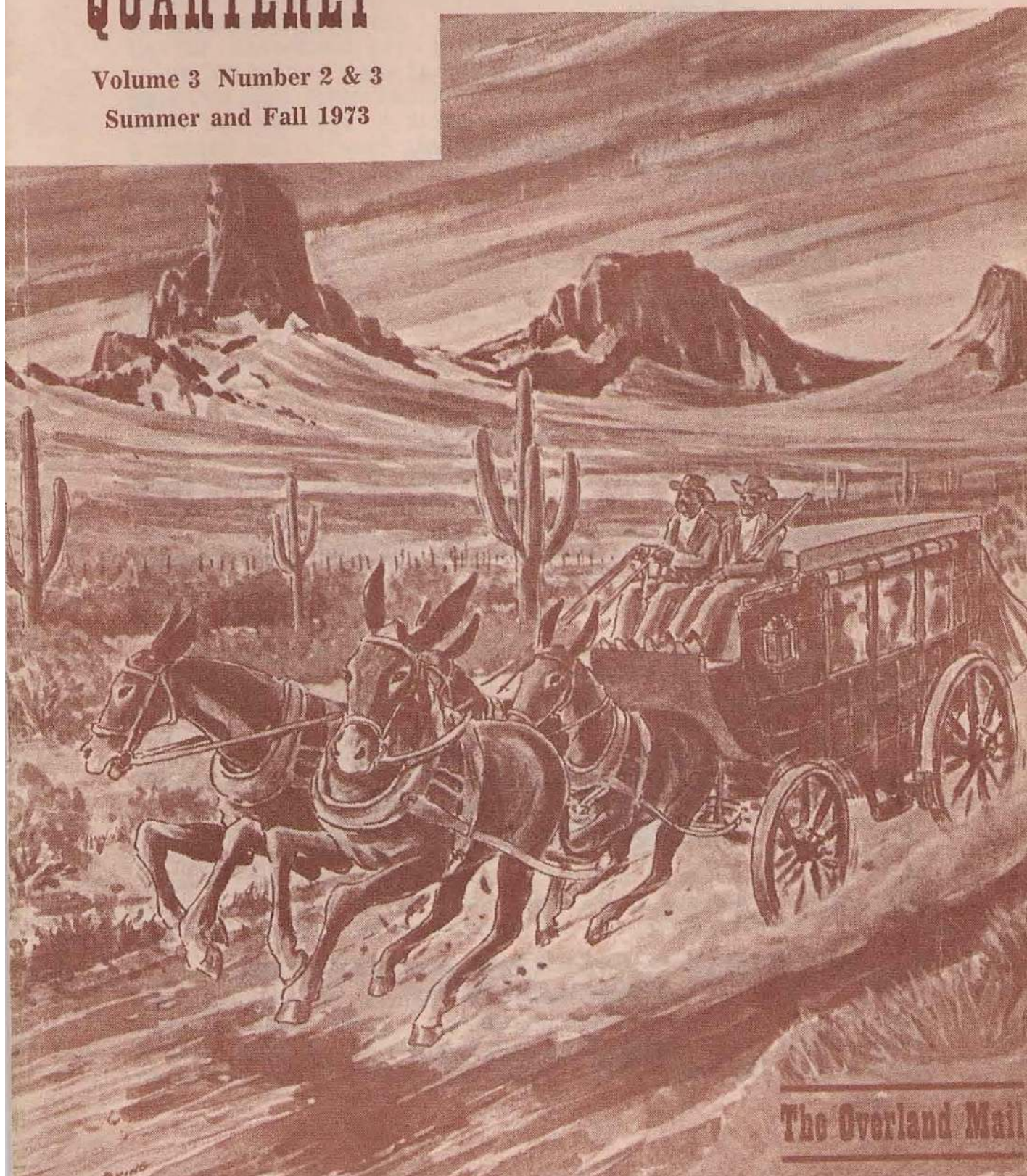


THE COCHISE QUARTERLY

Volume 3 Number 2 & 3
Summer and Fall 1973

Cochise College Library
Douglas, Arizona



The Overland Mail

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH

The Overland Mail Company's stagecoach rocks across the desert near Picacho Peak on its way to Tucson and the East in this illustration depicting Arizona's pre-Civil War public transportation. The historic Butterfield route is traced by John Theobald, who is considered an authority on the subject.



A Publication of the Cochise County Historical and
Archaeological Society
P. O. Box 818
Douglas, Arizona 85607

MR. BUTTERFIELD'S ROUTE

It stretched 437 miles across Arizona, bringing the first stagecoaches through lands infested by hostile Indians, outlaws and cruel caprices of nature

by John O. Theobald

Editor's note—The article *Mr. Butterfield's Route* was first published on February 5, 1967, in *Arizona Magazine*, a part of the Sunday Edition of the *Arizona Republic*.

We are indebted to the *Arizona Magazine* for permission to re-print the article here in the Quarterly.

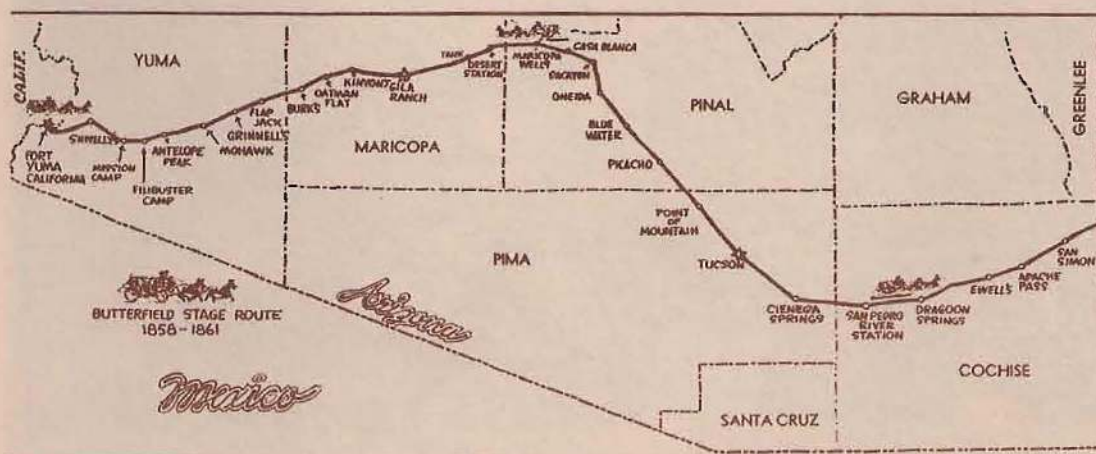
We are also indebted to Lillian G. Theobald, wife of the late John O. Theobald for her kind permission to use the material.

It was about 6 p.m. Oct. 1, 1858, that the first stagecoach of the westbound Overland Mail crossed the line that was later to divide Arizona and New Mexico as territories and states.

It was part of the beginning of one of our country's greatest transportation achievements, the first attempt at a schedule timetable transcontinental link between the East and West.

The spectacular success of this venture was due in great measure to American business ingenuity and foresight. After the congressional award of the mail contract to John Butterfield and associates in September of 1857, the agreement allowed one year of preparation, calling for the first service from St. Louis to San Francisco to start Sept. 16, 1858, with the maximum allowable travel time of 25 days. By the latter date, improvement in grades and realignments of the older wagon roads and trails used by Indians and '49ers and later immigrants had been improved where they were now ready for the stagecoaches over the more than 2,800-mile stretch.

'The stage minded not God or man'



All the Arizona stations were not built during the first year of actual operation, but before the closing of the line in 1861, 27 stations and stopping places were in use on Butterfield's 437-mile

stretch across the state. Nearly every one had its days of glory, disaster, or death and destruction.

