



the Quarterly

Remembering the Southwest Valley

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The WASPs

The Women Airforce Service Pilots (WASP) were a paramilitary organization of women pilots that was formed by the combination of the Women's Flying Training Detachment (WFTD) and the Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron (WAFS). The female pilots, eventually numbering 1,074, freed up male pilots for combat service. They flew more than 60 million miles, in every military airplane.

As many as 25,000 women applied to join the WASP, a mere 1,830 were accepted, and only 1,074 passed the training and joined the organization. Jacqueline Cochran submitted proposals for the use of female pilots in non-combat missions after the outbreak of WWII in Europe. The proposal was turned down. She went to England and volunteered to fly for the Air Transport Auxiliary (ATA), which had been using female pilots since 1940.

After the attack on Pearl Harbor, it became quite clear that there was a shortage of pilots. The Women's Auxiliary Ferry Squadron (WAFS), headed by Nancy Love began operation on September 10, 1942. The female pilots began ferrying planes from factory to airfields. The WFTD was established soon after under the command of Jacqueline Cochran. By July, 1943, the two similar services were combined under the leadership of Cochran.

The women who joined the WASP were already licensed pilots. They were trained at Avenger Field in Sweetwater, TX to fly the "Army way". With the exception of combat training, they received the same training that aviation cadets received. Following training they were stationed



Luke Army Air Base had WASPs during WWII. Their primary duty was to test the AT-6 aircraft coming out of maintenance.

at 120 U.S. air bases. They flew millions of miles, taking airplanes from factories to military bases, towing targets for live anti-aircraft artillery practice, testing planes after maintenance, and transporting cargo. Almost every type of aircraft used by the Army Air Force was also flown by the women. From September 1942 to December 1944, the WASP delivered 12,650 aircraft of 78 different types.

Thirty-eight WASP pilots lost their lives while serving their country during the war. Eleven were killed in training and 27 were lost on active duty. However, because they were not considered to be in the military, a fallen WASP was sent home at family expense without military honors or a U.S. Flag on their coffin. They were civil service personnel and did not receive military benefits. It wasn't until 1977 that the WASP corp was given full military status. In 1984 each WASP was awarded the WWII Victory Medal. Those who had served more than one year also received the American Theater Ribbon/American Campaign Medal for their service during the war. In 2002, WASPs were allowed to be buried in Arlington National Cemetery with honors.

Salt ≈ Agua Fria ≈ Gila
Three Rivers Historical Society

Memories of an Old Sea Dog

Orders:

Teasley, Douglas A. Airman Apprentice

United States Navy

Report no later than 15 September 1961

Naval Air Facility Litchfield Park, Phoenix, Arizona

"Okay, listen up", shouted the Chief!

I was a bit dismayed at the sound of Engineman Chief Jack Paulson's voice as he read my orders to me at the Naval Training Center, San Diego. Then he ranted and raved about the years he had tried to get orders for Litchfield, and how I got it right out of boot camp.

After a short visit home to Sacramento, I boarded a plane for Phoenix. I told the stewardess that I was on my way to NAF, Litchfield Park and as we approached Sky Harbor she had me look out the window as we flew over the base. I was in total amazement to see all the airplanes parked on the ground. Not knowing the mission of Litchfield Park I thought it must be some kind of huge Navy Fighter Command. Man, was I excited. Upon landing, I boarded a bus to Avondale. The driver was nice enough to let me off at the entrance road to the base, but still about a quarter of a mile from the gate. I stood there in my dress blues with my sea bag, prepared to walk to the main gate. Just then Petty Officer 3rd Class Herst approached in a gray Chevy truck and gave me a ride to the barracks and told me to report to the personnel office.

I dropped off my sea bag and double timed it to personnel. A Yeoman took my orders, welcomed me to Litchfield and offered me a choice of jobs. Nice! I'm just out of boot camp and the Navy offers me a "position." My choices were mess cook, compartment cleaner, or security. He said the security department was the best deal so that's what I chose. Litchfield had no Marine detachment for security so the sailors were responsible for all base security. The next day, after completing base check-in, I reported to the security department. I was assigned to duty section #1 which was led by Boatswain Mate 1st Class Walker. Walker had 20 years in the Navy and was the most "squared away" (sharp looking) sailor I ever met. His uniform was neat as a pin, shoes spit shined to the max. He growled, "Be here at 2145 tonight." Gulp! "Yes sir," I replied.

