

ASH FORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY

R E C O R D

VOLUME 9 ISSUE 1 APRIL 2006

ASH FORK PIONEER DAY—MAY 6, 2006

The 10th Annual Ash Fork Pioneer Day is slated for May 6, 2006.

This year's event will be extra special as we are honoring Arizona State Historian Marshall Trimble. This issue of the Ash Fork Historical Society "Record" spotlights Marshall with his history during his years in Ash Fork in his own words.

This year we will have all the events as in years past. However, the space inside the ADOT Building reserved for booths is limited as the Historical Society has been very busy erecting exhibits of historical nature. This would be a perfect time to see what has taken place since the grand re-opening of this historic building which took place January, 2005.

Existing exhibits include a schoolroom, railroad exhibit, a saloon scene, ge-

ology exhibit, ancient Indian artifacts, a flagstone exhibit, as well as other items with an historic nature.



Student in schoolroom exhibit.

Members of the Historical Society, specifically, Nancy Ulrich, Emma Lou Lackey, Fayrene Hume, Wil and Carole Popp, Carol Cox, Lois Hume and Joyce Smykal, have had a hand in making mannequins for the various exhibits. This has definitely been a trial and error production.

If you or someone you know wants to participate in Pioneer Day, either in

the parade, booth, chili cook-off or make pies for the Historical Society pie sale table, you can pick up a form at the Ash Fork Water Service office.

We also need volunteers to man the chili table, pie table and judges for chili contest. Can you help? Please let us know ASAP so final plans can be made.

Also new to the Museum property is a 1950's Allis Chalmers #284 grader. The grader can be viewed in the yard of the ADOT Building. This grader was built before hydraulics and still runs, although ADOT has retired it from their inventory. The Ash Fork Historical Society is very grateful for this donation of history. More information will be forthcoming on the particulars of this grader. (Picture on page 2.)

SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST:

- *Ash Fork Pioneer Day celebration being planned.*
- *Marshall Trimble entertains us with his memories of his years in Ash Fork for the Spotlight, beginning on page 3.*

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Standing with the recently donated 1950's Allis Chalmers #284 grader is Lewis Hume, Ash Fork Water Service Manager, George Garcia and TJ from ADOT, Fayrene Hume, President Ash Fork Development Association and Director Ash Fork Historical Society, Wil Popp, Treasurer Ash Fork Historical Society and Eddie from ADOT.

ASH FORK RAILROAD DEPOT



RAILROADS SERVED: BNSF (AT&SF, SFP&P)

DEPOT HISTORY: DEPOT AND ESCALANTE HARAVEY HOUSE BUILT, 1907. DEPOT RAZED, 1970'S.

ESCALANTE HARVEY HOUSE RAZED, 1984.

FREIGHT HOUSE IN USE FOR BNSF CREW USE.

PASSENGER SERVICE: SANTA FE, WITHDRAWN 1969

ELEVATION: 5128'.

POPULATION: LESS THAN 300 (1990 CENSUS).

WANTED

Pictures, stories, artifacts of Ash Fork from the past.

The Ash Fork Historical Society is continuously on the hunt for historical items, not only for the museum but also for the newsletter.

Imagine if you owned and knew everything but had

no one to share it with. How dull life would be!

When you share what you have, you create an energy and flow that quickly replaces what you gave. Sharing will take you to the next level; feeling empowered. You will quickly leave behind those who

horde.

As adults we realize that there are very few things we really need to keep.

Please share! Many thanks.

Contact AFHS, P.O. Box 1234, Ash Fork, AZ 86320-1234 or call 928-637-2413 or 928-699-9203

“To be successful is to be helpful, caring and constructive—to make everything and everyone you touch a little bit better. The best thing you have to give is yourself.”
~Norman Vincent Peale~

THE **Spotlight** IS ON: MARSHALL TRIMBLE



***The Trimble's in Ash Fork
October 24, 1947-June 10,
1955—Written by Marshall
Trimble, Arizona State
Historian:***

My father, Ira “Happy” Trimble hired out for the Santa Fe Railroad in 1946. He spent much of 1946 and 1947 in Ash Fork on the 4th District which went from Ash Fork to Prescott to Phoenix to Parker.

During that time the rest of the family, which consisted of my mother Juanita, older brother Charlie, and younger brother Danny Lee, were staying with relatives in Phoenix. Then, in the fall of 1947 we packed everything we owned in a small trailer house dad had bought for \$700 from his brother and we headed

north in a 1936 Ford V8.

Dad knew the car wouldn’t be able to pull the trailer up Yarnell Hill so we went north on 27th Avenue, which was also the Black Canyon Highway in those days. By the time we reached New River it became a dirt road.

