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FRANK C. DIVER  
PAPA'S STORY

Though he was an unassuming man he had a very interesting and remarkable life. He was my father and to me he could do no wrong. He grew up in Kalamazoo, Michigan, played quzrterback on the high school team for a3 years and then went to University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, Mich. He was graduated in the class of 1900, in the school of Medicine. He had an appointment to Annapolis but his father refused to sign the necessary papers for him so he could not attend. He married Daisy Hoagland soon after his graduation and he practiced medicine in Kalamazoo for a couple of years. However, the phrase "go west young man" induced him to try his fortunes in the west. He had a good friend in Los Angeles, Ca and was headed for that state. The train stopped for a short time in Bisbee, Az. where he met some doctors who tried to persuade him to stay on there. It was apparent they were sorely in need of medical help. Daddy went on to Calif., but eventually returned to Michigan for mother and they returned to Bisbee. They lived there about three or four years and mother often said it was the happiest years of their married lives. Bisbee was a company owned town, The Phelps Dodge Company, the owners of Bisbee, opened up additional mines in northern N.M. and Dad was sent to Dawson, N.M. as Chief Surgeon at the company hospital. He and mother moved there in 1907 and I arrived on the scene in 1909. Though they lived in Dawson until 1928 both of them would have returned to Bisbee on a moment's notice.

In retrospect, growing up in a small mining community was indeed fortunate. We had many different nationalities, people were very friendly to each other and it was altogether a very happy life. I learned to drive a car sitting on my Dad's lap while accompanying him on his medical calls all over the camp. There were ten mines in all and at its peak the population of our little city was 7,000. In northern New Mexico it was mountainous. We had definitely the seasons. Dad always fished in the summertime and hunted in the ~~winter~~ fall and winter so trout and venison and wild turkey were the staples of our diet. ~~Now~~ There was a huge company owned store, a high school on top of a hill and an unusual building called the "teacherage" since it housed all the public school teachers. Dad was president of the local school board for many years.

Unfortunately my mother had very poor health so she and I spent many months living in El Paso so that she could have medical treatments.

I went to High School three years in El Paso, Texas and then on for mt education to the University of New Mexico. I recalled many times how unhappy it made me to have to live away from home because I really did miss my Dad. Our home, the Chief Surgeon's house, was located next door to the hospital so I spent many, many hours there helping the nurses roll bandages, wash instruments and fold endless numbers of towels. ~~Was~~ Driving wwith him on his house calls was a treat and the foreign women were so very kind to me. Of course, he was the favorite doctor and we always had loads of ~~CHRISTMAS~~ gifts at Christmastime. Frequently I was left in the homes of various miners so was spoiled by Italian ladies, ~~Slavish~~ ~~and~~ ~~Greek~~ ~~and~~ ~~Polish~~ Greek and Polish and always had different kinds of cookies and breads to take home to mother.

However, the Dawson Hospital was one of my most favorite places to visit. It had two large wards downstairs and upstairs there were 6 private rooms. I was born in that hospital. There were three doctors on the staff in addition to my Dad and most of the time at least four nurses sometimes more.

Those days we had breakfast, dinner and supper. Dad usually came home for dinner at noon and many many times I had to leave the table because of the residue of the ether odor he brought home.

Of course like all mining camps in those days there were the inevitable "explosions". There were two that I recall vividly because my Dad was practically never home and he was operating almost constantly setting broken bones, etc. Most of the miners called him "Mister Dpc" and they really did depend upon him and loved him.

Growing up in Michigan Daddy loved to ice skate and was good. So in the wintertime he would take me and my friends and our 'sleds' down to the flats to a lake and we would scoot across the frozen lakes on our sleds by holding up a blanket to make a sail while Dad skated. I could never stand up on ice skates so finally gave up trying. In the summers we all went picnicking and camping. He was also an avid trout fisherman and could absolutely lose himself fishing. He tried very hard to make a fisher 'person' out of me but all I managed to do was sit down in the middle of the river which definitely dampened my interest in fishing.



7" When my sister was a baby mother chose to stay at home with her and Dad and I took his vacations in California. Mother did not want to travel with a baby so she would then get away for awhile after we returned. Daddy and I went to Long Beach, Calif. most every summer for the month of August. He suffered with Hay fever and by August it was so bad he could not see to operate so we left and returned after frost. Those summers being with him are a very precious memory in my life. We did everything! Daytimes we went swimming in the ocean. He had me take swimming lessons in the 'plunge' at Long Beach. At night we walked down the "Pike", bought a couple of bags of popcorn and walked all the way to one end. Then we had a couple of bars of chocolate to get us back to our apartment. A doctor friend and his family had a beach home at Manhattan Beach so we spent lots of time with them.

One summer when I was a freshman in high school my best friend, Julia, and I helped in the dispensary. It was a three story building next door to the hospital. It housed doctor's offices and the 'pharmacy'. We were to assist the pharmacist, and our jobs were to fill the bottles of camphorated oil, castor oil, count out pills, help clean the place, etc. Naturally we felt very important. All went well until one day we inadvertently gave a man a bottle of castor oil instead of camphorated oil and I had to chase him ~~xxx~~ to give him his correct prescription!