That night ten of us reported for assignment. "Teasley, Tower 2," BM1 Walker growled. We were briefed as to our duties, and then driven into the desert past all the aircraft parked in neat rows. None of these planes would start; they were in "storage."

I learned the NAFL was an aircraft storage facility with about 2000 aircraft all in storage. There were about 400 Navy personnel and many civilians worked there, too. Aircraft with "high time" (maximum flight hours on the air frame) would come from the fleet, be processed and towed to storage. Other aircraft would come in from being overhauled and be placed in storage until they were needed in the fleet. Some were used for parts; some were cut up and melted into aluminum bricks.

Night security at Litchfield in 1961 consisted of at least 2 roving patrols in pick-up trucks, 2 dog handlers' patrols, and



about 6 more sailors in the guard towers. Additionally, we had a sailor at the main gate and another that acted as a runner/coffee maker for BM1 Walker. After a week or so, Walker had me assigned to the office. That was a good deal because it tended to get cold in those guard towers. We rotated in and out of the towers as necessary.

After a month and a half I transferred to duty station two which was supervised

by Engineman 2nd Class Darryl Hogan. We got along well and I worked with him for 8 months. I even worked as the main gate guard. One night about 3am, while on gate guard duty, I was listening to "The Lion Sleeps Tonight." I disassembled my 45 caliber pistol and couldn't get it back together! Thinking "I know Hogan is just going to kill me" as sweat dripped from my forehead. By the grace of God I got the darn thing back together. Hey, don't blame me; it got real boring on the gate!

While assigned to the security department, I had the pleasure of working with a 2nd Class Boatswains Mate, David Barcena. He had been in the Navy since about 1942 and had no desire for promotion. He thought his was the best rank in the Navy. He rode a small Cushman motor scooter to and from work rain or shine. He lived somewhere in Phoenix.

As time went on I was assigned to work in the Senior Petty Officer's Club. It was real good duty until the Chief in Charge caught me with my head under a beer tapper one afternoon. Chiefs don't have much humor when they find you drinking their beer. Oooops!

I also worked in the Maintenance and Preservation Department. While in that department I didn't preserve one plane. My duty was to refuel the aircraft and clean their windshields. We would direct the aircraft in and out of their parking spots during flight operations. We were trained to start the engines on propeller driven aircraft and let them idle until they warmed up. This was done every 3 days in order to avoid a maintenance function called "pre-oil." Pre-oiling an aircraft engine is very time consuming. We enjoyed running the engines. We would take the headsets (ear phones) and listen to the AM radio while running the engines. Sometimes we were assigned to the "line shack." There we awaited any inbound aircraft or were available to assist with departing aircraft. Additionally, we were available to tie down the aircraft and close the canopies.

One night I was assigned to the "mid-watch" (midnight to 4am) as the Officer of the Day Runner. My primary duty was to make coffee and monitor the "wake-up sheet." The wake-up sheet is kept in the duty office and is used for sailors that need to be awakened



Main gate, Naval Air Facility Litchfield Park

prior to reveille. The cooks and the person to relieve me were on the list. Like a good sailor I trotted over to the barracks and woke up my relief. After being relieved I went to the barracks and was asleep in about 10 seconds. About 10 minutes later my relief woke me up and said, "Teasley, you are on report. Report to the OD at 0700." It seems in my haste to wake up my relief I missed one of the cooks. In the Navy of the early 1960s you were presumed guilty. As a result I lost my Liberty Card which meant I couldn't leave the base.

I had made it clear in boot camp that I did not want to attend any kind of school. Later I realized that that was a mistake and took a correspondence course on Aviation Structural Mechanics. After passing the test I was made 3rd Class Petty Officer. Prior to sewing on my new stripe I was assigned to compartment cleaning. All went well until I got caught sleeping in one of the spare bunk rooms. The 1st Class Gunners Mate was livid!

