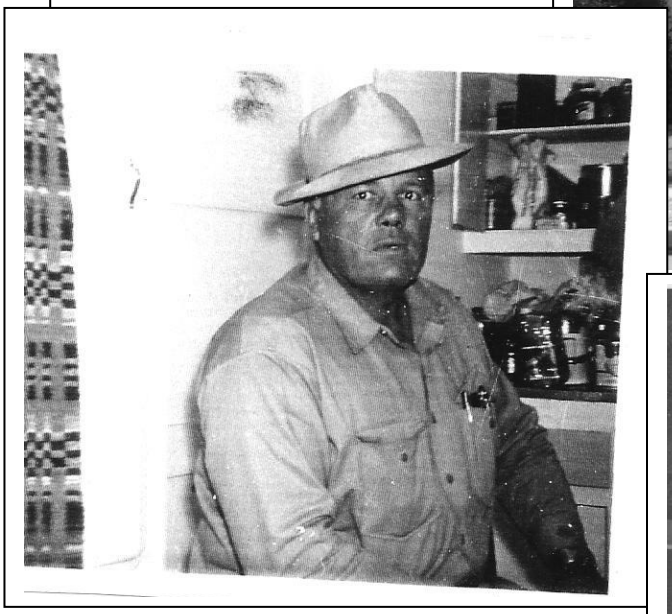
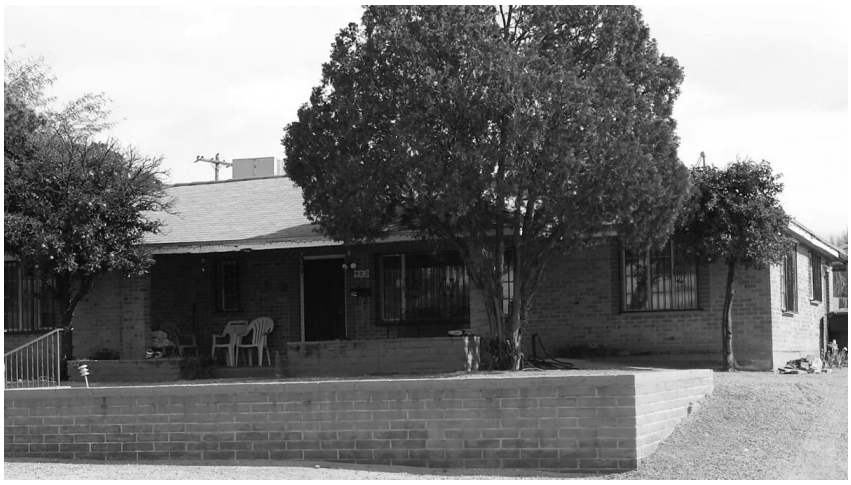


Voices

Oral Histories

Above: Meeting of Jefferson Park Association
Below: Neighbors set up workshops and worked together to design a format for the oral histories. Here Jim Turner, Tucson historian speaks with volunteer interviewers about the formalities of obtaining permissions

Catalina Albert – Edison Street



Ms. Catalina Albert and her family moved to her home at 902 E. Edison in Jefferson Park in 1968. Mr. Albert intended to retire from the military and the family, originally from Ft. Huachuca, was locating in Tucson. Ms. Albert stated that she liked the location because several of her children were planning to attend Salpointe High School, and they would be able to walk to school. The central location, being close to downtown and within walking distance to grocery, drug and other supporting amenities, as well as being close to the bus line was important to the family. Andrea, four years old when the family moved to their Edison Street home, reports there were a lot of kids her age living in the area, so she had a lot of children to play with. She and her mother both report that the neighborhood was safe for children to play in. Andrea and her playmates often played outdoors until dinner time.

The Alberts enrolled Andrea in Jefferson Park Elementary because of its excellent reputation. Most of the children who lived west of Park Ave., attended University Heights Elementary. This presented no problem, until Andrea began attending Doolen Middle School. There, some of the University Heights students seemed to resent the fact that Andrea had attended Jefferson Park. Some of her African-American classmates accused her of talking like a "white person"

Though the other families living on Edison were also African American, Ms. Albert's family experienced some "harassment" when they moved in. This harassment took the form of being told that moving boxes stacked on her porch were making the neighborhood look like a ghetto, a derogatory slogan being painted on her garage door, stating. "Niggers get out", notes left on a car windshield, warning, "We're watching you" and the telephone pole behind her back gate being set on fire. Being the very gracious person that she is, she shrugged these things off and continued being a good neighbor and raising her children to respect themselves and other people.

