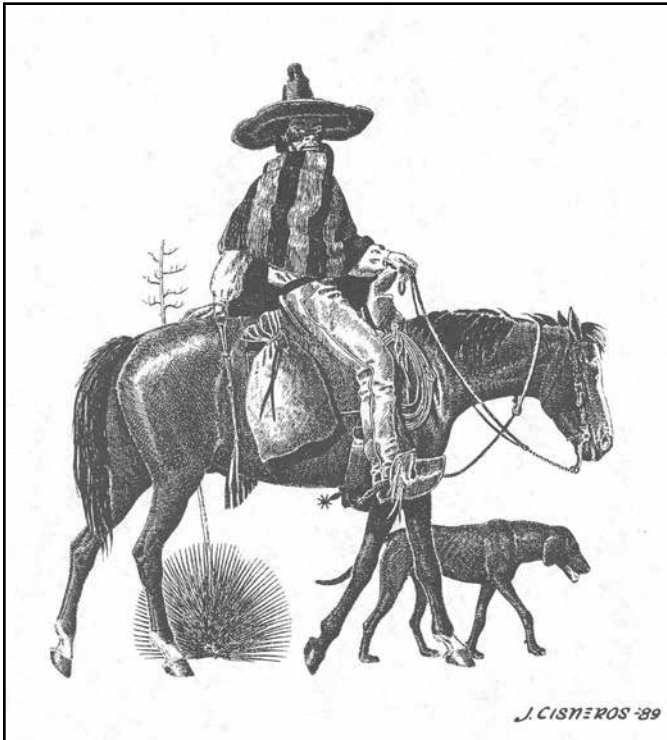


ISSN 1076-9072

SOUTHERN NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW



Doña Ana County Historical Society
Volume III, No. 1 Las Cruces, New Mexico January 1996

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The Southern New Mexico Historical Review (ISSN 1076-9072) is published by the Doña Ana County Historical Society for its members and others interested in the history of the region. Opinions expressed in the articles are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect those of the Society. Articles may be quoted with credit to the author and the Southern New Mexico Historical Review.

The per-copy price of the *Review* is \$5.00, plus \$1.50 postage and handling.

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Historical*

Review may be directed to the Editor at the

Doña Ana County Historical Society

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Mi Caballo Blanco (My White Horse)

Oh my poor little white horse
That you should be my guardian angel

Who carried me back to safety
From certain death by the Devil Apache

Oh my poor little white horse
Who ran himself to death
So that my life could be spared

Oh my poor little white horse
Oh my poor little white angel
Vaya con Dios

Florencio Campos Lopez, 1883

Ballad written by Florencio C. Lopez, a participant in the October 11, 1879, fight in La Ceja Canyon. Written originally in Spanish, it was translated into English by his son, Francisco Torres Lopez.



Dr. William Braden Lyon,
a member of Van Patten's party
(Courtesy of Mrs. Frank Barger)



Evangelisto Chavez. in the
group from Doña Ana and Picacho
(Courtesy of Mrs. Josephine Perea)

Apache Depredations

in Doña Ana County:

An Incident in Victoria's War

by **Daniel D. Aranda**

On August 21, 1879, Warm Springs Apache chief Victorio and his followers fled the reservation at Mescalero, New Mexico.¹ As a result of this outbreak, many people from the states of Texas, Chihuahua, and the Territory of New Mexico lost their lives. Among them were some residents of Doña Ana County.

An incident during what was to be known as Victorio's War began on Friday, October 10, 1879. Victorio and his men ransacked Lloyd's Ranch, which was located approximately ten miles west of present-day Hatch.² Fortunately, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd were not at home. Whether or not anyone else was there cannot be ascertained. There were, however, people encamped nearby who became aware of the raid. They were George Ackenback and a Mr. Cox, presumably with his family. While the Cox family hid in a large arroyo, Ackenback went to the nearby village of El Colorado for help. El Colorado is known today as Raley.

Ackenback was able to convince five men to return with him to the rescue: Cosmo and Victor De La O, Julian Torres, Nestor Garcia³ and a Mr. Melendres, who was probably related to Mrs. Lloyd. These men never reached Lloyd's Ranch. About a mile shy of the place they were attacked. In a short, but deadly, ambush the De La O's, Garcia and Melendres were killed. Ackenback and Torres managed to escape, and returned to El Colorado for help.

Meanwhile, runners had been sent to towns and villages along the Rio Grande, seeking aid. In a short time a group of about thirty-five men from El Colorado and Santa Barbara had assembled and had also started the rescue. Among them were three Lopez brothers: Florencio, Tranquilino and Savino;

as well as the Jojola, Duran, Lucero and Serna brothers. These men never reached the ranch. When riding through La Ceja Canyon.⁴ they were attacked. They managed to escape after a daylong battle, but not without casualties. Emboldened by their latest victory, the Apaches pursued the fleeing men to the village limit where the entire population had to turn out to fend them off.

Relief parties had begun to assemble in Las Cruces and in La Mesilla. The first group, consisting of seventeen men, was headed by one of Las Cruces' finest citizens. Eugene Van Patten.⁵ Van Patten led his small group out of La Mesilla about five o'clock Sunday evening, October 12, 1879. They rode westward in a cold, hard driving rain, and reached Mason's Ranch by one o'clock in the morning. After a short rest, the men were up and on the trail once more. They continued riding west for several miles, crossed over Magdalena Pass, then headed north, possibly on the old Fort Fillmore to Fort Thorn road.

About one o'clock that afternoon the men spotted three horses several hundred yards ahead. Their first impulse was to claim them, but some of the men suspected a trap. Cooler heads prevailed, and they dismounted to check their weapons and other equipment in case it was a trap. The men then remounted and cautiously moved in. They never reached the horses. Seemingly from everywhere, the Apaches popped up, shouting, shooting, and waving blankets — frightening the horses terribly. The first man killed was Doña Ana County Clerk, William T. Jones, who received two rifle balls, one through the hip and one through the head. A running fight ensued, and the next man killed was perhaps Cleto Sanches of Las Cruces, who gave a good account of himself. Toppled from his horse with a bullet through his body, Sanches got up, went down on one knee and continued to fire. A bullet then shattered his thigh, but he continued fighting. He is reported to have called out to his comrades not to worry about him, that he could still fight. He fought until he was shot through the breast at pointblank range.

Eugene Van Patten, who was near Sanches, pulled out his pocket pistol, put it to Sanches' assailant's head, and literally blew his brains out. Van Patten is also reported to have shot another Indian clean through the body. Others killed in this running fight were Venceslao Lara, Pancho Beltran and Nepomuseno Barragan. The fight gradually diminished as the fleeing men approached the main road to the west.

M. L. Hickey⁶ of La Mesilla, astride a black stallion, the best horse of the bunch, was far ahead of everyone. In his hasty retreat, he warned a party of immigrants, who had just started up Magdalena Pass, of the impending danger. Among them was John Parks, who, with his wife, five children and several other families, were moving to southwestern New Mexico from Texas, where Parks had sold his fine race horses. With the proceeds he purchased sundries, dry goods and foodstuffs (including a large quantity of flour) to stock a store he planned to open

in Ralston, New Mexico Territory (known today as the ghost town of Shakespeare in Hidalgo County). In Ysleta, Parks had hired Price Cooper and his sons to haul his supplies in their large oxen-powered wagons.

After Hickey had given the warning, the immigrants quickly corralled the wagons and prepared to fight. The terrified women, however, convinced them otherwise. They turned out their cattle, loaded their women and children into the smaller, faster wagons, and hastily returned to Mason's Ranch.

As expected, the Indians soon arrived. Unsure that all the immigrants had fled, the Apaches carefully approached the wagons and, after some sporadic sniping, realized the true situation and moved in. The wagons were ransacked and the oxen killed. All that could be of use was hauled away. The rest was destroyed. Bolts of unraveled calico were left to litter the desert, and tons of flour were strewn all over. They left the site in a shambles. Amidst the pillaging, Apache scouts reported that another wagon train was approaching from the west. The Apaches quickly retraced their tracks over Magdalena Pass and set up another ambush several miles west of there.

The caravan of about a dozen wagons and old style Mexican carts, called *carretas*, included at least eleven men, one woman and one child.⁷ Also, a lone American, who had probably attached himself to the group for safety's sake, rode alongside the carts. These Mexicans had been in the Silver City area selling dried fruits, and were now returning to their homes in El Paso, Mexico, today's Juarez. (El Paso, Texas, as we know it, was then known as Franklin.)

As the creaking wagon train slowly approached Flat Top Mountain, it was ambushed. The fight ended quickly. All were dead or captured. The lone American, better armed than the rest, made a dash for safety behind a large yucca several hundred yards away. He dug a small rifle pit with his knife and fired more than a hundred rounds from his .44 Winchester before he, too, was killed, another nameless victim of Victorio's War. While this massacre was going on, the remainder of Van Patten's men filtered into Mason's Ranch.

By the next morning, Tuesday, October 14, seventy-five to eighty men, including lawyers, laborers and businessmen from along the Rio Grande, had assembled in the plaza of La Mesilla in response to the call for help. Shortly after noon they were on the trail. When they reached the top of the mesa just west of the village of Picacho, they called a halt to elect officers. There were many qualified men who could lead, capable men like the sheriff Henry J. Cuniffe, future sheriffs Martin Lohman and Guadalupe Ascarate, and ex-California Column men John S. Crouch and David Wood. Their choice, however, was a tall, sinister-looking fellow named William

Logan Rynerson. A lawyer by profession, Colonel Rynerson, as he was known, was also an ex-California Column man. John Crouch and Don Guadalupe Ascarate were elected first and second lieutenants, respectively.

After the election, the men continued their westward journey. The wind and rain kicked up as it had when Van Patten's group rode to the rescue. When they arrived at Mason's Ranch that night, they heard of the latest atrocities, and some became discouraged. Sensing this, early the next morning Colonel Rynerson went before the assembled men and told them that their dead friends and neighbors were at that very instant lying out on the plain, being eaten by coyotes; and that it was their duty to see that they were retrieved for proper burial. Perhaps they would have to fight Indians in the process, but Rynerson asserted that he would not expect his men to fight unless there was an advantage, or at least an even show. And if there was an even show, he was going to whip those Indians. He added that, if there were any among them who wished to drop out, to do so. A dozen did. He then gave a forward march order, and as he did, three hearty cheers were given him. This display may have re-inspired the twelve dropouts because they rejoined the group. Dr. William Braden Lyon, J. B. Hinds and Filomom Barela of Van Patten's group also joined, as probably did John Parks, Price Cooper and their party.

As they approached Magdalena Pass, they spotted a white area ahead that looked as if a blizzard had hit. Upon closer inspection, it proved to be flour that had been strewn about, resembling snow. Here and there were dead and dying oxen. Wagons were tipped over and their contents scattered. This was very disheartening for John Parks, for he had invested everything he had into this venture. But there was yet a more heartrending sight: two puppies that one of the families had left behind in their hasty retreat to Mason's Ranch. One pup was hung by the neck from one of the wagon reach poles, while the other whimpering pup still hobbled about on stumps where his feet had been. He was put out of his misery.

The party continued its march. Just north of Flat Top Mountain they encountered another horrible sight. Mutilated and dying oxen bawled in pain among the wreckage and mangled human victims. About all that could be done was to dig a trench to bury the dead. While the digging was going on, some of the men spotted a *carreta* moving about aimlessly in the distance. Upon closer inspection, they found that its driver was a bloated and decomposing body that had been propped up against a box in a sitting position. It was a ghastly sight. They buried him with the other members of the caravan.

Colonel Rynerson's party then headed to Lloyd's Ranch. Along the way they picked up the body of William T. Jones. His body was in a state

of decay and would have been buried on the spot had not Dr. Lyon said that it could be prepared for transport. The next body they came to was badly mutilated and in an advanced state of decay, as were the rest. The worst was that of Cleto Sanches, who had fought so gallantly. Dissatisfaction arose when the wagon driver refused to transport them. Colonel Rynerson again stepped in. All would be taken back, or all would be buried where they lay. More grumbling broke out. Pablo Melendres, of Doña Ana, broke in to state that Jones was already in the wagon and that his body, at least, should be taken back. When others backed him, Rynerson agreed. Sanches, Beltran, Barragan and Lara were buried where they lay.

Rynerson's men arrived at El Colorado on Thursday, October 16, at one o'clock in the morning and, at daybreak, proceeded to Lloyd's Ranch. Here the destruction was total. More than one hundred cattle and chickens were strewn about, and the only living things found were a cat and a calf. Little could be done so the march home began.

The relief force reached La Mesilla on Friday, October 17, 1879, without further incident. The burial of thirty-one-year-old William T Jones in an orchard in his parents' back yard closed this episode from Victorio's War.

Florencio C. Lopez, a participant in the October 11, 1879, fight in La Ceja Canyon, would get depressed and would drink heavily when reminiscing of the fight where he lost his older brother Savino.⁸

Those men known to have been killed in the Mexican caravan were: Fernando Bermudes, Jesus Bennudes, Agapito Telles, Blas Tapia, Felipe Tapia, Roque Candelario, Francisco Candelario, Anizeto Abeyta, Teodoro Duran, Faustino Diaz, and Marcelino Gomez.

Some of the men from Santa Barbara and El Colorado who participated: Savino C. Lopez, Tranquilino C. Lopez, Florencio C. Lopez, Diego Duran, Luciano Duran, Victor Duran, Jojola brothers, Lucero brothers, Anastacio Serna (?), Victoriano Serna (?). (These may not have been the Semas who participated. There may have been other Serna's in the posse).

Members of Van Patten's party included: William T. Jones, Dr. William Braden Lyon, J. B. Hinds, Nepomuseno Barragan, Venceslao Lara, Cleto Sanches, Pancho Beltran, Jacinto Armijo. Nicolas Armijo, M. L. Mickey and Filomom Barela. Men from Las Cruces known to have been with Colonel William Logan Rynerson: David Wood, Henry J. Cuniffe, Guadalupe Ascarate, Anastacio Ascarate, W. L. Jerrel, Adam Sohns, Albert Brewer, Ed Wakefield, James Cumbres, Antonio Luera, John Myers, Martin Lohman. Joseph Duper, Leonce Fraissonet, Antonio Luna, Juan Olivar, Dr. Antonio S. Montero.

From La Mesilla: John S. Crouch, J. W. Southwick, B. McCall, H. C. Boon, Charles F. Bull, Pablo Gamboa, Desidorio Gamboa, Morris Freudenthal, J. W. Koeler, Anastacio Garcia, Giraldo Garcia, Felipe Lopez and Tiburcio Lopez (brothers of Savino, Tranquilino and Florencio Lopez of El Colorado), Cruz Chavarria, Walter Crowder, William Edmonds, Daniel Fritze, Jr., Francisco Barrio, Jr., O. S. Casad, Rodrigo Rueles, Henry D. Bowman.

From Doña Ana and Picacho: Evangelisto Chavez, Sixto Garcia, Pamfilo Gonzales, Neris Trujillo, L. Apodaca, C. Benavides, Felipe Garcia, Jose Palin, Jose Lopez, Silverio Barela, Francisco Barela. From Santo Tomas: Franco Salazar, Ramon Salazar, Leonides Provencio. From Chamberino: Chon Garcia, Francisco Armijo, Rumaldo Mesa, Jesus Sandoval. A Mr. Hixon and Gregorio

Garcia (probably from La Mesilla) were with either Van Patten or Rynerson.

DANIEL D. ARANDA is a native of Las Cruces, a fireman by trade. He has always been an avid student of history and has enjoyed engaging in historical research on people and events in the Mesilla Valley. His broader interests include various Indian tribes and their leaders. He has shared with writers and historians his keen knowledge of the Apaches and their conflicts. He has also done research on the early families who settled in Doña Ana County. His articles have appeared in several western periodicals. He is a member of *The Westerners*, the *Council on America's Military Past*, *The Order of the Indian Wars*, and of course, the *Doña Ana County Historical Society*.

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- 1 The name Victorio conjured thoughts of murder, treachery and deceit among his adversaries. Among the Apaches he was considered a good man and a hero. Victorio did what was expected of him during those troubled years. He led his people off the undesirable reservation at San Carlos in 1877, surrendered at Fort Wingate shortly thereafter, and was allowed to return to Ojo Caliente. When he learned that he was to be sent to San Carlos again, he fled to the reservation at Mescalero. Unfortunate events led to his final outbreak, known as Victorio's War.
- 2 Hatch, N. M., came into existence in the early 1880's with the coming of the railroad. It was named for Brevet Major General Edward Hatch.
- 3 Nestor Garcia was a relative of the Lopez brothers. He was found with fifteen arrows in his body.
- 4 La Ceja Canyon is probably the name of the canyon known today as Horse Canyon.
- 5 Eugene Van Patten, who may have been related to John Butterfield, came to New Mexico from Rome, N. Y., to work at one of the Butterfield stage stations. During the Civil War he cast his lot with the Confederacy. Van Patten fought Indians, took part in apprehending outlaws, was an important figure in the New Mexico Militia, and served a term as sheriff of Doña Ana County. Referred to as "Don Eugenio" by many, Van Patten was instrumental in creating the village of Tortugas. Eugene Van Patten is indeed a man worthy of further study.
- 6 An excellent painting of M. L. Hickey's ride was made by Albert Fountain, Jr. It hangs near the entrance of the Gadsden Museum in La Mesilla.
- 7 According to the *Mesilla News* of October 18, 1879, a member of the caravan rode ahead of the rest and was in Mesilla at the time of the massacre.
- 8 Savino was approximately forty years old, the eldest of the five Lopez brothers. He was said to have been found clutching a canteen containing blood.

The Night Christmas Bells

Did Not Ring: *An 1868 Race Riot in Central City, New Mexico*

by Lee Myers

This account is thoroughly documented by testimony on file in the National Archives. No attempt has been made to politically correct the nomenclature and terminology of witnesses and participants. Rather, this is an historically correct account, reflecting the idiom of the community in which the tragic event occurred. In the mid-nineteenth-century Southwest both blacks and whites referred to “colored soldiers,” “black infantrymen,” “blacks” and “Negroes.” These terms are recorded in the testimony and are used here to record the usage of the people who testified. There was a considerable amount of confusion and contradiction about who did what when. For this reason, there is some repetition of events. The conclusions drawn by both the military and civilian investigators may seem biased. These, too are part of the historical record — Editor.

Following the Civil War the United States Army tried fielding several regiments of black soldiers at posts throughout the American West. Although this move was attended by a great deal of success, there were times when black men and white men clashed both on and off duty. Much of the Southwest was then populated by a rough, poorly educated, and self-sufficient class of white men, many of them with biases bred into them in the Old South. When the two races, black and white, were thrown into contact with each other, hatred surfaced, and sometimes violence ensued.

One such serious incident that reached major proportions occurred on December 24, Christmas Eve, 1868, in the small village of Central City, New Mexico. Central City, now Central, came into existence as a civilian auxiliary and entertainment center (more commonly known as a “hog ranch”)

to Fort Bayard, established in 1866 some ten miles east of Silver City. Like most such settlements serving frontier military posts, it furnished cheap entertainment to the troops stationed at the post — mostly liquor, sex and gambling. Superseding the small village of Santa Clara,¹ its original population was largely of Mexican descent, with a later mixture of Negroes drawn there by the presence of black troops assigned to Fort Bayard. For many years it was well known as a rough town. It later attained a considerable degree of respectability as a supply center for gold, silver, copper and zinc mines located nearby.

In December 1868 the regular garrison at Fort Bayard consisted of Company E, Third U. S. Cavalry (white); and Companies A and D, Thirty-eighth U. S. Infantry (black).