With my new stripe I was transferred to the Station Hydraulic Shop. I welcomed this assignment because I was able to learn new skills in aircraft hydraulics, putting to use what I had learned from the correspondence course.

Then came October, 1962 and the Cuban Missile Crisis. All bases were on "Red Alert," no pun intended. The base commander didn't want the Ruskies to steal any of our airplanes so back to the desert I go. We stood watch in the guard towers from 6am to 6pm with no days off until the crisis was over. It gets very cold in the desert nights in the winter. The Navy had no "foul weather jackets." So during the night watches I would put on my entire sea bag. I wore my sweater, blue work shirt, undress blue jumper, blue work jacket and pea coat. I still got cold.

Later, I was assigned to walking patrol inside one of the large aircraft hangers. Now don't get me wrong, I am not afraid of the dark, I just have a lot of respect for the dark and all the boogie men that stay in the hangers at night. One night the light in the center of the building left a whole bunch of dark. That place gave

me the creeps. They did not give you a night stick in case you wanted to knock yourself out before the boogie man ate your eyes.

During my stay at Litchfield I really liked going into Avondale and Phoenix. All of the folks I met on the base and in town were truly nice. Sometimes we would wear our uniforms into Phoenix just for the fun of it. The girls would always ask where our ship was. Our response was, "You can see it from South Mountain." I bought a 1950 Mercury, two door, \$85, cash. It was a real cool ride. We would cruise Central Avenue and always go through the Bob's Big Boy. They made great hamburgers and shakes. Approximately 18 months after arriving at Litchfield I was called to the Personnel Department. I was told to fill out a "dream sheet." The dream sheet is used by the Navy to insure that you are sent someplace you don't want to go. I had requested duty on an aircraft carrier and was sent to the desert. Now I requested any aircraft carrier, anywhere in the world. My second choice was any fighter squadron. The yeoman asked, "How about overseas shore duty?" Sweden, Sir," I replied. A few months later I was called back to Personnel Department and given orders for Sangley Point. That's Sangley Point, Republic of the Philippines! What a great tour of duty Litchfield NAF was. I have many fond memories of my stay. I did a lot of growing up there. To this day when I am out in the desert and see the morning sky I am taken back to 1961 and NAF Litchfield Park.

Doug Teasley was raised in Sacramento, CA. He joined the Navy in June, 1961. He was stationed at NAF Litchfield Park, from September 1961 to September 1963. He served in the Philippines from 1963 until he was discharged in May 1965. He joined the Coast Guard in 1966, serving until 1970. He then joined the Navy Reserve. Three years later he joined the Army Reserve. He retired from the Army Reserve as a Master Sergeant in 1991.

We thank Doug for his service to our country!

Reader's Contest

Put your thinking caps on, it's time for a contest. Above is a picture of employees of the King's Department Store in Goodyear. Be one of the first five to name all of the employees correctly and you win lunch at the King Ranch! So, take a good look and when you have the names for all those in the picture, e-mail your answer to Sally Kiko at kskiko@cox.net. Remember, the first five that correctly name all the people in the photo will join the Three Rivers Historical Society board members for lunch at the King Ranch.



Please Preserve Our History

This postcard is like many that families find in boxes when they move or must clean out a home after a death. And you might ask yourself, "Why should I save this? It's just a postcard, surely it has no value." But look closer. The postmark is 1910. Look at the address. WOW! Coldwater, Arizona—isn't that what Avondale used to be called? And, care of the Phoenix and Buckeye Stage? Perhaps this is a valuable piece of history!

So, before you or your family discard old photos, magazines, newspapers, and yes, even postcards, look carefully and see if you have something the Three Rivers Historical Society could use to preserve our history. We have the start of a good collection of family stories, historic pictures, newspapers, and memorabilia and our goal is to have a museum. We need your help!