Today, no markers and scarcely a trace of any of the stations except the one at Dragoon survive. Only in a few journals, letters and reports is there any inkling of the hard labor, the harsh life, the daily dangers, defeats, and victories of the station keepers and the stage drivers.

Mules instead of horses and a specially built coach called "The Celerity Wagon" were used on the long, hot and arduous southwestern stretches of the trail. The maximum speed rarely exceeded 100 miles in 24 hours and each passenger was advised to have his own firearm and cartridges, as well as a few other items in his combination comfort-survival kit.

Passengers paid 40 cents to \$1 for meals. Food in the more isolated stations in the Southwest was primitive, usually jerky, beans,



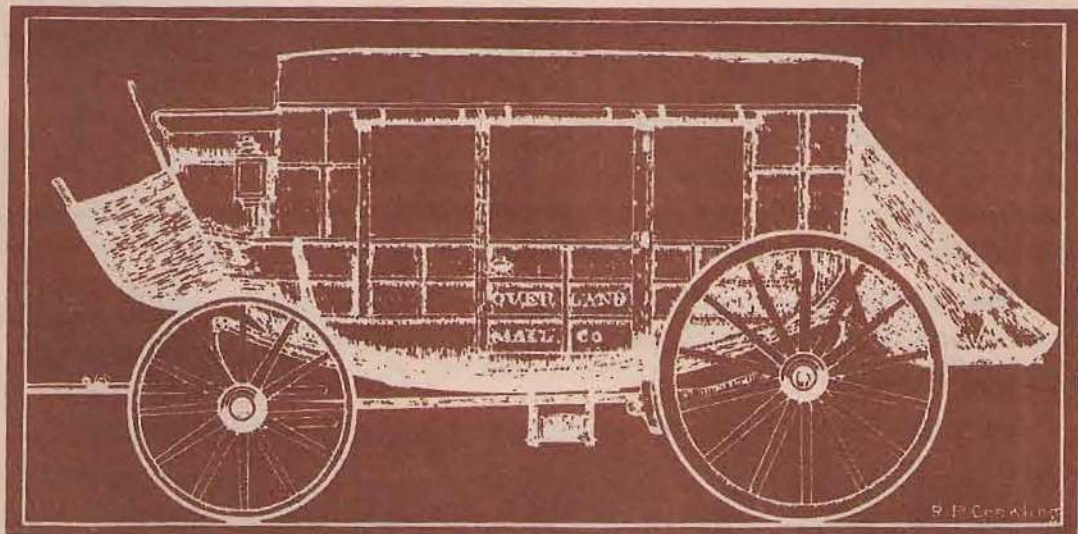
Of the 27 stations and stopping places on the old Butterfield stage route through Arizona, the most that remains is this crumbling rock wall of the Dragoon Springs station in the northern foothills of the Dragoon Mountains. It was the site of a gory attack in which three Mexican employees of the stage line literally hacked to pieces four Anglos. Only Silas St. John escaped the murderers.

and coffee. Observations of passengers concerning the service, preparation and cleanliness of food and water at the stations is varied and colorful.

Many of the stations were built on a uniform plan, usually of adobe, although the Dragoon station was rock walled. Enclosing or barricading walls were about 65 feet long and 24 feet apart, with rooms inside. A dug well was within the walls and a reservoir about 150 by 100 feet was often constructed adjacent to the enclosures.

The Apache Indian was the greatest potential threat along the Arizona run of the stage. His interference with the coaches themselves was held to a minimum by a company policy of literally buying them off with gifts. The theft of stock, nevertheless, from the stations by these tribesmen represented heavy loss to the company. An occasional Army escort or a military detachment along the line also had its temporary beneficial protective effect against the Apache. Only once, in February of 1861, after 2½ years of operation, was the stage service in Arizona delayed because of Indian attack. This occurred when the Apaches descended upon the station at Apache Pass and no stage went through for three weeks.

Just a few miles west of the New Mexico line, the stage came to its first Arizona station, San Simon. From this station, the route led 18 miles southwest through San Simon Valley to Apache Pass station, 15 miles west, was Ewell's, named for a famous Arizona



This is the Butterfield "Celerity" stage, the type first used in Arizona before the heavier Concord stages were introduced. This type of light stage, built in the coach factory of James Gould at Albany, N. Y., was more adaptable to rough mountain and desert travel than the lumbering stages familiar in the East. Seats were not upholstered but, like those in some automobiles today, could be folded down to provide unyielding beds for passengers. These coaches operated between Springfield, Mo., or Fort Smith, Ark., and Los Angeles.

The word "celerity" was taken from standard mail route contracts which required contractors to perform their duties with "certainty, celerity, and security."

Indian fighter who later became a Confederate Civil War general. Further southwest 25 miles is Dragoon Spring, site of a bloody and atrocious attack by three Mexican employes of the stage line. Only Silas St. John survived miraculously. Four Anglos were literally hacked to pieces by the murderers. Rock walls, today only a few feet high, still outline the station on a quiet, beautiful, and rugged slope that seems to deny its implication of any human clash.

The 80 miles between Dragoon Springs and Tucson are divided by two stations, San Pedro River and Cienega Springs.

Tucson was a timetable station. A timetable station was a station at which the stage was to arrive at a scheduled time, and drivers took great pride in accomplishing these schedules.

Tucson was the western limit of the sixth division and eastern limit of the Tucson-Yuma or seventh division.

The westbound mail arrived at 1:30 p.m. Tuesday and Friday and the eastbound at 3 p.m. Wednesday and Saturday. The station was at what is now Main and Alameda streets.

Charles Herman Meyer, colorful judge of Tucson, had some pertinent observations:

"They used to bet on the arrival of the stage within five minutes. The stage minded not God or man. It's only aim was to get through on time. At each station, six horses were in harness, ready to be put in. The stops were five minutes, except for meal stations, then it was twenty minutes. Several times, I saw men who would go off to get a new hat or cigar or something when the stage was due to start. The next would be the toot of the horn as the stage started out and the man would rush out and request that the stage tarry. 'Wait two days for the next stage' was the only consolation he got."

From Tucson to Sacaton, 77 miles, the intermediate stations were Point-Of-Mountain, Picacho, Blue Water and Oneida.