Fort Bayard in the 1870's (Courtesy Museum of New Mexico)

The Third Cavalry Regiment is recognized as one of the most famous military units of the U. S. Army. Organized May 19, 1846, as the Regiment of Mounted Riflemen, its designation was changed to Third Cavalry on August 3, 1861, as the United States Government struggled to reorganize its loyal Union Army to resist the defection of the seceding Confederate States.² The Regiment of Mounted Rifles had been ordered to duty in New Mexico in 1856 and stationed at various points about the Territory. In March 1868, following service in the Civil War, Company E of the Third Cavalry was stationed at Fort Bascom, eight miles north of today's Tucumcari. On March 25 it began its march to a new station at Fort Bayard, arriving there on April 25.

Companies A and D of the Thirty-eighth U. S. Infantry,³ had arrived in New Mexico in 1867. Company A, originally stationed at Fort Cummings near present-day Deming, was moved to Fort Bayard June 1, 1868. While serv-

ing at Cummings, certain men of Company A had become involved in a so-called mutiny against their officers.⁴ Only one man, a corporal, was con-victed by a court-martial for the offense, the others being restored to duty. One man of the company, a black musician , First Sergeant William Yeatman,⁵ who was directly involved in the Fort Cummings court-martial proceedings as a wit-ness, also played a role in the Central City riot.

In January 1869 Brevet Major General Cuvier Grover,⁶ Lieutenant Colonel of the Thirty-eighth United States Infantry stationed at Fort Craig, New Mexico, received Special Orders No. 3 from the Santa Fe office of Brevet Major General George Washington Getty, commanding the District of New Mexico. Grover was to proceed at once to Fort Bayard to investigate fully a riot which had occurred near that post on the 24th of December 1868 between col-ored soldiers of the Thirty-eighth Infantry and white troops of the Third Cavalry.

Grover's official summary of his investigation fills only seven pages of army correspondence. Attached to it, however, are 108 pages of testimony from the Office of the Justice of the Peace, Precinct No. 1, Grant County, N. M. Thirty-four individuals testified: ten enlisted men of the Thirty-eighth Infan-try; eight Third Cavalrymen; nine citizens; and seven officers of the two regiments, including Colonel Merriam, Post Commander, and Surgeon Jules Le Carpenter.⁷ One of the citizens who testified was J. F. Bisby, a local rancher prominent in the efforts to clear the dance hall of disgruntled Negro soldiers. Another was Mattie Stewart, laundress of Company D and widow of Private Frank Stewart, who died of wounds received in the firing immediately after the colored soldiers were ejected from the dance hall.

It is from their sworn testimony that this account of the riot is pieced together.⁸

* * * * *

It was Christmas Eve, and then as now in America people were in a mood of conviviality and fun. A *baffle*, or dance, was given at the saloon and dance house of Mr. Jose M. Chaves. It was generally understood that such af-fairs were public with anyone attending who pleased. On this occasion Mr. Chaves had issued invitations to certain residents of the area, including both white and black soldiers from nearby Fort Bayard. His saloon occupied a room separate from the dance hall, but in the same building. Attendance was heavy, both of civilians and soldiers. Liquor flowed early and plentifully, and its effects soon began to be evident in the actions of Chaves' guests.

Early in the evening an enlisted man of the Third Cavalry, Father John A. Payne,⁹ considerably under the influence of alcohol, produced a piece of charred cork and began to blacken his face while uttering

remarks extremely objectionable to the black soldiers. His conduct was so provoking that others present realized that he would certainly cause trouble.

At about the same time several of the black soldiers began to exhibit evidence of intoxication and disorderliness. An attempt was made by one of their number, more inclined toward discipline or less intoxicated than the others, to induce the colored men to leave the dance, but to no avail. His fellow black soldiers were aroused and refused to leave.

An army officer attending the dance ordered Sergeant Yeatman to get the colored men out of the building. This the sergeant partially succeeded in doing. A civilian deputy sheriff who was present saw trouble brewing and moved to forestall it by calling upon the citizens present to assist in ejecting the Negroes. With two or three exceptions, the unruly men were finally cleared from the premises; and the doors were closed against their reentry.

In his report General Grover complained that much confusion existed. Parties interviewed contradicted each other. Testimony was conflicting to an extreme degree. Grover was not even able to determine if gunfire occurred before the Negroes had been expelled from the building, but he believed not. He did state that shots were fired immediately after they were evicted. He was unable to determine if the first shots were fired by the blacks or by the whites, but stated "probably by the former." A general riot then occurred. As a result, the infantrymen were driven away from the building.

Mr. Chaves testified to giving the dance at his place and said that everyone had been admitted; that he had never objected to Negroes attending his dances although they had never danced because the women who attended did not care to dance with them. He declared that he never wished the Negroes to attend, but once there, they had never been told that they were not wanted. He had never wished them to go away "except Stewart and the musicians." Earlier he had engaged a group of colored musicians, including Stewart and Sergeant Yeatman, to furnish music for the dance, but had canceled their engagement in favor of another group. This act had also contributed to the discontent of some of the colored soldiers.

In his testimony Chaves stated that the first shot of the evening was fired by a colored man standing in the door of the dance room. This occurred after most of the blacks had been ejected — although his testimony was rather irregular and uncertain. He did say that, before the first shot was fired, Mr. Bisby scuffled with a colored man in an attempt to put him out of the building — an effort that failed because several other Negroes interfered. As soon as the first shot was fired, Chaves said he "went back into the bar room." His knowledge of events after this was very slight. From his testimony it appears that he had feared for his personal safety. In fact,

he stated that he did not tell the colored soldiers that he did not want them there “because he was afraid of them.”

Chaves ended his testimony by adding: “The colored men did not steal anything or take anything away or do any damage to property inside the house excepting to break about twenty dollars worth of crockery and some bottles with the adobes and stones thrown into the bar room. The [white] Cavalry soldier, Payne, stole about twenty-five dollars from the money drawer.”

There is much evidence drawn from the statements made by various witnesses that several of the guests were under the influence of alcohol — which is not surprising among a group of soldiers celebrating Christmas Eve, especially in such a remote area where recreation was lacking. Also, there is little doubt from the evidence collected that several of the colored soldiers came with chips on their shoulders. Sergeant Williams, who commanded the escort to two wagons arriving at Fort Bayard from Fort Craig, was cited as one of the leaders in fomenting racial animosity. It is possible, perhaps probable, that trouble may have developed without the strong push given by Farrier Payne’s irresponsible act in blacking his face and making remarks so evidently intended to aggravate the blacks. His act certainly went far toward implementing the riot.

When Deputy Sheriff Charles Delanty, present at the dance, saw that trouble was imminent between the whites and Negroes, he called upon several citizens to help in ejecting the blacks from the building. When all but two or three blacks had been put out, someone — citizen Bisby believed Sergeant Williams — fired the first shot through the door into the dance room. Then the riot boiled over. The number of shots fired were estimated variously at from only a few to as many as two hundred. Pandemonium reigned within both the dance room and the bar room. Furniture was piled up to protect the thoroughly frightened revelers from flying pistol balls. Several of the patrons went out by way of windows. White cavalrymen present took part in the firing, and the black infantrymen were driven away from the area. Testimony indicates that many of Chaves’ celebrants also left the scene as soon as firing ceased and went home, their thirst for celebrating satisfied.

When a reasonable degree of peace had been restored, it was found that one colored soldier had been mortally wounded in the vicinity of the house. Then a second soldier was shot and killed a short distance away as he was leaving the scene. The general stated that he had been unable to ascertain who had killed this man, but he believed it to have been Farrier Payne. Then he added that Payne had himself been killed by some member of a patrol sent from Fort Bayard to control the rioters.

The disorders, reported Grover, were not premeditated. The probable cause of the trouble had been the “forcible expulsion of the colored soldiers as a class, from the house” as a result of their excessive drinking. He blamed the colored soldiers “to a certain extent” for their actions in firing the shots, but he declared that “more effective means could have been adopted to restore order.”

Word of the disorder was carried to Fort Bayard, and an armed patrol, commanded by Brevet Major Charles E. Clarke,¹⁰ was dispatched to the village to aid civilian authorities there in restoring order. On the march to Central, the patrol met a wagon and team standing in the road. Farrier Payne, evidently en route to the post from Central, was present near the wagon and had helped to put a wounded man in the vehicle. Upon the approach of the patrol, he had left the road as though intending to dodge the patrol. Then, as though thinking better of his actions, he had started back toward the wagon. He was challenged by the sergeant in charge of the patrol, who approached to recognize him. As Payne raised his pistol and aimed it at the sergeant, the latter knocked the pis-tol aside just as Payne fired one shot. Then a member of the patrol (no one was able to say who) fired and killed the cavalryman.

Sergeant Moses Morris, junior to Major Clarke in command of the pa-trol into Central City, placed considerable emphasis upon the fact that both he and the major “took every means” to learn who fired the shot that killed Payne: “Everybody who was there, or who might have seen it, denies all knowledge of who did it.” There is no record of anyone inspecting the arms of members of the patrol or of others present for evidence of recent discharge.

This shooting of Payne by a member of the military patrol, declared Grover, was entirely unjustifiable as the man should have been taken into custody without the use of arms.

Justice of the Peace J. B. Greaves, testifying as a citizen, stated that he had gone to bed in his home in Central City on the night of the riot, but had become alarmed upon hearing the firing of shots at Chaves’ place, and had arisen and gone to his door to investigate. A wagon came along and stopped nearby. He went out to the wagon and found Private Stewart lying there wounded, his wife holding his head in her lap, with both of them greatly alarmed by his condition.

At this point Farrier Payne approached. He was in a condition of advanced intoxication. After a bit of doggerel, he pulled his pistol part way out of its holster, then pushed it back down and muttered, “Well, here it goes for another,” and went on his way. The following morning the dead body of the colored soldier named Sterns was found between Greaves’ house and Chaves’

establishment. There had been no witnesses to his killing, but Greaves remembered Payne's drunken actions and his remark. He stated that he believed Payne to have been the one who shot Sterns. By that time Payne had himself fallen victim to a hastily fired gunshot and was beyond interrogation.

The score of casualties stood at three dead and three wounded, but the Great Night of Peace at Fort Bayard had not rendered its final account. Soon after Payne had started to return to the post, Corporal Sopan, Bugler Atchinson, Privates Willoughby and Wendling of the Third Cavalry, and a citizen named Strong, en route to the post near the commissary building, passed near a sentry post and were hailed by the sentry after passing his beat. Within seconds the sentry fired, killing Corporal David Sopan.¹¹

Recording this unfortunate incident, stating his opinion of the sentry's action in firing upon the party without giving them time to identify themselves, Grover closed his report by saying that the sentry's action had been "unjustifiable and criminal," a proper subject for action by civil authorities.'

Brevet Colonel H. C. Merriam, commanding the post at Fort Bayard, contributed to the series of depositions made before Justice Greaves by stating that, upon learning of the disorders in Central City, he had immediately ordered Major Clarke to take command of a patrol and to proceed to the village for the purpose of assisting in preserving order. He then testified to hearing the sentinel on No. 3 post challenge someone; then, twelve or fifteen seconds later, calling out "Halt", followed by the sound of a musket shot.

The Colonel then left his quarters, met the Sergeant of the Guard Davis, and issued orders that no more firing should be done by sentinels that night. He stated that he did this to guard against further accidents "as the excitement of intemperate drinking at Central City would be likely to render some, at least, of the soldiers who were out on passes incapable of conducting properly in passing sentinels."

He closed his deposition by saying: "From my experience with colored troops, I think they are more likely to modify their testimony under oath to benefit each other than white men are."

Acting Assistant Surgeon Jules Le Carpenter, contract surgeon stationed at Fort Bayard, appeared before Justice Greaves and gave testimony as to his professional involvement in relation to the riot. Two men, he stated, had been brought to the hospital dead on the night of December 24: Corporal Sopan and Farrier Payne. Four other enlisted men had been brought there wounded. Private Stewart was mortally wounded, while Gordon, Michael and Goodpasture were only slightly wounded and would recover in a "short time."

Corporal Sopan had received a musket ball through the heart. Farrier Payne had been shot in the back, the ball ranging up to emerge under the right clavicle. The surgeon believed the ball to have been fired from a musket. No postmortem examinations had been made. Private Stewart had been wounded by a pistol ball and died five days later. On Christmas morning the dead body of Private Sterns was brought to Le Carpenter's hospital. The surgeon ex-tracted a derringer ball from a wound under the left arm. He stated that the body bore six incised wounds which appeared to have been made by a saber.

Christmas of 1868 had not been jolly at Fort Bayard.

Completing his investigation of the riot, Justice Greaves addressed a report to Colonel Merriam in which he stated that as a final result of his efforts in that direction, evidence pointed to the fact that some of the colored soldiers attending Mr. Chaves' dance had expressed a determination to "either dance or raise a row and break up the dance." This spirit had been agitated by a certain sergeant of colored troops from Fort Craig. This was Sergeant Williams, who had been in charge of the escort of the wagons arriving at Fort Bayard from Craig on December 24. He also blamed Farrier Payne for provoking trouble by his actions at the dance.

He reviewed the actions and misconduct of the Negroes in getting out on the dance floor and refusing to behave themselves. Then he went on to recite the actions of the deputy in ejecting the Negroes and told of the shots fired after their ejection, followed by the firing of the citizens and the white troopers. The Negroes, he said fired "forty or fifty" shots, and one of their number was killed by Payne after they had left the dance house. He again charged Payne's actions in drawing his pistol three or four times and with uttering abusive epithets without provocation as being one of the principal causes of trouble. In his summation of the causes of the riot, the Justice of the Peace wrote:

It is the general impression here that there would have been no disturbance if the detachment of colored troops from Fort Craig, led by their sergeant, had not taken the lead; as there have been a good many dances here before, where some of the colored soldiers from Fort Bayard were present, and there never was any disturbance until the night in question.

The Santa Fe *Daily New Mexican* carried an eloquent, if not very factual, account of the Central City tragedy:

THE FORT BAYARD DIFFICULTY

Las Cruces, Jan. 3, 1869

Messrs. Manderfield & Tucker

We have just heard from Central City, Grant County, that there has been a sanguinary conflict at that place at a bade, at which two whites and three Negroes were killed, and four whites (a woman among the number) and four Negroes wounded.

I am not positively informed as to the origin of the fight, but have heard that the Negroes insisted on dancing, to which the whites objected, and from words they came to blows, and almost immediately to shooting.

There has been much legislation in regard to the carrying of deadly weapons within the settlements, but what does it amount to when winked at by the courts? I understand that the law by a fair construction also applies to soldiers, as well as to citizens, when not on duty, and it is hoped that the commanders of military posts will take the lead in so much needed reformation, to be speedily followed by the execution of the law, diving deep into the breeches pockets of the murderous derringeer, as well as to disarm those who strap themselves to a six shooter and thread [sic] our thoroughfares with that unmistakable air which plainly says, "if you are tired of life, cross my path, jostle me or tread on my corns, I have that in my reabbarad (sic) which by a contraction of the dexter fore finger will send you to kingdom come on a double quick Dem'me,

I'm wolfish this morning: I haven't smelt blood for a week.

— Dona Ana

LEE MYERS, who died November 8, 1994, at the age of 92, was an ardent member of the Doña Ana County Historical Society, proud of his election to its Hall of Fame in 1989. Too young for World War I, he served several peacetime stints in the Army, then became a Seabee, briefly a Marine, and finally a Machine Repair Chief in the Navy, serving during both World War II and the Korean War. In civilian life he was a machinist, but continued to read and develop his love for historical research. His solid research focused on the nineteenth-century military installations of the Southwest. Although he considered himself an "amateur historian," he was the author of more than one hundred published articles, most in professional journals.

- 1 T. M. Pearce, ed. *New Mexico Place Names* (Albuquerque: The University of New Mexico Press, 1965) pp. 30, 148.
- 2 Theo. F. Rodenbough and William L Haskin, eds., *The Army of the United States*. (Published for University Microfilms, Inc., Ann Arbor, by Argonaut Press, New York, 1966) pp. 193-210.
- 3 "The Thirty-eighth U. S. Infantry" was a black regiment. Earlier, "The Thirty-eighth U. S. Colored Infantry" was organized at Norfolk and Portsmouth, Virginia, on January 23, 1864, and served as combat troops in that area until the end of the Civil War, when it was ordered to duty in Texas as occupational troops. On January 25, 1867, it was mustered out of service. Its status was that of a volunteer regiment, not a permanent unit in the regular army. "The Thirty-eighth U. S. Infantry", also a black regiment, was organized at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, on October 1, 1866, and was a unit of the regular army. This regiment served duty by companies at various stations in Kansas, New Mexico and the Indian Territory. It eventually was marched to Texas where, subservient to congressional dictates, it was combined with the Forty-first Regiment to form the Twenty-fourth Infantry, all colored units.
- 4 Lee Myers, "Mutiny at Fort Cummings," *New Mexico Historical Review*, Vol. XLVI, No. 4, October 1974, pp. 337-350.
- 5 William Yeatman had enlisted on December 31, 1866, at Nashville, Tennessee, to serve for three years. He stated his birthplace as Davidson, Tennessee, and his occupation as stonemason. He was

discharged by reason of expiration of term of service on December 31, 1869, at Fort Bliss, Texas. He enlisted as a musician. See Register of Enlistments, page 301, Vol. 64, Entry 132 (National Archives RG 94)

- 6 General Grover had accumulated quite a military career. Graduating from West Point in 1846, he passed through the grades of Brevet Second Lieutenant to Captain in artillery and infantry to become Brigadier General of Volunteers in the Union Army in April 1862. Mustered out of volunteer service at the end of the Civil War, he was commissioned a Major in the Third Infantry, then was breveted Lieutenant Colonel of the Thirty-eighth Infantry. He continued in that command through its consolidation with the Forty-first Regiment by transferring to the newly organized Twenty-fourth Infantry. In 1870 he entered mounted service with the Third Cavalry, then into the First Cavalry where he advanced to a full Colonel. During the Civil War he fought in five major battles and took part in the campaign through the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. See Francis B. Heitman, *Historical Register and Dictionary of the United States Army (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1903) Vol. I, p. 482.*
- 7 Since Le Carpenter was a contract surgeon, he was a civilian physician under contract with the army to furnish his services. See Post Returns, Fort Bayard, New Mexico, August 1866 to December 1879, Microcopy No. 617, Roll No. 87 (National Archives RG 98) "Jules Le Carpenter, citizen, physician, contract surgeon, assigned to duty as post surgeon per S. C. 177, Hdqrs. Dist of N. M."
- 8 Miscellaneous copies of documents concerning riot between colored and white troops occurring in Central City, New Mexico, on December 24, 1868, Records of United States Army Continental Commands, 1821-1920, Department of the Missouri. Letters received. (National Archives RG 393) All references to depositions given by witnesses are taken from these documents.
- 9 John A Payne had enlisted for three years' service at Fort Smith, Arkansas, on May 9, 1860. He was 18 years of age and gave his occupation as farmer. With eight years of service, he was considered a veteran cavalryman.
- 10 Clarke, Charles Edward, appointed from Michigan. Captain 6th Michigan Infantry 20 August, 1861; Major, 21 June, 1862; Lieutenant Colonel, 1 May, 1864. Honorably mustered out of service, 7 September, 1865; Captain, 38th Infantry, 28 July, 1866; unassigned, 11 November, 1869; assigned to 17th Infantry, 25 April, 1870; retired 28 June, 1878. Brevet Major, 2 March, 1867, for gallant and meritorious service in the siege of Fort Hudson, Louisiana; died 1 February, 1901. See Heitman, *op. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 306.
- 11 Although many of the documents cite his name as "Soppan", "Sappan" or "Saffan", the Register of Enlistments in National Archives lists him as "Sopan, David, Corporal." His birthplace is recorded as "Belgium, Germany." Aged 18 at date of enlistment at Baltimore, August 28, 1866. Term of enlistment 5 years, occupation butcher. His death is there recorded as "Died December 24, 1868, of gunshot wound at Central City, near Fort Bayard, N. Mex."
- 12 Article 33, 1857 Regulations, specified that any commissioned officer or soldier who should be accused of a capital crime, or who committed any offense against the person or property of any citizen of the United States, be delivered over to a civil magistrate for trial. Furthermore, any officer of the army who wilfully neglected or refused to turn over such an accused person to civil authorities was to be cashiered out of the service.

