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BENSON MINING AND SMELTING CO. SMELTER WAS INITIALLY BLOWN IN SEPTEMBER OF 1882. IT WAS IN OPERATION FOR TWO YEARS AND WAS LATER DISMANTLED AND SHIPPED TO MEXICO.

Photo and text from David Myrick's book, Railroads of Arizona, Vol.1.

THE COCHISE COUNTY Historical Journal

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Cochise County
Historical Society

Founded in 1966

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**To Preserve
the Past
for
The Future**

THE COCHISE COUNTY
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
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SEPTEMBER 13, 1968. TAX
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COVER PHOTO
Benson Smelter
1882 (See Cover)

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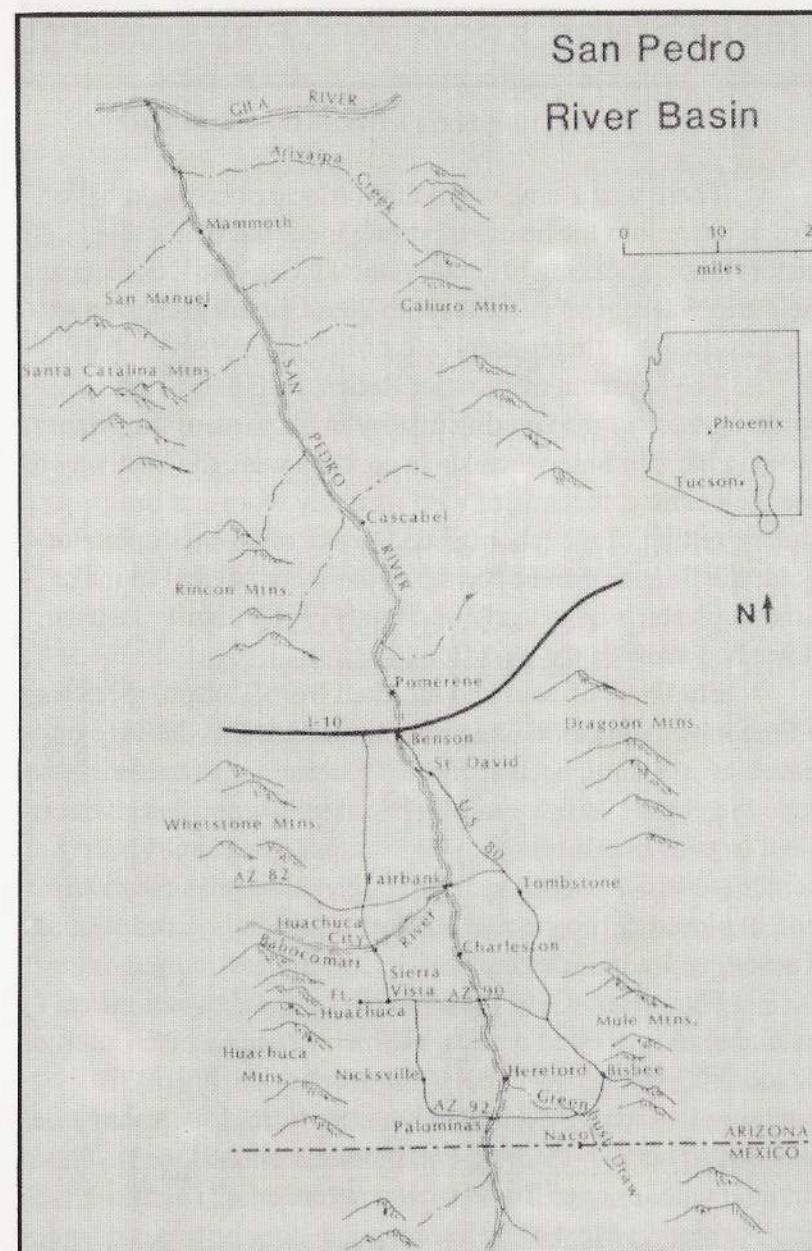
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Benson and the San Pedro River Valley area.

GREETINGS FROM THE PRESIDENT

There was a time when that little epistle would have struck terror into the hearts of strong men, but that's all history now. Speaking of history, the IT Canyon-Dos Cabezas field trip was a great success, with 28 members gathering to see this quaint little town and a bit of living history.

The Museum of Frontier Relics, with Mr. Michens spinning tales of discovering history in all parts of the county, moving back in time when stage coaches were the best way to see the country; the arastra with its many worn-out drag stones; telling of the labor needed to eke out a small poke of gold; the lime kiln and once again the labor needed to make lime to plaster a house, and of course, if you didn't plaster it, it washed away in the next flood.

For those of you who motored from Tucson, there was a time when you could have caught the Butterfield Stage on Saturday at 3 a.m., been at Ewell's Station for a late lunch, rode the change of horses up to Ewell's Spring (no ice water), slept in your blankets, kept your Sharps [rifle] handy, sometimes the Apaches were friendly, sometimes they were not, explored or prospected Sunday and Monday, and been in Tucson by 3 p.m. Tuesday.

Our mission – to preserve, protect, index and make available to interested parties, the history of Cochise County. To do this, we need your help. For most of us, history is anything that happened before we were born. How many of you can remember the time that grandma pushed the revenuer into the well, or even know what a revenuer is? (That's another story!) Most of us have a good story or two, and we would like to have your story and pictures to archive and eventually publish. If you are a shy or modest person, let the kids or grandkids have the story to publish as Junior

Historians. We need your ideas for programs, stories, field trips and other activities. Call us, we want to hear from you!

Good luck, and have a good Summer.

Sincerely,

Page Bakarich

Editor's Notes

Finally! Our Spring/Summer 2000 issue is going to press! We were wondering if we'd ever get our new computer to see things our way (or is it just the reverse??) Then, thanks to David Myrick's generous donation, we purchased the software that Pagemaker insisted it needed to do its job. Now, the new system, purchased with a much-appreciated grant from the Southwestern Foundation in Tucson, works great. (Thanks for your help, Dianne Bret Harte.) We hope members will think the wait was worth it.

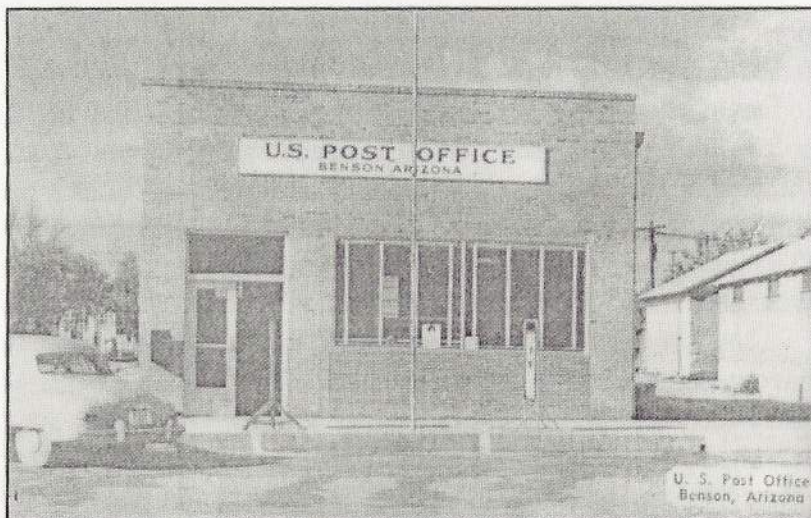
Getting this Benson issue ready for publication would have been impossible without the help of the members of the San Pedro Valley Arts and Historical Society. The ladies searched their archives for stories they thought would be of interest to our membership and visitors to their museum. CCHS' Norma Lavanchy did the initial typesetting on her computer so we could import it and do the final typesetting in Pagemaker. The very important proofreading (several times

for each article) was accomplished by the faithful CCHS crew: Liz Ames, Mary Frances Burnett Graham, John and Mary Magoffin, Norma Lavanchy and Ken Friskey. We've all tried to keep the gremlins' inevitable contributions to a minimum.

The Fall/Winter issue will focus on the southwest quadrant of the county and we solicit suggestions and manuscripts about old-time ranching and mining families and vanished mining towns. Please let us hear from you (520-364-5226 or P.O. Box 818, Douglas, 85608). We hope to have an e-mail address soon to simplify communications. All of us love to get letters and our readers especially enjoy "Letters to the Editor," so tell us what you think, good or bad.

Have a happy summer!

Ellen Cline, Editor

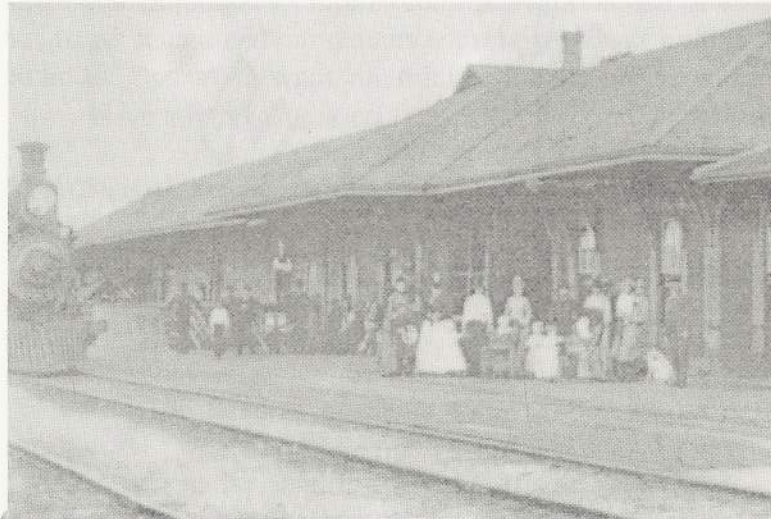


Benson Post Office about 1950

Benson's
Interesting
People and . . .

The Grand Finale of Benson's Jack the Ripper

By Kerney Egerton



Benson's Railroad Station where passengers arrived before they went out the back door of the station, crossed the street, and entered the front door of the Wildcat Saloon.

When my father came to Benson in 1911 an old-timer could remember the 1880s - the coming of the railroad and the founding of the town, Apache signal smokes in the hills, the San Pedro River when it was a mingling of clear, small streams. Now an old-timer remembers the Benson of the early '20s—I am one of those.

The cast of characters had changed, but the town had not. It looked much the

same in '84 and '24. The main drag, now known as Fourth Street, was a dirt road, just like in the Hollywood westerns. A few automobiles were parked where once the saddle horses were tied but commerce -- in groceries, ice, baggage and firewood -- still moved in wagons.

Some of the sidewalks were wooden and there was the sound of a spurred and booted cowboy treading the boards. And in the residential section everybody's yard was fenced, to keep burros and cows off the front porch.

There was a real Boot-Hill-type cemetery on the southeast edge of town -- no grass, trees or shrubs, just cactus, greasewood and rock. Catholics were buried on the west side of the graveyard, with Protestants and Miscellaneous on the east. Three outlaws shot in a Benson gunfight lie just outside the weathered fence; they were not allowed with decent folk.

The town's deceased elite were often delivered to the cemetery in a real hearse, brought all the way from Tucson, but just-plain-folks

were buried out of the ice wagon. That was because the ice plant doubled as the mortuary. Mexicans, who seem to have more native dignity than the Anglo-Saxon, bore their dead on their shoulders on the two-block journey from the little Catholic church. There were few flowers in town and the Mexicans decorated their graves with mosaics of broken glass and chinaware.

There was no city jail, because Benson was not incorporated. Wrongdoers were transported to the county slammer in Tombstone and, while they awaited the choo-choo, were held in a small adobe building near the railroad tracks. There were no bars on the windows, but nobody escaped. Iron rings were imbedded in the concrete floor and the prisoners were chained to the rings.

