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Fort Fillmore Cemetery

by Richard Wadsworth

It's quiet out there, except when the workers in the pecan groves are nearby with their machines, or when the wind is just right and draws the noise of trucks up on the interstate in from the east. It's been quiet out there for the most part these last near 150 years, since the three young boys from California were carried from down below to be with the others; they were the last, those Company A, Fifth California blue-coats. Their comrades, Union-supporting lads one and all, banners flying, left Fort Fillmore abandoned for good in October of 1862. The Fort Fillmore Cemetery, with its unmarked graves and silent residents, deteriorated thereafter among the sand dunes.

It got very quiet out there after the abandonment. The adobe wall surrounding the cemetery deteriorated piece by piece, matching the disintegration of the adobe fort which lay just down the hill. By 1868 the last recorded official visitors found the walls fallen down, the gate gone, the graves unmarked and unknown, save for one.¹ They left Henry Stanton out there when the Fifth California withdrew. He was the only officer ever buried in the Fort Fillmore Cemetery. Henry had the finest marker; one source says the only one. Captain Henry Stanton he was, commanding officer of Company B, First United States Dragoon Regiment. The Mescalero Apaches killed Henry in January 1855, leaving his wife, then living in adobe quarters at the fort, a young widow.

They named Fort Stanton, over by Ruidoso, for Captain Stanton, the first fort to be built in the land of the Mescalero Apache. Henry Stanton was hardly buried with full military honors before a site up in the foothills of the mountains near where he was killed was identified and the building began; it was Army custom that the site might bear his name. Henry was an Army martyr. The two young dragoon soldiers killed with Captain Stanton were buried with him at Fort Fillmore, but since they were enlisted men, no one sought to keep their memory alive. They simply became the two dragoons killed with Captain Stanton. We know that one of them was named Thomas Dwyer and the other John Henning. Both boys are still out there in the dunes.

Captain Henry Stanton is not. On June 16, 1868, the Office of the Chief Quartermaster in St. Louis Missouri notified the Commanding Officer at Fort Selden to exhume the body of Captain Stanton from the abandoned and deteriorated Fort Fillmore Cemetery. The exhumation was carried out as ordered.² The Army took Captain Stanton to Fort Selden and, when that fort was abandoned, exhumed him again and took him to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where he now rests.³ Up to nine-

ty others were left behind — forgotten.

Fort Fillmore was officially founded on September 23, 1851, named for the then-serving President Millard Fillmore. President Fillmore had much to do with ordering United States troops into the region and for setting up a territorial government in New Mexico. There had been troops in southern New Mexico since 1849, the first mounted company of the United States Dragoons being sent to Dona Ana to protect the Hispanic residents living there. A short while later, in 1850, a large portion of the Third Infantry Regiment, now known as the “Old Guard,” marched up from San Antonio and garrisoned both the Island of San Elizario and also a site near what is downtown El Paso, Texas, today. A cost-conscious military found expenses for the garrison in New Mexico and west Texas to be too expensive.

Colonel Edwin Vose Sumner, appointed to command the Ninth Military Department (New Mexico) early in 1851, was given a free hand in reorganizing the entire military structure. One measure was to remove the troops from the costly town locations; the soldiers were believed to be led into wickedness by the availability of vice within the towns as well. In the spring and summer of 1851, a suitable site for a new fort was sought. Fort Fillmore was eventually constructed just south of present-day Las Cruces, New Mexico. On September 23, 1851, the headquarters staff, the Third Infantry Regimental Band, and one company of the Third United States Infantry arrived at the site, marching from the now abandoned San Elizario and Coon's Ranch locations. An additional company was to join them soon.

The Commanding Officer was Lieutenant Colonel Dixon Stansbury Miles, forty-seven years of age, a West Point graduate and breveted hero of the War with Mexico. With Miles on the first day was his adjutant, Brevet Captain and First Lieutenant Barnard E. Bee, an officer who, in July 1861, at the first Battle of Bull Run, would become famous in American history for uttering the words, “there stands Jackson like a stone wall;” the Jackson he referred to was General Thomas Jonathan “Stonewall” Jackson, the famous Confederate military leader. Barnard Bee, a Confederate general himself at the time, received a mortal wound shortly thereafter. First Bull Run found Bee's troops opposed by troops under the command of Colonel Dixon Stansbury Miles, his old Fort Fillmore commander. Bee also found himself in direct conflict at Bull Run with another Fort Fillmore officer who arrived at the post on September 23. Brevet Major Israel Bush Richardson led Company K, Third Infantry, onto the sands at Fort Fillmore that September day.

There was a tent camp already raised at Fort Fillmore when Miles and his troops arrived. The camp had been set up a few days earlier by Brevet Captain and First Lieutenant Abraham Buford. Buford had been stationed at the small village of Dona Ana. He had been moving his troops, horses, and supplies for several days. Buford controlled the mounted contingent, Company H, First Dragoon Regiment, which was expected to provide the main mobile force for pursuing any enemy that might cause trouble to the new post and its environs. Though he was not at First Bull Run, Abraham Buford went on to have an illustrious career as a Confederate cavalry leader and general officer under Nathan Bedford Forrest.⁴

The rest of the Fort Fillmore command didn't arrive until September 25. This was Company E, Third Infantry, under the command of Brevet Major and Captain Jefferson Van Horne. Van Horne had commanded the Third Infantry Battalion in the El Paso, Texas, region throughout 1849 and 1850, before being replaced by Lieutenant Colonel Miles. Van Horne marched his infantry company into the fort from the Soledad Canyon region to the east after cutting wood for the new post.⁵ Following long service at Fort Fillmore and on east coast recruiting duty, Brevet Major Van Horne went on to command at Fort Stanton in 1856. He died while on active duty in New Mexico Territory in September 1857.

With Van Horne's command at Soledad Canyon was a young soldier by the name of Martin Butler. We know very little about Private Butler save for the fact that he enlisted on November 20, 1849 at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, rather than being a German, Irish or English immigrant taken right off the boat in New York City. Chances are Martin, like other recruits, was first taken to either Carlisle Barracks in Pennsylvania or Newport Barracks in Kentucky, then transported down the Mississippi River to Jefferson Barracks in Missouri. At some point somebody made the decision that Martin was going to make a fine infantryman for the Third Infantry Regiment in west Texas. They probably sent him down river to New Orleans, a major Army command center at that time, then on to San Antonio. There, having been picked up by an officer heading west, he was transported to Brevet Major Van Horne's battalion at El Paso. That trip took several weeks to several months to accomplish, depending on whether Martin was marched up from San Antonio with other recruits or was helping escort one of the supply wagon trains, notorious for being very slow in transit.

Martin Butler was stationed first at Coon's Ranch and then at San Elizario, before being transferred to the new Fort Fillmore in September 1850.⁷

One can only wonder what Martin thought of his new home after arriving from timber cutting duty. There was not much to see but a tent city among the sand dunes. Activity there was for sure. Temporary housing outside of the tents was already under construction. Water details must have been moving back and forth to the river

bringing water for the troops, a regular duty infantrymen such as Private Butler would perform. Private Butler was not privy to Lieutenant Colonel Miles's thoughts, but he may have noted the intense interest the Fort Fillmore commander was paying to the *acequias* to the west of the post. Rumors must have been rife concerning the importance of the farming experiment the troops were about to conduct.

We don't know what took Martin's life just over a month later on November 12, 1851.⁸ We only know that the Company E soldier was the first to die at Fort Fillmore and the first to be taken by an escort of a corporal and eight privates up to the ridge and buried. We don't know why Lieutenant Colonel Miles didn't mark his grave. The Post Adjutant, Captain Barnard Bee, listed his death as normal, whatever that meant at the time. He may have died in the hospital tent following an accident or of disease.⁹

We don't know why Private Francis Clemens of Company K, Third Infantry died two days later. Like Martin he was said to have died an ordinary death. Francis Clemens was a Virginian, having enlisted at Norfolk, Virginia, on December 20, 1848.¹⁰ Francis was taken out there to the ridge as well. In January his company left the post for the Santa Rita Copper Mines, there to found Fort Daniel Webster in the lands of the Mimbres Apaches. No doubt his unmarked grave was quickly forgotten and soon became the resting place of an unknown soldier, save for dusty official records in Washington.

The next death didn't occur until February 1852, when a young dragoon soldier from H Company died in an accident. At present we don't know his name or why he died. The records for enlisted men are never that informative, even when they can be found.

Thirteen, perhaps fourteen, soldiers died and were buried out there before we learn much about how any of them died. It was not until January 1855, and the Stanton incident, that historians have details of a death. In the intervening period, however, two of the most senior enlisted men currently resting in the cemetery were buried. Corporal John B. Montague, Company K, Second United States Dragoons Regiment, died in the Fort Fillmore post hospital on November 29, 1852. Montague had been left sick at the post as his company was passing on its way to Fort Conrad.¹¹ They must have buried him out there, even though there were none to mourn him. His buddies and tentmates were gone.

Sergeant Johann Krollpfffer, Company D, Second Dragoons, died on May 21, 1853.¹² He is the second most senior ranking soldier buried in the Fort Fillmore Cemetery. Sergeant Krollpfffer must have been sorely missed. He belonged to Company D, which was truly an orphan from its parent unit, the Second Dragoon Regiment. Company D arrived at Fort Fillmore in January 1853, under the command of Second Lieutenant Beverly Holcombe Robertson, another future Confederate general officer. For the



Ft. Fillmore. From the *London Illustrated News*, December 2, 1854. Courtesy of the author.

next two months, a large portion of the fifty-plus men in the company served at Magoffinsville, Texas, returning to Fort Fillmore once a month to be mustered. Lieutenant Robertson was suddenly ordered back east, with no replacement sent. For the next nine months, Company D sat on its heels, hardly able to be utilized. No dragoon officer was sent, and the company was placed under the care of its sergeants, like Krollpfiffer, and commanded indirectly by the Fort Fillmore Quartermaster and Commissary officer, First Lieutenant John C. McFerran.

In late December 1853, long after Krollpfiffer's death, a dragoon officer, Second Lieutenant Robert Ransom (another future Confederate general officer), and officer of the First Dragoons, who happened to be in Santa Fe, was ordered to take command. For the first time in nine months D Company, Second Dragoons, was ordered into the field to chase Apaches under Robert Ransom's command. In April 1854, D Company departed Fort Fillmore for good, still without its own officer. One has to wonder who replaced Sergeant Krollpfiffer and under what conditions.¹⁵

The first time we have details of events surrounding the deaths of individuals buried in the Fort Fillmore Cemetery resulted from an incident which occurred in the Sacramento Mountains, home of the Mescalero Apaches. On January 5, 1855, a mixed force of dragoons and infantry, led by Captain Henry Stanton, B Company, First Dragoons, left Fort Fillmore for the Mescalero Apache country near Sierra Blanca. Captain Stanton was to link up with a similar force from Fort Thorn, under the command of Captain Richard Ewell (another future Confederate general), First Dragoons. The linkup was to take place after about a nine-day march. Any Indians encountered during the journey were to be engaged as if hostile.

By January 19 the linkup had been accomplished,

and the mixed force was in process of attacking the Mescaleros wherever found. During this action, Captain Stanton and two dragoon privates were killed in action.

The Stanton killing led to three important events in New Mexico Territorial history. First, his death brought an immediate response in the form of the first full campaign by a major force against the Apaches in southern New Mexico. Second, Captain Stanton's death led to the establishment of Fort Stanton, named in his honor, which took pressure off the Fort Fillmore command placing a military garrison where Fort Fillmore soldiers had once had to travel days just to reach the country. Third, the bodies of Captain Stanton and the two dragoon soldiers killed with him, one having his body filled with arrows, were returned and buried in the Fort Fillmore Cemetery.¹⁴

Dragoon Sergeant James A. Bennett's description of the bodies of Captain Stanton and the two dragoons killed with him in the Sacramentos is gruesome. The bodies had been half eaten by wolves, ravens and turkey-buzzards while the soldiers were still chasing the Mescalero. Upon returning to the place where the bodies lay, the soldiers built a fire and burned the flesh, taking only the bones back to Fort Fillmore.¹⁵

Funeral honors "of the highest" were defined in the Army Regulations of 1847, still applicable in 1855, as follows. For Captain Stanton a full company, no doubt B Company, First Dragoons, Stanton's own company, would provide the escort for the funeral. The escort for the body would probably have been commanded by Captain William Brooke Johns, Third Infantry, as senior Captain, or Captain John McFerran followed by Brevet Captain Barnard Bee. Stanton's escort was supposed to be commanded by an officer of his rank, or, if none were present, an officer of the next lower rank.¹⁶

Stanton being an officer, all other officers of the post and in the vicinity would have been expected to

attend. They would have worn a piece of black crepe around the left arm, if available, and also upon the sword hilt. The drums of the escorting band would have been edged with the same black crepe.

The escorting company and band were to be formed in two ranks, opposite the adobe quarters where Stanton and his wife had lived. The corpse would be brought out from his quarters, borne by six resident officers of the post who held rank equal to or above or below Captain Stanton. Captain Johns, who was listed in the post returns as being present during that month, or whoever was in command, would have ordered the men to "Present Arms." As they were presenting arms and the band was playing a funeral dirge, the coffin would have been carried to the right of the formation, then halted.

Captain Johns would then shout "Shoulder Arms," "Company Left Wheel, March," followed by "Column Forward, Guide Right, March." These commands were given strictly according to regulations. The column, in this case Stanton's Company B, with casket following, and music playing, would have proceeded slowly up the small rise to the Fort Fillmore Cemetery, which lay beyond the hospital, south of the post.

Upon reaching the cemetery, Johns would have (after the center of Company B reached the grave) commanded "Column, Halt," "Right Into Line, Wheel, March!" The coffin containing Captain Stanton's body would have been brought along the front of the company, to the opposite side of the grave.

Johns would have shouted "Present Arms" as the coffin was starting the final procession toward the resting place.

As the coffin reached the grave, Captain Johns would have ordered the men to "Shoulder Arms," "Order Arms," and "Parade Rest."

At this time it is assumed that Lieutenant Colonel Miles, present at the post for the ceremony, would have given the final oration. It is not known if Stanton was a religious man, but, at this time, there was no post chaplain at Fort Fillmore. Someone might have been secured from the surrounding region for the duty. When Miles and any others finished, the coffin was lowered into the grave.

As the coffin was being lowered Captain Johns was required to shout "Attention Company," "Shoulder Arms," "Load at Will, Load!" The Regulations state "three rounds of small arms will be fired by the escort." One has to assume Stanton's company fired their weapons. At that time the dragoons of Company B were still armed with the .69 caliber Musketoon as a shoulder weapon. This weapon fired a round ball, perhaps with three smaller additional buckshot rounds as part of what was called a "Buck and Ball" cartridge.



Lt. Col. Dixon Stansbury Miles at Harpers Ferry, 1862. From the National Archives. Courtesy of the author.

When this duty of honor was completed, Johns would command, "By Company, Right Wheel, March!"¹⁷ followed by "Column Forward, Guide Left, Quick March!"¹⁸ Once the company had cleared the cemetery, the band would then have begun to play again and would have continued playing through the slow march back to the post area.

The two privates, Dwyer and Henning, would have been buried in a separate ceremony, probably together. Their escort would have consisted of six pallbearers for each, from their own company. The escort for the pallbearers would have consisted of eight privates, commanded by a corporal. The rest of the ceremony would have followed a like pattern as for Captain Stanton, though the officers were not required to be present.

Conditions at the Fort Fillmore Cemetery deteriorated badly during the Civil War and, by the time Captain Stanton's body was removed to Fort Selden in the late 1860s, the graves of Dwyer and Henning could not be identified. Captain Henry Stanton's grave was identifiable because his was the only grave that had a marker, a fact noted when representatives from Fort Selden visited in 1868.¹⁸ Captain Stanton's body was removed to the Fort Selden Cemetery in that year.

In 1857, following Colonel Benjamin Louis Eulalie Bonneville's Expedition to the Gila River to take revenge for the killing of Indian Agent Henry Linn Dodge, thirty-six Apache women and children were captured during the Battle of Turnbull Mountain in what is now Arizona. The captives were brought all the way back to Fort

Fillmore. Their condition on arrival was described by the Fort Fillmore assistant Surgeon, Dr. George Cooper:

In consequence of the sickness existing amongst the Indian prisoners, women and children, who have today arrived at the post, caused in a great necessity by the close confinement in which they have been kept, I respectfully recommend that the irons now on them be taken off and that they be allowed to move about, outside of their quarters as much as possible consistent with their safe keeping. They are entirely devoid of suitable covering, having not sufficient to hide their nakedness. I therefore (ask) that a blanket be furnished to each of the poorer Indians.

The rags upon them, all most disgustingly dirty and covered with vermin.

The Indian women and children, confined at Fort Fillmore in the guardhouse, began dying soon after their arrival. Though their chains seem to have been removed by August 22, two women had died in confinement, and many of the others were ill. That night, the guard over the Indian prisoners either was lax or allowed twenty-five of the remaining thirty-four women and children to escape. It was said they were allowed to walk outside the guardhouse and that they simply vanished. Two boys and an old woman were immediately recaptured. Twenty-two escaped, most for some reason heading east toward the Organ Mountains.²⁰

The nine Apache women and children who died in August and September may have been buried out there in the Fort Fillmore Cemetery. Of course, unlike the military, there was probably no ceremony.

The senior ranking individual now buried in the Fort Fillmore Cemetery died on October 7, 1857. He was Quartermaster Sergeant Johann, or John, Einsdel. Einsdel was a very important non-commissioned officer serving on the Third Infantry Regiment staff.

Einsdel was not the last. A total of forty-five soldiers, known and unknown, are buried at the site. How many wives, laundresses, family members, workers, etc. were buried out there can only be speculated upon. William R. McCormick, the Fort Selden Forage Master, who visited the cemetery in 1868, estimated between seventy and ninety graves. If forty-five were soldiers and another nine were Indian women and children, as many as sixteen to twenty-six, or even more, may have been the wives and children, or relatives, of the soldiers stationed there. Mrs. Williamson, an old woman, in poor health and unable to serve any longer as a laundress in one of the long-resident infantry companies, certainly may have died and been buried at Fort Fillmore. Her family had been serving with the Third Infantry Regiment for over thirty-five years, from grandfather to father, to a married daughter, then to a nine-year-old grandson!

Did the old woman pass away at Fort Fillmore? Quite

probably, for she was certainly at the end of her life. Colonel Miles asked that assistance be given her through the enlistment of her nine-year-old grandson. The few dollars a month he received as a drummer would make her life more bearable for a while longer.

Lieutenant John McFerran, normally post quartermaster and commissary, was in command at Fort Fillmore while Lieutenant Colonel Miles was at Albuquerque in March 1853. McFerran was suddenly confronted by a serious tragedy evolving on post. Brevet Major Israel Richardson, who was with Miles, had a sister living in his quarters back at Fort Fillmore. She had become desperately ill, so ill that McFerran felt it wise to send an express to Albuquerque to notify Major Richardson. McFerran wrote to Miles, urging Major Richardson's immediate return:

I am just starting an express to Maj. Richardson. His sister is very ill and has been for some three or four days. She has frequently expressed a wish to have the Major with her and the doctor advises he be sent for... The attack is I think one of Pleurisy.²¹

Private Sylvester Matson, who served in Richardson's Company K at Fort Fillmore, reported that at that time in March Brevet Major Richardson was in Albuquerque, serving on the court martial of an officer who had put two women of doubtful character in the guardhouse, then had them whipped and paraded around the camp at Fort Union.²²

Did Brevet Major Richardson's sister die of pleurisy? There is no mention whether she did or did not in the Fort Fillmore records. There is a cryptic letter, written on April 3, 1853, which hints that she probably died and is buried out there. First Lieutenant Samuel Davis Sturgis wrote to Brevet Major Richardson, then at Fort Fillmore. He was told, in the name of Department Commander Colonel Edwin Vose Sumner, to consider himself on leave of absence. He was to "assume no command whatever at that post, until the return of Colonel Miles, at which time you will report to him for duty."²³ The Army had no means of conferring funeral or mourning leave at that time. Leave of absence was the only means available. Miles returned to Fort Fillmore on April 14, or shortly thereafter.²⁴ Unfortunately, all women, wives and sisters included, were considered "camp followers" and of little official importance. They had to get along as best they could officially, though behind the scenes no doubt many rules were bent.

One clear indication of the death of an enlisted man outside of combat conditions was included in an 1858 letter Lieutenant Colonel Miles wrote to the Department of New Mexico, just before he left Fort Fillmore permanently. It details a killing of a soldier at a local bar and stage station.

On the eighth Instant Private P. Cunningham of K Company Third Infantry, on leave of absence, got drunk

at the mail station kept by a discharged soldier named Albert Kuhn in this vicinity. A row commenced between him and Snyder over a game of cards. Kuhn separated them and assumed the quarrel and after various banter, and so forth, engaged Cunningham in a fist fight. On the latter's approaching him, he shot him in the abdomen, and as Cunningham turned and was leaving, fired three more shots into him. These wounds caused his death in a few hours afterwards."

Burials of persons before the fall of Fort Fillmore in July 1861 are not the last burials thought to have taken place there. Following the takeover of the fort by Confederates from the Seventh Texas Mounted Volunteers, at least three young sons of Texas, their names known, died and were buried out there.²⁵ After the Texans left, and were replaced for a brief period by troops from Carleton's California Column, three additional deaths among the members of the Fifth California Infantry are recorded, the result of typhoid.²⁶ To be sure, we don't know if locals might not have kept the cemetery for a while and even used it. If so, there might be even more than the current estimate of ninety.

In the Fort Fillmore Cemetery there are soldiers buried from a very wide range of military units in the antebellum period. Third Infantry burials are present from 1851 to 1857 and perhaps beyond. Given a proper respect for the burial and for the soldier, a future professional excavation of this cemetery may answer military history questions which can never be answered in any other way. The cemetery also held burials for soldiers from the First and Second Dragoon Regiments, the Regiment of Mounted Riflemen, the Seventh Texas Mounted Volunteers and Company A, Fifth California Infantry. A wealth of historical information may lie buried there with them.

Soldiers may not be the only persons buried in the cemetery. There is an unknown probability that civilians (wives and children, local Hispanic workers, and so forth) were buried there as well as Native American women and children as a result of the Bonneville Campaign of 1857. We do not know the customs of the military at that time with respect to burial of nonmilitary personnel. It is possible that, given period prejudices, only soldiers are buried in the Fort Fillmore Cemetery. Regardless, the Fort Fillmore Cemetery possesses considerable potential to contribute to the understanding of our history and of persons and cultures significant to our past.

The final question is, are they still out there — up to ninety people? If they have not returned to dust, how might we best protect the remains? That is a question that has no easy answer. Perhaps the best method to ensure their safety is to simply leave them as they are but be alert to their presence as a historic pioneer community.

University of Texas at El Paso in 1966, then worked as a computer programmer, analyst and military wargame specialist for the United States Government at the White Sands Missile Range. Now retired, Mr. Wadsworth has adopted Fort Fillmore, New Mexico Territory (1851-1862), and its history, as a hobby. The article on the Fort Fillmore Cemetery was written to spotlight the need for preserving important New Mexico historical sites for the future.

ENDNOTES

- 1 Wm. R. McCormick to 1st Lt. E.A. Rigg, *Record Group 92, Records of the Office of the Quarter Master General, Consolidated File 1794-1915* (Hereafter known as RG 92). Important basic research for the study of Fort Fillmore Cemetery history was conducted by Dr. John Wilson during the 1966 archaeological excavation at Fort Fillmore and from follow-on work. In general the primary source Dr. Wilson provided was Record Group (RG) 92, Records of the Office of the Quarter Master General, Consolidated Correspondence File 1794-1915. Hereafter these letter sources will be listed as coming from RG 92.
- 2 1st Lt. Edwin A. Rigg to Bvt. Lt. Col. M.L. Ludington, May 25, 1868, RG 92. Rigg was the quartermaster at Fort Selden in 1868. He wanted to at least provide some care for the cemetery, though it seems his recommendations to remove sand and rebuild the cemetery wall were not adopted by higher command because of expense.
- 3 Dan L. Thrapp, *Encyclopedia of Frontier Biography*, Volume III (Lincoln and London: Univ. of Nebraska Press in Assoc. with Arther H. Clarke Col, Spokane Wash., 1988).
- 4 Ezra J. Warner, *Generals In Gray: Lives Of The Confederate Army Com-manders* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1959), 39.
- 5 Fort Fillmore Post Returns, September, 1852, *National Archives Microfilm Publication, Roll 246, Fort Fillmore*.
- 6 John P. Wilson, *List of Names, Deaths Recorded at Fort Fillmore N. Mex., 1851-1862*, 1. Wilson credited Mary Taylor of Mesilla, New Mexico, for the loan of microfilmed muster rolls and regimental returns made to order by the National Archives & Records Service, Washington, D.C.
- 7 Van Horne to McLaws, June 15, 1851, *Register of letters sent and received by the 9th Military Department, Record Group M1102* (hereafter cited as RG M1102).
- 8 Wilson, *List of Names*, 1.
- 9 *Ibid*.
- 10 *Ibid*.
- 11 *Ibid*.
- 12 *Ibid*, 2.
- 13 Fort Fillmore Post Returns, January-April, 1855, *National Archives Microfilm Publication, Roll 246, Fort Fillmore*.
- 14 Miles to Nichols, February 5, 1855, *Register of letters sent and letters received by the Department of New Mexico, Record Group M1120* (hereafter cited as RG M1120).
- 15 James A. Bennett, *Forts & Forays: A Dragoon In New Mexico, 1850-1856* (Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1948), 62.
- 16 Fort Fillmore Post Returns, January-February, 1855, *National Archives Microfilm Publication, Roll 246, Fort Fillmore*.
- 17 War Department, *General Regulations of the Army of the United States—1847*. (J.&G.S. Gideon, Washington, 1847), paragraphs 441 to 465.
- 18 McCormick to Rigg, May 25, 1868, RG92.
- 19 Cooper to Gibbs, August 18, 1857, RG M1120.
- 20 Rhett to Nichols, August 24, 1857, RG M1120.
- 21 McFerran to Miles, March 30, 1853, RG M1102.
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Charles H. Coleman and Macedonia Cruz: A Southern New Mexico Legacy

by Rita Sánchez

One hundred fifty years ago a German immigrant in the United States Army met a young Indian girl. Charles Henry Coleman saw Macedonia Ledesma Cruz dancing with *Los Matachines* in Doña Ana plaza, New Mexico, in 1849. The Mexican-American War had ended, the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo had just been signed, and the Gadsden Purchase was yet to settle permanently the international boundary line between the U.S. and Mexico. They should have been enemies, but they fell in love.

Macedonia Cruz married Charles Coleman, and together they contributed to one of our country's greatest legacies, its mestizo heritage, that is, its rich ethnic mix. Their love was born even as two nations faced armed conflict and culture clash. That heritage thrives today in every section of the Southwest, especially in New Mexico. In Las Cruces there were many such mixed marriages, evidence of the formation of a new kind of society. Families like Van Patten-Vargas, Fountain-Perez, BarncastleMelendrez, and many others, were an integral part of the history of the Mesilla Valley. The women's surnames of this period are important, as they give testimony to a vital Mexican presence.

Macedonia's parents were Bitalia Ledesma and Manuel Cruz of Paso del Norte. Born in 1832 she was probably of mixed Spanish and Piro Indian ancestry.¹ A Ledesma soldier accompanied Oñate in 1598.² Then in 1680 the Pueblo Indian tribes in the North revolted against the Spanish, driving out the entire remaining population. After a devastating massacre of the people and the priests along with the destruction of their sacred icons, the remaining population was exiled south of the Rio Grande to Paso del Norte (today Ciudad Juárez).³

Macedonia's Piro ancestors came to the Mission Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe from Seneca Pueblo. The Apache had destroyed Senecú, near Socorro, before the Pueblo Revolt.⁴ Some say the Indians went willingly with the Spanish during the Pueblo Revolt. Others say they had no choice. Nevertheless Macedonia's Piro ancestors came to embrace the Catholic faith and celebrated their faith with ritual dances, most notably *Los Matachines*, a dance that tells the Indian story of their Christian conversion.⁵

By 1821, after the War of Independence, the land became Mexico. In 1839 a group of Paso del Norte residents petitioned the Mexican government to move to Doña Ana, hoping that their lives would improve. It was, however, to be a move filled with danger. They

would now live in the middle of the land of the Apache. Courageously, not knowing their future, they journeyed north to Doña Ana.⁶ By January 1843, a community grant had been approved, and more and more settlers began to move onto the land. Macedonia's family joined these families. There they continued to build their community with the help of Alcalde Pablo Melendres, their leader.⁷

By summer 1846, the U.S. Army began its march into New Mexico. Macedonia was fourteen. How could she know that she was destined to marry a soldier in that army? Charles Henry Coleman, once a stranger to her land, was to become one of its protectors, but in the interests of the U.S. government. Despite this cruel contradiction, together they would become the parents of a new mestizo nation, one that activists would later call *Aztlán*,⁸ the land of the indigenous people. Macedonia would give birth to children of mixed ancestry. Their identity would be as descendants of the first U.S. citizens who were a product of the United States war with Mexico and the resulting Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo.⁹

Coleman's story begins in the United States in 1846, although he was born in Hanover, Germany, in 1824. His character unfolds from the countless stories told by his many descendants, military records, newspaper clippings, and documented histories. All of these documents uncovered in the U.S. reveal a young industrious immigrant, loyal, hardworking, and committed to his work and his family.

But to New Mexicans in Doña Ana, Coleman was the enemy. He came to the United States two years before the Great German Immigration of 1848. A few years before, a group of minor princes from the Kingdom of Hanover found refuge in Galveston. They told exaggerated stories to the hundreds of Germans who followed. But these new immigrants came just when the United States was preparing to invade Mexico. Then facing hunger and deprivation, many of the young men joined the army.¹⁰ Young Coleman, at twenty-one, enlisted on October 26, 1846 in Philadelphia.¹¹ He was stationed at Fort Gibson, in the Indian protectorate of Oklahoma territory. This was the regimental headquarters of General Stephen Kearny's Army of the West, which was preparing for war.

Coleman was in Company H, First United States Dragoons. There his commanding officers trained the dragoons, later called cavalrymen.¹² Coleman's Company H was commanded by Nathan Boone, son of the Kentucky frontiersman, Daniel Boone. By August 1846, five companies had already marched into Santa Fe, New

Mexico, to complete what has been called the “bloodless conquest.”¹³ Coleman did not enter battle. Nevertheless, he had inadvertently become part of the United States’ mission to extend its power to the furthest corners of the continent, Manifest Destiny.

Coleman’s future, however, would soon become intertwined with the New Mexican people’s. He tells this story. “When we left Fort Gibson for New Mexico, we supposed we were going to the war, as it was not then known that the treaty of peace had been signed.” Coleman’s Company H had been ordered from Fort Gibson to Santa Fe, fully expecting to engage in battle. “We did not know that the war was over until we met with Price’s Regiment, on the plains.”¹⁴

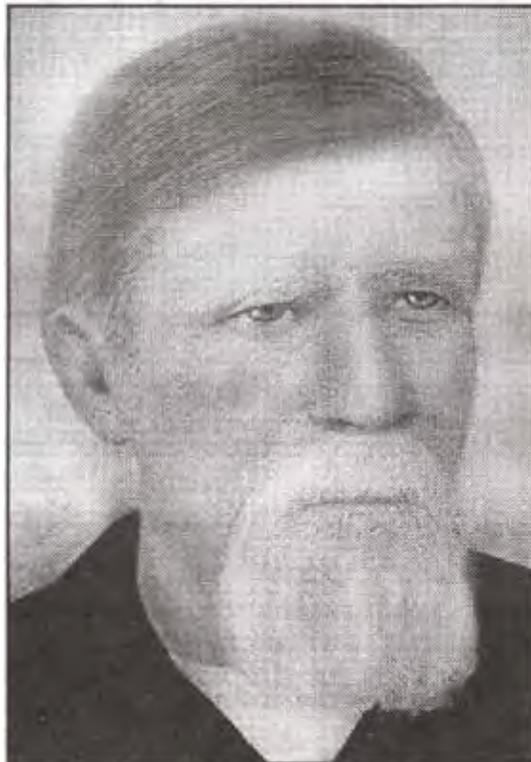
Described as rough and daring, the march took Coleman more than nine hundred miles across the plains through harsh desert conditions to Doña Ana, New Mexico, Macedonia’s village. Company H was the only company that did not go to war.

There he would become one of the founders of Las Cruces, but more important, he would meet and then marry - in his own words, “a beautiful Indian girl named Macedonia Cruz.”¹⁵ They came together, New Mexican Indian and European immigrant, under these devastating conditions, changing the face of New Mexican history forever.

In 1848 Doña Ana had developed into a small Mexican village with a traditional plaza courtyard, centered around a church. After the invasion of Santa Fe, while one branch of the army set out to invade California under General Kearny, another one entered Doña Ana. Overnight, as had happened in Santa Fe, the New Mexican families came under U.S. occupation.

It was not a “bloodless conquest.” First, Alexander Doniphan’s army of unruly volunteers swept through Doña Ana, violating the village and the women.¹⁶ Then they moved south where U.S. scouts just outside Doña Ana killed two Mexicans at close range. At nearby Temascalitos, the New Mexican soldiers and volunteers faced the U.S. troops. In the Battle of Brazitos, so called by Doniphan, seventy New Mexicans died defending their homeland.¹⁷

With the signing of the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, the new Doña Ana colony had become U.S. territory. The people of the Parish of Nuestra Señora de Candelaria would be citizens of the United States. Spain and Mexico’s vision to baptize the people and inhabit the land with the Pueblo Indians appeared to have ended the day that the United States and Mexico signed the Treaty of Guadalupe-



Charles H. Coleman, ca. 1885.
Courtesy of author.

Hidalgo.¹⁸ But it was not over.