Early Owners of the

Nestor Armijo Home: Part III:

Maria Osita Carrion and Bradford Daily

by **John B. Colligan**

When John D. Barncastle sold what was to become the Armijo-Gallagher home on July 24, 1868 for \$2,000, the records termed the new owner “Maricita” Daily. Within her family she was actually called “Marriocita”, spelled either with a “c” or an “s”. Marriocita was the daughter of Faustino Carrión, whose 1854 will, estate inventory, and distribution of assets clearly name his daughter as “Maria Osita”, thirteen years old.

Maria Osita Carrión was born March 2, 1841 in San Pablo Meoqui, Mexico. Little is known of Marriocita’s early life except that she came from a very large family. Her father’s three marriages resulted in fifteen children. Her mother, Maria Antonia Mendoza, was Faustino’s third wife.

His first wife brought only a jack (male mule) to their marriage while Faustino brought twelve mules, two horses and a small house. When his second wife died, Faustino had fourteen mules, two houses, two parcels of agricultural lands, two more parcels in fallow, and a small orchard, along with debts of 5,000 pesos. Marriocita’s mother brought to their marriage 115 pesos in maize and a *carreta*, two parcels of rich farmland, two in fallow, and “other things of little value.” The dowries of the various marriages are of note because, at Faustino’s death, the children of the first two marriages received back what had belonged to their natural mothers, the widow received her share, and then the balance was divided among her children. Marriocita received goods valued at twenty-one pesos, one real, and nine and three-fifths octavos. Later the house in Aldama, Chihuahua, was sold, and she and a stepsister Andrea probably received a bit more.¹

Just when Marriocita Carrion arrived in what was to become Doña

Ana County is uncertain. Family tradition states that a number of Carrión family members joined a wagon train of immigrants from the Chihuahua area.

Marriocita's husband, Bradford Daily,² was born in Cayuga County, New York, November 15, 1827.³ He may have been named Patrick Bradford Daily. About 1832 the Daily family moved from New York to Ohio, where they lived for about nine years before moving to Gentry County, Missouri. His brother, Franklin, who moved with his parents to Butler, Illinois, in 1846, later stated that it was during that year that Bradford went to the Southwest, not in 1842.⁴ The 1846 date is contradicted by Marriocita's testimony in 1875 that her husband had told her he went to New Mexico when he was fourteen.

Daily was a freighter when he took part in the Battle of Sacramento with Doniphan's Expedition in 1846. He had a contract to carry the mail from Santa Fe to San Antonio, Texas, in 1851 and 1852. Included among his partners were Henry Skillman, W. A. "Bigfoot" Wallace, Tom Rife and Ed Westphal. The St. Louis *Intelligencer* of August 4, 1852 reported his participation in fights against the Gila Apaches during that year. He was a "Captain" in charge of the El Paso Mail Stage which operated between San Antonio and El Paso, and brought news of an 1852 silver strike fifteen miles west of Las Cruces⁵ to El Paso. He was still carrying mail for George Giddings in 1854.

Bradford Daily married Marriocita Carrión at Las Cruces' St. Genevieve's Catholic Church November 30, 1862. The marriage record lists the groom as "*Patricio Delet,*" a "*criollo y Americano Catolico,*" son of "*Guillermo y Maria Debbie.*"⁶

Bradford and Marriocita had four sons and three daughters: Abraham, Franklin, Duran, Luis Bradford, Maria, Lauriana (Loriana) and Josefa Ester. No baptismal record has been found for Franklin, but the others were baptized at St. Genevieve's Catholic Church, Las Cruces. Abraham and Josefa Ester died in infancy.⁷

In late 1862 Colonel Joseph R. West of the California Column headquartered at Mesilla reported that he had sent Bradford Daily and Capt. W. L. Parvin to scout any movement of Texan Confederate troops on the Pecos. By December 26 Daily had completed his mission of scouting as far down the river as Horsehead Crossing, and West ordered him discharged. Daily was never a Union Army soldier in the ranks, but an independent scout for the Union forces. West described him as "chief of my spy party" in a letter to Col. Kit Carson January 6, 1863.⁸ Daily continued his association with the army although his specific activities are not known. By April 1864 he was termed Acting Forage Master and was paid \$75 for that month for his duties at Las

Cruces under Major William McCleave of the 1st Cavalry, California Volunteers.⁹ The Daily family must have lived in their four-room Las Cruces home after 1868. Besides the property that Marriocita purchased from Barncastle and Samaniego on November 30, 1869, some adjacent property was sold by Samuel G. Bean to “Brad Daley”, described as:

a certain lot of ground lying and being situate in the town of las Cruces County and territory aforesaid The said property or lot has a stick house and an adoba [sic] room the latter not quite finished situ-ated the roon [sic] an [sic] is the same lot which I purchased from Jesus Alveras in the month of January 1868, and bounded and de-scribed as follows, To wit North by a cross street and East by a street of the said town, west by the Garden of Brad Daley and South by the lot of Mariano Madrid being forty seven varas from north to south and fifty varas from East to West...¹⁰

The year was one of tragedy for Bradford and Marriocita Daily. They endured not one, but two major raids from Indians, resulting in significant losses, one in Kansas and the other in Arizona Territory.

On May 26, 1869 near Sheridan, Kansas, Daily was encamped about one-half mile from the camp of freighter W. R. Moore when both camps were attacked by the Cheyenne Indians simultaneously. According to the testimony of Moore’s wagon master, Robert Paisal, Daily lost eighty-one mules and two horses. Although the teamsters chased the Indians for thirty miles, they were unable to overtake them. The loss was reported to Gen. George Custer and by him to Gen. Scofield, but assistance in chasing the Indians was refused. Teamsters’ estimates of the number of mules vary slightly. The mules were worth \$200 per head, and the horses \$150 each. The usual rate per pound for freight from Sheridan, Kansas, to Las Cruces, New Mexico, by “fast mule train” was ten to ten and one-half cents per pound. Daily’s train could transport 50,000 pounds of freight for a net profit of \$4,000 for each trip.

In February 1872 U. S. Agent Darlington said that the Indians in council admitted the charges made against them. Marriocita testified in February 1886 that the May 1869 loss was of seventy-four mules and two horses, plus the loss of profit from freight income which she estimated would have been \$5,000, had Bradford been able to complete the trip, in addition to the lost and unearned wages paid to the teamsters. She claimed that the mules bought in Missouri were fat and in good condition when they started the trip east and that Bradford had paid \$500 a pair for the sixty pairs then purchased. Marriocita’s subsequent testimony, given at Tucson in 1894, included the statement that all of her and Bradford’s records were

lost when their home in Las Cruces burned. She stated that everything they had was burned, but this does not agree with newspaper accounts. The claim filed was for \$19,100 for the seventy-four mules, two horses, and lost profit on the freight shipment, to which claim was to be added interest from May 26, 1869 to February 2, 1886, the date of filing the claim. Initially, a claim of \$11,400 was allowed, but later, based on a special agent's report, the Secretary of the Interior allowed a claim totaling only \$7,600. Testimony in the depredation cases dragged on and on. Bradford was long dead by the time his widow pursued their claim, which was backed by the testimony of a number of Doña Ana County residents, including Martin Amador, George Ackenback, John S. May, Henry J. Cuniffe, Jacob Schaublin, Charles H. Coleman, Thomas Catron and Henry Lesinsky.

On Christmas day 1869 at Apache Pass, Arizona Territory, Daily was said to have lost another twenty-five mules, worth about \$250 each, this time to Apache Indians on the Fort Bowie reservation. The Indian depredation claim of loss was not filed until March 4, 1892. The government attorney took the position that it was not filed in a timely manner so actual witnesses could not be interrogated. Although a scouting party left Fort Bowie three days after the claimed incident, the reason for that sortie was not recorded. Testimony was not clear as to whether the attackers were Chiricahua Apaches or Gila Indians.

Interestingly, one of the witnesses was a prior owner of what was to become the Nestor Armijo home: Mariano G. Samaniego, a sixty-year-old resident of Tucson, a stock raiser and U S mail contractor, testified on February 23, 1904. He said that he had known Daily since 1862 during the war when he was a guide for the U. S. troops, and that afterwards Daily was a merchant and freighter who owned his own outfit and traveled with it himself. Samaniego acted as interpreter for Marriocita who was said to be unable to speak English.

Witness Eugenio Quaron testified in May 1907 that he had known Daily in Doña Ana County in 1869 and 1870 and had worked for him as a teamster. Quaron said Daily was taking government lumber and supplies to Fort Bowie or Apache Pass in his train with eight mules for each wagon, along with ten teamsters, three herders, and the wagon master, Nepomuceno Carrasco. Arriving at their destination, the group unloaded the train and then camped one and one-half or two miles away, making a circle with the wagons and hobbling the mules. The herders then set up troughs to feed the mules. Afterwards Daily and the wagon master told the workers to drive the mules to the troughs where they found twenty-five mules missing. Daily went immediately to Fort Bowie and reported the loss to the commanding officer. Shortly thereafter a company of soldiers, led by a guide named

Grijalva, followed the Indians, but failed to overtake them, returning empty-handed the next day. Daily had not accompanied the soldiers as his riding mule was among those missing. Daily never got any of the mules back.

There was no certainty as to the date the loss occurred. Later records from Fort Bowie were checked by Brevet Col. R. F. Bernard, who reported in November 1913 that they showed a party was sent out of Fort Bowie on January 26, 1870: "I have got some of Mr. Daily's mules, the Indians killed all but about (15) head of their stock before they left it." No other record of the fort mentioned Daily in December 1869 or January 1870. The sortie made around Christmas was said to have occurred on December 28. It was led by Bernard and fifteen enlisted men who went on a scout and marched seventy-five miles, but the particular purpose of the scouting was not mentioned.¹¹

Despite these losses, in 1870 Mrs. Bradford Daily was able to purchase from Narcisa Aguirre another parcel of land, probably the area across the street from the later Armijo residence. This was used first by Daily in his freighting activities, and later as the *mesón* for the mule trains, muleteers and servants of Nestor Armijo. A deed recording that transaction was dated March 10, 1870, made for a consideration of \$110. The parcel was described as:

*Commencing at the South East corner of South Sixth and Camp Streets Las Cruces New Mexico and running North fifty varas on Camp Street to lot of Francisco Samaniego thence running west along land of Francisco Samaniego fifty varas to lot of Luis Miranda thence running South along lands of Luis Miranda fifty varas to South Sixth Street then running East fifty varas along said Street to Camp Street to place of starting...*¹²

Bradford was initiated on August 5, 1873, into the Mason's Aztec Lodge No. 3 at Las Cruces. The records of that lodge, chartered as early as 1867, show Bradford's membership until his death on May 4, 1875.¹³

Daily was administrator for the estate of Pedro Aguirre, and in January 1875 he petitioned the court for permission to sell the deceased's personal property to satisfy several claims. Daily was instructed to file an inventory of the personal property by January 30, and that a sale would be held February 12.¹⁴ Little did Bradford realize that shortly thereafter his own family would be administering his estate.

Bradford Daily died in Las Cruces or May 4 or 5, 1875,¹⁵ leaving his widow with a large brood of young children. He had executed a will, but only two of the three witnesses had properly signed; therefore, when it was submitted for probate by George W. Maxwell, Bradford's brother-

in-law, it was not accepted. Maxwell was ordered to furnish bond in the amount of \$16,000. He was finally able to do so on November 10, 1875. The will, executed by Bradford May 3, 1875, stipulated that the property belonging to the firm G. W. Maxwell & Co., valued at about \$22,000, should be divided equally between Maxwell and Mrs. Daily. George Maxwell was to be administrator and, if necessary, to be assisted by A. H. Morehead.

All Bradford's personal property was left to his wife. If the Maxwell firm had to raise money to carry on the mercantile business, it should receive Marriocita's consent in advance. His private residence was not to be encumbered nor sold under any circumstances. Any profit from the residence was to be kept in his family for the express purpose of educating his children. If his Indian depredation claim was awarded, the amount granted against the claim was to be invested in the firm of George W. Maxwell & Co. The money from his Connecticut Life Insurance Company policy¹⁶ was to be put out at a legal rate of interest, to be used to assist in educating his children. Finally, his wife and Maxwell were designated as having the "undisputed right in the education of my lawful children."

Although Maxwell was married to Marriocita's sister Carmelita, bad feelings developed between the families when Maxwell did not act for the estate in a manner satisfactory to meet the requirements of Mrs. Daily and her children. The delays in administering the estate due to Maxwell's apparent inability to obtain the \$16,000 bond in a timely manner led Marriocita to petition Probate Judge Henry J. Cuniffe (godfather to her recently deceased daughter Josefa Ester) to allow Mrs. Daily to take over the administration.

In addition to the merchandise in the partnership with Maxwell, Bradford also had a one-half interest in a mule train consisting of 118 mules, twenty wagons, harnesses, and the like. The insurance policy, worth \$10,000, was paid to his widow November 7, 1875. More than two years after her husband's death, Marriocita claimed that Maxwell "has entirely failed to administer upon [the] estate or to settle the copartnership business" in which Maxwell had the half interest. Marriocita asked to be appointed administratrix because, due to Maxwell's failures, the "property of said Estate will go to waste and be lost." She was required to post a bond of \$16,000 and on September 12, 1877 was appointed executrix of her late husband's estate.¹⁷ Marriocita took an active part in pushing for the settlement of the depredation claims filed by Bradford. As late as April 4, 1879, she was advised by her attorney in the Washington, D. C., law firm of Sanborn & King that nothing had been accomplished in pushing her claim forward, stating that "no one seems to have the courage necessary to force the issue upon Congress." The claim was finally settled in 1921.

Marriocita's attempts to get money from her husband's estate through Maxwell seem to have been futile. On September 20, 1877 she

borrowed from Otero Seller & Company \$9,146.43, which would be due September 1, 1878. Security was in “everything pertaining to and comprising the train heretofore known as Maxwell & Daily,” composed of 107 mules, one Bell Mule, ten large mule wagons, ten trail wagons, ten sets of wheel harness, forty sets of lead harness, twenty guide reins, thirty-eight wagon sheets, wagon bows, eleven wagon saddles, and seven rifles. The loan accumulated interest at 12% per annum.¹⁸

Marriocita married David Baxter Rea, a native of Providence, North Carolina, on September 30, 1877, at the “cathedral” of St. Genevieve in Las Cruces.¹⁹ Her family responsibilities and debts may have induced her to sell her dwelling, orchard and garden to Nestor Armijo on November 24, 1877 for \$4,050. She used this total received from Don Nestor to make a payment on November 13 to Levi Spiegelberg, Lehman Spiegelberg and Willi Spiegelberg, “partners in trading and doing business under the firm name and style of Spiegelberg Bros, at Santa Fe.” Payment was made by “Marriocita C. Rea, formerly Marriocita C. Daily of Las Cruces” to clear a mortgage taken out just a few months earlier, that is on August 1, 1877. As a member of the firm of G. W. Maxwell & Co. of Las Cruces and Maxwell Graham & Co. of Silver City, Marriocita had executed an indenture in favor of the Spiegelbergs for \$8,417.75. To secure the debt Mrs. Daily had mortgaged her Las Cruces homestead, its garden and orchard, situated adjacent to the Loretto Convent and Mariano Madrid properties, along with another parcel fronting on Main Street, fifty varas long by thirty-five varas wide, containing a house and a store.²⁰

Shortly after his marriage to the widow Daily, Rea entered into a partnership with John D. Barncastle, from whom Marriocita had originally purchased what was to become the Nestor Armijo homesite. The partnership was formed to “trade in buying and selling goods, wares and merchandise,” and the original term of the agreement was for a one-year period. It was to operate as Barncastle & Co., located in Doña Ana, with Barncastle devoting his labor and management skills in receipt for a \$100 monthly compensation. The business was to be located in the Barncastle store, but rent was not to be charged to the partnership, which would be responsible for incidental expenses. Barncastle and Rea each put into the partnership as capital stock the sum of \$4,980 “to be used, laid out and employed in common between the parties hereunder for the management of said business to their mutual advantage.” Profits or losses were to be divided equally. Any borrowing was to be only with the written consent of both partners.²¹ This may not have proved to be the case. Family tradition blames Rea for the later troubles incurred by Marriocita.

Mrs. Rea and her husband sold another parcel of land in late February 1878 for \$300. It was on the south side of

the *Acequia Madré*, adjacent to lands of Manuel Nevarez, Jesus Flores, and George Maxwell, and was known as the May Garden.²²

Mrs. Rea was unable to pay off the total debt to the Spiegelbergs through the sale of part of her holdings to Don Nestor, possibly due to the loss of her home in a fire. Although Marriocita was now married to D. B. Rea, a two-story house, termed by local newspapers as the “Daily property”, was destroyed by fire on the night of April 14, 1879. The cause of the fire was a stove, which incinerated a stairway, allowing the fire to spread to the upper rooms. The building, noted as recently purchased by the Spiegelberg brothers for \$10,000, was occupied by three families: Mrs. Rea’s, Mrs. Downing’s, and Don Hugo Stephenson and his family. The two women and their families were said to have saved the major portion of their furniture, but Stephenson lost all of his furniture, clothing and provisions. The whole town turned out to see the fire, but could do nothing about it.²³ This disaster was followed on June 17, 1879 with another affecting Marriocita. The Spiegelberg brothers took her to court to foreclose on property of David B. and “Mariacita” Rea. causing property to be sold to satisfy the judgment through a public auction, advertised by six written or printed handbills. The bids brought in only \$1,750 so the property described above as the second parcel was ordered conveyed to the Spiegelberg brothers.²⁴

Descendants from Marriocita’s marriage to Bradford Daily claim that her second marriage was a disaster. David B. Rea is reputed to have squandered whatever money Marriocita had from Bradford’s estate and abandoned her and her Daily family. He was reputed to have been in Sinaloa most of the time for three years prior to February 1886, when Marriocita said he was “missing” there. Rea must have been “missing” earlier. At least he was not supporting his stepchildren. The 1880 census lists eight-year-old Bradford and twelve-year-old Duran Daily in the house of Nestor Armijo while his mother and other children were in Tucson. Rea later wrote to Marriocita from Matamoros, Mexico. In October 1894 testimony pursuing the depredations claims, she said she had heard that he was dead.

Mrs. Rea remained on friendly terms with Don Nestor Armijo. On October 10, 1897, he wrote to her at Tucson regarding a real estate transaction in Las Cruces, signing the letter as her affectionate “*Compadre*.” On December 4, 1905, Mrs. Rea gave Nestor Armijo her power of attorney to act on her behalf; and Nestor wrote to her on June 7, 1906, stating that the attorneys wanted a deposit of money to cover costs before they would act regarding her lot in Las Cruces. In a postscript to that letter Don Nestor stated, “*Las Cruces progresando mucho y fabricandes casas de ladrillo*.”²⁵ Marriocita Carrion Daily Rea settled in the Tucson area where she

died July 16, 1928.