Benson's business district was three blocks long. Allen's Drug Store and the post office dominated the westernmost block. The Hi Wo store marked the east end of town. The block in the middle was where the action

was. It harbored the Virginia and Mansion hotels, a Chinese restaurant, pool hall and an assortment of interesting structures that had been saloons before prohibition. One of them was unchanged from its earlier days, with its swinging doors, mahogany bar and embossed tin ceiling. It was still open for business, selling soda pop and cigars. A lot of the orders for "cream soda" were furtive, side-of-the-mouth whispers. If anyone needed the town's doctor or the constable, they could be found playing poker in the saloon, a scene out of Gunsmoke.

The doctor made his rounds in a tan Packard. There was a washbasin full of cracked ice and bottles of needed beer on the backseat floorboard. By 3 p.m. the doctor's breath cleaned the chicken-soup spots off the patients' pajamas.

A few doors to the west, and boarded up in the mid'20s, was Jesse Fisher's Wildcat Saloon. That's where the town's most celebrated gunfight, the shooting of Jack the Ripper, took place

on Thanksgiving Day of 1906. That homicide was before my time, but my great-uncle, Dr. Charles S. Powell Sr., was the attending physician and Lt. Harry Wheeler of the Arizona Rangers was the investigating officer. They told the story to my father, who passed it on to me.

Jack the Ripper was a bartender, card dealer and roulette croupier in the Wildcat. Nobody knew his real name. The West was full of fugitives who had left their identities in the East and it was bad form to ask:

"Oh, what was your name in the States?

Was it Smith or Baker or Bates?

Did you do in your wife
And fly for your life?

Oh, what was your name in the states?"

On Jack's next -to-last day, the town was packed with people. Benson was then the terminus of rails for the Mexican traffic and there was a strike in Sonora. The trains were not moving and Mexico-bound travelers were

stranded in Benson. The strandeers -- bankers, mining men, salesmen and Mexicans -- whiled away the hours in the Wildcat and the seven other saloons.

"In the Wildcat," an old-timer recalled, "the bar was on the left as you entered. The roulette wheel was on the right. Next to it was a big cast-iron pot-bellied stove, and then two card tables. There was an old piano in the rear. A large lamp hung from the ceiling in the front of the room and there was a small lamp on the piano."

The Ripper did a brisk business at the wheel that morning and at 1 p.m., he and Fisher closed the game and went out for lunch. Before they left Fisher counted the take: It was \$612. He dropped \$600 into a canvas bag and tossed the 12 cartwheels to Jack. "Here's a tip," he said. "Dammit, Jesse," Jack answered, "that's mighty poor pay for a man who made you six hundred bucks in a few hours." But his remark seemed to be more of a mild

complaint than an angry outburst and as the two men went out the door they were chatting pleasantly.

They returned to the Wildcat at 6 p.m. and they were slightly *borracho* [drunk]. The joint, in the vernacular of a later day, was jumping. Long-haired cowboys, in from the surrounding ranches, had swelled the crowd, handing their gun belts to the bartender and dancing with their spurs on. The night-shift hostesses had come to work. One of them was trying to sing while one of the merrymakers banged on the piano, and another, an ultra-buxom belle, sat on the lap of a bandy-legged little cowboy, whispering sweet nothings into his batwing ear. Mexican grandees were gambling gold coins. A Boston type in a four-button suit suddenly broke hours of disdainful silence by slapping two \$20 gold pieces on the bar and yelling "Drinks for everybody!"

Midnight passed and the festivities became boozier and louder. That's when the Ripper, maybe brooding over

the \$12 tip, raised a six-gun and shot out the big lamp. He sent a second shot toward the lamp on the piano, shattering its chimney and causing it to flicker smokily. All hands dropped to the floor and then scrambled for the doors, front and back, and two of the patrons elbowed each other for a spot behind the stove. As people piled up at the exits, there was a third shot from the .45, followed by a cry of pain and outrage. Four more shots were fired from a light pistol and there was the zap-zap of someone being hit.

By now the Wildcat was emptied, with most of the customers taking refuge behind a low stone wall across the street. After several minutes of silence, everybody arose and looked toward the Wildcat. The Ripper was leaning on the bar and then fell over backwards. Fisher staggered to the door, gingerly holding his South Forty, and shouted, "Somebody go get Doctor Powell!"

Fisher told Wheeler that when Jack shot out the lights he thought it was a prank, but when the third shot

creased his derriere he knew that the Ripper was in a homicidal snit. He pulled out his new Luger and shot back.

Doctor Powell patched up Fisher's bullet burn and then turned to pronounce Jack dead. It was not an easy diagnosis, for one of the hostesses had thrown herself across the body and was wailing piteously. "He was a good man, doctor," she bawled, "he was such a good man. Waaaaaaaaaah!"

Doctor Powell lifted her to her feet. "Sure, kid," he said, "Jack was a peach."



Dr. James M. Hesser and patient Mark Brown

THE DOCTOR WHO LIVES IN A WHEEL CHAIR

On March 1, 1950, Dr. James Matthews Hesser was summoned to treat victims of a highway accident. En route, his car spun out of control and flipped over. His spinal cord was severed. He would never walk again.

But seven months later, to 16 hour daily schedule. Last the burly physician (a one-time star wrestler at Oklahoma A. & M.) returned to full medical practice — in a wheel chair. Since then, Dr. Hesser (now 50) has worked a grinding 14 year alone, he performed 200 major operations and treated no less than 30 office patients a day. He is the only doctor within a radius of 50 square miles

When Dr. Hesser returned to the 20-bed, brown adobe hospital he owns here, people of Benson (pop. 1,000) and the surrounding ranch country wondered whether a doctor on wheels still could do his job. Dr. Hesser recalls: "The father of the first baby I delivered stayed to watch the whole thing just to see if his wife would get the proper care from a guy in a wheel chair."

That father left the hospital amazed. More than 100 other couples since have learned the extent of the

Benson doctor's skill in the delivery room.

Dr. Hesser's chief assistant is his wife (since February, 1956), Nellie. Ten years ago she came to work at the hospital as a nurse. Today her work schedule is just about as hectic as her husband's.

Reflects the devoted Mrs. Hesser: "Sometimes I think that a doctor who is handicapped can be of more help to people than one who isn't. At least it seems that way with Jim."



HOSPITAL TO HAVE OPEN HOUSE

The Benson Hospital, under the supervision of Dr. and Mrs. J.M. Hesser, will officially open with an open house soon. The hospital will feature a laboratory equipped for blood analysis, and have Red Cross blood at its disposal. An operating room is equipped for major operations, as well as those of less serious nature. The lab is supervised by Nellie Salazar, laboratory and x-ray technician.



Dr. J. M. Hesser *obituary*

Dr. J.M. Hesser, Founder of Benson Hospital, died in Tucson Saturday

Funeral services will be held this afternoon (Thursday) in Stillwater, Okla., for Dr. James Matthews Hesser, well known Benson physician. Dr. Hesser died last Saturday in a Tucson hospital.

The doctor came to Benson from Tucson the latter part of 1945, after being stationed as an Air Force surgeon at Davis Monthan Air Force Base. He had been a doctor in the Air Force since early 1942. Upon arriving in Benson, he purchased the small clinic from Dr. Shoun and in 1946 began building a hospital addition.

During the years that followed, his Benson Hospital grew to almost its present size of 20 beds, including a completely modern operating room.

An auto accident in 1950 left Dr. Hesser a paraplegic, but this did not prevent him from continuing his practice and his building program. He was active until 1960, when he retired and moved to his farm near St. David, where he resided until his death.

James M. Hesser was born near Gencoe, Okla., on a farm on June 2, 1907. He graduated from Stillwater High School in 1925 and then, in three years, graduated from Oklahoma State University (formerly A&M) in 1928. He then taught school from 1929 until 1936 in the Cushing and Tulsa school systems. He was also wrestling coach at both schools and developed championship teams. His grandfather, James L. Matthews, was the founder of Oklahoma State University.

While teaching, he returned to Oklahoma State and took his masters degree in 1932. He held a Master of Science and Bachelor of Science degree from that university. He began his pre-med schooling in 1936 and graduated from the University of Oklahoma medical school in 1941. His internship was at Presbyterian Hospital in Denver, Colo.

While in school he was a member of wrestling teams at Oklahoma State under the noted coach, Edwin C. Gallagher. He was national Olympic wrestling champion in 1932.

Dr. Hesser was listed in "Who's Who In The West"; was a member of medical and scholastic fraternities; a member of the American Medical Assn.; member of the Arizona Medical Assn.; and was, for many years, on the staff of Tucson Medical Center.

He is survived by his wife, Nellie; a son, Billy Tom; two brothers, William A. of Locust Grove, Okla., and Woodrow C. of Benson; four nephews, James M. Hesser of Stillwater, Okla., Lt. Andrews Hesser, USMC, of Quantico, Va., Midshipman Pete Hesser, U.S. Naval Academy, and Neil Hesser of Benson; one niece, Sharon Hesser of Benson, now at the University of Arizona.

His father, Peter C. Hesser, and mother, Lucy M. Hesser, preceded him in death.

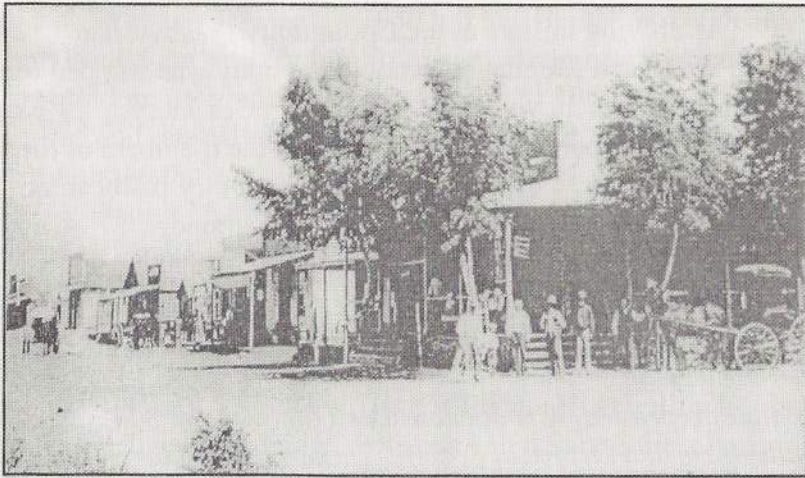
After lying in state at the Community Presbyterian Church in Benson Monday afternoon, the body was shipped to Stillwater. Interment was to be in Fairlawn Cemetery, Stillwater, and, upon their own request, all the members of the medical school Class of 1941 were to be honorary pallbearers, coming from various areas of the country to attend.

Brings Funeral Home of Tucson was in charge of local arrangements.

(Articles reprinted from documents on file with the San Pedro Valley Arts and Historical Society. There was no date on his obituary, it is thought to be in the mid 1960s.)



Artesian well in Cochise County, early 1970s.



Benson Main St. where the Wildcat Saloon was located
(later Val Kimbrough's Barber Shop).

Val Kimbrough Benson's Master Barber, Master Storyteller

Val Kimbrough bridges over neatly the gap between Benson's past and present.

He is a most remarkable man. He is the town's best barber and has been mayor for six years; he is an ex-radio star, explorer, lecturer; he is a dead-shot with bow and arrow; and he is curator of his own museum in his spacious barber shop

which contains some 6,500 relics, such as frontier guns, mounted heads of game, cattle horns and a miscellany of Indian weapons, including some arrowheads that belonged to Geronimo.