The village was now overrun in the aftermath of the invasion. It suffered from intrusive soldiers and massive overcrowding. As a result of complaints by the townspeople, led by Alcalde Pablo Melendres, the U.S. would create a new settlement. The land was subdivided in 1849 by Lt. Delos Sackett and soldiers from Company H and named Las Cruces, place of the crosses. As a soldier of Company H, Coleman most likely participated in marking out Las Cruces. He was also one of the first landowners, as the Coleman name appears on the original plat map.¹⁹

The U.S. Army continued to occupy New Mexico and Apache country. Coleman’s five-year enlistment period was carried out as a farrier and blacksmith. He cared for the horses, and that says much more about him.²⁰ In the 1840s a farrier was more than a blacksmith. A farrier had to be a man who loved horses. He cared for them when they were sick. He washed their wounds and nursed them

back to health. One of the most important persons for the regiment was the farrier. The dragoons needed well-cared-for transportation as they traveled far and wide between Oklahoma and New Mexico.²¹ Farriers were still expected to perform the soldier’s regular work. Stories about Coleman’s commanding officer picture Major Enoch Steen’s pressing attempts to battle the Apache, revealing some harsh treatment of the horses. Surely as their farrier, Coleman was kept consistently preoccupied with shoeing and caring for these horses.

Charles would soon discover another destiny in the person of Macedonia, whose land was invaded and who was now subject to U.S. law. Macedonia’s grandparents, who had grown up at Paso del Norte when it was part of New Mexico, would suffer from the invasion, too. Those families who once crossed freely from north to south were now divided. The United States had placed a border between Paso del Norte and Doña Ana, separating family from family.

The people of Doña Ana had to face these indignities, including the loss of their homeland. In 1849 they decided to repatriate to Mexican land. Texans had already moved on Doña Ana, claiming the land as their own. But the people’s decision to move has been partially attributed to an action by Major Enoch Steen, Coleman’s commanding officer. When offered a Texas headright of 640 acres, including Doña Ana, Steen agreed to the purchase, openly espousing the Texas cause. Forty Doña Ana citizens formally protested his action to Santa Fe, claiming that Steen had violated their

natural rights as promised them by Kearny and had also broken the treaty.²²

In a courageous move offered them by Commissioner of Immigration Padre Ramón Ortiz, sixty families left their homeland and the now overcrowded conditions of Doña Ana, joining others to establish a new town called La Mesilla, on land on the other side of the U.S. border where they could now feel safe.

They came in carts, wagons, on burros, mules, horses, and on foot. Pilgrims, footsore and weary, but rejoicing to again become Mexican citizens. La Mesilla sprang to life... More than half of Doña Ana county moved to La Mesilla in one year, fording the river... When the boundary line between the United States and Mexico had finally been agreed upon...all fears dissipated and a day of merry-making was observed.²³

Macedonia reunited on Mexican land with her brother, Juan José, age seven, and her mother, Bitalia Cruz Ledesma, a widow. On the 1850 Mesilla Census Macedonia is seventeen.²⁴ Commissioner Ortiz had succeeded in providing new colonies along the Rio Grande where the repatriates could settle. By 1850 Mesilla was established.²⁵ The community worked hard to make the land produce the food that they needed to survive. The new fields soon sprang to life, thanks to the network of irrigation canals branching out from the *acequia madre*. Their new lands promised them a prosperous future.

The people worked, built their church, danced their dances in the newly built plaza. Mesilla was on its way to becoming a booming town. The people gave thanks with festivities inaugurated March 1, Saint Albin's day. Years later, Mesilla's "natal day" was described nostalgically in its former glory as one "celebrated with great pomp and magnificence, martial music, bull fights, illuminations, fireworks and salvos of artillery." One can only imagine how the Mesilla Plaza looked to Charles as he witnessed Macedonia's faith on these Holy Days of celebration:

After fifteen days of pious devotions and a procession bearing the cross through the streets, the Mesilla Plaza became one great fair for the display and sale of all manner of wares to the hundreds and even thousands of visitors who were drawn to the scene... It was not uncommon in those days to see as many as 5,000 people assembled in the plaza of Mesilla — an eager, restless throng, intent on taking in the sights, and spending the savings of months, at this civic holiday.²⁶

While stationed at Doña Ana, the soldiers of Company H had undoubtedly already witnessed many cultural events like these celebrating the liturgy of the Catholic Church. The Feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe on December 8th was one of them among several other important feast days.* Another of them was the Feast of San Lorenzo,

held in August. These gala events help pinpoint the day when Charles first saw Macedonia dancing. On these holy days the people celebrated the ceremonial dance of Los Matachines, a ritual performance dating from the first years of the conquest of New Mexico. In the dance there are twelve men each representing Jesus's twelve apostles and only one female dancer. The young girl is dressed in white. She represents the holy baptism of the Indian woman, *La Malinche*, into the Christian faith.²⁷

Charles first saw the young Macedonia, dancing the traditional Matachines. The lone female in the group, she was dressed in white, the flowering figure of Malintzin, the Indian girl known to the world as La Malinche. Given to Cortés by her tribe, the two, La Malinche and Cortés, are symbolized in Mexican history as the progenitors of the Mestizo nation, the coming together of the European and the Indian.²⁸

Macedonia saw the young soldier, who by the grace of God, had survived a journey across the ocean and an unprecedented trek by land from Philadelphia to the Great Plains and then to New Mexico. Her own family, on one side, had survived the Pueblo Indian Revolt, while the other had endured the Spanish conquest of Indian territories and then the United States invasion. She must have wondered if her family would accept him, a U.S. soldier in the invading army.

Their paths were joined when he first saw her on that special day. She, in pure white dress, the indigenous beauty about to be baptized, observed him attired in his blue jacket lined with gold lace. His light blue trousers were accented by a yellow stripe down each side. With his blue forage cap and wide yellow band, he cut an elegant appearance.²⁹

Charles and Macedonia were to participate in the making of a New Mexico yet to be envisioned and in a history yet to be written. She would endure the loss of her land, displacement, and yet another war, but still give birth to and raise their children.

Charles, the German immigrant, had fallen in love with Macedonia Cruz, a Piro Indian girl still in her teens, and now he wanted to marry her. Official Church documents show 1851 as the year he sought permission from the priest. Pre-marriage investigations, *deligencias matrimoniales*, documents of the church, state that the couple is "free to marry," signed by Father Francisco Rascón and *Don* Charles Coleman, age twenty-seven. The two testify as residents of Mesilla and are deemed "not related by blood or marriage" and there are "no other impediments to marriage."³⁰

That same year, Coleman was honorably discharged at Fort Fillmore near Doña Ana.³¹ As a civilian Charles applied to the U.S. Commission of Pensions for a land bounty. They then began their new life in Mesilla. Their firstborn arrived on May 20, 1852. A son, José Rito (Ricardo) was baptized by Padre Ramón Ortiz. Their

first son was one of the first christenings to be recorded at the San Albino Church in Mesilla.³²

The people in Mesilla worked hard to build their new homeland, and conditions were ripe because the land was optimum for development. Boom times and a period of prosperity followed.

But conditions of peace and prosperity would soon be interrupted by expansionist policies. The Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo had established a line between the two countries on which no one could agree. The U.S. Senate refused to acknowledge a compromise proposed by their own commissioners. The U.S. wanted more useable land.³³ And so they set their eyes on Mesilla. The New Mexican people were not going to give up without a fight. Padre Ortiz himself was ready to help defend the land and its people. But he was soon relieved as commissioner.

In December 1853, the United States and Mexico signed the Gadsden Purchase. The U.S. took possession of the land. When it purchased the territory from Mexico's President Santa Anna, Mesilla became part of the United States and its citizens "unwilling subjects."³⁴

On April 22, 1854, a second son was born to Charles and Macedonia. He was given the Hispanic derivative of Charles, Jr. and named José Carlos at his baptism at San Albino Church. Like his brother, he was also baptized by Padre Ortiz.³⁵ That same year, his father, Charles Sr., was granted U.S. citizenship on June 19, 1854.³⁶

On July 4, 1854 the American flag was raised above La Mesilla, officially confirming the Gadsden purchase.³⁷ Mexican troops quartered in Mesilla witnessed the ceremony. Macedonia and Charles also watched, along with their two sons who were destined to be U.S. citizens.

Soon after the Mesilla takeover, Lorenza, the Coleman's first daughter was baptized there in 1856. Her parents chose as their *padrinos*, local notables Sam Bean and Petra Kierker.³⁸ Bean was the first sheriff of Doña Ana County. His brother was the famous Texas Judge Roy Bean, known as the only law west of the Pecos. The Bean family and the Kierkers appear repeatedly in Southern New Mexico lore, witnessing the Colemans' connection to its early history.³⁹

The mix of cultures becomes apparent in the names of the children. Federico is listed as Fritz in the family Bible. He was born in 1858, then died in 1860, not yet two.⁴⁰ The other children began to grow up as citizens. By 1861 Macedonia was expecting her fifth child.

Coleman was employed by the Butterfield Stage Company, the first overland connection between southwest Missouri and San Francisco, running through southern New Mexico and Arizona. The Butterfield stages were notorious for being attacked by Apache raiders, who resented the intruding Americans. Charles worked for the stage lines as a blacksmith at Apache Pass. There he met the famous Apache chief, Cochise. Cochise visited the fort to collect rations provided by the U.S. government in an

attempt to keep peace with the Apache. The encounter took place when Coleman shoed his mule.⁴¹ This meeting would later be remembered by the old chief. It was a time of uneasy peace.

Peace, however, did not last long. Other disruptions besides the U.S.-Apache conflict also developed. Soon it was to become a time of great turmoil. The Civil War intruded violently into the lives of Mesilla residents. Texan Confederate forces invaded the New Mexico territory with a strategic plan to conquer all the territory to California. Confederate soldiers faced the Union Army from Mesilla rooftops and behind adobe walls as "big guns hurled shells [and] whirling missiles exploded" in the battle of Mesilla. People's lives were disrupted and homes destroyed.⁴² To counter the Confederate invasion, the Union forces asked for New Mexico volunteers, and in January 1862, Coleman, along with hundreds of other New Mexicans, volunteered to fight the Confederates.⁴³ At that time, Macedonia would face life on her own, and, with her four children, returned to Paso del Norte. Many other Mesilla residents, whose lives were interrupted by the Civil War, did likewise as the military, North and South, proceeded to take over the countryside.

Mesilla was proclaimed the Confederate capital, and Lt. Colonel John Baylor was its governor. New Mexican territory remained under their control for nearly a year. While occupying Mesilla they organized a military government.⁴⁴ Then the Union Army, led by Colonel Joseph West, soon occupied Mesilla "for the sake of preserving the Union." West ordered Mesillans to turn in their surplus grains to the military and to carry passports. Without passports Mesillans were then subject to arrest and even deportation. Taxes, fines, and imprisonment were enough to drive the people away from what one respected judge called, "oppressive military despotism."⁴⁵

During these disruptive changes, Macedonia would give birth to two children in her native Paso del Norte. The situation had become too dangerous in Mesilla, and there she could seek refuge from the war. There the family survived with only periodic visits from their father.

Emilia was born October 6, 1862, and two years later, her brother, Patricio, was born on St. Patrick's day, March 17, 1864.⁴⁶ Coleman continued serving in the volunteer armed forces of the Union Army from January 1862 to June 1865.⁴⁷ These two children, Emilia and Patricio would leave behind the largest Coleman-Cruz legacy. Patricio married and had nine children and forty grandchildren. Emilia had three children, including an only daughter she named Macedonia. Macedonia Acuna Sanchez had eleven children to add to the multi ethnic Coleman-Cruz legacy.

After the war, Charles and Macedonia returned home to Doña Ana. There she gave birth to their last son. Adolfo Emilio was baptized at Nuestra Señora de Candelaria in Doña Ana in 1869.⁴⁸ Macedonia would not live to raise her son. She was to face another kind of battle the locals

called the “lunger invasion.” One day the same deadly tuberculosis that took her life would also take her daughter Emilia. She left behind her husband Charles and a still growing family.

The exact date of Macedonia’s death is unknown. One would like to believe that she was among her people in June 1873 when Father Ramón Ortiz, who had ministered to her family and baptized her children, returned to Paso del Norte.⁴⁹ Or perhaps she is buried in Doña Ana where she had lived as a girl and then, years later, returned to give birth to her last child. More important than knowing the physical place where she was buried is knowing her story. It will continue to keep alive her memory and preserve an Indian woman’s place in history.

Years later, Charles would recall his first encounter with Macedonia. He used to tell his daughters how, as a young soldier, he turned to his friend when he saw her and said, “See that beautiful girl dancing, I’m going to marry her.”⁵⁰ His grandchildren and great-grandchildren would one day ask their parents to repeat that story over and over.

They also wanted to hear about his encounter with the Apache chief Cochise. Coleman took a trip to meet Cochise in 1871. At a time when conflict heightened between the Apache and the U.S. Army, no one dared recognize Cochise and his call for peace. Then *The Borderer*, a Las Cruces newspaper, approached Coleman because he knew Cochise. When he was a Butterfield Stage employee at Apache Pass, Coleman had “camped with him many a day.” He went with reporters into the Dragoon Mountains, trespassing onto Cochise’s land and into his stronghold to talk with him. Cochise remembered him. “Yes — Charley, much time ago,” Cochise said, “Tell the people that I have come to make peace.” The front page headline in *The Borderer* read, “Eight Days Ride To Visit the Noted Apache Chief Cochise.”⁵¹ This encounter with Cochise has been described as “the most revealing and insightful interview ever granted by Cochise.”⁵²

As families grow up, so do the towns. Without Macedonia, their mother, both daughters were placed in the care of the Sisters at the Loretto Academy. The sons remained with their father. Meanwhile, everyday expansion and development showed in the Las Cruces newspapers: entrepreneurial endeavors, mining, cattle raising, building, and soon the railroad. Doña Ana and Mesilla took on the flavor of wild west boom towns. Charles, as a citizen of Las Cruces, would now have to fight for his own vision of this growing city.

As the Las Cruces population expanded, racial tensions mounted. Hordes of newcomers “born of ignorance and hatred” towards Mexicans, as newspaperman Newman described them, stormed the town.⁵³ The need for security grew. Two cultures came into conflict and the town needed four or five good men to act as a police force. They elected an all-white police force, reasoning that it would best handle the prejudices of the hundreds

of white newcomers. Coleman must have been elected because he was respected by both communities. Las Cruces elected its paid police force, the first in New Mexico, in January 1881. Coleman was chosen to serve by committee members Guadalupe Ascarate, Phoebus Freudenthal and William Jerrell.⁵⁴ Problem areas arose and continued to be resolved as long as the two ethnic groups worked together.

Nowhere was ethnicity less important and shared efforts more valuable than in the area of water. Las Cruces needed people to regulate the community water system, the acequias or irrigation ditches. These acequias were well conceived and cared for long before the U.S. takeover. The people knew that without the acequias and the people to maintain them in a committed fashion there would be no water for the community. Acequia commissioners decided important matters regarding the many irrigation canals crossing the Mesilla Valley. River commissioners were also important elected officials. They coordinated work along the Rio Grande. Being bilingual and active in intercultural relations was essential. As a result, Coleman was elected as a river commissioner.⁵⁵ This ancient expertise brought to this continent by the Spanish and Indians was passed on to the newcomers who then shared the responsibility for acequia care with one another.

By 1883 Coleman had acquired land and cattle.⁵⁶ His sons grew up. Patricio was nineteen. Carlos (Charles Jr.) and Ricardo, now married men, were appointed to the New Mexico Home Guard under Capt. Eugene Van Patten in Las Cruces and Col. Albert J. Fountain in Mesilla. Carlos was appointed first lieutenant and Ricardo Sergeant under Van Patten.⁵⁷ The Home Guard was given unusual powers by Governor Sheldon in 1883 to prevent cattle rustling, a chronic problem with the convergence of the Texans upon the New Mexican frontiers. At that time the most infamous rustler, John Kinney, and his gang operated with impunity, stealing, branding, butchering and selling stolen beef. Sheldon gave orders to “capture such offenders at any cost,” and the Coleman siblings were willing participants in their apprehension.⁵⁸ The Coleman- Cruz family was to suffer its greatest loss at their hands.⁵⁹

Two sons, Carlos and Ricardo Coleman participated in what came to be known as the Rustler War.⁶⁰ Newspaper accounts daily simultaneously praised or complained about the militia’s efforts, saying that they either did not work fast enough, or sometimes they worked too fast. Either way, both Fountain and Van Patten and their men were under constant public scrutiny. When the newspapers were quick to criticize Van Patten and his men, Coleman spoke up on their behalf. He went straight to the *Rio Grande Republican*, calling their remarks “base slander.” He said, “I do not approve of the slurs.” He also told them that when he thought his cattle were stolen, Van Patten’s militia sprang into action, searching out the culprit and returning the property to its rightful owner. In the



Saint Francis de Sales Church, Colorado (Rody), NM, Emile Coleman was married here (1893) and Charles Coleman is buried here (1897). Courtesy of the author.

same news account, Coleman's younger son, Patricio, had continued his own search for the lost cattle. Conscious and outspoken courage define both father and son.⁶¹

In the midst of the Rustler War, Coleman's son, Carlos, died at the age of thirty-one. One account attributed his death to the militia's pursuit to capture Kinney. "The victory was costly for the Las Cruces Company, as Lieutenant Charles [Carlos] Coleman was mortally wounded," it says.⁶² The *Rio Grande Republican* describes his funeral. "He was given a full military burial with honors by Col. Fountain's battalion with several people in the procession."⁶³ He was buried at Saint Genevieve's Catholic Church Cemetery beside his son, Federico, on March 31, 1883.⁶⁴

On the very day that Carlos was buried, the Las Cruces Stockman's Association was formed. Incensed over the rustling and lawlessness, local cattlemen, Hispanic and Anglo alike, adopted a constitution. Coleman was a founding member. The association was an attempt to regulate brands and ranch boundaries. The cattlemen formed the association hoping to control cattle theft and, most likely, to respond to the death of young Carlos Coleman.⁶⁵

By 1889 Coleman had seen a good deal of tragedy himself. He was sixty-five years old. His wife Macedonia had died long ago, so had their little Federico and then his namesake, Carlos, and his grandson, also named Federico.⁶⁶ Now as a prominent member of the Las Cruces community, Coleman's ingenuity and generosity saved him. As a member of the Doña Ana Stock Association and a cattleman himself, he purchased land for himself and his children. To his daughter, Emilia, his sons, Rito and Patricio, and wife Vicenta Aragon he deeded acreage.⁶⁷ He had contributed to the Las Cruces community by helping to subdivide the city, develop the land, and maintain its acequias. He never left the Las

Cruces area, maintaining "the Coleman Ranch" in nearby Radium Springs. The local newspapers referred to him as the "Hatch Cattle King."⁶⁸ He contributed more than that. He carried on the Coleman- Cruz bilingual, bicultural heritage. He spoke out for the people, defending the causes of the New Mexicans.

Coleman lived to witness his daughter Emilia's marriage to Lucas Beltran in 1893. They were married in Colorado, New Mexico (now Rodey) at the Saint Francis de Sales Catholic

Church.⁶⁹ He must have proudly watched his daughter, Emilia, walk down the aisle to be married, reminding him of her mother, Macedonia, when she was a young bride. Charles Henry Coleman died on August 31, 1897. He was seventy-two. He is buried in the Rodey Catholic Cemetery.

The legacy that Macedonia Cruz and Charles H. Coleman left behind has not been lost. It attests to the fact that at one time a multi-ethnic vision for the world seemed possible. It may still be possible because many dimensions of ethnicity still thrive. Such efforts could only be undertaken by people with courage, hope, and an adventurous spirit. Macedonia and Charles were such people, and their many descendants continue the rich multi-ethnic legacy well begun.

RITA SANCHEZ received her Master's Degree in English from Stanford University in 1974. She has been teaching English and Mexican American Studies for twenty years at San Diego State University and San Diego Mesa College. She is currently Chair of the Chicano Studies Department at San Diego Mesa College. Dr. Sanchez is a Coleman great granddaughter.

*[Editor's note: December 8 is celebrated locally as the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. The Feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe is celebrated locally on December 12.]

ENDNOTES

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- 68 *Las Cruces Daily News*, May 29, 1889.
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Physician, Gunfighter, and Family Man: Josiah Gordon “Doc” Scurlock

by Dan Scurlock

Only in recent years have historians begun to pay serious attention to the friends of Billy the Kid before, during, and after the Lincoln County War in New Mexico and Texas. One such man was Josiah Gordon Scurlock, who befriended the Kid before the war, fought beside him in the 1877-78 conflict, and remained friends with Billy until his death at Fort Sumner, in July 1881.

Unlike the Kid and his other associates in southeastern New Mexico at that time, however, Scurlock was an educated man and became the devoted father of ten children. With early medical training, he practiced medicine and held a number of other jobs during his adult life including miner, cowboy, teacher, horse wrangler, bookkeeper, business man, state employee, and college tutor. In addition, he became fluent in Spanish, learned four other languages to some degree, and wrote and published poetry.¹

This man of contrasts, some seemingly contradictory, has been called “a devoted family man and sensitive intellectual” and “expert marksman who did not hesitate to kill” by a prominent historian of the Lincoln County War.² One of Scurlock’s acquaintances in 1937, William Wier, remarked, “He was a scrapping fool, you bet he was.”³

Born in Talapoosa, Elmore County, Alabama, on January 11, 1850, eleven years before the beginning of the American Civil War, Josiah was one of ten children from a fairly well-to-do family. His father was a teacher and no doubt encouraged the children to complete their education.⁴ Josiah, a bright boy, accomplished that and then began to study medicine under a doctor in the Talapoosa area. After completing his medical studies there, at eighteen years of age, Scurlock moved to New Orleans and began an internship in 1868 at Charity Hospital. Josiah was a popular student at the hospital and eventually met a young nurse, fell in love with her, and proposed marriage. Just before graduation he learned that she had decided to marry one of his fellow interns. Scurlock was devastated, so much so that he dropped out of his medical program and left New Orleans on a boat bound for Tampico, on the east coast of Mexico. At this port city he found work treating patients afflicted with yellow fever and out of necessity began to learn Spanish.⁵

Sometime in the year 1871, Josiah believed he might have contracted tuberculosis and decided to return to a drier climate in the States to regain his health. Traveling

overland, he crossed the international border at Eagle Pass, Texas, then traveled on northward from the Rio Grande to the ranch of John Chisum on the Colorado River, east of Fort Concho in west Texas. In 1873 he began work as a cowboy at Chisum’s new (1872) Bosque Grande Ranch on the Pecos, north of modern Roswell.⁶ During that year, Scurlock and another Chisum cowboy, Jack Holt, were surprised at their line camp, where they were attacked by a group of Comanche Indians. Holt was killed, but Doc found cover among some rocks and returned fire at the attackers. He killed the leader of the Indians and held off the others until dark, then slipped away during the night. Scurlock walked twenty miles to get help. Although not scalped, Holt’s right arm had been removed at the elbow.⁷

Scurlock and other Chisum cowboys took part in a raid on the Mescalero Apache Reservation, near Lincoln, probably in 1874. Chisum reached Fort Stanton at the reservation before his men and began heavy drinking with some officers. The rancher was drunk when his cowboys arrived at about 1:00 a.m. Chisum ordered them to round up some sixty horses, presumably stolen from his ranch by the Apaches. Awakened by the approaching men, about fifteen Mescaleros came out of their tepees, and the Chisum men killed twelve of them including women and children. Doc was horrified when one of the cowboys picked up an Apache child and slammed his head against a rock. Scurlock later said, “he never saw anything that made him so sick at his stomach, in his whole life.”⁸

Back on the Pecos ranch, he and another cowboy, Newt Huggins, were assigned to Chisum’s northernmost line camp at Mora Spring between Fort Sumner and Santa Rosa. Working separately one day, Josiah rode back to the line camp and found his partner dead and scalped, probably the victim of a Comanche attack. Fearing for his own life, Scurlock rode down the Pecos to ranch headquarters and told Chisum of the incident. He then quit and asked for his back pay, but the rancher refused to give him his money. Reacting with his quick temper, Scurlock subsequently took some of Chisum’s horses, two saddles, and a gun, and rode up the Pecos River. Chisum sent two of his cowboy-gunfighters after Doc, and they overtook him at Fort Sumner. The two men had orders to take Scurlock back to Chisum, but he quickly explained that the horses, saddles, and gun were for the back pay that Chisum owed him. The two cowboys told Doc he had done the right thing, they left and apparently told

Chisum the same thing.⁹

In reporting the “theft” on May 15, the *Santa Fe Daily New Mexican* described Scurlock as “22 years of age, between five feet eight or ten inches high, light hair, light complexion, front teeth out, writes a very good hand, quick spoken, and usually makes a good impression on first acquaintance.”¹⁰

Perhaps hearing about the mining activity in southeastern Arizona, Scurlock drifted southwestward to the Gila country of Arizona. Here, in late 1874 or early 1875, he met Charlie Bowdre, and they soon became partners in prospecting for precious metals. To purchase necessities, the two men began a cheese-making operation. One day, in the fall of 1875, a slim teenager with protruding upper front teeth wandered into their camp and asked for a job. Josiah and Charlie liked the lad, whose name was Henry McCarty, and gave him work.¹¹ Henry, who became better known as Billy the Kid, had been living with his mother in Silver City, New Mexico, but left that town following her death. The Kid probably did not stay long and drifted onward to the Camp Grant area in Southern Arizona, where he later killed a blacksmith in a dispute.

Scurlock and Bowdre soon left the Gila area as well, probably in early 1876, and rode eastward into Lincoln County, New Mexico. Reaching the Rio Ruidoso in the Sacramento Mountains, the two men decided to buy a farm/ranch in the fertile valley. They secured a loan of \$1500 from L.G. Murphy and Company, the economic force that Scurlock and Bowdre would ironically oppose in the coming Lincoln War.¹²

Both men soon became involved in illegal activities in the Lincoln-Rio Ruidoso area as documented in public court records. Some of the charges against Scurlock were carrying deadly weapons, assault on Manuel Valdez, threatening Marcus Baca, and disguising himself to obstruct the laws.¹³ He apparently was never brought to trial on any of these charges.

In the summer of 1876, a gang of horse thieves, led by Nicas Meras, Jesus Largo, and Juan Gonzales, stole horses belonging to neighboring ranchers on the Rio Ruidoso — Frank Coe and Ab Saunders. A posse was formed, and Scurlock and Bowdre joined the group, which caught up with the horse thieves in a nearby canyon. Two of the rustlers were killed, including Meras himself, but Jesus Largo escaped. Within two weeks, he was captured by local authorities and jailed in Lincoln, but while being transferred to Fort Stanton, he was taken and hanged by Scurlock, Coe, Saunders, and Bowdre.¹⁴

Scurlock also taught school part-time for a while in the Ruidoso Valley in addition to ranching and farming. Calling upon his medical background, he also treated his neighbors and associates for injuries incurred while pursuing thieves or participating in their own outlaw activities. For this service he received the moniker, “Doc.”¹⁵

Scurlock himself was injured, when, during a card

game, an unidentified man at the table accused him of cheating. The accuser drew his pistol and fired, and the bullet knocked out Doc’s front teeth, passing through his neck without causing serious injury. Scurlock’s return fire killed the man, obviously in self-defense.¹⁶

A personal tragedy occurred in early September 1876, when he and a good friend, Mike Harkins, were examining a new handgun in a carpenter’s shop in Lincoln. While Scurlock was handling the pistol it accidentally discharged, the bullet striking and killing Harkins. Prior to his death, Harkins was manager of John Riley’s store at Blazer’s Mill, located on the Tularosa River west of Mescalero.¹⁷

Not long afterwards a much happier event in Doc’s life occurred. A neighbor, sixteen-year-old Antonia Miguela Herrera, caught Josiah’s eye. He initiated courtship with the attractive Antonia, much to the dislike of her father, Fernando, who thought Scurlock a brash, n’erdo-well. But Josiah persisted and married her on October 19, 1876, probably at the Capilla de San Patricio, located some sixteen miles down the Rio Ruidoso. The couple lived with her father for a brief time, but soon moved to Doc’s farm. Within a year they had their first child, Marie Elena.¹⁸

Scurlock once again found himself on the other side of the law in mid-August. A posse led by William Brady, aided by troops from Fort Stanton, pursued his friend Charlie Bowdre down the Rio Ruidoso, but he escaped. At Doc’s nearby farm, the posse arrested Doc on a charge of having stolen horses in his possession. A Lincoln grand jury, however, did not indict him for this alleged act.¹⁹

Another gang of rustlers, this one led by Jesse Evans, had begun to operate in the Mesilla area in early 1876. Later expanding their territory, “The Boys,” as they had become known, swept across Lincoln County in September 1877 and stole horses and mules from one of Doc’s neighbors, Dick Brewer, on the Rio Ruidoso. Some of the animals belonged to John Tunstall and Alexander McSween. A posse was soon informed, including Scurlock, and they tracked the thieves to Shedd’s Ranch, located on the east side of San Agustin Pass in the Organ Mountains. Brewer talked with Evans and his cohorts in an unsuccessful attempt to get the stock back.²⁰

In late 1877, Englishman John Tunstall, Alexander McSween, and John Chisum formed a combine to wrest economic and political control of Lincoln County from the company of L.G. Murphy and James Dolan. Soon, fighting broke out between the two factions, starting the Lincoln County War. Tunstall was killed on February 18, 1878, by some of the Dolan-Murphy men. A number of his friends and associates — including Doc, Charlie, and Billy the Kid (he had come to Lincoln County in October, 1877) — formed the “Regulators” and moved to eliminate the killers of Tunstall.²¹

The “core” of the Regulators were Scurlock, Dick Brewer, Charlie Bowdre, John Middleton, Billy the Kid,



Josiah "Doc" Scurlock and his wife. Courtesy Rio Grande Historical Collections, New Mexico State University Library.

and Fred Waite. The group was formed and held together by personal loyalties to each other and to Tunstall, personal resentment toward various members of the Dolan- Murphy faction, peer pressure, and the belief that killing was lawful in war. The violence was driven by a gun culture that did not allow one to retreat before an aggressor, and this thinking was bolstered by the liberal drinking of alcohol. As fellow warriors, they had a code of honor — they would never talk about one another's involvement in illegal activities to anyone outside the group.²²

On March 6, 1878, Scurlock was deputized by Constable Dick Brewer, and he led a posse of Regulators, who rode out of Lincoln with warrants for the arrest of the Tunstall assassins. To the east, near the main crossing on the Peñasco River they spotted five men and raced in pursuit. The fleeing men split into two groups, and the Regulators chased the one consisting of three men — Dick Lloyd, Frank Baker, and Buck Morton. Baker and Morton were captured near the Pecos, but Lloyd escaped. Scurlock and the others started back to Lincoln with their captives, but at one point Morton snatched William McCloskey's pistol from its holster and shot him dead. Then Morton, joined by Baker, tried to escape, but the Regulators caught up with them and killed both men.²³

The "war" escalated and soon involved army troops from nearby Fort Stanton, who, under pressure from Governor Samuel Axtell and U.S. Attorney Thomas B. Catron, aided the Murphy-Dolan faction. Doc and the other Regulators were involved in several killings of members of this opposition group and thefts of horses

and cattle. Scurlock was among those indicted for the murder of "Buckshot" Roberts at Blazer's Mill, near Lincoln, in early April 1878, but he was never tried. His partner, Charlie Bowdre, actually fired the shot that finally killed Roberts, who fought for several hours before dying. One of Roberts bullets struck the belt buckle of Bowdre, cutting his cartridge belt, and rico-cheted into Frank Coe's hand, severing his trigger finger.²⁴

A few days later John Copeland was appointed sheriff of Lincoln County by the County commission.

