

TESTIMONY OF NANCY L. SOSA,
CITIZEN OF THE CITY OF TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA,
BEFORE THE HOUSE COMMITTEE ON NATURAL RESOURCES,
SUBCOMMITTEE ON NATIONAL PARKS, FORESTS AND PUBLIC LANDS,
CONCERNING H.R. 5791, EMERGENCY WATER SUPPLY RESTORATION ACT,
LONGWORTH HOUSE OFFICE BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D.C.

JUNE 8, 2012

Chairman Hastings, Ranking Member Markey, Members of the Subcommittee, I am pleased to have the opportunity to present testimony in support of H.R. 5791, the *Emergency Water Supply Restoration Act*. I am presenting this testimony on my own behalf as a Citizen of the City of Tombstone and especially as a mother.

My children are the sixth generation of my family to live in Tombstone. My grandparents came from Mexico to escape Poncho Villa and his tyrannical ways of dealing with Indians and others in Mexico, they came for a better life. For over 100 years my family has lived and contributed to our unique community. My first job was in a shop located in the Schieffelin Historic District of Tombstone. At my job I witnessed the vast number of visitors who came from all over the world to our little town. The experience of walking down the boardwalk in their boots, and “walking where they fell”, compels people of all ages and nationalities to visit “*The Town Too Tough To Die*”. I am here before you to testify to the vital importance of our waterline. Without water, the most precious commodity in the desert, Tombstone will cease to exist. Without water Tombstone’s whole infrastructure will collapse. Tourism is our industry; nearly every person in town is dependent on our visitors. We have a growing retirement community and a growing winter visitor community. Many of those winter visitors are purchasing homes and live in Tombstone at least 6 months of the season. I worked in the Historic District for 8 years and through that experience learned that 250,000 visitors spend at least one night when they come to Tombstone, and over 400,000 visitors come through town each year. Tombstone needs water, not only to provide for our citizens, but our visitors as well. Without those visitors we have no jobs, no bed tax, and no future for our children.

Our 131 year old aqueduct supplies the City with life in the desert. Before the Huachuca Water Company established the waterline from the Huachuca Mountains, nearly 27 miles away, and turned the valve on in July 1882, Tombstone burned to the ground. Two such incidents took place in May of 1882. A fire at a residence on May 16, 1882 destroyed that home and 5 others before the fire was put out. Just 10 days later on May 26, another fire spread across the whole business area of 7 blocks. There was no water to stop the inferno; the Huachuca Water Company had not hooked the pipes in from the reservoir yet. The whole business district was a total loss; that same area is now the Schieffelin Historic District granted by the National Parks Service, U.S. Department of the Interior. Many of the buildings here now were rebuilt within weeks of the devastating 1882 fires. In December 2010 a local business in the Historic District burned to the ground, this time however Tombstone Volunteer Fire Fighters had enough water to fight the fire and the only loss was the one business. The success came from a full reservoir, water coming into the reservoir from the springs and an amazing effort put forth by our Volunteer Fire Department. Each member has complete knowledge of the Historic District and the importance of protecting the City. Yet every day we live in fear of a fire of that magnitude and the knowledge that at this point we do not have enough water to fight such a fire and save the Historic District, our lively-hood.

Last summer, fire again touched the lives of the citizens of Tombstone. My children and I watched as the Monument Fire began to sweep across the Huachuca Mountains. At that time we could still see Miller Peak from the Tombstone Hills. But even my children knew that when the fire reached Miller Peak, soon we would be without water until the damage was assessed and repairs were conducted by the City. Not necessarily from the fire alone, but from the monsoon rains that would come in July. We knew this because this is not the first time fire has ravaged the canyons where the springs and pipeline are located. In 1977 a fire nearly as devastating as the Monument Fire destroyed the vegetation in the Huachuca Mountains. When the heavy rains came, as they do each July, mud debris and boulders no longer held in place by the vegetation, slid down the sides of the canyons. As a result the springs were buried, the pipeline was broken and a State of Emergency was declared by then Mayor Colvin and Arizona Governor Castro. Some of my earliest memories are of water conservation, an empty swimming pool and the first knowledge that our water did not come from Tombstone. Children in Tombstone learn at a young age about the amazing pipeline that snakes across the San Pedro Valley to our reservoir on the hill. We learn the value of water and just how important it is. I learned then not to take the water for granted; I have since taught my children the same. After the 1977 fires everyone recognized the emergency situation the necessary repairs were made by the City and the pipeline was once again providing the City with water. Soon our reservoir was full and the fear of a diminishing water supply and inability to fight a fire subsided. Until now. The Monument Fire has once again put the City in the position of 35 years ago, as well as 130 years ago. A monumental fear of fire in the modern age.