His strange vocation has attracted national attention and he has been the subject of articles in *American Magazine* and other publications.

He is never too busy to talk to anyone interested in his hobbies and, it is said, he likes nothing better than to take a group of youngsters on a hike to show them the signs of nature and teach them to hunt with bow and arrow. (He never uses a gun himself and kills "everything from a deer on down" with bow and arrow. His "meat" bow is 37 years old).

Unaffectedly, Val Kimbrough wears cowboy boots even while barbering. "Don't you ever wear shoes?" I asked.

"No," he said. Then he added in characteristic jargon, "Shoes break me down."

Val Kimbrough has another link with the past. In the unshackled '90s the building which now houses his barber shop was the site of the Wildcat Bar, one of the

15 saloons which gave 24 hours service to thirsty customers.

"Any fights, killings, shooting scrapes around here?" I asked. (By now I had gotten callous to having a killing on every page of my note book).

"Oh, yes, plenty," he said. "They had a preacherino once right here in the Wildcat Saloon.

"Harry Fisher, the owner and the bartender who went by the name of Jack The Ripper, fell out over one of the girls that operated in the back of the saloon. Things went from bad to worse and finally they pulled their guns and shot it out. Fisher killed Jack, but The Ripper had placed a slug of lead in Fisher's hip, a critical wound which shortly afterward caused his death."

(This article reprinted from documents on file in the archives of the San Pedro Valley Arts and Historical Society in Benson.)

Mule Skinner/City Marshal

By Sharilyn Rogers Cox



W. A. "Bill" Jones

W. A. "Bill" Jones has tamed mules and criminals in his years in Benson. Both occupations furnished him with stories to tell.

"I was born in Mexico in 1898. Came to Arizona in a covered wagon before it was a state, so I automatically became a citizen. Of course, I was under age at the time."

He started driving mules in Mexico and went back and forth during the revolution in 1914-15.

"I was only 14-15 years old, but I ran freight wagons carrying guano, bat droppings, into California for fertilizer. Mules are good workers, but you have to learn them the same thing every morning."

Mules were driven with a jerk line on the off mule and a jockey stick that went from the hame of one mule to the bridle of another. Drivers used a bull snake whip to keep the animals in line and make them jump the chains as they negotiated the curvy mountain roads.

Jones delivered groceries to K&H and Hi Wo's grocery stores in Benson using a mule team, and ran as many as 28 mules when he worked in the oil fields in Texas.

"I skinned mules in the mine at Bisbee, that's when they had mules underground, then I came down to Benson and got married on June 21, 1923 to Anna McNeil."

That led to a life of farming, ranching, working in the Bisbee mine and years as city marshal. The wages were \$50 a month when Jones first started.

"I was night watchman and then city marshal after J. P. Jones. He

used to run the old wagon yard where the cowboys put up their horses and mules."

City marshals had their work cut out for them when the cowboys came into town. The wranglers would tie their horses to the brush and mesquite in the area where the post office is located now and go into the saloons.

"The cowboys didn't give me much trouble, but once in a while we would have to go around and around a little bit."

The jail was a little cement building with a high board fence around it "right down where the overpass is now."

Later Jones and Charlie Sherman, who ran a transfer business in Benson, went to Gleeson and tore down the old jail doors and bar windows for a city jail.

"We put them in the old city jail that used to be behind the city hall. Some nights I would have to go up and down the alleys and pick

up guys and pack 'em on my back to jail. We had one city vehicle then, a pickup, and if the city manager wasn't using it, I could get it."

Jones went on the Border Patrol in 1947 to help keep cattle from coming back

and forth from Mexico. A bad epidemic of hoof-and-mouth disease in Mexico made extra precautions necessary.

He went to work for the Cochise County Sheriff's Dept. in 1953.

Sharilyn Rogers Cox worked for Wick Communications in various capacities, including editor and publisher of several of their publications, and as a feature writer. She is now retired and lives in Douglas.



Benson Main St. 1923



Mr. Hi Wo, two customers, and his son, Jose, in the Hi Wo Co. store.

HI WO GROCERY OPENED IN 1896

By Sharilyn Rogers Cox

Seventy-four years behind the counter of a grocery store constitutes handling many, many groceries. Soledad Wo started working in her father's store, Hi Wo Co., in Benson "when she was old enough to reach over the counter."

"I didn't wait on customers at first, I marked merchandise and cans. We knew everyone in town because they came into the store,"

In the front windows of one of the oldest grocery stores in town is a sign: "Hi Wo (Chinese) opened this store in 1896."

He came to the United States when he was 16 and worked in San Francisco before moving east to Tombstone, according to his daughter.

"Tombstone was at its greatest time then, so he worked there in a restaurant for awhile. He would never tell us much about it, except

there were a lot of killings there every night in those days. Maybe that is the reason he moved to Tucson."

Wo operated a little store in Tucson for a while, but he had seen Benson on his way from Tombstone and liked it, so he decided to settle there.

"We had a big store in those days, with a lot of dry goods, hard goods, men's shoes, clothing, hats, trunks, even stoves. My father bought grain, flour and sugar by the carload and sold both wholesale and retail."

Customers came from the mines and ranches along with the people who lived in Benson, according to Miss Wo. The ranchers would bring in big wagons drawn by horses and buy supplies to last six months.

"I remember they used to pay my dad with grain and hay and kind of trade around."

Deliverymen from the store made daily deliveries to customers in town.

"In those days we were robbed many times during the night. We lived

way in back of the store, so we didn't ever see them. They took mostly merchandise. Not too much money."

The Wo children knew most of the people in town because of working in the store, but they were not allowed to go out much.

"We would go to school and we would have to be home by three. My mother didn't want us out on the streets.

"I went through grammar school and one year of high school then our bookkeeper here quit to get married. My father thought I could take over, so that's the way I started in." She later went to night classes and received a G.E.D. high school diploma.

The school was the scene of many activities while Miss Wo was there. "They had quite a few musical events and both boy's and girl's basketball and baseball, but no football. I remember basketball because that's what I really liked best."

Isabel and Victoria Wo helped their sister in the store, as did brother Jose until his

death. They took over the business in 1931 when their father died.

"My mother died just four months later and then the Depression came. It was a hard time."

When their living quarters in back of the store burned down, the Wos moved to a home across from the Catholic Church.

"We have always been active in the church and since we have lived across the street, if anything comes up we are right there to help."

In the more than 70 years Miss Wo has been watching Benson from behind the counter of the store, the town has changed considerably. "The changes have been so gradual that I have hardly noticed them.

"I remember the first new car I ever saw, though. It was the one Dr. Morrison had. It was bright red and he was so proud of it. It was a long time before there were many cars, because people couldn't afford them."

Another event she remembers is when the store was featured on Voices of the

Past, an Arizona-based television program.

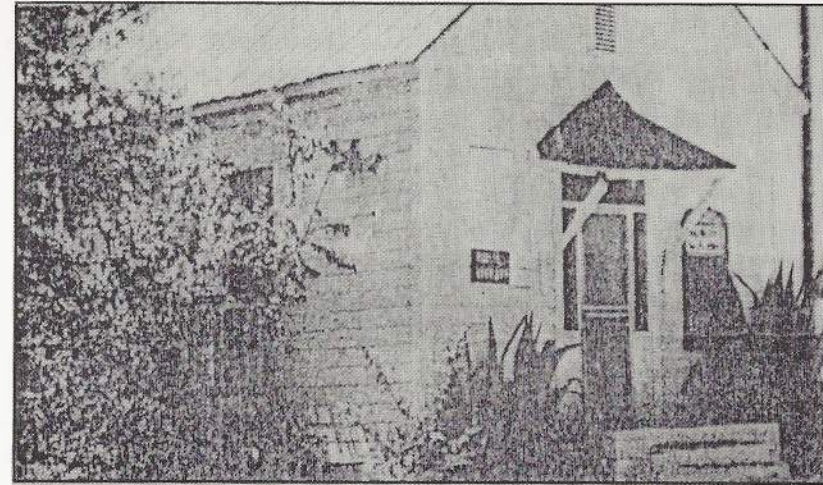
"They started from the beginning on Main Street and took pictures all down the street. The town looked so pretty. They took pictures of the store and some of the customers. Not many people saw it here, but we have had a lot of people from Tucson and Phoenix stop in because they saw the program."

Sharilyn Rogers Cox worked as editor and publisher for various Wick Communications publications for several years. This article was published in the Benson Sun-News Centennial issue in 1980.



Hi Wo's daughters, (left to right) Soiledad, Maria Luisa, Victoria, and Isabel.

...Interesting Places



Benson's first library building, circa 1916

Benson Public Library

Benson residents are justifiably proud of their “new” library which had its grand opening in January of 1989. The library’s growth and progress can be traced through various newspaper articles and histories written during the almost one hundred years of its existence. Several starting dates are mentioned, from 1916 to 1928, according to which account is quoted.

One of the most interesting stories was written by old-time Benson resident Bea Hamp and published in the San Pedro Valley News-Sun in the early ‘70s. She writes:

“Another chapter closed on the colorful history of one of Benson’s oldest

buildings with the moving of the Benson Library to its new location at the former Benson Hospital.

“According to records available, the old library building was first put in use on the western slopes of the Whetstone Mountains in the late 1870s. During its heyday,

it served as a saloon, lodging house, church, club house and library.

"All over Southern Arizona in the 1870s, mining towns were springing up and a rich vein of gold, silver and lead had been found on the western slope of the Whetstones. The strike was [important] enough to warrant a good-sized camp. "Total Wreck" was the name given to the camp, and in less than ten years, it lived up to its name.

"Coming to Total Wreck to make their fortunes were Alexander Chisholm and his wife, Kate. He was a blacksmith, while she supplied nice warm beds and hot nourishing meals to the hungry and tired miners.

"Until the ore ran out, it was a successful undertaking. The two resourceful people moved the boarding house to the relatively new town of Benson, in 1883, and located their building close to the depot.

"As the years went on, the couple decided they wanted to try their hands at farming and sold the building to the town of Benson for [use as] a community church. Until this time, there was no adequate place for worship and interested townspeople took up a collection and paid Kate for the building.

"It was considered such a worthy cause that everyone from the toughest miner and cowboy down to the preacher donated, but it was distinctly understood that the church was to be a non-denominational one.

"Because there were so many saloons on Front Street at that time, it was decided to move the building and lots were bought and a man was hired to move it. He, his crew and their teams got started and got the building out into the alley and refused to move it any farther until more money was raised.

"The forlorn old building sat there for months, blocking an alley because no

money was available to finish the job. Finally, the gamblers and saloon men made an offer to move it free of charge if it could be done on a Sunday.

"The minister then, a Rev. Livingston, was a very devout man and he had refused the offer, saying it was a sinful thing to do it on a Sunday. However, a few weeks later nearly everyone in town put on overalls on a Sunday and moved it to its present location.

"It took time to get it straightened on the foundation, but before the week was out, a Mexican orchestra was hired and a grand old-fashioned dance was given without first gaining the consent of the preacher.

"The dance was a gay one with square dancing, the polka, schottische, and the waltz, and the walls shook from the dancing feet. The next Sunday it was a house of worship and Rev. Livingston gave forth with a good strong sermon on the sins of working on Sunday.