Ms. Albert and Andrea report that the African American families who lived along Edison, between Euclid and Park Ave. represented a variety of different professions. Mr. Davis who lived on the corner of Park and Edison, was a fire chief for the City of Tucson. The Ellis and Hicks families were preachers. The Grisbys, and Summers were school teachers. Mrs. Feronce was a social worker. Mr. Blair and Mr. Brousard had each retired from the military. Catalina was employed as a Nurse's Aide at Tucson Medical Center.

There was not as much traffic through the neighborhood during the seventies and eighties. In fact, there was no stop sign on the corner of N. Hampton and Edison. The family recalls that

there were several small businesses located in the area, owned by African Americans, two of which were Al's Barber Shop and Craig's Beauty Shop. Al's Barber shop is still located on the north side of Grant, between Euclid and Park.

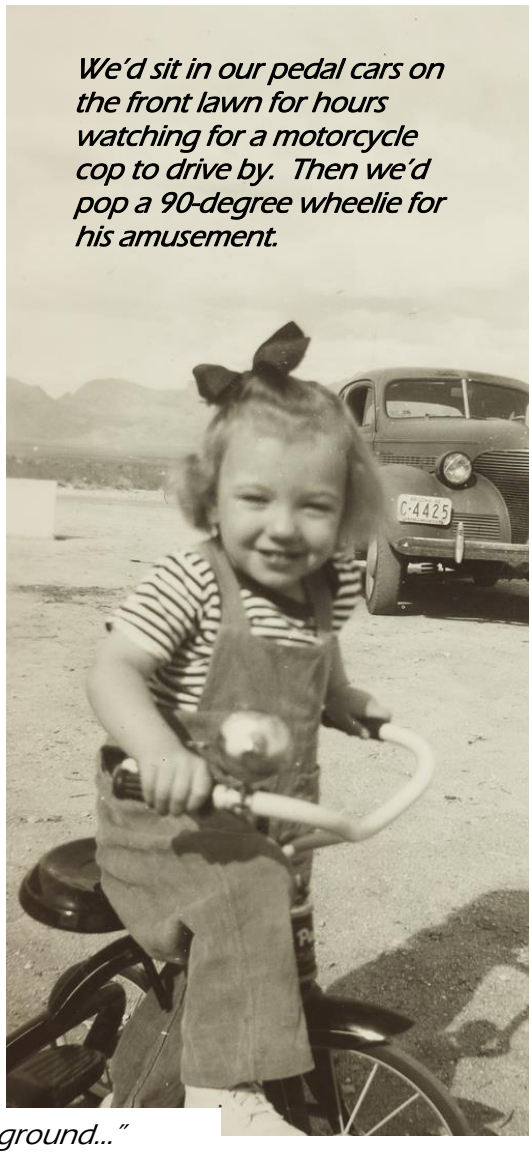
Betsy Bernfield – Grant Road

Betsy Orient

The house that fell to the Grant Road widening in 2015 was on a lot purchased in 1946 by Paul and Elsie Rittman and his son-in law and daughter William and Phyllis Orient. Each couple paid half of the cost of the lot -$400 each. William's portion was paid from the Pennsylvania bonus he received upon leaving the US Army when World War II ended. After the lot was purchased the lot was split in two with the Rittman's retain the western portion, addressed as 2350 North Hampton.

The Orient home was built on a dirt road named Luna Street. The Jefferson Park neighborhood was one of the first subdivisions created after World War II to begin to address the extreme housing shortage in Tucson. It wasn't too many years before Luna was annexed to Grant Road.

Daughter Betsy reports in a *Tucson Sentinel* article " My three sisters and I grew up at 820 Luna, later 820 Grant, and at first it was a good thing to live on Grant Road. It was part of our games, the Catalina Mountains an unencumbered backdrop. We'd sit in our pedal cars on the front lawn for hours watching for a motorcycle cop to drive by. Then we'd pop a 90-degree wheelie for his amusement. Or, when we spotted a red car, we would race to neighbor's red brick retaining wall chanting one of our rhyming proverbs, "red, red, make your bed," trying to get there before the car passed our mailbox. We also had rhyme for white, black, blue and green cars."



1949 – "With the Catalina Mountains as unencumbered background..."

1948 -William and Jane Orient front yard of 820 Luna Street (Grant Road)

1958-William and Phyllis Orient

" As the traffic got worse, the game, of course, became impossible. As the road was widened our front yard disappeared along with its two giant pepper trees. The mailbox was moved multiple times upon order from the city.

1958-Ruth Orient

Eventually the house at 820 became a rental, "blighted by the growth of Grant Road and further damaged by the nine-year uncertainty created by the impending Grant Road Project." But says Betsy Bernfield "...it is my dream house. No, it didn't have a sunken tub, granite countertops or bay windows. It was simply a 1,300 square foot, three-bedroom , on bath house that I dream about." It was a great "splendor to four high-spirited little girls in the 1950's . My father who became very proficient with concrete and brick, built us a broad back porch for jump rope and hopscotch and a maze of sidewalks for tricycle riding and roller skating to Grandma and Grandpa's house next door (2350 N. Hampton, also slated for demolition).