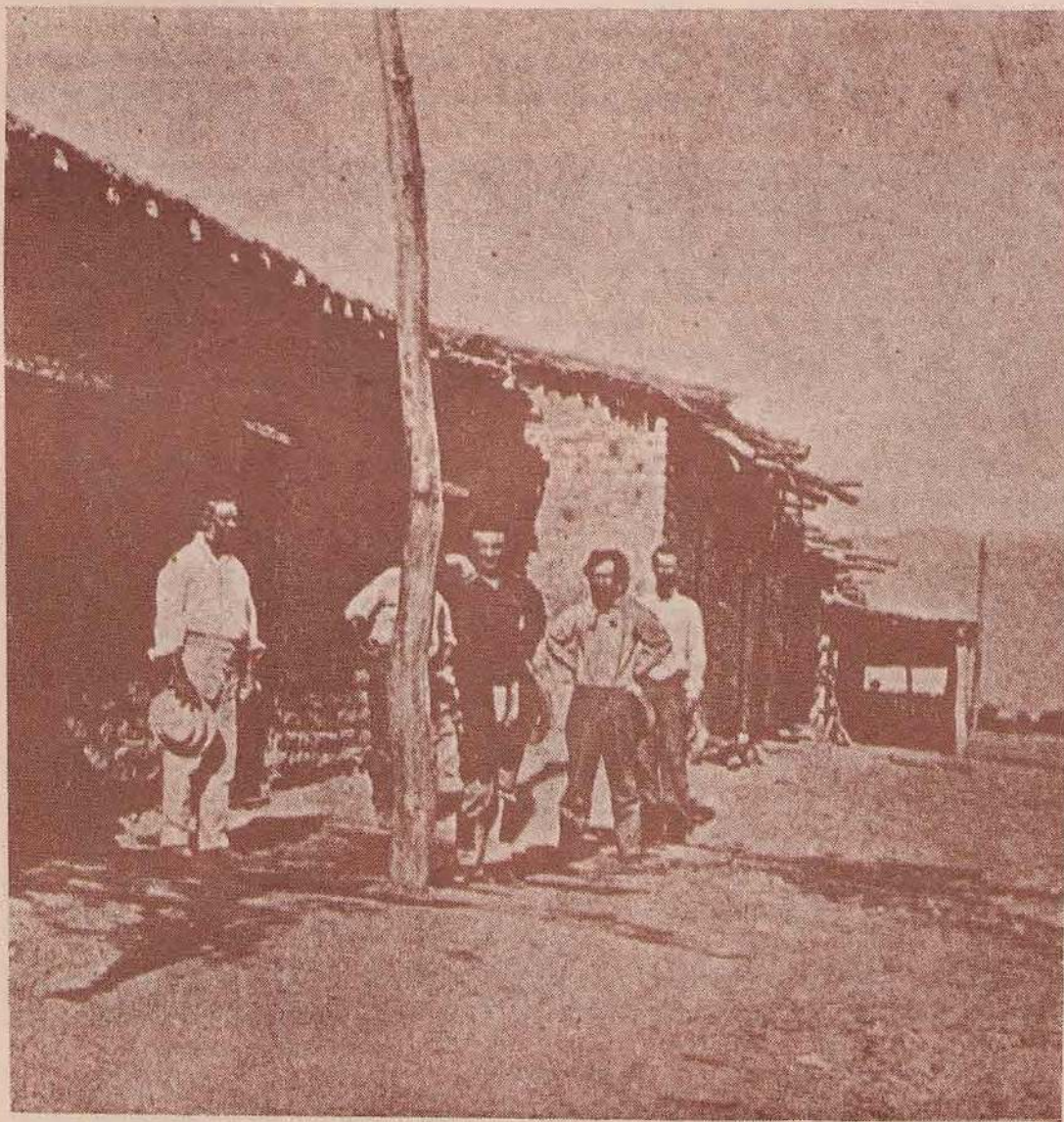
The site of the station at Sacaton is only faintly visible today. Casa Blanca, 11 miles west, was followed by Maricopa Wells, another 11 miles beyond.

Maricopa Wells was an extremely busy and active station. It was here that Phillip St. George Cooke in 1846 hand dug the shallow wells that furnished an abundance of water and feed for the line. The stage line built here an elaborate complex of buildings and corrals. Through the observations of travelers and journalists, much fascinating and colorful historical detail exists today on Maricopa Wells. The Pimas supplied grain and other produce and obtained useful merchandise in exchange.

From Maricopa Wells, the trail entered the area known as the 40-Mile Desert. Since the next regular station 40 miles west was at Gila Ranch or Tezotal, a watering location known as Desert Station was maintained 20 miles from Maricopa Wells and a cistern later called Happy Camp 10½ miles west of Desert Station. The cistern was filled with water hauled from the Gila River nine miles away.

Many diaries, letters and journals of travelers in stage and wagon in the 1850s and 1860s tell of the hardships in crossing this long desert road. Used in prehistoric centuries by the natives and later by the Spaniard and the Anglo-American explorer and pioneer, it could well have been one of western America's heaviest used frontier highways. Among its many explorers and travelers were Kino, De Anza, Leroux, Emory, Cooke, the 49ers, the Butterfield, the California Column, and the post-Civil War stage lines. Even today, the diesels of the Southern Pacific pull their vast freight tonnages close to the trail and air travelers cross and recross it many times. Standing in faint remains of the trail in a desert solitude, one can dream of the great figures and hosts of the past whose footsteps passed once this way and more deeply appreciate their contribution to the opening of the Southwest.

Tezotal or Gila Ranch, the first station on the Gila after crossing



This is one of the few known photographs to show part of the building complex at the Maricopa Wells stage station. It was taken about the middle 1870s.

the 40-Mile Desert, was a timetable station. The westbound mail arrived at 9 p.m. Wednesday and Saturday and the eastbound 7:30 p.m. Monday and Thursday. This station was built in 1858, but destroyed by Indians in 1860. It was located about four miles north of present-day Gila Bend.

The next station was unofficially but appropriately called Murderer's Grave since there in 1856 a young man killed his guardian. The killing was witnessed by members of an immigrant train who summarily tried and executed the guilty one on the spot. The official name of this station was Kinyon's.

The trail passed Painted Rock, referred to by many travelers as a notable prehistoric relic of the aboriginals of the area, to Oatman Flat Station, which was in a flat just below the site of the Oatman massacre. What could be more incredible than the survival of Lorenzo Oatman, left for dead by the Apaches and Olive, his sister, who spent five terror ridden years as an Indian captive?

After Oatman Flat Station came Burk's, 12 miles southwest, named for the station keeper and built in 1858. Flapjack, also known as Flat Creek or Stanwix, was 12 miles away. After the abandonment of the Butterfield, the station was occupied and rehabilitated by King Woolsey, rough and colorful Arizona pioneer.

Southwest 15 more miles was Grinnell's, named for the station keeper but more commonly known as Texas Hill. Texas immigrants who were victims of an Indian raid gave the station its name. Peterman's, also from the station keeper's name, but later known as Mohawk Station, named for the nearby mountain range, was 11 miles beyond.

Southwest another 12 miles was Antelope Peak Station, followed by Filibuster camp, northeast of present-day Wellton. This station was abandoned in 1859 and its facilities moved back to Antelope Peak. Filibuster camp was the starting point of the ill-fated Crabb Expedition in March of 1857. Crabb sought to annex a portion of Sonora to the United States, but his detachment was ambushed at Caborca, Sonora, the majority killed in battle, the remainder executed.

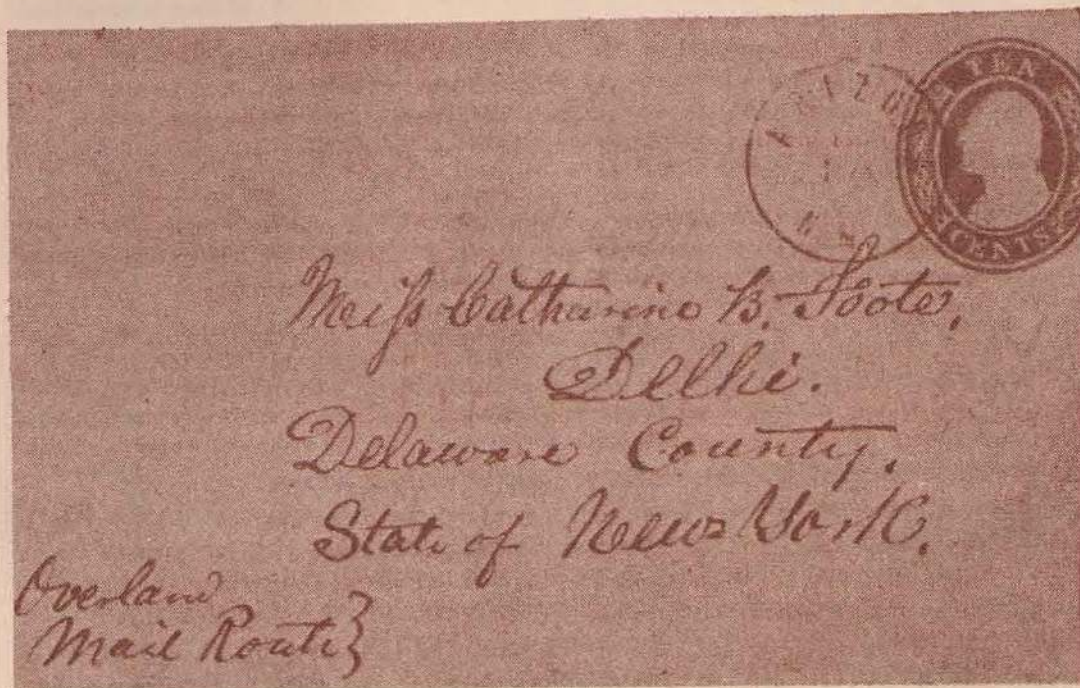
Mission Camp, west of Filibuster Station a few miles, is thought to be the site of a mission that may have been founded by Father Francisco Eusebio Kino.