"After the church ceased to be non-denominational and other churches came to town, attendance dwindled and there weren't enough people going to justify holding services. Spiders and [scorpions moved in and found it a comfy place to live for several years. Then, in the early 1920s, the Benson Women's Club decided the town needed a library. They had acquired the abandoned boarding house-church for their club house and opened the library in one end of the building with a stock of about 150 books. *Ed.]*

"It is not known just when the successful starting date was, but it is estimated that the Women's Club has been operating it for more than 50 years, and it is said that Mrs. Ola Wood and Mrs. Rhoda Moore were quite instrumental in getting the facility under way. Mrs. A. W. Bard [became] the first paid librarian in 1956, and she continued until Mrs. Marea Snyder took over in 1960. . . ."

According to available information, Mrs. Hamp wrote her article in 1971, then in 1981, Julie Warne wrote a follow-up article featuring then librarian Kate Bischoff. Ms. Warne writes about the library:

"...The library, which had its beginning in 1916, was first organized and operated by the newly formed Benson Women's Club. Volunteers from this organization offered to citizens the first of the library services which now are among the best in the area. . . .

"The collection was housed in the Women's Club building until 1973. Growing by leaps and bounds, it was taken over as a department of the City of Benson in 1972. It was moved to its present location in 1973, at the south end of the building at Sixth and Huachuca [Streets]. . . ."

The history given out at the library takes up the story after 1973:

"In 1972, the Women's Club Board [of Directors] met with

the Town Council and a Field Consultant of the Arizona State Library to discuss the future of the library. As a result, it was decided the Town of Benson would assume responsibility . . . and the Women's Club would relinquish all connection with the library.

"The Town of Benson purchased the "old hospital" building, and with the aid of a small grant, the help of citizens, clubs, churches and the Women's Club members, it was remodeled The Women's Club, however, has never given up its interest and assistance to the library. . . .

"In 1985, the . . . building was showing severe signs of deterioration and the city council made plans to rebuild. A \$3,000 state grant was requested and approved for a community survey for the library. . . . Another grant was applied for from the state to build the new library, and it was approved in 1987."

In May of 1987, the library was [temporarily] moved into

the old fire station, with members of the community giving generously of their time to do so. They again contributed their time to make the permanent move

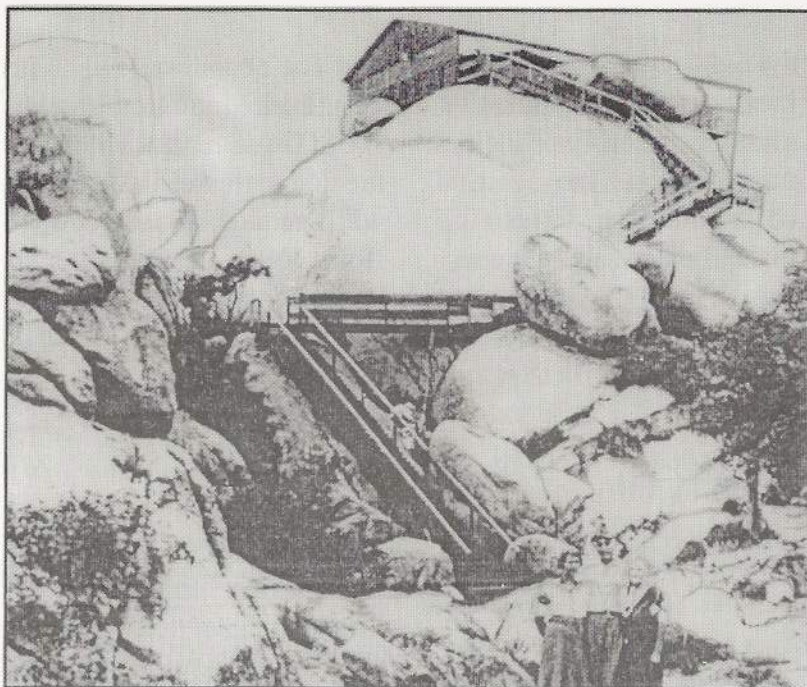
into the new library when it was finished in December of 1988. On January 21, 1989, the dedication of the building was attended by delegates from around the state.

Benson City Librarians Dates of Service

1956 - 1960	Mrs. A. W. Bard
1960 - 1965	Mrs. Marea Snyder and Mrs. Bertha Kenworthy
1965 - 1982	Mrs. Kate Bishoff
1982 - 1985	Ms. Marcia Drehoble
1985 - 1991	Ms. Lynn Watts
1991 -	Ms. Kay Whitehead



Mrs. Kate Bishoff
Benson Librarian
1965 - 1982



Skyline Pavilion, a dance hall atop a boulder in Texas Canyon, built in 1934.

Skyline Pavilion

Arizona's Most Unique Dance Hall

Securely anchored with iron and concrete, atop a huge boulder one hundred feet above the floor of Texas Canyon, "Skyline" Arizona's most unique dance pavilion will be opened to the public on Saturday evening, June 9 [1934], with a big dance.

The dance will proceed (sic) the Adams Brothers' annual rodeo, which will be staged in Texas Canyon on Sunday, June 10. This event originated in Texas Canyon 30 years ago as a picnic in honor of the birthday of the Adams boys' mother. The annual picnic continued even after the passing on of the one that inspired the picnic 30 years ago.

The Adams boys and their neighbors indulged in bronco riding, calf roping and other western stunts until the rodeo had grown so in popularity that people from all over Southern Arizona, and even New Mexico, are in attendance every year. In years past, it is estimated that the rodeo at the Adams brothers' ranch has been attended by as many as 2,000 people.

This year, there will be an added attraction at the rodeo in Texas Canyon, the new dance pavilion being constructed by Earl Marshall, of Imperial Valley, Calif. The new structure, located on a rock ledge high above the canyon road, is rapidly nearing completion. The pavilion is reached by a series of 150 steps from the park below, where there is plenty of parking space for cars. On the opening night, Saturday, June 9, Mr. Marshall has secured the U. of A. orchestra from Tucson to furnish the music.

For those who desire to attend the dance and remain over for the rodeo on the following day, arrangements have been made with the management of the Triangle T Guest Ranch to accommodate a limited number overnight and serve them breakfast, at a very reasonable charge.

Texas Canyon is 15 miles east of Benson on the Sunset Route, and is one of the most beautiful and picturesque spots in Arizona. The celebration in this canyon on June 9 and 10, offers the people of Southern Arizona a most delightful weekend trip.

This article was reprinted from a document in the archives of the San Pedro Valley Arts and Historical Society in Benson.

Benson Ranch House Buried after Sunday Flood

By Jessie Miller

(This article is a reprint from The Tucson Daily Citizen, dated Sept. 29, 1948, loaned to CCHS by Donaleta Getzwiller, Benson resident who is pictured helping to clean up the damage left by the flood.)

The six-room ranch home of Mr. And Mrs. Kenneth Gunter, located 20 miles north of Benson in the Cascabel district, was almost completely buried by debris and silt Sunday afternoon following a flash flood. Residents of the locality placed the time of the flood as being between 5 and 6 p.m.

At the time, the Gunters were attending a horse show at the Bar Double A Ranch, near Nogales. In trying to return home that night, they found that they could not get through because of water-filled dips and washed out roads. They had trouble turning around in the darkness, as both Mr. and Mrs. Gunter were driving cars pulling horse trailers loaded with horses that had been



Donaleta Getzwiller, her husband and niece, Karen McGoffin help the Gunters clean up.

entered in the show. The night was spent in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Parsons, whose ranch home is located a few miles from Benson.

It was not until a second attempt was made to reach their home on Monday that word of the flood destruction reached them. This came through their foreman, Elbert Miller, who with Mrs. Miller and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Lewis of Tombstone, had spent Sunday night in a vacant house at the side of washed out roads.

Mrs. Lewis, teacher at Pool School near Cascabel, goes to her home in Tombstone for weekends. It was stated that they all considered themselves fortunate in not having started home earlier, as they might have been caught in the path of the flood, though their homes were found to be intact.

Mrs. Gunter said it was difficult to believe what they saw when finally, after the roads were made passable, they made it through to their home about 4 p.m. Monday. Their house, which was completed two years ago, was so deep under mud and silt that the Gunters could sit on the edge of the back roof. From the front section of the house, parts of the interior could be glimpsed through the tops of doors and windows.

A chopping block from the meat house was wedged in mud, half in and half out of the large plate glass window of their living room. Only the top three rows of bookshelves, which extended from the floor to the ceiling, could be seen and an eight-foot icebox was pushed up to the ceiling in the kitchen.

A strongly built, three-room utility house which stood near the main building, was literally in pieces with part of the roof resting on top of a room of the main dwelling. A deep freeze, washing machine and a newly-filled gas tank were lying half buried in separate sections of a hay field some distance from the buried house.

A house, containing valuable tools, was partially submerged with half of it torn away, and it was assumed that many of the tools were under several feet of sand or washed down the river.

Dolls and toys belonging to Sherry, young daughter of the Gunters, who attends the Arizona Sunshine School in Tucson, could be seen here and there, stuck at various angles in the wet sand. Almost comical in its position was a toy kangaroo hanging from the top of a mesquite tree nearby.

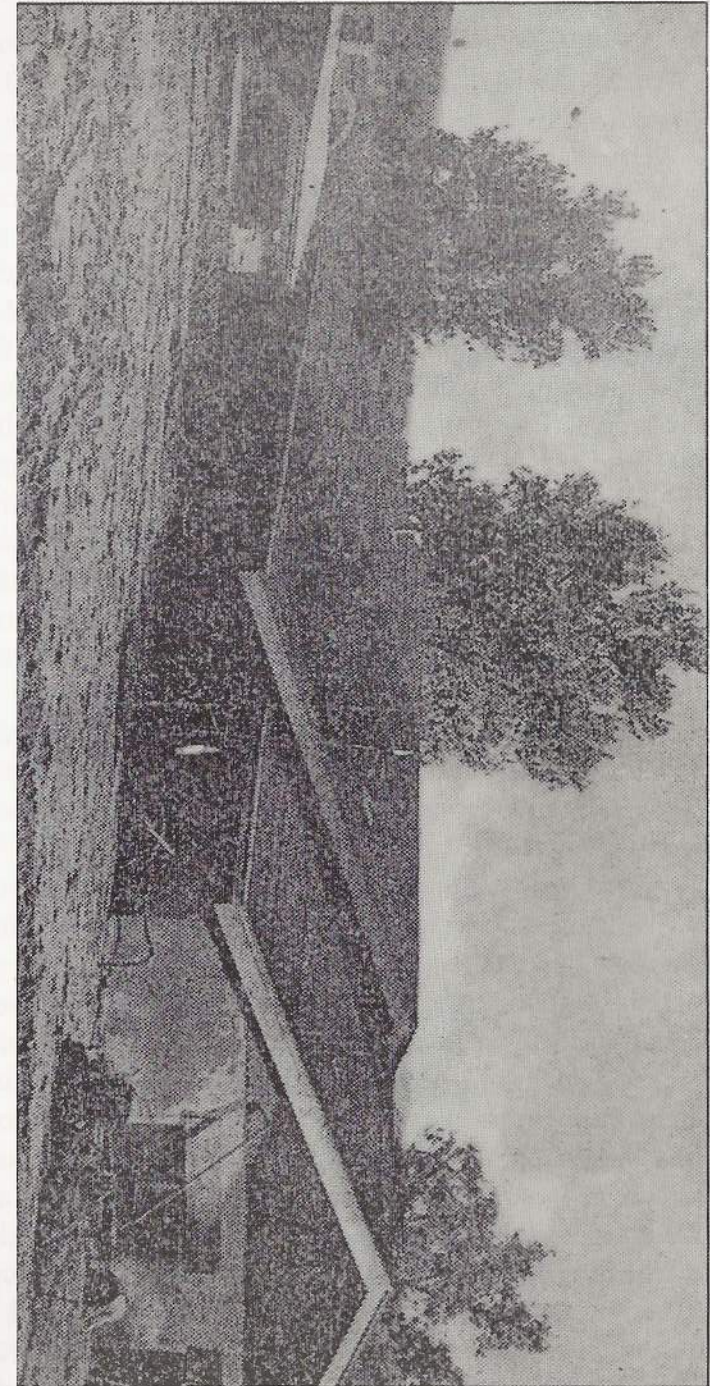
Barns, horse stalls and chicken houses were found to be intact and "Red Man," prize-winning stallion belonging to the Gunters, was found safe. Toby, a fox terrier, and Tad, a large Shepard dog, were discovered moving around the deluged grounds.

