crandall. A really friendly and busy guy, he gave us many more minutes than he first intended because he loves his job and enjoys talking about it!

In 1995, Bob “Papa Bear” and Laurie Manley, along with their partner Bruce Dean “Sugar Bear,” opened the first Black Bear Diner on a site of old strawberry patches near Mt. Shasta in CA. Black bears and people picked strawberries at this beautiful spot north of San Francisco. Bob and Laurie are related to the Manley’s who were raising their family in Goodyear in the 1940 and ‘50s’s.

Meanwhile, Jim Crandall was growing up in New York. During his high school years he was working in restaurants and cafes doing the small jobs involved in food preparation. Then Jim joined the military service, not yet certain what kind of future he wanted to pursue. While in the Army, he became a cook and learned all aspects of the food service business: management; supplies and ordering; preparation; and serving. When he was discharged from the Army, what would he do? Work in restaurants, of course.

In Goodyear on Dysart Road was a restaurant called Jerry’s which later became Town Square Café. (I remember them) Jim Crandall decided to “Go West” because he loved cowboy movies. He settled down here and married Julie. They have eight kids between them. Jim loves Arizona and when he heard Black Bear Diner wanted to buy the Town Square Café, he applied for a job and was hired to help get the new place off the ground! His

philosophy is, make the customers happy with food they will love and plenty of it. He tells his servers to be very nice and helpful to the diners. “If they come in hungry and grumpy, turn them around!”

Cooking and serving are not easy jobs – there are plenty of hectic work days at this popular restaurant! But, the staff puts on a happy face, no matter what breaks down. As for Jim, he is a two-time cancer survivor and says hard work keeps him going.

I asked Jim, “What is the most popular food order at Black Bear Diner?” With no hesitation he replied, “It is chicken fried steak and eggs for breakfast. Actually, chicken fried steak is popular for lunch too. On Fridays we have All You Can Eat fish fry for \$8.99. On Saturdays the prime rib is popular.” The friendly atmosphere in the Black Bear Diner has a homey feel with regulars coming in so often. “We serve special holiday dinners with turkey and ham with all the trimmings. The servers’ goal is to greet and know their customers,” Jim adds. His own credo is: When the customers leave they are happy.

Jim said that he has spent 20 years in the restaurant business counting Smitty’s and Black Bear Diner. You can tell that his happy days outweigh the hectic days. Future plans for Black Bear Diner include major renovation of the restaurant including a new kitchen, flooring, paint and rest rooms which will begin in June. They love to hear from you, give them a growl at www.blackbeardiner.com.

By Lenore Semmler

Rags to Riches

Martin David Robinson was known professionally as Marty Robbins. He would celebrate his 90th birthday on September 26 this year if he had survived his third heart attack and complications from surgery. He was 57 when he died on December 8, 1982, in Nashville, TN. His life was like a storybook tale about getting to fame and fortune from miserable poverty.

Robbins grew up during the Great Depression within a family of ten children. He had a twin sister Mamie. For a while the family lived in a tent, dirt floor and all, near the current Sahuaro Ranch Park. Robbins grew up and attended grammar and high school in Glendale, AZ. His mother was of Paiute Indian heritage. His father worked at odd jobs, but that old devil liquor caused a divorce when Robbins was 12 years old.

Robbins dropped out of Glendale High School to work in a swamp cooler repair shop. People were noticing his talent because he sang and played the guitar when business was slow. They gathered around to see his performance. He loved impromptu performances on street corners - like Grand and Glendale Avenues. Little did that poor boy know that his voice and talent would one day lead him to national fame and fortune. Enid Able remembered that she felt so sorry for him because he didn't have shoes. ¹

On weekends he performed in the window of Ralph Master's radio repair shop near Grand Avenue. It was a talent show contest with local merchants donating prizes. Martin, not known as Marty yet, would put on disguises and use funny names like Robinson Caruso to win more prizes. He didn't fool many folks; they just wanted to see what he would come up with next. He was so entertaining they loved it! Robbins enjoyed the attention and appreciation of many friends and fans. However, he made the decision to leave his troubled family. He joined the Navy at 17. It was WWII and he ended up on a Landing Craft Tank stationed in the Solomon Islands. While there, he played the guitar at every opportunity, including Hawaiian songs which he loved.