Three Rivers Historical Society Website

Visit our website, threerivershistoricalsocietyaz.org, for back issues of *The Quarterly*. Thanks to our webmaster, Mark Pelletier, you will find other information there, too, such as meeting information, how to contact us and how to join.

1946 Ford Advertisement

1946 was the year that both Goodyear and Avondale incorporated. A recent review of a 1946 *LIFE* magazine turned up an interesting advertisement for the new post-war 1946 Ford. During WWII there had been no new cars manufactured because the automobile



factories were busy making military trucks and equipment. However, these new models were designed to use up parts left over from before the war so the cars were not much different than pre-war cars. The advertisement went on to say, "No other car in its price class performs like the 1946 Ford because no other has the V-8 engine...no other has 100 horsepower! Fords' out Front with the big 100h.p. V-8 engine!

Henry Ford II managed to get the first postwar car into production and the first one off of the assembly line went to President Harry Truman. It was a white Super DeLuxe Tudor sedan. The 1946 Ford sticker prices started at \$1,307.

When is that last time you drove a car with 100 horsepower or bought one for \$1,307?

Map 1867, Milita

The Great Escape

During World War II the Salt River Valley was home to a number of POW camps that held both German and Italian POWs. The largest in the valley was built near Papago Park and housed approximately 2500 prisoners, most of them German seamen. They were housed in barracks surrounded by barbed wire. Life in the camps was bearable, a little hot during the summer, cold on winter nights, but the food was decent. Since many of these men were German naval personnel, it was felt that they should be kept as far away from the sea as possible. Not easily deterred, they conspired to tunnel out, float down the Salt River to the Gila, then to the Colorado River and on to Mexico.

Twenty five industrious Germans dug tirelessly in shifts during the night. They used a coal shovel and a short handled pick. They dug a tunnel 178 feet long and 2 ½ to 3 feet in diameter from the bathhouse located near the fence to a clump of bushes near the Cross Cut Canal. It is believed that they convinced the guards that they wanted to build a volleyball court as a way to use the excavated dirt. They escaped on December 23, 1944. Carrying a prefabricated boat, they waded across the Crosscut Canal only to find the Salt River dry, as usual! After spending Christmas Eve in the basement of Phoenix Union High School they separated. The biggest WWII prisoner-of-war escape ended six weeks later when the last of the escapees was captured and put back behind barbed wire.

“Food Grows Where Water Flows”

If you’ve driven the California Central Valley you’ve seen this slogan on billboards and it is just as true in Arizona as it is in California. In fact, it has been true in Arizona since the Kayenta Anasazi began digging canals and creating extensive water distribution systems between 650AD and 1450AD. Channelling water to crops farther from the rivers allowed them to support larger populations. Closer to home it was the Hohokam that brought irrigation to our area.

Thomas Sheridan in the book, *Arizona A History*, says that the Hohokam developed great skill in canal irrigation. Archeologists have excavated canals ten feet deep and 15 feet wide. At least 125 miles of canals have been found in the Phoenix area. With these canals it is thought that they had more than 65,000 acres under irrigation. What makes this feat even more amazing is that this extensive canal system was dug by men using stone-tipped hoes and adzes. The soil would then be removed from the canal using large woven baskets. As labor intensive as this project was, it is believed that the canals may have taken several years to complete. Some of these ancient canals have been found near the confluence of the Salt and Gila Rivers. In fact, several of the early canals served as a model for parts of the Salt River Project’s waterworks with the earliest historic canals being formed by cleaning out the Hohokam canals. Two large prehistoric canals are now preserved in Park of the Four Waters located in Pueblo Grande Museum and Archeological Park in Phoenix. Another can be found behind the Nature Center at Estrella Mountain Regional Park.

With the passage of the Desert Land Act and the Mormon immigration even more Arizona Territorial land was being farmed. The farmers diverted streams to irrigate their farm land which was thought to be about 200,000 acres in 1900. By this time, they had shovels and horse or mule drawn tools to dig the canals. With the opening of Roosevelt Dam in 1911, massive irrigation transformed Arizona’s valleys. But that’s another story.