On April 29, a gang of Seven Rivers cowboys rode to Lincoln to aid Sheriff John N. Copeland in enforcing the law. Arriving in town on the 30th, they were met with gunfire from the Regulators, including Scurlock. A major gunfight between the two parties ensued, and Copeland appealed to the military at Fort Stanton for help, which was forthcoming. The Ninth Cavalry contingent, led by Lieutenant M.F. Goodwin, arrested men from both sides, and they were escorted to the fort. Goodwin sent a note with Doc, which in part read, "Scurlock is a bad man, the worst in the bunch! (irons would not hurt him)." He was shackled and held by the military while the other prisoners were released. At the request of the Lincoln sheriff, Doc was returned to town, and he, too, was soon released.²⁵

Within a few days Scurlock was elected captain of the Regulators and Copeland deputized him. The two men then led about twenty-eight others on a raid on the Dolan- Riley cow camp on the Black River on May 14. This incident was carried out to retrieve horses stolen from McNab and Saunders. Manuel Segovia, alias "the Indian," was killed in the attack, as were two others, and two unidentified men were wounded. The Regulators scattered the cattle and took all of the horses and mules, without regard to ownership, and drove them back to Lincoln. The local newspapers reported that the Regulators "proceeded, as usual, to get drunk and 'whoop up' the country at their leisure."²⁶

During this period the Regulators rode up to the Scurlock house on the Ruidoso and warned Doc that a posse was coming to arrest him. He quickly decided that Antonia and their daughter, Viola, should hide in the cellar, which they did. Doc placed some spider webs across

the doorway so it would appear that no one had entered the cellar recently. The strategy worked as a member of the posse opened the door but said that there could be no one inside because of the webs.²⁷

The Dolan-Murphy faction stepped up their struggle against Alexander McSween and the Regulators. On June 24, 1878, McSween, with a warrant out for his arrest and fearing for his life, was on the run and was protected by Scurlock and others, including a number of Hispanic men. They camped in isolated hill locations between Lincoln and the Chisum ranch on the Pecos, using the ranch as a commissary.²⁸

On June 27 a Dolan posse reached Plaza de San Patricio and learned that the Regulators were in the nearby hills. One group of McSween's men led by Scurlock met six of the posse at the river and exchanged gunfire, which brought more of the posse. Scurlock and the other Regulators rode back into the hills and deployed for defense. The posse could not effectively assault them, so they sent for troops from Fort Stanton. The Regulators withdrew into the mountains south of the river. The military company followed their trail, but soon gave it up.²⁹

On July 3 a band of Dolan-Murphy supporters attacked the entrenched Regulators at Plaza de San Patricio on the Rio Ruidoso. Driven back by gunfire at first, the posse attacked again, killing and stealing horses, entering residents' houses and stealing money, destroying possessions, and threatening citizens. The Regulators retreated to the Chisum Ranch at South Springs where they were attacked by another posse, this one from the Seven Rivers area. They were held off by Scurlock and other men inside and on the roof of the Chisum house.³⁰

The Regulators attempted to seize the direction of the war by invading Lincoln and occupying the McSween house, the Tunstall store, the Montano store, and the Ellis store and home on July 14, 1878. A fierce five-day battle ensued. Military personnel from Fort Stanton were called in ostensibly to protect the lives of women and children. Doc and twelve or so men were forced to retreat from the Ellis home. At the Montano store, Scurlock's father-in-law, Fernando Herrera, shot and killed Charlie Crawford on a hillside above the town at a distance of more than one-half mile, reportedly the best display of marksmanship during the war. On the last day of this battle, July 19, Alexander McSween was shot and killed as he was attempting to flee his burning house.³¹

At the beginning of this protracted fight, Sheriff George W. Peppin had a number of warrants for McSween supporters, including two for Scurlock for the murder of Sheriff William Brady and Deputy George Hindman on April 1. He sent a deputy to serve them on Monday, July 15, but Regulators at the McSween house answered the call to surrender with a fusillade of bullets. The warrants against Scurlock were later dropped, but Billy the Kid was found guilty of murdering Brady and sentenced to hang on May 13, 1881.³²

Widow McSween's life was threatened by Murphy-Dolan men following the five-day battle. She sought safety at the abandoned Juan Patron house in Lincoln and was guarded by Doc, the Kid, Charlie Bowdre, and Jim French. Soon, she left for Las Vegas, and the surviving Regulators scattered into the mountains.³³

On August 5, Scurlock and some eighteen other men, including his father-in-law, became involved in a fight with Mescalero Apaches at their agency; the Apaches thought they had come to steal their horses. Indian Agent Morris J. Bernstein, who attempted to stop the fighting, was killed in the gunfire. Apparently Scurlock, Bowdre, Middleton, Waite, and the Kid left the area for the surrounding hills, then went to the Bosque Grande where they stayed for a short time.³⁴

On September 1, 1878, Doc, Antonia, and their now two small children, Marie Elena and baby Viola Inez, moved to Fort Sumner on the Rio Pecos. Billy helped them move their belongings to rooms in the abandoned military buildings now owned by rancher Pete Maxwell. Scurlock hired on with Maxwell, while Billy continued horse stealing and gambling in the area. Charlie Bowdre, with his wife, Manuela, half-sister of Antonia Herrera Scurlock, also moved to the Fort Sumner area, where he worked for rancher Thomas Yerby, about fourteen miles northeast of the old fort.³⁶

In late September 1878, a gang of Tejanos or Texans, calling themselves the Rustlers, attacked Bartlett's Mill, near Lincoln, raping the wives of two young Hispanic workers. A posse killed some of the gang over the next few weeks, and Doc, Billy, and two other Regulators, killed several of these Tejanos on October 2.³⁷

In February of 1879 Doc, the Kid, and three other Regulators met with representatives of the Dolan-Murphy faction and formulated a "peace treaty." That evening, the participants decided to celebrate with drink, and an inebriated Billy Campbell of the Dolan Faction killed Huston I. Chapman who handled a legal matter for Susan McSween.³⁸

Subsequently Scurlock and the Kid were arrested by the Army for the Roberts murder and taken to Ft. Stanton, to later be tried in Mesilla, but due to a technicality, were soon freed. About a month later Scurlock was again arrested for past charges, and the Kid surrendered shortly thereafter. They were taken to Fort Stanton, imprisoned, and held until trial at Mesilla on June 14. U.S. Marshall Sherman was scheduled to transport them there but failed to do so. As a result, Doc and Billy were freed.³⁹

Reverting to one of their old, illegal practices, the two men, with Charlie Bowdre, Tom O'Folliard, and two unidentified Hispanics, stole 118 head of Chisum cattle from Bosque Grande in August or September. The men drove the herd north to Yerby's Ranch and there rebranded them. Later, Doc and the others sold them to some Colorado men at Alexander Grzelachowski's Ranch at Alamogordo.⁴⁰

On August 17, the Scurlock's first child died at Fort Sumner and was probably buried in the fort cemetery, where the Kid and Charlie Bowdre were later interred. A little more than two months later, the couple's third child, Josiah Gordon, Jr., was born. Later in his life Josiah, Jr. often told family and friends that he was held and rocked in the arms of Billy the Kid.

Weary of the violence and associated events and wanting to protect his family, the Scurlocks moved to the LX Ranch in Potter County in the Texas panhandle in late October or early November 1879.⁴² They took up residence in a half-dugout in nearby Tascosa, located on the Canadian River. For about two years Doc worked as a keeper of horse teams for the mail-hack line that connected Mobeetie, Texas, with Las Vegas, New Mexico. He also hunted wild mustangs, and while there, his wife gave birth to their fourth child, John Joshua, on May 21, 1881.⁴³

Billy the Kid visited the Scurlocks for extended periods of time in 1880 and early 1881, and Doc tried to persuade the young outlaw to give up his dangerous life. He was unable to sway his outlaw friend, and Billy returned to Fort Sumner where he was killed by Sheriff Pat Garrett in July 1881.⁴⁴ Scurlock's other old friend, Charlie Bowdre, had been killed by Garrett at the Stinking Springs Ranch, east of Fort Sumner the previous December.⁴⁵

Following the Kid's death, newspaper reporters, magazine writers, and others obsessed with the young outlaw's short life, hounded Doc, forcing him to keep moving to protect his reputation and to shield the family from unwanted publicity. Within a year, Doc had moved the family again, this time to Wilbarger County, near Vernon, Texas. Scurlock bought a wheat farm, built a sod dugout for the family, and practiced medicine part-time until 1893. He also assisted, in various ways, the French and German settlers moving into the area, and from them he learned to converse in their languages.⁴⁶

In 1893, Doc sold his property and again moved his family, this time to near Cleburne, south of Fort Worth. Doc continued his farming endeavors, growing corn and cotton, and he taught Spanish and other courses at Mehan Business College until 1898.⁴⁷

The Scurlocks moved again, this time to Granbury, where Doc farmed for fourteen years. His beloved wife, Antonia, died November 27, 1912 and was buried in the nearby Acton cemetery, twenty miles southwest of Fort Worth. Doc farmed another year in the area, then moved to near Athens, where he worked as a bookkeeper for the S.L. Humas Co.⁴⁸

In 1919, he moved family members for the last time, to Eastland, Texas. Now sixty-nine, Scurlock started a new enterprise — a confectionery store located just west of the present jail. After devoting two years to his enterprise he went to work for the Texas Highway Department, finally retiring from full-time employment in 1925. He remained intellectually active, however, writing poetry,

tutoring University of Texas students, and reading the "classics" from the Eastland Library. He encouraged his surviving eight children and all of his grandchildren to read as well, telling them, "You'll always be known by the books you read." Doc lived his last years with his daughter, Lola, on the west edge of town, where he died of a heart attack on July 25, 1929. Following his funeral and interment in the Eastland cemetery, his survivors removed Antonia's remains from Acton and reburied them beside him in 1930.⁴⁹

Suffice it to say Josiah Gordon Scurlock was an extraordinary man — a true renaissance man. Everything he did in his adult life — his many endeavors — he did well. A devoted family man, he avoided the "limelight" as a fellow gunfighter and friend of America's best known outlaw, Billy the Kid. Embracing family, education, and hard, honest work as his life's priorities, and rejecting violence, racial prejudice, and corruption along the way, Doc's legacy will hopefully be long remembered.

DAN SCURLOCK is a descendant of Josiah Scurlock and resides in Fort Sumner, New Mexico. This article is derived from a presentation made at the April 2000 annual conference of the Historical Society of New Mexico, held last year in Valencia County.

ENDNOTES

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- 5 Payne, Viola, *The True Doc Scurlock Story*, 2, 1989. Eastland, Texas: Eastland County Newspapers. This newspaper insert was based primarily on information from Scurlock's grandson, Joseph Theodore Scurlock of Breckenridge, Texas, and his daughter, Jodi Scurlock Brumfield of Trent, near Abilene, Texas.
- 6 Nolan, Frederick, *The West of Billy the Kid*, 143, 1998. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. Webb, Walter Prescott, *The Handbook of Texas*, vol. 1, 343, 1952. Austin: Texas State Historical Association. Rasch *op cit.*, 1995 a, 90. John Chisum was New Mexico's best known cattle rancher during the early territorial period. Chisum, a supporter of the McSween-Tunstall faction during the Lincoln County War, had lost beef contracts with Fort Stanton to L.G. Murphy of the opposing faction. In 1875 he moved his ranch headquarters to South Springs near modern Roswell, which was the site of gun battles and a refuge for supporters of the McSween-Tunstall cause. In late July, 1878, the bloody events of the war drove him to move his ranch to the Tascosa area on the Canadian River in the Texas panhandle; but he returned to South Springs in July of the following year. Larson, Carole, *Forgotten Frontier: The Story of Southeastern New Mexico*, 107-19. 1993. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press.

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- 8 The date of this incident is not known. Coe, Frank, Early Days in New Mexico. Typewritten manuscript prepared for J. Evertts Haley, March 20, 1927, 2. Copy on file, Panhandle-Plains Museum, Canyon, Texas.
- 9 Nolan, Frederick, *The Lincoln County War A Documentary History*, 1955, 484. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press.
- 10 Quoted in Rasch, *op cit.*, 1995, 90, from the *Santa Fe Daily New Mexican*, Scurlock actually had brown hair, and eyes of the same color.
- 11 Payne, *op cit.*, 1989, 2.
- 12 Rasch, *op cit.*, 1995, 90, 97. Apparently, Scurlock and Bowdre never paid back any of the loan. James J. Dolan, letter to the editor of the *Santa Fe Weekly New Mexican*, Saturday, May 25, 1878. Transcribed copy in the archives of the Lincoln County Historical Society, Carrizozo, New Mexico.
- 13 Rasch, *op cit.*, 1995. What the outcome of these allegations were is not known.
- 14 Nolan, *op cit.*, 1995, 137-38. Largo and Scurlock had worked together for rancher John Chisum. and he reportedly pleaded with Doc for mercy. Scurlock said he did not know him and the Regulators had him mount Bowdre's horse and ride under a pinyon tree where the rope noose was hanging from a limb.
- 15 Payne, *op cit.*, 1989, 2.
- 16 Rasch, *op cit.*, 1995, 90. Of the eight or so photographs known to exist, Scurlock is not smiling, so the gap from the missing teeth cannot be seen.
- 17 Nolan, *op cit.*, 1995, 254.
- 18 Payne, *op cit.*, 1989, 3. Cummings, Billy Charles Patrick, 1995, Frontier parish: Recovered Catholic History of Lincoln County, 1960-1884. *Lincoln County Historical Society Publications* Number 4, 14, 46, 1995. Lincoln, New Mexico. Apparently Doc and Antonia had little interaction with her family in Lincoln following their move to the ranch. Furthermore, neither ever visited the Lincoln area following their move to Texas in the fall of 1879. Antonia was born in Santa Cruz de la Canada, New Mexico, north of Santa Fe, on June 13, 1860. Her mother was French, and she died before her Basque father moved the family to Lincoln. Payne, *op cit.*, 1989, 3. Historians have consistently spelled her middle name Miguela, when in fact, it should be spelled Miquela.
- 19 Rasch, *op cit.*, 1995, 91-92. Subsequently, an officer at Fort Stanton referred to Scurlock and Billy the Kid as “the two most murderers of the county”.
- 20 Nolan, *op cit.*, 254.
- 21 Rasch, *op cit.*, 1995, 92.
- 22 Utley, Robert M. *High Noon in Lincoln: Violence on the Western Frontier*, 1987, pp. 56-57, 175-177; Nolan, *op cit.*, 1995, 219; Payne, *op cit.*, 1989, 5.
- 23 Nolan, *op cit.*, 1995, 219-220, 222. Morton's back had nine bullet holes in it, suggesting possible execution by one shot from each Regulator, *ibid.*
- 24 Nolan, *op cit.*, 1995, 254-258. One bullet that Robert fired from his .44 caliber Winchester rifle ricocheted off Scurlock's still-holstered pistol and passed down the leg, “burning like a hot branding iron.” Nolan, *op cit.*, 1995, 128.
- 25 Rasch, *op cit.*, 1995, 93.
- 26 Nolan, *op cit.*, 1995, 288. The *Mesilla Independent*, on Saturday, June 1, 1878, reported that a Navajo Indian, employed as a cook, and a boy called Johnny, age fifteen, were among those killed.
- 27 Payne, *op cit.*, 1989, 4. Taking an Hispanic woman as his wife probably caused Anglo members of the Murphy-Dolan faction, especially those from Texas, to hate him more. Texans at that time and place manifested a well-developed sense of superiority and contempt for Spanish-Mexican residents of the area. This racism emanated from ethnic and religious differences and from bitterness and distrust fostered by the Texas Revolution of 1836 and the U.S.-Mexican War of 1846-1848. See Utley, *op cit.*, 1987 and Weber, David J., *Myth and the History of the Hispanic Southwest*, 52, 142-143, 150, 1988. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press.
- 28 Nolan, *op cit.*, 1995, 299-301, 306-307.
- 29 Utley, *op cit.*, 1987, 83.
- 30 Nolan, *op cit.*, 1995, 306-309.
- 31 *Ibid.*, 322-331. Also see Rasch, Philip J. *Gunsmoke in Lincoln County*, edited by Robert K. DeArment, 1997, pp. 116-133. Laramie, Wyoming: National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History.
- 32 Keleher, William A., *Violence in Lincoln County, 1869-1881*, pp. 228, 232- 233, 1957. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, Nolan, *op cit.*, 1995, 335-36.
- 33 Nolan, *op cit.*, 1995, 335-36.
- 34 *Ibid.*, 339-43, 346.
- 35 Nolan, *op cit.*, 1995, 221, 352, 396, 446.
- 36 Manuela, Charles Bowdre's wife, lived in the old military hospital in Fort Sumner, Rasch, Philip J. The Hunting of Billy the Kid, in *Trailing Billy the Kid*, edited by Robert K. DeArment, 124, 1995. Laramie, Wyoming: National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History; see also Kelly, Bill, Bowdre mystery yet to be laid to rest. *New Mexico Magazine* 71 (2), 33-37 for details on Manuela and Charlie Bowdre's time at Fort Sumner and surrounding areas. Charlie was killed by Pat Garrett at the old Alejandro Perea forage station, located at Stinking Springs on the Yerby Ranch, Nolan, *op cit.*, 1995, 407-408.
- 37 Nolan, *op cit.*, 1995, 348. Branch, Louis Leon, *Los Bititos: the Story of 'Billy the Kid' and His Gang*, 129, 1980. New York: Carlton Press.
- 38 Nolan, *op cit.*, 1995, 375-76, 452.
- 39 *Ibid.*, 384, 517.
- 40 *Ibid.*, 396-97. Grzelachowski, a friend of Sheriff Pat Garrett, also owned a store in Puerto de Luna, perhaps best known as the place where Billy the Kid, under arrest by Garrett, ate his last Christmas dinner in 1881. Fulton, Maurice Garland (editor), *Pat F Garrett's Authentic Life of Billy the Kid*, 183, 1927. New York: Macmillan Company.
- 41 Rasch file, Lincoln County Historical Society Archives, Carrizozo, New Mexico, Ft. Sumner was then located in the southern part of San Miguel County. Which building the Scurlock's lived in is unknown at this time, but a best guess would be in the hospital, close to the Bowdres.
- 42 On November 13, 1878, Governor Lew Wallace, had pardoned all of those who had committed criminal misdemeanors and felonies in Lincoln County. Scurlock also reportedly gave away all of his firearms except a “squirrel rifle” before leaving Ft. Sumner. At the time of this move, Scurlock sold a gold mine he owned near the Rio Ruidoso to a Bill Hale for \$500. Hale reportedly resold it for \$75,000. Rasch, *op cit.*, 1995, 95.
- 43 The Scurlocks lived at the ranch headquarters, which was located on the north side of the Canadian River, about 1.5 miles downstream from the present Highway 87 bridge. Letter from Ernest R. Archambeau to Philip J. Rasch, n.d.. Rasch file, Lincoln County Historical Society Archives, Carrizozo, New Mexico.
- 44 Nolan, Frederick, *The West of Billy the Kid*, 283, 285, 1998. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press.
- 45 Scurlock had also tried to convince Bowdre to come with him to Texas, but to no avail. Joe Buckbee, Sr., letter of July 23, 1959. Copy in Rasch File, Lincoln County Historical Society Archives, Carrizozo, New Mexico.
- 46 Rasch, *op cit.*, 1995, p. 95. Payne, *op cit.*, 1989, p. 4. According to his son-in-law, Joe Buckbee, Sr., Scurlock specialized in setting broken bones and “mixed his own medicines for his patients.” Letter from Buckbee to Philip J. Rasch, September 3, 1962, Rasch file, Lincoln County Historical Society Archives, Carrizozo, New Mexico.
- 47 Scurlock sold his home and farm to W.T. Waggoner, and this property became part of one of the largest ranches and oil fields in Texas. Rasch, *op cit.*, 1995, 95; Webb, *op cit.*, 1952, vol. II, 851.
- 48 Rasch, *op cit.*, 1995, 95-96. One family member, Jodi Scurlock Brownfield, a great granddaughter, told me on March 4, 1999, that Antonia died due to “some kind of fever.”
- 49 Rasch, *op cit.*, 1995, 96. Scurlock's body laid in state at his daughter's (Lola) home at 114 N. Ostrom Avenue in Eastland. Personal communication, Darwin L. Miller, Eastland, March 5, 1999.

The San Antonio-White Oaks Stage Robberies of 1896

by John D. Tanner Jr. and Karen H. Tanner

Posses scoured southwestern New Mexico in search of the outlaws following the High Five gang's abortive attempt to rob the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad at Rio Puerco on October 2, 1896. Gang member Code Young was dead. The four remaining members, Will "Black Jack" Christian, George Musgrave, Bob Christian (alias Tom Anderson), and Bob Hayes fled southeast to hold up the San Antonio to White Oaks stage line.¹ The sixteen-year-old stage line had never experienced a robbery.²

On the evening of October 7, the High Fives marred that crime-free record when they stopped the stage enroute to White Oaks between Mountain Station Ranch and Wash Hale, near the summit of the Oscura Mountains. The stage carried neither passengers nor strongbox. Having confessed to driver John Wickwire that it had been they who held up the Atlantic & Pacific train, the robbers rifled the four mail sacks looking for registered mail.³ Fortune smiled on the gang. The First National Bank of Las Vegas, New Mexico had shipped a package to the Exchange Bank at White Oaks containing \$500 in currency. After ripping the package open and appropriating the money they left the rest of the mail undisturbed.⁴ The bandits turned their own horses loose and seized those pulling the coach. Wickwire, forced to give up his hat and boots, was left to walk barefoot eight miles back to Mountain Station.⁵ The gang headed east to Taylor's Well Stage Station, thirty-one miles west of White Oaks. At the Taylor Ranch, they ordered supper. After eating, they robbed station overseer John Mack of \$6.50 and again exchanged some horses.⁶

A telegram from Postmaster Gus Hilton (father of future hotel magnate Conrad Hilton) at San Antonio to officers in Albuquerque carried the news of the holdup and expressed concern that the westbound coach might have also been robbed that night.⁷ The fear proved to be well founded. Six hours after the first holdup, the gang stopped the westbound coach about two miles east of Taylor's Well Station. Encouraged by their earlier success, the High Fives again tore open the mail sacks. Although the bags contained seven pieces of registered mail, they could not have been pleased by the meager yield — \$32.60.⁸ The gang next relieved driver Ben Carpenter of his tobacco and knife.⁹ Passenger David Tinnen of Albuquerque, returning to Albuquerque to testify as a federal witness in a mail robbery case, hid his pocketbook.¹⁰ The gang helped themselves to Tinnen's hat, gloves, and pipe. Tinnen pleaded that he was a working man; his sad tale struck

a responsive chord. They handed him \$7.10 as compensation for the new hat before departing. Tinnen recovered his pocketbook, added up his resources, and discovered that he had turned a profit of three dollars.¹¹ The robbers rode to Manchester, three miles west of White Oaks, then headed southeast into the Capitan Mountains.¹²

Stage and train robberies in the United States decreased thirty-three percent during the fiscal year 1896-97, a decline that the postmaster general attributed to vigorous pursuit as well as lucrative rewards.¹³ He recognized that highway robbers were desperate criminals, and pursuit necessitated great personal bravery and skill.¹⁴ In spite of the dangers, both real and imagined, a posse had been formed at Mountain Station Ranch three hours following the first robbery. The lawmen rode to White Oaks where Deputy Sheriff P. S. Tate and additional men joined them. Deputy U.S. Marshal H. Will Loomis also set off from Albuquerque, bound for San Antonio, to take up the chase.¹⁵

Wiley Sidwell, a former cowpuncher for the El Capitan Cattle Company, told a story that a "couple of fellas" with the Black Jack gang hid out in two small log cabins in Copeland Canyon in the Capitan Mountains, pretending to be trappers.¹⁶ The two would have been Will and Bob Christian, as Musgrave and Hayes are known to have ridden southeast toward Lincoln to gather information about roundups in the area. Learning of a roundup on the mesa above Picacho, the two turned their horses toward Bennett Musgrave's home at Cedar Hill northwest of Roswell, where they reportedly hid for a short time in a cave.¹⁷ Meanwhile, the two Christians had headed southeast from Copeland Canyon and stayed briefly with Herb Brogden in the Seven Rivers region.

About nine thirty Monday morning, October 19, George Musgrave and Bob Hayes (known to some Chaves County locals as John West) rode up to the Circle Diamond roundup camp on the Rio Feliz, about thirty-seven miles southwest of Roswell.¹⁸ Musgrave intended to kill former Texas Ranger George Parker, an intention he quickly carried out.¹⁹

Within hours of Parker's death, Chaves County Deputy Sheriff Ballard arrived on the scene, accompanied by Mack Minter, Frank Parks, and Mart McClenden. Judge Frank H. Lea rode along to conduct the inquest at the site — forever afterwards known as Parker's Bluff.²⁰ Judge Lea ruled that Musgrave "deliberately and with premeditation affected the death of George T. Parker,

delivering three mortal wounds, each of a depth of nine inches and a width of one inch.”²¹

At the conclusion of the inquest, Ballard and his posse drew fresh horses from the Circle Diamond remuda and started their pursuit. That same day, Deputy Sheriff Fred Higgins, accompanied by Jesse Smith Lea, John Smith, and Les Smith, headed for the Musgrave ranch at Cedar Hill. Later that afternoon, Deputy Sheriff Legg, Dan Thomas, and Lee Fountain also started for Cedar Hill from Roswell.

Still more posses were raised. Sheriff Holm “Olaf” Bursum deputized one group at Socorro while Sheriff Pat Garrett of Dona Ana County organized another at Las Cruces.²² Deputy Sheriff Charles D. Mayer of White Oaks, returned from Roswell to White Oaks and recruited Sam Wells, Frank Crumb, Charlie White, Earnest Ooten, and a Kentuckian called “Zutes.” In two days Mayer and his men reached Fairview (now Winston). Before them rose the Black Range and the Mogollon Mountains, dangerous terrain for outlaw hunting. They returned to White Oaks by way of Magdalena, Socorro, and San Antonio.²³ The Bursum and Garrett posses ran across no trail to follow and also gave up the chase.

Meanwhile, Fred Higgins and his party had joined with Ballard’s posse. They trailed Musgrave and Hayes through the Arroyo Seco Cañón and out the head of the Cienega del Macho, north of the Capitan Mountains, and to the Jicarilla Mountains north of White Oaks where snow obliterated the trail.²⁴ A hundred miles of hard traveling in the bitter cold chilled the posse’s ardor. All turned back save for Ballard and Higgins.²⁵ The two dogged lawmen secured fresh horses from the El Capitan ranch, and after killing a calf, cooked enough of the veal to sustain them for several days and left the fire blazing through the night to keep from freezing.²⁶ Though the weather remained miserable, they continued the pursuit through the Jicarillas, down Coyote Cañón to Red Lakes, and along the eastern edge of the Malpais toward the Rio Grande.²⁷

More astute lawmen might have anticipated that Musgrave and Hayes, having successfully hit the San Antonio-White Oaks stage twice only two weeks earlier, would not pass up the opportunity for another strike before fleeing the area. Lurking in the Oscura Mountains near Cavanaugh’s Lake, about twenty-three miles west of White Oaks, the outlaws met Ben F. Carpenter, driving the stage to San Antonio at half past eight o’clock, Wednesday night, October 21.²⁸ Ordered to stop the team, Carpenter, a victim of one of the previous hold ups, wisely complied. The robbers liberated the registered mail pouch and suggested that if San Antonio’s postmaster used baskets in the future, it would be unnecessary to slice open government pouches.²⁹ In the bag they discovered two registered letters and one registered package. One letter contained a check that they discarded; the other held \$5 in cash, which they took. They tore open the package and found \$152 in gold dust.³⁰ They left, choosing

ROUTE 2: AROUND THE MALPAIS			
Depart _____	Arrive _____	Distance	Purpose
San Antonio	Kinney Well	11	Water
Kinney Well	Carthage	2	TC/Passengers
Carthage	Montoya’s Well	9	Water
Montoya’s Well	Hansonburg	7	TC
Hansonburg	Mtn. Sta. Ranch	12	TC/W/F/ON
Mtn. Sta. Ranch	Wash Hale	7	Water
Wash Hale	Taylor’s Well	11	TC/W
Taylor’s Well	Crater Station	11	TC/W
Crater Station	No Name Spring*	10	W
No Name Spring*	White Oaks	10	T/W/F/ON
		<i>Total Mileage</i>	90
*A postulated water source, possibly Coyote Spring			
<i>Legend:</i> TC=team change W=water F=food ON=overnight			

Reconstructed San Antonio-White Oaks State Routes, 1886-1895. (From: Robert L. Hart, “She’ll Be Comin’ Round the Mountains: The Ozanne Stage to White Oaks and Lincoln, 1886-1895.” *Southern New Mexico Historical Review* 3 [January 1996]: 34.)

not to bother taking with them a box holding \$2,100 in silver. Although the *Santa Fe Daily New Mexican* reported that “the driver when asked by one of the robbers as to what was in the box, gave it a kick and said it contained a clock,” it strains credulity to believe that after finding gold dust in one package they would ignore another based only on the driver’s word.³¹ More believably, as the *Albuquerque Morning Democrat* argued, the silver was too heavy (175 pounds troy weight or 2,100 ounces) for the two fugitives to carry. They boasted of the \$785 they had secured from the first two holdups (the official Post Office Department figure was \$532.60).³²

Musgrave directed Carpenter to drive off the road and wait in a secluded spot. Two hours passed before they heard the noise of the approaching White Oaks-bound stage. “Just wait a few minutes,” said Musgrave as he tightened his belt and examined his revolver. “Keep quiet while we fix this stage.”³³

Joseph J. Carpenter, driver of the eastbound coach, had just told co-driver Will L. Butler, “Here is where they held us up a week ago,” when Musgrave cried out, “And here’s where I hold you up again.”³⁴ The second stage joined the first.³⁵

The robbers looted the mail sacks, but found only one registered package that contained worthless merchandise.³⁶ Undoubtedly disappointed, Musgrave then said, apologetically, “I am sorry for you, but I guess you will have to walk.”³⁷

The freebooters then cut the [four] horses loose from the conveyances and disappeared in the hills. [The three drivers] trudged all night through a driving storm and at the end of a weary journey of twenty-four miles reached



Ozane State Line's Mountain Station Ranch, ca. 1890. Courtesy Rio Grande Historical Collection, New Mexico State University Library

White Oaks, almost exhausted.³⁸

On the morning of October 22, the drivers described one robber (Musgrave) as weighing 170 pounds, height five feet eleven inches tall and twenty-three, with dark brown hair, gray eyes, a sandy complexion and called "Rube" by his companion. The other (Hayes) answered to the nickname "Hand" and was described as five feet nine inches tall, about 150 pounds, and about thirty years old.³⁹

White Oaks crackled with excitement, but lacking both telephone and telegraph, news of the holdups remained confined to the isolated settlement.⁴⁰ Early that afternoon, Deputy U.S. Marshal Charles Fowler and Deputy Sheriff C.D. Mayer gathered a nine-man posse, rode out of White Oaks, and followed the bandit's southbound trail along the west side of the Oscura mountains. Another day passed before San Antonio Postmaster Gus Hilton telegraphed Marshal Hall that no mail had been received from White Oaks for two days and correctly speculated that the mail had again been held up. Hilton's fears were further heightened by reports that armed men had been seen hiding at the apex of the Oscura Mountains. Young Albert Hallenbeck had spotted a large gray horse with a new saddle at a water hole four miles east of Mountain Station. He had seen a man lying in the grass holding a Winchester, and later, Hallenbeck saw two mounted riders carrying Winchesters. Wisely, Hilton held back the next San Antonio stage until the missing White Oaks stage arrived at Mountain Station.⁴¹

As San Antonio awaited news, the two bandits rode southwest along the west slope of the San Andreas Mountains to Rincon and crossed the Rio Grande. Musgrave abandoned a large roan horse taken at the time of Parker's killing, but the Fowler-led posse later found it at Hermosa, on the south fork of the Palomas River, about thirty miles west of Hot Spring.⁴² From the Rio Grande, the two hunted men rode west to Cow Springs, about thirty miles north of Deming, where they released the four horses taken from the stagecoaches and rustled fresh mounts.⁴³

On October 24, Marshal Hall sought Justice Depart-

ment authorization for a four-man posse, and, not waiting for a reply, boarded the train for Deming.⁴⁴ Meanwhile, Dona Ana County Sheriff Pat Garrett and Deputy Banner led still another posse northeast toward Tularosa, and Deputy Marshal Will Loomis raced to El Paso and provided Mexican authorities at Juarez with descriptions of the outlaws, believed headed their way.⁴⁵ Yet,

that same day, riders observed two members of the gang southwest of Silver City at White Signal, no doubt Musgrave and Hayes. They had traveled over two hundred miles in less than three days.

While the posses headed in various directions, Ballard and Higgins tracked the fugitives to the Rio Grande near Rincon where Musgrave and Hayes had swum across. The deputies followed suit. "That sure was a cold swim. We built a fire on the other side and dried out." Ballard had no difficulty in recalling.⁴⁶ Across the river, cattle had blotted out the trail, and the frustrated lawmen temporarily abandoned the chase.⁴⁷

The activities of the High Five gang baffled law-enforcement in Arizona and New Mexico. New Mexico's Marshal Hall announced rewards of five hundred dollars for the arrest and conviction of any of the robbers, but complained that the well-mounted outlaws constantly replaced their mounts, had their trail obliterated by recurring rains, and had many friends on the ranches. "The men I have been employing are brave men, who would take them, if they could find them; but they are not used to riding and the horses they get will not stand the riding." Hall expressed the belief that what was needed were seven saddle-experienced cowboys, appropriately mounted and familiar with the country, who could bear the hardships and who would pursue the gang day and night.⁴⁸ Marshal William Kidder Meade of Arizona concurred with Hall's assessment of need and sought authorization to employ fifteen men for thirty days at five dollars per diem.⁴⁹ Fortunately for the gang, the Department of Justice was unwilling to make the investment. Musgrave and Hayes successfully evaded capture and reunited with the Christian brothers in Arizona.

Although the High Fives continued their crime spree for the next thirteen months, including a heist of \$90,000 from a Santa Fe express car at Grants, New Mexico, their efforts at stagecoach robbery began and ended with the four holdups committed on the lonely road between White Oaks and San Antonio.

JOHN AND KAREN TANNER enjoy the seclusion of their California country home in the hills of north San Diego County. A professor of history, John has been at Palomar College for the past thirty-two years; Karen is a retired accountant/ controller. They have jointly authored numerous Western history articles over the years, and Karen is the author of *Doc Holliday, A Family Portrait* (her maiden name is Holliday).