The old Ford broke down just south of Bumble Bee but we got a push into

town where we camped out for the next few days until parts arrived to fix the car. Soon, we were on our way again. We were a few miles south of Cordes when the clutch burned out on a long hill. A highway department truck came along, tied a chain to the front bumper and pulled us into Cordes where we camped out again until more parts arrived.

After about nine days on the road we reached Ash Fork late one evening. We parked the trailer down near the railroad yards where the noise from the steam locomotives kept us awake all night. I remember thinking that I would never get a good night’s sleep again but before long the sound of those trains was like

music to my ears.

Dad found a place to park the trailer south of Schwanbeck’s house on a lot owned by Reggie Saunders. I don’t think the streets had names back then. We had no running water but we were all together again. Up to then Charlie and me had attended two or three schools each year.

I was the designated water boy, hauling water by the buckets from a faucet about 50 yards from the trailer. Wash day was pure hell as we had to heat water on an open fire. Sometimes the wood was wet from the snow and was hard to light. One day mom sent me down to Mena’s gas station to get some kerosene. I got gasoline by mistake and when she threw it on the logs and tossed in a match there was a minor explosion. I had to hide out for a few hours while she cooled off.

Mom did the washing outdoors on an old Maytag, and afterwards we used the water to bathe in. Mom got it first and it went on down by seniority. By the time it got down to Danny and me it was thick enough to stir.

We had an outdoor privy that had several large holes in it. That was both good and bad. It was well ventilated but cold in the winter and afforded little privacy.

The day after we arrived we were enrolled in the Ash Fork School. Danny Lee was in the

first grade and Charlie was in the sixth. I was in the fourth grade and my teacher was Mrs. Simms. I can still remember the names of most of my classmates from the 4th grade but those who stand out in my memory are Doug Brown, Ray McCoy, Rosie Fernow, Jeannine McAbee, Barbara Gorra, and Arlie Anderson. Ash Fork was a transient town and a lot of kids would come and go over the next few years but a few of us remained classmates until we were almost grown. When the Martin’s and Murphy’s arrived a few years later they had to build an addition on to the school to accommodate all the new kids.

We spent two brutal winters living in that trailer house. Dad put up an Army surplus tent for my brothers and I to sleep in. It also attracted all the stray dogs in town who were seeking shelter from the cold and snow. We also had two house fires that first few months in Ash Fork. It got so that every time the siren went off people thought it was at the Trimble’s again. One of the fires burned all our clothes and the townspeople took up a collection of clothes for us to wear. I’ve always been grateful for that and will

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MARSHALL TRIMBLE, CONTD.

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never forget the kindness shown by the folks in Ash Fork.

Dad didn't have enough seniority to work steady so mom took a job working in the Do Drop In Café. Tips were good so we finally had some extra money, so she bought dad a used hunting rifle. It was a Model 1895 .30-40 Winchester that we still have. He was a good shot and kept us in venison, err, during season of course. The rest of the time our staple was beans and cottontail rabbit.



We finally got rid of that old trailer. Dad sold it to some

rock doodlers for a hundred dollars. Dad was the only person I ever knew who could loose money on a real estate investment. We moved into a rock duplex over west of the school house. It only had three rooms but did have running water and an indoor bathroom. The pipes to the kitchen and bathroom sink weren't connected and neither was the toilet so we placed a bucket beneath the sinks and flushed the toilet with sink water.

In 1951 Ash Fork had it's first Little league team. We only lost one game and won the

league championship. Ray McCoy, Bob Starr, Doug Brown, Louie Schwanbeck, Ted Storms. Billy Herron and I made the all star team.

Along with some players from Seligman and Williams, we made it to

the first Arizona State Cham-



pionship game in Prescott. We lost to Prescott 2-0. Ray and I were on base when the final out was made. We were disappointed but it was pretty great to have almost been state champions. We were all going into high school and had high hopes but before long most had moved on. Don Greer moved to town from Buckeye and he was a real fine athlete but we were just too small and we became the whipping boy for all the larger schools. We could beat Flagstaff, Winslow, Holbrook, Williams, Kingman and Seligman in summer ball but in school, all but Kingman usually got the best of us. I don't know why but we always had Kingman's number. I was team captain of the Spartan baseball team for two years, something I've always been proud of.

In 1953 we finally moved into a house that had working plumbing and it was like heaven to be able to flush the toilet. It was the Brown's house, just south of the Pena's. A couple

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ARIZONA HISTORY

1905

Fred Harvey of Kansas City is proposing to build a new large and handsomely furnished hotel at Ash Fork. The one at Williams is small but up to standard.

February 9, 1884:

Arizona Champion

The wife of Oscar Givens recently gave birth to the first child born in Ash Fork, on the A. & P. railroad. A ten pound boy.

QUOTE

"THE GREATEST GIFTS YOU CAN GIVE YOUR CHILDREN ARE THE ROOTS OF RESPONSIBILITY AND THE WINGS OF INDEPENDENCE"

DENIS WAITLEY,
AUTHOR & CONSULTANT

MARSHALL TRIMBLE, CONTD.