He built a large brick fireplace for Santa and an outdoor barbecue for mud pies. In the backyard there were two enormous, prolific \apricot trees. Sweet peas, tended by my grandmother, bloomed every Easter. Honeysuckle grew up the evaporative cooler trellis, and there was a strawberry patch under the kitchen window.

Inside, the block wall in the living room was painted lime green. The floor was dark brown colorized concrete mostly covered with a charcoal gray rug that we took turns cleaning with a carpet sweeper my mother heard advertised on the radio. Our double lamp had red glass hurricane shades, and we kept a Cinderella slipper on the end table. The hallway was paneled with knotty pine, and the sunny red den had a whole wall of small-paned windows that were salvaged from an old schoolhouse in Douglas (along with a giant blackboard for one of the bedrooms). We had pin-ups of Dumbo and Jack and Jill in our rooms and picture of Jesus by the front door."

(Excerpted from Tucson Sentinel, 1915? photos courtesy of Betsy Bernfield and L. Werthmuller)

Minette Burges- Edison Street

"My grandmother came in 1900. My father was born here in 1917 and he met my mother at the University of Rochester, when he went back to Eastman School of Music. They were married shortly before he went into the military. He was a musician in the military, the director of a band .

I had two older sisters. The oldest one was born in 1943 when my dad was overseas in the war. My grandmother had such a great influence that she wanted her grandchildren born in Tucson, and my mother came out from Rochester to give birth to my sister in Tucson. Then she went back to New York after a little while. December 1946 mom and dad came back to Tucson and bought this house. I was born in 1950

It was like dirt roads and very few houses. There were only two for sale. We didn't have horses, the people we bought it from apparently had horses as there was a stable out in back. There were a lot of stables throughout the neighborhood.

I went to Jefferson Park Elementary, Roskruge Junior High, and Tucson High School until 1968 Everybody walked to school in those years. There was no need for buses. There were many many children in the neighborhood, in the catchment area. So everybody pretty much walked to school.

Robert Ortiz, lived across the street. He was a teacher at Tucson High, and so we would get a ride with him. Julia Ortiz and Robert built that house about the same that my parents moved here. They were one of the Hispanic families. Tucson was very much that way with a lot of diversity. And it wasn't really something that people talked about or was an issue or concern.

I remember growing up with Hispanics and Anglos in our school. I'm not sure where everybody lived, but I know the Ortiz family lived here and there was no restriction. But there was in Tucson at that time, there were some neighborhoods that did not allow Hispanics or African Americans

My dad taught music here in Tucson. In fact, in this living room there was a big grand piano. And I should say, not much else! And he was quite a dedicated musician. He taught private lessons. Kids coming over on the weekends.

My mother was born in upstate New York, and I wouldn't say she was snooty, but she had her own style, and that was her style. It's who she was. She had that degree, and she also had experience teaching. She was very active in the community. She was the President of the Board at the Y for quite a while, and was involved in various different organizations. When my dad passed away, she went to work at the University of Arizona in the library.

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2018 Minette, reviewing the potential Heritage Linear Park

Minette Burges was a fierce advocate for her home neighborhood, Jefferson Park.

As an attorney ,she was responsible in 2009 for R-1 code change resulting in a city-wide ban on more than 4 unrelated people in one residence – an end to mini-dorms.

She continued to work and advocated for a greenspace on the north side of the neighborhood, where the Grant Road Project demolished 22 homes eighteen of which were contributing properties—an opportunity for the Health and Heritage Linear Park

"I was always interested in writing or English as a high school student, and I realize now we had a teacher at Tucson High School, Miss Martin, that influenced a lot of people.

I was on the staff of the Tucson High School Chronicle, which was the newspaper, in high school. She encouraged a lot of young writers, young journalists.

I worked at TNI which was what we called the Star/Citizen complex down there on Stone Avenue. I worked down there, and then of course my senior year I was editor of the Wildcat, which was a big job, and going to school full time. And that was a daily newspaper. So basically put that out every day, and that was quite rigorous.

When I finished up my college I competed for and got an internship at the Stars and Stripes in Darnstraudt?????? Germany, right after I graduated. They had internships in those years. And still do.

I got hired as a fulltime reporter in Germany. My primary work was investigative reporting, which was at the time just coming on with the Woodward and Bernstein stuff. A lot of papers were starting it. That was still in the era where there were two women who worked there, me and another woman who ran the Women's pages, and she was a wonderful gal. I had a great time. It was another good experience. I worked there for about 7 years.