ENDNOTES

- 1 Edward Hall, Santa Fe, NM, to Judson Harmon, Washington, D.C., October 13, 1896, File 13.065; Correspondence, 1896-1898; Central Files; Records of the U.S. Department of Justice; Record Group 60; National Archives at College Park, MD, hereafter Justice File.
- 2 *Independent Democrat* (Las Cruces), October 14, 1896.
- 3 *Albuquerque Morning Democrat*, October 10, 1896.
- 4 A.P. Frederick, Post Office Inspector, to William M. McMechen, Inspector-in-Charge, Denver, CO, November 3, 1896; 478-81; Special Reports 1894-1897; Records of the Inspection Office, Denver, Colorado; 1879-1907; Records of the U.S. Post Office Department; Record Group 28; National Archives Building, Washington, D.C. (NAB); hereafter Special Reports, RG 28; McMechen to M.D. Wheeler, Chief Inspector, Washington, D.C., undated; 334, Letters of the Inspection Office, Denver, Colorado, 1896-1898; Records of the U.S. Post Office Department; RG 28; NAB; hereafter, Letters, RG 28.
- 5 Hall to Harmon, October 9, 1896, Justice Files.
- 6 *Albuquerque Daily Citizen*, October 10, 1896
- 7 *Albuquerque Morning Democrat*, October 9, 1896.
- 8 McMechen to Wheeler, do dates, 328-33, Letters, RG 28. Five letters, which contained from \$1.00 to \$20.00 in cash, produced the sum: Hattie E. Parsons, Parsons, NM, to Montgomery Ward, Chicago, October 7, 1896, \$2; Hattie E. Parsons, Parsons, NM, to Golden Eagle Dry Goods House, Denver, CO, October 7, 1896, \$6.20; A.C. Storm, Bonito, NM, to Eliza Pool, Moody, TX, October 7, 1896, \$20; Attie Minter, Bonito, NM, to George Buente, St. Louis, October 7, 1896, \$3.40; Chloe Bourne, Bonito, NM, to Publishing House, M.E. Church, Nashville, TN, October 7, 1896, \$1.00. "Strange to say", one registered letter was not opened. Another registered letter, which was opened, contained \$56 in checks which were recovered.
- 9 *Albuquerque Morning Democrat*, October 10, 1896.
- 10 Charles M. Walters to McMechan, November 1, 1896, RG 28.
- 11 *Socorro Chieftain*, October 8, 1896.
- 12 *Albuquerque Daily Citizen*, October 10, 1896
- 13 U.S. Post Office Department, *Annual Report of the Postmaster General, 1897, [3639-4]* (Washington, D.C., 1897), 800.
- 14 *Ibid.*
- 15 *Santa Fe Daily New Mexican*, October 9, 1896.
- 16 Wiley Sidwell, interview by Louis Bradley Blanchley, June 20, 1952, "Transcripts of Oral Interviews," MSS 123 BC, Pioneers Foundation Oral History Collection, Center for Southwest Research, University of New Mexico, Albuquerque. Many years later, according to Sidwell, Guy Nix, a cowboy with the Block ranch, dug in the ruins and uncovered two large Dutch ovens and claimed that he could see the prints of dollars in those ovens.
- 17 Charles D. Mayer, "Pioneer Story, 1938", Old Lincoln County Pioneer Stories: Interviews from the WPA Writer's Project, 17; Hall to Harmon, November 2, 1896, Justice File.
- 18 *Roswell Register*, October 24, 1896.
- 19 Musgrave had a number of grievances against Parker which are not germane to this article. Musgrave was acquitted of the murder charge in 1910.
- 20 *Santa Fe Daily New Mexican*, from the *Eddy Current*, November 3, 1896.
- 21 Chaves County, NM, Criminal Records, Fifth Judicial District. Territory of *New Mexico v. George Musgrave*, Case no. 153.
- 22 Frederick to McMechen, November 3, 1896, Letters, RG 28.
- 23 Mayer, "Pioneer Story: 1938," 19-20. The *Roswell Record* reported that word was sent to Sheriff Emil Fritz, at Lincoln, and by him to Deputy Tate, at White Oaks, and posses started from these points as soon as notice was given (*Roswell Record*, October 23, 1896). Fritz, the son of Carl Fritz, was the nephew of Emil Fritz of the Lincoln County War's Murphy-Dolan faction.
- 24 *Santa Fe Daily New Mexican*, November 4, 1896.
- 25 Charles L. Ballard, "The Autobiography of Charles L. Ballard (n.d.)," Typed Ms (photocopy provided by Allene Ballard Mann and Blance Vandewart White), 34, hereafter Autobiography.
- 26 Ballard, Autobiography, 34. Three squares, hence the name Block, was the brand of the El Capitan Cattle Company, owned by investors from New York and Missouri. Andy Richardson of Lincoln managed the ranch. Bill Minters was foreman (Albert W. Thompson, *They Were Open Range Days*, 99; "John W. Dale," *Ramblin' Around Lincoln County*, 14).
- 27 *Santa Fe Daily New Mexican*, November 4, 1896.
- 28 *Albuquerque Morning Democrat*, October 25, 1896; *Albuquerque Daily Citizen*, October 26, 1896.
- 29 *Albuquerque Morning Democrat*, October 27, 1896, from the *White Oaks Eagle*.
- 30 McMechen to Wheeler, March 3, 1897, Letters, RG 28. The letter containing the check was from Sirilis Aragon, Richardson, NM, to Pedro José Sedillo, Tome, NM, and was returned to the sender. The \$5 in currency was sent by Emma E. May, Bonito, NM, to Montgomery Ward & Co., Chicago, IL. The gold dust was mailed by the Taliaferro Brothers, White Oaks, addressed to W.J. Pucket, Denver, CO, *Ibid.*
- 31 *Santa Fe Daily New Mexican*, October 26, 1896.
- 32 *Albuquerque Morning Democrat*, October 27, 1896, from the *White Oaks Eagle*.
- 33 *Rocky Mountain News* (Denver), November 3, 1896.
- 34 Harry H. Aguayo, "The Murder of George Parker by George Musgraves [*sic*] in Sept. 1897 [*sic*] (La Luz, New Mexico, 1957), typed Ms (photocopy provided by Howard T. Bryan).
- 35 *Rocky Mountain News* (Denver), November 3, 1896.
- 36 The package (registered #1713, R.P.E. #1425), contained merchandise shipped by the White S.M. Co., Cleveland, Ohio, and addressed to Juan Taliaferro of White Oaks. The contents were repackaged and sent on to Taliaferro (McMechen to Wheeler, no date, p. 489, Letters. RG 28).
- 37 *Rocky Mountain News* (Denver), November 3, 1896.
- 38 *Ibid.* A fifth horse, deemed unfit, was shot (*Albuquerque Morning Democrat*, October 25, 1896.).
- 39 *Albuquerque Morning Democrat*, October 27, 1896, from the *White Oaks Eagle*.
- 40 Morris B. Parker, *White Oaks*, 45.
- 41 *Albuquerque Morning Democrat*, October 24, 1896; *Albuquerque Daily Citizen*, October 25, 1896; Hall to Harmon, January 21, 1897, Justice Department.
- 42 The horse was recovered on November 10 (*Silver City Enterprise*, November 13, 1896).
- 43 *Silver City Enterprise*, November 20, 1896.
- 44 Hall to Harmon, October 24, 1896, Justice Department; *Albuquerque Morning Democrat*, October 28, 1896.
- 45 *Albuquerque Morning Democrat*, October 28, 1896; *Tombstone Prospector*, October 28, 1896.
- 46 Ballard, Autobiography, 34.
- 47 *Ibid.*
- 48 *Sierra County Advocate*, November 20, 1896; Hall to Harmon, November 2, 1896, Justice File.
- 49 William Kidder Meade, Tucson, AZ to Harmon, November 3, 1896, Justice File.

A Brief History Of the New Mexico State University Dairy Department

by S. R. Skaggs, S. Robert Skaggs, and Mildred Latini

The Dairy Department began as a branch of the Animal Husbandry Department at New Mexico College of Agriculture & Mechanic Arts. At first the dairy herd consisted of a few Jersey cows which mingled with the beef herd, but this changed in 1918. According to the 1917 catalog, the teaching was done by James R. Meeks, Assistant Professor of Dairying, who graduated from Purdue in 1914. He had charge of the dairy herd from 1914 to 1917.

The 1919 catalog lists Omer C. Cunningham as Professor of Dairying. After graduating from Purdue, he spent three years in Washington, D.C. with the Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Dairy Husbandry, where he developed the Dairy Herd Improvement Testing System for determining the milk and butter fat production of individual cows. This system was adopted nationwide and stands as one of Cunningham's greatest achievements and contributions to modern dairy science. In 1910 he joined the faculty of Ohio State University and remained there until 1918 when he came to New Mexico College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts to head the newly established Dairy Department.

In 1917, a year before Cunningham came to New Mexico, NM College of A&MA acquired a new president, Austin D. Crile. Dr. Crile was a farmer and rancher from near Roswell who earned a doctorate from a theological school and served as chaplain at the New Mexico Military Institute. In addition, he owned a nice herd of purebred registered Holstein cattle which he contributed to the agricultural college dairy herd. He was responsible for hiring the very capable O.C. Cunningham to head the new Dairy Department.

During the summer of 1918, four barns were constructed on the western edge of the campus down near the flat (approximately where the parking lot behind the main Agriculture Building is now and southward toward Tortugas). These huge two-story buildings were patterned after midwestern barns. The ground floor was used for animal stalls, and the entire upper floor was used for hay storage. This was before the days of baled hay, so it was stored as loose hay. One barn was occupied by the growing dairy herd, one was used for sheep, the third was used for beef cattle, and the fourth was home to the horses. The upper floor of the dairy barn served as the location for the annual Agriculture Ball.

In his first year at NM College of A&MA, Professor Cunningham must have been quite pleased to have acquired a new dairy barn along with a fine herd of dairy

cattle. The Dairy Building was apparently built under his supervision after he arrived in 1918. It was constructed of yellow brick and contained two offices, two large classrooms, and a complete dairy processing plant. The creamery had a large walk-in refrigerator cooled by a modern ammonia refrigeration system. There was an ice cream freezer, several butter churns, pasteurizing equipment, and a glass bottling machine. In the basement there was a coal-fired steam furnace for building heat and steam for the pasteurizer. The modern creamery plant with classrooms and an office, as well as a fine herd of cows, were a fine beginning.

One of Professor Cunningham's outstanding characteristics was his outreach to New Mexico farm boys. The Dairy Department became the most popular employer for many young men in need of financial help to attend college. One of the first students, Lawrence H. "Jeff" Addington, later became the second faculty member for the department. Addington graduated in 1925, went to Michigan State where he obtained a graduate degree, and returned to New Mexico in 1928. Dr. Addington remained on the faculty until 1941, when he lost his life in an automobile accident taking a Dairy Judging Team to Albuquerque to compete at the New Mexico State Fair. Professor Cunningham was the sole faculty member during World War II.

Another of Cunningham's students was Ralph Skaggs who graduated in 1933. Professor Cunningham was widely known and respected throughout the universities in the United States because of the dairy testing system mentioned earlier. A recommendation from him was almost a sure entry into any graduate program offering advanced study in any branch of the dairying industry. In 1933 he assisted Ralph in gaining entrance for graduate work at Pennsylvania State University (Penn State). Ralph and Martha Amelia Montes were married on August 21, 1933 just before leaving for Pennsylvania.

Shortly after his arrival here in New Mexico, Professor Cunningham was instrumental in creating the position of State Dairy Commissioner. The first appointment by the governor was James R. "Jim" Poe. The function of the Dairy Commissioner was to make sure that all types of dairy products sold in New Mexico met the high standards set by state and federal laws. Poe served in this position until his retirement. He was succeeded in the post by Charles Beer, a graduate of Kansas State University.

Another position of influence in the state dairy

industry, which was created at the instigation of Professor Cunningham, was that of Dairy Extension Specialist. This post was held by E.E. Anderson from 1925 until his retirement in 1958. He spent most of his life keeping in touch with the dairy farmers in every corner of the state, bringing them the latest technology from the university. He also sponsored 4H clubs throughout the state and was responsible for recruiting many young students to the Dairy Department.

Borden Ells became the dairy extension specialist for the next twenty-four years. Earlier in his career, he milked the goats and later milked cows. He continued the program with both goats and cows, along with milk testing, until his retirement in 1983.

In the 1943 at the American Dairy Science meeting, Professor Cunningham offered Ralph Skaggs a position in the Dairy Department. Ralph turned down the offer, but he put the request away in his mind for a later date. At that time, Skaggs was required by the war effort to run the Pennsylvania State Experiment Farm in Montrose, which had a dairy herd of about forty milk cows supplying food for the people in the United States. He had as his only assistant Fiore Latini as the prime helper and herdsman. Together they ran the entire 640 acre farm for more than four years.

Right after the war, when veterans were returning, they were given priority for jobs. Since Ralph Skaggs was not a veteran, he was invited to make way for a veteran to run the State Experiment Farm in June 1946. He immediately called Professor Cunningham and asked if the faculty position was still available. Since many veterans were being discharged and wanted to go back to school under the GI Bill of Rights, this proved to be a very good change in jobs. During the war the dairy department had an occasional student from some country other than the U.S., who pursued a degree in animal husbandry and required a course in dairying as part of the curriculum, but no U.S. citizens were ever enrolled in the department during these years. The first dairying class in the fall of 1946 contained fifty returning GIs where there had been almost no students in the previous four years.

The campus was swamped with GIs. Old army barracks buildings were moved in and used as student housing. Married GIs were placed in small trailers. Both temporary types of housing were located along the south edge of the campus. Some of these came from the construction town of White Rock, NM, near Los Alamos. They were named White Rocks barracks and given the number corresponding to their building number when used in White Rock.

The overwhelming numbers of GIs in the Dairy



Borden Ells, Dairy Specialist, at NMSU dairy pens, 1974. Courtesy of Rio Grande Historical Collections, New Mexico State University.

Department starting in the fall of 1946 required another faculty member besides Ralph Skaggs. Nolan Bason was hired to take care of the large introductory classes filled with returning veterans. Bason's service as military policeman served him well in keeping order in the classrooms filled with unruly GIs.

The Dairy Department was always a choice place for students to work, but in 1946 the opening of White Sands Proving Ground (WSPG), later called White Sands Missile Range, soon put the Dairy Department in second place. The Physical Science Laboratory (PSL) was established through Professor George Gardiner of the Physics Department. Its principal jobs were to reduce photographic data gathered from missile launches conducted at WSPG and to build and record telemetry modules sending data back from missiles launched on the WSPG range. PSL and the Dairy Department were the two major sources of financial support for students on campus for many years.

All of the products from the Dairy Department were sold either through a delivery route around campus and in Mesilla Park or through the sales room in the Dairy Building. The Sam Steele Society of the College of Agriculture is named for a man who delivered milk for the dairy in the early days and was killed while delivering milk early one morning. Most of the veterans were great consumers of milk and other dairy products from the department. Produce from the Horticulture Farm was also sold through the sales counter in the department. Mary

Lou Connell (née Morrison) served as the department secretary for many years and also was the cashier for the sales at the creamery sales counter. The Dairy Department was “the other department” on campus that brought money into the NM College of A&MA (besides the athletic department).

Nolan Bason left in 1948, and Professor Cunningham hired Calvin Reeves to teach and work in the creamery. In that year Professor Cunningham retired, but remained with the department to help Wayne Tretsven with the transition to department head. Tretsven eliminated the dairy goat herd that had been at the college since shortly after Jeff Addington returned from graduate school. He also let Reeves go because Reeves did not have a Ph.D. and was not close to obtaining one. The college Board of Regents had decided that they wanted as many faculty members as possible to have doctorates. Ralph Skaggs, on the other hand, had completed all of his course work toward his Ph.D. and only needed to complete a thesis.

In 1950 Associate Professor Skaggs took a leave of absence and returned to Pennsylvania State University where he completed his doctorate in June 1951. In early 1951 Tretsven left the department under a cloud of suspicion about his financial dealings. Upon successful completion of his doctorate at Penn State, Ralph Skaggs was offered the position of Department Head and a full professorship. He returned to Las Cruces, assumed the job of Head of the Dairy Department, and continued in this position until 1963 when he stepped down.

Concurrent with the return of Ralph Skaggs to the department in 1951, two other faculty members were hired. Don Miller and Bob Porter, both of whom had doctorates, arrived in the fall of 1951 to expand the department and broaden the spectrum of courses that were available to incoming students. In addition to animal nutrition and dairy production, the department was now able to expand into dairy processing and marketing. In the fall of 1954, Dr. Porter left for a staff position with Ohio State University. Joe Kearns was hired as an instructor in the department in 1953 and was placed in charge of the dairy production plant until 1967.

In the fifties and sixties, Professor Skaggs instituted “Dairy Shortcourses” for dairy farmers in New Mexico and adjacent states to bring them up to date on the latest technology in the industry. These shortcourses included introduction to improved methods of animal nutrition to increase milk production, methods of modernizing equipment to take advantage of bulk storage and handling methods, and methods of cleaning these large bulk handling facilities without completely disassembling them. Much of this was the result of research that Ralph Skaggs had conducted during his time at Penn State and later at NM College of A&MA. The Dairy Department also hosted young potential dairymen in the department during the 4H conferences held on campus during the summer.

When Ralph Skaggs stepped down as the department

head at the age of sixty-four, Don Miller assumed the chairmanship. He served in this capacity for three years. In 1969 the Dairy Department was combined with the Animal Husbandry Department, thus completing the cycle of starting out as part of the Animal Husbandry Department and then returning to it fifty-one years later. Don Miller became a Professor of Animal Husbandry and Professor Skaggs acquired the title of Emeritus Professor.

Other faculty members in the Dairy Department included Wayne Kellogg who was assigned to teaching and research from 1967 to 1981. Dave Zartman received much of his training in the department and then was a faculty member from 1968 to 1984. He eventually went to Ohio State University where he became head of their Dairy Department. He stepped down from that position in 1998.

When Professor Skaggs arrived in New Mexico in 1946, the herdsman for the Dairy Department was Doug Herman. Herman lived in a house directly south of the Dairy Building at approximately where the laboratories in Engineering Complex III are now located. When Herman retired, the house was torn down. He was succeeded by Bruce Topliff, who served as herdsman until the entire herd was sold by incoming President James Halligan upon the retirement of President Gerald Thomas.

In the year that President Gerald Thomas retired, the U.S. Department of Agriculture decided that there were too many dairies in New Mexico and offered to buy out some of the herds. Dr. James Halligan, the incoming president, seeing an opportunity to add to the University General Fund sold the entire herd of prize purebred dairy cattle for \$569,000, eliminating the greatest source of technical information that was available to the dairy industry in New Mexico.

The Dairy Building was taken over by the Industrial Engineering Department and later by the Engineering Technology program. In 1996 the building was razed to make way for Engineering Complex III. In January 1999, a plaque was mounted outside of the foyer of EC III to recognize the old Dairy Building site. The plaque states:

SITE OF DAIRY BUILDING

The NMSU Dairy Building originally occupied this site. The Dairy Building was constructed in 1918 for the Dairy Department chaired by Professor Omer C. Cunningham. Dr. Samuel R. Skaggs, Jr., Professor Emeritus Animal and Range Science, later chaired the department. In 1982 the building was occupied by the Engineering Technology Department. The building remained as part of that department until it was razed in 1996 for construction of Engineering Complex III.

DR. S. ROBERT SKAGGS is the son of Dairy Department Professor S.R. (Ralph) Skaggs. Mildred Latini retired from NMSU as Dairy Department secretary.

Women Accepted for Volunteer Emergency Service in World War II: New Mexico Women Remember Their Service as WAVES

by Donna Eichstaedt

Two hundred sixty-five thousand women served in the United States military during World War II. Approximately 86,000 of those wore the Navy blue uniform of the Women Accepted for Volunteer Emergency Service (WAVES), and about eighty today reside in New Mexico.¹ WAVES performed a myriad of duties between July 31, 1942, when President Roosevelt signed into law Title V of Public Law 689 establishing a Women's Reserve Corps, and the end of the war (plus six months), when they were deactivated.² In reality, the WAVES of World War II were neither a corps nor an auxiliary branch, but an official part of the United States Navy. Today women in the Navy are no longer WAVES, but are quite simply in the Navy. On loan from Barnard College, Professor Elizabeth Reynard helped organize the WAVES and coined their name.³

Formed two and a half months after the WAACS (Women's Army Auxiliary Corps — later shortened to Women's Army Corps — WACS), the Navy named Wellesley College president Mildred McAfee its first director. McAfee, who died in September of 1994 at the age of ninety-four,⁴ entered the service as a lieutenant commander, but was promoted to captain in 1943.⁵

For this study, twenty former World War II WAVES living in New Mexico were interviewed and eighty, most of whom also live in New Mexico, were sent questionnaires. The state WAVES veteran organization provided members' names, and the author recorded thirty responses to the questionnaire. Most of the former WAVES interviewed live or lived in southern New Mexico.⁶ Additional information about women from New Mexico State University who served in the WAVES during World War II was provided by Roger Walker of the NMSU Air Force ROTC program.⁷ Other sources that provided data for this study were taken from an unpublished oral history project on former World War II women veterans by Beth Verdicchio of New York.⁸ Data from government documents and secondary sources were also utilized.

For the purposes of this study, the following topics were emphasized and questions asked accordingly when interviewing or surveying former WAVES:

- 1) Reactions to the onset of World War II
- 2) Reasons for enlisting in general
- 3) Reasons for enlisting in the Navy (WAVES)

- 4) Family reactions to enlistment in the WAVES
- 5) Activities in boot camp and special training
- 6) Stations and duties
- 7) Rules, regulations, dress codes, behavior and Navy protocol
- 8) Harassment and discrimination in the WAVES
- 9) Social functions and sexist duties
- 10) Feelings at war's end
- 11) Post-war activities (marriage? career? education? family?)
- 12) Post-war perceptions of the WAVES experience
- 13) Today's feelings about women and men integrated in the Navy (in combat roles, on ships, etc.)

In response to questions about their reactions to the attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941, former WAVES indicated their feelings included emotions ranging from extreme shock to sorrow, worry, fear, and disbelief. As a result of these strong feelings, they volunteered for military service. Most of the WAVES questioned in this study cited patriotism after the attack on Pearl Harbor as their main motivation for enlisting. Several indicated they were bored with their pre-war jobs, needed a change in their everyday lives, or simply wanted to "help out." Several responses suggested a desire to enlist in order to help the war effort so a relative could come home sooner, or with their participation, "a man with a family might not have to serve." At least two respondents entered the service because spouses, boyfriends or brothers were already serving.⁹ One former WAVE summed it up well when she responded to the questionnaire:

I enlisted because first of all my life seemed undisciplined...I finally began to feel a surge of urgency to begin doing something worthwhile; I suppose it was the restlessness of youth.¹⁰

Besides the above-mentioned emotions, most respondents indicated experiencing surges of patriotism and the desire to do something to help their country. Another former WAVE, now living in Florida, joined the WAVES because her husband had been killed while on Navy duty in the Pacific theater.¹¹ Still another described reasons for her enlistment by saying:

“All through high school I realized this war was coming and did not want to stay home and ‘knit for the Red Cross.’ I was very patriotic.”¹²

Most respondents in this study enlisted in the WAVES in 1943 and were between the ages of twenty and twenty-three, although one was thirty-four. (The Navy invited applications from women for enlisted service between the ages of twenty and thirty-six). While a few WAVES were married, particularly to men already away at war, almost all the women in this study were single during World War II.¹⁴ The Navy indicated that single WAVES must not marry until indoctrination (boot camp) and special training were complete. Furthermore, the Navy discouraged fraternization between officers and enlisted personnel.¹⁵ The Navy also had a height and weight requirement. World War II WAVE recruits were to be at least five feet tall and weigh no less than ninety-five pounds.¹⁶ One former WAVE interviewed who measured 4’11” in 1943, was so insistent about joining that her “worn down” recruiter finally told her to go home and “do stretching exercises.”¹⁷ Many rules designed for WAVES in the early part of the war were dropped by 1943, as the demand for women in uniform increased and enlistments tapered off.¹⁸

There were a variety of reasons why women in this study joined the WAVES as opposed to another branch of service. While some said Navy family members influenced their decision, several suggested their perceptions of the Navy and the WAVES, were significantly more positive than of other branches. WAVES standards for admission were higher than those of other branches. To be in the WAVES, a woman had to have a college degree, or two years of college and two years of business experience.¹⁹ Responses from former WAVES interviewed included comments like, “I felt that this was the most desirable service for women,” and “I always admired the Navy and wanted to be a part of it.” Still another said, “I always had a love for the ocean and boats and was fascinated with the Navy.” When respondents were asked if they were glad they chose the WAVES over other branches of service and whether or not they would do it again, all, without exception, replied an emphatic “Yes.”²⁰ In a 1992 Memorial Day speech to the Eastern Star organization in Deming, New Mexico, Lee Judkins of Las Cruces, one of the WAVES interviewed for this study who specifically asked to be named, summed up her feelings succinctly: “I found that being in the Navy during World War II was educational, exciting, and romantic.”²¹

When former WAVES were asked if they really knew what they were getting into when they enlisted, their responses were split three ways — “no”, “yes”, and “not really.” Of those who indicated a “no” or “not really” response, most nonetheless added that they were optimistic about enlisting and trusted the United States government to do the right thing.²²

When asked how their families reacted to their decision to enlist in the WAVES, responses were again equally

divided, with answers such as “not well,” “very well,” “proud,” “supportive,” or “with mixed feelings.” Several women suggested that familial disapproval changed in time, once they saw their daughter in a WAVES uniform, or got over the shock of their daughter going away to military service. One former WAVE remembered with dismay that her father first heard about her enlistment when he went to town one day and saw a photograph of his WAVE recruit daughter on the front page of the local newspaper. She also indicated that while he never got over it, the rest of her family supported her decision.²³

WAVES in this study were also asked to indicate the location of their boot camp (indoctrination, as it was officially called) and their special training sites after boot camp. For World War II WAVES, SPARS (Women of the Coast Guard) and MARINES (Women of the Marines), the main induction and primary training center was at Hunter College Annex in the Bronx, New York. Specialist training could be at any one or more of fourteen to fifteen sites around the United States. Storekeepers for example, (Navy personnel responsible for supplies and inventory) were trained at the University of Indiana at Bloomington. If assigned to become a yeoman (a secretary), a WAVES member might be sent to Oklahoma Agriculture and Mechanical College (now Oklahoma State University) at Stillwater, or to Iowa State Teachers College at Cedar Falls, (now University of Northern Iowa), or to Georgia State College for Women at Milledgeville, (now Georgia College). Link trainer school, where WAVES taught Navy pilots to fly with instruments, and control tower school, were in Atlanta, Georgia. WAVES needed as parachute riggers or aerographers’ mates (interpreting weather data) received technical instruction at Lakehurst, New Jersey. Specialist school for radiomen and radio operators respectively was at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, or the University of Wisconsin at Madison.²⁴

In boot camp, former WAVES remember a strict environment. Lee Judkins recalls living on the fourth floor of Hunter College apartments, but not being allowed to use the elevators. She also told of the number one physical activity — marching! Lee and others recall being given all sorts of physical, psychological, and aptitude tests, as well as being instructed in naval customs, history, and ship and plane identification.²⁵

Once boot camp and specialist training schools were completed, WAVES were assigned to stations all over the United States from Washington, D.C. to Clearfield, Utah, and Houston, Texas. While Navy nurses served abroad in every theater of war, WAVES were stationed only in the United States, with the exception of Hawaii, which was not a state at that time.²⁶ It was at these bases where former WAVES have their most vivid memories. In interviews and on questionnaire responses, they recall socializing with and dating other military personnel, including officers. Dances, parties aboard ships heading out to



WAVES discharged in late 1945, Washington, D.C. Courtesy of the author.

sea duty and sightseeing fill their positive memories. Working as statisticians, tabulating statistics on dead and wounded American servicemen, hearing about ships being destroyed at sea on which they had friends, boy-friends, even husbands, fill their saddest recollections.²⁷ When asked about rules, regulations, dress codes, and proper WAVES behavior, answers suggested that protocol varied from station to station. Most agreed, how-

ever, that WAVES had strict dress codes, that in some cases were posted daily. Others told of never being allowed to wear civilian clothes. One remembered not having to wear a uniform for her assigned war job in supply. Most remembered that hair could not touch one's shoulders, smoking and chewing gum in uniform were forbidden, and ladylike and dignified behavior was required at all times. Saluting was a must in the WAVES,



First WAVES, SPARS, and women Marines prepare to leave Hawaii for stateside, October 13, 1945.
Courtesy of the author.

and to substantiate this, one former WAVES member remembered the following Navy saying: “If it moves — salute it. If it doesn’t — paint it.”²⁸ Furthermore, according to a 1944 handbook on etiquette and customs for members of the WAVES and SPARS, the following rigid description of “the Salute” applied to all in uniform:

The salute should be firm and deliberate. The arm should be brought up smartly. Women are expected to bring their upper arm up even with the shoulder, but slightly forward. Keep the elbow up. Keep the forearm straight from finger tips to elbow. The finger tips should touch the hat brim, fingers held close together and the thumb held firmly against the forefinger. The palm should face the deck. The person giving the salute should be able to see the entire palm and the person receiving the salute none. Look straight at the person being saluted and smile. Bring the hand down from the salute smartly and in a straight line.²⁹

Former WAVES were asked if they ever experienced discrimination or sexual harassment at their posts during the war. In addition, they were questioned about their specific job tasks and asked if there was a “social function” to their duties or if they were required to do “womanly” things — meaning domestic chores traditionally and historically associated with women. In response to the former, all but a few women indicated that absolutely no discrimination or sexual harassment had ever taken

place during their Navy tours of duty. Ironically, the only harassment ever experienced by this study’s respondents came from civilian men and women who chastised them for being a woman in the military. As for WAVES performing social tasks or being asked to do “womanly things,” none believed either had occurred. Other than those in the “helping and caring” careers like nursing, none believed their military jobs were either social or “womanly.” One former WAVES member stationed in San Francisco for her tour of duty, however, worked in an office labeled “Welfare and Recreation,” which involved coordinating social activities like dances and sporting events for the troops with the Red Cross and local agencies.³⁰

Since a WAVES’ enlistment period during World War II was “for the duration of the war,” with discharge promised within six months after the war’s end, most WAVES in this study were released from the military in 1946.³¹ There were, however, exceptions as some World War II era WAVES re-enlisted in what became the regular Navy. Those who did leave the military returned to civilian life in a variety of roles. Like all males honorably discharged from the military at the end of World War II, WAVES were offered the G.I. bill, allowing many to attend college, purchase homes with low-interest mortgages, or borrow from the program to start businesses. Teaching was a typical outcome of a college education for many WAVES, although several in this study moved on to civilian government jobs. Those who married military men they met during the war often spent their lives following their spouses, who remained in uniform, around the world. Most respondents married and raised families, and a few indicated they were, at the time of their interview or questionnaire response, still married to their “sailor” or “soldier.”³² One former WAVES member eloquently described her feelings after the war:

When the war was over I felt a vast relief. All the sailors were happily coming back to shore jobs. Everyone was letting down their guarded emotions. Many people were allowing themselves to become attached to others. There were many marriages among the people I was acquainted with. I secretly felt I would no longer fit into my old setting in my home town. I felt I needed to start some sort of new life. When I was discharged I was a pregnant newlywed. This brought on a bunch of new feelings, but that is a different story.³³

When others were asked how they felt when the war was over, emotions like happy, thrilled, elated and relieved were used to express their feelings. One respondent summed up her feelings appropriately: “Of course, I was thrilled the war was over and my focus changed from the group effort of the war to my own future.”³⁴

Former WAVES were also asked to express their opinions on women in the military today. When asked how they felt about, 1) women in combat, and, 2) women

and men completely integrated on Navy ships, most respondents drew the line against both practices. All believed, however, that women should be given the opportunity to enter the military and contribute their special skills and expertise. One WAVE replied, “I can’t see men and women being comfortable in a completely integrated military system, or in combat.” Another believes that total integration “could cause jealousy and low morale.” Still another feels that when men and women serve together, men would be preoccupied with the idea of protecting women and might place themselves in harms way or be distracted and less effective in their jobs.³⁵

In conclusion, this researcher found former World War II WAVES to be a proud and unique cadre of American women with both fond memories and positive attitudes about their military experiences. Most remarked that their World War II membership in the WAVES taught them positive habits and high values they have practiced all of their adult lives. A seventy-year-old former member of the WAVES and past New Mexico resident, now living in New York state, contributed perhaps the most convincing expression of what having been in the WAVES was, and is, all about. After being a battered wife for twenty years, raising a child alone while working two jobs as a nurse and an emergency medical technician, caring for a sick mother and volunteering for years for a Veterans Hospital and the Red Cross, she poignantly states:

Had a heart attack in 1992...Have a good cardiologist who keeps me checked on and I’m going back to work (part-time). See what the WAVES did for me? I’ll keep going until it’s time for me to stop.³⁶

DR. DONNA EICHSTAEDT’s most recent contributions to *SNMHR* have been as a book reviewer for Volumes VI & VII.

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The Capitan Gap Fire and the Making of Smokey Bear

by Leslie Bergloff

During the last fifty years you've seen him on posters and billboards, cards and comic books, even on the internet. His face is familiar. He may have visited your elementary school and praised the virtues of protecting the forest in his deep resonating voice. His message is clear and simple, "Only you can prevent forest fires." Smokey Bear speaks and America listens.

When Americans listen, things happen. But who would have ever imagined that a bear could become an important national symbol for fire prevention? Who could have guessed that he would become the most popular animal in the history of the United States?

The story of the real Smokey Bear began in 1950, actually the story of a group of regular folks who had a part in the making of an icon. Some of the people were firefighters, children, and government employees. They contributed to a celebrated event. Even though those contributions may have been small, they never forgot that they had been a part of something big. They had each contributed in their own way and left a legacy for generations of Americans to enjoy. This is their story, told as much as possible by those individuals who made it happen.