It was reported that all ranch people in the vicinity of the flooded area were accounted for. Water will have to be brought in from nearby ranch homes until another well can be dug, it was stated.

The estimated damage of household furniture and clothing and ruined hay fields will run into many thousands of dollars, it was said. Mrs. Gunter spoke of the easy replacement of those things, saying that it was the personally treasured articles, such as family pictures, records, books and other items of years of collection that made the loss difficult.

Gunter started excavating the building Tuesday, assisted by volunteer ranchers and a crew of men from Tucson. Also helping is Mrs. Gunter's father, Shirley Fulton of Dagoon and Waterbury, Conn. Mrs. Gunter's brother, Hayden Fulton, lives in Tucson with his family. For the present, Mr. and Mrs. Gunter will be at the Quarter Horse Motel, Benson.

The ranch home of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Gunter after the San Pedro River overran its banks in Sept. 1948. The loss to the family was estimated in the thousands of dollars.



Dragoon Past and Present

By Shirley Harris

As we rounded the curve from Dragoon Road onto Johnson Road, the sun was just beginning to set over the mountains, creating a pink and purple background for the white fluffy clouds.

Suddenly shots rang out. Bullets flew over the head of a man running away from the Dragoon Saloon. He stopped dead in his tracks as the man with the gun yelled, "Stop or the next one won't be over your head."

Across the road a man was face down in the mud, with his left arm twisted behind his back, a knee pressing down in the kidney area, the right hand of his attacker holding a gun to his temple. More men started out the door of the saloon with their hands in the air, followed by a tall stranger with a shotgun aimed at their backs.

"Shades of the Old West" — Well it could have been, but this was in the spring of 1980. There were cars, not horses, around the saloon, the men being held at gun point were drug dealers, not stage robbers; and the men with guns were undercover narcotic agents, not the sheriff and his deputies.

My husband and I had just witnessed the closing of the Dragoon Saloon, which opened in the early 1940s for the ranchers, miners, railroaders, and residents of the area.

"A tiny, suntanned town in Cochise County of southeast Arizona..." is how Mary Gregor described Dragoon. The area surrounding this townsite has and still supports ranching and mining, and the post office continues to serve all. The sounds of the freight and passenger trains reverberate

through the countryside today, just as they have since the 1880s. It is easy to see that the past and present blend into a unique community when you combine it all with the feelings of those who call this high desert area home.

The first known settlers were the Adams family of Texas in 1879. Indians ambushed them in what is now known as Texas Canyon. Author Grace McCool reports on the other Apache Indian attacks.

A stage carrying mail was ambushed in the same Texas Canyon on April 17, 1871, and Mark Revlin, the driver, murdered. The other occurred when Captain Sherod Hunter and his Confederates were at the Dragoon Springs watering their horses, after withdrawing from the Battle of Picacho. The Indians surprised them and got away with 24 horses and 35 pack mules, murdering four of the Cavalry soldiers. This skirmish took place in about 1862. Dragoon Springs was named for a regiment of

U.S. Dragoons sent to position posts in the Tucson area in the spring of 1856.

Dragoon Springs was one of the designated stage stops of the mail route from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean, by contract granted to J. Butterfield and his associates from the 35th United States Congress. Declared a National Historic Site, ruins of the stage station remain and some grave sites can be visited just southwest of the railroad at Dragoon. The Butterfield Stage transported the first mail from the East to the Dragoon Springs station on October 2, 1858. In June, 1881, the Dragoon post office opened in the Southern Pacific Depot with the Railroad Agent becoming the first Postmaster. A Wells Fargo Station was established at Dragoon four years later.

John Server, in a 1982 letter to the Dragoon Postmaster wrote, "I lived in Dragoon as a boy, from 1911 to 1919... My mother was postmistress from about 1914 to 1918... My father and I

built the building that was used as the post office, some distance to the east on Dragoon Road." At the Dragoon Post Office Centennial Celebration on June 20, 1981, letters were stamped with Dragoon's commemorative postmark, which was a replica of the one used when the Post Office was officially established. Stamps and cachets with pictures of Dragoon were sold.

Irene "Rena" Shilling, born in Benson in 1893 and was a school teacher in the Dragoon area for 33 years, spoke at the celebration. She told about riding with her mother in a horse-drawn buggy from her home in Russellville to Dragoon to get the mail when she was eleven. Her memories include the path going through tall buffalo grass with no yucca plants or mesquite trees, and that the area just north of the railroad station was alive with prairie dog villages.

True ghost towns,
Russellville and Johnson

were mining towns that were north of Interstate 10, Exit 322. An open pit copper mine is still at the site of Johnson. Recently closed, the mine might reopen in the distant future. Other mines that were in the area are The Golden Rule Mine on Dragoon Road about two miles east of the railroad crossing in Dragoon; the Centurian Mine, just a little over a mile north of the townsite of Dragoon on Johnson Road, and the marble quarries in the mountains just south of the Dragoon Mountains.

The Ligier family sold pink, yellow, black, and white marble from their marble quarries to many firms that built buildings in the Southwest. One of those is the Student Union Building of the University of Arizona built in the 1950s. The main use was as chips for terrazzo floors because of the lack of nearby facilities to polish the larger chunks and slabs. The quarries are no longer in operation.

The Golden Rule
Mine has been leased to The

Cochise Resources of Arizona, Inc. The Centurian Mine has been shut down for many years and there is little left to see at the site. In 1979 the mine hoist and a building surrounded by rubbish and a few relics of the past could be seen, but today only foundations remain.

The need for transportation for the many mining districts through the area that became the State of Arizona, and getting people, money, supplies, and other miscellaneous items from the east coast to the west coast, brought the railroad through present-day Dragoon. David Myrick in *Railroads of Arizona, Vol. 1, The Southern Roads*, states, "A few months before the Southern Pacific reached Tucson in March 1880, . . . [they] laid out a townsite on Cochise Pass, the highest point on the railroad as it crossed Arizona, and named it Dragoon City."

Thus Dragoon was established, not just for the townsite, but for the surrounding area: Russellville,

Johnson, all of the Texas Canyon area, areas to the east and west, and up to the Dragoon Mountains. Myrick says of this railroad stop, "Dragoon in 1883, the place where Montgomery & Benson's stage met the Southern Pacific trains for passengers destined to Russellville and Johnson, was still not much of a place."

Few people have heard of the privately owned standard gauge Johnson, Dragoon & Northern Railway (JD&N) that opened on July 3, 1909, to serve the Russellville and Johnson mining camps that had sprung up in the 1880s. Myrick locates the JD&N as running from east of the Southern Pacific in Dragoon north to Johnson. The JD&N covered 8.13 miles, although by air the distance was just a little over 5 miles, and had 1.29 miles of sidings and mine spurs.

Due to money problems, the Southern Pacific acquired the line. Then low copper prices, among other

things, caused it to be abandoned on May 23, 1925. Although there are no rails or ties remaining, I found evidence of the JD&N railroad bed, and traced it from the SP tracks to about 3 miles north, past the big wash. That was in the 1980s, and I doubt if any signs could be seen now with cattle roaming the area and the rains since that time.

In John Server's letter, he recalls the JD&N "...had one little engine. The track was so bad that the heavy SP engines were not allowed to go more than a few hundred feet past the switch which connected it to the SP — The little engine was run by two men named Wein and Stone; they were nicknamed "Wine and Stein" because they used to be drunk often and you could hear them coming down the track playing a tune (!) on the whistle of the engine."

Russellville school had a famous man for a teacher, John A. Rockfellow. He taught there, starting in

1886, for three winter terms. Another well-known name in Dragoon is Fulton. William Shirley and Rose Fulton were the founders of the Amerind Foundation, which is a world-renown archaeological research center. Some of the artifacts and data found in the museum were found around the local area.

Famous and infamous people have visited Dragoon, staying at the Triangle T Guest Ranch, which was established in 1922. During World War II, the Ambassador of Japan and 36 of his aides were sent there as political prisoners. *The 3:10 to Yuma* starring Glenn Ford and Van Heflin, was one of the movies shot on location at the "T".

The guest ranch has also been host to General John J. Pershing; Francis Lee Jaques, the wildlife artist; Walter Collins O'Kane, author; Paul Scott Mowrer, poet; and Grace Moore, singer. Rancher Lloyd Adams recalled how the Adams' ranch was host to

outlaw Three-Finger Jack the night before he was killed in Fairbank in a shoot out, Billy Stilles, Bill Downing and William Traynor who hid there after robbing a train in 1899.

A little over a hundred years ago there were only three buildings in the Dragoon townsite according to one newspaper report. During the 1882 elections, 12 voters cast their ballots at the Dragoon Summit polling place. A resident of Dragoon in 1958 recalls about 250 people living in the area. In 1982 there were around 185 residents receiving mail at the Post Office. As Ervin Bond says in *Cochise County Arizona Past & Present*, "The small town of Dragoon . . . never was a large town. Today quite a few people have retired and moved to the area and all say they would not live anyplace else because of the quiet lifestyle."

Besides the retirees, there are those who work in Dragoon. There are handy men who do yard work and repairs, some work at "The

Thing" on Interstate 10, Exit 322, and also the Postmaster. There are those who travel to Tucson, Sierra Vista and Richland Ranchettes to work. All the people in the area are able to use the old school house that is the home of the Dragoon Women's Club, which was founded in 1926.

Members occasionally still hold dances there, open to the public. There are those who attend that say they learned to dance there when they came with their parents as children. For many years it was a polling place. Community meetings are held there, and potluck dinner parties. It is also rented out to people for meetings, weddings, and family gatherings.

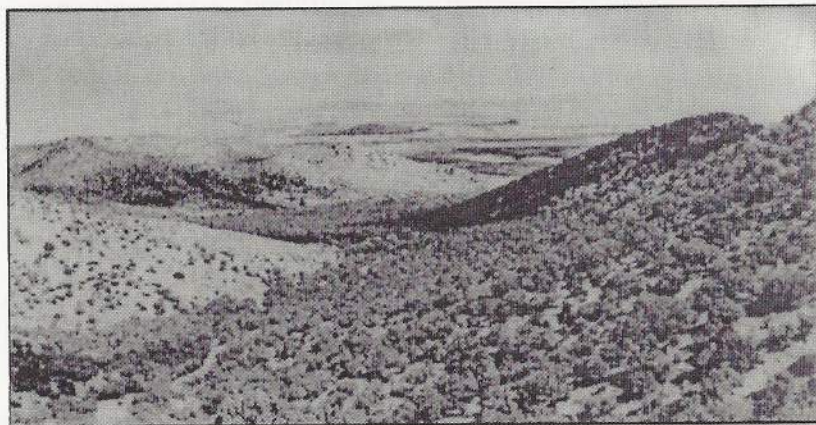
Those who make their home in Dragoon are proud of its history. The residents do not consider their area isolated, as some describe it, just "out of the way, off the beaten path." They want to preserve it, blending the past and the present with a vibrant spirit of unity and purpose.