And then, my sister was ill and passed away, and I realized that my mother was here by herself. My sister had a daughter who also had the same illness, and so I just decided that either I was going to probably stay in Europe forever, which would have been okay, I love Europe. Or I would have to come back and help out at the "family farm.

I decided to become a lawyer and so I could do the same kind of stuff. I had that investigative reporting time when we did big stories and would have months on a study and do a special edition. Another thing I have to admit is that I did not have the same opportunity that men had at the time when I was a journalist because there were two women and I don't know how many men working there.

I had some experiences that were, well, they were...just not right you know, when men would get credit for work that I did just because I could do it and I would do it and I did it. And then all of a sudden so-and-so became the editor of the section.

And, I mean, I was probably too young. In any event, it just didn't suit me too well to have those things happen. And part of my motivation really, to become a civil rights lawyer, was because I wanted to do something about that. I felt that well, you don't have to buy a newspaper to do this. You can do it one case at a time. And I'm not sure which had the greater influence, the news business or the legal business, but..... It sort of came out of that exposure to that. So I applied to one law school, and went to law school here at the University of Arizona.

I went back to school in 1980 and got my JD degree in 1983, and started my law practice in January 1984. I had my law practice for 30 years.

(as told to Suzanne Trappman and Joanne Osuna March 2015)

Nina Carter – Linden St

Home built 1954-Traditional Ranch

Monterrey Market today

"A" Mountain

Nina and her husband purchased their home in Jefferson Park in 1955. The addition of two daughters to their family, meant they needed more space. The price of that home was $16,000. Payments for the Carter family exceeded what lenders recommended. But the Carters optimistically felt that things would ease and the house would fit not only their lifestyle, but their budget. And they were right.

Dobric's "Monterey Grocery" (Vine and Edison) store was not only a resource for emergency grocery goods, but an attraction for neighborhood children. Nina reports that her children were allowed to select candy from Dobric's on their way home from school and it was added to a monthly tally, which Nina paid at the end of the month. She did, however, have to put a stop to the practice when her children generously included candy for all their friends on their tally, too.

Nina is the grand daughter of Russian immigrants. Before he immigrated to America, her grandfather owned a steamship line hauling freight up and down the Amur River which forms the border between Russia and China. Her father was born on the Chinese side of the river and learned to speak both Russian and English as well as several Chinese dialects. He was sent to complete his education in America and after completing one semester at UC Berkley, her father decided to move to Arizona. He enrolled in the University of Arizona, College of Engineering and graduated in 1925. It was his class which "engineered" the first "A" on A Mountain. Nina reports the first installation was much smaller than the current example, as the rocks spelling the "A" were transported by horseback. Sadly, the students painted that first "A" with "whitewash". The first hard rain not only washed the "whitewash" away, but also displaced some of the rocks. So, the incoming freshman class was required to re-build and re-paint the "A" each fall. Still today, incoming freshmen "paint" the "A" as a symbol of a new start. Nina is a Charter Member of the Jefferson Park Neighborhood Assoc. and served as an officer for many years.

(As told to Suzanne Trappman, 2014)

Doug Denniston – Lester St

Douglas Gilbert Denniston studied art in Albuquerque and then taught in Denver before coming to Tucson in 1959. He taught art at the U of A for 25 years and then retired and painted another twenty years.

He and my mom, Pat, lived on the corner of Vine and Lester, where they embellished a California Bungalow with Victorian porches and leaded glass. My folks loved Jefferson Park Neighborhood and were always on the lookout for things that would improve the quality of life there.