* * * * *

The Nestor Armijo house and the *mesón* portion²⁶ were “home” for four generations of Armijos, commencing with Nestor (whose mother Juana Chaves also lived there briefly and died there); his son Carlos H. Armijo; granddaughters Josefa Armijo and her widowed sister, Gertrudis Armijo Ascarate; and then Josefa, her husband, Peter Gallagher. and their children: Francis Waters Gallagher, Nestor Armijo Gallagher, Peter Edmund Gallagher, and Dolores Gertrude Gallagher. The residence acquired the name Armijo-Gallagher home although it was never owned by Peter Gallagher. Josefa kept it as her sole and separate estate after inheriting it in 1911 from her grandfather Nestor.

JOHN B. COLLIGAN *is descended from the earliest settlers of New Mexico. Residing in Las Cruces, he is retired from a business management career and devotes all of his time to historical research. His interest in the Nestor Armijo home stems from his marriage to Dolores Gallagher, Don Nestor's great granddaughter and Colligan's third cousin, once removed*

- 1 Information about Faustino CarriOn his wives, children, and will were provided by Mary D. Taylor based on the photocopies of Faustino's will and inventory from the Archives of Chihuahua. Additional information is from notes and photos left with Pioneer Savings & Trust, Las Cruces, by Alfred Daily after the rehabilitation of the Nestor Armijo home.
- 2 His surname in various records is Daily, Dailey, or Delay. His heirs divided into two groups: the Dailey and Daily families. Bradford's signature on his Indian Depredation Claim of 1866 is clearly Dailey. Marriocita usually used Daily.
- 3 Bradford Daily's year and place of birth are from Fred Daily and family records which conflict with the year 1829 vs. 1827, and Illinois vs. New York used in a letter to Fred Daily from Rex W. Strickland dated October 15, 1963, in which Strickland related a number of biographical details concerning Daily, some of which are included herein.
- 4 Daily family history from “A Brief History of the Village of Butler,” by the Rev. T. E. Spilman, Sept. 1878, as furnished to A. L. Daily by Burris Seymour, Deposition of Franklin Daily for the Court of Claims on Sept. 2, 1895. For 1842 date see Wayne R. Austerman, *Sharp Rifles and Spanish Mules: The San Antonio-El Paso Mail, 1851-1881* (College Station: Texas A & M University Press, 1985), p. 16; Rex W. Strickland, *Six Who Came to El Paso. Piorreers of the 1840's* (El Paso: Texas Western Press, 1963) *Southwestern Studies* 1: 3, Fall 1963, p. 7.
- 5 Austerman, *Op. cit.*, p. 35.
- 6 St. Genevieve Catholic Church, Las Cruces, N. M., Book I. Mixed Records, *Casamientos*, 1862. According to his son Franklin, William Daily was said to have been born in Ulster County, N. Y.
- 7 St. Genevieve's Church, Las Cruces, Mixed Records, Book I, Nos. 957, 1064, 1320, 1491, 1606.
- 8 *The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, Series I, Vol. L, Part II, “Correspondence, etc.” (Washington: U. S. Govt. Print. Off., 1897, pp. 235, 238-39, 266-67, 278; Austerman, *Op. cit.*, p. 191.
- 9 Copy of Major McCleave's Report of his expenditures tbr April 1864, courtesy of FredDaily. See Darlis A. Miller, *The California Column in New Mexico* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press,

- 1982) for background on some of Daily's associates, though Daily is not mentioned in this work.
- 10 Doña Ana County Deeds, Book E, November 30, 1869, pp. 6-7.
 - 11 U. S. Department of the Interior, Court of Claims, Indian Depredation; Mariasita C. Daily, Administratrix for Bradford Daily, deceased vs. The U. S. et al... The Sheridan, Kansas, claim was covered by Case No. 3224 of May 25, 1886, while the Apache Pass/Fort Bowie, Arizona, claim was No. 12363 of 1892, File No. 6993.
 - 12 Doña Ana County Deeds, Book E, March 10, 1870, pp. 7-8.
 - 13 Letter from Lodge Secretary William S. Parkman to Fred Daily, March 1, 1985.
 - 14 Doña Ana County, Probate Journal B, p. 148 for Adjourned Term, January 25, 1875 before Pablo Melendres, Probate Judge.
 - 15 An account in the *El Paso Daily Herald* in 1895 stated incorrectly that Bradford Daily was killed by Indians, and that his widow lived in Tucson. His death was said to have occurred 22 years earlier, in 1873. Jane Alida Beard, *Births, Deaths & Manages from El Paso Newspapers through 1885* (El Paso Genealogical Society, 1982) The 1875 date used is from Alfred Daily, Bradford's great-grandson, who explained why Bradford's burial is not recorded at St. Genevieve's, Las Cruces: It was because he died as a Mason and is buried in the Masonic Cemetery. He was not killed by Indians, but died from an inflammation of the bowels. In one portion of Bradford's estate administration, his brother-in-law George W. Maxwell stated in 1877 that Bradford died on May 4, 1875, and later that same year when Marriocita was appointed administrator, she gave the date as May 5, 1875. May 4 appears to be correct as it was used also in the Masonic Lodge records and in the records of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company.
 - 16 The Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company Policy No. 98319 on life of Bradford Daily shows his occupation as Sheriff of Doña Ana County. Issued October 30, 1869 with a face amount of \$10,000, the annual premium was \$312.20. The original beneficiary designation was \$4,000 to "Mariseta", \$3,000 to Franklin, and \$3,000 to a Susan Daily, wife and children; but on April 2, 1870, the beneficiary was changed to "Mariseta" Daily. On October 27, 1871 his occupation was changed from Sheriff to freighter.
 - 17 Doña Ana County, Probate Journal B, pp. 148, 159, 166-67, 193-94; Record of Wills II, pp. 536-41; Record of Wills III, pp. 29-34.
 - 18 Doña Ana County, Record of Chattel Mortgages, Book I, folio 14, Sept. 21, 1877.
 - 19 St. Genevieve Catholic Church, Las Cruces, Marriages, Book 6, Jan. 22, 1877 to Jan. 7, 1889, item no. 485; *Silver City Herald*, October 6, 1877.
 - 20 On this instrument Mrs. Daily signed as "Mariocita C. Daily." See Doña Ana County, Mortgages, Book I, pp. 137-140. The original Rea/Spiegelberg indenture is in the writer's possession.
 - 21 Copy of Partnership Agreement signed by Barncastle and Rea courtesy of Alfred Daily.
 - 22 Doña Ana County Deeds, Book E, p. 556.
 - 23 *Mesilla Valley independent*, Saturday, April 19, 1879; and Spanish edition of the same date with additional details.
 - 24 Doña Ana County, Mortgages, Book I, pp. 202-205.
 - 25 Original letter in writer's possession.
 - 26 Most of the *mesón* property was to become the Ward Furniture Store property, 101 East Lohman, in 1940.

“She’ll Be Comin’ Round the Mountain:”

*The Ozanne Stage to White Oaks and
Lincoln, 1886-1895*

by Robert L. Hart

Ozanne & Company’s mail and passenger operations were of signal importance to the development of the Territorial mining frontier in south-central New Mexico. For an eight year period — from July 1, 1886 through June 30, 1894 — the company offered passenger and express service, coupled with U. S. mail delivery. The company represented communication and commercial transportation between White Oaks, New Mexico Territory, and the outside world.

Urbain Ozanne, the company’s proprietor, was born in Brittany at Chateaubriant, France, May 8, 1835. His father, Francois, received imperial recognition as an exceptional teacher, but emigrated to the United States with his family in 1847. Urbain married another French *emigré*, Frances Stephanie Bovard, in 1857. Five children came of the union. The family made its home in Nashville where Urbain was in the mercantile business before the Civil War, and served during the war as an army contractor. After the war Urbain acquired property in Mississippi, becoming a cotton planter. His eldest child, Adeline, died soon after the war, and his wife Fannie died in 1870. He probably sold his agricultural interests before the 1873 Panic.

In an 1868 letter to Senator Thaddeus Stevens, Ozanne lamented, “The feelings against Northern men who entertain Republican sentiments exceed by far those displayed in 1860 & 61 against Union men.” Ozanne predicted that Northerners would have to leave the state unless Congressional protective action was forthcoming. It was not. He described the crime of these Union men (popularly known as “carpetbaggers”): “They

came and settled in the South with no desire to meddle in politics, but for the purpose of engaging in agricultural pursuits, and are being grossly and unjustly persecuted, because they have not seen fit to trample down the flag of our country, and especially because they have upheld Congress in the reconstruction of the State civil government.”¹

With Reconstruction in the South nearing its end, Ozanne moved with his boys to Memphis, and later to Wichita, Kansas, where he engaged in a wholesale feed business. By 1880 he had moved again — following the railroad to Las Vegas, New Mexico.

Urbain’s financial interest in Lincoln County began with mining investments near the new town of White Oaks. Within two years he became a town resident and began doing business as Ozanne & Son (son Alfred was the partner). Together they ran a continental restaurant and bakery. They also owned a small grist mill and storage facilities. In the year 1886 Ozanne & Co. received the U. S. mail contract (Carthage-White Oaks-Lincoln) and began a decade-long identification as the Ozanne & Co. Stage Line.

The Ozannes consciously modelled their operations after the successful transcontinental operations,² but it is also likely that most of the influence on their organization came from smaller-scale ventures like that of the Lake Valley, Hillsboro and Kingston Stage Line. Urbain and Alfred were ambitious. Stops were spaced approximately every ten miles, far more acceptable than the average of eighteen to twenty miles travelled between stations on the Overland Line.³ This frequency of stops qualified the line for first class status!⁴

Two stage routes were followed, both approximately the same distance in length. The southern route crossed the Malpais at Upper Crossing, and the northern route went around the head of the Malpais. The operation proved both successful and lucrative. Alfred’s wife, Olive, reported years later that Ozanne & Co. grossed approximately \$11,000 per year: \$6,500 from mail delivery and \$4,000 to \$5,000 from passenger fares and express deliveries.⁵

Southwest Stage Company (Ozanne’s predecessor) had extended service from White Oaks to Ft. Stanton’, Ozanne & Co. extended it to Lincoln. A company flyer generally described the route and schedule:⁶

<u>Location</u>	<u>Departure</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Arrival</u>	<u>Distance</u>	<u>Meals</u>
Carthage	10:30 a.m.	Ozanne’s Ranch	5 P.M.	30	Supper
Ozanne’s	not specified	White Oaks	6 A.M.	60	Breakfast
White Oaks	not specified	Nogal	10 A.M.	17	
Nogal	not specified	Ft. Stanton	1 P.M.	18	

Based on a 135-mile trip, a one-way ticket was \$16.56, or 12.3 cents per mile, slightly less than Southwest Stage Lines had charged.⁷ Previous Territorial stagecoach research has suggested 10.5 cents per mile as normal, which would make the White Oaks trip high.⁸ Other difficult stretches of road in the Territory, however, brought fares up to 16.33 cents per mile.⁹ There is a modern airline parallel to Ozanne & Company's baggage allowance of forty pounds of baggage; excess baggage was charged the express rate.¹⁰ No data is available for the Ozanne & Company express rate, but (for comparison) Black Range Concord stages charged ten cents per pound.¹¹

The journey from Carthage to White Oaks was sixteen hours in duration, and on to Lincoln added fourteen hours more (return trips were half an hour faster)¹² Consistent themes in the flyer and in newspaper advertisements were safety and comfort: "Good Teams, Fine Rigs, Careful and Sober Drivers". The prospect of night travel must have frightened many passengers and could be avoided by travelling during the daytime only and overnighing at the Hotel Ozanne and/or the Mountain Station Ranch. The romantic Concord stage of old was not used on the White Oaks route during this period. It was probably avoided due to its great weight and due to the



Mountain Station Ranch, 1888-1889, with station manager Alfred Ozanne and wife Olive on porch and station cook and child at the corner of the building. Stages parked in yard are horse-drawn hacks with canvas tops and sides. (Courtesy of Human Systems Research)

roughness of the terrain.

Ozanne & Co. were proper Territorial boosters for the communities that they served. All passengers got a two-hour layover at Ft. Stanton. “where can be seen one of the most beautiful forts of Uncle Sam”. And an additional inducement for daytime travel was “seeing the MAL PAIS, one of the greatest wonders of New Mexico.”¹³

Both company flyers and local newspapers advertised additional travel connections at Nogal, Ft. Stanton, and Lincoln.¹⁴ Advance arrangements were necessary for a buckboard at Nogal for the mining camps of Bonito and Parson City. Regular buckboards connected at Ft. Stanton for Ruidoso, Weed, and Penasco. The Buck Board Line departed Lincoln for Roswell, Seven Rivers and the Pecos country three times weekly on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Whether the Buck Board Line was an Ozanne & Company subsidiary is unknown at this time. Ozanne & Co. not only advertised in the expected flyers and newspapers, but utilized a crude version of the modern billboard. Passengers ascending the canyon to White Oaks proper, were treated to advertisements painted on the flat faces of the rock-lined canyon. “Stop at the Hotel Ozanne” read one of the advertisements.¹⁵ Located on the southeast corner of Carrizo-



Hotel Ozanne, White Oaks, New Mexico, ca. 1890's.
(Photo courtesy of Rio Grande Historical Collections)

zo and Livingston Streets, the brick Hotel Ozanne and its Ozanne House annex a block away at Carrizo and Harrison, functioned in concert with the Mountain Station Ranch as stage supper and breakfast stops, and optional overnight accommodations. Having run a successful White Oaks continental restaurant and bakery at least two, and possibly three years prior to going into the hotel and stagecoach-

ing business,¹⁶ the Ozannes probably could make good on their boast for the hotel that, “Our facilities for supplying our table cannot be surpassed in White Oaks.”¹⁷

Author Emerson Hough wrote of his experience in White Oaks during the 1880’s in a work of fiction entitled *Heart’s Desire* (1905). He mentions the importance of canned oysters for special occasions. Urbain’s eldest son Henry advertised his Las Vegas, New Mexico, specialty items in the White Oaks newspaper. Of particular note is that oysters were available by special arrangement with the express line (run by his father!)

Ozanne & Company’s good fortune, however, played out during the 1890 contract period. White Oaks’ boom peaked in 1892. The subsequent Panic of 1893 and the repeal of the Sherman Silver Purchase Act devastated the mining industry in the Territory.¹⁸ Olive Ozanne reported, “The Silver Bill had been repealed and mining camps were being deserted. The Stage Company had run at a loss for the last two years, so we did not apply for another four year contract.”¹⁹ The seriousness of the local situation may be gauged by the fact that the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad went into receivership in December 1893, and the branch line to Carthage saw no service during 1894!²⁰ This caused an extension of the Ozanne & Co. line from Carthage to San Antonio, N. M., in order to continue to meet the train (and its passengers).

Urbain attempted to run a follow-on thrice weekly passenger express service as the Ozanne Stage Line beginning in July 1894, but the business apparently failed, and he began selling off the firm’s assets by July of the following year. Within thirteen months the Ozanne Stage Line’s assets were gone.²¹ However, under new ownership the hotel apparently continued operating into this century.²²

Details on Ozanne & Company’s two routes from San Antonio follow. Superficially, the routes differ significantly only by how many stage stations are required. However, terrainwise, route two is the easier on the teams. Route selection might also have varied seasonally according to weather, temperature, and availability of water. Mountain Station Ranch, an overnight stop, became a “home” station, following the Butterfield Overland Line’s example, with maintenance facilities and food service; while “swing” stations like that at Red Canyon were modest, offering only horse changes and/or water.

TABLE 1.
RECONSTRUCTED SAN ANTONIO - WHITE OAKS
STAGE ROUTES, 1886-1895

ROUTE 1: ACROSS 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	Mountain Sta. Ranch	12	TC/W/F/ON
Mtn.Sta.Ranch	Red Canyon	10	TC/W
Red Canyon	Mal Pais Station	15	TC/W
Mal Pais Sta.	Anchor Spring	8	W
Anchor Spring	White Oaks	15	T/W/FON
	<i>Total Mileage</i>	<i>89</i>	

Legend: TC=team change W=water F=food ON=overnight

San Antonio	Kinney Well	11	Water
Kinney Well	Carthage	2	TC/Passengers
Carthage	Montoya's Well	9	Water
Montoya's Well	Hansonburg	7	Team change
Hansonburg	Mountain Sta. Ranch	12	TC/W/F/ON
Mtn.Sta.Ranch	Wash Hale	7	Water
Wash Hale	Taylor's Wells	11	TC/W
Taylor's Well	Crater Station	11	TC/W
Crater Station	Noname Spring*	10	Water
Noname Spring*	White Oaks	10	TC/W/F/ON
	<i>Total Mileage</i>	<i>90</i>	

*= a postulated water source, not yet tied to a definite location.

The Mountain Station Ranch was the most important stage station on the route between White Oaks and Socorro, Carthage, and San Antonio. As a "home station" it would probably have had a small blacksmith shop for repair of vehicles, food for man and beast, and overnight accommodations for passengers. A smaller "swing station" would customarily provide a

change of animals and water.²³

Mountain Station Ranch's importance was underscored by junior partner Alfred Ozanne's residence there. His father, the senior partner, ran the White Oaks office. Alfred and his new bride, the former Olive Rencher, lived at the Mountain Station Ranch for almost two and a half years, beginning in the Spring of 1888. Expecting a child, they moved into White Oaks during the Fall of 1890. Although she never again lived at the Mountain Station Ranch (she and Alfred built a fine brick home in White Oaks), Olive noted that Alfred "had to spend a good deal of time at the Ranch."²⁴

Olive's first experience with Ozanne & Co. was as a passenger. She reported:

My first stop was at what was known as Ozanne's Ranch stone house where the drivers changed horses and ate. Mr. Ozanne's / Alfred's] aunt a widow with a small son was housekeeper. After supper the mail went on but I did not care to ride all night with a Stage Driver and was glad to find that I could spend the night and go on to WHITE OAKS the next day.²⁵

When she returned as Alfred's wife the following spring, she had a different perspective on the isolated location and the difficulty in keeping help:

Mr. Ozanne's aunt was keeping house at the Ranchhouse when we married and stayed on a year or two, but she had a boy who should be in school. I taught him to read before they left. After Auntie left the cooking was a nightmare. I was brought up in the south where everybody had negro cooks and I thought I had to have one, so through the wife of the store keeper who was from Texas I got one, but her stay was brief she said it was lonesome, and I know it was, there were no negroes any where near and few white people. The nearest neighbor was two miles away and the next ten. A Rancher from about 100 miles south came by on his way to the R.R. to buy supplies, he had a negro truck driver, and when they came back by Clorinda went with them. A short time after this we found a white woman from St. Louis. She was a smart woman and I learned a lot from her, and found out that my little white hands could do lots of things besides crochet and play the piano. And when our good cook found she could get a job in White Oaks cooking for a rich old man she left us and later married the old man. after she left I took over. Breakfast and supper for the drivers and if there were passengers they had to be fed. Often they did not want to ride all night and I had to keep a couple of rooms to take care of that

*situation. Sheets and tablecloths to be washed added to my other duties made up a full time job. Someway I got it all in and had the opportunity to meet people from everywhere. A millionaire and his wife, the mayor of St. Louis and his wife, and the Governor of New Mexico were among the important people who slept under our roof and shared our meals. we had been at the Ranch about two and a half years when I became pregnant.*²⁶

The Ozanne homestead claim on the Mountain Station Ranch, filed March 22, 1894, was denied. As Olive explained, “We found that the Ranch was located on unsurveyed land, and when the Government survey was made found that it was on school land [160 acres in center of T.65, R.6E, S.16] and we could not get a deed to the place though we had lived on it the required five years and had put thousands of dollars in buildings and improvements on the place.”²⁷ Ever since the Northwest Ordinance of 1785, section sixteen of each surveyed township has been set aside as a school section, and the Ozanne’s had the misfortune to have filed on part of such a then unsurveyed section.