The residents of Dragoon are more like a family that looks out for one another and yet do not impose on each other. There are many senior citizens, some of whom are always on the go and love to have a good time, dance, and do things together;

besides singles and families who call Dragoon home.

As one newcomer to Dragoon told a resident, "I could not get over how active and alive everyone in Dragoon appears to be; they don't grow old and they don't get rusty."

(Shirley DeBolt Harris is a freelance writer who lives in Dragoon. She has had many articles published in Wick Communications publications, as well as other magazines and papers. She also served as an assistant editor for a newspaper in Monterey Park, Calif.)



Dragoon Pass

Many Early Pioneers Lost Their Lives at Dragoon Springs

By Grace McCool

The Overland Station at Dragoon Spring has been witness to so much murder, massacre, ambush and human torture no one would be surprised if a gloomy cloud hung over it, or if it were haunted by the screams of the dying.

Treasure hunters have pretty well destroyed it, but for the historically-minded individual, it is a place well worth visiting.

To reach Dragoon Springs, drive directly to the little hamlet of Dragoon, which can be reached by a black-top road leaving Exit 318 on Interstate-10 in Texas Canyon. An alternate route leaves State Route 191 between Douglas and Willcox.

Dragoon is only a few miles from the famous Amerind Foundation Museum, and anyone wishing to visit the museum can round out the af-

ternoon with a visit to this historic spot. Ask directions to the old stage station in Dragoon.

The spring has been dry since the earthquake of 1887, but a windmill and water tank are located near it. The station was built a half mile from the spring. Closer would not have been safe, for here war parties of both the Chiricahua Apaches and the New Mexico Mimbres Apaches (sic) camped and watered during their hundreds of raids into Mexico. Here also, returning Chiricahua Apaches were met by their tribesmen and held their frenzied war dances. They divided their loot and tortured captives brought

along for the purpose, until the stream ran red with their blood, after each successful raid.

The stage station was built in 1857, one of 200 Butterfield-Overland stations, and one of four built in Cochise County. A "Jonah" from the start, three of the stage men were killed by Mexican laborers, before it was finished. It was abandoned by the stage line at the beginning of the Civil War. However, it was the scene of the massacre of Colonel Stone, president of the Apache Mass Mining Co., a miner named Kahler, and a four man military escort. They were slain Oct. 6, 1866, by Cochise himself.

In 1869, Cochise, now old and dying of ulcers or appendicitis, made a private treaty with Thomas Jonathan Jeffords, the mail contractor, to stop his slaughter of mail carriers on the road.

The following year, Jeffords guided the great and good Christian General O.O. Howard, to Cochise's camp. After five days of negotiating,

Cochise laid down his tomahawk forever. A reservation was agreed upon that included the station. Jeffords, at Cochise's insistence, was named Indian agent. The station was rented to two Indian traders, named Rogers and Spence.

Business was slow at the trading post in the old station. There was nothing the Apaches wanted except whiskey that they could not get in the hills, or the government did not give them, free, on ration day. The two shifty traders had been forbidden to sell whiskey. But sell it they did, for \$10 per pint.

Ploncenay and Piarhil, the traders' two best customers, flew into a rage when refused a second bottle each. They killed the two traders right in the station, by banging them over the head with a stone tomahawk.

Lt. Hendley and 28 troopers were unable to locate the two Apaches. Agent Jeffords asked Tarjay, Cochise's son and successor

for help, and he appointed his youngest brother, Nachise to "bring 'em in." Nachise shot his father-in-law, Chief Esquinay, who tried to protect the culprits. Four other Apaches including Piahel were killed and Pioncenay was shot through the lung. The whole brawl took place right at the spring.

There are a number of graves in the station yard and they have their tragic story of young men who gave their lives to bring transportation to our area.

The first regular stage travel through Cochise County was established in 1857 by the San Diego and San Antonio line with terminals in each town. It was no laughing matter to miss the stage—it came only twice a month and there were no stations. Spare mules and pack mules with food were herded right along with the stage. There was just the old 49er trail and the coach, hung by thorough braces from the frame, rocked with every rut in the trail, until the passengers were bruised and sea sick. At

times the stage broke down, and the passengers had to ride the mules.

On another trip the pack mule with the food slipped his pack during the night and the passengers were fed corn from the mules ration. This was ground and hastily cooked by Capt. (Bigfoot) Wallace and Silas St. John, two enterprising young men, learning about staging.

This line failed and the next year the Butterfield Line was organized, with terminals in Memphis, St. Louis and San Diego. Butterfield was merged with Overland Mail and operated from 1858 until March 2, 1862, when it was abandoned because of the Civil War.

In August, 1858, Silas St. John, James Hughes of Watertown, N.Y., the line blacksmith, James Laing, a Kentuckian, and William Cunningham, an Iowa boy, and a party of Butterfield men built the station. They used heavy stone, laid up with clay, because they feared Indian attack. They made the building 55 by

45 feet with only one gate. A 10-foot square office was walled off beside the gate, and a storeroom of the same size was walled off at the opposite corner.

The main crew then moved on to Tres Alamos to build an adobe station on the San Pedro. They left three Mexican laborers, with the four stagecoach men, to roof the building and man the station.

From 1810, northern Mexico had been ravaged by Apaches and torn by revolution. Oddly enough, the senoritas from this area were among the most refined and cultivated women of the era. They were sent away to convent boarding schools at an early age.

For youths, no education was available; many who had lost their homes and parents turned to banditry. The three laborers, Guadalupe and Pablo Ramirez and Bonifacio Mirando were of this stripe.

The night of Wednesday, Sept. 8, Laing stood the first guard. At midnight, St. John roused Guadalupe Ramirez and asked him to

stand the second shift. Hughes and the other two Mexicans slept outside, St. John in the office, and Cunningham in the store room. Laing slept in the center room with the stage mules.

An hour later St. John was aroused by the sounds of blows and groans. He sprang from his bedroll but was unable to grab his rifle from the boot of his saddle, which he used as a pillow, before he was set upon.

The laborers were armed with a chopping axe, a sledge hammer and a broad axe. He parried a blow aimed at his head, took a blow on the hip, landed a blow on Mirando and took a gash across his palm. He took a gash across the forearm while he was getting his rifle from the rifle boot. He swung his rifle like a club. However, Guadalupe Ramirez got in a vicious blow with the chopping axe which severed St. John's left arm.

In the dark station, lighted only by stars shining through the unfinished roof, St.

John fought for his life, and drove off the men. He dropped the rifle and grabbed his pistol.

When the gun fell the three were on him again. However, the stage-coach man fired and they decamped. St. John was in a desperate situation. He got a handkerchief and stick and put a tourniquet on the severed arm, but he could not stop the bleeding from the gashed hip.

He dragged himself to his companions to find Hughes dead outside the wall, his head crushed by the sledge. Laing was alive and conscious, although his brains were visible through his gashed skull. Cunningham had three deep skull gashes and moaned endlessly for water. The mules were rearing and plunging, frantic with the smell of blood. There was no water in the station.

St. John found he could not drag himself the half mile to the spring. He painfully climbed a stack of sacked grain and watched for the return of the three bandits, or an attack by the Apaches.

All day Thursday he watched there, unable to move and tortured by the moans of his friends. That night coyotes sneaked up to Hughes body, but he drove them away with pistol shots. At midnight Cunningham died.

Friday dawned hot and clear. The dead and dying were attacked by blow flies and the ravens and buzzards, that had been circling the station the day before swooped down. Laing still moaned feebly. That night the lobo wolves came, making the night hideous with their howls. Saturday night St. John no longer drove them from Hughes body. He had lapsed into unconsciousness.

Sunday morning, correspondent Archibald, of the Memphis Avalanche and a companion returning East on the stage road checked their horses, when they saw no flag flying above the station. At the same moment a party of three wagons approached from the East. Col. James Leach and Maj. N. H. Hutton were with this party. They dressed St. John's wounds, did what they

could for the dying Laing and buried Hughes and Cunningham in a double grave.

An express rider was sent to Ft. Buchanan for a surgeon, who arrived at the sta-

tion five days later and cleanly amputated St. John's arm; 21 days later he was back on the job. The rock-heaped double grave, and Laing's single grave, are among the graves to be seen in the station yard.

Grace McCool, a well-known Cochise County historian, wrote many articles for Cochise County publications. Her son, Page Bakarich, has continued the family tradition of historical research and writing. He gives lectures and slide presentations throughout the county, using his own and his mother's material. Mrs. McCool died on Jan. 25, 1992, and is buried in the Holy Hope Cemetery on the Lazy Y-5 Ranch on Moson Road near Sierra Vista.



Beatrice Wien (left) and a friend at the site of the Old Butterfield Stage Depot at Dagoon Springs.

Pioneers

in

Profile



Leonard Redfield, Postmaster, and Clerk Laura Martinez in early Benson Post Office. The hanging oil lamp above the sorting table and the smaller kerosene table lamp (left) provided the only work lighting.

Leonard D. Redfield

Benson's Pioneer Postmaster

One of Benson's most memorable "favorite sons" was pioneer postmaster Leonard D. Redfield. With his retirement in late 1940, Redfield was nationally celebrated as the U.S. Postmaster with the longest career in postal history. He was appointed to his position in 1896 and served for 44 years.

His story is best told in an article written by J. Robert Burns and published in the Sept. 26, 1937, issue of the *Arizona Daily Star*:

"When a rough mule-skinner patted a little boy's head in Redington 60 years ago and said, 'And what are you going to be when you grow up, sonny?' the answer was, 'I'm going to be a postmaster just like my daddy!'"

"Leonard D. Redfield, who will be 68 years old in December, certainly made his dream come true in a big way, because he not only became a postmaster just like his daddy, Henry Redfield, but he established a record of having been a postmaster longer than anyone else in the country.

"Next March, [Leonard] Redfield will have been postmaster of Benson continuously for 42 years. When he was 26 years old, in 1896, he petitioned Grover Cleveland and received his first presidential appointment to a postmastership. Every president since then, Republican and Democratic,

has reappointed Redfield, who is a registered Replublican.

"For a while, just before the last presidential election, it appeared as if Redfield were to lose a position of which he has made a career, because of his staunch political affiliation, but his friends – the whole population of Benson – made it clear to the politicians that they were very well satisfied with the manner in which the post office was conducted and that they could see no reason for a change merely because of politics. So he kept his job and he hopes to keep on working until he can leave a record which will be hard to beat.

"Redfield came to Arizona from Watertown, N.Y., in a rumbling covered wagon with his mother and father when he was seven years old. His father, who "had gone west" earlier, located a ranch at Redington, and it was there he took his wife and boy. The first year was difficult; there wasn't much to eat. Corn mush, corn bread and hominy was about



Benson Post Office in 1908

all there was, and even boys of that period tired of such a monotonous diet.

"Always there was the threat of marauding Indians. The Redfields never suffered any harm from them, however. Once, when Leonard was a little boy, Geronimo, the fiercest Apache of them all, suddenly appeared at the door of their ranch home. Redfield's father was away. He and his mother were frozen with fright.

Geronimo was after food, not scalps, and after he received some, he rode away.

"We always gave the Indians food and they never bothered us much, although we did get frightened."

"Redfield's father contracted to carry the mail between Riversdale, near Winkelman, and Tres Alamos, 109 miles down the San Pedro River. Grown men, who were too heavy to ride the ponies that distance, were

supplanted by Leonard, then about 12 years old, who carried the mail twice each week, making the 218-mile round trip each time with pop-eyes alert for Indians and road agents.