We have been under water restrictions since June 2011 when the water line was shut down to keep the fire retardant and debris out of our water system. All citizens were advised to be careful with water consumption. Today, sprinklers do not operate, trees are watered sparingly, and there is an adamant dedication by all our citizens to conserve water. Our City park is dust and small patches of dry grass. Our City Pool sat empty for many months because of the necessity to conserve water. Temperatures in Tombstone can and will reach over 100 degrees. Our children need a place to escape to; they need the swimming pool that has serviced our City almost as long as the water line itself. The oldest continuous used swimming pool in the country may very well sit empty without water from the pipeline. Slowly our history is fading away because we are unable to fix the damage done to the waterline by the monsoon rains after the Monument Fire.

As you might imagine the completion of the Huachuca Water Company's pipeline attracted much attention in 1882. A gravity fed pipeline across the desert to a growing community of already an estimated 6,000 people, was an engineering feat. In one year the Huachuca Water Company *built* the 31 plus miles worth of pipe into a great enterprise. The City is now almost one year to the day of the devastation from the monsoon floods in the canyons and we still have not been allowed to *repair* the damage. The fact that there is little to no water in Tombstone was defeated by the gravity fed pipeline bringing the much needed water, not only for human consumption, but to fight the greatest fear in the old west, fire. Today those springs are still desperately needed to supply water to Tombstone. The pipeline that brought our community the first water still snakes across the valley, but now it is nearly empty because the City has not been allowed to make the necessary repairs. The City of Tombstone needs to fix our waterline in order to protect the Citizens of our community. The Citizens of Tombstone are depending on that spring water to supply our homes, our hotels and our businesses. Should our hotel owners lose business because there is no water coming from the springs for the estimated 250,000 visitors who spend at least one night? Should our restaurant owners lose business because there is no water coming from the springs to provide the meals for the estimated 400,000 visitors? Should our children go without a swimming pool because there is no water to fill it from the

springs, of which it has been filled with spring water since 1883? Should I tell my elderly parents, siblings and my children we have to leave our City, our family home for over 100 years, because the reservoir that has been full since 1882 will now be empty of spring waters?

I am in support of H.R. 5791 because as a parent I am to protect, support and provide for my children. My ability to do so is greatly limited because of a declared Wilderness area established around my City's pipeline, which said pipeline was in fact established even before the Forest Reserve or the Miller Peak Wilderness Area was created. In fact the same wilderness area was devastated by the Monument Fire and monsoon floods of 2011. A pipeline which has brought life giving water and fire suppression to a City and its Citizens for 130 years without preventing any wildlife from surviving in the Huachuca Mountains. This support is not only for my City, but for other communities, who even now, are being ravaged by wildfires. Those communities will need to rebuild. Those communities will need to repair. But no repair will be more critical than a supply of water. I urge you to quickly deal with H.R. 5791 and to send this legislation speedily on its way so that I, my community and others like us may be able to continue to provide, support and protection for our families.

Thank you for the opportunity to appear today and testify on the importance of this legislation.

July 15, 1882

Tombstone Epitaph

THE NEW WATER WORKS
THE HUACHUCA WATER
AND ITS SOURCE OF
SUPPLY.

A Grand Enterprise of Which Tomb
stone Should be Proud.

Pure Water and the Safest Works
The Originators of the -----
and its Cost

Possibilities Accruing From the Great Enterprise

The completion of the Huachuca Water Company's pipe line to Tombstone has naturally attracted attention to the magnitude and grandeur of the enterprise. Hereto fore it was a standing joke that Tombstone people had to drink whiskey in order to escape the malarial effects of the water. Now, however, that agreement will no longer work. The clearest and purest of waters flow through our streets in unlimited quantities and thirsty souls can quench their appetite without having recourse to that which inebriates. Last Wednesday a party of gentlemen left the city to visit the supply at the other end, and enjoy the refreshing breezes of the Huachucas for an interval. An Epitaph representative was among the party. Tombstone was bidden good-by about noon time, and the dust of the Charleston road rolled lazily from the wheels as the carriage sped along. Neptune Wells was soon passed, the Good Samaritan mine frowned down on the party from the steep hillside; some distance to the left the Stonewall loomed up, and a little further on the Blue Jacket camp looked down from the divide. Still further from Tombstone the Randolph hove in sight with a half hundred seeming satellites in its train. Approaching Charleston the unlucky Bradshaw was seen on the left of the road, and soon the thud of the stamps was heard in the city of mills on the San Pedro. Charleston looked about the same as usual--at least the party were too anxious to get a glimpse of the open country and mountain scenery to note any particular change.