During White Oaks’ heyday, Colorado’s Rocky Mountain News of May 29, 1892 devoted the cover page of an entire section to its allure. An artist’s likeness of U. Ozanne is included along with other White Oaks luminaries. The following observations on the Ozanne stage line were included: “It [White Oaks] is reached by the excellent stage line of Ozanne & Company... The distance is eighty miles and the ride is made in about sixteen hours in a light and comfortable hack.”

Passengers seemed to find the trip more exhausting than the advertise-ments suggested. The Reverend Jacob Mills Ashley, an Englishman, wrote to a cousin the following description of his travels during 1888 to and from White Oaks with Ozanne & Company:

I left here March 24th at 7 A.M. for Carthage, 96 miles by railway, preached there twice on the 25th, then on Monday 26th left there aboutl P.M. for White Oaks 90 miles. We had a full stage of passen-gers. We first crossed a range of low mountains, then came to a vast shady plain, called the journey of Death, because so many had per-ished on it for want of water. But 12 miles from Carthage a man has dug a well near 90 feet deep and here we watered horses and took water ourselves. This was the first place where a human being lived. We had not got more than three miles from there, when it commenced snowing and when we got to the next house 32 miles from Carthage at 9 o’clock at night, the snow was 6 inches deep. At this place we took supply, changed

horses and at 10 o'clock were away on our route. The snow and darkness hid everything around us and the driver must have been well acquainted with the road, or he would not have found his way over the Mountains and Lava beds. About 5 in the morning we reached the next stage station being about 7 hours going 30 miles. At that time it was blowing heavy gale and the snow blinding so we got breakfast and waited till 7 o'clock when there appeared a lull in the storm. We had not got more than 5 miles when it awoke again in all its Jiffy. To make it worse, the track was covered with snow so deep, it was impossible to see where to drive. Remember this is a wild county, where there are no regular roads, and often deep ruts it was so dangerous to get into. Into one of these ruts at last we sank and it did seem as though we should have to remain there until the storm was over, if we lived so long. The gale was furious, the snow blinding, and the cold intense and no house or help for many miles. This was at an altitude of about 8,000 feet above sea level, hence the cold. After about two hours hard work we at last got out of the rut and on our way, and at about 1 o'clock came to the first farm house. Here we had to stop and feed the horses, for they were about worn out. While waiting here the wind went down and the storm cleared off and it became pleasant overhead. The roads, however, were bad and the snowdrift heavy. We rested here until about 4 P.M. and then started for the rest of our journey, 12 miles, which we reached between 7 and 8 P.M. being thus 30 hours on our journey of 90 miles.

It was the hardest and roughest journey, I have ever had in my life I had intended to start back on Wednesday night, but on account of fatigue and bad roads, waited until Monday April 2nd...

I preached twice and addressed the Sunday School on Sunday and left for home at 7 A.M. on Monday. It was a very pleasant morning and the evidence of the storm was all gone except water and mud holes here and there. We rode along nicely, saw thousands of cattle grazing here and there, and the Mountain tops in different directions covered with snow which they had been all the winter. Near noon we came to the first stage station. Here we got our dinner and changed horses. Soon we came to a scene...a black stream of lava, which had flowed down the Valley 30 miles or more and was from two to five miles wide. As it had cooled it had broken up into thousands of fantastic shapes, with

deep pits and hollows, with rough rugged edges, that neither man nor beast could cross except in one place. There it was so rough that passengers generally preferred to walk the two miles across, rather than ride, for indeed it was dangerous for the stage in places. Having crossed this we had about 15 miles of plain, then came to the Oscuro (dark) Mountains, then it was climb up and down, thro' narrow passages and steep places such as you in England could not conceive, that it was possible for a stage to go up or through. I must say that even with my experience in some places I was nervous. Well, at about 6 P.M. we reached the end of the day's journey and stopped at a stage station, which was hid in the foothills of the Mountain, far away from any other house. Here I took the opportunity of cutting some cacti for walking canes...

*Except soreness and stiffness I did not seem the worse for the journey there, but I have felt its effects since.*²⁸

During the 1930's Albert Zeigler recalled his journey to White Oaks via an Ozanne Company stage:

*I left Socorro, New Mexico, in December 1886, for White Oaks, New Mexico. I went by stage coach, which was a buck board drawn by two little Spanish mules. We left Socorro about ten o'clock in the morning and got to Ozanne's ranch, which was about halfway between Socorro and White Oaks, about six o'clock in the evening. We had our supper there at the ranch and changed the team and started on the last half of the journey. It was a bitter cold night and we arrived at White Oaks about four o'clock in the morning. There were lots of sandy places on the road and at times the mules could only make about two miles an hour. It was a very cold and tiresome trip.*²⁹

Since stage robberies were not unknown in New Mexico Territory, worry concerning possible bandit activity preceded the opening of Roswell's first bank in July 1890. Bank financial assets (\$36,000 in currency, silver, and gold), fixtures, furnishings, and four officers were transported from San Antonio to Roswell by Ozanne & Company; the bulky safe had been shipped earlier. But the Albuquerque to San Antonio night train was late and the would-be bankers missed their connection to Carthage. Urbain Ozanne was duly telegraphed and, with two four-horse rigs, picked up the party in San Antonio. The first night of the journey by wagon was spent at the company's Mountain Station Ranch, the second night in White Oaks, and a third night in Lincoln. Roswell was reached on the fourth day. Of this trip E. A. Cahoon later wrote. "As we were expected, I did not know

what we might run up against, and we were pretty well ‘heeled’. We were ready for any kind of trouble. However, nothing happened.”³⁰ The bank opened on schedule.

Surprisingly, Ozanne & Company suffered no known robberies during its eight-year operation. William Lane’s line suffered holdups of both eastbound and westbound stages at the head of the Malpais on October 7, 1896.³¹

As the final days of the Ozanne & Company mail contracts approached, the *Old Abe Eagle* of June 23, 1894 had this to say about the mail contractor:

*On Saturday next Mr. Ozanne, who for the past eight years has been performing mail service between San Antonio and Lincoln will close his contract with the government. During the past eight years the patrons of the post office in this section of the country have been favored with a most excellent mail service under Mr. Ozanne, regardless of the elements, which had to be overcome during the rainy season and winter storms, and notwithstanding that the mail service has been performed for the last two years at a heavy loss to the contractor. It is hoped that his successor will maintain Mr. Ozanne’s record.*³²

In July 1894, after two financially punishing years, Ozanne & Co. let the mail contract go to another White Oaks resident, William Lane. Urbain inaugurated a thrice weekly express service with new vehicles, but began selling off his assets within a year. The furnishings for the Hotel Ozanne, the Taylor’s Well Stage Station, and their associated animals and vehicles went first in 1895. The Mountain Station Ranch followed in 1896.³³

Ironically, a major goal of White Oaks boosterism was the construction of a rail line to the town. When the railroad finally came near, the result for both the town and the stage line was the same: Bypassed by the railroad. White Oaks’ speculative balloon burst, and the population went elsewhere. And reduced to shorter routes, the stage fell prey to the automobile and truck.

Urbain Ozanne was a classic nineteenth-century entrepreneur. All four of his sons were sent to St. Louis University. Two of his sons became White Oaks residents, married, started families, and built homes there. Urbain also found time to serve in varied public offices from sheriff to road superintendent, as well as director of the local school association. The two-story brick White Oaks Schoolhouse was constructed in the early 1890’s and Ozanne family tradition proudly attributes much of the credit for its

construction to the drive of Urbain.

Unfortunately, his story does not have a happy ending. Urbain married again by 1892. Ella Ozanne, his second wife, apparently ran the hotel and boarding house. Olive Ozanne, eldest son Alfred's wife, infers that Ella displayed an inordinate interest in controlling the family real estate.³⁴ A charitable interpretation might be that Ella married Urbain for his money. The union ended in divorce. Urbain remarried again in 1897, and it is this union which was fated to experience the rapid decline of family fortunes. Property purchased with the certainty that the railroad would eventually arrive was now nearly worthless for the railroad had bypassed White Oaks. The ultimate indignity for Urbain Ozanne must have been the sale of his various properties for back taxes in 1899.³⁵

Urbain Ozanne died of Bright's disease in 1903. It is sad to note that this important pioneer's last resting place in White Oaks' Cedarvale Cemetery has been lost.

Urbain's third wife, Helen, did not remain long in White Oaks. But she first alienated the entire family and much of the town by successfully suing anyone concerned with the Hotel Ozanne. She received a tax deed for the premises in 1904. Following her departure the following year, the sheriff could find no property to attach for her unpaid bills.³⁶

Local tradition continues the Hotel Ozanne operation beyond Urbain's death. Jane Malcolm Gallacher and her mother, Margaret Malcolm, were associated with the hotel operation for at least twenty years. They were probably among the first employees when the hotel opened in 1887-1888. In 1908 Jane moved out to ranch at the head of the Malpais.³⁷ Her mother may have continued working at the hotel until her death in 1913. The hotel apparently closed the next year.³⁸

ROBERT L. HART is an Easterner who saw the elephant in the Cimarron country at the Philmont Scout Ranch and fell in love with the West. Bob has been both an Air Force officer and a Park Ranger. He and his wife Linda and two daughters now reside in Las Cruces where he is the Curator of the new New Mexico Farm and Ranch Heritage Museum. The research for this article was accomplished for Human Systems Research, Inc., as part of the National Register of Historic Places nomination process for Mountain Station Ranch and Red Canyon Station, located on White Sands Missile Range. He is indebted to Garry Owen, grandson of Emile Ozanne, for much of the information that allows this story to be told.

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The Flying Flivver: *An Excerpt from the Diary of Louis Edwin Freudenthal*

Edited with an introduction

by Elsa Freudenthal Altshool

Travel by horseback or wagon was slow, difficult and tedious, whether following rutted trails or striking off across uncharted country. Yet, early car travel was not very different. Roads were primitive and gas stations rare. Parts and fluids for the car had to be carried, along with patches for tires and their tubes. The driver had to be a mechanic, no matter how awkward and non-mechanical he might be.

In the Southwest paved roads were nonexistent. Macadam was in use in many eastern and some midwestern cities of the United States, but not in the Southwest. Concrete did not come to southern New Mexico until the 1920's when it was hailed as a wonder product and was used, in large blocks, to pave major streets.

'This account of an early automobile trip was written by my father, Louis E. Freudenthal, in 1916, just after he graduated from Cornell University with a B. S. in Agriculture.

Louis was born in 1892 in the home of his parents, Phoebus and Amalia Freudenthal, on Las Cruces' Main Street. His father and mother moved to Solomonville, Arizona Territory, early in the twentieth century, but Louis spent several of his childhood years in Las Cruces because there was no school in Solomonville. His aunt and uncle, Morris and Minna Freudenthal, gave Louis a home at their Don Bernardo Hotel while he attended grade school at Loretto Academy and South Ward School.

When he was about eleven years old, Louis was sent to New York

City where he attended country day school and a public high school for three years while living with his uncle, Dr. Wolff Freudenthal and his family. Wolff's children, David and Elsbeth, remained good friends of Louis. David and Louis went through Cornell together.

After college, Louis returned to Las Cruces with plans to begin farming. He rented a room from the Herbert Yeo family. While living there, he began a diary, which includes this story of a trip from Las Cruces to Elephant Butte Dam, across to Deming, and then on to Solomonville (now Solomon) and Globe, both in the Arizona Territory. The words are his; I have added only an occasional clarifying word and a few footnotes.

The story stops abruptly rather than ending. We can assume that all three motorists survived. My father taught me the South African songs that Jooste and Lindsay had taught to him, but he said nothing else about them --which would suggest that the two went on their way.

Louis Freudenthal, of course, survived the trip. He became a business owner, farmer, and arid lands specialist. He was responsible for several advances in farming in the Southwest — including the first racks to dry onions, and the first delivery of eggs while fresh. His forte was long-range planning, an ability recognized by President Franklin Roosevelt in the 1930's.

Louis and his good friend Adlai Feather started the Doña Ana County Historical Society more than forty years after the journey described here. He wrote many organizational histories, including that of the Masonic Temple and of the Branigan Library. He left behind reams of letters, poems, speeches, notes, scrapbooks, photographs, commendations, and other memorabilia.

— Elsa Freudenthal Altshool

* * * * *

One night, around August 15th, I noticed two fellows in the lobby (office) of the Don Bernardo.¹ They were distinctively dressed, trousers baggy at top and tight fitting from knee down, and wore leggings. After supper I was standing by my old Ford, when one of them came up to me, and asked in rather English tones, if there were any good farms in the neighborhood.

I said "No," and we talked on till I found that they were South Africans, Jooste and Lindsay, looking through the country. They were studying at Minnesota, — agriculture.

I took them to my room at Yeo's house and showed them Cornell things, etc.² Next day took them around. They were going to Elephant Butte, and I wanted to go to Solomonville for Mama's birthday, so asked them if they would go with me to the Dam. We overhauled the car and they agreed.

We started early in the morning. I had the dickens of a time starting

the car as it was cold, and had to spin it about twenty times, when it must have woken everybody up. Finally got started, full of the spirit of adventure. I didn't know much about the car but didn't worry either. It was a fine day and the car went great. The roads were perfect.

We reached the Selden Dam [at Fort Selden] about noon. I think or no! rather at *breakfast* time, and ate our lunches there on a big gray rock projecting over the dam. Then we shortly climbed up into the foothills.

[Back in the car] we were singing and telling stories³ when all of a sudden a big jack rabbit jumped into the road, and ran straight ahead for all he was worth. I shot on the gas and we scooted after him. He must have gone ¼ of a mile, along that road, with us cheering behind him and pretty close to him. Suddenly he darted off to the right and in watching him I forgot to look at the road, which shot off to the left.

Instead, the car dashed square into a sort of mesquite bush, when I stopped it short, nearly throwing us all out. One of them got out and cranked her up, and we backed out without even a puncture. We ate dinner on the way, without stopping. Next we came to a crossroads. One [road] went down a long hill to a town on the Santa Fe [Railroad] and the other wandered way off to the right, in the wrong direction.

After some hesitation and consultation with our maps, which told us nothing, we decided to keep near the river and so headed for the town. It seemed a terribly steep hill — I wasn't used to hills then and for some reason we had to go up between two railroad tracks, which were close together, so that we kept a good lookout for the train. When we got to the station there was a train there, so we ran down the station platform, much to the R. R. people's surprise, and then bumped across the tracks to town. There some people, loafing in front of the town store, told us the other road led to a road into which we should have turned a couple of miles back. So we bumped across the tracks and painfully climbed up that long hill, and hit across country away from the river towards the road we should have taken.

Just about this time — as usual much to my disgust — I remembered that I had forgotten a brand new and a good old casing in the shed back of Uncle Morris' house

After getting worried, finally ran into the right road and headed on at top speed, as we had spent two hours going down and up that hill. A little later, almost went off the 20 foot bank of a ravine, where the sides had been washed out. There was a farm house near, so we headed for it and they directed us where to cross near the house. At some little town, consisting of hotel and saloon, we crossed the Santa Fe and headed on a short cut for the dam, which we reached towards evening. Got rooms at the hotel, and supper at mess-house; met a young Cornell fellow and other college men. After supper we all called on the Brooks, or rather, I think, called on Mrs. Brooks

(Miss Rhingold) before supper. After supper was tired out. Undressed, then slipped on outer garments, but no shoes, and went into the dance room to play piano.⁴ The other fellows went with me — also somewhat negligee. Just a moment later, in came the Brooks. Of course, I couldn't stir from the piano but the other fellows beat it out and got dressed. I played for them and the Captain sang real well for us — good music, too. They finally left. I dropped right to sleep.

Next day I looked over the dam, went inside it. Lindsay and I saw an opening into the dam and went in. In there we saw machinery for pumping water, and a long flight of stairs, which we climbed up, and which finally took us to the very top of the dam, next to the hillside. Way below, we saw Jooste still waiting patiently at the bottom of the dam. He almost fell over when he saw us already on top of the hill.

Next day, we started early for Solomonville, they having decided to go with me. We were to reach Deming that night — which we didn't do. My water belt had busted, so I bought a new spring at the dam but it constantly came off, and the water in the radiator began to boil and caused trouble. I believe I spent more time bothering with that water belt than with all other repairs put together. Things went nicely all morning, and we had dinner in a very pretty grassy woods.

Then we struck a long hill or rather struck without the "r". It was after we passed through the nice little valley where we had a time finding the right road, and had to cross a stream in which we almost got stuck. The bank was so steep I thot [sic] I was stuck, but they got out and shoved and the "little Ford" rambled right along! The road up the hill was narrow and, at the top, very steep. The engine puffed and choked and then died, again and again. We took out the suitcases and they got out and pushed, but nothing doing — and we cooled the engine, etc. — but nothing doing. Thought we were surely stuck. Finally Jooste said that in Africa, when stuck once like this, he had succeeded in running the car on low gear *backward* so I let the car run down to a turn in the road, which was somewhat wider, and managed to turn the car around, and ran it up the hill backwards. Then we clambered down and lugged the suitcases up to the top. We were certainly hot by that time. Then we traveled over the foothills. The engine was terribly hot. I did not realize how quickly the oil was used up, in that heat, and had only taken a gallon of oil, which was all used up. Didn't know what to do, as the engine was almost red-hot. Then got the brilliant idea of using the axle-grease I had along for the wheels, etc., thinking the great heat would melt it, which it did.

Then it began to rain, slowly at first, and then a cloudburst. Very soon we came to a little farm house and ran the car next to the barn. All of the water from the barn ran off onto the car, and leaked thru onto me, so we got out and made a dash for the house. The lady of the house was alone but

let us sit on the stove to dry off, and gave us some coffee, I think.

There was a big stream in front of the house, and we had to wait till it went down. This house was all that was left of a flourishing mining camp in olden times — gold mines I think. Bought a gallon of oil from [the lady]. I forgot to mention that we stopped for breakfast that day at Selden Hot Springs or Agua Caliente.⁵ Regular little Western town. Bought another water-spring there as the first one had been lost. The hot water tasted terrible. . . One of the outhouses in the town had a sign “Fresh Baked Bread for Sale” on it!

Well, after we left the farm, soon reached Hillsboro, N. M. — so called, I said, because it was burrowed down at the foothills.

The lady at the farm said that we [wouldn't] have trouble crossing the stream, just before we reached Hillsboro. The stream looked pretty deep, and was so rocky I couldn't get a flying start. Well, we stuck in the middle of the stream. Got a Mexican team and men who were fortunately working nearby to pull us out, for two and a half bucks. Then drove on — the car had just stuck against a rock, but no water had gotten into the engine — to the garage in the town. Bought gasoline there. Then came a long desert stretch towards Deming. For about a mile at one place everything was a few inches under water, and I had to trust to luck, in driving.

It was getting darker and darker, so I switched on the lights — but the lights wouldn't light. So I alighted and worked a while on the connections, but it just wouldn't work. So we decided to drive on at top speed and try to reach Deming before it became too dark. [We] certainly did speed some. Just scraped by one telegraph pole after another. Then it got pretty late.

We saw a farmhouse off the road and headed for it. Drove across a big pasture full of knobby stumps of prairie grass and finally reached the house. The boss came and told us he couldn't give us any beds or food, as they were entertaining company(!) that night. We had some grub of our own, luckily.