The next station, 13 miles west northwest, was Snively's, established in 1858 at the home of Jacob Snively.

Near this station at Gila City in the latter part of 1858, Snively made a gold strike, a strike true, if ever there was one, to the best traditions of boom and bust. Space on the Butterfield stages to Gila City was booked far in advance and space on the extra coaches on the California-to-Arizona runs sold at a premium. Prospective passengers, clamoring for tickets, were scalped by members of their own race. By 1861 even Snively, later killed by Indians while prospecting in Central Arizona, had left.

From Snively's, 22 miles west, the Arizona trail ended at Yuma, then called Colorado City, although the stage station was at the home of ferryman Louis J. F. Jaeger near Ft. Luma on the California side of the river.

The old Butterfield still lives in the dim traces of its now straight, now wandering route through the hungry mountains and thirsty deserts of Arizona. It was an important chapter in the epic of America's constant conquest of time and space.



This letter was mailed from Arizona, New Mexico Territory. Arizona was the name of a settlement previously known as Colorado City. Today it is Yuma. What now is the state of Arizona was then a part of the territory of New Mexico. Marked "Overland Mail Route," the letter was carried by the Butterfield eastbound stage entirely across Arizona in either 1859 or 1860. Although a post office was established in Colorado City Dec. 2, 1857, then changed to Arizona March 17, 1858, the Butterfield station was near Ft. Yuma on the California side of the Colorado.

OVERLAND MAIL COMPANY
THROUGH TIME SCHEDULE BETWEEN
 St. Louis, Mo., }
 Memphis, Tenn. } & SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

GOING WEST.

LEAVE		DAYS	Distance			Av'ge Miles per Hour
			Hour	Place	Time to place allowed	
St. Louis, Mo. & } Memphis, Tenn. }		Every Monday & Thursday,	8.00 a.m.	Miles	Hours	
P. R. R. Terminus,	"	" Monday & Thursday,	6.00 p.m.	160	10	16
Springfield,	"	" Wednesday & Saturday	7.45 a.m.	143	37½	37/9
Fayetteville,	"	" Thursday & Sunday,	10.15 a.m.	100	26½	37/9
Fort Smith,	Ark.	" Friday & Monday,	3.30 a.m.	65	17¼	37/9
Sherman,	Texas	" Sunday & Wednesday,	12.30 a.m.	205	45	4½
Fort Belknap,	"	" Monday & Thursday,	9.00 a.m.	146½	32½	4½
Fort Chadbourn,	"	" Tuesday & Friday,	3.15 p.m.	136	30¼	4½
Pecos River, (Em. Crossing)	"	" Thursday & Sunday,	3.45 a.m.	165	36½	4½
El Paso,	"	" Saturday & Tuesday,	11.00 a.m.	248½	55¼	4½
Soldier's Farewell	"	" Sunday & Wednesday,	8.30 p.m.	150	33½	4½
Tucson,	Arizona	" Tuesday & Friday,	1.30 p.m.	184½	41	4½
Gila River,*	"	" Wednesday & Saturday	9.00 p.m.	141	31½	4½
Fort Yuma,	Cal.	" Friday & Monday,	3.00 a.m.	135	30	4½
San Bernardino	"	" Saturday & Tuesday,	11.00 p.m.	200	44	4½
Ft. Tejon, (via Los Angeles)	"	" Monday & Thursday,	7.30 a.m.	150	32½	4½
Visalia,	"	" Tuesday & Friday,	11.30 a.m.	127	28	4½
Firebaugh's Ferry,	"	" Wednesday & Saturday	5.30 a.m.	82	18	4½
(Arrive) San Francisco.	"	" Thursday & Sunday,	8.30 a.m.	163	27	6

GOING EAST.

LEAVE		DAYS	Distance			Av'ge Miles per Hour
			Hour	Place	Time to place allowed	
San Francisco,	Cal.	Every Monday & Thursday,	8.00 a.m.	Miles	Hours	
Firebaugh's Ferry,	"	" Tuesday & Friday,	11.00 a.m.	163	27	6
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(Arrive) St. Louis, Mo. & } Memphis, Tenn. }		" Thursday & Sunday,		160	10	16

This Schedule may not be exact—Superintendents, Agents, Station-men, Conductors, Drivers and all employees are particularly directed to use every possible exertion to get the Stages brought in quick time, even though they may be ahead of this time.

If they are behind this time, it will be necessary urge the animals on the highest speed that they can be driven without injury.

Remember that no allowance is made in the time for ferries, changing

teams &c. It is therefore necessary that each driver increase his speed over the average per hour enough to gain the necessary time for meals, changing teams, crossing ferries, &c.

Every person in the Company's employ will always bear in mind that each minute of time is of importance. If each driver on the route loses fifteen (15) minutes, it would make a total loss of time, on the entire route, of twenty-five (25) hours, or, more than one day. If each one loses ten (10) minutes it would make a total loss of sixteen and one half (16½) hours, or, the best part of a day.

On the contrary, if each driver gains that amount of time, it leaves a margin of time against accidents and extra delays.

All hands will see the great necessity of promptness and dispatch: every minute of time is valuable as the Company are under heavy forfeit if the mail is behind time.

Conductors must note the hour and date of departure from Stations, the cause of delay, if any, and all particulars. They must also report the same fully to their respective Superintendents.

* The Station referred to on Gila River, is 40 miles west of Maricopa Wells.

JOHN BUTTERFIELD.

Pres't.

PIONEERS IN PROFILE

by Glenn G. Dunham

The western pioneer is still a popular figure. In television, movies, fiction, and legend we meet him (or her, since pioneers were of both sexes) again and again. He may be the sheriff of Dodge City, Kansas, or Tombstone, Arizona. He may be driving a stagecoach or defending a wagon train. He may be a homesteader or a prospector, a sheepherder, a rancher, or a wandering cowboy. Whatever he does he must have certain qualities, which we today have come to admire. He has self control and quick understanding of what is important and what is not. He thinks fast when action is needed, and has the courage to do what is necessary. He doesn't complain, and he doesn't preach, nor does he win out without a struggle, one that proves his strength and courage.

The idea of the western hero that we know so well was formed by many persons, not just one. As settlers made the country theirs, built homes, and upheld freedom and justice, they created the character of the West.

It has been this writer's pleasure to talk with many of the pioneers of Cochise County. Almost invariably when you start talking with these people and ask them to tell about some of their pioneer experiences, the answer you get is, "Well, I don't know of anything I ever did that was of particular importance." However, if you can keep them talking, eventually you get from them what you are really looking for, Real Stories of the Old Southwest. In these short stories, "Pioneers in Profile," the background biographical information has been gathered from many sources, but the stories are the ones told by the pioneers themselves.

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Times have changed since pioneer days. Problems of today of both East and West are different, but the spirit of the pioneer is still strong, and those of us with that spirit enjoy the tales of "The Old-Timers."

