

*The Ghost of
The Cuban Queen
Bordello*

*A story of a 1920s
Jerome, Arizona, madam*

By Peggy Hicks



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This book is classified as historical fiction. Although it is drawn from history through many hours of research and contains actual historical people, places and photos, some minor events, (i.e. exact conversations could not be fully documented and are fictitious).

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The Cuban Queen Bordello
324 Queen St. Jerome, Arizona circa 2011



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*To My Children and Grandchildren,
Have a clear vision of what you want in life and keep
your desires and actions on the same page.*



Contents

Dedication	i
Preface.....	iii
Chapter 1: The Haunted Bordello	1
Chapter 2: The Ghost City Archives.....	10
Chapter 3: The Cuban Queen is Born	21
Chapter 4: The Story of Storyville.....	34
Chapter 5: Mr. Piano Man	52
Chapter 6: The Arcade Saloon.....	65
Chapter 7: Off To See the World.....	80
Chapter 8: The Wickedest Town	99
Chapter 9: And All That Jazz.....	115
Chapter 10: The Cuban Queen’s Kitchen	131
Chapter 11: The Luck of the Irish.....	142
Chapter 12: By the Light of The Moon	156
Chapter 13: Camping in Canyonville	166
Chapter 14: Jelly’s in a Jam	176
Chapter 15: She Sold His Soul to Satan.....	189
Chapter 16: Mable Was a Showgirl	207
Chapter 17: Royalties Start Rolling In.....	219
Chapter 18: Grandpa Jack and a Big Black Cadillac	231
Chapter 19: Henry Ford	241
Chapter 20: A Black Rose for The Cuban Queen.....	251

Preface

The story begins as a ghost story and quickly unfolds as the writer takes you through a captivating journey uncovering the life history of an enterprising madam known as The Cuban Queen.

She began her trade in the early 1900s in the red-light district of Storyville in New Orleans. Constantly on the move, The Cuban Queen operated the Arcade Saloon in the pioneer town of Las Vegas, Nevada and then on to a jazz club in San Francisco. While married to the famous Jelly Roll Morton—the self-proclaimed inventor of jazz—they traveled the country helping set trends in both fashion and music during the infancy of the jazz age. This dark-skinned beauty frequently changed her name and even her race in order to fit her ever-changing circumstances. She bleached her skin and straitened her hair as if to deny her African heritage...or was it just a trick of her trade?

Her next stop was Jerome, Arizona, one of the world's richest mining towns. This buxom harlot ruled in this rough and tumble copper mining town in Central Arizona during the Roaring '20s. While in Jerome, she ran a house of pleasure called The Cuban Queen Bordello. Old timers of Jerome remembered The Cuban Queen as a beautiful tall curvaceous madam, who spoke with a southern accent. She was the only madam in town who offered gambling in her bordello. Some said she was a little mysterious and rumor had it she was deeply rooted in the practice of the

voodoo traditions. An anonymous source said, “One thing was sure. If the pretty girls didn’t keep you coming back, her fine southern cooking would.” Much went on behind the closed doors of this lavish, upscale bordello. Late one night in 1927, one of her working girls was murdered in her own bed. This cunning madam and her handsome accomplice kidnapped the dead girl’s baby boy and slipped out of town not to be heard from again...until now!

Follow the twists and turns as the writer tells the rest of the story, revealing what became of the kidnapped boy, Jelly Roll Morton and The Cuban Queen.