One of the cowboys tried to fix our lights, but he succeeded in smashing the glass-pane, when I discovered he was drunk and managed to get rid of him. This ranch was about 16 miles from Deming. We slept over night in a big baled-hay stack of prairie grass.

Woke early next morning. Found one of the tires was flat. Fixed it and drove on. We could see Deming when about ten or twelve miles away. Telegraphed home that we were coming. Didn't stay long, and soon started off again. Pretty good road and we went along like sixty.

Picked up a hobo who was going our way. He said he'd been kicked off the train and luckily was near a station, where he got water and waited for an auto. All stopped and had our picture taken by Jooste at the Continental Divide sign. The Ford hummed beautifully at about twenty

miles or more per hour.

Hit Lordsburg around noon. Left the tramp there. Headed out into the hills for Solomonville. Night overtook us on the way, about ten miles from town, but drove on by slight moonlight.

Suddenly heard a horn tooting, so we looked, and almost ran into Bernard,⁶ and the [man] in charge of the yard at the store, who had come in a Ford to meet us. So he drove ahead and we followed as best we could. When we struck the dusty road between San Jose and Solomonville couldn't see a thing through the dust their car raised, and got some awful bumps.

Bernard hadn't told the folks we were coming and when they heard the crowd coming up the walk, they ran out to see what it was and were muchly surprised. I helped Mama fry about fifteen eggs, etc. and we had a big, fine supper.⁷

Lindsay was much surprised to see our great big painted picture in the parlor, as he said they had a small reproduction of it in Africa.⁸ They slept at the Hotel that night.⁹ [Jooste and Lindsay] said the Solomon Commercial Company was a second Sears-Roebuck.

Fine traveling over our good roads, and crisp air, and the valley looked beautiful. Beyond Pima we struck trouble. It had rained there, and the roads were muddy as the devil. Put on the chains, but skidded over them, and awfully hard to steer. One place was hard to cross: over a ditch were two logs, round and slippery. The ditch was about ten feet deep. It was hard driving, all right. Finally, around 10 or 11 A.M. came to the Ft. Thomas crossing.

Just before this we lost our way for a mile, and drove a ways thru water-covered country. Both the fellows got out and rolled up their trousers and waded ahead across the Gila, to find the shallowest crossing. We had wanted to telephone ahead to the Indian trader for a guide but it was Sunday, so we couldn't get him. So we took a chance, and I got a good start, and went thru flying with spray streaming from both sides of the radiator. We reached the other side in safety only to find we had a flat tire.

By the time it was fixed, the car had sunk in the sand so that we had a devil of a time to get it out. Took about half an hour. Then hastened on after getting some cold (?) pop at the restaurant.

Reached Globe and found Alfred had just left town, and Lydia was gone, so we had lunch at a restaurant and moved on, to reach Roosevelt Dam by night. That is certainly a twisting road to the dam, but as we were going uphill most of the time, we couldn't go fast. We had to constantly watch for cars coming in the other direction.

Again, it was getting dark, and the lights — when we turned them on — invariably killed the engine. The road was narrow, steep and winding, so we had to keep moving so we wouldn't be run down. Stopped three or four cars coming from the dam to ask how far it was. Their guesses varied

from three to ten miles.

Got very dark. Saw another car ahead, and wanted to catch them, and run by their light, but we never caught up to them. It was Jooste, I think, who took the auto electric light and standing on the running board, leaned forward and held the light on the narrow, precipitous road. It was certainly dangerous driving, as there [were] hardly more than four or five inches to spare on the side of the road, with a steep cliff on one side, and a deep abyss on the other. Went on low most of the time, and with the other foot ready to use the brake.

Oh, yes, something else happened before this. It began to rain like anything; I had just put a fresh supply of oil into the engine. Suddenly we noticed a terrible odor like burning rubber. I was scared to drive on — I didn't know what was burning up. So we stopped on the side of a hill. I got under the car to see what was wrong. Little streams were running down the rocky road and I got soaking wet. Noticed that there was too much oil so drained off the oil. Tried to catch it in an oil can, but the wind kept shifting every second, so got more oil on me than in the can.

[The remaining 290 pages of this diary were blank.]

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- 1 The diary of Louis Freudenthal begins with a brief entry on January 21, 1918. The second and final entry is the account of this trip. The diary is from the papers of Louis Freudenthal, all of which are in the archives of the Rio Grande Historical Collections at New Mexico State University.
 - 2 Herbert Yeo, Louis' landlord, was the Doña Ana County surveyor. He later became the New Mexico state surveyor.
 - 3 Louis remembered some of the South African songs he learned on that day. He especially loved this one:

Old Tante Koba she is so mean
She keeps her money in a sock that's clean.
That's not a very smart thing to do
But she thinks it's better than to use her shoe.

Chorus: lisen't your affair, lisen't my affair
It's Tante Koba's trouble so we need not care.
Old Tante Koba, you'd think she'd know She
stirs her coffee with own big toe. Old Tante
Koba she is so dumb
She thinks it's better than to use her thumb.

Louis, in turn, taught Jooste and Lindsay several southwestern songs, including the pithy couplet to the tune of "Rye Whiskey":

No tengo tobacco, no tengo papel,
No tengo dinero, God Damn it to hell.

He also taught this Colorado song where both *desperado* and *Colorado* are mispronounced to rhyme with *gazebo*:

The big bold man was a *desperado*
From Cripple Creek way out in *Colorado* He tore
around just like a big *gazebo*
And everywhere he went he gave his war whoop.

He went out to Chicago just to take in all the sights
To see the hoochie-koochie girls all dressed up in their tights He soon
got so excited that he shot out all the lights
And everywhere he went he gave his war whoop.

- 4 Louis was a fine classical pianist. He had studied first with his mother and then with Mrs. George Frenger, then continued his lessons while in grade school, high school, and college in New York. When silent movies came to Las Cruces, Louis played for them. He and Mrs. Frenger often played duets in community musicales.
- 5 Selden Hot Springs or Agua Caliente is probably known today as Radium Springs.
- 6 Bernard was Louis' younger brother. The Don Bernardo Hotel in Las Cruces was named for him when it was established just after his birth.
- 7 Louis loved to pretend that he had great cooking prowess. He even carted a chafing dish with him to Comell which he used in his room. The only dish he ever learned to cook was fried eggs. He made fried eggs for breakfast, fried egg and catsup sandwiches for lunch and always threatened to fry eggs for dinner.
- 8 This painting is probably one of a pair, one owned by Amalia, the second by Laura Frenger. Both were large oil paintings in elaborate gold frames and were of the "American School". Mrs. Frenger donated her painting to New Mexico A & M College. This painting seems to have vanished. Amalia gave her painting to the Women's Improvement Association, who now have hung it with the rest of their collection in a side room of Milton Hall at New Mexico State University where the paintings are rarely on view.
- 9 The Solomonville Hotel was owned by Louis' aunt, Anna Freudenthal Solomon. The town of Solomonville was named for her and her husband, Isidore Elkan Solomon. They owned, and Anna ran the Solomon Commercial Company, a multi-floored general store, post office and bank. The bank, which she began with her brother, Phoebus Freudenthal, Louis' father, was called the Valley Bank and in later years became the Valley National Bank of Arizona.

South Africa to Southern New Mexico: Boer War General Buried in Las Cruces

by Michael Morris

Edited with Introduction by Jerri Spoehel

I had just received word through a telephone call from the Council for International Visitors that a journalist from Cape Town, South Africa, would be arriving in Las Cruces within a week and that he wanted to visit the grave of a South African general buried there. How could I find his grave? I did not even know the general's name!

Desperately seeking information, I telephoned Marjorie Day, genealogist extraordinaire and knowledgeable authority on the populations of local cemeteries. Her calm reply was: "Oh, that must be Ben Viljoen. He's buried in the Masonic Cemetery on Compress Road. The marker looks like an upside--down flower pot. No trouble to find it. After all, there aren't too many South African generals who fought in the Boer War buried in Las Cruces."

A bit later Marj called me back to ask: "Do you think that journalist might like to meet with Katharine Lawrence? She actually knew the general. She is ninety now, and I'll have to make arrangements through her daughter." My frustration was dissipated; now it was my disbelief that grew. I had been delighted to learn that we could find the grave, but to find someone who had known the general was beyond my expectations.

A meeting was arranged with Marjorie Day and Michael Morris, a political correspondent for the Cape Town, South Africa, Argus Newspaper Group. He was visiting the United States in August 1994 as a guest of our government, primarily to learn about minority media relations. His wish to visit the Viljoen grave was a personal request.



Michael Morris and Marjorie Day at grave of General Ben Viljoen

For Marjorie Day such research is pretty normal. A retired teacher, she now volunteers several days a week at the Thomas Branigan Memorial Library. With her as guide, Michael Morris visited the Masonic Cemetery and spoke to its superintendent. Then he had an opportunity to visit with Mrs. Lawrence. She recalled fond memories as she looked at a wedding picture of Benjamin and Myrtle Viljoen. Now a photograph of Mrs. Lawrence holding that picture brings pleasant recollections to Michael Morris of “one of the highlights of my sojourn in the United States.” Edited excerpts from his report in The Argus of Wednesday, November 30, 1994, follow.
— **Jerri Spoehel**

BOER GENERAL’S BRAVE NEW WORLD

As his beloved horse Blessman fell dead under him in a nighttime ambush during the Boer War in January 1902, Ben Viljoen could not have imagined the new life that lay before him. The second-in-command of the Boer forces would soon turn his back on his hearth and home — even his wife and children — for good. Benjamin Johannes Viljoen, defiant Afrikaner, would begin a new existence in a new world.

Born the son of a farmer in the Wodehouse district of South Africa in 1868, he died, having been a journalist, soldier, novelist, farmer, diplomat and pioneer, in La Mesa, New Mexico, in 1917. His urn-shaped gravestone in the neat lawn of the Masonic Cemetery on Compress Road, Las Cruces, bears only a hint of Viljoen’s checkered experiences. “Soldier” cut crisply into the stone on one side is matched on the other with “Author”. He was both, and a lot more besides.

Following his capture in battle, he was incarcerated by the British at St. Helena. A fairly short time later the general received a letter from the is-land garrison's commanding officer informing him that his "banishment" was over and that he was free to return home on the next ship — but only "upon taking the oath of allegiance to His Majesty King Edward VII." This was a snag. The proud Boer was not inclined to flex his knee to any monarch, and remained obdurate in the face of the British officer's exasperated attempts to persuade him to do so. Instead, he was given a temporary pass to visit South Africa, and did so before rejoining his wife, Helena Beatrix Els, and five children in England. His family had spent the war in exile in Holland. Viljoen spent his time there profitably, supplementing royalties from his book, *My Reminiscences of the Anglo-Boer War*, with income from a lecture tour on his wartime exploits. Dead set against returning home to South Africa despite his wife's yearning to do so, he decided to venture across the Atlantic for greener pastures.

In 1903, less than a year after the end of the war, General Viljoen said a final goodbye to his wife and family — the marriage was annulled soon after — at Southampton. A bounty of opportunity lay before him in the New World.

Soon after his arrival in the United States, the feted Boer leader was invited to dinner at the White House by an ardent admirer, President Theodore Roosevelt, who implored Viljoen to sink fresh roots in the American soil, settle, and become a citizen. From Washington, Viljoen and a number of other Boers who had turned their backs on their subjugated homeland headed southwest to settle in the relatively unexploited expanse of northern Mexico. not unlike some of the countryside they had left.

But, on the way there, in 1904, the general and some fellow officers were persuaded by circus owner Frank Fillis to mount a Boer War pageant at the St. Louis World's Fair — where, incidentally, Viljoen also sold copies of his novel, *Under the Vierkleur*. The American crowds were thrilled by the mock skirmishes presented, but it was a fellow performer — a stunt rider, in fact --who, it seems, was most taken by the former guerrillas, Viljoen in particular. The rider was Myrtle Dickinson, a St. Louis widow. Within months she and the general were married.

The Fair came to an end and the group left Missouri, travelling south. By this time — 1905 — Viljoen's mother and father, three brothers and two sisters had joined him. As a group, they united with a Boer settlement established in Mexico some months earlier by General William Snyman. The scheme was not a success and, within a year, the Viljoen camp trekked north to Chamberino in New Mexico, settling on the banks of the Rio Grande. The general and his brothers called their farm Lu-terne Ranch,

an undertaking later described as “an oasis in the wilds.” The Boer settlers were notably successful, producing rich harvests of potatoes, cab-bages, turnips, onions, Mexican beans, radishes, lettuce, beets, cantaloupes and grapes, and earning acclaim from their American neighbors. Five years after their arrival, the Boers were recognized as “the most successful cultivators of irrigated land in the Southwest.”¹

Their achievement was broadly attributed to their homegrown skills, hard work and revolutionary fanning methods. But there was some-

thing else. In a rather poignant comment from an interview published in a journal for farmers,² Viljoen, asked to explain his dictum “it takes faith to be a farmer,” concluded, “Last of all and most important of all, from my point of view, a farmer in order to do his best must live in a country in which he has faith.” It is not surprising that, in 1909, he became an American citizen.

The year before, the Viljoen brothers had sold Lucerne Ranch, and Ben moved to Albuquerque, where the local newspaper welcomed him thus: “We congratulate New Mexico. Into her capital a few days ago there rode a man who is known in the farthest corner of the world as a fearless leader of men, a brilliant soldier in the field and one whose voice in the counsels of the state made the rulers of Britain fear him.”

The general had, as this text reveals, assumed considerable stature and was energetically involved, not only in agricultural, but in social and political affairs. The Viljoens were very much a part of local society — “not in the least disposed to clannishness,” as a contemporary account put it. Often, it was reported, “The whole countryside for 20 miles around collect at their big ranch house for a dance.” In the political world Ben Viljoen was among the 1911 official New Mexico statehood delegation to Washington, D. C. It was around this time that Viljoen met Mexican rebel leader Francisco Madero, a man bitterly opposed to the Mexican dictator-president General



Wedding photograph of Benjamin and Myrtle Viljoen

Porfirio Diaz. Unseating Diaz was the aim of the revolution Madero was intent on fomenting, and he found in Viljoen the keen military adviser he needed. Once more the Boer general's life was to take an extraordinary turn.

Madero's forces, with Viljoen and Giuseppe Garibaldi, grandson of the great Italian patriot, swept into Mexico early in 1911. After several fierce engagements with government forces, they defeated Diaz. Viljoen, who played an active role in the capture of the city of Ciudad Juarez, found himself at the right hand of the new president of Mexico. Madero was keen to use the general's talents, so set him the daunting task of making peace with hostile Yaqui Indians. No white man before him had entered the Indians' Becatete mountain stronghold and lived to tell the tale, but the intrepid Viljoen was undeterred. He and an interpreter had been gone two weeks — and Madero had given up all hope of ever seeing him again — when he reemerged, not only alive and well, but accompanied by ten Yaqui chiefs, all of whom met for peace talks at Chapultepec Castle in Mexico City.

His success affirmed his prominence in Mexican state affairs, but his capacity to use his talents was being steadily undermined by illness — asthma. He was appointed consul in Breslau, Germany, in the hope that he would find a cure overseas. He and Myrtle lived there for nine months, but returned in September 1912 when the treatment failed.

Early in 1913 Madero was killed in a counterrevolution, and the Viljoens returned to Albuquerque, where he joined the staff of the governor of New Mexico. After a brief move to Los Angeles, California, he and Myrtle returned to the drier climate of the Southwest, settling in La Mesa in 1915. He recovered sufficiently to write a scenario for a film depicting the struggles of the Huguenots in South Africa, based on a book he had written. The Planet Motion Picture Company was to have filmed it in the Mesilla Valley with Viljoen as technical



Katharine Brown Lawrence holding Viljoen wedding photograph

adviser, but he became too ill to participate.

The general had only two years to live, relying for the most part on adrenaline [epinephrine]. In the end, even that did not help. He died at La Mesa on January 14, 1917.

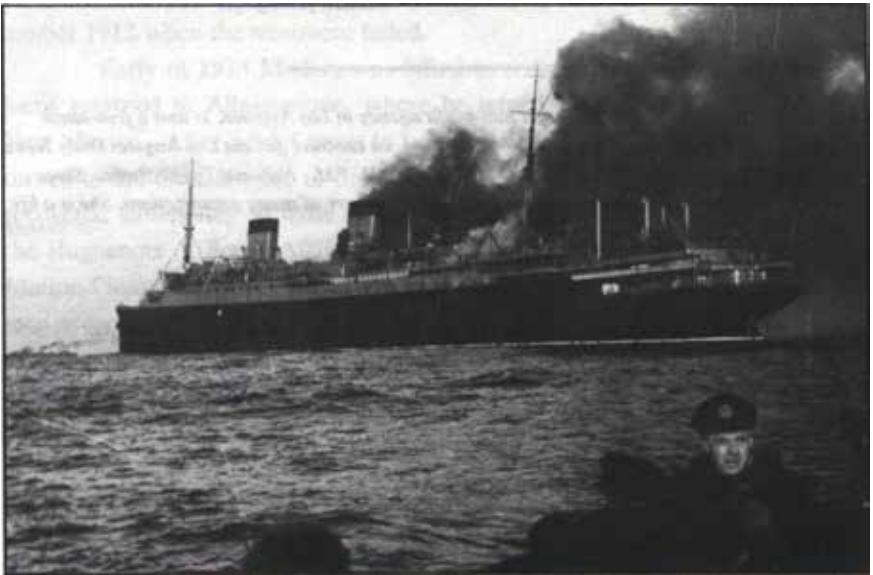
Beyond groves of pecan trees in San Miguel, near Las Cruces, 90-year-old Katharine Lawrence [now deceased] gave a lively account of sitting on the “stoep” of her father’s house listening to Ben Viljoen’s tales: “He was a wonderful man, and as a young girl, I adored sitting there listening to his stories. He and dad used to talk . . . and he’d always get round to talking about his life in South Africa, and his heartbreak.” Katharine Lawrence did not know Myrtle Viljoen very well, but remembered vividly being told of her reaction to her husband’s death: “She was so bitterly distressed that she picked up a bottle of his adrenaline and just smashed it against the wall. She didn’t say a word. She just smashed that bottle against the wall.”

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- 1 Dale C. Maluy, “Boer Colonization in the Southwest,” *New Mexico Historical Review*, Vol. LII, No. 2, April 1977, pp. 93-110.
- 2 Larrabee West, “Boer Methods in New Mexico: How a Transvaal Colony Has Found Free-dom and Prosperity,” *The Country Gentleman*, July 25, 1914, p. 10.



Captain Wilhelm Daehne of the S. S. Columbus
(Courtesy of Viola Gunther and the Lincoln County Heritage)



Scuttling of the S. S. Columbus
(Courtesy of Werner Prager, Jr., and the Lincoln County Heritage Trust)

The *S. S. COLUMBUS* Incident

by Ann Buffington

Southern New Mexico's idyllic Fort Stanton, situated in a high valley between the Sacramento and the Capitan Mountains, is best known for the part it played in the settlement of the Southwest. Here walked the Mescalero Apaches, the Buffalo Soldiers, the Indian traders, Billy the Kid, Kit Carson, and other colorful frontier figures. Fort Stanton's history extends beyond frontier days, however. A more recent major historical drama, also fading into history, was played out here when Fort Stanton became the first internment camp for aliens in the United States during World War II.

This is a tale of how 410 Germans, the civilian crew of a great luxury liner that sailed the Atlantic and the Caribbean in the 1920's and '30's, ended up sitting out World War II a thousand miles from the sea in the remote mountain country of southern New Mexico.