In May of 1950, Capitan, New Mexico was a sleepy little town of about one thousand inhabitants. Located in Lincoln County, at an altitude of about sixty-four hundred feet, the town is close to Capitan Mountain, which rises more than ten thousand feet high and extends about three miles wide. Capitan Mountain is part of the Lincoln National Forest. The hills were covered with Ponderosa Pines, Spruce, Juniper, Gambel Oak, White Oak, Manzanita, Sumac, and Skunk Bush. K.D. Flock, supervisor of the Santa Fe National Forest at the time, remembered:

The forest fire season of 1950 had been very severe in all of the woodlands of New Mexico. Weather was hot, winds bad, and lightning and man-caused fires were giving both the U.S. Forest Service and the New Mexico Game and Fish Department a difficult time.¹

On May 4, 1950 there was a terrible sand and dust storm covering the Capitan Mountain range. At about 2:15 in a logging camp on the north side of the mountain, a cabin cook stove overheated, and sparks from the stovepipe flew into dry debris starting what came to be known as the Las Tablas fire.²

After attempts by the loggers to put the fire out they called the Forest Service at Capitan. The ranger, Dean Earl, had already been told by the fire lookout man, Bob

Latham, about the possibility of fire on the mountain. He and a crew rushed to the area, but the winds prevented them from putting the fire out as it entered the Las Tablas Canyon area. On Friday morning, Ranger Earl put out a general call for help. His son, Bob, remembered:

Dad said to go set off the alarm in the town hall in Capitan. It was exciting to drive the pickup into town to set off the alarm. The Jehovah's Witnesses were meeting in the town hall, but I didn't see them until after I pulled the alarm. They were upset with me because they thought I was pulling a prank.³

Dean Earl also called the Lincoln National Forest Supervisor to ask him to get help from the soldiers at Fort Bliss. He also asked for help from the Mescalero Indian Reservation and their group of firefighters known as the "Red Hats." He received the help of Sam Servis, Charlie Sutton, and Lee Beall, all foresters with a lot of experience fighting fires. The local ranchers and townspeople joined the firefighters. Very soon a fire camp began to grow as more and more people arrived to help. Sam Servis remembered: "Dean Earl was the fire boss, Charlie Sutton was camp boss, Ed Guck was service chief, and I wound up as plans chief."⁴

Elliott Barker, the New Mexico State Game Warden, ordered his employees to go help as well. One of these men was Ray Bell, the department pilot and the chief enforcement officer, who was based in Santa Fe. Bell, a good friend of Earl, flew to Capitan in the first airplane ever owned by the Department of Fish and Game. It was a Piper 115 and it proved helpful in mapping the fire. He remembers:

I flew back to the fire and landed out there close to their fire camp. Dean got in with me, and we checked the fire. They called that the Las Tablas fire. We checked the fire by air, then, that night they called in the Red Hats from Mescalero, and they put them out, and Dean put me out to bird dog for them. I never had bird dogged for them before, and those rascals built a fire line about as fast as I could walk. And I was out pretty well almost all night until the next day, and they got the fire pretty much under control.⁵

By Saturday afternoon, after the fire had burned about one thousand acres, Dean Earl declared the Las Tablas fire under control. Just as they had begun to break up the fire camp, someone spotted a trail of smoke away

from the fire lines in the Capitan Gap area. Ray Bell remembers how he and Lea Beall, an assistant ranger out of Alamogordo, were helping move the camp when they saw the smoke:

We were up there close to the mountain on that old road, and one of us saw smoke up towards the Gap. Lee hollered to the men to get fire tools and jump into the truck. And we got up there, and the fire had just started... The fire wasn't any bigger round, wasn't forty feet across I don't think, but it was in heavy leaves and an oak thicket. There was a man on it, a maintenance man... But there was a whirlwind hit that thing and just picked up a whole lot of fire and oak leaves and set it over across the road, and the wind got up real strong and she took off up that mountain and she sounded like an express train. And that was the start of the Capitan Gap fire.⁶

Crews rushed to contain the new fire. No one is sure how it originally got started, but it proved to be an even more difficult fire to put out, eventually burning over seventeen thousand acres. Ray Bell describes the fire in this way:

The night after it started in the afternoon, it went up that mountain, oh I never saw any fire work like that was. Those spruce and pine, they were just exploding, so hot, and just roaring. I never saw a fire anywhere near as vicious as that thing was.⁷

The fire swept with fury up the hillsides, changing the air into a thick deposit of smoke and ash. Don Earl described it this way: "In a short eight or ten hours, the whole side of the mountain had burned off. The fire burned so hot that the sun was blood red."⁸

The smoke from the fire was visible for many miles. People from neighboring towns and even railroad crews were called out to help. Ernest Aguayo, a railroad employee at the time, remembered the call for help in this way:

This was a railroad gang that I worked on with about eight men, and we were redoing the filter from Bonita Dam to Nogal Lake. We were about half way through, which was several months, and we knew of the fire all right. We could almost see it. So we got a call from El Paso, take the men and the truck and go help in the Capitan Fire and the railroad would pay our wages.⁹

Ray Bell praised the cooperation of so many in his 2000 interview with Eddie Tudor:

The cooperation there among people was outstanding. There were people from all over the country. Ranchers started coming in with bulldozers and big trucks; Fort Stanton sent in men, and soldiers would come in, and wait-

resses and cafes all over the country were making sandwiches. I never saw anything like it, the way the cooperation was. The state police were there twenty-four hours a day with communication. The sheriff was there, old Sally Ortiz...everybody that could do something did it and offered their help.¹⁰

The original Las Tablas fire camp was threatened and so it was moved on Sunday to the intersection of the Capitan Gap road and the gravel road to the city of Capitan. Charlie Sutton was in charge of making sure that the firefighters had food to eat and places to rest and clean up. There were over five hundred firefighters, which included three hundred soldiers, one hundred fifty local volunteers, and one hundred government employees working on the fire lines.¹¹ Ray Taylor and his friend, Leo Joyner, were experienced fire cooks. Taylor was interviewed by Ralph Dunlap in 1978, and he described his experiences at the Capitan Gap fire:

Leo Joyner were taking census. And he had it all done except some outlying ranches north of Capitan Mountain. He didn't know where they were so he had me go with 'im to take him to them ranches so he could finish up. We were on the north side finished up and we looked up and saw that smoke on the mountain.¹²

He goes on to explain that Dean Earl had been looking for him and Joyner because he wanted them to do some cooking at the fire camp. They went home to change clothes and get their bed rolls then reported to the camp to make what Mr. Taylor describes as the most delicious stew you can imagine. Ray Bell described the fire camp as looking like a small city. He explained that it was put up in a hurry and that it had two or three cooking tents. The camp was also a busy place, full of firefighters who were coming and going, eating and sleeping, cleaning up and getting dirty again.

The fire continued to burn unabated. More experienced help was needed as the fire consumed more and more acres of forest land. District game warden, Orville Luttrell, arrived at the fire on Saturday May 6th. He immediately went to work setting up a fire line on the western perimeter. At daylight on the 8th, he and his crew heard a faint whining and wailing that got louder as a tiny bear cub got closer. Luttrell remembered, "The bear was uninjured. It was neither burned nor panicky; it was just lost and trying to stay out of the line of the spreading fire."¹³ When Ray Bell heard about a bear cub on the mountain, he had asked the game warden to bring it down if he could. Later, Bell remembered discussing this with Luttrell:

Orville came off the fire line, and we were standing in front of the cook shack talking. Orville said he had seen the bear but would not let the soldiers bring it in. I said, Orville,

you should have brought it in because its mother is probably burned up. Orville kind of took it to heart; I didn't reprimand him, but he took it seriously. It just seemed good judgment to bring the bear down. But Orville was going according to policy, and the policy was not to pick up baby animals... Orville did what he was trained to do, but when Orville told us the cub was up there, it just hit me: a lost bear; a forest fire; it just all fit.¹⁴

L.W. "Speed" Simmons, a game department field warden, arrived on May 7th at 12:00 p.m. He was called in because of his firefighting experience and leadership abilities. He was assigned a crew of fifty soldiers from Fort Bliss along with six civilians. The next morning, they were sent up the mountain to work on the fire line. The weather forecast was for forty-mile per hour winds that day, making firefighting extremely dangerous. Simmons apparently wrote an account of this experience which was included in a report to State Game Warden Elliott Barker. It describes his harrowing experience on the fire. Later, it was his crew that actually rescued the bear cub. He wrote:

At about 11:00 a.m. the wind became very strong bringing with it the hazards of a disastrous crown fire. So I set out with one of the men to look for a place of safety for the crew as this was in heavily timbered country about halfway up a steep mountain slope. The only possible havens of safety were a large open rock slide near the top of the mountain about 1/2 mile away across a deep canyon and a small rock slide about 100 yards in diameter close to the head of the fire.

On returning to the top of the ridge a few minutes later we were greatly alarmed to see fresh dark smoke billowing up about 2 miles west of us. This could mean but one thing — the fire had jumped the line to our rear cutting us off and was rushing toward us driven by a 40 mph wind. Our mounted outlook, a cowboy from a nearby ranch, was sent back immediately to pass the word to every man on the line to come to my location at the head of the fire as quickly as possible. We had to get out of there, but quick, or get fried... In a moment 5 men came up the line on the double and I sent them across the canyon to the large rocky opening on the hillside since it appeared they would have time to get to it. Five minutes later here came the rest of them, 24 in all. But by now the dense smoke and the roar of the onrushing crown fire made it evident that we could never reach the big rock slide ahead of it. I was forced to order the party to get into the small nearby slide just as quickly as possible.¹⁵

Simmons gave his crew orders to get down into the rock slide. He told them to wet their handkerchiefs and breathe through them because the smoke was going to be terrible, and it would be difficult to breathe normally. He warned them to watch out for each other and put out any sparks that might fall on their clothing. It was 11:50 a.m. He continued:

Within a few minutes the crown fire came roaring over and around us. It was reburning the old fire area this time in the tree tops. The heat was terrific. The smoke was dense and stifling. In a matter of moments many of us had burned spots in our clothing and were saved from a fiery death because there were promptly put out by our nearest neighbor. The smoke and flame were so dense it was impossible to see through. We had to touch each other to keep in contact. The men began coughing and despite the use of wet handkerchiefs breathing was almost impossible. The flame and smoke whipped over us so close that if a man had raised his hand above the rocks it would have been burned instantly.¹⁶

The smoke was so dense that it was a full hour before Simmons could even see his watch again. About a half hour later, the wind had whipped the fire and smoke away from the men, and they were finally able to breathe more freely. In spite of this, the crew had to wait until four o'clock before they could safely leave their rocky sanctuary.

Simmons and his men made their way back down the mountain to the fire camp with scorched clothing and minor burns, grateful to be alive. Simmons praised his crew for following instructions and looking out for each other, which he says saved their lives. The next morning, he was sent out again with the same men to improve a new fire line that had been worked on the night before. The chief field warden, Ray Bell, asked Simmons to look out for the bear cub Lutrell had spotted and bring it down if he had the chance. It was May 9th. He reports that:

One of the night men told me that he had seen a small cub bear scurrying around the edge of the fire during the night. As we went up the trail dropping off a small detail of men along the fire line to improve it, we found a tiny bear cub weighing about 5 pounds, his hair singed and feet severely burned, clinging to a small tree at the edge of the fire chewing on the bark, apparently trying to get some food and moisture.

As we walked up, the little fellow stared down at us with a bewildered look in his beady little eyes, too young to fear man but in a very unhappy predicament apparently have lost his mother in the fire and wanting to go back to her. One of the boys of this mop-up detail

captured the little fellow and cradling him in his arms fed and watered him while the rest of us went on cutting a new line around this sector of the fire... Upon our return to the road that night to be picked up by the trucks the little cub was cuddled up quite contentedly on the shoulder of the soldier who had rescued him. However, when anyone else held out a friendly hand toward him, he immediately snapped at it with his sharp little teeth. Naturally, there were many outstretched hands as the little fellow had been trapped in the same fire with us and a strong bond of friendship was created by this experience.¹⁷

The debate about who physically rescued Smokey has raged on for years, and no one really can answer it conclusively. Speed Simmons's account does not tell us who actually took the bear cub down from the tree and cared for him that day. One of the volunteer firefighters, Richard Bitter, who was a Technical Sergeant at Walker Air Force base in Roswell, was there at the rescue. He later described the scene to Bill Lawter:

The whole area was covered with people. I don't recall who actually picked him up. A group of people working through the woods found him. I just have vague recollections, but I would say about a half dozen people handled him. I think it is likely he was passed around even more.¹⁸

All we can be sure of was that the little cub was rescued and brought down the mountain to the fire camp by one of the soldiers. There are a variety of stories about what happened next. Ray Taylor remembers his arrival this way:

It was Walker Air Force guys that brought that Smokey Bear down there. They come down carrying that little bitty ol' Smokey Bear like a little puppy 'bout that big, see. And his feet was burned and the hide rolled up on at least two or three inches of his feet. His hair was singed a little bit in places. And he was like a little of pup... Well, I got some milk and pour it down the little feller and I cut some little bitty pieces of beef, didn't know what else to give 'im you know.¹⁹

Bob Earl, the Capitan Ranger's son, remembered it this way:

The State police were there with their German Shepherd dogs. The first time I saw Smokey, I saw this bear cub on an army blanket on the ground and here came this shepherd. The dog sniffed the bear, and the bear raised up on his hind feet and took a swat at the dog. The bear was badly burned on his tummy, pads and rear end. They tried to give the bear candy and peanuts. He didn't go for any food at all, but drank a little water. Some of the

State policemen may have tried to feed him, and I think Sally (Sheriff Ortiz) tried to feed him a candy bar.²⁰

Ernest Aguayo, the firefighter recruited from a railroad crew, described his experience taking the bear cub to what he believed was a ranger's car, although he could not identify the person he helped:

We went a ways up the trail... And we met this ranger and he was carrying this little bear and a camera and some books and I don't know — some maps. Anyway, he was having an awful trouble. The little bear was squealin' and crying and evidently they said he tried to climb a burning tree and burned his feet. I was in the lead and I met the ranger and I said, let me help you. So, I took his books and his stuff and, we walked down the trail, and pretty soon I picked up the bear, I relieved him. The little guy sure was a fighter. He was really squealing... He wasn't very big. I didn't carry him very far. I pulled off my jacket and put him in it. He carried pretty good that way, and that was the last time I saw Smokey.²¹

That night, Ross Flatley, one of the local ranchers, volunteered to take the bear cub home with him. He thought that if it had time to heal, he could release the bear back into the mountains later. Apparently the cub cried loudly all night accompanied by the Flatley's dog. No one at their house got any sleep, and Mrs. Flatley was sure the bear would die. Later Mr. Flatley described his feelings: "I should have knocked that damn bear in the head right after I got it."²²

Wednesday, May 10th, Ray Bell awoke from a good night's sleep and was informed by Dean Earl that the bear cub had been brought in as he slept the night before. Ray Bell decided to go get the bear, and Ross Flatley loaned him his car, glad to be rid of the cub. Mr. Bell describes what he was thinking:

The thing hit me that there was a bear cub, in a fire, that was burned and the symbol of the Forest Service was a bear cub. I couldn't think what the bear cub's name was and I asked Dean and Sam Servis, and one of them said Smokey. And I remarked, well you know, this could be something. This bear being burnt in a forest fire, and there is no living symbol of Smokey and if he's to live and be all right why it might amount to something, as a living symbol. I borrowed Ross's car and went up to the ranch to get him... So I took the little bear...I went back to camp and I talked to Dean and Sam Servis about it and I said I think what I better do is take him to Santa Fe to the vet and see what happens.²³

When Bell arrived in Santa Fe at the airport, he asked Mrs. Ettinger, the airport manager, not to tell anyone



Dr. Edwin Smith, Santa Fe, treats Smokey Bear for burns, 1950. Courtesy Rio Grande Historical Collections, New Mexico State University.

about the bear because it might be used as a living symbol of Smokey, and he wanted to be sure the cub survived. He was met by Ruth, his wife, and Homer Pickens, the assistant State Game Warden.²⁴ They took the cub to Dr. Edwin Smith, a Santa Fe veterinarian popular with the game department. Meanwhile, Mrs. Ettinger apparently called a newspaper, the *Santa Fe New Mexican* anyway, and they sent a reporter out to take pictures. According to Ray Bell, the reporter named the cub “Hot Foot Teddy.”²⁵

Dr. Smith checked the little cub carefully and decided that he was burned but basically healthy and he was sure he would survive as long as they could get him to eat. He estimated the age of the cub to be about two and a half months. He cleaned and treated the burns then put him in a cage in his surgical ward. Ray Bell, confident that the bear was being taken care of, headed home to see his family.²⁶

It was Wednesday, May 10th, and later, Bell also went to see Elliott Barker, the state game warden, to file his report. He explained the details of the fire then described the bear cub and his ideas about using it as a living symbol of Smokey. Bell recalled Mr. Barker’s response:

You know, I think that may be a wonderful idea. Keep checking on it, and if the doctor charges us anything, just write a purchase order for the Game and Fish department.²⁷

Seeing the importance of documenting the event, Bell got permission to take photographer Harold Walter back with him to the fire. They left the next morning. Unfortunately, the actual place where the bear was rescued was never photographed, nor the place where Speed Simmons’s crew had endured their fiery ordeal. It was too far up the mountain.²⁸

Within twenty-four hours, the fire was contained, in part because of a change in weather, and because the Air Force seeded the clouds with silver iodine, which helped create a morning fog. The devastation to the forest would take hundreds of years for nature to repair. L.W. Simmons was a hero, saving the lives of those twenty-four men and finding a bear cub that would become a national icon. Harold Walter documented the Capitan Gap fire damage with his photographs. The bear cub remained in the care of Dr. Smith for approximately a week, and Ray Bell’s idea began to blossom.

When Bell returned to Santa Fe from the fire, he took his five-year-old daughter Judy with him to see the cub. He described the visit:

The doctor said, “The burns I’m taking care of them all right. But I can’t get him to eat and if we don’t get some food in him he’s going to die.” Judy said, “Daddy, let’s take him home, mama will make him eat.”

Mr. Bell didn’t take her advice, but by the next visit Judy had convinced him that her mother could take better care of the cub, and Bell relented. He was immediately sent out for special food:

Ruth sent me to the store to get pablum, honey, and milk to mix up a concoction of baby food, and she poked it down his throat. Good thing he wasn’t a big bear [because] she’d stick her finger down his throat. She set the alarm clock for every two hours...for a couple of days.²⁹

It was around May 16, that Smokey moved into the Bell residence. Mr. Bell allowed Harold Walter to take photographs of the bear and Judy at his home, much to the dismay of his wife. These were printed first in the *Santa Fe New Mexican* on Sunday, May 21 st, and then in newspapers throughout the United States. The Bell family continued to care for Smokey as he gained more media attention. His best friends were Judy and Ruth who fed him and his playmate the family dog, Jet. The cub lived on the Bell’s back porch but eventually had the run of the house. Soon Smokey’s personality began to show, and he was often ill-tempered and mean. He did not like to be petted and would sometimes throw fits like a spoiled child.³⁰ Ray Bell was often the victim of his malicious attacks, and after being bitten frequently, he expressed dismay at the situation:

Ruth and Judy fed him, and he never did bite either one of them. But Don and I, we always changed his bandages, and his feet would bleed and hurt him, and one of us would hold

him and other change his bandages...he'd walk by us and jump over two or three feet and grab us by the leg. The little rascal would just bite as hard as he could. And that got to be kind of old stuff after he got to be bigger. Then he'd run right over and jump into Judy or Ruth's lap and go right to sleep... And Don had a little dog named Jet, and they would eat together and play together, and the bear thought that he was a dog...and he didn't bite Jet either.³¹

The Bell family has many memories of Smokey's short time there. As word got out that a real "Smokey" was alive, and the story was told in the newspapers and on the radio, there were many requests for a visit from the cub. A local Santa Fe radio station, which allowed the U.S. Forest Service and the New Mexico Game Department fifteen minutes a day to do fire prevention spots, was one of the first radio programs to air Smokey's story. K.D. Flock, the supervisor of the Santa Fe National Forest, and Elliott Barker, head of the State Fish and Game Department, were the announcers, Mr. Flock wrote about his in an article in 1964 in *American Forests*:

That night, on our radio program, Barker and I described the tragedy of the orphaned cub and what the fire meant to wild things that were innocent victims of man's carelessness. The next day all the newspapers in New Mexico featured the bear story. In another day the Associated and United Press were calling us on the telephone for more details. We had touched a deep human interest.³²

Mrs. Bell allowed Smokey to be put on display in the window of a downtown camera shop as he was becoming more famous. Mr. Bell also took him to several classrooms and talked about fire prevention and wildlife conservation. On a visit to the Fish and Game headquarters, the bear showed his true colors. Jack Samson remembered the visit:

Smokey was not a very friendly little bear. People from all the state offices came to see him, and he tried to bite anyone that came near. Smokey was meaner than hell.³³

The Bell residence was filled with visitors, and no one was quite sure what to do with the bear. It was obvious that his days there were numbered. In the meantime, Elliott Barker and Kay Flock were working on Bell's idea to make the cub the official Smokey. The bureaucracy in their agencies proved to be difficult to overcome. Flock first took the idea to the regional Forest Service office in Albuquerque and had the idea rebuked by his superiors. Barker refused to give up. He, Flock, and Ray Bell worked as an informal team on how to best handle the situation. Barker asked the game commission what they thought should be done, and they turned the decision back over to him, a responsibility he took seriously. In a letter of response to a May 1984 article in *American Forests*,

Barker explains what actually happened:

Flock could not go over the Regional Forester's head but I could and so could Ray. A letter of inquiry as to whether or not they might be interested in obtaining a live bear cub was sent. Chief Forester Lyle Watts, phoned to find out more about it. Ray Bell and I were both on the answering phone. I had only gotten started telling what we had in mind when Watts called out loudly, "Wait a minute let me get Clint." Clint was his Publicity Chief. Clint came on and I proceeded. When I said we were willing to donate Smokey to the Forest Service under certain conditions, Clint almost yelled, "That is the greatest thing that has ever happened in our forest fire publicity programs."

After some bargaining between the men in the Washington Forest Service office and officials in New Mexico, a reluctant decision was finally made by Barker to release the cub. In a formal letter to Lyle Watts dated June 9, 1950, Barker agreed to donate Smokey to the Forest Service with the condition that his life be devoted to fire prevention and wildlife conservation. He also asked to see an outline of the program they had for his use and care. He offered to arrange for the bear's shipment once he knew how they would be caring for him.³⁵

It was decided that Smokey should be housed in the National Zoo where he would be given special care and be on display for his increasing number of fans. The problem now was how to get the bear to Washington. It is eighteen hundred miles from Santa Fe, New Mexico, to Washington, D.C. and no commercial airline was willing to take a live bear in its passenger cabin. Ray Bell checked with Trans World Airways (TWA) and Kay Flock called United Parcel Service and United Airlines.³⁶ Ray Bell explains:

I thought, well, TWA would be a good chance, probably they'd give him a free ride. Mr. Barker said, "You take care of that end of it," and I called the main office which was in Nebraska at the time, and they said yeah, they'd take the bear on a freight plane, but no one else could ride with it. Barker says, "No way, if that bear goes to Washington, some of us are going with it." So, it was decided then there's going to have to have another way and I had a good friend in Hobbs, Frank Hines, that had the Pipe distributorship. I called Frank and asked him if he could take care of that. He says, sure I will and I'll get old Bill Piper to be there in Washington to represent Piper Aircraft.³⁷

When Frank Hines called Piper in Washington, he was thrilled to participate. He told Hines to take a new plane out of the stock in Roswell and that he should pilot the plane to Washington along with whomever wished to

go. He also wanted a picture of the bear painted on both sides of the plane's fuselage. Later, Piper had one of these painted sections removed and hung in his office.

For the painting, Kay Flock called Santa Fe artist Will Schuster. He was willing to do the painting free of charge. They began to prepare the plane for departure, arrange a flight plan, and they also got advice from the veterinarian about how to care for the bear on the trip. Then they contacted Clint Davis in Washington so he could plan the publicity and a welcoming ceremony.

Once they had a pilot, a plane, and a plan, they had to decide who would chaperone the bear on the flight. Ray Bell remembers:

Mr. Barker asked me: "Who shall we have go with the bear?" And I said, "Well, Homer (Pickens) is your assistant and he has never been east of the Mississippi River. He's got a son in Washington going to school and I think it would be real nice for him to go back and take it." And he said, "Well, how about me?" and I said, "Well, now you're the boss and you can have who you want to." I wanted to go myself but I wasn't in a position [to go], I didn't think. So, it was decided that Homer could go.³⁸

Homer Pickens was the assistant state game warden at the time. His traveling companion turned out to be Kay Flock, who was to fly as far as Indianapolis where he was to disembark to buy a new car. Once Smokey's traveling companions were chosen, final preparations for the trip got under way.

Homer Pickens felt that it would be good for him and Smokey to get better acquainted, so he took him home for several days before the flight. Pickens and Bell designed a small wire cage which was to be used during the trip. They put Smokey in it for a short time every day before they left so he would become familiar with it. Don Bell gave Pickens his dog's leash and red harness so Smokey would be easier to control. Despite the friendly attempts to make the cub more comfortable, Pickens and Smokey did not get along. Pickens explains.

Smokey never did take a liking to me. He resisted the first time I put him into that harness Don Bell gave us. Smokey didn't like that, so I had to be careful when I handled him. I always wore my buckskin gloves: yellow deerskin; size eight; made by Hodkins.³⁹

On June 26, 1950, a farewell party was held in Santa Fe's Seth Hall. It was sponsored by the Boy and Girl Scouts of America, and about two hundred people attended. Homer Pickens saved an original program from this event. The people who spoke included James W. Young from T.W. Thompson Company, who told about the history of the Smokey Bear idea and the Advertising Council; a representative from Foote, Cone, and Belding, who spoke about the development and growth of the Smokey Bear Fire Prevention Program; Earl Moore, the

Supervisor of the Lincoln National Forest spoke about the Capitan Gap fire; Speed Simmons, who spoke about finding Smokey; Major Cooper, who talked about the army's part in the fire and soldier's care of Smokey; Ray Bell; Dr. Smith, the veterinarian; Homer Pickens; and Frank Hines, the Piper pilot.⁴⁰ Ray Bell remembered this evening very clearly. The party was broadcast on the radio, and at one point, Smokey got tired, jumped at Bell, and bit him hard on his upper arm. He apparently used some inappropriate expletives that were broadcast all over Santa Fe, an embarrassment he never forgot.⁴¹ After the party, Flock, Bell, and Schuster went to the airport to paint the airplane. Flock held a lantern while Schuster, with his arm in a sling, finished the images of the bear cub on the side of the Piper.

On July 1, 1950, the plane finally took off. None of the men were sure how Smokey would do on the trip and they were surprised at how easy and uneventful it turned out to be, at least in the air. Homer Pickens explained:

Smokey didn't seem to mind his little cage. He usually got kind of excited when we took off from an airport, but he was always asleep by the time we leveled off.⁴²

Kay Flock agreed:

We had figured Smokey would fight and raise hell on the trip, but he just laid on his back with all four feet in the air and slept. He turned out to be no trouble at all in flight.⁴³

The first stop was in Amarillo, Texas, where much to their surprise, a large crowd greeted them. Later that day, they stopped in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and again another large crowd of well wishers welcomed them. Pickens described his shock and apprehension:

Several hundred people greeted us at the terminal. There were a lot of tourists and families. I was scared to death because I wasn't sure how to handle Smokey in crowds. Everyone wanted to see and touch the bear. The kids wanted to get their hands on Smokey. I kept them away and watched him very closely.⁴⁴

The next day they continued on to Indianapolis where Flock left them. In Cincinnati there was a reception for Smokey, and a limousine was sent to pick him up. The news media took the men across the river to Louisville, Kentucky, where they had a "big time," as Pickens describes it in his interview with Norman Brown.⁴⁵

Next they made a fuel stop in Elkins, West Virginia, and there was a crowd present as well. They continued on. In Baltimore it was raining hard, but people showed up to greet them anyway. Smokey was taken to a veterinary

hospital to be checked before the final flight to Washington the next day. Pickens remembered being uncomfortable:

Again the media arranged hospitality; they took us to a nice restaurant and we stayed in another nice hotel. Frank was relaxed but I was nervous. I would have felt much more at home riding my saddle horse in the hills.⁴⁶

The next day the wind was blowing, and the rain was pouring. Unsure whether they should fly, Frank Hines waited for a break in the storm. At the first break in the clouds, they sent for Smokey and departed. It took only a few minutes to get to the Washington, D.C. airport, and at four o'clock Hines taxied the Piper into its assigned gate. There was a cheering crowd of well wishers and hundreds of Boy and Girl Scouts dressed in uniform awaited their arrival. A welcoming delegation included Lyle Watts; Clint Davis; Lloyd Swift, chief of wildlife resources for the Forest Service; Bill Piper; Homer Pickens, Jr.; the scouts; and other admirers. The Secretary of Agriculture had also arranged for the use of the Presidential Suite in the terminal for a press conference. Here, many photographs were taken, airline hostesses fed Smokey a bottle, and newspaper reporters deluged Pickens and Hines with questions about their trip and the cub. Smokey seemed disinterested in the commotion except for the milk bottle and his occasional attempts to take a bite out of Homer Pickens arm. An hour later, he was taken to the National Zoo.

The next day, June 30, 1953, the State of New Mexico and the U.S. Forest Service presented Smokey to the National Zoo in a ceremony attended by about five hundred people. There were many dignitaries, including Senator Dennis Chavez of New Mexico. Morgan Smith, public relations officer of the Forest Service, described one of the highlights of the event:

Pickens put Smokey on the table and he just went to sleep. But the TV people and photographers wanted to see what Smokey would do; they didn't care about speeches. The photographers said to make him do something, so I put my Forest Service rangers hat on the little bear. Then he just rose up on his hind feet and put his front paws on the hat as if he were trying it on for size. We couldn't have arranged that - he just reared up and it was one of those lucky shots.⁴⁷

While there is debate about what kind of hat it actually was, one thing was clear, Smokey was making himself into a media star. The crowd laughed and cheered at just about everything he did. The *Evening Star* newspaper later reported: "It took Smokey, 10 pounds of bear cub, exactly 1 second today to become another Washington institution."⁴⁸ Homer Pickens remembered the scene:

Smokey was the center of the entertainment

from beginning to end. It was hard for me to keep Smokey still. He only weighed about ten pounds and I had this harness on him and I wore my buckskin gloves at all times because he did have a tendency to bite when you weren't expecting it. There was a huge crowd in attendance and many speeches were made all in regard to the dedication of Smokey to the people.⁴⁹

The *Times Herald* wrote: "The Forest Service dedicated Smokey to the children of America 'as a living reminder of the danger of forest fires.'"⁵⁰ The presentation was made by Stanlee Ann Miller, the granddaughter of Senator Chavez, and an acceptance speech was made by eight-year-old Spicer Conant. After this, Smokey was put into his cage where he promptly curled up in a corner and went to sleep.

The *Times Herald* reported on July 3 that thousands had lined up to see Smokey.⁵¹ The *Washington Post* also reported on July 3 that the lines were four and five deep, and that zoo policemen were busy constantly directing people to his cage.⁵² Smokey was on his way to becoming a national icon and the main attraction at the National Zoo.

A movie of the trip from Santa Fe to Washington was made that recorded the journey and all the events. It was included later in a movie about Smokey's story, which was released by the Forest Service. Hopalong Cassidy narrated part of the movie, and there is a copy in the National Archives in Washington, D.C.

Some years later, Bill Piper teased Ray Bell about the flight and all the publicity. He said, "Of all the darn things. They have enough bears here in Pennsylvania that we didn't have to go through all that rigamarole to get that New Mexico bear to Washington. Bell is said to have replied, "Yeah, that's true, but the difference is that none of the bears in Pennsylvania had their butts burned in a forest fire."⁵³

Smokey lived in the National Zoo for twenty-six years. He was retired from public exhibition in 1975. He never knew that in 1952 an Act of Congress protected his image.⁵⁴ He was also uninformed about the existence of the Junior Forest Rangers, a youth organization dedicated to preventing forest fires in his name. In the first three years of the program, over half a million children responded, and today it is estimated that there are more than six million Junior Forest Rangers.

Smokey was preoccupied with zoo life while the Forest Service sent out nearly three million pieces of fire prevention material a year for over fifteen years. He never knew that the U.S. Postal Service gave him his own zip code, 20252. Nor did Smokey know that in twenty-five years of forest fire prevention, the annual acreage of burned national forests dropped 90 percent. It didn't occur to him that four million people visited him annually at the National Zoo or that for fifty years his image was

so well known by Americans that only Santa Claus was recognized more often. But of course, he was a real bear, and little of this affected his daily life.

On May 20, 1976, at the Smokey Bear State Historical Park dedication in Capitan, New Mexico, William Hurst, the regional director of the U.S. Forest Service, tried to sum up the impact of Smokey Bear on America's collective memory. He said:

Smokey is more than a fire prevention bear. He serves the conscience of America. Coming on the scene long before environmentalists, he provided this country with a new land ethic and became the symbol of a healthful and delightful environment.⁵⁵

On November 9, 1976, Smokey was buried in Capitan, at the Smokey Bear State Historical Park beneath the picturesque Capitan Mountains.

But the immortal bear lives on in his fifty-sixth year. His image has changed with the times, while the memory of the real bear and the events surrounding his rescue and care live on only in the remembrances and writings of the people who were there, many of them no longer living. Those of us left are amazed at the impact Smokey had on several generations of young people. We embraced his message. We have not forgotten. As Smokey always said, "Remember, only YOU can prevent forest fires."

LESLIE BERGLOFF is a Las Cruces resident majoring in history at New Mexico State University. She is a working mother and teaches at Mesilla Valley Christian School. This is her first appearance in this journal.

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The Changing World of Horse Racing in New Mexico

by Bruce Brinkley

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Horse racing in New Mexico goes back to the passing of the pari-mutuel wagering bill of 1937 which legalized betting on horse races. Texas's action around 1930 in voting out pari-mutuel gambling in that state played a large part in the introduction of the 1937 bill in our state legislature. To insure the honesty and integrity of wagering in New Mexico, the State Racing Commission was formed to oversee it, and this provision has not changed.

The inaugural meets in 1938 consisted of nine days of racing held in Tucumcari in August. In October there were eight days of racing at the State Fair in Albuquerque. There were racetracks in operation in many other places in the early years. Even after the passage of sixty years one can look in the right places and find the outlines of the early tracks. Even today you can hear stories of races run at towns like Deming, Lordsburg, Truth or Consequences, and Silver City, just to name a few. Famous race horses with names like Bright Eyes, Shue Fly, Maroon, Johnny Dial, and Gay Dalton are still talked about today.

In those early years of pari-mutuel gambling, several breeds were introduced onto the track. Thoroughbreds, Quarter horses and Harness horses were all a part of the post-1937 races held in the state. Harness racing was listed on the programs as a novelty race with no wagering, but after the first year or so it disappeared from the scene in New Mexico.

Old-timers recollect the early days of match races, when owners would run their horses against each other for a certain purse at a certain distance. In most incidents three people would be chosen to be judges. Each side would select a person, then these two would choose a third. An appropriate old saying goes that "a horse race is the result of a difference of opinion combined with confidence in your own opinion." In recent years there have been a few match races held here in New Mexico, such as one a few years back between a Thoroughbred and an Arabian.

Well, it took some ten years before the first commercially owned tracks were opened in the state. La Mesa Park opened in 1946 in Raton for a fifteen-day meeting, and it was the first to try weekend racing. Before closing in 1992, La Mesa enjoyed the fact that some of the finest New Mexico-bred horses called Raton home. Horsemen liked to race at La Mesa Park, known as the "friendly

track," for a number of reasons, one being that it had the best track surface in the state.

Ruidoso Downs opened a year later and has enjoyed many historical events to date. Probably the most famous would be the All-American Futurity, which was finalized and run in 1959 for the first time. Had it not been for Gene Hensley, who saw in this race a bright future, it could have been just another race. Being there for the first running was an honor. Picture in your mind all the talk and excitement that took place throughout the barn area during that summer! The favorite pick for this race — who would be the first All-American winner?! — changed many times during that summer, every time someone's two-year-old had a good workout.

Being a five-furlong track, Ruidoso Downs was listed as a bullring in the early days, but it was made into a six-furlong oval in the early 1960s. In horse racing the term "bullring" applied to any track of five or fewer furlongs. A furlong equals 220 yards. The track was raised several feet and the three-furlong straightway was shortened to two and a half furlongs, 550 yards. Before being raised, the track rose eleven feet from the 400-yard marker to the finish line, which caused some of the Quarter horses to get a little short at the finish. Then, later, in order to be more competitive with other tracks and to attract more Thoroughbreds, the track was configured to its present state, a seven-furlong oval and a separate track for Quarter horses. This arrangement has worked out better for racing than anyone could have dreamed possible before it was done.