After his military discharge in 1947, he returned to play and sing in Phoenix. He also became host of his own radio show on KTYL, and then his own show on KPHO-TV in Phoenix. Little Jimmy Dickens was a guest on Robbins TV show. Little Jimmy was impressed with Robbins' and arranged a record deal with Columbia Records for him. Country Music Hall of Famer, Jimmy Dickens, and Grand Ole Opry's most beloved ambassador, died in January 2015, at age 94.



Robbins' career was flying high at a club called Vern and Don's across from Tovrea stockyards on Van Buren Street. Then his opportunity occurred, an appearance on the Grand Ole Opry in Nashville, TN. He had a few Top-10 hits and a series of performances at the Grand Ole Opry. He was offered a permanent place in Nashville's country music Saturday night radio in 1953. The rest, as they say, is history! You may not remember Marty Robbins, but I bet you remember his songs which include: the Grammy Award for his 1959 signature song El Paso taken from his album Gunfighter Ballads and Trail Songs. Don't Worry reached No. 3 on the pop chart in 1961. Another Grammy Award for Best Country Song in 1970, My Woman, My Woman, My Wife," was dedicated to Marizona Baldwin who had married Robbins on September 11, 1948. They had two children, Ronny and daughter Janet. Other song titles you remember: Streets of Laredo, Big Iron, and The Girl with

Gardenias in Her Hair. In 1972, Robbins starred in the movie, Guns of a Stranger. Later, Robbins portrayed a musician in the 1982 Clint Eastwood film Honkytonk Man.

In addition to music, song writing and movies, there was another love. In 1967, he played himself in the racing film, Hell on Wheels. Robbins was an avid race car driver. He competed in 35 career NASCAR races with six top-10 finishes. He owned and raced Dodge Chargers and a Dodge Magnum. He was in a race one month before his death.

Steve Wood is a 40-year veteran of professional voiceover in local radio stations and around the world. He has a fond memory of Marty Robbins' twin sister, Mamie, who lived next door to the Wood family in Parker about 1970. Steve was 10 years old and Mamie was 45 years old then. "She used to come over to our house with Smarties Candy. She loved to give them to us kids." She told us, "Don't chew them...just suck them and they will last all day!" He added, "She looked just like her twin brother." ² When you suck your Smarties candy - think of Marty Robbins, who didn't allow anything to hold him back.

Space in this issue of The Quarterly is limited so we are requesting members and friends to send us your personal story about contact with Marty Robbins. Jonathan Abel is sharing his story in the next issue.

1. The Glendale Star Sept 11, 1992, Enid Able quote
2. Telephone interview with Steve Wood

By Gloria King

Heroes Among Us

The story about Agua Fria Union High School teacher Paul Bell in our last issue caused me to ponder; I'm sure there are many other unsung heroes out there. We would like to hear your stories!

To get you started, I'll tell you of another hero. I was privileged to have this hero's daughter tell me about her father's Army service. Arturo Martinez, born in Litchfield Park in 1922, joined the Army and served gallantly in WWII. He was one of approximately 160,000 men from the 1st and 2nd Army, and the British Corps who took part in the Normandy Invasion. The invasion was the largest seaborne invasion in history. It began the invasion by Allied forces of German occupied Western Europe and led to the liberation of France and to the Allied victory. On the day of the invasion the loss of life to Allied forces was an

incredible 4,414; another 5,500 were wounded. It's no wonder that Arturo never talked about the war and only as his life was slipping away did he tell them about his part in the historical battle.

Now it's your turn. Don't be afraid to "toot your own horn," or that of your parents, spouse or siblings. Send me a paragraph or two about your hero. It doesn't have to be war related. The stories that are of a military nature will run in the fall issue as a salute to our Veterans. Non-military will run in other issues as space allows.

Please send entries to kskiko@cox.net. I reserve the right to edit for clarity and space.



Those Good Old Camel Daze



In 1857, the U.S. Government authorized the use of camels in an expedition to open a wagon route from Fort Defiance, New Mexico to California. The route crossed the northern part of Arizona along the same basic line later followed by Route 66.