When World War II broke out in Europe in September of 1939, the *S. S. Columbus*, third largest ship of the North German Lloyd Steamship Lines, was quietly headed for a routine pleasure cruise in the Caribbean. The palatial ship, with an estimated worth of twenty million to forty million dollars was outfitted with another two million dollars worth of fittings and furnishings, including tapestries, paintings, sculpture and silver.¹

Due to worries over war in Europe, however, she was well below her carrying capacity of 1,800 and had only 775 passengers aboard, mostly Americans. She carried a crew of approximately 580 to minister to every wish of the pampered passengers. There were hairdressers, a masseuse, a full orchestra with a conductor on board, several professional chefs to concoct lavish meals, a nurse, six stewardesses, carpenters and painters, as well as many seamen.

On September 1 Hitler invaded Poland. Britain and France declared war on Germany. World War II had begun. The *Columbus* was one of eighty-five German merchant ships then at sea, caught in the Western Hemisphere. The ship headed for Havana, where she disembarked her bewildered passengers, and proceeded to Vera Cruz to refuel. There she sat for two months while

negotiations proceeded to allow the great ship and her crew to return home.

Meanwhile, the British Navy began patrolling the Atlantic for German ships, seeking to capture and imprison any German men of military age. In September the governments of the United States, Mexico, and South America convened in Panama and adopted resolutions to protect the neutrality of their coastlines. A neutrality zone was officially established 200 to 300 miles out to sea along the Atlantic coast. Belligerent nations were warned to refrain from any naval action within that zone.

In December, with no agreement reached to guarantee safe passage home, Captain Wilhelm Daehne made the decision to risk the hazardous trip back to Germany and set out on December 14, 1939. Under orders from Berlin not to permit his ship to fall into enemy hands, he had had the crew well drilled in procedures to scuttle the pride of the German merchant fleet, if necessary.

The U. S. Navy agreed to protect the *Columbus* as long as she stayed within the neutrality zone. With U. S. warships as escorts, Captain Daehne headed north, staying prudently within the zone as long as possible. On December 19, 1939, about 350 miles off the coast of New Jersey he gave orders to veer east and headed across the Atlantic towards home. The British were ready. No sooner had the ship crossed beyond the neutrality zone, with the American destroyer *Tuscaloosa* still on the horizon, than the British destroyer *Hyperion*, in full battle mode, appeared, ordering the *Columbus* to “heave to.” Two warning shots were fired across her bow. The *Columbus*, unarmed and twelve knots slower than the *Hyperion*, did not have a chance.

It was time to scuttle the great ship. Captain Daehne said later, “Everything was handled with precision. For weeks our crew had practiced—first to open the huge valves in the bottom, then to set it afire. So when I finally issued the grim order, it was only twelve minutes until the *Columbus* was settling to her watery grave.” Lifeboats were lowered and within minutes 579 crew members were adrift in the high seas. Two crewmen, apparently thinking the alarm was yet another drill, went down with the ship.

The *Tuscaloosa*, still hovering nearby, rescued the crew, among them nine women and forty-eight men either too young or too old to be considered as soldiers for Hitler’s army. The *Tuscaloosa* was ordered to bring the crew to Ellis Island. Now the question was what was the status of the rescued crew? The problem of what to do with more than 500 civilian Germans was turned over to the U S Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS). Since the United States was not yet at war, they were technically “distressed seamen”. Captain Daehne stated that, according to international

law, the crew were ordinary shipwrecked sailors entitled to sixty days of freedom in port before being deported. He stressed the fact that the only weapons aboard were “six pairs of boxing gloves”. The INS agreed, but pointed out that “the difficulties are far from settled” and added that there was no precedent for the situation. It was decided to grant the crew political asylum for sixty days and to repatriate them. Complications soon developed. “The real problem,” one official admitted, “is to find some way to send the seamen home.” That was the hitch. The British stated that they would not allow the men of military age to return to Germany. While officials fretted over what to do, safe passage on an Italian liner was found for the women, the older men, and the twenty-eight cabin boys.

The remainder of the crew was shipped to the west coast. Plans were made to send them aboard a Japanese vessel to the Orient, whence they could return to Germany via Siberia. However, because of the presence of Allied warships lying in wait off the California coast, the Japanese reneged. So the men were sequestered at Angel Island Immigration Station in San Francisco Bay. The initial two-week stay stretched out to more than a year. Every avenue to home was closed off, one by one. The Germans desperately wanted to get home to their families. One hundred crewmen, classified as ill, managed to secure passage home on Japanese and Italian liners. The remainder stayed as “guests of the U. S.” and “parolees” from the German embassy.

Because the crew were “guests”, not prisoners of war, they were permitted frequent visits to San Francisco. Public sentiment, however, shifted as the U. S. inched closer to war throughout 1940 and 1941. Newspapers began to report that the crew was expounding Nazi propaganda, and hostile incidents proliferated. On February 2, 1941, after more than a year in confinement, the crew’s status was changed from “distressed seamen” to “excluded aliens.” Shore leave was canceled. The growing public hysteria over the presence of “the Nazis” prompted Inspector Nick Collaer of the INS and Captain Daehne to search for a new location.

After looking over several possible locations, the two men agreed that New Mexico’s Fort Stanton, then serving as a hospital for Merchant Marines suffering from tuberculosis, was the ideal spot for several reasons. In his master’s thesis, *Guests for the Duration: World War II and Crew of the S. S. Columbus*, William Anderson outlined the factors that led to the selection of Fort Stanton. First was the fort’s remoteness. After the unpleasant situation in San Francisco, isolation was high on the captain’s list. This also pleased the inspector, who was thinking of security as well. Second, there was an existing abandoned Civilian Conservation Corps camp adjacent to the Fort Stanton

hospital grounds with facilities that included six barracks, kitchen, mess hall, laundry, lavatory and shower room, infirmary and officers' quarters. Third was the proximity of medical facilities at the fort. The decision was made, and the Justice Department stated that the *Columbus* crew would become the first occupants of the nation's first camp for aliens "unable to return to their native lands because of the War." They were NOT to be considered prisoners.

Official permission was granted to the INS for a detention camp at Fort Stanton in January, 1941. By the end of the month, a small contingent from the *Columbus*, including Captain Daehne, arrived and went to work. Existing buildings were renovated, and four additional barracks were constructed to accommodate the 410 crew members still held at Angel Island.

The remaining crewmen, aboard a chartered train, arrived at Carizozo in a snowstorm on March 17, 1941. Local residents lined the streets to wave friendly greetings to the smiling crewmen as they were transferred to a bus to take them the thirty remaining miles to Fort Stanton. What awaited them as their home for four long years was a far cry from their former living quarters aboard the glamorous floating castle *Columbus*. In the sand and sagebrush were twenty deserted, unpainted frame buildings covered with tar paper. The crew still hoped for repatriation, but set to work with a will to transform their spartan camp into comfortable quarters. They painted the buildings inside and out, landscaped the grounds, partitioned the barracks into double- and single- occupancy rooms, and began to build new facilities to make life more tolerable. The U. S. Border Patrol was assigned to watch over the crew and converted one of the barracks to their office and dormitory.

Three months later, in June, Wilfred McCormick, a journalist from *New Mexico Magazine*, visited the internment camp and reported his impressions: "As much as possible, they are still 'aboard ship'. . . A picture of their lost *Columbus* has an honored place in the recreation hall and the Captain's table is still the guiding buoy at dinner. Their songs are of the sea. Each half hour a ship's bell clangs the time, and all night a deck watchman makes the rounds." McCormick reported that the crew were not conventional followers of Naziism. He attributed their liberal open-mindedness to their extensive travels. "They are essentially men of the sea rather than Germany." He described them as a bunch of homesick sailors anxious to be reunited with their families. Nevertheless, he added, "I do not mean that they have become anti-Hitler." Indeed, Hitler's photograph was prominently displayed, he reported.

The crew were given many privileges. They were still "in protective custody." They were permitted to travel to nearby towns to shop. They particularly liked visiting Roswell, where they could purchase



Cottages constructed by German internees at Fort Stanton
(Courtesy of Werner Prager, Jr., and the Lincoln County Heritage Trust)

limburger cheese and pumpnickel bread from a local bakery. The German government paid for the care of the men and provided each seaman with two dollars a week spending money. One of the most interesting aspects of this influx of German “guests” was the attitude of the people in the neighboring villages of Capitan and Lincoln, who treated the internees with universal friendliness and acceptance and invited them into their homes. In addition, they were on friendly terms with the 500 Merchant Marine patients and staff members at Fort Stanton.

They were allowed freedom to hike unescorted in the rolling hills surrounding the camp and to drink beer. Nine U. S. Border Patrol guards provided security. Their senior inspector, G. W. Linnenkohl, stated to a re-porter, “These are nice young fellows ... We want to give them a chance to get settled and we want the people around here to have time to get used to them.” Captain Daehne was given the responsibility for the order of his crew. The cooperation between Daehne and the INS produced a self-sufficient camp that was “a model of efficiency”.²

Still, underneath the civilities on both sides, there was an undercurrent of tension. B. L. Livingstone reported in an article, “Nazi Seamen in the Desert” (source and date unknown), “Bars and saloons of nearby communities and cow towns are ‘verboden’ and authorities are nervous over the consequences should German liberty details meet up with excitement-craving cow punchers

in town for beer...” He added: “And the Rio Grande flows just 175 miles due south of the camp. On the other side is Mexico.” Captain Daehne’s main problem, according to Livingstone. “may revolve around beer and amusement - something to keep the men busy.”

Life settled into a routine not entirely unpleasant, and the crew made the best of their involuntary and protracted stay in the United States. They built a swimming pool. They learned from the locals how to make adobes, and made 13,200 adobe bricks for a two-story recreation hall with a large oak stage and a second-floor movie projection room. The men were paid wages of ten cents per hour for their labors. Cottages graced with arbors appeared in the camp. A Red Cross representative reported that the majority of internees had private toilets and showers.

During their confinement, the International Red Cross, the Swiss legation, the YMCA, and the INS kept tabs on the internees to ensure that they were treated properly according to International Law. The general consensus of the relief agencies was highly favorable regarding the conditions in the camp. The Red Cross also provided a line of communication to Germany, enabling the crew to keep track of their families.

There were tennis courts, a bowling alley, a boxing ring, a volleyball court and soccer field. The German consulate provided a loan of \$650 to build a canteen operated by the internees where the crew could purchase tobacco, toiletries, dairy products, seeds, fruit, candy, beer, and construction materials. The canteen generated “substantial business.” Movies, both American and German, were shown twice a week. The ship’s orchestra performed concerts. The diverse skills of the crew of a cruise ship stood them in good stead. There were a volunteer barber, a watchmaker, a camp photographer. Best of all was the food. McCormick reported, “Their food is of the best. The cooks are the same ... chefs whose offerings used to please the millionaires and nobility.”

Gardening was a pastime that provided fresh vegetables for their table. Crew member Gerhard Berger related later that he had purchased four hens and one rooster and that, by the end of the war, he had raised probably 120 chickens, and always had ample “fresh eggs and chicken for the grill.”

Captain Daelme, ever mindful of the welfare of his men, supported a kind of continuing education program by founding a library which eventually housed 1,000 books. Internees taught classes for each other in their special fields of knowledge: English, German, French, Spanish, Italian, Russian, astronomy, mathematics and engineering. The captain bought three second-hand cars so that courses in automotive mechanics could be taught.

A physician from the *Columbus*, Dr. Adolf Lenz, was in

charge of the small infirmary, which provided round-the-clock medical care and was staffed by volunteers. Serious illnesses and injuries were treated at the Fort Stanton Marine Hospital just down the road.

Then came December 7, 1941. The United States entered World War II. The crew's status abruptly changed from that of protective custody while awaiting repatriation to forced detention. The crew became "enemy aliens." No longer could they visit neighboring towns or roam the hills. A chain-link fence was erected around the camp, towers were constructed, and a 24-hour guard was installed. Automotive mechanics courses were discontinued.

In 1942, in an incident unrelated to the war, the crew suffered its first fatalities when two men died in an outbreak of trichinosis from improperly cooked meat.

By November 1942 the first escape attempt occurred. The Border Patrol discovered four crewmen missing. As word spread, local citizens around Ruidoso became alarmed, armed themselves, and set out to capture the escap-ees, who were found bathing in a canyon stream. They were unarmed and offered no resistance. Later they claimed that their captors shouted obscenities, forced them to march, and ordered one escapee to run, then shot him in the leg before the Border Patrol arrived. William Anderson, who sent out questionnaires to all surviving crew members in 1992 while writing his master's thesis, believes that the hostility was localized around Ruidoso. In Capitan and Lincoln, where firsthand contact had brought trust and mutual regard, residents remained friendly to the *Columbus* crew throughout the war years.

As the war progressed, more internees were sent to Fort Stanton, creating additional problems. 290 crewmen from various German ships arrived between March and August, 1943, requiring construction of more facilities. Security was tightened yet again. A segregation camp enclosed by a high barbed-wire fence was built for unruly internees.

According to William Anderson, the segregation camp was said to house "the most rabid Nazis," but some evidence suggests that officials at the fort believed the majority of internees were Nazi supporters. Weekly political meetings were held, presumably Nazi-oriented. Ammon Tenney, the officer in charge at Fort Stanton, stressed in a letter to the INS that the internees were consistently loyal to Germany throughout the war. Tenney's contention was that many people misconstrued this loyalty to Germany with loyalty to the Nazi political regime — which was not necessarily the case. In a letter to Anderson, Werner Prager, Jr., whose father was one of the internees, says that his father was adamant that there were only five

or six Nazis among the crew. Anderson believes the reality probably lies between the two reported extremes.

In 1944 the fourth and last death of an internee occurred when Hermann Neuoff was found dead by hanging — ruled a suicide. His death was believed to have had Nazi overtones.

The most serious offense for which an internee could be incarcerated was escape or attempted escape. There were a total of eight escape attempts, none successful. The last occurred on May 4, 1945. One can wonder if the internees had any idea that their long confinement was almost over by then. In this instance, the escapees had tunneled out of the camp, under the chain-link fence, and into an old corral. When captured, the escapees were severely mistreated by the Border Patrol through death threats and physical abuse, according to testimony from both escapees and Fort Stanton employees who witnessed the incident.

In 1943 Fort Stanton leased acreage for two farms, which served the double purpose of providing employment for internees and fresh food. The farm was so productive that it regularly produced surplus which was shipped to other camps. In 1945 1,000 bushels of apples from an old orchard were shipped out. Potatoes were grown. Livestock, including cattle, hogs and sheep, were raised. Guards reported that “Germans would almost fight one another to have the privilege of driving the horses behind the plow, or hoeing or spading . . . just to get out”.³

Despite the excellent conditions, the long years of confinement in an alien environment began to take their toll. Political factions developed at the camp among different groups of internees as other men were brought in. Numerous disagreements and fights were attributed to excess consumption of alcohol. The inventive crewmen compensated for the resulting restrictions on alcoholic beverages by having liquor smuggled in or by making their own from fruits and grains. One *Columbus* crew member, Otto Zeitsch, died in 1944 as a result of several blows to the head during a fight over political views, “facilitated by several bottles of rum.”⁴

At the end of the war the internees were finally freed, to depart for home at last. They left for Germany “with more than 1,000 pounds of coffee, a luxury beyond dreams of avarice” in Germany at that time.⁵ The crew was shipped to Bremerhaven. Inexplicably, they were transported to Hohenaspeg, an American military prison in southern Germany. Without explanation, men were locked up together with members of the SS, and interrogated endlessly. The food was bad, their belongings were stolen, and conditions were dismal. After four years of civilized confinement, freedom brought them this? Some despaired. Several committed suicide. Finally word

of their plight reached General Dwight Eisenhower, and they were released. They found their way back to their families as best they could through the chaos of postwar Germany. Only a few ruins of the internment camp remain today. The laundry room is still decorated with a carved swastika. Ruins of the swimming pool, a few walls, and the four gravestones of the men of the *Columbus* who died so far from home, remain.

The war years, spent in relative comfort in the isolation of southern New Mexico, are not forgotten. Surviving members hold a reunion in Bremen each year. Captain Daehne's daughter, Viola Gunther, and Werner Prager's son have each made trips to the site of their fathers' confinement. Half a century after the crews' release, a new generation of Lincoln County residents recently welcomed the Gunthers and the Pragers with a gala reception at the Lincoln County Heritage Trust Museum where an exhibit on the *Columbus* crew has been installed. Toasting the gathering, Mrs. Gunther said. "For several difficult years among these remote mountains, hundreds of human beings on both side of the fence seem to have realized that average people are quite often clay in the hands of power-hungry politicians and their silly and sometimes even criminal ideologies and that therefore they should try not to hate each other. Such an unusual but proven fact is worth not to be forgotten."

ANN BUFFINGTON now lives in Carrizozo, New Mexico, where she is President of the newly organized Carrizozo Branch of the Lincoln County Historical Society. She is currently Historian of the Lincoln County Historical Society, in which she has served in many offices, including that of President. An active member of that organization's Publications Committee, she has edited several of the Lincoln County Historical Society Publications and has contributed articles to its newsletter. As an interpreter for the Lincoln County Heritage Trust, she has done much research and writing on a variety of topics relating to the history of the area.

1 The information for this article is derived chiefly from the following sources: William E. Anderson, Jr. *Guests for the Duration: World War II and Crew of the S. S. Columbus*. Master's Thesis, Eastern New Mexico University, 1993; James McBride. *Columbus Crew Internment. 1940-1945*, unpublished research paper. 1994; John Soennichsen. *1940: The Crew of the Columbus*. unpublished paper, Angel Island State Park, California, 1992.

2 *Anderson. op. cit.*

3 John Nelson. "Alien Enemy Detention Program", transcript of a speech, Roswell, New Mexico, 1976.

4 *Anderson, op. cit.*

5 *Soennichsen, op. e*

Between the Lions:

The Legacy of Mable and E. J. Stern

by **M. A. Walton**

One of the best-known pairs of majestic sculptured marble lions, named Patience and Fortitude, preside over the busy crossroads at Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street in New York City. They are a posthumous gift of the German immigrant merchant John Jacob Astor, whose success allowed him to make a bequest for the foundation and endowment of the New York Public Library.

In north central New Mexico's Bandelier National Monument rest a pair of magnificent bas-relief lions, with a third one some distance away. Carved by a prehistoric Native American stone sculptor for an unknown reason, their mysterious genesis is enhanced by the remoteness of their location.

Southern New Mexico also has its wondrous lions, a matched pair of bronze *Panthera Leo*, contemplating the business of Las Crucens in front of the City Hall at 200 North Church Street. They are a visible reminder of the multifaceted benevolent legacy of the late Hungarian immigrant businessman E. J. (Gene) Stern, whose known and anonymous contributions to the city he adopted in 1917 continue to enrich the lives of its inhabitants.

Although Bandelier National Monument became a government reservation in 1916, when Stern was living nearby at Las Vegas, New Mexico, it is not known if he ever saw the stone lions. It is known that, while visiting a daughter in New York, he expressed admiration for the marble symbols of intelligence and wisdom at the public library. Most likely, his fascination with lions was a relic of his early years in Europe, when heraldic signs on the armorial bearings and banners or royalty were part of daily life.