Archaeologist
Emil Haury

Tom Ludow and Barbara Wallick Ludlow Recall Past

In September, Tom Ludlow and his wife, Barbara were the guest speakers at the Three Rivers Historical Society meeting.

Tom started his story with his grandparents. Vernon & Christine, moved to the west valley in 1935, arriving in a Model A Ford. Vernon had started his ministry as a circuit riding minister in Oklahoma, and then moved to New Mexico. His first job in the west valley as a Methodist minister was in Liberty. Avondale wanted a minister, too, and for a time he alternated between the two towns. Finally, Avondale convinced him to settle in Avondale. Perhaps Mr. Hill, contributing a lot for the Ludlow family, helped Rev. Ludlow make the decision. Tom Aragon made the adobe bricks and helped Vernon build a home on Kinderman Drive in 1937. Later, a wooden sleeping porch was added on the second floor with many windows. In the days prior to evaporative coolers, this created a cooler place to sleep on hot summer nights, catching any possible breezes.

The congregation started during the depression and there was no money for a sanctuary. Lattie Coor, the principal at Avondale School, allowed them to meet in the school library until they were able to build a church. When the church was built it was named Avondale Community Church to accommodate a congregation that included several denominations. The name was later changed to the Community United Methodist Church. Some of those instrumental in starting the church were the Rhodes, Phillips, Freemans, Swensons, and Hills.

When Vernon retired from the ministry, he carried the mail from the mail cars at the Litchfield Depot to both the Avondale and Litchfield Park post offices. Grandmother Christine, wrote a book entitled, "My Life to Give" that told of their ministry.

Tom talked about his aunt, Mary Elma Ludlow. Mary Elma had wanted to be a missionary for the church. Again, the depression affected their lives. Because churches didn't have funds to support missionaries during those hard times, she became a teacher at Avondale Elementary School starting in 1937. She taught there for 40 years, teaching many students who loved her including three generations of the Delbert Howe family.

During the Dust Bowl, many families left their land in the plains and moved west. These families, many with young children, stopped in this area and found what shelter they could, worked whatever job they could find, and had little food. Mr. Coor and Mary Elma Ludlow worked to help feed them and get the children in school.

Tom reminisced about the early days of Avondale, or Coldwater,



Barbara Ludlow, Sharon Wood, Tom Ludlow

as it was called then. He said the only paved roads in town were Western, then Highway 80, Dysart, then Lateral 29, and Litchfield Rd. All the north-south roads west of Phoenix were called Laterals and numbered the same as the irrigation "laterals" that they were adjacent to. Tom Ludlow's father owned the Ludlow's Garage and served on the Avondale Town Council. He remembered Coldwater Mercantile and the cabins behind it where many families lived. On the south side of Western starting near Dysart Road were the Pool Hall, Henderson's Barber Shop, the Chinaman's market, Schneider's Drug, and a Fix-it shop that Joe Gill had. Then there was nothing until you went west to Josephine Gould's Store and cabins on the southeast corner of Western and Central Avenues. In that area was an adobe building that was the first Avondale School building. West of Gould's there was nothing until you came to a service station and cabins on the corner of Litchfield Road.

Barbara then told the story of "Aunt" Mary Elma's adoption of Jeanne. A youngster at school told her of a baby at the migrant camp that had burned her hand and all her fingers had grown together. Mary Elma found the family and visited them. The baby, their twelfth child, had been burned but the family had no money to take her to a doctor. Mary was given permission to take her to a doctor for care if she would pay the bill. She found a great doctor that was able to reconstruct her fingers. Then Jeanne's mother was found to have cancer. At that time there was little treatment for cancer so the parents allowed Mary Elma to adopt Jeanne. Hers was the first adoption allowed to a single mother in Arizona. In her later years Mary Elma had Alzheimer's and Jeanne took care of her for 11 years.

Barbara said that her family moved to Arizona because her younger brother, Monte, had asthma. Her parents, Marion and Arthur Wallick had 8 children; Barbara was number four. When

they drove to Arizona, her two older brothers, Sam and Joe were in the service so that left two adults and only six children in the car. She was 16 and excited about the adventure. When they arrived, the younger children went to Avondale Elementary and she attended Litchfield High School. She was surprised at how small her class of 38 was; in Ohio her school was much larger.