For a variety of reasons the expedition was disbanded and the chief camel driver, Hadji Ali (Hi Jolly), settled in Quartzsite. For years after the government sold many of the camels and others were turned loose, they could be seen roaming wild. Some were killed for food, while others wound up in circuses. A few were caught by individuals who used them as beasts of burden.

In 1958 the late Roscoe G. Wilson told of a camel tearing up a Phoenix bar.

It started innocent enough when a Phoenix assayer named Joe Porterie learned of a band of camels seen by a man who hauled charcoal from Centennial Valley west of the city. Porterie was interested in the camels because his father, a Frenchman, had been in a camel corps in Algeria. He asked if the man would catch one and bring it to him for \$10. On his next trip the camel was delivered and turned out in a vacant lot adjoining Porterie's

home. A local bar owner, realizing its curiosity value, made arrangements to have the camel tethered to the bar's porch – with disastrous results. When a man came by with his team and wagon, the horses took one look at the weird looking creature and headed for parts unknown. The camel, spooked by the runaway team, pulled back, tearing loose the iron post to which he was tied. With the post yanked out from under it, the roof of the portico crashed down into the window of the saloon. Part of the roof also went through the window of the drug store next door.

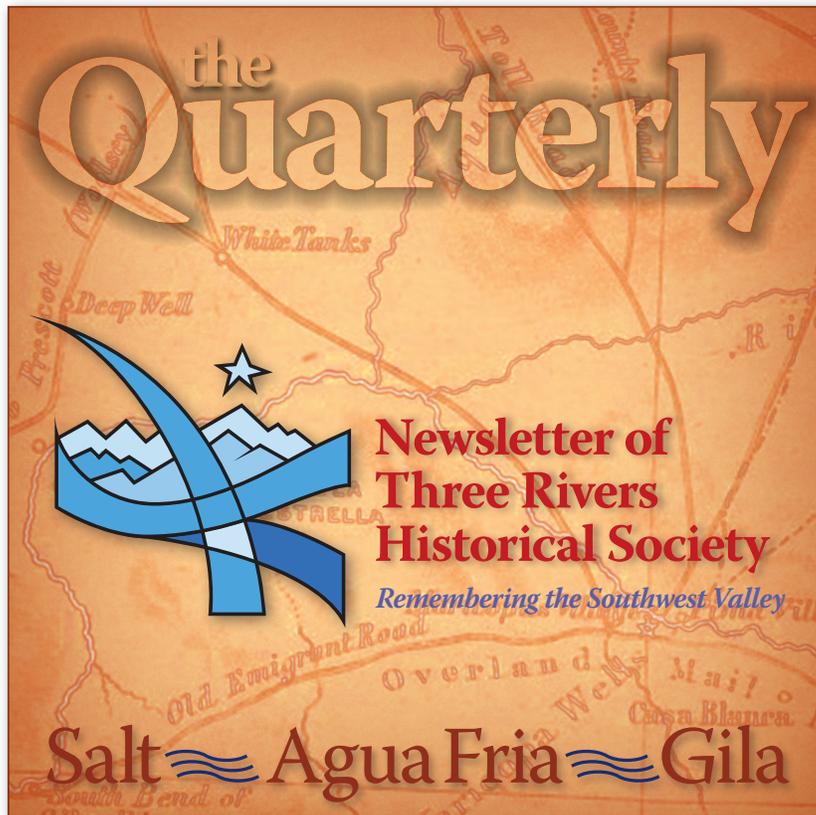
After reluctantly paying for all the damage, Porterie took his camel home. On his next trip into town the man who had originally caught the animal was persuaded to take it back where he found it -- for another \$10.

The last of the camels spotted in Arizona were near Pierce's Ferry along the Colorado River in the 1930's, thus closing another strange chapter in Arizona's not too distant past.

By Nancy L Brandt

July, August, September, 2015

Yes, I want to join Three Rivers Historical Society!



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3RHS Meetings

We meet on the third Tuesday of each month at 3pm, at
Goodyear Library, 14455 W. Van Buren, Goodyear, Arizona.
Notices of date, location and guest speaker are e-mailed. Be sure
we have your correct address. E-mail Sally at kskiko@cox.net