It would be another ten years before Sunland Park came onto the scene in 1959 to fill a void long felt by horsemen and fans alike. Wintertime racing had finally arrived in New Mexico. Prior to the Sunland Park opening, horsemen who wished to avoid a winter lay-up had to find racing out of state. Long known as racing's "place in the sun," Sunland Park came to be known for trying new things. Take night racing, for instance. Sunland raced at night from the late 1960s through the 1970s. A power failure forced Sunland to drop night racing, which never really took off as had been hoped. With the changes in racing in recent years, however, who knows but that night racing might return to New Mexico. Other tracks across the nation have gone for it, such as Remington Park in Oklahoma.

Santa Fe Downs was next in line, opening its doors

in 1971. Horsemen and fans in the Albuquerque area now had the opportunity to enjoy racing close to home without traveling to La Mesa Park or Ruidoso Downs. Santa Fe closed recently and is up for sale. With the racing industry on the upswing for the first time in years now, as it is, who knows but that Santa Fe may be back before you know it.

San Juan Downs opened in May 1984 near Farmington, at a time of falling attendance and shrinking revenue. Racing was in trouble. A tent was used as a grandstand in San Juan's first year, until a real one was constructed. Now horsemen had lots of racing both north and south for a time. San Juan Downs closed its doors in 1993, however, for a period, and now has reopened under new management. Under its new name, SunRay Park, the inaugural meet in 1999 was a success, giving hope for a bright future in racing.

The Downs at Albuquerque got into the racetrack business when the State Fair management spread the word that it wanted to get out of the horse-racing business. This was in the 1980s. By the leasing of the State Fair facility for racing the future of racing the north was assured.

Horse racing in New Mexico enjoyed some good years in the early 1970s, setting attendance and handle records, but they leveled off and began a decline to hard times in the late 1970s. Tracks were being sold and leased. With these changes came new managements and various ideas about how to stop the downward trend. The days of being the only game in town were over. The entertainment dollar was out there, but racing was losing out on it.

Some other important events needed to be addressed, following the 1937 pari-mutuel legislation. In 1961, notably, the New Mexico Horse Breeder's Association was formed to promote the breeding of Quarter horses and Thoroughbreds in the state. In addition to being the official registry, the association has been mandated by the legislature to administer an incentive fund to encourage and improve the quality of New Mexico-bred horses. Having struggled through some hard times in the past, with registry down and breeding farms closing, the future now is looking bright again; registry is up for the first time in years.

In 1979 Bill no. 395 was passed, providing that $\frac{3}{4}$ of 1 percent of the handle be used to increase purses for registered New Mexico-bred horses. This was a big plus. Then, by Bill no. 81391, racetracks were allowed a tax credit for capital improvements, encouraging the tracks to upgrade their facilities for both fans and horsemen. Several million dollars have been made available by this legislation, over the years, administered under strict guidelines. A notable example is the glass-enclosed grandstand at the Fair Grounds.

Just when the future of racing was starting to look good again in the 1980s there came a federal tax bill that

certainly dealt a hard blow. This legislation disallowed certain deductions concerning horse racing — a disincentive to investing in race horses throughout the country. The provision required the realization of a profit by an owner within a certain period of time, without which the ownership was classified as a hobby.

Simulcasting arrived around 1984 to a somewhat shaky future, as racing was still on a downward slide. The first simulcasting in New Mexico was done from track to track, and again Sunland Park had the honor of selling the first ticket, a historic event. When simulcasting advanced to outside tracks, some believed that it would be the final blow to racing because money would be taken out of the state, with only a small percentage being retained here at the tracks. That has proved true in a sense, but without simulcasting, racing in New Mexico probably would not have survived must past the 1980s, if at all. Now this has become as much a part of racing in New Mexico as hay and oats, with the broadcasting of racing throughout the country both day and night.

The most recent legislation has been a bill on gaming which passed our legislature after very active debate in 1998. It provides that live racing must be conducted at a New Mexico racetrack four days per week in order to qualify for the operation of gaming machines on the premises. Twenty-five percent of the new take goes to the state for licenses and taxes, and also to horsemen for their purses. With only a year in to the program, as this is written, the results are astonishing, even amazing — far beyond the expectations of a lot of people. Because of these positive results, there is renewed interest in opening more breeding farms. New people are getting into the industry as owners, and there is new interest throughout the state in opening more racetracks and casinos.

The New Mexico Racing Commission consists of men and women charged with the monumental task of governing racing in the state, and it is often criticized and very seldom commended for its work. The five commissioners are appointed by the governor, no more than three of whom may be members of the same political party. At least three must be practicing breeders or race horses within the state. All members must be actual residents of New Mexico and of such reputation as to promote public confidence in the administration of racing affairs.

In 1982 Governor Bruce King appointed the first woman to the commission, Fern Sawyer of Nogal. Each governor since has named a woman to the commission. All commissioners share a common goal to improve and protect live racing and to uphold the integrity of racing in the public interest. Furthering these concerns, all Stewards, who are employees of the commission, are accredited through the Racing Commission International, to which states which have racing belong. Stewards are required to attend a school every two years to continue their RCI accreditation. New Mexico has been a leader in this field. If we were not the first to have all stewards approved before the RCI deadline, New Mexico was



Sunday
afternoon horse
race on North
Alameda Drive, Las
Cruces, ca. 1890s.
Courtesy Rio
Grande Historical
Collections, New
Mexico State
University Library.

certainly among the very first.

Stewards are appointed for each race meeting and are responsible for the conduct of each event in accordance with the laws of the state and the commission's rules. Their authority includes supervision of all racing officials, track management, licensed personnel, other persons responsible for the conduct of racing, and patrons, as necessary, to insure compliance with applicable laws and rules

A few years back, New Mexico horse racing suffered a devastating blow on national television when two horses broke down in the All-American Futurity. Prior to this, the commission was already working on a program of pre-race inspection, in an effort to improve safety for both horses and riders. This effort got new emphasis, along with close attention to the track surface at every meeting. A track's surface is tested before the track is opened, as to the right cushion and depth.

These are but a few of the important events that have helped shape racing in New Mexico in the past half-century. For another look at the history of horse racing in New Mexico one should visit the Hubbard Museum of the American West near Ruidoso Downs, and take a walk through horse-racing history. There are many significant items to view there, for instance a starting gate used back in the 1940s which brings back lots of memories to me.

In this year 2000, racing's future in New Mexico looks bright. Only time will tell what new trials and tribulations may follow. One thing is for certain — there would be no racing if it had not been for the fans that have supported racing throughout the years, and afforded others and myself a satisfying career in racing.

BRUCE L. BRINKLEY is a former jockey, trainer, and race horse owner. A native Oklahoman, he currently serves as a State Steward for the New Mexico Racing Commission. Racing is in his blood. He won his first big match race in Amarillo, Texas at age eleven; he finished second in the All American Futurity the first two years it was run.

Charreada: A Mexican Horse Game

by Jo Tice Bloom

Horses as we know them probably evolved on the great steppes of central Asia which spread from Hungary to China.¹ These vast, fertile, rolling grasslands provided pasture for herds, ease of travel for nomads, and room for men to wage war and play games from horseback. From the steppes horses spread east, west and south into China, India, Persia and Egypt, and eventually into Europe. Iranian tribes, mounted on steppe horses, established the first empires based on a horse culture. Over time various Indo-Iranian tribes coalesced into the Persian Empire headed by Cyrus and Darius. The word Persian may come from the ancient word *paras* meaning horse.²

In this ancient empire, polo first came into its own. The nomadic tribes probably created the game on the steppes, batting the heads of defeated enemies around an open field with lances. As their culture became more sophisticated, so did polo. Parenthetically, this is the area and the period in which chess, another great war game, which includes horsemen we call knights, is supposed to have originated. Polo spread to India where the British learned the sport and carried it to Europe and throughout their empire.³ Other horse games which developed from war or related activities include racing, the Afghan *buzkashi* (goat grabbing) and *na'za bazi* (tent pegging).

As horses became adapted, over the centuries, to use as farm animals and draught animals in Europe especially, the man on horseback changed in emphasis. Always there was romance attached to him — witness Don Quixote or the Knights of the Roundtable. The common men who worked with horses gradually developed their own culture and this was later carried to the New World. Thus the *vaquero* came from Spain to help settle the new lands in which quick riches were not easily found. From the Spanish *vaquero* came the Argentine gaucho, the Mexican *vaquero* and the American cowboy.

The *vaquero*, skilled in cattle and horse handling, was employed on the *estancia* and was a member of the ranching establishment. In Mexico the *vaquero* continues to be a vital part of the cattle industry as does his descendant in the United States, the cowboy. The *vaquero*, who lived life on the range or at the ranch headquarters, early took pleasure in demonstrating his talents as a horseman, especially on fiesta days. Like the *vaqueros*, the cowboys competed in the ranch corral on holidays.

The *charreada* and the rodeo are outgrowths of the work of the *vaquero* and the cowboy. The old *estancia* play of the *vaquero* became formalized in twentieth century culture, and the buffs who play the new-old sport in their club arenas are now called *charros*. In like manner, the rodeo moved to the urban arenas and professional

rodeo performers and organizations took over the formal sport. Yet the events have not lost the flavor of dusty corrals, hard work, sweat, and danger.⁴

The horsemen who have tended cattle over the centuries have developed certain necessary basic skills. They must be able to sit their horses without difficulty and to stay in the saddle — a working saddle with high pommel and cantle developed to make riding easier and falling less easy. Stirrups provided further help. Neck reining gave greater control over the animal. The ability to throw a rope over a cow or bull's head, or around a calf's legs, meant that the man did not have to wrestle the animal to the ground. Harmonious, quiet singing kept herds in check during the night. These and other skills meant that the horseman became like one with his horse and was able to successfully herd and round up cattle, horses, goats, sheep and other animals. From these skills came modern competitive events.

While the *vaquero* in Mexico was becoming a truly skilled horseman — the plains of northern and central Mexico were quickly populated by rapidly reproducing cattle — his employer, the rancher, was also developing more horsemanship skills. The rancher rode out daily or weekly to survey his cattle and lands, usually attired in more stylish, elaborate clothing than his *vaqueros*. He was not given to rounding up cattle, the Mexican definition of rodeo, but rather to supervising from the back of his horse. His style of riding and clothing became distinctive and by the early 1800s he was known as a *charro*. The life style of the upper class ranchers and their families, based on the horse, developed into *charreña* — an equestrian tradition with roots in sixteenth-century Spain.⁵ *Charros*, the gentlemen riders, were class conscious and distinguished themselves from the *vaqueros* or stock handlers. Additionally the *charro*, the rural horseman, was active in both revolutions, 1810 and 1910, gaining a romantic image and a patriotic aura.⁶ Thus in Mexico, *charrería* and the *charreada* have been associated with the upper class and continue to be elitist. In 1932 *charreada* was recognized by the Mexican government as the national sport and September 14th declared “Day of the Charro.”

In New Mexico, California and Texas the ranchers often worked with their men as labor was scarce. The movement of eastern Americans into the west brought cultural traditions which left less room for class distinctions. *Charreada* in the United States is quite egalitarian, a fact which does not endear the Mexican-Americans to the Mexicans. In the United States, the *charros* and *charras* come from many backgrounds and economic groups, much like the rodeo participants. If you want to join, fine!

Rodeo does differ from charreada in several aspects. First, the charros and charras are amateurs who provide not only their own horses, but also costumes and equipment. The costumes of both men and women are quite elaborate, whereas rodeo participants are usually professionals whose costumes are quite utilitarian. Charreada participants are judged on style, costuming, horse tack, and performance, but rarely on time, unlike rodeo where time is often more important than style. Teams and teamwork are vital to the charreada and the success of the charros. Rodeo is much more the sport of individuals. But both sports share common events — bull wrestling, roping of cattle and horses, riding of wild horses — reflecting the work on the range and during roundup.

A charreada takes place in an arena shaped like a frying pan with a large round arena, the *rueda*, and an alleyway or the handle, the *lienzo*, providing an entryway as a place for horses to build up speed as they race into the round rueda. There are also chutes at one side of the rueda. The audience is seated on three sides of the rueda. Off of the lienzo and the chutes are pens to hold the livestock, open areas for warming up, places to tie horses while costumes are adjusted or changed, and for riders to wait until they perform. The whole area, including pens, is also called a lienzo.

During the charreada, a *mariachi* band provides music. Vendors move through the stands selling food and drink. Spectators move around visiting with friends, going to the vending stalls below the seating area, enjoying the social environment. This is really a fiesta for the riders and their families, and a dinner or barbecue on the lienzo grounds often follows the charreada.

Charros participate in teams with members of a team specializing in certain events, but all are expected to participate and help each other. In Mexico they generally ride highly trained stallions, while in the United States, any well trained horse is used, regardless of gender. Charro saddles, bridles, stirrups, spurs, ropes, *escaramuza* sidesaddles and other tack and equipment used in the United States usually come from Mexico because the proper materials and styles are not available in the United States. The ropes are of particular importance, for each roping event uses a different style or length of rope. Charros prefer ropes made of maguey fiber, rather than leather, hemp or nylon.

The charreada opens with a grand parade, *desfile*, of all participants. The flags of Mexico and the United States lead the desfile in the United States. The riders fan out around the rueda and stand at attention for the national anthems. Following the playing of the national anthems of the United States and Mexico, the traditional charro anthem is often played, “March of Zacatecas.”

As riders leave to wait for future events, the charros move into the first event — the *cala de caballos*. Here the ability of a charro to control his horse and to work as one with the horse is clearly demonstrated. The charro and



Charro outfit, Emiliano Zapata Charro Association of Las Cruces, October 22, 1999. Courtesy of New Mexico Farm & Ranch Heritage Museum.

horse race down the alleyway, the lienzo, and into the rueda at full speed, sliding to a stop before hitting the opposite wall. Then the horse makes half turns, pivoting on one back hoof, finally backing out of the arena. To some degree, this is similar to the English dressage, except much faster and much harder on the horse. It requires a well trained horse, a well trained rider, and communication between them based on the smallest signals.

Plates en el lienzo follows — an event in which three team members attempt to rope the hind legs of a running mare and bring her to a gradual stop by playing out the rope smoothly and gradually. The goal is to neither hurt the mare, nor drop her to the ground, but rather to bring her calmly to a halt. Based on range work, this event demonstrates the ability to catch a mare or horse without mistreating the animal, essential if the horse is to be trained for work. Most of the methods of roping used in the charreada, such as this, came into use in the early eighteenth century and have changed little over the years.⁷

Tailing the bull, *coleaderos*, usually shortened to *cola*, comes next. The charro and his horse race with a steer down the alleyway into the arena, the rider keeping his horse parallel to the steer or bull. The rider places his hand on the bull or steer’s back and gradually moves his hand down the tail to its end. Quickly the rider pulls the tail under his (the rider’s) leg, snapping the bull to the ground at the same time. Written records trace the use of this method of catching and restraining bulls back into the sixteenth century, before the use of ropes became

common on the Mexican ranges.⁸

Following the cola, escaramuza teams will often perform their highly skilled drills at a gallop. The escaramuza teams are women, beautifully costumed and riding sidesaddle as they perform intricate maneuvers. Following their performance, the gates will be closed because the rest of the events utilize only the rueda section of the arena.

Bull riding, *jinete de novillas*, follows, similar to the rodeo in that the rider has a belly rope to hold on. However, the charro may use both hands to hang on and continues his ride until the bull stops bucking, whereas the rodeo rider can dismount after a certain period of time. This event has little to do with vaquero or cowboy work, but it is rather a play event, first introduced by Bill Pickett of Texas in the first or second decade of the twentieth century.⁹

Terna en el ruedo, or team roping, requires team coordination and great roping skill. Each team has eight minutes to complete the maneuver. The goal is to rope both the head and hind legs of a horse while demonstrating many roping tricks. Teams are judged not only on the completion of the required maneuver but also on the number and complexity of roping tricks which are demonstrated in this and other roping events.¹⁰

In the *jinete de yegua*, one team member rides a wild mare until she becomes calm. Time is not a major element in the judging, rather the charro's ability to control and calm the animal.

Then a team member dismounts and takes his place in the arena for the *manganas a pie*, in which a wild mare is roped from on foot by the forelegs. This can be a bit dangerous at times, and mounted team members stand by to help if necessary. Remounting, the charro joins his team as another member ropes a mare from horseback by the forelegs. In both these events the ropers demonstrate their skill by performing many tricks as they compete.

The final event requires great team work. *Paso de la muerte*, leap of death, requires team members to help hold a running wild mare against the side of the arena as the galloping charro moves up parallel to the mare, then leaps onto the bare back of the wild animal and, using only his legs and the mare's mane, brings the mare to a complete stop. It is quite a demonstration of skill and courage, and a breath-taking event for spectators. The roots of this event lie in colonial Mexico when the vaquero, rope in hand, would leap onto the back of a wild horse, loop the rope over the animal's neck and nose and then guide the animal away from the herd.¹¹

Sometimes the final event of charreada is the performance by the escaramuza teams. With the end of the charreada, participants and spectators may join in a dinner or go home.

The escaramuza teams, all women or girls riding sidesaddle, represent the many horsewomen in Mexican



Escaramuza saddle and charra outfit, Emiliano Zapata Charro Association of Las Cruces, October 22, 1999. Courtesy of New Mexico Farm & Ranch Heritage Museum

history — upper class women of the *ranchos* and *haciendas*, and lower class women who fought in the revolutions of 1810 and 1910. The sidesaddle dates back to colonial Mexico when the women of the haciendas rode only sidesaddle. During the 1920s the escaramuza sidesaddle was adapted from the charro saddle and this model is now used by the escaramuza teams. The women's costume is based on the style of clothing worn during the 1910 revolution and named for Adelita, a legendary heroine who rode with Pancho Villa. Escaramuza costumes are as stylized as the men's, and the teams are judged on their costumes as well as their drill. Their riding requires not only skill at controlling their horses but also excellent coordination between horse and rider in order to avoid collisions during the drills. Escaramuza events may have entered the arena as early as the 1890s, although they did not become a formal, official part of the charreada until 1989.¹²

A team usually consists of eight women or girls who perform a routine eight to thirteen minutes long, which must incorporate ten maneuvers. At least four members

must come to sliding stops, *calas*, during the routine. Each team develops their own maneuvers, incorporating the requirements as they wish.

Horses are obviously a vital part of the charreada. They are slowly and carefully trained, beginning when they are three or four years old. Because of the difficult maneuvers they must make, the training is both rigorous and gentle. The purpose of the training is to develop complete control of the horse and rider. Only when the charro can exercise control of himself and his horse is he ready to compete in the charreada. The concept of a centaur is not part of the charrería language, but the expectations of the performance of horse and rider certainly portrays the idea of a centaur — an animal, half-man and half-horse. As one charra put it, “The charreada is about discipline, control.”¹³

Charro associations are responsible for maintaining the lienzos, organizing teams to compete, making arrangements for charreadas, and for transporting their team or teams to other charreadas held by other associations. The association is responsible for maintaining the traditions and standards of the sport and insuring that all the participants and livestock are up to standard.

Here in Dona Ana County there is currently one charro association, the Emiliano Zapata Charro Association with its lienzo in Vado. Over the years there have been lienzos and associations in the Sunland Park area, usually becoming inactive with the illness or death of the lienzo owner or manager. The only other association in New Mexico is in Roswell, founded by a former member of the Emiliano Zapata Association. In far west Texas the only active association nearby is in Horizon City. Within the last few years the lienzo at Chamizal has been torn down. Juarez has three, the biggest being the Adolpho Lopez Mateos Lienzo. The associations in Juarez and the oldest in the area going back about fifty years. The New Mexican associations have been active since the 1960s; the Emiliano Zapata Association was founded about 1977.¹⁴

The Vado group travels from California to Dallas and north to Colorado for competitions. Charreadas are usually arranged spontaneously by phone, “Hey, when can you come over?” The local group always holds a charreada on Mother’s Day and Father’s Day at 5 p.m. Other charreadas are held as the spirit moves, but they are always on Sunday (as in Mexico) and at 5 p.m. They have two escaramuza teams, one composed of girls from eleven to fourteen years and the other with older girls and women from fourteen to twenty-five or so years.

The livestock used for the local charreadas is purchased from a livestock auction house in El Paso. The owner of the auction house is notified regarding what animals are needed a few weeks before the event. New livestock are used for each charreada, as would be

expected. The horses the charros and charras ride may be stallions, mares, or geldings, as may be the wild stock. Traditionally the horses used as wild stock in the roping events were mares, but now anything is used, at least in the United States.

For Mexicans and Mexican Americans alike the charreada is the embodiment of Mexico and its traditions. The national sport, charreada, incorporates not only the charrería tradition, but also the freedom-loving, rural horseman of the revolutions and the open frontier. The distinctive costuming and performances illustrate the distinctiveness of Mexican culture.

In the words of folklorist and charrería aficionado Kathleen Sands, “Charreada is more than competition and pageantry. It brings together all the elements of charrería — working skills, horsemanship, community cooperation, aesthetic expression, social protocols, gender relationships, training and discipline, music and dance, and symbolic reenactment — in a formal and festive display of the activities and values of a traditional fold group.”¹⁵

JO TICE BLOOM is a regular contributor to this journal, having appeared in Volumes VI and VII as a book reviewer. See also Book Reviews in this issue. A specialist in the history of the American frontier, she holds a doctorate from the University of Wisconsin-Madison and teaches at New Mexico State University.

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Fats, Slims, and Copper Leaguers: Early Baseball in Southwest New Mexico

by Susan Berry

Even in remote corners of the Southwestern frontier in the late nineteenth century, baseball thrived. The national pastime turned up in rugged mining camps and isolated military posts, providing both diversion from dangerous occupations and camaraderie in these mostly male environments. In southwest New Mexico the game evolved over sixty years from a casual form of recreation into a serious business, the process involving a number of nationally known figures.

Silver City, a silver camp established in 1870 — just one year after the nation's first entirely professional baseball team, the Cincinnati Red Stockings, was formed — launched its longtime love affair with baseball early in the town's existence. Silver City's first baseball team of eighteen members, divided into the "1st nine" and the "2nd Nine," was announced in June 1873, just in time for a match game on the Fourth of July.¹ Grounds were laid out at the head of Hudson Street. That September, the Silver City Mining Life reported:

Mr. Kidder brought with him from Santa Fe the necessary collaterals for this bone-breaking, joint dislocating sport, and on Thursday evening a goodly number of boys were out practicing. Only one of these was laid out for the evening. Which argues well for the proficiency of all concerned.²

It should be noted that at the time, the fledgling town was located in the heart of hostile Apache territory, some eight hundred miles from the nearest railroad. Mr. Kidder was a surveyor, who had come to lay out official town-site boundaries so that Silver City could receive a federal land patent. Baseball developed right along with the community, building a neighborly bond with other mining camps such as Georgetown and Piños Altos and with nearby Fort Bayard and its adjacent civilian town, the wild-and-woolly Central. Even Fort Cummings, an Indian Wars post along the hazardous road to Mesilla, engaged in matches with Silver City and Fort Bayard. Challenges were issued and conditions — and purses — set for games, as in this 1882 letter from a Fort Cummings officer to the manager of the Silver City club:

SIR: I respectfully accept your challenge to play a match game of baseball for one hundred dollars a side on Jun 11th, at Silver City, N.M. and on the following conditions, viz:
That the same nine that played the Fort Bayard nine to play us; that the ball grounds are not downhill; the money to be put up

on both sides; the umpire and stakeholder be selected on the grounds on the day the match comes off.

I merely proposed to play for \$100 to make the game interesting, and don't care for outside bets. Please answer if satisfactory.

Yours, respectfully,

JAMES CASEY

Captain Star B.B.C., Troop H, 14th Cavalry.³

Money did indeed make the game interesting for the early Southwestern teams, but hospitality was also important. Dinners, picnics, and visits to local saloons were hosted by the home teams for their visitors.

With silver mines prospering, the population growing, and the railroad moving closer in 1882, Silver City began to think about baseball in a more serious way. The newspaper reported, "Marshal Moore has broken up the baseball practice in the streets. Some of our young gentlemen are so enthusiastic as not to be able to wait for their regular practice meetings of the club, but improve each evening hour to the danger of plate glass windows."⁴ New uniforms, including bowler hats and bow ties, were secured, and *The New Southwest* stated, "The handsome young men of the town cannot appear to better advantage than in these becoming costumes."⁵

The railroad broadened the possibilities for matches with more distant communities. "The Silver City baseball club and their friends talk somewhat of getting up a purse to be played for in a tournament by the various ball clubs of the territory," the *Southwest Sentinel* reported. "We heartily endorse the idea, not only because of the fraternal feeling such competition is calculated to inspire, but for the additional reason that it will bring people of different towns into social relations with each other. The days of isolation of communities are slowly but surely passing away."⁶

In keeping with this view, the Silver City team sent a challenge to the Albuquerque Black Diamonds in September 1883. The *Southwest Sentinel* said, "The Black Diamonds are said to lay over' anything in the Southwest, nearly all of them being old professionals from Cincinnati, Chicago, and San Francisco, and if our boys can only put them in mourning for the championship of the Territory, they will do hereafter to travel on their record."⁷ Were the Silver City boys any match for the Albuquerque team? That question would remain unanswered; Albuquerque backed out of the engagement, some of their strategic players having left for distant points. The *Albuquerque*



Silver City baseball team, 1885. Courtesy of Silver City Museum Collections.

Democrat denied that the Duke City team was made up of former professionals,⁸ but clearly at that point some very experienced players were beginning to show up in the Southwest, a trend that would continue for many years.

Burlesque baseball entered the Silver City scene in the summer of 1887, with the first of many contests between the “Fats” and “Leans” of the community. “There is fun on foot for Sunday,” the *Silver City Enterprise* announced, “for ‘men about town’ have arranged for a great game of ball for the afternoon. Grotesque and fanciful costumes have been provided for the members of both nines. Prof. Langer’s band has volunteered to head a procession to the ball grounds, and Al Hood has donated a keg of beer for the benefit of every player who reaches third base. E.P. LeDoux will give an appropriately engraved silver cup to the winning team, with the understanding that is to be always subject to challenge by the losers. The contest will be between the ‘Slim Jims’ and the ‘Fat Fellows.’”⁹

Fortunately for posterity, the occasion was documented by a photographer, as well as this account in the *Silver City Enterprise*:

The citizens, thin and portly, who played a game of ball last Sunday had much sport. The thin fellows wore white suits. On the front of the shirt was a skull with cross bones, and on the back a porous plaster advertisement; each

carried a dudish cane. The fat fellows’ suits bore decorative beer mugs, and instead of canes baseball bats were carried. Prior to starting a group photograph was taken, then headed by Prof. Langer’s band and Drum Major Fritsch, the nines marched to the ground. There was a very large attendance of citizens. The club had thoughtfully provided camp-chairs for the ladies. The ice wagon was on hand rigged up as an ambulance and stationed at third base with a plentiful supply of beer which the jolly teuton who handled the lines dealt to the players who reached that goal. He was uniformed as a Dutch peasant, with wooden shoes, and wore a government cap. The fancifully dressed umpire wore a big revolver. His decisions were not disputed. The players and spectators had much sport. The thin men expected to win by tiring out the portly ones but were badly mistaken. The pitcher and catcher of the big men ‘did the business,’ and the muscle of the monsters sent the balls away over the heads of the fellows of match-like form. The fat men won the game by a score of 20 to 6.”¹⁰

Another memorable game took place between the “Fats” and “Anti-Fats” of Silver City in 1892. From the photographic evidence, it would appear that portions of the old Fats and Leans costumes made a repeat appearance, with the addition of jaunty cowboy hats. The *Southwest Sentinel* reported:

The players assembled at the Timmer House before the game and had their photographs taken so that in the event that any of them did not survive the game their friends could have their shadows as mementoes. After they had been photographed they started for the ball grounds accompanied by the band. The average weight of the fats was over 200 and they wore on their manly bosoms representations of generous sized beer mugs. The anti-fats averaged but little more than half as much in weight as their opponents and were decorated with skulls and the cross-bones. The game



“Leans” and “Fats” in Silver City, 1888. William Gulden, the “Jolly Teuton” is at far right. Courtesy of Silver City Museum Collections.

was amusing in the extreme, and after five innings the score stood 31 to 32 in favor of the anti-fats. From the first the fats seemed to be laboring under a disadvantage on account of an indisposition to excessive activity. Dick Hudson distinguished himself by making some terrific hits at the ball after it had reached the catcher’s hands. John Carson seemed to be afraid of hurting the ball and struck it as gently as one would strike at a superannuated egg. George Hauser made some lively scrambles for the ball, losing his footing and striking on his ample abdomen, where he remained as helpless as a turtle on his back, while the shadowy forms of the anti-fats flitted from base to base and the spectators yelled with delight. The most grotesque costume was worn by Leicham, catcher for the fats. He looked as though he might weigh about 400 but the way he played was astonishing. The catcher for the anti-fats was master Moses, one of the members of the ‘kid’ nine, who looked like a midget compared with the big catcher for the other side. The game was witnessed by the largest number of people that has attended a ball game here this year.¹¹

The 1890s were full of change and uncertainty for the Silver City region. That decade saw the demise of the silver industry, the organization of a State Normal School — now Western New Mexico University — in Silver City, and the beginnings of a new future as a sanatorium center for sufferers of tuberculosis. Each of these events would have a degree of impact on the local baseball scene. For the first half of the Nineties, contests between Fats and Leans — including one game with Deming written up in the *Chicago Times* — provided the most exciting baseball action. Players began to branch out in new directions, as the Fats took on the Puddin’ Brothers or “shorts,” and then the Lengthies got into the act.

Meanwhile, the regular Silver City team was turning such abysmally poor performances that a local newspaper commented, “The ball players are getting so used to being beaten that the sudden shock of an unexpected victory might prove disastrous.”¹²

The Club House Nine was organized in Silver City in 1896 and reversed the losing streak. There were some spirited games with Fort Bayard, Pinos Altos, and Deming. “The boys are still sore over their defeat by a picked semiprofessional nine in Deming last Tuesday,” the *Southwest Sentinel* reported early in the 1896 season. “They say they were invited to play a strictly local nine but the fact developed soon after their arrival that six of the Deming players were non-residents and crack players. Of course our school boys stood no show against them. The score was 8 to 1 in favor of Deming.”¹³ A grandstand was added to the Silver City baseball field, where the Club House Nine crossed bats with the Leadville Blues and the El Paso team. They were helped, at least for a time, by “Dad” Nolan, imported from Colorado and described as a “Cracker Jack pitcher.”¹⁴ “Dad” accepted a position as clerk of the Timmer House hotel before leaving to join the Texas League.

While some professionally pedigreed players lent their skills to the local baseball effort, home talent still predominated in southwest New Mexico’s turn-of-the-century teams. Baseball proved to be an area where the Anglo and Hispanic cultures found common ground, even in a period when many other activities divided along ethnic lines. At least one Silver City boy of mixed cultural heritage, Lorenzo Mawson, went on to shine as a ball player in Los Angeles.

With the Spanish-American War and drafting of a large local Rough Rider contingent in 1898, the ranks of baseball players in Silver City were thinned. The *Silver City Independent* reported that of last year’s boys, only four were still available to play. However, the *Independent* encouraged the locals to get up a team. “True, the Semi-

professionals are all gone,” the paper stated, “but there are none at this time in any of the territorial towns.”¹⁵

It was in this period that Silver City would have a chance to play against no less an adversary than the Chicago White Stockings. Chicago baseball magnate A.G. Spalding had purchased the Hudson Hot Springs, a former stage stop and resort roughly midway between Silver City and Deming, in 1893. The old hotel at the springs had burned down, and eventually Spalding and his Chicago partners would rebuild the hotel, naming it Casa de Consuelo. In 1899 he brought the Chicago White Stockings, including famed center fielder William Alexander Lange, to Hudson Hot Springs for spring training. Here the team partook of the outdoor life, enjoying horseback riding, hunting, mountain climbing, and soaking in the hot mineral baths, but appear to have played little baseball.¹⁶

The White Stockings played two exhibition games in Silver City on successive Sundays, against a picked nine from the Silver City, Central, and Piños Altos teams, in each case trouncing the locals. “It is very evident that the home team was far overmatched by the Chicago team which has some of the choicest players in the profession,” the *Silver City Enterprise* acknowledged. “Yet the Silver City team made a wonderfully good showing and were the recipients of many compliments from their great antagonists.” One of the Chicago professionals remarked that the locals lacked team practice; the *Enterprise* retorted, “and no wonder, as the members of the team had never played together in any kind of a game, ever.”¹⁷

Another big change at the turn of the century came with the closure of Fort Bayard as an army post and its transformation into a government hospital in 1899. The fort had been established in 1866 (four years prior to Silver City’s founding) to protect the Piños Altos gold miners from Apache aggressions, but that threat had long since abated. However, with returning veterans from Cuba and the Philippines, many suffering from tropical diseases and lung ailments, the Army had a new and urgent need for medical facilities. Fort Bayard already had a hospital, and it was not too difficult to adapt the facilities of the post to the new function. This change came about in a period when tuberculosis — commonly called consumption — was becoming a problem of epic proportions throughout the country. There was no cure at the time, but doctors were beginning to discover that patients benefitted from a high altitude outdoor existence, away from cities and industrial pollution. Fort Bayard quickly achieved a name as a tuberculosis sanatorium for military patients, and other private and charitable sanatoria were established within a few years, taking advantage of the area’s climate. A new economy was born for the region, a welcome antidote to the post-silver depression. At Fort Bayard, baseball continued to be a big part of the picture, even though the tuberculosis factor sometimes impacted on the players. In 1912, the Fort’s pitcher

died as a result of a hemorrhage which seized him during a game with Deming. The *Independent* noted, “Baseball has now been forbidden for patients at the Post, and as a result the team misses four of its best players.”¹⁸

Other changes were in the works as well. Mogollon, a rugged mountain camp in what is now Catron County, prospered in its mining efforts, with ore hauled by mule teams to the railhead at Silver City whose baseball team readily accepted an 1899 challenge from the Mogollon Sluggers for one thousand dollars a side — considerably higher stakes than the one hundred dollar purses of the 1880s.¹⁹ Piños Altos experienced a turn-of-the-century boom when most of its mining interests were bought by the Hearst company. And Santa Rita, whose copper deposits were mined by the Spanish back at the turn of the previous century, was in the midst of a revival with the discovery of huge bodies of low-grade ore. The Chino Copper Company began the new process of open-pit mining at Santa Rita, building a large and vital company town around the existing settlement.