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of years later I turned 16 and got my driver's license. I bought a 1946 Ford convertible with a tattered canvas roof. Having a car was a rite of passage no kid ever forgets. A car was a kid's first true freedom. On Friday's after school, most of the junior class would climb in and we'd head for Williams. Our big adventure was to go up to Old Smokey, have a cup of coffee and drag main street, then drive back to Ash Fork Hill and coast all the way back to Monte Carlo. We could save as much as a gallon of gas in what we called "Irish Over-drive".



L-R CHARLIE, MARSHALL, DANNY TRIMBLE 1949

By the mid-1950's Ash Fork was changing rapidly. The old Harvey House had closed. The highway department put one-way streets through town and the Santa Fe was talking about bypassing us. I spent my last summer playing baseball for Seligman. Mr. Harry Lennox was area scout for the Detroit Tigers and offered me a chance to play pro if I'd play

for his American Legion team. Santiago Garcia drove me to the games and gave me coaching tips. We beat up on all the big towns along Route 66 and were the Cinderella team in the tournament at Prescott.

My junior year was our last at Ash Fork. Things were changing. Charlie had quit school and joined the Air Force. Mom quite waitressing and took a job at the Central Mercantile Store, and dad was on the road again. Our days in Ash Fork were numbered as the Santa Fe was pulling out. We moved to Phoenix between my junior and senior year so I didn't get to gradu-

ate with my old classmates. I always felt left out because I didn't graduate from Ash Fork and didn't feel a part of the class I graduated with in Phoenix.

The business district on the south side of Lewis Avenue burned in the 1970's but most of the businesses had already closed. Then the free-

way bypassed the town.

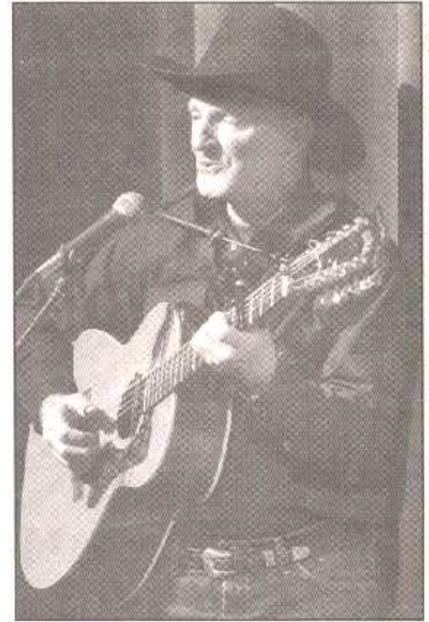
I still visit Ash Fork as often as possible. Sometimes I get lonesome for the town, jump in my pickup and drive up and just walk around. I still draw inspiration from the town, and it always seems to cure whatever it is that's bothering me. Hometowns have a way of doing that.

Many of my classmates and teammates have died, all of them way before their time. Those clouds blowing across the plateau from the atomic bomb tests in Nevada in the 1950's took their toll on many, including my brother, Danny.

My family's all gone now. Dad died in 1979. Charlie, the hell-raiser in the family, died in 1992. Mom passed away in 1998, and Danny died in 2003. I'm the last one left and I miss them all terribly.

My memories of Ash Fork are happy ones. It was a great town for a kid. Despite the hardships I think my experiences have made me a better person. When I was a young high school teacher I used to entertain my students with stories of growing up in this wonderful town. My students would say, "Mr. Trimble, you should write a book about that town". I just completed

my twentieth book and there is a little of Ash Fork in all of them.



Marshall, the performer—2005

The core of my act as a performer on stage are stories about growing up in Ash Fork. People enjoy them and say the stories remind them of their own hometowns. The stories are mostly figments of my imagination but they are always told with love for a place that will always be a part of me.

Editor's Note: Don't miss Marshall Trimble at Ash Fork Pioneer Day, May 6, 2006 at the ADOT Building.

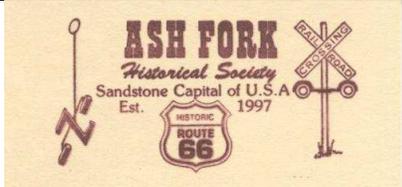


ASH FORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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ASH FORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY

“MISSION STATEMENT”

“THE ASH FORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY WILL GATHER AND PRESERVE INFORMATION AND ITS’ NATURAL RESOURCES ON THE HISTORY OF ASH FORK; HELP PRESERVE OLD BUILDINGS; SERVE AS A RESOURCE CENTER FOR HISTORICAL STUDIES; AND WORK HAND IN HAND WITH THE TRANSPORTATION MUSEUM.”

Ash Fork Historical Society

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