When I was in Albuquerque attending the university there was a group of girls, my roommate and other friends. who very much wanted to go down to Las Cruces to see a football game. Dad drove down to Albuquerque and took five of us to Las Cruces. We stayed in the old Amador Hotel there, went to the game on Saturday afternoon and then he drove us back to Albuquerque and went on to Dawson.

We covered the entire state of N.M. on different trips, went camping a week at a time in the Cimarron Canyon, or drove on up to Taos and down to Santa Fe. We visited numerous Indian pueblos and in his early years in Dawson Dad made a trip to the Four Corners area out on the San Juan reservation where he purchased from the Indians several large Navajo rugs which we used in our home.

In the year 1928 we moved to Los Angeles, Calif. Dad's good friend, Dr.

Walter Bayley, convinced him he should take up practice in Los Angeles with him. Of course, the timing was very bad because we were just nicely settled out there when the crash of '29 occurred. As I recall we did not suffer as many people did, but Dad did lose lots of money in bank failures. He was never very happy in Calif and in a few years moved back to N.M. In the meantime I was finishing my education in Albuquerque. He and Mother and my sister, Nedra moved to Springer, N.M. where he and Dr. Thompson opened up a small private hospital. None of us were ever very pleased with the town of Springer, but the hospital was needed there and he was, after all, a surgeon, and well known in northern N.M. He was back where he could hunt and fish and just enjoy N.M. climate. Since I was married not long after the family returned to N.M., I ~~never lived~~ did not live in Springer very long. When Dad reached the age where he no longer wanted to do surgery he took the position of District Health Officer of four counties in northern N.M. and they moved to Raton, N.M. to live. The years he, my mother and sister lived in Raton I was living in Casper, Wyo., Denver, Colo. Salt Lake City, Utah and finally were transferred to Albuquerque, N.M. where we made a permanent home. Our first daughter was born in Casper, Wyo. and three years later the second baby girl arrived in Albuquerque. Daddy had a severe case of Pneumonia and eventually had to move from the high altitude and cold winters of northern N.M. They moved to Albuquerque where was health officer for two counties, Bernalillo and Sandoval. Our daughters never knew their grandparent on Alton's side of the family but they did truly enjoy my parents and especially my Dad. Their growing up years he and <sup>my mother</sup> lived just a few blocks away. My sister, her husband and one son lived in Farmington so we were not far apart and he really did enjoy and was proud of his grandchildren. Unfortunately, my mother's health was very poor and after her death he moved to within one block of our home and from then on had his evening meal with us. I am sure our daughters shall never forget the endless stories PAPA told them about his days in Bisbee his 'cowboy doctor' days making calls on horseback; riding over into Old Mexico and about his photographer friend (Apgar) who was from New York City and in Az. for his health.

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For many summers we, our family and my sister's, went to Long Beach, CA on vacation. Dad would be brown as a nut by the time we returned. His ocean swimming was really impressive because he was very strong and in later years his age did not deter his activities.

After Dad's bout with pneumonia when he had to get out of the high altitude he and mother stayed with us for a few months in Albuquerque. At that time Dixie was just about 2 years old - we had just a small two-bedroom house so the four of us moved into one bedroom and mother and Dad had the other one. We did manage surprisingly well as I recall. He did finally accept his health condition although he at different times gave some of Albuquerque doctors a generous piece of his mind. He and mother returned to Raton and sold their home and moved to Albuquerque. I have always been glad that our daughters really knew their grandparents.

Dorothy Dixie PARTEE  
1965



## In Remembrance



Dorothy Frances Diver Partee  
February 5, 1909  
August 8, 2002

Dorothy Diver Partee, died August 8, 2002 in Vancouver, WA. She was born February 5, 1909 in Dawson, New Mexico, a former Phelps Dodge mining community in northern NM. Her father Frank C. Diver was the physician and Chief Surgeon at the Dawson Hospital. A 1930 graduate of University of New Mexico, she was a Chi Omega and former board member of her chapter. Married to Alton Davis Partee for 46 years before his death in 1980, she lived in Albuquerque where she was financial secretary at Immanuel Presbyterian Church and secretary with the Albuquerque Public Schools. Mrs. Partee also lived at the Meadows Mobile Home Park in Tempe, AZ and recently moved to Oregon with her daughter. Dorothy was a "true lady" in every way, an avid traveler, lover of life and adventure, a sincere friend to all who knew her and a loving mother. She is survived by two daughters, Dixie Partee of Scappoose, OR and Polly Holbrook of Portland, OR, a son-in-law, Chuck Polityka, a sister, and many cousins which include Mr. & Mrs. James A. West and family of Tempe. Memorial services will be held at University Presbyterian Church, 139 E. Alameda Dr, Tempe on Saturday August 24th at 3pm. Interment will be in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Contributions in her honor may be made to Dogs for the Deaf, 10175 Wheeler Road, Central Point, OR 97502.