"The West was hard and rough, but it prepared the youth to take over a man's work early. When he was a stripling of 13, his father died and he then became his mother's sole support in running the ranch.

"There wasn't any town of Benson when I first came here," Redfield says, "And as soon as there was, when I was 26, I petitioned for the postmaster job and hat's how I became postmaster – that was March 17, 1896.

"Later, when Benson became incorporated, Redfield was appointed its first mayor by the Cochise County Supervisors. He served for one term.

"Redfield has made a career of being postmaster and is satisfied to do his work and to have his office function smoothly. He believes that civil service for

all postmasters would be a good thing. 'It takes several years for a man to learn how to be a good postmaster,' he says, 'And then, if he votes wrong, he's out.'

"The only time when the schedule of his post office was interrupted was in January, 1936, when he surprised a burglar attempting to rifle the office safe.

"Stick 'em up!' the nervous Redfield commanded. The intruder, Clyde Murray, a transient, glancing at the ominous bulge in Redfield's pocket, quailed and meekly submitted to arrest. When it was all over, Redfield pulled his hand out of his pocket, clutching a harmless ring of keys, and mopped he sweat from his brow. Murray was sentenced to prison for the only offense against the peace of the Benson Post Office."

Another *Star* article, published in 1938, concluded:

"The famous postmaster lives in a little white house that reflects the staunch character of its owner. In leisure hours, Redfield, who will be 69

years old in December, spends his time with his lily pond, his gold and silver fish, and takes delight in the fact that where once the land was arid, now he grows cannas and cosmos.

"He has a picket fence. 'When this house was built, it was stylish to fence yards, and people liked gates in those days.' The original fence still encloses his yard

where he and Mrs. Redfield have reared three children and an adopted daughter. Seeing Redfield's cheerful face and his useful hands clasping the old gate post, one is convinced that within that small home, good living has taken place, for here is a postmaster who for more than 43 years has been helping to build a community.

Leonard D. Redfield

His Obituary

(Reprinted from The Tucson Daily Star dated July 16, 1944. Ed.)

Leonard D. Redfield, 78, who was at the time of his retirement in 1940, Arizona's oldest postmaster in point of service, died late Friday in Benson after an illness of four months. Burial will be in Tucson. Mr. Redfield, who held his post for 44 years, started handling mail when, at the age of approximately 10 years, he rode a pony express route through Indian-infested country between Redington and Riverside, now Hayden Junction.

Born Dec. 6, 1867, in Olean, N.Y., he went west with his parents at the age of two, settling for six years in Porterville, Calif., before heading to Redington, which was named for his father. In Redington, the family struggled along for several years, making corn do three meals every day and living in fear of the Indians.

When the Indians came too close, the family fled to Tres Alamos, nine miles south. Later, a government supply route passed the family ranch and finally soldier protection was provided from Ft. Lowell.

After the boy had ridden the pony express for a year – making two 200 mile trips every week – his father died and management of the ranch was left to the child and his mother.

When the Redfields came to Arizona, there wasn't any town of Benson, but by 1896, when Mr. Redfield was 26, Benson was large enough to need a postmaster. Mr. Redfield applied for the office and on March 17, 1896, his appointment was made. He served continuously, through post office robberies and changing administrations, until late 1940.

Surviving are his wife, Mrs. Fannie A. Redfield; two daughters, Mrs. Malvina Mundersbach of Phoenix, and Mrs. Florence R. Brown, Tucson; one foster daughter, Mrs. Mary T. Shaeffer, of Benson; a son Leonard R. Redfield, Benson; and six grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 4 p.m. in the chapel of the Parker Mortuary, with Rev. C. Sumpter Logan, of Benson Community Presbyterian Church, officiating. Burial will be in the Masonic plot of Evergreen Cemetery, with the Masonic Lodge officiating.

During his lifetime, Mr. Redfield became a member of the Masonic Commandery and the Knights Templar in Tucson; the Shrine in Phoenix, the Royal Arch Masons in Bisbee, and was a past master of King Solomon Lodge No. 5 of Tombstone.

These articles reprinted from documents in the San Pedro Arts and Historical Society archives.

**Issac Henry Watkins,
M.D.
and
Sallie Bomar Eaker Watkins
Benton**



(left) Dr. Issac Henry Watkins and daughter Edith, c. 1892
(above) Sallie

Isaac Henry Watkins was born in McDowell County, North Carolina, in 1858. He was the son of John Watkins and Edith Poteet, both originally from Claiborne County, Tennessee.

John listed his occupation as a miner when he enlisted in the 49th Regiment of the North Carolina Infantry, Confederate States Army, in 1862. Wounded later that year at Sharpsburg, his

wound kept him out of action for almost two years before he was released from sick furlough to active duty. Because of the severity of the wound, even active duty was limited to hospital service.

He was killed in 1864 by a stray bullet from a Yankee's gun as he stepped out the back door of the hospital where he was tending wounded Confederate soldiers. After the war's end, Edith and her four children moved to Spartanburg, South Carolina.

Henry was the youngest child in the family, with older brothers, William and George, and sister Rachel. Another sister had been burned to death in a house fire as a young girl. The 1880 South Carolina census shows Edith and her sons listed as farm laborers.

Henry completed his early education in South Carolina and later went to Tennessee to study medicine at Vanderbilt University. He was 32 years old in 1890 when he completed his studies and graduated with a medical degree.

The economy of the South had not recovered from the war, so Harry went to Texas after graduation. He eventually settled in Silverton, Texas, where he practiced medicine and

owned a drug store. His brother George, an engineer, also settled in Texas.

Henry married Sallie Tallulah Bomar Eaker, the widow of Benjamin Franklin Eaker in about 1891. She was the mother of three children by her deceased husband; all of whom had been born in Spartanburg, S.C. Her children were a son, Benjamin Franklin Eaker, Jr. and two daughters, Blanche and Bennie Florence. A daughter, Louise, had died as a young child.

Two of Sallie's older brothers, A.C. and Virgil Bomar, had left their birth-



George (left) and Issac Henry Watkins in Texas in 1890.

place of Spartanburg and had settled in Silverton. It is not known at this time if she married Henry in South Carolina before he moved west, or if she had come to Texas as a widow where she joined her brothers, one of whom worked for Dr. Watkins. She and Henry may have married in Silverton.

Sallie was a descendant of a prominent South Carolina family. The Bomars had originally come to Virginia from England in the 1700s and eventually migrated to South Carolina. Her father, Alexander Carlton Bomar, was sheriff of Spartanburg County and owned a few slaves on his plantation property. He died in 1865 in the closing years of the Civil War. Her grandfather, Rev. Thomas Bomar, was well known for his many published writings on religion.

Issac Henry and Sallie's first child, daughter Edith, was born in Silverton in 1892. Their son, Paul Bomar, was born in Oklahoma in 1894. The family moved to Benson, Ariz. for

health reasons in 1897. Their daughter, Cuba Pauline (Neen), was born in Benson in 1898.

Both Henry and Sallie suffered from consumption and thought the Arizona climate would benefit their health. The Southern Pacific Railroad was hiring doctors in the Benson area, and after Henry received his Arizona license to practice medicine in January of 1897 he took advantage of this opportunity.

Henry wrote to his brothers-in-law in Silverton concerning his first year in Benson. "I don't really think you can do anything with Texans here as they are about as plentiful as they are there. I really doubt if you can do any better here. This is good stock country, though not as good as there, besides the cattle are so hard to gather. though there is more money here. My collections last year duly left 5% over my books. Everything is very high, butter and eggs go for 40 cents. All are well pleased and have good health."

The family settled into life in Benson. Sallie's oldest

daughter, Blanche, married Miguel Castenada, son of a merchant family in southern Arizona. She and her baby died in childbirth in 1902, and she is buried in the Benson Cemetery. Sallie's daughter, Bennie, married Jesse James Benton on July 24, 1900, in Benson. They became the parents of four children.

Jesse later wrote a book, *Cow By The Tail*, which Bennie called "Bull By The Tail." They had been

divorced and his book states: "For reasons of his own, Mr. Benton does not again mention his wife in this story unless absolutely necessary."

Her second husband was Ed Echols, sheriff of Pima County in the 1930s and 40s. Echols had performed in the *101 Wild West Show* with Tom Mix in the US, and in England on one of the show's tours.

Issac's daughter Edith remembered that it was the children's duty to help their



Back: Sallie Watkins, Jesse James Benton, Edith Watkins
Front: Neen Watkins, Frank Benton

father with patients. The children would stay at the home of very ill patients while Henry made his rounds to other patients' homes. Sometimes the children would have to stay awake all night with their patient. If the ill person reached a crisis, it would be their job to ride their pony and find their father to bring him back to the patient's bedside.

Sallie was highly thought of in the Benson area because of her charitable deeds, especially in the field of nursing. Her son-in-law, Jesse Benton, always referred to her as "an angel."

When farmers brought wagons of fruits and vegetables from St. David and other surrounding areas to Benson, Sallie would always buy okra. One farmer said he could tell she was from the South as she was one of the few people who bought his okra.

Edith also remembers a female patient of her father's. The woman owned a small pig farm outside of Benson. She became critically ill and Sallie brought

her to her own home to nurse her until she recovered. The patient's house was filthy; the pigs came in and out and it looked like it hadn't been cleaned in years. Sallie and the girls cleaned her house before she was released from the doctor's care.

The woman was so grateful that she would bring cakes and pies to the Watkins when she made trips into town for supplies. Sallie would thank her very graciously and then throw the baked goods away after she left. The children were always upset because they looked so good. Their mother was afraid the woman's house was back to its original condition and she didn't want any of her family to get sick from the food.

Another story about Dr. Watkins concerned an artesian well in Klondike. Henry really wanted to see this marvelous well. Finally, someone got sick up that way and he loaded his family in the wagon and headed for Klondike. After treating his patient, the family went over to the well site. His daughter,

Edith, remembered that the snakes were real bad in the area. The people who owned the well had their house built up on posts and climbed up a little ladder to get to the small front porch.

Henry died in 1903 and is buried in the Castenada family plot in the Benson Cemetery. After his death, some friends decided it would be best for the family if a small home was built on one of the lots owned by Henry in Benson. A four-room frame house was built with labor provided by friends; Sallie made payments for the building materials each month with Benjamin Eaker Jr. (Bub) and Paul's paychecks from the railroad. Bub was already working on the railroad when his stepfather died. The youngest son, Paul, was only nine years old when his father died. He quit school and did odd jobs for the railroad, such as "call boy." He went to work for them full time several years later.

Sallie's oldest daughter, Bennie, and her husband, Jesse Benton, were living on

a ranch near Benson and regularly sent supplies in from the ranch to the family. Because many of the railroaders had known Dr. Watkins, and Bub was employed there, the supplies would be brought to Benson at no cost. The three youngest children always said they would not have survived without the help of the Bentons.

Sallie died in 1908 and is buried in the Benson Cemetery; also in the Castenada family plot. (Her tombstone spells her name "Sally" in error).

The youngest daughter, Neen, was only nine when Sallie died. She spent a lot of her time with her half-sister's family, Bennie and Jesse Benton. She went to school in Douglas when she lived with them. In later years, the old-timers would come to Bennie to get verification of their birth dates as her stepfather, Dr. Watkins, had been the Benson doctor who had delivered them.

The Benton's were running cattle on the Barnadena Ranch, 16 miles north of the Mexican border

when Neen lived with them. This ranch was adjacent to the John Slaughter Ranch. Bennie's boys, Jack and Cot (Edward Bomar Benton), who were 12 and 14, lived there to take care of the cattle.