Barbara and Tom were married by his grandfather, Vernon, in 1948. They had three sons, Glen who died as an infant, Gregory who died in 2006 and Dwight. In 1956 she started her banking career at First National Bank, later First Interstate Bank and now Wells Fargo. She spent 34 years in banking, retiring as a Manager and Assistant Vice President. She saw the changes coming in banking and was glad to be able to retire at that time. She and Bob Keck were instrumental in raising funds and getting the YMCA pool built in Loma Linda Park. The building of the first pool in Goodyear was an exciting event.

Both Tom and Barbara are retired and enjoy their home in Strawberry, AZ. They return to the area to visit with friends and family. Their son, Dwight has drag racers with grandson, Matthew, "Coldwater Kid," the driver. Barbara's brother Monte is a crew member.

This pioneer family is one that has an Avondale street named in its honor. Ludlow Drive is the fourth street north of Western Avenue on Central Avenue.

Do you Remember?

Do you remember when Avondale Elementary School was a school with one campus?

When there was a narrow bridge that carried Hwy 80 (MC-85) traffic across the Agua Fria River? And it was the only crossing from the Westside to Phoenix when the Agua Fria flowed.

Did you ever purchase candy or ice at Gould's Store on Western and Central Avenue near the Avondale School?

Or did you ever go to the Custard Cup for lunch? It was across the street from Avondale School, next to Gill's furniture store.

Who has been here so long that they remember the ice cream counter at Coldwater Mercantile, or having to go to the post office to get the mail because there was no home delivery?



Fort Huachuca Rooted in the Apache Wars

Fort Huachuca, near Sierra Vista in southern Arizona, is the only active military base in Arizona that can trace its origins back to the 1870s. It was established in 1877 by Captain Samuel Marmaduke Whitside with two companies of the 6th Cavalry to keep the peace in the "wild west." The location was chosen for its fresh running water, many trees and clear observation in three directions. It also had some high ground that was necessary for protection against the Apaches strategy of attack. In 1882, as Apache warfare returned, it was upgraded to a permanent military post. General William Tecumseh Sherman visited the post and chose the post for a new parade field which remains the center for activities and ceremonies at the base today.

In 1886, Fort Huachuca became the forward base for excursions into Mexico. Captain Henry Lawton, commander of B Troop, 4th Cavalry and a Medal of Honor recipient in the Civil War led a summer campaign south into Mexico in search of Geronimo. The campaign failed to capture Geronimo and left many officers and men fatigued and ill. With the eventual surrender of Geronimo the threat from Apaches ended and more than 50 camps and forts in the territory closed. Fort Huachuca was retained to quell continuing border troubles that involved renegade Indians, bandits from Mexico and outlaws.

In 1913, the fort became home of the "Buffalo Soldiers," one of the Army's elite Black Cavalry corps. They remained at the fort for 20 years. During WWI, the fort was assigned the mission of guarding the U.S.-Mexico border. Fort Huachuca was used during WWII as the home for the 25th Infantry Regiment. There were as many as 30,000 soldiers and civilians at the base during that war. They trained soldiers for both the Pacific and European theaters. After the war, the fort was considered surplus and was turned over to the Arizona National Guard.

It was reactivated during the Korean War for use by the Army Engineers. In 1967, the fort became headquarters for the Army Strategic Communications Command, now known as the U.S. Army's Network Enterprise Technology Command. In 1990, the U.S. Army Training and Doctrine Command became the host of the fort and is now used as an Army Intelligence School and also for the testing of electronics and communication equipment. It remains one of Arizona's major military installations.

January, February, March 2011

Yes, I want to join Three Rivers Historical Society!



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Three Rivers Historical Society

Remembering the Southwest Valley

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3RHS Meetings

We meet on the third Tuesday of each month at 3pm, at Goodyear City Hall, 190 North Litchfield Road, Suite 117, 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