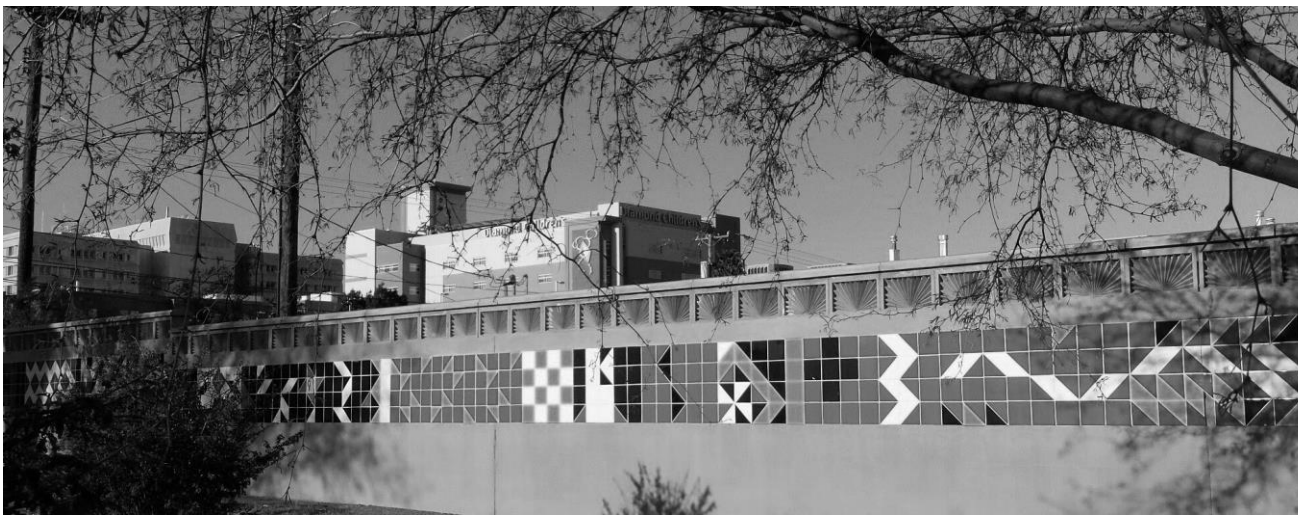
Campbell Avenue Access Wall My father designed enough frieze to go the whole length of the wall from Chauncy to Grant. He used motifs from the oriental carpets he loved so much. He used only standard colors and cuts in half vertically or diagonally , so it could all be affordable.

It was supposed to be paid for from the 2% set aside for art on public roads projects and it was supposed to be an artist in the neighborhood, if possible. However, somehow the artist who designed the agave-themed tiles was given precedence and his tiles were used throughout, and I believe the people who live east of Campbell voted for his tiles.

As it was noted that the colored tiles and the agave tiles really do nothing for one another, they shortened the colored tiles to just the end plazas.

My sister has the original designs for the whole length. This was my father's last fight and he died before the tiles were installed. (If you knew my dad, you know he enjoyed a little fuss.)

(March 2015 as e-mailed to J. Daniels by Abigail, daughter of Douglas Gilbert Denniston)



Roy Dobric – Edison/Vine

1940

1957

Roko Dobric arrived from Coatia and worked his way across the United States to Tucson. In 1937 he petitioned for citizenship changing his name to Roy Mathew Dobric. He managed the downtown Safeway, then owned the Cherry Street Market before purchasing, in 1939, two lots in the Monterey Subdivison on the SE corner of Edison St and Vine.

He contracted for a store building and adjoining home for his family. He had his wife Katherine, son Roy Jr, and daughter Katherine, who they called Lucy, and later Kathy.

Monterey Market served the people of Jefferson Park for over 30 years. In the early days the streets were not paved. Roy Sr. made home deliveries if requested. Even students walking home from school would stop in to buy a drink or snack.

Roy Jr. and Kathy both went to Sts. Peter and Paul grade school through 9th grade and graduated from Tucson High School. Jefferson Park School had a great Arts and Crafts summer program that captivated Kathy.

After graduation from U of A, Kathy taught art at Pueblo High School in the 60's. Roy Jr. enlisted in the Air Force and then worked until retirement at Hughes Aircraft. He still resides in Tucson. The store closed in the mid 70's and Roy Senior passed away in May 1979, but Katherine continued to reside there. Mrs. Vosskuhler from across the street and Katherine Dobric became best friends over the years and looked after each other, especially after both their husbands passed away. Katherine was in her 90's when she moved to Phoenix where she died in 2004 at the venerable age of 101! In 1997 the property sold to their next-door neighbor and today stands as an income property to student tenants.

1941
left: behind the market looking east. Dad and Kathy

right: behind the market looking east. Mom, Katherine, and Kathy

1942 back yard looking west.

1942 behind the market looking west. Roy Jr and Kathy

1949 Screened in porch behind market

1945 Easter, Kathy and Dad

Beryl Drobeck - Hampton

Beryl, who was born in England, was a widow with a small child, Jeanette, when she married Mike Drobek of the US Navy.

They moved to Tucson for Mike's health as he had TB. Beryl recalls that many people with asthma and TB were moving to Arizona then.

They bought the house at 2201 N. Hampton in 1951. It was 2 years old, a 3 BR, 1 bath, masonry house on a half-acre lot, furnished, with the patio wall partially completed, and sold for $12,500.

The subdivision, called Desert Highlands, was being developed by DiConcini Construction for family homes. There were unobstructed views of the Catalinas and nothing but desert as far north as one could see.

The Drobeck's had three children ..., Mike Jr, Cathy and Terry. Beryl remembers that when Mike Jr. was born she delivered at Davis Monthan Hospital' which she describes as "a wooden shack." Cathy and Terry were born at St. Mary's' which was the only general hospital at that time.

At that time there were no sidewalks or paved roads. It rained more then and as more families with children moved in the kids banded together to dig holes at the side of the roads in the rainy season for their "swimming pools."