MICHAEL JOSEPH O'DONOHUE

A

PIONEER IN PROFILE

Michael Joseph O'Donohue, "a true son of the Old Sod," was born in County Galway, Ireland, on August 15, 1870. He spent his boyhood days on the family farm in Ireland, but in 1893 he made the voyage from Ireland across the Atlantic. He was aboard the English ship, "The New Media," which docked at Quebec, Canada. Michael continued west by rail to Sault Ste. Marie where he entered the United States for the first time. He arrived in Minneapolis, Minnesota, on July 4th amid the celebration of Independence Day. Thinking that the festivity was to honor some new arrival, Michael inquired as to who that important person might be, and so it was that he learned the full meaning of the 4th of July in the United States. Then and there the idea of citizenship in this new country was born, the dream later to be fulfilled in a Territorial Court in Tucson, Arizona, February 7, 1903.

Ventures in railroading took Michael to the South and to the Far West. This was the great era of railroad building in California, so he set out from Minneapolis for the Golden West. There he went to work with construction crews building road beds and laying track. Not satisfied with being a "gandy dancer," he turned his attention to Denver, Colorado, where he landed a job as a switchman.

The opening up of the mines, and railroad construction in Arizona brought Michael to that area. Landing in Tucson he immediately went to work getting the aforementioned United States citizenship. He then proceeded on to the new town of Bisbee and soon was working for the old El Paso and Southwestern Railroad. Shortly after arriving in Bisbee Michael began to hear rumors of a new townsite in the valley east of Bisbee, and so in 1901 as the rumors became more definite, he decided to make a trip of inspection to the townsite. His trip to the valley was made in a rented buckboard and resulted in his filing on forty acres of land. The original survey map of Douglas shows this forty acres to be what is referred to as the North Douglas Addition. On August 24, 1902, Mike Donohue was the conductor on the first ore train to travel over the new tracks from Bisbee to Douglas. Note the new name, Mike Donohue. By this time he had eliminated the O' from the last name and his American friends had shortened his first name to the customary Mike. Note also that he retained the spelling of the last name of Donohue. Some of the other members of the family changed the spelling of the last name to Donohue and Donahue.

Now the young Irishman had become a United States citizen, acquired forty acres of land, and due to his thrifty nature was able

to send for the rest of his family. By 1906 all of the family, including Mike's father and mother, had come to Douglas and fully established the family home.

Michael J. Donohoe was married to Ruby Fusselman in the Immaculate Conception Catholic Church in Douglas, Arizona, on June 10, 1908. From this union there were born three children, all of them still living, Mrs. James A. (Ruth) Elliott of Douglas, Judge M. J. Donohoe, Jr., of Rigby, Idaho, and Dr. T. L. Donohoe, of Tucson, Arizona.



Michael Joseph Donohoe—1907

Mike Donohoe stayed with railroad work for about fourteen years, working up to the position of conductor. In 1907 he became a real estate dealer in Douglas with his place of business located at 1120 G Avenue. Here he worked until his retirement in 1931.

Death came to Michael Joseph Donohoe at the age of 93, on September 27, 1963. After Funeral Mass at the Immaculate Conception Catholic Church, he was interred in Calvary Memorial Park in Douglas, Arizona.

The young Irish immigrant had brought to America a devoted love of God and a code of life which said, keep the Lord's commandments, be loyal to the United States, strive for more knowledge, maintain physical fitness, and aim for nothing less than the best, and thus he lived his life as a Cochise County pioneer.

In the days when Mike had time to sit down to talk, and if you encouraged him enough, you might get him to tell you about some of the incidents in his life as a pioneer. One such story dealt with the delivering of a letter for a friend in his early railroading years.

Railroad construction was in full swing in Cochise County in the early nineteen hundreds. By 1901 the Phelps Dodge Corporation had created a spur track from Benson to Bisbee by way of Fairbanks and the San Pedro Valley. This was known as the Arizona and Southeastern R.R., and as soon as plans were completed for the smelter in Douglas, the road was completed to the new city. A branch from this line also cut off at Don Luis, in Bisbee, and extended to mining properties in Nacozari, Mexico. At about this time the El Paso and Southeastern R.R. absorbed the Arizona Southeastern, and started construction of a two hundred fifteen mile line from El Paso to Douglas, where it would connect with the already constructed road. The plan of construction was to start building at both ends of the line and meet somewhere in New Mexico.'



E. P. & S. W. Depot—Douglas, Arizona

At the time of our story the track from Douglas was laid out as far as Apache, where there was a construction camp maintained by the contractors Toohey and Robinson. The railroad men called Apache the "front" because that was as far as the track went in that direction.

One evening early in 1903 the material train made a run out to the front with a load of ties. The young brakeman on that train was Mike Donohoe. The next morning Mike showed up bright and early in the cook shack for his breakfast. As he entered the eating area, he was greeted by, "Mornin', Mike." "Some guys have all the luck; nice warm caboose with a stove, for sleeping quarters; why don't you try roughing it with us poor common people some time?"

"You fellows bring up those ties we been needing?"

Mike's reply was a greeting to all and an affirmative answer to the question about the ties.

As the cook came and starting putting food on the table, one of

1. Robert Glass Cleland, *A History of Phelps-Dodge, 1834-1950*, Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1925, pp. 135-136.

the men turned to Mike and asked, "Where's that material train been, Mike? Haven't seen you around here for over a week."

Mike interrupted his eating long enough to reply, "We made a run down into Mexico. Brought back a string of empties."

At the reply the cook stopped in his distribution of food to look at Mike and comment, "Now I know where I'd seen you before. You're the man that put me off the material train the other day, aren't you, Donohoe?"

"I don't know where," Mike replied.

"Down in Mexico. You put me off at Cavillen."

"I don't recall you, but if I put you off anywhere I had a good reason for it."

"You tried to collect a dollar from me for train fare."

"The company requires us to collect a dollar from any one riding the material train as a passenger. I didn't know you were cooking for Toohey and Robinson, but it wouldn't have made any difference. If the passenger doesn't pay, off he goes, no matter who he is, when I am doing it."

The cook shrugged his shoulders and started for the kitchen but then paused to reply, "Oh, I didn't blame you. It's this company gets under my hide. It don't hurt 'em to let a fellow ride an empty cattle car or a gondola. It ain't like I'd tried to crash a pullman or a private car."

Mike could see the cook was getting riled up, so thought he'd try to calm him down a bit. It's never a good thing to have the cook mad at you, so he said, "Look, cook, I don't know anything about that. All I do is follow instructions. I'm sorry you are so upset about it."

The cook looked back over his shoulder as he left for the kitchen, "Oh, I've gotten over it now, but I was plenty mad at the time."

It seemed to be true; the cook didn't hold a grudge at all; in fact he became quite friendly with Mike during the next few days.

One evening three or four days later some of the boys went into town for a bit of a good time. They came back to camp with the news that a gambling house in Douglas had been held up that evening. Someone had taken a pot shot at one of the outlaws as he was making his getaway, and they knew by the trail of blood he left behind that he had been hit. Just the same the posse that took to the trail soon lost it and none of the culprits had been caught. The holdup gave the boys at the front something to talk about, and created a little excitement for them.

The next morning after breakfast the cook cornered Mike for a little private talk.

"I hear the material train is going back to Douglas today, Donohue?"

"Yes."

"I suppose you are going?"

"Sure, why? Anything I can do for you in Douglas?"

"I just wanted you to mail a letter for me."

"Of course. Have you got it written?"

"Yeah, here it is—goes to Silver Creek."

"I suppose you know there's no post office there, nothing but a water tank."

"Sure, but one of the boys said we could leave mail for Silver Creek under a rock there."

"That's right. I'll leave it for you, cook."

"Thanks, Donohoe. You know how it is, there's a girl there, and I can't get down for a day or two, so thought I'd write. I went to Douglas last night, and, well—I can't leave too much, and—well, anyway, thanks."

"Sure, I know how it is. You're welcome, cook."