When Neen and a friend came to visit, they would put a sheet up to divide the room in which they all four slept. Late one night, a wild cat jumped up in the window. It scared them all so

badly that they spent a sleepless night in the same bed.

Neen was always a pest when she came to visit. She wouldn't drink her coffee without milk, so Jack or Cot would have to catch a wild cow and milk it for her.

She also remembers a neighbor telling her that a cowboy was going to ride by the ranch and said he was going to fire a warning shot over the house to teach the boys a lesson. The neighbor



Back: Frank Benton and Bennie Benton
Front: Jack, Jesse, and Cot (Edward Bomar) Benton

told him they better not. The boys were tough and would probably fire back and shoot him.

Whenever the whole family was staying at the ranch, Bennie and Jess would sometimes go to town and would tell the kids there were three rules to remember when they were gone — no haystacks, no windmills and no broncs. Of course, they just put those ideas in the kids minds — they hadn't even thought of them at the time. One time, Jack rode a calf and got his arm caught in a mesquite pole fence and broke it. Another time, several kids came to visit and one of them fell off a bull and was unconscious. The kids all thought he was dead and didn't know what to do. Finally they grabbed his arms and legs and threw him in the horse trough. They figured if he was dead, it wouldn't hurt him anyway. He regained consciousness very quickly after the dunking.

The majority of the time, they lived on the ranch in the summer and in the border town of Douglas

during the school year.

When Pancho Villa was raiding the border, Jesse Benton would climb up the windmill and take pictures of the shooting. Bennie used to get mad and tell him he was a damned fool, he was going to get shot.

As a young boy, their son Jack was riding near the border when Pancho Villa and his group came riding by. Jack came racing back to the ranch house as Villa's group started shooting in his direction. Jack fell from his horse and Bennie just knew he had been shot. It turned out that his cinch had broken and his saddle fell off his horse.

Jack remembers a time that he and Lloyd Adams were watching Pancho Villa as he stood by an adobe house about 30 feet north of the border. A bullet flew right over their heads and hit the adobe wall, falling to the ground beside Jack. He reached over and picked up the bullet which was still hot to his touch.

Sallie's son, Benjamin Eaker, married Cynthia Gray. Henry and

Sallie's oldest daughter, Edith, met her future husband, Will Ryan, when he was working for the Forest Service in Benson. They were married in 1912 in Tucson and returned to Globe so William could work in his family's businesses and ranches in Gila and Apache Counties.

When William was in Benson, he and his brothers registered the Four Bar brand in Cochise County, with the range listed as the Sulphur Springs Valley. William's cousin was John Gleeson, for whom that city near Tombstone was named.

The Watkins' son Paul married Rachel Robson of Lordsburg, N.M. He met her while working for the railroad there.

The youngest daughter, Neen, married Carl Ericson, a World War I veteran, who had come to the Arizona Climate for his health after the war.

Jesse and Bennie's son, Jack Benton, is the last remaining member of their family. He is 95 years old and lives in Tucson with his wife, Eula.

This article was written by Janic Ryan Bryson, great-granddaughter of Henry and Sallie Watkins. She lives in Tolleson, Ariz.

Junior

Historians

Interviews Of the Past

By Grail and Zeleigh Reilly

On March 6, 2000, we went to interview some people who lived in Cascabel before 1950. We did this to see what life was like in the past. We interviewed Mrs. Emma Bennett and Mr. Ray Gamez, who had lots of similar answers to our questions. Mrs. Bennett told us about her husband Marvin's family, who moved out to Cascabel in the late 1920s when Marvin was between 10 and 12 years old. Mr. Gamez was born at home in Cascabel in 1937. His grandparents first came to Cascabel in the late 1800s.

We asked them how the country looked to them then. They said the river was narrower, but flowed more often during the summer and so they saw a lot more floods. There were no fish in the river then. They also said there were a lot more mesquite trees then and they were bigger. About the wildlife, they said they saw more deer and wild turkeys, but no mountain lions.

When we asked about their houses and families, Mrs. Bennett said her husband's family built a saguaro rib and mud house. Mr. Gamez' family had an adobe house. The houses had only one to four rooms in them. The Bennett's and Gamez' families both had ten children in the family. Most of the Bennett children had to sleep in an old army tent. Neither family had electricity, so they used oil lamps for lighting and washboards for laundry. Mr. Gamez' family first used a pulley and bucket to draw water from their well, and later a hand pump. Mr. Bennett's family got their water straight from the stream in Hot Springs Canyon.

Both the families went to Pool School which had 15 to 20 students in grades 1 through 8, with one teacher for all of them. The school was a wooden building with a porch. The Bennett children were driven to school in a Model T from Hot Springs Canyon. In the 1940s when Mr. Gamez was going to school, they had a station wagon to pick up all the children from nearby ranches. They had all the regular subjects like reading, writing, arithmetic, history and geography.

When we asked them how they got food, they said that they hunted deer, rabbits, and quail. Mr. Bennett used to say he would only have one shell to take hunting to get dinner for the family. The Gamez family also had a huge garden full of beans, corn, tomatoes, squash, cantaloupes, watermelons, and green chilis. They had an irrigation canal to water their garden and other peoples' fields. They canned a lot of their vegetables and dried their meat. For other groceries they went to the Pomerene post office combined with a grocery store. They also gave the mailman a grocery list sometimes, and he delivered the groceries.

The Bennetts made a living by herding goats to sell the wool. They also did odd jobs, although it was during the Depression, and it was hard to find jobs. Mr. Gamez' father worked on the C-Spear Ranch, and Ray helped here too, as a young man. Both the wives stayed at home and looked after the kids.

Grail (11) and Zeleigh (9) Reilly are students of Ms. Pearl Mast at the little Cascabel River School on Cascabel Road in Benson.

Pomerene's First Name

By Kelsey Webb

Joseph E. Robinson was born in Pinto, Washington County, Utah, and was the son of Richard S. Robinson and Mary Kate Robinson. On Dec. 21, 1891, he married Minnie Ann Knell.

Joseph E. Robinson was president of the California Mission in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, he and two other gentlemen were the ones who made the first settlement in the San Pedro River Valley on Mar. 9, 1911. They named the land "Robinson" in honor of Joseph.

The first post office in Robinson was built on Oct. 27, 1915, which they named Robinson. The Postal Department refused the name Robinson because there were too many other post offices by that name. So they chose the name Pomerene after the United States Senator, Altee Pomerene of Ohio. Altee was the son of Peter Piersol Pomerene and Elizabeth Wise Pomerene. He was born in Berlin, Ohio. He was a very friendly man who cared for everyone.

Later he left the Senate and was convicted of being involved in the Tea Pot Dome Scandal in 1924. He was sent to prison and died in Cleveland, Ohio. This small community has kept the name "Pomerene."

(Kelsey Webb is a student at Pomerene Elementary School.)

Cochise County

By David Peterson

Pomerene was founded in 1911. Our school was a church before it became our school. The church wasn't that big, but it had a big bell on the top to tell everyone it was church time. Then it became a school. Many people worked and played there. At that time in school, they had to wear uniforms. The girls wore skirts and the boys wore pants. Games played were softball, basketball and just what else they could find.

Bisbee is a small town. The mines made Bisbee a big hit. Many people came from all over the world to see it. In the mines they found silver and lots of copper. In those days, Bisbee grew big. Many people moved to live there and work in the mines. In the mines they did lots of blasting to get deeper. Even today many people come and take the mine tour. The tour takes you deep into the mine and you can see so much of the mine. Bisbee is the county seat. That means the capitol of the county.

Benson – in the 1900s many things happened. The Butterfield stage came through. Later Army planes came and they used part of the area as a base to practice bombing from the planes. Soldiers would shoot at targets. Today you might find some shells but they have fenced off the area so no one can get in.

The excursion train is a train that people can use to get from one place to another. It is faster, better and more advanced than the old trains. Recently, they found the best discovery, Kartchner Caverns, which has the world's second longest soda straw. No one knew it was there, but two archaeologists stepped in a hole and there was a cave! Then

they did lots of drilling, but no blasting because that would have destroyed the cave. Then it became a state park. Thousands of people visit from all over. It is one of the best discoveries in Benson, and in 1999 many people came through Benson to see the cave. People had to make reservations for weeks ahead because it was so popular.

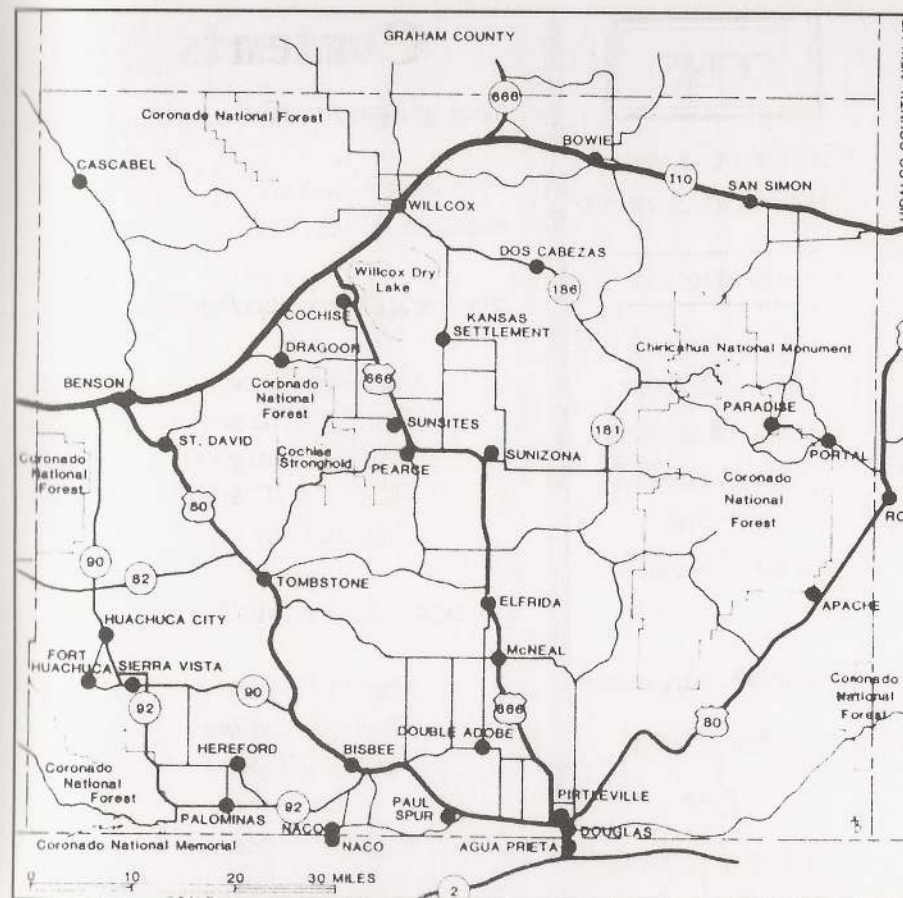
In **Fort Huachuca** they filmed the movie *Buffalo Soldiers*. When it came out on TV and as a movie, it was a big hit. It told about a war against the Apache Indians. The soldiers were fighting to protect the settlers from the Apaches. Then they staged a fight which was a real live event, but it was a movie, so it's different from history.

Sierra Vista means mountain view. There is a big balloon above Sierra Vista called an observation balloon which helps keep crime down. It helps the police so they can tell where [drug] smugglers are.

David Peterson is a student at Pomerene Elementary School.

NOTES

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Cochise County, Arizona

Cochise County Historical Society Membership Information

Individual/family	\$20
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Lifetime	\$250

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