Children went to University Heights Elementary School on Park near Speedway. Beryl remembers that there was no free kindergarten and parents who wanted that option for their children had to pay for it. University Heights was sold by the school district in the 80's and converted to student housing. Roskruge was the Jr. Hi and Tucson High School the only choice for the Drobek children.

(as told to Nancy Martin 2012)

1949 – looking east from Hampton/Edison

Shirley Reid came to Jefferson Park as a young bride in 1952. After her youngest child entered first grade in Jefferson Park School, Shirley went to the University and became a teacher. She taught in the Junior High for a short while. Then she taught in a special education class for pregnant and parenting teenagers.

TUSD'S PREGNANT TEEN PROGRAM (TAP Program)- "...the personnel director called me and said, I have a job for you, a perfect job, if you want it. And I said, " What is it?"

And he said pregnant parent girls and I said, "What?" I never heard of that! Of course this was in 1969. And of course, it was very hush, hush. Most of the girls stayed at the Brewster Center, we had 10 girls staying at the Brewster Center. It was supposed to be very secretive. And these girls would be sent from some place back east to stay the winter with aunt "so and so". But then in the meantime they are writing their friends saying "I'm pregnant". And so you know, I don't think it was too secretive. But anyway, it was in those years. You didn't talk about it too much."

POLO VILLAGE - "I lived in Polo Village for awhile. My first husband was going to law college and he was a WWII veteran. That's veteran's housing and we lived,... I can remember walking from Polo Village to go to the movie. "

MONTERREY MARKET -." I can remember visiting my cousins on Water Street and us running over to Dobric's, with our pennies in our hand for candy. It was on the corner of Edison and Vine... Probably in 1940 or 41.

My younger daughter was born in '56. And I think it was just about the time that she was old enough to start running over there with her pennies..when he closed up...in the early 60's. ... I would buy milk, or eggs, or bread. And send the kids over to get those things...it seems to me, he did have a meat counter. "

Shirley Reid - Hampton St

GENE REID as told by his wife Shirley

" He was superintendent of Parks and Recreation. The Reid family came to Tucson about 1926. Gene's father had TB, he came down to Tucson from San Francisco–to die you know, but he lived 40 years more.

They had a ranch called Rancho Palo Verdes. It was out on Oracle and Orange Grove. It was called Reid's Ranch. That is now a mobile home park. They had quite a few acres there. And they grew a lot of things that had never been grown in Tucson - banana trees and all kinds of tropical things.

Gene had grown up there and been involved in horticulture out at the ranch. He went to the University and he studied horticulture there. He worked for his father for a long time before he went to work for the city.

Reid's Ranch was really very well known. I think they sold that place- probably around 1948. I remember as a youngster, anyone that came from the Midwest or the east we always took them out there to see the palm trees and the banana trees. and the avocado trees." *(as told to S. Trappman, 2010)*

Gene Reid, the former director of Tucson Parks and Recreation, informally established the park in 1965, with only three types of birds on display. Two years later, the park became an established zoo.

Gene became Director of Parks & Recreation for the City of Tucson in 1947. Sixty-two parks were built from scratch during his 31-year tenure. When Little League presented the challenge of more places to play, Gene responded. Recalling the initial meeting at Randolph Park, he said he "had never seen so many little boys in one place at one time." The ultimate result over a period of years has been 98 Little League baseball parks. "Places to play" was also the urgent request of many other groups. "We built what we could afford," said Gene. In time, the facilities included 11 baseball diamonds, 11 swimming pools, 3 lakes, 2 golf courses and numerous tennis courts. Upon his retirement in 1978, Randolph Park was officially renamed Gene Reid Park, a most appropriate honor for the gentleman who helped give Tucson so many places to play.

(Pima County Sports Hall of Fame website)

February 1954

Antonette Stone - Seneca St

Toni Stone rides her bike all over Jefferson Park and over to buy her groceries. On a day in 2017 she shared that she had come to Tucson from Illinois in 1948 because of "the asthma". The doctor in Illinois told her parents there was nothing else they could do but bring her to Arizona.

After the family was settled her dad had to return to Illinois because he had contracted Valley Fever and he needed to get back to the dairy farm. Toni's father had immigrated to Illinois in 1913 at the age of 21 "He came from Scotland. He had been a stone mason over there with his father, and then he came over here. An uncle sponsored him. He said back then you could cross the river...the boys who had cars, could cross the Mississippi River it froze so deep."

Dad "came down twice a year for two weeks at a time, which wasn't nearly long enough". Her mother was left here with the two children. "We didn't know a soul when we came here. I started to school at Roskruge". ..there were "No paved streets, and Grant Road was called North Street and the nursing home up here was run by Foresters.