As Mike put the letter in his pocket, he noticed the flap on the envelope wasn't stuck. He turned to call the cook to remind him, but the cook had gone, so he got on the train as it pulled out. There wasn't much to do on the run down from Apache. Mike was alone in the caboose most of the time with nothing to do except watch the scenery go by. He happened to think about that letter being open and decided to seal it. He took the letter from his pocket and turned the envelope over a time or two and then put it back into his pocket without sealing it. He got to thinking that a fellow might learn something new about writing love letters, especially when the cook was as careless as he was about not sealing his letter. He was a young fellow himself, and that open letter seemed to burn a hole in his pocket. A man can always think of a good reason for doing something he wants to do, so the more he thought about that open letter, the more it seemed to him that, if the cook wasn't careful enough to make sure that his letter was sealed, then there was no reason why anyone that happened along couldn't and wouldn't read it. Anyway he could, and would, and did. The more he read of it the more he realized he should not be reading it, but he kept on just the same. He was learning a lot more than he had bargained for. It was a love letter, all right, but there was plenty in it besides. He stewed and fretted about what was in that letter, in his own mind, and got so upset over it that he let the Silver Creek station go by without even remembering he was supposed to mail it there. By the time the train got to Douglas he had decided what to do. He was a man who minded his own business pretty well, and that is what he would do in this case. He'd seal the letter and put it off at Silver Creek on the way back.

When the material train pulled out of Douglas the next morning, on the way back to Apache, Mike found the Douglas constable in the caboose, and the two of them visited awhile on the trip up.

"You officers sure lead a life—always on the trail of somebody."

"Yep, we get plenty of excitement."

"I wouldn't care much for it myself, on the wrong side of the law, but there are plenty who do."

"We almost had a killing on the train not long ago—or I guess I'd better say, we almost had a killing—almost on the train."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, this happened at the other end of the line. We were going east with a caboose on the end of a passenger train. The crew was going to bring back a new engine, coupled on to the caboose. We are always short of engines out here, you know. A girl got onto the train between Antelope and Hachita, going to El Paso. At the next stop a man got on, packing a gun and talking wildly. He commenced at one end of the train and went through all of the cars, asking about a girl, and describing her so that I knew she was the one who had just boarded the train at the last stop."

"You don't mean to tell me he was gunning for the girl?"

"No, it wasn't that. We figured there was something wrong so we didn't give him any information, but we did tip the girl off. She was pretty scared, and told us she was going to El Paso to get married, and that she had tried to sneak away from this fellow who wanted to marry her himself. She thought he would follow her to El Paso and kill her sweetheart when they met."

"I suppose you took care of that?"

"Yeah, we rushed her to the caboose and hid her in the locker. The gun toter went all through the train two or three times, but he didn't find her, so he got off at the next station."

"I wonder if he thought she'd like him any better for killing her sweetheart?"

"It's hard to tell what some people think. Going all the way to the front with us, constable?"

"Yep. I'm after that cook Toohey and Robinson have out there at Apache."

"The cook! Why, what's he done?"

"He's one of the birds that pulled off that holdup the other night in Douglas."

"Huh, I'm sure sorry to hear that. I sorta liked the son of a gun."

"I haven't anything against him myself, but business is business."

"Well, well, it's a small world, after all."

"I reckon that cook will think so after he sees the size of the cell we have waiting for him. Believe I'll go outside and stretch a little. Seems kinda close in here."

When the constable went outside, Mike took the letter from his pocket and read it once more. In it the cook thanked the girl for

dressing the wound in his arm that he had gotten when he held up the gambling house in Douglas. He said it didn't pain him much, and that he didn't think it was going to give him any trouble. Mike shook his head as he sealed the letter, and got ready to leave it at Silver Creek. He could at least tell the cook that his girl would get his letter.

When they got to Apache there just wasn't any cook. He had somehow gotten wind that the law was after him, and had left while the going was good. On account of the girl at Silver Creek, Mike didn't tell anybody about that letter for a good many years.

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THE AMOS WIEN FAMILY PIONEERS IN PROFILE

by Beatrice Wien

Amos Hafer Wien was born at Spangs Forge, Burke County, Pennsylvania, on May 27, 1850. He was reared to agricultural pursuits and received his education in the public schools. On December 12, 1872, he enlisted as a musician in the Sixth Cavalry of the United States Army. His home at that time was in Pottstown, Pennsylvania, but after his enlistment he accompanied his regiment to Fort Riley, Kansas, where he remained about six months, and then the unit was transferred to Fort Hays, Kansas. The records show that Amos, while stationed at Fort Hays, Kansas, in 1874 and 1875, spent more than thirty days within the zone of the campaign against the Kiowas, Comanches, and the Cheyennes.

Charlotte Elizabeth Reaner was born in New Orleans in 1857. Her parents, James Reanor (or Rainer) and Mary Ann Conway Reanor, came to the United States from the British Isles and settled in New Orleans. Her father was a mate on a sailing vessel, and after settling his family in New Orleans made another voyage from which he never returned. His ship was lost at sea, and he was drowned in Havana waters before Charlotte was born. Some time later Charlotte's mother remarried and the family moved to Junction City, Kansas. It might have been here that Charlotte and Amos first met, since Amos was stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas, for a period of six months (Fort Riley is quite close to Junction City) or it may have been later after Amos was stationed at Fort Hays and Charlotte went there to work. At any rate they met, grew to know each other, and decided to get married.

Amos and Charlotte were married at Fort Hays, Kansas, on May 6, 1875, by Rev. I. M. Brown. Soon after (May 14, 1875) Amos went with his regiment to a camp on the Rio Grande and then to Fort Lowell, Arizona Territory, arriving there about July 1, 1875. He was at Fort Lowell until October 13, 1876. Charlotte came from Fort Hays with army wives and families under a military escort as far as Fort Bowie in Apache Pass, Arizona Territory. She then traveled

by Overland Stage to Tucson. The stage went from Fort Bowie to Ewell Springs west of Dos Cabezas, to Point of Mountains in the Winchester Mountains, then to Tres Alamos (or Dunbars) into Tucson past old San Xavier Mission. Amos came from Fort Lowell to meet her, and took her to the Orndorf Hotel in Tucson where she stayed for a short time after her arrival.

Charlotte and Amos later moved to Fort Lowell and their first child, Herbert, was born there. In October, 1876, Amos was transferred to Fort Grant, and while living here the second son, Mort, was born, Amos was honorably discharged from the army on December 12, 1877, at Camp Grant, Arizona Territory, having served in the campaign against the Apache Indians, in the Territory. Thus ended five years of service in the United States Army, as a member of the Sixth Army Mounted Band, and duty in two Indian campaigns.¹ Now, Amos, a young man with a wife and two children, far from his native Pennsylvania, settles down to the activity to which he had been reared, agriculture. He moved his family to Taylor Canyon and started farming on the Aravaipa. As soon as he got a house built, he moved his family to the farm on the Aravaipa, where they lived for five years. Two more children, Allen and Percy, were born during the stay here.

Amos was an excellent farmer and so the rich soil of the Aravaipa valley served him well. He was away from home quite a bit, however, and the Indians caused Charlotte a great deal of worry; nothing really serious happened, but their constant presence was a threat and a cause for worry. When the family first moved into the house Amos built on the Aravaipa, there were no windows or doors in the building, and while the family were sitting at the table to eat, the Indians would sit on a nearby hill and watch. When the Indians were on hunting trips, they would stop by the house and trade venison for melons and other produce, but they were pests as they hung around and looked into the windows. One day Amos came in from work in the field to discover that an Indian had sneaked up to the house and was looking into the window. He saw Amos coming, however, and jumped on his horse and rode away before Amos could catch up with him. Another member of the household, while the Wiens lived here, was a big English bull dog. One day, when Herbert was in the yard playing and Charlotte was at work in the house, she heard a commotion in the yard and came running out of the house in time to see an Indian going over the hill with the bull dog in hot pursuit. She said she believed that the Indian had tried to take the youngster but that the bull dog had gone into action and protected the child. While living on the Aravaipa Amos had a wood and hay contract for Fort Grant in addition to his farming activities, and it was the delivery of these commodities which took him away from home a great deal. While he was on one of these trips, the Indian chief, Eskimerzen, went on the war path and signal fires

1. As a memento of the service Amos gave to the Sixth Army Band, and his country, one of the horns he played while a member of that organization, which is now on display in the Music Room of the Museum at Old Fort Lowell.

could be seen all around the ranch. Charlotte and the children, of course, were alone and when a young man stopped at the ranch and asked for a drink, Charlotte made him stay. She cooked him a meal and finally insisted that he spend the night, so that in case the Indians would attack, she would have some protection for herself and the children.