Between

CHARLESTON AND THE MOUNTAINS

A magnificent tract of grazing land lay practically useless. Here, with water for irrigating purposes, whole communities could exist. The soil is of the best description for agricultural

purposes, and is capable of producing anything that can be grown in the most favored lands. A gradual slope descends from the mountains to the river, but so gentle is the grade that it could hardly be noticed except by a practiced eye, until the mountains are approached, and the level plains are seen bending away to the river. Approaching the mountains the eyes are treated to a fine view of timber land, which an Arizona residence could not help appreciating. Looking back the pipe line looks like a

MIGHTY SNAKE

Stretching away in the distance, oblivious to the scorching rays of the almost torrid sun. Soon, however, the brow is gently fanned by the cool breezes from the mountains, and the yellow pine, juniper, and live oak give indications that the mountains are an actual presence. Soon the bleak, craggy heights loom up in savage grandeur, thrown together in a hundred fantastic groups and contorted into as many shapes. The evergreen trees hug the base of the rocks and sprout out of the interstices of earth that intervene. We are now ascending

CARR'S CANYON

and have a glimpse of Gird's saw mill in the distance. From here a lateral pipe has been run from a spring of crystal water that bubbles and flows along with the clearness and purity of dewdrops. This lateral intersects the main pipe five miles from the supply in Miller's canyon. A dam, carved from the solid rock imprisons the waters at this point. Here a minimum supply of 300,000 gallons can be drawn on daily, and yet it is but a feeder to the main line of pipe in Miller's canyon. This beautiful sheet of water is surrounded, with what looks like an orchard of live oak, planted out with the regularity of a gardener's art. The capacity of the catch basin at this canyon is extensive, and is so regulated by pipes and flumes that it is thoroughly protected from mountain storm. To reach Miller's canyon, the great supply depot of the company, it is necessary to retrace our steps down the canyon and go around the timbered foothills, to reach Miller's. Here the main seven inch pipe taps the main supply dam. This is a solid structure, able to laugh storms to scorn, with such solidarity has it been constructed. It is about 100 feet long, 80 wide and 22 feet deep. At this season of the year, just previous to the summer flow, the water is at its lowest point. Still, it has a solid capacity of 1000,000 gallons, and the supply is inexhaustible. It looks like a beautiful

TROUT POND

And if planted with the finny inhabitants of mountain streams, would be able to keep the entire population of Tombstone in fresh fish. The pipe enters the dam two feet from the bottom, and is fed through a perforated head. Beneath the main, is a seven inch drain pipe, for purposes of emptying the reservoir for cleaning. A large flume has been constructed on top to prevent any disaster by a fresbet or other causes. It is eight feet wide, three feet deep, and 270 feet long. It is almost impossible for any fragments of timber or heavy sediment to enter the flume, as two breakwaters have been constructed within a half mile above the reservoir. About 2000 feet down the canyon a three inch lateral pipe taps the main, bringing a supply of 125,000 gallons from Gird spring. This last line is about 1,800 feet, and has a never failing supply as above indicated. Another, called the McCoy spring, is about 2,500 feet down the canyon, on the line of the seven inch pipe. This spring has a capacity of several hundred thousand gallons, but the pipe has not yet been introduced. Still another spring, with an ample flow of crystal water, available for the

use of the company in case of necessity, is in the vicinity, but has not yet been tapped by pipes. From the above it can be seen that there is no lack of water. Leaving out the reservoir, from the various feeders can be obtained a maximum flow of 800,000 gallons. The water obtained from these different sources is the best to be found in any part of the country. It juts out of the ground in natural springs, with rocky, pebbly bottoms, and is ever cool and clear.