Baseball was an especially important element of life in company towns like Santa Rita and Tyrone, one of several small copper camps in the Burro Mountains acquired by the Phelps Dodge Corporation in the early years of the twentieth century. Not only did the sport provide a recreational outlet for the miners and entertainment for their families, but it also diverted energy that might otherwise have turned toward labor disputes. Rivalries between the teams of company towns were actually encouraged by the mine owners as a healthy outlet.²⁰ The Chino Copper Company created a natural rival for Santa Rita with the establishment of Hurley, a second company town built around the company’s smelting operation, in 1910.

Back in Silver City, baseball picked up again after the disbanding of the Club House Nine during the Spanish-American War. The town also hosted such traveling teams as the Boston Bloomers, “a baseball club composed exclusively of ladies,” which traveled in two special railroad coaches and came equipped with its own covered grandstand and canvas fence.²¹ In 1912 the Silver City Baseball Association was formed, and began selling stock at one dollar per share to finance some serious baseball.²²

All of these factors provided the setting for Southwest New Mexico’s most glorious contribution to baseball, the era of the Copper Leagues. The first of these leagues, which were organized on a seasonal basis by mutual consent of whichever teams had the resources to participate, was formed in May of 1913. That year’s league had four teams: El Paso, Silver City, Hurley, and Santa Rita. Officers were elected and a schedule was adopted, calling for twenty-seven games. It was agreed that no manager would make any effort to secure the services of a ball player under contract to any other team in the league, unless the player was released by the manager of the team first signed with. Strict rules were adopted in

regard to wrangling in the ball field, with the umpire given authority to fine players for misconduct and to banish them from the park. The winner of the league schedule would be presented with a large pennant and would have the honor of flying the flag over their grandstand during the following season.²³

The need for adequate funding became obvious and would be an issue for the teams every year the leagues were active. Silver City managed to drum up individual subscriptions totaling two hundred dollars a month, but after deducting all expenses and even after adding in gate receipts, this was not enough to support the team. The *Enterprise* declared that "some way will have to be devised to increase the receipts."²⁴ Dances would sometimes be held to generate some quick income for the baseball effort. The Santa Rita and Hurley teams, on the other hand, were well supported by the Chino Company, which hired the best ball players available. In 1915 Chino increased the rivalry between its two teams with the creation of the MacNeill cup, offered by company president Charles MacNeill. Horace Moses, Chino superintendent and an ex-player from Silver City, hired ballplayers on their way up or down from the major leagues.²⁵

In 1914 Silver City made some improvements to its ballpark, adding a new sixty-foot grandstand with covered seats - technically known as "dog houses," according to the *Independent* - for the ball players. An addition made to the dressing rooms included hot water apparatus.²⁶ Tyrone, the fledgling Phelps Dodge camp in the Burro Mountains, put together its first team in 1914, though it did not officially become part of the Copper League at that point. El Paso, in the throes of a business depression due to the revolution in Mexico, dropped out of the league, and its place was quickly filled by Fort Bayard. Santa Rita briefly left the league due to what was described as "too much baseball feeling between the two Chino camps,"²⁷ but rejoined and ultimately won the pennant for 1914.

The following year Silver City flirted with the idea of joining the Rio Grande Association, the first organized baseball league under the jurisdiction of the National Association of Baseball Clubs, and which included El Paso, Phoenix, Albuquerque, and Tucson.²⁸ Although some league games were played on Silver City grounds, Silver City stayed out of the Copper League as well, on what would be a permanent basis. A "Copper League Waltz" was written for piano by John W.P. Vitulu of Fort Bayard and published by the New Mexico Music Publishing Company in Albuquerque. The *Independent* stated that those who had heard the piece declared that it was full of melody and well composed.²⁹

Southwest baseball lore makes much of the fact that the Santa Rita team actually beat the Chicago Cubs when the latter stopped for an exhibition game while passing through on a spring training tour in 1918. History has forgotten that the two teams also clashed in 1917, with

the Cubs winning fourteen to five.³⁰ That game drew a large crowd of spectators, some of whom traveled thirty to fifty miles by automobile to attend. The legendary 1918 game between the Cubs and the Santa Rita Miners was a bit closer, with Santa Rita winning six to five.³¹ This win is indicative of Santa Rita's baseball talent at the time, since the Cubs lineup included the famed Grover Cleveland Alexander, who was knocked out of the box by the Santa Ritans in the third inning. The Cubs also played an exhibition game with the soldiers at Camp Cody, a World War I army camp which had been established near Deming.

The Copper League began to fade with the beginning of World War I. With baseball players ruled subject to the draft, several minor leagues in the West suspended operations.³² In the Copper League, teams were fractured as members joined or were drafted into the military service. Fort Bayard, which had not had a team for several years, managed to acquire some of the orphaned players. In 1919 Chino employees were allowed to vote on the question of whether to proceed with baseball or not. The *Enterprise* stated, "It was a secret ballot in order that every employee could feel perfectly free to vote his unbiased wish in the matter."³³ Results were resoundingly in favor of continuing baseball, 792 votes to 154.

In October 1919 patients at Fort Bayard followed the games of the World Series on an electric score board, while in Silver City the returns were bulletined by the Leras Candy Company and the *Silver City Independent*. Fans were taken aback by the lackluster performance of the Chicago White Sox in the series, which Cincinnati took five games to three. The baseball aficionados could not know that the events of that World Series would have a direct bearing on their own teams, but such was to be the case.

The Copper League reconstituted after the war, but the region was in for some tough economic times. Fort Bayard survived a threat of closure. The entire copper industry teetered on the brink of uncertainty, with a low price of metals and the lack of sales to European countries. All the local mines shut down for a time in the early 1920s, Tyrone permanently ending its underground operations after only a few years. Once famed for its Mediterranean-style architecture, state-of-the-art hospital, and other amenities, Tyrone would become known as the "million dollar ghost town." In Silver City, four local banks failed in 1924.

Meanwhile, the "Black Sox" scandal had broken, with the revelation that the Chicago team had thrown the 1919 world Series. The entire team was permanently banished from baseball by commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis. Three of these men - Charles Arnold (Chick) Gandil, George David (Buck) Weaver, and Claude Preston (Lefty) Williams - would play with the Copper League between 1925-1927. "Shoeless Joe" Jackson, probably the most famous of the Black Sox, negotiated for a place on

the El Paso team, but they could not or would not meet his request for the then-outrageous salary of five hundred dollars a month. Jackson reportedly visited Fort Bayard and played one practice game there. Other “outlaw” baseballers who joined the Copper League included former New York Giant Harold “Prince Hal” Chase and Jimmie O’Connell, both banished from professional baseball because of implication with throwing ball games. Of these players, Gandil is known to have previously lived in the Southwest, working across the border in Cananea, Mexico, as a boilermaker in 1906.³⁴

With the tremendous professional energy of the outlaw players, the Copper League produced some extremely exciting baseball from 1925 through 1927. The league in those years was from four to six teams in size, and including Fort Bayard, a Chino team of combined Santa Rita and Hurley players, El Paso and her sister city, Ciudad Juarez, Mexico, and Douglas and Bisbee, Arizona. The outlaw baseballers moved back and forth between several of these teams, but Fort Bayard would host the majority of them. Also on their roster was Harry “Big Train” Althaus, a former Texas League player. In his 1988 thesis on outlaw baseball in southwestern New Mexico, Lynn Beville wrote, “Althaus was such a forceful and dominating pitcher during the following years that some individuals found it hard to believe that he had not been a member of a major league team and some persons even came to believe that he had been a member of the Black Sox.”³⁵ Fort Bayard provided jobs for the ball players in the motor pool, fire department, and elsewhere; Jimmie O’Connell’s wife, Esther, became the Fort Bayard postmistress. During this period Fort Bayard was described as being “analogous to a small complete city of some two thousand population.” Its 1200-bed hospital was served by thirty medical officers and a staff of 650. The self-contained community had its own water system, power plant, telephone system, refrigerating plant, fleet of vehicles, school, and dairy herd, and spent almost \$3 million annually on maintenance.³⁶

Tom Foy, former New Mexico state representative, served as assistant mascot to the Fort Bayard team during this period. He remembers Althaus and O’Connell fondly, describing both of them as “fine men.”³⁷ O’Connell became the champion hitter and crowd favorite with the Copper League, remaining in Fort Bayard and participating in its barnstorming team as late as 1931. Many felt that his banishment from professional baseball had been unfair, and attempts were made to have O’Connell reinstated. The Bisbee baseball club wrote Commissioner Landis pleading his case, stating,

His conduct on and off the ball field during the past two years has been such as to inspire confidence in his integrity [*sic*] by the entire communities where he has played. He is the idol and inspiration for the younger generation and is by far the most popular player that has ever

appeared on a diamond in the southwest. His presence would go far to stimulate organized baseball in this section. Bisbee has in the past waged incessant war on outlaw baseball and was instrumental in forming the Arizona State League in organized ball this year. Our attitude toward outlaw ball players remains unchanged but we feel that O’Connell’s exemplary conduct in the past two years merits further consideration. He has accepted his disbarment without complaint and in a most gentlemanly and sportsmanlike manner.

The response from Landis read simply, “Request for reinstatement must be taken up by player only. Petitions for or against would not influence decision.”³⁸ O’Connell was never reinstated.

Jimmie O’Connell left Fort Bayard in the early 1930s, after a farewell ceremony where he was presented with the gift of a rifle. He went on to a position with the Atlantic Richfield Oil Company in California, where he lived until his death in 1976. O’Connell’s niece, Mary Maffeo of Phoenix, says that the disbarment was a tragedy that affected both Jimmie and Esther O’Connell for the rest of their lives. In later years, though, they would remember the glory days of 1924 when, during the World Series, they visited a nightclub in New York where Al Jolson stopped his performance to welcome the player and acknowledged his performance on the field that day.³⁹

From a financial standpoint, the Copper Leagues were not a success. From a baseball standpoint, especially in the outlaw-players era, they raised the standard for the game so high that small town teams were hard-pressed to meet the competition. From a historical viewpoint, they produced a golden era in sports history for the Southwest that has never been matched.

SUSAN BERRY is the Director of the Silver City Museum. She coauthored *Built to Last: An Architectural History of Silver City, New Mexico*, a 1986 publication of the New Mexico Historic Preservation Division. She has also served on the Historical Society of New Mexico Board of Directors and currently sits on the Board of Directors of the New Mexico Heritage Preservation Alliance.

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The Early Years of Aggie Sports

by Walter Hines

The success of sports at New Mexico A&M in the pre-World War II years can in some ways be traced to none other than Abraham Lincoln. Under the Morrill Act signed into law by President Lincoln in 1862, a land grant institution like NM A&M was intended to serve the children of the “industrious classes.” The “industrious classes” were, quite simply, the working families of America. They manned the factories, the farms, the ranches, and the small businesses. Their sons and daughters needed a fair break at getting an education. And in athletic endeavors, these ‘sturdy young men and women would prove to be more than the equal of those at the larger, more urban colleges.

In 1893, soon after the founding of New Mexico College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts (NMA&M), an “Athletic Association” was formed to promote sports and “physical culture.” Later-to-be-famous agriculturist, Fabian Garcia, was a founding student member. Association members were chosen by vote of faculty and students. The Association President was a faculty member who also served as coach of virtually all sports, male or female. Dues were assessed, and several hundred dollars were raised each year, most notably for football, tennis, and women’s basketball.

Whereas men’s basketball was not played against outside teams until 1907, women’s basketball was an intercollegiate hit from the start. A team was formed in 1893 and journeyed to Albuquerque to play the ladies of University of New Mexico (UNM). The game was contested in a makeshift gym with baskets suspended by wires with no backboards. The Lobo women won by the resounding score of 4-2. Soon the women’s team became known as the Aggiettes, outfitted in long dresses emblazoned with a large “AC” for Agricultural College. Through the mid-1920s, the Aggiettes were the terrors of New Mexico, West Texas, and Mexico. The sturdy farm and ranch gals trounced most of their foes and were the uncrowned basketball champions of the region.

Large intramural “Play Days” were held at College Field with the best competitors picked for Aggie teams that competed with others in track and field and tennis (which in some years had coed teams). Teams from other New Mexico colleges, area high schools, and El Paso military and business teams made up most of the competition. Located just southwest of the present-day intersection of Espina and University Streets, College Field was renamed Miller Field in 1908. Later, in 1932, the main athletic facilities were moved to Quesenberry Field. Quesenberry Field was named in honor of early Aggie footballer, Joe Quesenberry, fiancé of long-time Registrar Era Rentfrow. Quesenberry was killed in combat

in World War I.

Football was the most popular intercollegiate team sport, and the Aggies were a rough and spirited bunch. The pre-1920s were the days of no helmets, little padding, and few passes. Under the tutelage of unpaid faculty members who doubled as coaches, the Aggies had a sparkling winning record of 32-18-7 from 1894 to 1910. The two earliest coaches were William Sutherland and the indomitable John O. Miller, who also served the college as registrar. These men were followed by a succession of fine coaches like Arthur Badenoch of the University of Chicago (an Amos Alonzo Stagg protégé) and Robert “Cap” Brown of Dartmouth. From 1911 to 1928, the Aggie footballers were 76-47-6, including a 7-7-2 record against their big brothers from UNM.

The early men’s basketball teams were also successful. Though playing in small dimly lit venues called “The Rink” (until 1911) and “The Crackerbox” thereafter, they managed a better-than-even, winning record. During the 1914-26 period under “Pinky” Griffith of Iowa, Arthur Bergman, and Cap Brown, Aggie basketball teams won eighty games, losing only forty-two. One of the star players in the mid-1920s was Jerry Hines of Old Mesilla. In 1929, he would take over as basketball and football coach at NMA&M after three years as coach at Las Cruces High and lead the Aggies to prominence in the Border Conference.

The 1920s had fostered great interest in college football with the likes of sportswriter Grantland Rice and gridiron heroes such as Knute Rockne and his Four Horsemen at Notre Dame and the “Galloping Ghost,” Red Grange at Illinois. College basketball, though hindered by unimaginative coaching and primitive dribbling and shooting techniques, was also growing in popularity. The legendary coach “Phog” Allen of Kansas led a drive to organize and improve coaching strategies and rules aimed at improving the college game. The sports boom was felt even in sleepy little Las Cruces. Early Aggie opponents, which included teams like El Paso Cactus, El Paso Young Men’s Christian Association, Waltz Independents, Las Cruces High, and Seventh Cavalry (Troop L), had been replaced by Arizona, Sul Ross, and Hardin Simmons.

Meanwhile, President Kent and Professor Hugh Milton, later to become president, were instrumental in organizing an association of Southwestern universities that coalesced into the Border Conference in the early 1930s. With Texas Technical College (Texas Tech), New Mexico, Arizona, Tempe (Arizona State University), Texas College of Mines (University of Texas at El Paso), and Flagstaff Teachers College (Northern Arizona University), the Border Conference was prestigious company for a

“cow college” of only five hundred students.

The Aggies’ basketball court through most of the 1930s remained the incredibly tiny “Crackerbox.” With a capacity of two hundred, mostly standing room on the elevated one lane running track suspended above the floor, the “Crackerbox” took on an aura all its own. Alumnus Michael Taylor wrote a vivid description.

When erected in 1911 it had been considered an architectural wonder. In my day we wondered why. The spectators at a game sat in one of the narrow balconies on either side. The gym was a hot box and an echo chamber, and yet we loved it. Its very smallness made for a sort of enforced intimacy. All the college hops were held there. The stark interior imposed great difficulties on the decorating committees that labored for days before each dance. We were not critical, however, and when the lights were low and the music swelling, the old monstrosity became an enchanted pavilion. As you entered with your date on dance night you became aware of a strange aroma. This was due to the mingling of Evening in Paris, a popular, inexpensive perfume, and vinegar. The young ladies shampooed, of course, before such important occasions and many used vinegar in their rinses.

By today’s standards, football and basketball games of the early 1930s were low scoring, unimaginative affairs. Football was dominated by the box, single and double wing formations, plodding power sweeps and off-tackle plunges. The “pigskin” was large and round, requiring an odd flat-handed passing motion. The quarterback was “the man,” carrying the ball 75 percent of the time, passing rarely, handing to the other backs occasionally, and punting often. Strategy dictated punting on third down if inside your own forty-yard line, and eighteen to twenty punts a game were the norm.

In the Border Conference, interior linemen typically weighed 170 to 190 pounds and the backs 155 to 170. The Aggies were even smaller and usually outweighed by ten to fifteen pounds per man. Black, high-topped, steel-cleated shoes, helmets without face guards, and small, rounded shoulder pads were standard. Substitution rules were harsh, and most players went “both ways.” Broken noses, dislocated fingers, cleat gashes, and utter exhaustion were all part of the game.

Basketball in the 1920s and 1930s was a small man’s game. Players were seldom over 6’3” and more commonly 5’9” to 6’0”. The standard shot was two handed. The jump shot was unknown, and dunks were extremely rare. Set shooters rained looping, back spinning shots on rims that were above the reach of the average player. Dribbling and ball handling skills were awkward, almost mechanical. Most teams used deliberate teamwork and passing, though the Aggie teams of the mid-1930s went

against the grain and introduced the fast break with much success. Officiating was tight. “Banging,” hand-checking, and rough play were quickly whistled and, by the rules, four fouls meant disqualification. Typical scores were 33 to 26, and often the losing team was held to less than 20 points. A winning team with 65 points was virtually unheard of.

By 1933-34, the Aggie athletic program was on the upswing. Vaughn Corley, fresh from his success at Las Cruces High, was hired as an assistant to Coach Hines. Corley, who was in the first graduating class at Texas Tech, was pivotal in developing freshman teams in both basketball and football. He was also a trackman and introduced track and field as a real varsity sport with obvious benefit to both the football and basketball programs. Cigar chomping, wheeler-dealer Dan Williams, a crony of new Democratic Governor Clyde Tingley, made the scene as a regent in 1933. Williams was also the County Road Superintendent, a powerful patronage-granting position in its day. He soon became President of the Board of Regents and led a much-needed drive for better facilities and funding for Aggie athletics.

In 1933, Coach Hines married Nona Mossman. Nona was the daughter of Walter Chauncey and Annie Freeman Mossman of Mesquite. Raised on the Mossman cattle ranch, which stretched from the Organs to the Rio Grande, Nona had been educated in finishing school and women’s college in Texas. She was an accomplished musician, artist, and as a ranch girl, a fair athlete. She was instrumental in reforming a women’s sports program at NMA&M, which had deteriorated during the late 1920s. Skill clubs were organized to promote “activities that may be adapted to the leisure time of after-school life.” Captains were appointed as club leaders in activities such as volleyball, softball, basketball, tennis, hiking, rifle, and archery. An annual “Play Day” was reinstated in Las Cruces for competition among “girls from the colleges in New Mexico.” Although women’s sports were not at the “varsity level,” the women were at least competing again.

By 1933, Prohibition was over, and Roosevelt and the New Deal were in. Although many of the students were struggling financially, State College seemed awash in gaiety and optimism. There were the painting of “A” Mountain, the annual downtown free-for-all known as the “frosh-soph tangle,” hayrides, picnics, concerts, arcane lectures by a series of traveling orators, and many dances. The biannual train trip to Albuquerque to play the Lobos in football had become a full-blown soiree for the spirited students. The 1935 yearbook featured a cartoon of three Aggies in an Albuquerque hotel room (presumably The Franciscan), all nursing hangovers, one in the shower, one in bed, and the other on the floor amidst empty whiskey bottles and a large sign “MEN AT WORK.”

The spirited campus atmosphere spilled over into athletics. Several local athletes had already arrived at State College. Most notable were the gifted Apodaca cousins,

Anastacio (Hookey) from Mesilla and Lauro of La Mesa. Another local, by way of Texas, was the clever, acrobatic speedster Lemuel Pratt, destined to become one of the finest quarterbacks in the Southwest. Soon after came a pair of New Mexico cowboys, Joe Jackson, a rawboned 6'6" basketball center from Cimarron, and the strapping 6'2" Pecos Finley from Causey. Pecos, one of the best all around high school athletes ever seen in New Mexico, came to NMA&M along with the quick 5'8" guard Morris "Pucker" Wood. Wood and Finley were the stars of the 1935 Floyd "wonder team" that swept the state championship in Albuquerque. Jackson, Finley, and Wood were joined on the basketball floor by the smooth 6'1" forward Francisco "Kiko" Martinez from El Paso by way of Chihuahua, a bronze medalist on the 1936 Mexican Olympic team.

In football, Hines and Corley recruited bull-like tackle Joe Yurcic from the coal mines of Gallup and triple-threat quarterback Eddie Miller from San Antonio. Yurcic and Miller would later play professionally in the New York Giants organization. Other players included a tough little football guard, George McCarty, later a winning Aggie basketball coach and athletic director at UTEP. John Pershing Jolly, future Adjutant General of the New Mexico National Guard, was also on the football squad.

Sprinkled with transfers and other recruits, mainly from West Texas, this group was to become an athletic force. The next six to seven years, between 1934 and 1938 in football and 1935 and 1940 in basketball, were to prove the most glorious in Aggie sports history. Between 1934 and 1938, the football squad posted a record of 31-10-6, and from 1936 to 1940, the basketball team went 102 and 36.

The 1935 football team featured the "cotton topped" Pratt and the Apodacas, along with a strong line. They finished the regular season at 6-1-1, the lone loss a grueling 6-9 setback at Arizona. The highlight of the 1935 season was the Homecoming game with the Lobos played at Quesenberry Field on a Monday Armistice Day. Governor Tingley and a large crowd of Aggie and Lobo fans watched as, "Jack Weiler, El Paso pilot," dropped game balls to the field to which school-colored streamers had been attached. Streamered pigeons were released, and stirring Sousa marches and school fight songs were played.



1936 Sun Bowl Team. Courtesy of author.

To the astonishment of the experts, a talented Lobo team, previously unscored upon in the Border Conference, was thrashed 32-0. Pratt broke loose for many long runs and made several scoring passes to Lauro Apodaca. The Lobos were plagued by bad luck and several goal line stands by the scrappy Aggies. Frustrated, but finally driving for a pride-saving score in the fourth quarter, Lobo misfortune continued when 155-pound Anthony "Squat" George snatched the ball from Lobo quarterback Abbie Paiz on the four-yard line. The speedy little guard then outraced the Lobos for ninety-six yards and the last touchdown.

At season's end, the Aggies were invited to play perennial power Hardin Simmons in the 1936 Sun Bowl in El Paso, the first featuring college teams. Heralded as "uncrowned champions of the Texas Conference," the Hardin Simmons Cowboys were led by Coach Frank Kimbrough, "The Mighty Dutchman." Kimbrough was a no-nonsense disciplinarian, and his teams did not lose easily.

A large crowd of Cowboy fans came via special train from Abilene to see the Sun Carnival pageant and game. Excitement was high in Las Cruces, too, as many students and fans partook of the festivities. It was proudly announced that "the material to be used in the Sun Carnival parade would cost more than \$40,000." A crowd of more than one hundred thousand actually saw the parade. The Aggie band won first place, and several Las Cruces floats, including one representing "The Trial of Billy the Kid," were the subject of newsreel cameramen.

The El Paso sportswriters, smarting from a season-ending 7-0 loss by the Miners to the Aggies were picking the Cowboys by three touchdowns. The Las Cruces papers lamented that "despite assurances that the Aggies were the home team," it was "typical of El Paso spirit" that Hardin Simmons was called the home team on the stadium scoreboard.

Outmanned as usual, the Aggies averaged only 175 pounds in the line, the Cowboys 188. To be competitive

with Hardin Simmons, Pratt and the Apodacas knew they would have to be at their best. The game drew a record crowd of eleven thousand fans on a sunny New Year's Day in 1936. The contest was a vicious, hard-hitting affair that included ten fumbles, five interceptions, and an astounding twenty-nine punts. The Aggies, who finished with but eight first downs to fifteen by the Cowboys, trailed 7-0 before tying the game early in the third quarter.

The Cowboys then began a long drive featuring a rare fourth down gamble that led to a first down at their own forty-yard line. The Cowboys scored and kicked the extra point for a 14-7 lead near the end of the third quarter. The Aggies had driven into Cowboy territory several times only to be thwarted by interceptions or fumbles. Finally, Pratt called a trick play that made use of the speedy Apodaca cousins. With the ball at midfield, Pratt passed to Hookey at the thirty-five who whirled and fired a long lateral pass to Lauro. Lauro, who had great speed, caught the ball and raced untouched into the Cowboy end zone as the Aggie crowd "went wild with excitement." The extra point was good, making it 14-14. Frantic last minute efforts by both teams to score went for naught, and fittingly, the first Sun Bowl game ended in a 14-14 tie.

Over the next three years, 1936-38, the Aggie footballers continued their winning ways, going 20-8-3. They were paced by Lem Pratt and then Eddie Miller at quarterback and by the great Joe Yurcic at tackle. In 1938, Miller was joined in a potent, speedy backfield comprised of Mert Gillis, Otis Shows, and "Jackrabbit" Smith. With lights added to Quesenberry Field, night games and "huge crowds" of more than five thousand fans were becoming commonplace in Las Cruces.

In 1938, despite tying for the Border Conference championship with a record of 7-2, a heartbreaking 6-2 loss to UNM put the Aggies out of, and the Lobos into, the 1939 Sun Bowl against Utah. Losing to the Lobos had been bad enough, but added to a perceived "Miner conspiracy" to keep the Aggies out of the Sun Bowl, it was sour medicine indeed. A rally was held on campus to honor the players and soothe indignant students and fans. It featured the award winning Aggie band and pep squad, newly inaugurated President Milton, and Coaches Hines and Corley. Muttering was plainly heard about getting even during the upcoming basketball season of 1938-39.

There was clearly reason for optimism in Las Cruces about the 1938-39 basketball season and for despair in Albuquerque and El Paso. An example of Lobo frustration occurred in Albuquerque in March 1938 of the previous season. Trailing by twenty-five points and unable to influence the outcome "by howling for Aggie blood," the Lobo students tried distraction. A group of freshmen ran to the Aggie huddle during a timeout to present nipped milk bottles to the "Farmers." Showing great poise and to the delight of the crowd, Joe Jackson and Pecos Finley

smiled and then calmly sucked down the refreshing liquid.

During the 1937-38 season, the Aggies were undefeated in the Border Conference and had extended their winning streak against the Lobos to nine and eventually to seventeen by 1940. Over the same period, the Miners, termed the "muckers" by the increasingly cocky Aggie student body, went down nine straight times and 11-2 overall. Over the period 1934 to 1938, the Aggies were 82 and 32 with two Border Conference titles and two wins in the 1938 National Intercollegiate Basketball Tournament in Kansas City.

By winter 1938, the Aggies were a legend in the Border Conference. They returned all five starters from the conference championship and NIB teams — Joe Jackson, "Kiko" Martinez, Pecos Finley, "Pucker" Wood, and Mel Ritchey. All, save Ritchey, who was a fine end on the football squad, were all-conference. There simply was no team in the conference in their class. Though playing below their potential at times, the Aggies finished 19-3 overall, and 16-2 in the conference to win a third straight title.

They relied on a dizzying fast break triggered by Jackson's rebounding and outlet passes, Martinez's ball handling and generalship, and Finley's running, Cousylike one handers. A week after a thrilling victory over Texas Tech at Williams Gym, a telegram from the Metropolitan Sportswriters arrived at State College. The Aggies had been invited to the second annual National Invitation Tournament in (NIT) New York City. The team left El Paso's Union Station by train amidst great ballyhoo. The entourage included Jerry and Nona Hines, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Williams, and Paul Walter of the Las Cruces Chamber of Commerce.

After a three-day trip, the Aggies arrived in Gotham and were awestruck. They toured the sites, including the Empire State Building, Radio City, the unfinished World's Fair site, Yankee Stadium, the Polo Grounds, Grant's Tomb, and the Statue of Liberty. They appeared on closed circuit TV, saw a hockey game at Madison Square Garden, and attended a dinner in their honor at Jack Dempsey's restaurant. The Manassa Mauler wowed the group with his charm and stories of his youth in Northern New Mexico and Colorado. The Aggies, according to John Kieran of the New York Times, were colorful and resplendent in "ten-gallon hats, cowboy boots, fawn-colored corduroy pants, crimson [letter] jackets and cerise shirts! But they were great big fellows, so it was no laughing matter."

The Aggies drew the undefeated Long Island University Blackbirds as their first NIT opponent. Nona remembers Jerry as so nervous by game time that he mistook the Star Spangled Banner for *Aggies Oh Aggies!* Given little chance by the sophisticated New Yorkers, the Aggies set 14,443 fans in Madison Square Garden on their collective ears according to Arthur Daley of the



NIT Team at Jack Dempsey's, New York city. Courtesy of author.

New York Times.

The opener had the crowd in ecstasies of delight for its entire duration. It is doubtful if any team ever has looked better in the Garden than New Mexico in the first ten minutes. The Crimson Cavalcade had a devastating quick break, a lightning onslaught down the court that swept L.I.U. right off its feet... The Blackbirds were helpless as their defense was split wide open and in those first breath-taking ten minutes, New Mexico had a 20-10 lead. The crowd sat spellbound by the magnificence of the exhibition...the Cavalcade came flashing down the court at such terrific speed that frequently there were five Aggies whirling toward the goal and only two L.I.U. defenders. Finally the shrewd Clair Bee order a switch to a zone that checked the New Mexico parade.

Bee also installed a safetyman, football style, to guard the basket and inserted Dolly King, one of the first great collegiate black players, to help stem the tide. By halftime the talented Blackbirds has knotted the score at 29 to 29. With five minutes left the score was tied 42-42, when Pecos Finley, and then, Joe Jackson fouled out. The Aggies, who had complained about the smoky atmosphere and lack of ventilation in the Garden, finally withered under the Blackbirds' depth. The final score was 52-45. L.I.U. would complete an unbeaten season and capture the mythical "National Championship" by defeating Loyola in the final NIT game.

Several nights later and to the delight of eighteen thousand newly found fans, the Aggies defeated a 21-2 Roanoke College team in a consolation game. The game was much different than the earlier encounter with L.I.U. This time it was Roanoke jumping to a 22-10 lead before

Martinez, Jackson, and Finley sparked the Aggies to a thrilling 55-52 victory.

Returning by way of Washington, D.C., the Aggie

group toured the sights and lunched with Senators Dennis Chavez and Carl Hatch and Congressman John Dempsey. Arriving by train in El Paso on March 23, the Aggies were met by the band and pep squad and hundreds of well wishers who convoyed them to Las Cruces. They hadn't won the NIT, but it was a proud and exciting time for all of New Mexico.

By 1940, the traditional spring winds and the foreboding "winds of war" were both blowing strongly at State College. As battery commander of the 120th Combat Engineers, a New Mexico National Guard unit assigned to the Forty-fifth Infantry Division, Coach Hines and a number of Las Cruces men were among the first called to duty by the impending

hostilities. Many Aggies were also activated early and sent to the Philippines with New Mexico's other guard unit, the 200th Coast Artillery. Still others, many of whom were ROTC graduates, were rushed to the Philippines to bolster the green Filamerican forces who awaited attack by the Japanese. By Registrar Era Rentfrow's records, more than twenty-one hundred Aggies would serve in the military. At least 130 would lose their lives. Among the ex-athletes were the beloved Ray McCorkle, Jesse Mechem, and Pecos Finley. McCorkle died on Bataan leading an infantry attack on the Japanese. Lieutenant Colonel Mechem, in command of the 382nd Infantry Battalion of the Ninety-sixth Division, was killed on Leyte during the retaking of the Philippines in 1944. Finley died of dysentery in a POW camp in 1942 after surviving the Bataan Death March.

World War II effectively ended a glorious chapter in the history of Aggie sports. The dedication of Aggie Memorial Stadium on the site of Quesenberry Field in 1950 recognized the wartime sacrifices of Aggie students and faculty. And it also symbolized the remembrance of a proud athletic tradition. That tradition, founded in competition and in the striving for success by the young men and women of the "industrious classes," is still there in two tangible forms — the second Aggie Memorial Stadium dedicated in 1978 and the twelve names of the pre- WWII members in the Aggie Sports Hall of Fame.

WALTER HINES is a consulting engineer for CH2M Hill, an Albuquerque engineering consulting firm. Walter specializes in water resource management and marketing. His father was coach and athletic director at NMA&MA during the 1930s and 40s. Active in the NMSU Alumni Association, Walter also authored *Aggies of the Pacific War* (Yucca Tree Press, 1999).

Deming Luna Mimbres Museum

by Ruth Brown

The Deming Luna Mimbres Museum began with an old washing machine. In 1977, Hubert Ruebush drove his pickup to the small house on Nickel Street that the Luna County Historical Society had rented to use for a museum. "Ladies," he said, "I want to give you my wife's old washing machine. It was the first electric washer in Deming, and people used to come from all over town to see it wash." When he looked around the four-room museum, he realized there was no room for his gift. "We need a larger building," he said, "and the old National Guard Armory building is for sale. Let's see if the historical society can buy the Armory." And they did!

The Armory was an old brick building designed by Henry Frost with the usual half-basement for the lower floor. It was the first Armory completed after New Mexico became a state. Before it was finished, Pancho Villa raided Columbus. And General Blackview to northeast. Courtesy of the D Jack Pershing's men used it as a stopover on their way to the Punitive Expedition into Mexico.

During World War I, men from Camp Cody used the building for a recreation center. During World War II, the local National Guard joined other guard units in New Mexico and was sent to the Philippines, becoming prisoners of war held by the Japanese and participating in the Bataan Death March. Later in World War II the building became a USO for the soldiers stationed at the Deming Army Air Field, training to be bombardiers.

It is a wonderful home for a museum. When the historical society learned they could buy the building for \$12,000, Mr. and Mrs. Ruebush offered to donate \$6,000 if the people in Deming would donate the other half. And they did!

At first, it seemed the building was much too large for a local museum. The half-basement was in fair condition, so the Historical Society members thought if that floor were ever filled with exhibits, it could be a good museum for the town of Deming, the county of Luna, and the area called Mimbres Valley. They named

it the Deming Luna Mimbres Museum.

It was a big name! It was a big dream! The Luna County Historical Society did not have any money. They had enthusiasm! They had time and decided to gradually, gradually create a fine small museum.

Then Ted and Louise Southerland entered the drama. Ted had been a school administrator in Michigan, and he and Louise moved to Deming to retire. Louise offered to give her fine large doll collection to the museum. She chose a room for the dolls. With the help of friends,

they painted and carpeted the room and built cases for the dolls.