After the scare from Chief Eskimerzen Amos decided it was time to get his family away from the constant fear of the Indians, so in 1882 he contracted to supply hay and wood for the garrison at Fort Bowie. While he was in the process of moving the family belongings to the fort, Charlotte and the children went to live with Mrs. Wood near Bonita. It was at this time that Geronimo and his band of renegades attacked the Big Bell Wagon Train near Aravaipa. When the word of the attack came, the two women, Charlotte and Mrs. Woods, filled the windows of one room with adobe bricks and tried to keep the children in the room while Geronimo's raid was in progress. As usual, it was nothing more than a scare as far as the Wiens were concerned, but quite a scare at that, as a farewell to the Aravaipa.

Life for the Wiens calmed down a little as they took up their new residence at Fort Bowie. They took over the Overland Stage Station in order to have a place to live. They had a Chinese cook to serve meals to the stage passengers, ambulance drivers, and civilian teamsters. The Indian problem was still at hand, but at least the soldiers were there to handle the situation. The fort had Gatling guns, and each morning the brush below the fort was shelled so the horses could be turned loose to graze, safe from the Apaches. Amos used to go through Apache Pass to Dos Cabezas or Willcox after payroll money to pay his men. Once he was delayed a day's time and another man was killed when he was going through the pass. It was thought the man was killed by outlaws who thought he had the payroll. Jessie, the fifth son, was born during the time at Fort Bowie.

From Fort Bowie the Wiens moved to Dos Cabezas, where Amos for a while worked in the mines of that area, but later in 1887, he, along with George Kingdom and Dick Jeffries, took a lease on the Black Prince mine in Johnson. While Amos was busy with mining activities in Johnson, the family stayed in Dos Cabezas, where the five elder boys attended school at what is said to be the oldest school building in Cochise County. During the stay in Dos Cabezas three girls were added to the five boy family. They were Gertrude, Pattie, and Theresa. In 1889 President Harrison was in Willcox, and Mr. Scow of Dos Cabezas took the school teacher, Miss Treat, and many of the students to Willcox to see the President, including Herb and Mort of the Wien family.

Amos' activities at the Black Prince Mine in Johnson prospered as he expanded his activities there. He and Sam Hansan took a lease on the Peabody Mine, also in Johnson, and took in Owen Smith and Top Mitchell as partners. Amos also owned the Blue Bell Mines and the Copper Chief. Amos brought his family to Russellville (a mining community close to Johnson) in 1891, where they first lived

at the Kennedy place. In 1893 for a brief period of three months the family moved into Benson where the older children attended school and where Rena was born. This was the year of the Depression of '93 and many tramps were fed at the Wien household. Sometime after the family returned to Russellville, Amos bought the Spawn place and in 1896 he built a home there which is still owned by the Wien family.

Beatrice and Augustus (Gus), the last of the family of eleven children, were born in Russellville. Mort, Allen, Jesse, Gus, and the five girls attended the Russellville School across the road from the ranch. The teachers at Russellville were Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. and Mrs. Lusk, Nettie Noble, Miss Tuttle, Mr. and Mrs. Vanderhoof, Miss Hickie, Noble Carter, Josephine Hottinger, Nora Heath, and Miss Hemphill. In spite of all the activity in the Russellville² and Johnson areas there were still times when Indian activity bothered the people. While the Wien family lived at the Kennedy place, the Apache Kid came out of Mexico and raided the ranches on the San Pedro River. Another time when Charlotte was alone with the children, lightning set fire to trees in the Dragoon Mountains, and think-



The original adobe house, for which Amos himself made the adobes, stands today in the foothills of the Dragoon Mountains as a monument to this pioneer. Modernized inside it is the present home of Gus and Theresa, two of the five children still living.

2. Russellville at one time had a population of five hundred people.

ing it was Indian fires, Charlotte got the children out of bed and took them to the Halderman place across the hill from the Kennedy place. Once again, no actual raid was made on the area, but it was only another Indian scare.

Early life in Cochise County around the mining camps was one of hard work and strict attention to the job; however, there were the lighter moments also, when whole families took time out for fun. One of the greatest recreational activities of the time was dancing. Everything ended in a dance; if there was a wedding, after the ceremony the floor was cleared and the dancing began, not to end sometimes until far into the night or the next morning. The same thing was true for gatherings as well—school meetings, picture shows, or just stopping by of a group of friends. Between Christmas and New Year of 1896 a group from Dos Cabezas came to Russellville. Among this group were the Thomas family, Annie Lawhorn, Addie Miller, Ted and Phil Waughtel, and Harry Shropshire. They had danced in Dos Cabezas on Christmas Eve, had breakfast at the Thompson place Christmas morning, then had come to Russellville in wagons, arriving that evening. They rested that night and the next day, then danced all the next night. All of them stayed at the Wien ranch or at Spawn's cabin, and held the dance in the schoolhouse. Music was



Camping Party—Summer, 1897, Bar Foot Park. Arranged by Chiricahua Lumber Company. Girl on left not identified. Center—Al Wien. Right—Gertrude Wien.

always at hand, since Amos played the violin and two or more of the boys played guitars, as well as other musicians to fill in.

Entire families often attended summer camping parties. One such camp was held in 1897 at the Chiricahua Lumber Camp in Bar Foot. The camp lasted for two weeks and people came from Dos Cabezas, Willcox, San Simon, Bowie, Bonita, Russellville, Johnson, and other places as well. There was a cook to serve meals in a cook tent, people slept in covered wagons or tents, cowboys usually carried bed rolls with them so they stretched out under the stars. A wooden platform was provided by the lumber company for dancing, and a program of hiking and games was carried out during the day. Music was furnished by Mr. Kelsey on the violin, with Herb and Al Wien and perhaps Bob Hayden on guitars. Some of the other persons who were present were Gertrude and Mort Wien, Joe Shaffer, Laura Woods, Bertie Thomas, Lizzie Riggs, Frank Perry, Theodore Waughtal, and Harry Shropshire.

In 1906 Amos disposed of some of his mining property in Johnson and moved his family to Tucson where he had bought a house. Many of the children attended school there that year, which included a spread from the lower grades to the University of Arizona. Gertrude's enrollment at St. Joseph's Academy brought some memories for Amos, since while they were there they met a Sister Ephesia, a nun who had been in Tucson for many years. She and Amos recalled the time when the Sixth Army Band, of which he was a member, had played at the dedication ceremony of the cathedral. The band had been mounted for the occasion and the event took place probably in 1876 while the Sixth Cavalry was stationed at Fort Lowell.

In 1907 Amos bought a home in Los Angeles, California, at 2659 Normandie Avenue. It was here the family home was established, and from which the children spread in various directions to get their educations (they were a well educated family) and from which they went out to take their places in American life.

In 1933 Amos and Charlotte moved to Douglas, Arizona, to spend their remaining years. Charlotte died in 1933, and Amos lived until 1938. They are buried in the Old Masonic Plot of Calvary Cemetery in Douglas.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Of the eleven children born to Amos and Charlotte, five are living. Gertrude, the oldest, (Mrs. Marvin Wrightman) lives in Avenal, California. Theresa (Mrs. Oliver George Ritchie) and Gus (the youngest) live at the Wien home ranch in the old city site of Russellville, Arizona, and Rena (Mrs. Lee Schilling) resides at Sunsites, Arizona. Beatrice Wien, who compiled this report, getting her factual material from sources such as marriage certificate, military records, school records, Arizona Biography, and other members of the family, lives in Douglas, Arizona.