This water neither springs from alkali flats, nor is drained from the filth and refuse of the city. Its surroundings are fresh, pure and healthy. There is no possible chance for mud accumulations in the reservoir, as the system of swing pipes are excellent, and the supply is so arranged that any one pipe can be drawn off without detriment to the others. The principle supply at Miller's canyon is controlled by a reel, , so that the flow of water can be regulated to serve all purposes. The work of constructing the dams and the water catches in the mountains was commenced last September, and on the 16th of March last the construction of the pipe line was begun. About the first of last month water was turned in to the grand reservoir on Contention Hill. This magnificent piece of work would be a credit to the enterprise of any community, or the genius of any engineer. This grand distributor is 365 feet higher than the central street of Tombstone. It was hewed out of the solid rock, and is twenty feet deep, 30 feet long and 80 feet wide, with a capacity of holding 1,100,000 gallons of water. The sides are lined with solid masonry, three feet thick at the bottom, and two feet at the top, with the bottom cemented with the best hydraulic cement. It was constructed under the personal supervision of John W. Childs, and is a lasting monument to his genius. From the bottom of the reservoir two seven inch pipes lead down the hill and intersect 3000 feet from the reservoir, and one of them continues 1500 feet further to the corner of Fremont and Ninth streets. Both pipes are regulated by valves, and the short one will be devoted to the use of mills and -----works. A five inch main connects with the main pipe on Allen street, and a six inch pipe taps it at Fremont. These pipes convey the water along the streets named, intersecting at the different cross streets for supply purposes. When finished, there will be fifty-three fire plugs two inches and a half in diameter. To provide against any possible accident, a four inch pipe has been run around the reservoir, tapping the pipe at some distance before it enters it, and Again joining it at a point a couple of hundred feet down the hill.

THE PIPE

is of the best quality of rolled wrought iron, and was manufactured by the Pennsylvania Tube works. In placing the line 8,000 collars were used, and it is a singular circumstance, and greatly to the credit of the manufacturers that not a single one of them was broken. Usually an extra one is ordered for every twenty, but in this case there was not an extra collar needed in the entire work. When the pressure of water was turned on, not a joint gave way, not did there a leak of any consequence occur. The pressure here in the city is 170 pounds to the square inch.

The success of the construction is mainly due to the energy and ability of D.W. Longwell, who had the active management of laying the pipes, regulating the supply, ect. Mr. Longwell was for a long time connected with the United Pipe Line of the Standard Oil Company. This company is known as the most gigantic monopoly in the United States, and has its headquarters at Cleveland, Ohio. He was recommended by the Standard Oil folks to this company to superintend the construction of the water line, and how well he performed his work shows how correct was their judgment of his ability. Mr. Longwell was ably assisted by Messrs. Luddington and Roach, and the close attention these gentlemen gave to details, aided by their practical experience contributed not a little to the success of the work. Mr. J.S. McCoy is the

financial agent and general manager, and to him more than anyone else the people of Tombstone are indebted for the splendid water works. The work cost considerably more than \$500,000, and the following gentleman have the most capitol invested in the enterprise: James P. Hill, the extensive piano manufacturer of New York, P.C. Eastman, Wm. B. Astor, Mr. Ralston, President of the Farmers' and Loan Trust Company, and Charles Place. The large experience and capability of Mr. A.R. Fisk, engineer and examiner of the New York, N. E. and Western Investment Co., made the enterprise possible. This gentleman reached town last evening, and the people of Tombstone should show their appreciation of his enterprise and public spirit. Mr. L.J. Gird, the civil engineer of the enterprise, should not be forgotten when the success of the work is being discussed. His engineering qualities came into good play, and the results of his labors is the best compliment that can be paid him. Of course there is not a doubt but the enterprise will prove a profitable investment for those who have risked their money in it. The line passing through the heart of a country needing naught but water to produce any kind of a crop, will in time be tapped for irrigation purposes, and pleasant farms and verdant gardens will mark its course. Cattle too will slake their thirst from its ever abundant flow, and the lowing of luscious beeves will echo along the shallow gulches and rolling plains between the San Pedro and the Huachucas. Again, it is hardly possible that ore will be hauled to mill on the San Pedro when water can be obtained cheaper here than mules necessary to freight the ore can be fed. It need surprise no one, if some of our great producing mines were making arrangements to remove their quartz mills to Tombstone in a very short time. And certainly if the mills already constructed are not removed, there will be no more built at such a distance from the mines, when a never failing supply of water adequate for all purpose can be had on the ground at moderate cost. Viewing the enterprise from the least enthusiastic standpoint, its success is the greatest boom Tombstone ever received. Insurance rates should come down one-half. The danger of destruction by fire is removed two-thirds, and property owners can go to bed and sleep more comfortably when it is full working order. At a moderate estimate, the successful introduction of such an extensive water supply is worth \$1,000,000 to Tombstone, and \$10,000,000 to Cochise county. This is something to be grateful for. Let us doff our hats to its successful introduction.