The historical society members were so impressed with the Southerlands they asked Ted to be their next president. He became the director of the museum. The Grand Opening of the museum was in December, 1978, at the first Annual Christmas Green Tea. To describe the excitement that the Doll Room generated is

impossible. It raised the community's expectations for the museum to a whole new level.

Under Southerland's leadership, the Museum developed rapidly. The May family took a room to carpet and furnish in memory of Bessie May. The Old Timers Association created a picture room for their large photo collection. The Richard W. Gilmore family donated material and labor and built a quilt room. The Gem and Mineral room was a gift from the Gem and Mineral Society. Names of donors were put on items on display, and everyone wanted to donate something to their museum! Harold Cousland, the *Deming Headlight* editor, gave much space and free publicity for museum programs and projects.

Elizabeth May donated her Native American basket collection. Businesses donated cases they weren't using. Ed Allison donated a chuck wagon. The City of Deming budgeted \$200 a month to help the museum pay utility bills and helped by paying for museum brochures. Lola Upton donated cases and folk art from Mexico. The hospital donated old iron lungs and items for the Medical Room. The historical society still had



Modern view of the Old Armory Building housing the Museum, view to the northeast. Courtesy of the Deming Luna Mimbres Museum



Docent with a children's group. Note the period furniture, mannikin, and modern sculpture. Photo by Ed Leupold. Courtesy of the Deming Luna Mimbres Museum.

no money, but the museum project just snowballed.

Dorothy Parson, another Michigan retiree who had been historical society president when the Armory was purchased, became the museum store manager. She donated \$250 to buy books and other merchandise. Richard Gilmore matched her donation. Profit was invested in more quality merchandise, and gradually the inventory increased, and the store was enlarged. Today, the store is the largest source of income for the museum. Joyce Peterson, the present store manager, has several buyers — a book buyer, a card and stationery buyer, pottery buyer, jewelry buyer, etc.

Hubert and Pauline Ruebush continued to be big contributors and they created an endowment fund for the museum. The interest from the endowment will always be used to help support the museum. The endowment fund is still relatively small — less than \$200,000, but is still growing.

In five or six years, Southerland began to plan for expansion. G.X. McSherry, state senator from Luna County, worked to have money appropriated to Deming to be used for the art gallery and transportation annex. Later, fund drives were held to help build a larger military room. The City of Deming bought the historic Seaman Filed home (The Custom House) across the street from the museum and turned it over to the historical society to be restored. Art and Virginia Pool had just retired and they took charge of the Custom House. Art restored the old home. A new set of volunteers was recruited. Virginia and the volunteers decided to make money by having dinners, weddings, anniversary parties, and other special events in the historic home or in the lovely back yard.

The Archives Section was moved to a small building in the back yard of the Custom House, and the local history collections and photograph collections are located there.

Eve Yoquelet made a donation for a new transportation wing which was finished in 1999. Lilian Steinman made a donation to complete that building by facing the exterior with brick.

From the beginning, the museum has been a community project. Everyone is proud of “their” museum and they show their pride by offering help, donations, and financial support.

When John King donated his large Mimbres pottery collection, some rooms had to be remodeled. Richard W. Gilmore, contractor, donated his time to plan and supervise the remodeling, but \$30,000 had to be raised for labor and materials. In only four months, citizens of Deming had donated that amount.

Another ingredient in the success of the museum is the corps of volunteers. Over eighty volunteers work at the museum every week. They are retired contractors, electricians, teachers, policemen, engineers, housewives, military, a bank vice president, nurses, etc. None have worked in a museum before, but they learn as much as they can as fast as they can and strive to be as professional as possible. They come from many states. They have different interests and backgrounds and talents and experiences. They can do almost anything. Different volunteers do different exhibits. Others care for the wardrobe, the archives, the military exhibits, the cowboy exhibit, or they cook and serve those elegant meals at the Custom House, or design a project to bring every fourth grade class in town in for a lesson about Mimbres Indians. The jobs are so numerous: being a docent trainer; being a registrar; keeping inventory on the computer; planning and scheduling lectures, concerts, and speakers for our monthly *Sunday Afternoon at the Museum*; scheduling and finding substitutes for absentee volunteers; arranging for tour groups. Any volunteer can find an interesting job to do or supervise. They do everything except the cleaning. No one will volunteer to do that, so a cleaning service is hired to clean.

Ruth Brown, the present museum director, and Katie Hofacket, Luna County Historical Society president, look around and marvel at all that has happened and is happening at Deming Luna Mimbres Museum.

Twenty-one years ago, the Luna County Historical Society wanted to create a unique, interesting museum to tell the story of southwestern New Mexico. And they did.

RUTH BROWN was raised in Quemado, NM and is a retired elementary school teacher. She holds degrees from both New Mexico Western University and New Mexico State University. Ms. Brown has been with the museum in Deming for fifteen years, during more than seven of which she has served as the museum director.

ENDNOTES

- 1 At the little museum, there was a Silver Tea at Christmas, and visitors were encouraged to give silver coins as donations. When they moved to the new museum, it was called the Green Tea, and the museum expected green donations.

The Home of the Good Shepherd

by Paul Smith

Editor's Note: DACHS sponsored an historical essay contest open to middle and high school entrants. A choice of three topics was specified: early settlers, what Las Cruces will look like in fifty years, or a favorite historical site. Our winning essay follows and was written by a sixth grade student. The Emerick home received the DACHS building adhering to regional architecture award in 1975.

The Home of the Good Shepherd is my favorite place and historical site in Las Cruces. It has been the home of Sara Emerick for thirty years, and I've known it most of my life. Its interesting name is part of its history, which is a bridge to older events and places around the world.

In 1908, four years before New Mexico statehood, a new college president moved to town. Dr. Garrison and his wife purchased 13.7 acres of farmland outside of La Mesilla the following year.

We can understand why the Garrisons chose to build an adobe house. Adobe is ideal in New Mexico because of the sunny days and cool nights. In summer, adobe walls don't let the sun's heat in until the night when the air is cool and windows can be opened. In winter, heat enters rooms at night when it is needed most.

People want a house that won't fall down in ten years, and adobe is very long lasting. The adobe pueblos near Taos have been occupied since at least 1300. The pueblos were made out of puddled adobe. The Spanish introduced adobe bricks a few hundred years later.

Other reasons for building with adobe are the local people knew how to build with it very well, and the earth used in making it is very abundant in the Southwest.

Adobe is beautiful to look at and blends in with the landscape. It has a good feel to it. Georgia O'Keeffe trying to describe it said, "Words aren't much good. You just have to feel it."

In 1917, the Garrisons, who had moved to California, sold the house. The house changed hands four more times in the next eleven years. During that time barns and buildings were added on the property, and a dairy operated for a year.

In May of 1928, the property was sold to Mother Mary of Saint Francis de Sales, Superior of the Sisters of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd. The religious order began in France in the early 1800s. So far the two story hacienda had been a private residence,* but now it was to become a convent.

At the turn of the twentieth century, the Sisters of the Good Shepherd worked in Mexico. The Catholic Church suffered confiscation of its properties during the Mexican Revolution. The work of religious orders became dangerous. It was obvious that the Good Shepherd order would lose its property in Mexico. In 1927, the Sisters moved to El Paso, Texas. They rented property in a busy

neighborhood. However, they learned that the ringing of the bell was disturbing the neighbors. Sister M. Francis de Sales began a search for a place in a less populated area. It led her to the Mesilla Valley. About twenty Good Shepherd Sisters arrived at the convent. The main house was where they lived, ate, sang, prayed, and slept.

Together with the Magdalene Sisters, who lived in a different building, the Sisters of the Good Shepherd ran an orphanage and schools for girls.

The complex was accepted as part of the community. The neighbors sometimes offered help. Mrs. Emerick once visited in the open patio and remembers it to have been "sparse, poor, meager," and "peaceful." The nuns were very nice and didn't speak English.

In 1967 the convent was closed because of lack of money. It remained unoccupied for two years. Lewis and Sara Emerick often went for evening walks and watched the decay of the building with dismay. In 1969 they decided to try to buy it. When Mrs. Emerick walked through the house, she saw that it was in bad condition including a large hole in the kitchen floor from a small fire. But when she walked in to the solarium and saw that it was very beautiful, she knew the rest of the house could be restored. A few months later the sale was made. Mrs. Emerick said the "restoration was hard, but very gratifying." One of her favorite memories was putting books on the shelves of the library.

After the restoration the decorating began. They added a big fountain in the solarium and stained glass windows in the music room and library. The windows came from a man from Springfield, Illinois who had a pickup full of stained glass from a church.

The upstairs is my favorite place in the house. The whole upstairs looks out to the solarium and still has beautiful arched windows. One room is the Maximilian room. It has furniture from the Amador Hotel, from the room where Emperor Maximilian stayed. Mrs. Emerick got it at an auction when the hotel closed. The big bed she got for \$100 and, fighting for it, a small table for \$300. She wanted the other things but couldn't afford them. Later she sold a house for the bank that owned the rest of the furniture and, instead of money, she got the furniture.

Mrs. Emerick also has a collection of art from around the world. A replica of Michaelangelo's sculpture "Moses" puzzled her for years. Recently she discovered on the internet the reason the artist made Moses with horns!

A print of the painting “The Last Judgement” (original in Sistine Chapel) is displayed. Mrs. Emerick says it “is moving beyond words.”

Mrs. Emerick also enjoys making and collecting rubbings of different artifacts.

Once she traveled to East Berlin and wanted a rubbing of Martin Luther’s gravestone. The guard wouldn’t permit it, though she tried a few times. After lunch the guard invited her to do it and was very nice about it. A few minutes later she went back to her husband, looking bewildered. He said he had bribed the guard.

The Home of the Good Shepherd is a bridge to some of the roots of Las Cruces. The loving, persevering, and adventurous personalities of the Emericks have fortified that bridge.

PAUL SMITH is the twelve-year-old son of Geoffrey and Lynn Smith of Las Cruces. He is home-schooled, plays baseball and soccer, hunts, collects sports cards, and is an avid reader. Paul was eleven when he wrote this winning essay for the middle school category.

ENDNOTES

* Foss says it was only a private residence (p. 2) while Owen



Home of the Good Shepherd. Courtesy of Rio Grande Historical Collections, New Mexico State University Library.

writes it was the college’s married student housing (p. 78).

- 1 Interviews with Sara Emerick.
- 2 Lila Foss, “Good Shepherd of the Mesilla Valley” as cited in *The Rio Grande History*. (Las Cruces, New Mexico: Rio Grande Historical Collections, New Mexico State University, 1978).
- 3 Gordon Owen, *Las Cruces New Mexico, 1849-1999: Multicultural Crossroads*. (Las Cruces, New Mexico: Red Sky Publishing Co., 1999).
- 4 Sandra and Laurel Seth, *Adobe!* (Stamford, Connecticut: Architectural Book Publishing Co., 1988).

Doña Ana County Historical Society Memorial

John C. Nunemaker

John C. Nunemaker, M.D., and his wife Betty, had moved to Las Cruces in 1975. Interested in history and “enchanted” by life in a small city, they attended their first meeting of the Dona Ana County Historical Society in the children’s room of the old Branigan Library (where the Branigan Cultural Center is located today). They found it memorable. Among the ten members, seated on the children’s small chairs, were Opal Priestly, J. Paul Taylor, Austin Hoover, and Hester Roach. It was, they said, “a fun introduction to life in Las Cruces.”

Among Dr. Nunemaker’s new interests were their small pecan farm (three hundred trees), research into the history of the Mesilla Valley irrigation system (hoping to write a book), astronomy, genealogy, and computers.

Prior to his retirement, Dr. Nunemaker had served as the Executive Director of the American Board of Medical Specialties and Executive Vice President of the National Intern and Resident Matching Program (1970-1975). He was also a Professorial Lecturer in Medicine at Northwestern University School of Medi-

cine (1958-1975) and at George Washington University School of Medicine (1952-58). His long professional career also included assignments with the American Medical Association, the Veterans Administration in Washington, D.C., the Veterans Administration Hospital in Salt Lake City (where he was also Associate Professor of Medicine at the University of Utah School of Medicine), and with the Army of the United States (1942-46). During his war time service, he was the commanding officer of the Fifty-sixth Station Hospital in Cairo, Egypt, and Middle East Service Command Surgeon.

He earned his M.D. degree at Harvard Medical School. His B.S. and M.S. degrees were earned at the University of Idaho. After medical school, he served at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston and at John Hopkins University before his military service.

In retirement Dr. Nunemaker took great pride in tending to his pecan trees and in working with the Pecan Growers Association until a stroke at eighty-nine years of age slowed him down. He died on August 13, 2000.



Book Reviews

M*mimbres During the Twelfth Century* by Margaret C. Nelson, University of Arizona Press, 1999, 256 pp., \$35.00, hardcover.

The prehistoric hands that stacked adobe bricks in the Mimbres region were not white. So, why do modern archeologists insist on viewing ancient civilizations through the lens of Western European values? Margaret C. Nelson explores this issue in her book, *Mimbres During the Twelfth Century: Abandonment, Continuity and Reorganization*.

Nelson argues that the depopulation of village centers in the Mimbres region does not equate with the decline of that civilization. In her introduction, she notes that modern Pueblo people have a different view of land and land use than do members of the dominant Anglo culture. Nelson suggests that the abandonment of centers of population can be viewed as a strategy of land use suited to an arid landscape, rather than the tumescence of a civilization.

The language in *Mimbres* is scientific, yet accessible to the lay reader. Nelson includes a review of applicable archeological theories on the abandonment of village centers in the twelfth century. She incorporates divergent theories on the topic into the text, trusting her readers to make their own decisions. Nelson presents evidence from archeological digs in the Mimbres region to support her thesis that the perception of abandonment as failure is erroneous. Rather, Nelson suggests that the abandonment of village centers should be viewed as part of a strategy for continuity of the culture. The apparent abandonment of villages is consistent with seasonal movement of people from place to place, movements designed to adapt to the stress the increasing population base placed on an arid environment.

For anyone who has stood beside the dusty ruins of the first people's villages, wondering where they went, and why, *Mimbres During the Twelfth Century* is an intriguing read.

Gwendolyn Teekell
Las Cruces, NM

L*and of Enchantment, Land of Conflict: New Mexico in English Language Fiction* by David L. Caffey. Number 11, Southwestern Studies in the Humanities, Tarleton State University. College Station: Texas A&M University Press, 1999, 235 pp., photographs, endnotes, indices. \$29.95, hardcover.

Anglos drawn to New Mexico by sunsets and other attractions of place and climate brought themselves, too. Fiction, like politics, draws on history but is not bound by it. Upon these two realities David Caffey has constructed not only a review of who has imagined

what, in English, but also an entirely comprehensible pattern to hold these dreams together.

Pre-Civil War novels, like the Eastern society that spawned them, paid little attention to New Mexico. But the cumulative effect of war-engendered travel and the advent of the coast-to-coast railroad conspired to open the region to Anglo settlers. While they struggled to subsist, stay-at-home cousins developed a voracious hunger for news of the surroundings and exploits, and so was born the dime novel: stock heroic and villainous characters racing through ever more desperately dramatic events, unencumbered by daily realities or depths of human nature or even much difference from one novel to the next.

Of course, when cultures actually meet, initial encounters of aggression and conflict engender not only some real, as well as much imagined, blood and guts, but personal anguish as well. Caffey brings his reader along both chronologically and thematically to appreciate the fictional evolution as a reflection of the societal: from mutual hostility to coexistence, to celebration of diversity. From Timothy Flint, *Francis Berrian; or the Mexican Patriot* (Boston, 1826) to Cormac McCarthy, *Cities of the Plain* (New York, 1998) names familiar and unfamiliar invite exploration by the reader under the skillful, yet self-effacing, guidance of Dr. Caffey.

As he examines the duality of attitudes toward law and justice (often not the same), the points are made by climate and the land, the importance of mountain villages and various legendary characters — even as they are challenged by time and progress, even as they seem about to disappear — always, he brings forward the writings of others which are his point. The breadth and richness of his reference, accompanied by generous use of photographs of the writers to give the reader a frame of real time to hold the imaginings, as well as the thorough indexing make this a concise yet challenging summary of where we have been, and a most credible suggestion as to where we might head. Even the bomb, so intimately a part of New Mexico's twentieth century and beyond, is both real and a continuing challenge to the imagination. As for Hollywood, neither its formulaic spin (throwback to the dime-novel mentality), nor its brief flirtation with *film noir*; nor its indiscriminating exploitation of scenery which just happened to be in New Mexico, has endured.

As New Mexico in English language fiction is not just by, or for, Anglos any more, so Caffey expresses some optimism that film and other art may come to reflect the more-than-tripartite diversity which animates our land. Whether or not the reader accepts the guidance of this single-volume survey or simply accepts its findings, his understanding and enjoyment of his own place in this sun will be enhanced.

Two flies buzzed this reviewer's ear. A study of New Mexican literature ought to reference the Chihuahuan desert, not the Sonoran (p. 85). The writer decries parochialism even as he approves the microcosmic approach (p. 203), yet he himself expresses — most gratuitously — surprise at “the emergence of Las Cruces as a crucible of literary activity” (p. 185). ¿Qué pasa, Dr. Caffey?

The accessibility of the book is noted with appreciation. The extensive references are unobtrusively numbered in parentheses and given in endnotes; the photographs of authors are both interesting and contemporaneously helpful; and the author's tone is simply engaging.

Win Jacobs
Las Cruces, NM

Adobe and Rammed Earth Building: Design and Construction, by Paul Graham McHenry, Jr. Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1989. 217 pp., \$27.50, paper.

This book is an “authoritative” treatise on big adobes (rammed earth) and small adobes (bricks) — the bricks most of the world's population builds with under primitive conditions. Most, if not all, women will hate this book. The terms used — bankrun soil, mud, straw, bricks, rammed earth, pilasters, and coarse sand have male connotations and definitely not female.

There is a further restriction to reading this book even for males; it is an economic one. Construction using rammed earth or adobe bricks is only economical if... YOU dig up the earth, mix in the straw and water, pour or shovel the mixture into the form (that YOU have made) and YOU lay up the walls and/or roof structure. If YOU handle all of these procedures, “earthen” construction is probably the most economical of all. However, involving a general contractor in this labor-intensive construction alternative guarantees one of the MOST EXPENSIVE ways to construct a building. Consider this: In Santa Fe, a pseudo-adobe constructed of stucco over wood frame in a Pueblo, Territorial, or Mexican colonial style, sells for about one third of what an adobe (rammed earth or bricks) costs. Involve an architect or engineer in some contemporary slant in design, and the cost of the “real” adobe is even higher.

By now, if you're still reading this review, you are the “hands-on, simplifying-your-life” type — the kind of individual this book will illuminate and captivate. McHenry simplifies and details, by very excellent drawings, the step-by-step process. Traditional pictures of the different styles of architecture are peppered throughout the book, explaining end results as well as demonstrating construction sequences. He also writes a short history about the evolution of the “adobe,” beginning with the primitive “pit house,” which used adobe mud-packed over a framework of wooden poles and lintels with latillas stacked soldier-style over them. This evolved into the

“jacal,” a local expression of the “wattle and daub” method known all over the world. This method weaves sticks, twigs and branches into a “wicker” framework, into which mud is compressed to the desired thickness of wall.

The rest of the book stays directly on the materials and methods best utilized to efficiently construct and design your own adobe and rammed earth building.

There is no language that would “soften” the brutish work required to construct an adobe building. Adobe aerobics is a synonym for “chain gang.” Toughened muscles and sinew are a consequence of a “spiritual” design, as realized in *Adobe and Rammed Earth Structures*.

G.C. Lundeen, Architect
Las Cruces, NM

The Federal Landscape: An Economic History of the Twentieth-Century West by Gerald D. Nash. Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1999. xvi + 215 pp., notes, biblio., index, map. \$40.00 hardcover, \$17.95 paper.

For one such as this reviewer, who lived through three-quarters of the twentieth century, reading this book was extremely evocative. Ah! The memories! But still, how much one overlooks while preoccupied with schooling, working, raising a family, and so forth! It takes first-class history such as this by Gerald Nash to touch many chords, to illuminate in broad strokes the national experience, where personal memories are narrow and limited.

With reference to the noted economists Nicolae Kondratieff and Joseph Schumpeter, whose theories of economic cycles seem to be validated by Nash's analysis, the book is organized into chronological chapters, plus an “Afterword” reviewing the whole century. “A Colonial Landscape” describes the first chapter, on the years 1900-29. The West was “a purveyor of raw materials for the industrial...Northeast,” but winds of change were blowing. A Pacific empire had just been acquired. Completion of the Panama Canal followed in 1914; the U.S. Navy was enlarged into equal Atlantic and Pacific fleets; and naval construction contributed to flourishing western seaport cities. Internally, foundations were laid for immense western projects to distribute scarce water resources. New Mexico readers will reflect on the importance of Wilson Dam, as Elephant Butte Dam was originally named. In its time it merited adjectives such as “biggest” and “first” — but Nash does not need to mention it. Its status was vastly overshadowed by that of Hoover Dam, which was started at the end of the chapter's period.

Chapter two covers barely more than the decade of the 1930s: “Changing the Federal Landscape in the Great Depression, 1929-1940.” In the West, dam-building and related developments were preeminent but were only part of the whole story of federal involvement. Reflections also

are made about transportation, fuel, and the military build-up. Federal involvement was visible everywhere, accepted, and wanted. The title of chapter three, shortest of all, for the war years 1940-45, says it all, "Expanding the Federal Landscape."

Chapters four and five are duplicative in the period covered, 1945-60, the first entitled "Reconverting the West." The federal government, Nash holds, fearing a renewed depression, created programs which had more profound effects in the West than those of any previous period. Urbanization proceeded apace while more dams were built, also superhighways, parks and, most strikingly, elements discussed in Chapter five: "The Military-Industrial Complex in the Cold War." We in New Mexico have long been keenly aware of the significance to our economy of three major military-research establishments. Nash reminds us of a vast difference between the 1920s- 1930s and the post-World War II period: the decision in Washington, D.C., to maintain a very large national military force. Given the stated focus of this book, he elaborates briefly on the vast economic consequences of this Cold War decision. I say "briefly" with a bow to his notes and bibliography, which guide us to a multitude of studies and monographs reflecting the momentous results of this decision. We can speculate on our own about consequences in social, political, environmental and other areas.

Chapter six is "A Period of Transition, 1960-1973," marked importantly by "increasing concern with the quality, not just the quantity, of growth [in the West]." Western sunbelt cities exploded. Silicon Valley and other high-tech centers were promoted by federal dollars. The era of building huge dams was clearly ending, however, as the population at large (not just an elite) became familiar with concerns for which the Sierra Club and similar groups stand.

And so we have Chapter seven, "The Era of Deindustrialization, 1973-2000," which seems to me the weakest part of the book. Nash returns to an interpretation of Kondratieff economic cycles: an interim transition period, a "time of correction." There was "confusion" in federal policies, notably as to energy. Immigration concerns, environmentalism, "sagebrush rebellion," and the microchip all figure in this chapter. But Nash's bibliography for this chapter includes only one title dated as late as 1994, leading one to conclude that his analysis really went no further than that — appropriate, no doubt, for the work of a historian. As I write this review, I learn from the press that more than 50 percent of American homes now have at least one computer, a truly remarkable and significant statistic. But the Internet is nowhere even mentioned in this book. With the slight misgiving just suggested, however, this authoritative book is highly recommended as a good read, offering masterly insights into recent Western history.

John Porter Bloom
Las Cruces, NM

Tales from the Bloated Goat: Early Days in Mogollon by Herman A. Hoover, Silver City, NM: High Lonesome Books, 1995. 61 pp., \$12.95, paper.

In 1904 H.A. Hoover, yearned to go West. As a twenty-four-year-old self-proclaimed adventurer, Hoover bought a gun, boarded a train and, several stagecoach stops later, reported for a clerking job at Cooney Mercantile Company in Mogollon.

"This is nothing but a mining camp...the wind only blows two ways...up and down the valley. I feel homesick or something," Hoover reported in his newly purchased diary. This diary was maintained for the next fifty- some years. Conversations with old-timers at Mogollon's Bloated Goat Saloon provided anecdotal vignettes of a Territorial mining camp during its heyday. Mogollon today is one of New Mexico's famous ghost towns, and Hoover's accounts conjure up restless spirits of the past.

After Hoover's tenure as a clerk and a substitute postmaster, he moves up the mountain from Mogollon, presumably to escape the wind, to the Little Fanney Mine site. A photo of his home seems to place it over a mine shaft, although this is reader speculation. Not affecting the quality of the tales, but bothering the reader, was the author's occupation for the next fifty-odd years.

Another reader difficulty centered around gold lust story lines: senseless violence and corrupt greediness. Nonetheless, those interested in acquiring more of the times' flavor will find stories of big game hunting; how to get twenty-four mules to take tons of ore down hairpin turns; a Mogollon spin on a Butch Cassidy-Sundance Kid story; and a photograph of Billy the Kid's supposed stepfather. Also worthy of note are eighteen other photographs and accompanying captions.

From an anecdotal point of view, the book serves as documentation of New Mexico Territorial times during the first two decades of the twentieth century and probably deserves a place on the history buff's bookshelf.

Doris Gemoets
Las Cruces, NM

Centennial: Where the Old West Meets the New Frontier by David Townsend and Clif McDonald. Las Cruces, NM: Arroyo Press, 1999. 142 pp., \$25.00, hardcover.

Summing it all up in his foreword to the book, State Historian Robert J. Torrez writes that unrecorded historic events happen, but without anyone to witness, remember and communicate, there is no history. The results are plain, but the surrounding events at the actual moment of occurrence are missing forever.

Because of New Mexico's multicultural diversity, oral history was one recording process, while another, in Western culture, was writing. Spaniards, during the sixteenth century, brought written history to New Mexico. But written history has been particularly sporadic in

Southern New Mexico. Aside from a plethora of accounts about William “Billy the Kid” Bonney, other participants shaping history in the area are virtually unknown.

Townsend and McDonald are out to change this. Their book seeks to provide recognition and documentation about almost-anonymous persons and events — for the record.

The authors’ well-written, objective, and precisely appended and annotated treatise records for posterity events and people shaping the modern Alamogordo community, the political entity of Otero County, and by extension, the state of New Mexico.

Townsend and McDonald do not deviate from objectivity, telling it as it was and is. When speculation is mentioned, it is documented as such.

A case in point is one of the area’s most famous legal battles: the prosecution of rancher Oliver Lee for the presumed murder of politician Albert Fountain and his son, which ultimately resulted in the formation of Otero County. Among the players were Lee; Albert B. Fall, later Secretary of the Interior; and lawman Pat Garrett. The story provides entertaining and historically accurate reading.

From day one, a kind of metrocentric attitude has pervaded residents of Otero County, in particular, Alamogordo. The authors put this attitude in historical perspective: it has always been this way. Residents of Otero County and Alamogordo are looking out for number one, and are united in their efforts.

Alamogordo and Otero County’s most significant economical event in the past one hundred years was the arrival of the railroad. The area boomed by shipping its timber, ore and cattle over a wider area.

The other major force in the area’s economic stability has been the federal government. White Sands National Monument and Holloman Air Force Base are the major institutions. The former developed a brisk tourist market and the latter, technology spinoffs.

Doris Gemoets
Las Cruces, NM

Coming of Age in the Great Depression: The Civilian Conservation Corps in New Mexico, 1933-1942 by Richard Melzer. Las Cruces, NM: Yucca Tree Press, 2000. 308 pp., illus., maps, appendices, index. \$25.00, hardcover.

Dr. Richard Melzer again proves that state and local history gives perspective and depth to national history. His work over the years has illuminated various portions of the history of New Mexico, and this history of the Civilian Conservation Corps is no exception.

The terrible depression of the early 1930s led

Americans to seek panaceas, or at least partial solutions, to the economic and social problems. President Franklin Delano Roosevelt proposed one New Deal program that helped solve many problems on a local level — the CCC, created during the First Hundred Days. In New Mexico the CCC helped immeasurably to improve the lives of New Mexicans. The first camp opened during the summer of 1933 and the last closed in the fall of 1942. The salaries paid to CCC enrollees added more than \$5.5 million to family incomes. In addition money came into New Mexican hands and homes through the hiring of construction workers to build the camps and skilled laborers to staff them. Food was purchased from local farmers. The economic benefit was important.

Dr. Melzer not only details the economic help provided to New Mexicans, but he also discusses the camps and the enrollees. How did they live? What kind of work did they do? Where were the camps located? What type of recreation was available? Where did the young men come from? What kind of education did they have? All this and more is answered in the book. Dr. Melzer has done exhaustive research in local, state and national newspapers, archives and manuscripts and has interviewed many of the surviving CCC boys about their experiences.

The CCC did valuable work in improving our state and national parks and the national forests, as well as working on irrigation and soil conservation projects. They also built roads and bridges. Today it is almost impossible to travel anywhere in New Mexico without seeing the work done by the enrollees. In addition, the CCC tried to preserve the native Hispanic culture and taught many young men the skills to continue producing local crafts which they could take back to their communities. Chile dishes were often served for camp meals and introduced young men from Pennsylvania or Oklahoma to the joys of red or green.

Coming of Age in the Great Depression is full of anecdotes, not just statistics and government reports. The author’s sense of humor shows through in the many stories he retells. One delightful story concerns a tourist who visited Carlsbad Caverns National Monument, where the CCC did major work in improving the visitor accommodations. The tourist inquired if the CCC had also dug the caverns!

The wonderful illustrations increase the enjoyment of the book. The excellent index and bibliography add to the usefulness of the book. Both Dr. Melzer and Yucca Tree Press are to be commended for this marvelous addition to our state’s history.

Jo Tice Bloom
Las Cruces, NM

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There is no stipend for articles published, but each author will receive a copy of the *Review* in which the article appears. Articles which have been previously published will not normally be considered unless there is a compelling reason to do so. Clear information concerning prior publication should accompany submissions. A copy of the manuscript should be kept by the author. The original submission may not be returned or may be returned with editorial marks or comments. The Dona Ana County Historical Society assumes no responsibility for lost or misdirected manuscripts.

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Illustrations, Documentation and Style: All photographs and other illustrations should be unmounted and identified on the back with date, source, and a brief descriptive caption. Maps should include scale and a north directional arrow. All tables should be numbered, briefly titled, and cited by number in the text. See past issues of the *Review* for style of citation in references and notes.

Vita: A brief (100 to 150 words) biographical sketch of the author together with name, address and telephone number, should accompany submissions.

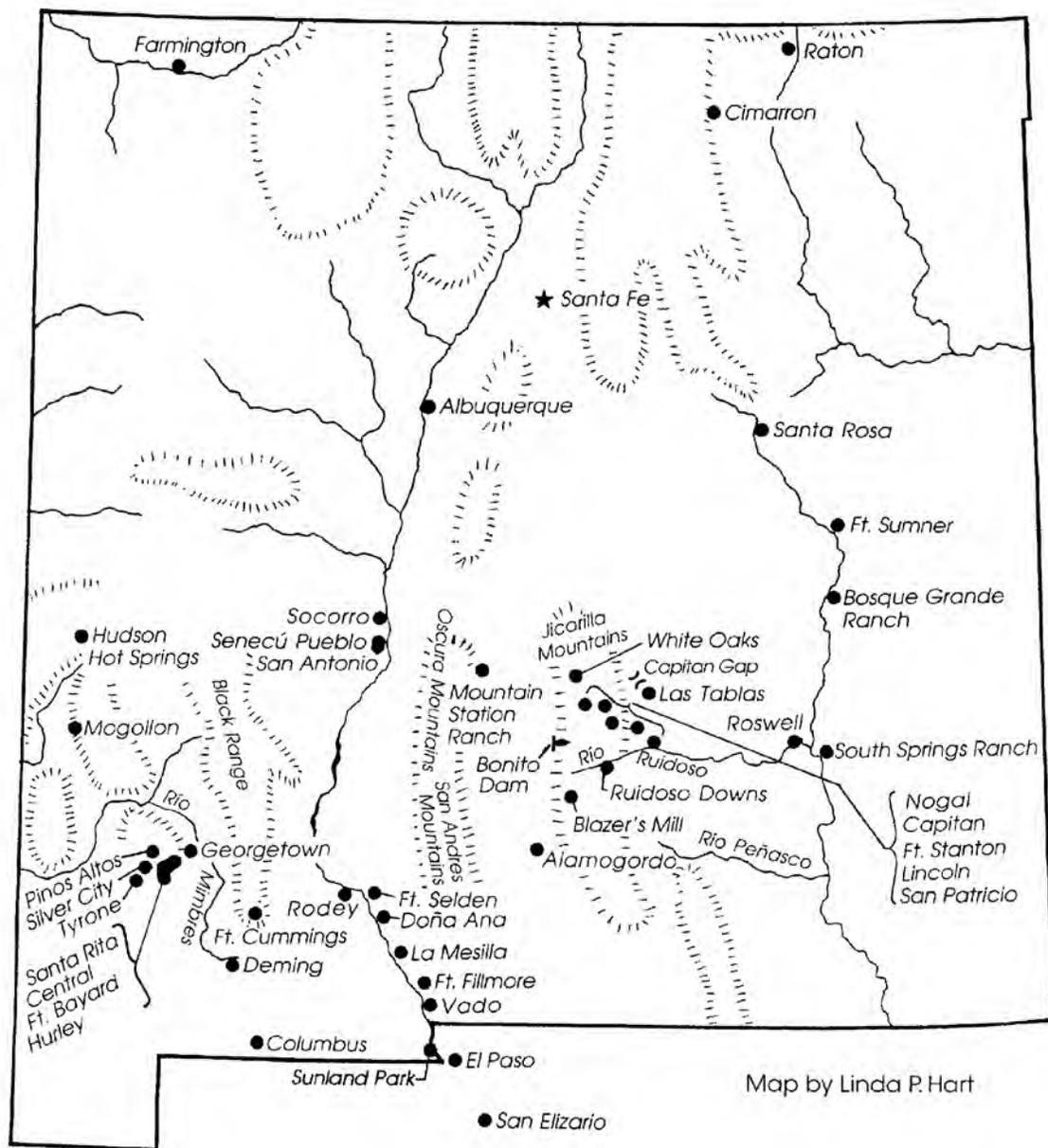
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and knowledge of Southern New Mexico's
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