THE GADSDEN HOTEL

by Kay Gregor

The Gadsden Hotel in Douglas, Arizona, is a landmark and a focal point for much of the social and business life of the Sulphur Springs valley. It has dominated the main street almost ever since the town was started. Douglas was born a smelter town for the copper mines in Bisbee twenty three miles to the west and for the mines in Nacozari seventy miles to the south in Sonora, Mexico. Phelps Dodge chose the site in consideration of the plentiful water supply and the location in relation to the mines in Bisbee and Nacozari. Simultaneously the International Land and Improvement Company mapped the town site, laid out the streets, provided for parks and churches, and began selling lots in March 1901. Prices ranged from \$100 to \$300 a lot. Soon afterward the Douglas Improvement Company was organized by Dr. James Douglas, Mr. John Slaughter, and other local business men for the purpose of operating a light and power plant, telephone service, a waterworks and ice plant. The Phelps Dodge Mercantile Company Store went up in the middle of town as well as two banks and several other sturdy looking store and office buildings. In spite of all the careful planning, Douglas in the early days was a rough pioneer town with a good supply of saloons, gambling casinos, and brothels. Many of the houses were mere shacks or tents. The streets were ankle deep in dust for there were no pavements. Boards were laid at the intersections for pedestrian use.

In 1907, just two years after the town was incorporated, a group of men including Dr. Douglas, John Slaughter, Lem Shattuck, and Mike Cunningham incorporated as the Douglas Investment Company and built the grand, new Gadsden Hotel, an imposing four story brick structure. Here were appropriate accommodations for the mining officials and business men and military and political figures who came to Douglas. Here, too, was a gathering place for ranchers and farmers and their families from southern Arizona and northern Sonora who came to town to shop and negotiate their business. On the mezzanine many of the professional and business men and the Chamber of Commerce had their offices.

The spacious lobby was furnished with leather upholstered chairs and lounges. The floor was of tile overlaid with rugs. An open stairway led to the mezzanine. Two buffalo heads hung on the wall. Adjoining the lobby were the bar, a dining room, a barber shop with curios and souvenirs from both Mexico and Arizona, and a clothing store for men. The rooms were furnished comfortably with large brass beds and lace curtains, and rented for \$1.50 and \$2 a night.

The opening of the hotel was celebrated with a large party with dancing and refreshments for all. It was the first of many gatherings to observe the growth and progress of Douglas. The long awaited Statehood Day was announced by telegraph on February 14, 1912, and a grand celebration developed spontaneously at the Gadsden.

The cavalcade which drove the length of the new Highway 80 from Atlanta, Georgia, to San Diego, California, stopped at the Douglas hotel to spend the night and enjoy a fiesta.

In 1915 at the time of Pancho Villa's three day siege of Agua Prieta, when Douglas buildings shook to the cannon shots and machine gun rounds from across the line, a group of daring Douglas residents went up on the roof of the Gadsden to watch the war through binoculars. They were having a fine time until a stray shot hit the elevator shaft behind them and drove them inside.

During World War I Camp Harry J. Jones, just east of Douglas, was full of soldiers who traveled by trolley car or jitney bus, and many of them went straight to the Gadsden to meet their friends or visiting families. When Armistice Day came, the whole town turned out. Men were on top of the bank building shooting off shot guns and fireworks. Everyone who had a car was driving up and down G Avenue honking the horn, and all the other people were parading the sidewalks. The lobby of the Gadsden and the bar were the center of the celebration.

Douglas was always a popular convention city, but during prohibition days Douglas and the Gadsden were especially favored because of their proximity to Agua Prieta in Mexico with its many bars and clubs where the liquor flowed unrationed.

In 1927 Mr. and Mrs. Mackey bought the hotel and were in the process of redecorating when the whole building burned in February 1928. It was thought that the fire started in an empty room where paint and turpentine were being stored. A bell boy lost his life in that fire. After it was over, the Mackeys proposed to rebuild it as the finest hotel in the Southwest, and to make it as fireproof as possible. The new building stands five stories tall and contains



Gadsden Hotel Burning—February 7, 1928.

170 rooms, all with baths. The construction is of steel and concrete with steel studding and lath between all the rooms. It is a hotel with comfort and safety, interest, and charm to offer its guests.

Once inside the lobby the visitor is able to see the sunlight streaming through a stained glass window that reaches high across the east side of the room. It shows a desert scene with many kinds of cactus and desert plants pictured in the foreground, tinted mountains under a blue Arizona sky in the background. It takes a while to see it all and is worth all the time one spends on it. The window and two large skylights were made to order by Tiffanys of New York. They were designed by an El Paso artist, Audrey Jean Nichols, who also painted the picture of the Chiricahua Mountains which hangs beneath the window.

Four large columns faced with amber colored marble support the high ceiling of the lobby. Seven thousand dollars worth of gold leaf was used to decorate the inset panels that surround the skylights and the capitals of the columns. A handsome brass chandelier



Gadsden Hotel Today.

hangs in the center of the room. Comfortable leather chairs and sofas are grouped around the floor.

The mezzanine forms a balcony around three sides of the lobby and ends in two marble stairways that meet under the big window and descend to the main floor in one wide sweep. Twin statues of Spanish conquistadores stand on the pedestals at the base of the curved staircase and serve as the key to the Spanish style of decor. These stairs make a dramatic entrance for the models of the style shows that periodically display the clothes of some of the local shops for the benefit of charity. Receptions for visiting VIPs, cocktail parties for conventions, even banquets that are too large for the dining rooms, all help to make the Gadsden lobby a lively place. At rodeo time this same lobby resounds to the stomp and clapping of cowboy music and dancing. A favorite story tells how a rodeo clown rode a trained bull through the lobby and into the bar. The vigilantes hold their kangaroo courts for the unfortunate greenhorns who neglect to wear some western gear.

During World War II an airbase was located north of town. Then the hotel buzzed with the comings and goings of flyers who were training at the airbase. There was a special suite of rooms used by the Naval Intelligence for their hush-hush activities.

Recently a film company moved in and redecorated the big room with oriental rugs and red velvet sofas. They removed all the tell-tale signs of modern times and put up a life-size poster of Lily Langtree, for this was the setting for some of the scenes of Paul Newman's picture, *THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JUDGE ROY BEAN*. Other movie companies have used the hotel from time to time. Shelley Winters and Joseph Cotten and others stayed here during the filming of a western called *UNTAMED FRONTIER*. What a wild and woolly crowd of local extras and vaqueros gathered here at six o'clock every morning for wardrobe and make-up before they were loaded onto buses to ride out to the location at a nearby ranch.

The Dons of Phoenix conduct a tour for winter visitors to the southern part of the state every year. They usually stay at the Gadsden for two nights and visit Agua Prieta as well as the Wonderland of Rocks which is a National Monument on the western side of the Chiricahua Mountains. Bus loads of people from Sun City and Phoenix and even some national tours stop at the hotel. People from all over the United States come for winter vacations and come back year after year. Some oldtimers solve their retirement problem by moving into the Gadsden as permanent guests. At least one writer came to find peace and privacy. Thornton Wilder lived here while he wrote a part of his last novel. Erle Stanley Gardner stayed at the Gadsden while gathering material for one of his thrillers.

A coffee shop, the main dining room, and The Saddle and Spur Tavern adjoin the lobby. Patrons of the bar can see the cattle brands of many famous ranches painted on the walls. There used to be a place on the cash register where vouchers for drinks could be left for individuals, so that ranchers and mining men and soldiers