This house was built in 1943 and we moved here in 1948. The Real Estate man brought us here. Whoever had owned it then had bought it to fix it up and sell it. It was a doll house. White picket fence around the back yard, and flowers up and down the front sidewalk, and in here just the right amount of furniture."

November 16, 1958
John Anthony 6, Nola Jean 4, Ramona 3
In front of the lemon tree

1958

The view was different in the forties "none of the streets were paved. Park Avenue wasn't. Just before we moved here tents had been on Park Avenue with TB patients, and TMC was a TB sanitarium, and St. Luke's was too...I rode my bike everywhere, and going by there it was like a screened in porch all around St Luke's and you could see the people in beds."
The southeast corner of the neighborhood was accessible to kids on bikes. "I don't remember the polo field. It was the University chicken farm. One of my girlfriends lived on Drachman, and she and I would wander over to the chicken farm and walk around and see the chickens.....then it turned into Polo Village with all of those little Quonset huts, because so many of the boys were coming back from the military. And when my girls were old enough that they would go over there and babysit...and then all of a sudden the Quonset huts were gone.

There was Avon and Suet Pudding. About Mrs. Drobeck "She was the Avon Lady. It was, you know, when Fuller Brush came, Avon came, Watkins came (Watkins vanilla). Now it would take an act of Congress to find my vanilla."

"I'm not a good cook...but my grandma was. She cooked by a "little of this and a little of that". My sister's favorite pie was graham cracker pie. Everybody says "what's graham cracker pie...Now my favorite pie was vinegar pie. Grandma's vinegar pie. Yeah. And I've tried and tried to bake it and it turns to sugar".

Christmas. "we always ate suet pudding. I always make Scotch shortbread too. it was suet pudding, and it's actually made with a cup of suet. Suet and blackstrap molasses and flour and raisins. It's a wonderful pudding, and you have to steam it and it has a white sauce that you pour over it. It's delicious but some people won't even try it because they hear "suet pudding".

"Sometimes things pop into your mind and other times they don't. You know, it' like the old sayings...The other day, somebody was crossing the street and they were just poking along you know, and I said "My goodness, they're walking across the street slow enough for the dead lice to fall off of them", and (my daughter-in-law) said "What?". But I grew up hearing that ..."

Almost 15 months

April 19, 1960
Our new 1955 Ford Station Wagon

Mother's Day, May 9, 1960
Left to right: John Anthony, Antonette with baby David one month old, Husband, Nola Jean and Ramona

Hellen Vosskuhler – Edison St

The Vosskuhler family had close ties to the U of A and Sts Peter and Paul parish. Helen Edmunds, daughter of Max P. Vosskuhler, supplies great anecdotes about life in Jefferson Park, beginning with the purchase of their home at 1511 E Edison in 1927. Helen's grandfather, Walter Messer, came to Tucson with six month so live and lived fourteen years after his arrival. He was one of many diagnosed with TB who sought the recuperative powers of the dry Tucson valley. His wife, Elliot Messer, helped care for the TB patients at 430 N. Cherry.

Helen remembers " During their years at the UofA, mother and daddy met in the play *Candida* by George Bernard Shaw. Marion, my mother, was Candida, and Daddy was her father. He kissed her in the play - so, perhaps, that was the start of the romance."

...My father began teaching math and then he went into the Extension Division (at the UA) and he built up all the programs from scratch for summer school, night school, correspondence, and radio and TV. '

Helen was the third of four children. She and her siblings graduated from Sts Peter and Paul grade school then went on to Tucson High as sophomores. (Tucson High did not have a freshman class at that time) . Salpointe did not have good laboratory facilities and Helen was destined for a science career.

"I became Managing Editor of the Tucson High newspaper and that was fun. ... When I was at Salpointe I began to fence and I was on the fencing team there and also fenced at the U of A. ...I did join a sorority. I am a Kappa Kappa Gamma much to my mother's dismay. ..."I majored in Chemistry with a math/physics minor." ...I got my B.S., married, and had four children.

I spent time in Buffalo, New York, with the family. And then I brought the children back to Tucson and raised them here.

"EN GARDE!" exclaims Helen Vosskuhler as she demonstrates form to her opponent, Shawn Brownlee, while Susie Martz and Anne Chrisman observe.

1958 Helen Vosskuhler Kappa Kappa Gamma photo

1960 Max and Marion Vosskuhler

ABOVE: Max P. Vosskuhler born in 1898 in Germany received his BS and MS at the University of Arizona and became the UA Extension Services Director. Marion was a teacher and interested in drama.

LEFT: Helen fencing at University of Arizona

RIGHT:
1943 photo Left to Right: unknown neighbor, Philip Vosskuhler, Kathy Dobric (from Monterrey Market) and Helen Vosskuhler.

(photo courtesy of Kathy Dobric Sheridan, Monterey Market neighbor)

(They went) to Saints Peter and Paul school, and I worked at the University of Arizona in the Southwestern Clinic for Arthritis Research Institute...I got my Masters studying rheumatoid arthritis at the cellular level ...And then I went on to study for a PhD under Dr. David Lucas at the medical school in the Department of Microbiology "

The family home on Edison is brick - most likely the same volcanic brick as the UofA walls from the base of "A" mountain. It was referred to by Mr Vosskuhler as "tapestry brick". The home has a very small basement " I know that's rare in Tucson. It's got the furnace and the hot water tank down there. And there is a coal chute, because the original furnace was coal. And I have the evaporative cooler out there to come through that coal chute and into the vents for the furnace. So if we turn the cooler on it comes through those same vents." In the kitchen there is a narrow stairway to the basement. The house had its own cesspool which greatly contributed to the growth of the two fruitless mulberries.

A kid's life in Jefferson Park – " It was wonderful. There were lots of kids our age living everywhere. The Monterey Market was across the street. (see Dobric)" Kids spent their time "Oh, just digging foxholes and hunting lizards. The boys wanted to feed them to the crows. I never caught a lizard, and I never, ever fed a crow. But they did.
Mr. Dobric ran the store, and so he did his own butchering. He had bones, and we had a dog named Phoebe. Now, everything in this house that needed a name was named Phoebe because my father thought Phoebe Titus did such a great job in that movie *Arizona*...Well, Phoebe was a female Dachshund, and she'd been spayed. So she gained weight...I would take her to the animal friends and she's win the prize for the shortest legs."

They had Arts and Crafts all summer (at Jefferson Park School) and we would go there and learn how to make jewelry out of shells and lots of different, interesting things. And so that was an added plus. Of course there was a swimming pool, Himmel Park swimming pool, and we would ride our bicycles there, back and forth, and we were always at the library. We took music lessons, all of us. My brothers took violin.

When I as in about 6th grade they built the new church (Saint Peter and Paul). The choir wore gowns with veils. The gals wore pale blue and the veils were yellow, golden color. We proceeded from the old church to the new singing in Latin the whole way. We were on tune the whole way and, oh Sister was so pleased. It was beautiful. But it was fantastic to see the new church being built. Those stained glass windows. Oh my Goodness.

Father did the make-up for the Christmas plays at Saints Peter and Paul School. And he made beards for the little boys that were shepherds, and Joseph. And, of course, they had more than one performance, right? So they went to sleep with their beards on."

Werthmullers - Hampton

1968

2019

The Werthmullers had been in their home on Hampton for forty-one years. They arrived in 1968 when the roads were all still dirt. The roads got paved in 1969 and they were assessed $500. The house cost them $10,000 with the additional $500 for the paving. Louie Werthmuller told about the initial build, "Before they built this house, they had to haul in a whole lot of dirt. That there was a big wash that used to come through here. And that explains why the street drains. Whenever it rains it really floods at the corner of Grant and Hampton."

Joanie Werthmuller reports

"We are the third owners. The first owner's house stopped at the dining room. The second owners made the stepdown to the laundry room. Louie was building (a third bedroom for a new baby) and he had to be careful because down below was a septic tank... they had septic tanks that way many years ago. Then the city came along and you got connected to the city. There was nothing in the septic tank. It was 6 feet down and 8 feet back. All solid concrete down there. Louie used to put the turtles down there in straw for the winter and our Christmas stuff. One October it rained, and rained, and rained, and rained. It leaked, and about four of the turtles, there was nothing but shells left. We didn't do that anymore. That same year we took the Christmas stuff out, and it just crumbled. So he covered it up and poured cement. "

Joanie Werthmuller was born in what was called the Stork's Nest.

" It's like Kino Hospital was for the poor. But it was called the Stork's Nest. It was kind of associated with Saint Mary's Hospital. And that's all they did–births. ...It cost my mother $25. The three oldest kids were born in Chicago. There were six of us. Then my mother got TB, and back then you came West. That's all they could do for you. So Mom and Dad and the three kids packed up, got in their car, and they were moving to Phoenix. But they broke down in Tucson, and the rest is history.

Louie Werthmuller is a Hairdresser

" He has been a hairdresser for 50 years. That's how I met him. I wanted to become a blond, so I went to this shop where he was a partner, and his partner made me a blond, and of course, Louie saw me and... we started dating. Louie left that salon and he bought his own. He gave up the salons and went to KMS Hair Care Products. You don't hear much about them anymore, but for 20 years he sold the product, and then he taught at beauty school."

(as told to Suzanne Trappman, transcribed march 2018)