Franz Josef of the House of Habsburg was on the throne when Jenö (pronounced *Yenoo*) Stern was born November 11, 1885, in Galszecs, Zemplein Megye, Hungary, one of seven children (two boys, Josef and Jenö, and five girls, Bertha, Ester, Flora, Gizilla, and Rosa) produced by the union of Lotti Klein and Bernard Stern. The industrious Lotti and hardworking



Bernard had a small acreage farm near a crossroads where travelers stopped to rest or sleep

overnight in the big barn, to buy milk and butter, and purchase grain to feed their weary horses. Lotti carefully conserved her earnings and invested them in the education of the children. She hoped that Jenő would become a rabbi; Bernard expected him to become a medical doctor; Jenő wished to become an engineer. While Lotti was sympathetic toward Jenő's preference, Bernard was not, and Jenő was frustrated by the impasse with his father.

After two years at Homanna University in Hungary, during which he made respectable grades and displayed a great facility for languages, the lure of the west captured the imagination of the nineteen-year-old Jenő. He packed his violin, his clothing, and a few other possessions. Taking the money his mother had sent for his school tuition, he departed his homeland for the new world. He regretted not saying good-bye to his mother, but he was not ready to face his father. In later years, he increasingly regretted that decision.

Arriving at Ellis Island in January 1903, with slightly more than one dollar in his pocket, he was interviewed by immigration officials unfamiliar with his given name, who promptly renamed "Jenő" as "Eugene J." Although

he spoke no English, a representative of Morris Rosett Travel Agency, the booking company that had arranged his passage, recruited him to handle much of its European correspondence relative to immigrant crossings. He worked in the Manhattan office for six months for four dollars a week, from which he managed to save small sums that he sent to his mother. Given a raise to five dollars a week and transferred to the agency's office in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, he was able to save an additional \$1.25 per week by sleeping in the office basement rather than renting sleeping quarters.

At the end of his first year on the east coast, he booked passage on a ship to Houston, Texas, where he boarded a train and arrived in the wide open town of El Paso on a Saturday night in January 1904. He checked into a fifty-cent room at a small red brick hotel on the plaza. Sunday morning he looked up his only contact in the area, his mother's brother, David Klein. Uncle Dave did not approve of "runaways", especially since Jenó had left Hungary without Lotti's permission. The two spent about an hour in conversation on the porch. As Gene was not invited in, he thanked his uncle and left to discover whatever else the border town might offer before heading back to his hotel.

By Monday morning his finances were precarious, so he set out to find work. That morning he was hired by the Joe Nation Company to help on one of twelve horse-drawn meat-delivery wagons. He was paid \$35.00 and four Chinese restaurant meal tickets a month, plus sleeping accommodations on the top floor of the Nation Company's three-story wholesale and retail market on San Antonio Street. He also received complimentary morning coffee at a basement restaurant run by two German brothers across the street. The Chinese restaurant and the German brothers' restaurant were Joe Nation customers that the company patronized more for humanitarian than economic reasons.

He stayed with the company six years, working his way up from home deliveries to training new delivery men, to supervising the firm's coldstorage units, which held freshly butchered beef brought to El Paso on specially built horse-drawn wagons. The beef came from the slaughterhouse in Tobin Town on the Alamogordo Road (long since engulfed by El Paso). Some of it was imported from Mexico and some was raised on the company's ranch north of El Paso. Gene occasionally "appropriated" some of the meat to help feed a destitute family with three or four youngsters who lived across the street from the ice house. He also continued to send money orders to his mother in Hungary.

Eventually Gene became a company representative to hotels and retail outlets, first in the immediate area, and then farther afield in western Texas and southern New Mexico. Traveling alone in a one-horse buckboard, he vis-

ited country stores and rest stops in the vicinity, sometimes spending the night in such remote places as Vado, New Mexico, or the “Dripping Springs Hotel” in New Mexico’s Organ Mountains.

By 1910, having no desire to go into the meat business, Gene became affiliated with the Denver State Life Insurance Company and relocated to Trinidad, Colorado. His territory encompassed southern Colorado and northern New Mexico. Many of his customers were Italian immigrants. One of them, unwilling to allow a policy to lapse, pressed on Gene a violin in lieu of the due premium. The violin brought much happiness to Gene, whose own violin had been lost on his voyage to America. It eventually was passed to his grandson William David, whose mother discovered inside the instrument the words *Facto Guarius*, leading her to suspect that it may have been fabricated by the master violin maker Giuseppe Guarneri del Gesù, whose instruments are distinguished for the boldness of their design and their powerful tone.

More unexpected happiness came to Gene about this time. While living an austere and spartan existence in a small residential hotel in Trinidad, he met the lovely Mable Armes Lull Nye. Although some documents spell her name “Mabel,” she preferred “Mable.” Mable’s life was the stuff of which melodramas are made. Born in Nebraska June 13, 1895, she was a charming, pretty and shy Presbyterian girl whose mother had died in childbirth when Mable was seven years old. Mable and her sisters, Maude and Lola, were placed in separate foster homes. Mable was in virtual servitude, performing exhausting domestic service in the home of a very strict and fierce disabled Civil War veteran and his wife. The couple, the Lulls, adopted Mable when the girls’ father remarried. The unhappy young Mable impetuously married an oil field engineer named Neil Nye, who whisked her away to the hinterlands, south of Monterrey, Mexico. She coped with extraordinary rural conditions, learned rudimentary Spanish from her few and distant Mexican neighbors, and bore a son, Richard Lawrence Nye. The child became ill and could not recover in the unsanitary conditions so Mable took him to her husband’s family in Trinidad, Colorado. Unfortunately, Neil Nye had written his parents an adverse account of his relationship with Mable, so the Nyes took their grandchild and “threw out” their daughter-in-law. As a “runaway,” Mable was not welcome in, nor did she wish to return to, the Lull household in Nebraska. She determined to start a new life for herself and found a position clerking in a store in Trinidad.

Gene saw in Mable the same undeniable and lasting virtues he had known in the “precious lady,” his mother. He convinced her that his interest was not “fly-by-night, run-for-the-border” romance; and they were married in Raton, New Mexico, June 10, 1913. The newlyweds lived in

Trinidad, where Gene sold sewing machines as well as insurance. In mid-1914 the Denver State Life Insurance Company went bankrupt. Another company bought the business. Gene did not quit the insurance profession, and, fortunately, he was able to redeem from the new company about fifty per cent of the cash value of his personal life insurance policy. With that money and about \$800 in savings, the young couple set out for Las Vegas, New Mexico, where they homesteaded a quarter section (160 acres) fifteen miles southwest of town.

Las Vegas was good to the young Sterns. Although Gene continued to sell insurance and sewing machines, his heart was in developing the land rather than in developing sales leads. Two young men from Oklahoma were symbolically adopted by the newlyweds. The young men helped them to build a one-bedroom frame house. The Sterns, in turn, helped the young men to build a small “sleeping shack.” All worked to build a well, a windmill, and a check dam on the arroyo, so that some small-scale irrigated farming might be attempted. Gene bought a dozen or so cows, which the fellows fed and milked. The young men received a small salary in addition to their living accommodations. Gene’s mother continued to be the recipient of periodic money orders. The resilient new Mrs. Stern, often alone, again coped with extraordinary rural conditions. Mable learned a bit more rudimentary Spanish from her few and distant Hispanic neighbors; bore two children, Charlotte (named after Gene’s mother Lotti) in 1914 and Eugene J., Jr., in 1915.

World War I was spreading across Europe when Gene became a naturalized citizen of the United States in Trinidad, Colorado, March 2, 1915. The sales business was waning, and Mable was not adverse to Gene’s proposal that they divest themselves of the Las Vegas holdings and move to the little southern New Mexico town of Las Cruces. There Gene’s uncle Dave Klein and cousins Joe and Isadore (Izzy) Rosenfeld had established a mercantile business, The Boston Store, in the 200 block of South Main Street. The careful young couple had some modest savings, and the sale of the “proved up” Las Vegas homestead to the Santa Fe Railroad Company in 1917 brought in about \$2,000, so Mable and Gene had no qualms about embarking on a new adventure in their new four-door Model T Ford touring car.

Gene deposited his money in the Mesilla Valley Bank and tried to negotiate terms to buy a “general store” just south of his relatives’ Boston Store. Failing in this, Gene went to work in his uncle’s store in mid-1917. The family lived in a small, furnished, upstairs apartment in the Amador Hotel. Within a year, however, they moved to a rental house at 801 North Armijo. On November 11, 1918, Gene negotiated

the purchase of the Jacoby Store, with a three-year lease on the building in which it was located. Inventory included dry goods, groceries, caskets and other funeral items, as well as saddles, harnesses and other horse equipment. He renamed the store, on the southwest corner of Depot Street (now Las Cruces Avenue) and Main Street, Stern Mercantile.

A year and a half later he made an agreement to purchase another Main Street building and its corner lot (now 139 Downtown Mall) and established the Popular Dry Goods Store at its current location. In 1923 he purchased the next-door Rinehart Grocery and combined buildings, expanding his dry goods and ready-to-wear business. Unable to find anyone to take over the remainder of his three-year lease on the Jacoby property, Gene remitted \$75 a month for the next eighteen months to the owners. Gene accepted the obligation as a legitimate part of doing business, neither protesting nor questioning landlord Freudenthal's position that the lease contract should be honored.

In 1920, Mable and Gene purchased a block of five small lots and decided to build their first real home, a modest brick house for their growing family at 637 North Armijo Street. Gene, Jr., remembers his sense of accomplishment, self-esteem, and pride in his mother's trust when he was allowed to carry Mable's prize china teapot as he trudged across two streets and the length of one full city block to their new home. He also remembers being allowed to help knead the dough for Mable's fragrant homemade bread, which she baked in a cast iron wood-burning kitchen stove. He chopped wood for the stove, which Mable insisted on continuing to use even after it had been moved to the back porch, replaced in the kitchen by a modern electric range.

Eventually there were six children: Charlotte and Gene, Jr., Roberta, William Bernard, Donald David, and LaDell. Their home was one of love and joy and music. Gene played his violin by ear and Mable played the piano, when she was not listening to operatic arias on phonograph records. Charlotte and Roberta took up the ladylike piano while LaDell learned the flute, later playing in the El Paso Symphony. Bernard mastered the trombone; and both Gene Jr. and Donald played the saxophone — the same saxophone. Gene, Jr., played in a small band with Cecil Pickett (trumpet), Tommy K. Campbell (clarinet), and Alex Salome (drums) for Saturday night dances at the Las Cruces Country Club. In 1933, Gene, Jr., pawned the instrument without his parents' knowledge. When Gene, Sr., found out, he redeemed the saxophone and presented it to Donald, who also mastered the "swinging jazz" sound.

The Stern household was also a home of "tough love." uncompromising honor, and benevolent discipline. Fundamental work ethics were instilled in the children, who had their chores at home

and, when they were older, worked in the store. They were always well-mannered and well-groomed, and occasionally admonished that “a Stern would not do that sort of thing.” Ostentatious displays of the family’s success were not permitted. When Gene, Jr., purchased a Cadillac, it could not be driven downtown and parked in front of the store on Main Street. The children were exposed to and came to appreciate the religious beliefs of all faiths; they participated in young people’s programs at the various Las Cruces churches and sang in the choirs. Mable supported the Presbyterian church; yet it was she who took the youngsters to El Paso for study at Temple Mt. Sinai and to attend services during the high holy days.

Gene was proud to be an American, so proud that he would not allow any language except English to be spoken in his home. He actively embraced the tenets of liberty, equality, and opportunity. At civic functions he asked that “God Bless America” be sung. The lessons he strived to instill in his children are reflected in a statement he made when he was honored in 1975:

Three score years have passed since I took the oath of an American citizen. Affection for the American people had developed through the preceding decade and, after taking the oath of citizenship, it grew into intense love for this land of opportunity. Opportunity not only in an economic sense, but the facility of knowing a people of limitless horizon, of devotion to moral obligation and, above all, an acceptance of a higher order of existence. The oneness of the American order has always impressed me. For what I saw and enjoyed was not for me alone, but for men and women of all colors, for Protestant, Catholic, or Jew — men and women of all political faiths.

For all of this, I am grateful and indebted. And if by chance you express appreciation of my modest gift, please bear in mind that I have been repaid a thousand times by the knowledge that “I am an American.”

From 1920 until 1926 the family was thriving, as was the Popular Dry Goods Company. Gene decided to return to Hungary to lay to rest the uneasy feelings he sometimes harbored about having left with things undone and thoughts unsaid. He had long since repaid his mother generously for her expenditures on his early education, and now both his parents were dead. Yet he needed to embrace his brother and sisters and their families. He yearned to see once more the land of his childhood. This journey was very personal, private, and solitary. He made the trip alone. In April 1926, he embarked from New York on the steamer Leviathan. He found a post World War I Hungary much changed. The monarchical lion had been replaced by industrial

lions. King Charles and the Habsburg royalty had been exiled; Hungary's relations with the West were much improved; the national economy was undergoing reconstruction; industrial employment was good. He spent two months dealing with the ghosts of his past. He never returned to Europe.

In 1926 Gene sold the Popular Dry Goods to the Rosen brothers of El Paso. He bought a 66-foot frontage at 221 North Main, and built a two-story brick building. He rented upstairs offices to doctors and lawyers, and opened the White House Dry Goods store downstairs. Gene employed Georgia Pickett and Jessie Woodside to be in charge of the ladies' department. He brought Bob McMillan from Oklahoma to help run the store. Mable opened the Stern home and provided feasts for the employees and their families, forty or fifty people at a time, at Thanksgiving and Christmas. Mable's incomparable lemon meringue pies were a traditional part of the celebrations. In 1946 Gene sold the White House Dry Goods Company (the company, not the building) to the Dunlop Company, which eventually moved the business to another location.

When the Great Depression spread throughout the United States, Gene's mercantile business was not seriously affected. He was grateful to be able to help those less fortunate. He personally financed a number of Mesilla Valley farm families by purchasing land, which the families repurchased from him on easy payment terms. At one point he had \$750,000 in outstanding loans to farmers. He was a partner in the Mutual Building and Loan organization, the first locally owned loan agency to assist people in purchasing homes. He helped to revitalize the First National Bank of Las Cruces by contributing \$10,000 of the \$55,000 needed to underwrite and reopen the bank after it voluntarily closed September 5, 1931. He was one of forty-two new stockholders in the reorganized bank and one of eleven new directors. In April 1946 he was instrumental in the establishment of the State Finance Company, Inc.

Gene's uncompromising nature and resolute dedication to the exigencies of merchandising precluded any self-indulgence, but never interfered with his devotion to his family, either in Las Cruces or in Hungary. In the depths of the depression, he provided Mable and the six children a rustic cabin in Ruidoso, New Mexico, or an apartment in Long Beach, California, for vacations. His only "vacation" was driving them there and returning a week or several weeks later to bring them home.

In 1934 Gene brought his sister Bertha, her husband William Roth, and their three children to the United States and established them on a farm west of Las Cruces on South Fairacres Road. Bertha kept a kosher household. She cooked aromatic Ashkenazic dishes with exotic Yiddish names and observed all the strict religious dietary laws. In spite of her care, William

did not adapt to southern New Mexico farming, and died. Not long after, Bertha and her three sons left Las Cruces.

In 1939 life was pleasant in Las Cruces. Gene bought the Park Hotel property fronting Pioneer Park, then called City Park, in the historic Alameda Depot District. He sold part of the land to the Goodloe, Seale, and Knight families. On the remainder he built a gracious two-story home at 510 West Court Avenue. The front-door fixtures, lock and handles, were a gift to Gene from Albert Fountain, Sr. Some years after the 1966 death of Mable, Gene moved to the Town and Country Apartments at 2100 Desert Drive.

Although the World War II years were not as hard on the Las Cruces Sterns as on their Hungarian relatives, there were times of great emotional tension. The three boys went to war: Gene, Jr., and Bernard joined the Navy, while Donald became part of the Army Air Corps. Donald's plane was downed over Austria, and he was a prisoner of war for six months. All eventually came home safely. Only Gene, Jr., made the military a career.

Gentle Mable and stern Gene were justly proud of their "pride of lions." The children scattered, yet all had returned to Las Cruces by 1983 except Bernard and his family, who still reside in Silver City, New Mexico. Charlotte married businessman David Schwartz; they had an antique shop in Yonkers, New York, then a department store in Santa Fe. and later an art gallery in La Mesilla; they had one daughter, Donna Jane. Gene, Jr., married Lois Jennings; they lived wherever the needs of U. S. Naval Aviation sent them prior to his 1962 retirement as a Lieutenant Commander; they had two daughters. Jan Lea and Jo Ann. Roberta married Frank Kozeliski; they imported and distributed printing presses from Heidelberg, Germany, through their company in Santa Monica, California; they had one daughter. Sue Lynne; Roberta died in her Las Cruces home at age 75 on May 25, 1994. Bernard married Irene Sheletsky, with whom he had two daughters, Diane and Irene; later, he married Winifred Burke with whom he had four children: Renee, twins Douglas and Donald, and Bernie; and legally adopted the two children from Winnie's previous marriage. Bernard was in the furniture business in Silver City. Donald married Estelle Mann, and they had three children: Linda, David and Robert; he worked with Charlotte and David in Santa Fe prior to returning to Las Cruces to take over the State Finance Company; he died in El Paso, Texas, at age 68 on August 30, 1993. LaDell married Dr. Burton Zuckerman. DMD, in Yonkers, New York; they had two children, Anne Lynn and William David.

Simultaneously with Gene's nearly thirty years of merchandising (1917-1946) he maintained an active interest in Mesilla Valley agriculture. Beginning in 1922 or 1923, he bought land, leveled it, put it into cultivation, and then sold it. When he retired from the retail business, he seriously

devoted his relentless energy to the land. He was not satisfied with clearing the mesquite, creosote and other brush with shovels, axes, hoes and saws wielded by twenty-five to thirty Mexican laborers (who were paid 75 cents a day plus living accommodations), and wrenching stumps out of the earth with a horse team and chain stump-puller. He sought to improve low-productivity soil in order to support a higher level of cultivation. His first such experiment in 1946 was a phenomenally successful test case in topdressing heavy clay soil with sand and silty soil. By leveling foothills to use the sand and silt, he created more acreage. Improvement in the cotton yield on a sixty-acre tract more than paid the \$100 per acre cost of moving dirt from one place to another. Successive applications of barnyard manure and commercial fertilizers made for increasingly productive and profitable yields. He developed approximately 1,600 acres of Mesilla Valley land before he divested himself of property in 1956.

Gene's unqualified success as a businessman and farmer was not solely due to his own ambition, energy, courage, and decisive character. Mable's indomitable strength of character, initiative, inspiration and dedication to personal as well as family ideals, were instrumental and complementary. Gene's sometimes academic, dry humor, which invoked a reminder of his surname, was offset by her intelligent, easy wit. They had mutually supportive roles in their family and in the community.

A permanent Jewish congregation was formed in Las Cruces by 1955. In the early 1960's an ambitious building fund was started for a synagogue. Property was purchased at 702 Parker Road, and Gene was prime mover and financier of the construction of Temple Beth El. His role in personally providing funds for the Temple's construction was widely acknowledged; however, the dollar amount of his contribution was never publicized.

Gene and Mable made annual monetary contributions to churches of all faiths — not only to Gene's Temple and Mable's Presbyterian Church and other Protestant denominations, but to Roman Catholic organizations as well. A plaque in St. James' Episcopal Church in Mesilla Park lists Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Stern among those "who gave and gave and gave again." The Roman Catholic Home of the Good Shepherd, also benefited from their largess.

Although Gene completed only two years of college, and Mable none, they recognized the value of formal education. About 1945 they established a student loan fund at New Mexico State University. Once a year, for the next thirty years, Gene delivered a \$1,000 check to the university. Twenty to twenty-five students were assisted by the fund annually. They also funded scholarships and awards for 4-H clubs and Future Farmers of

America. Gene served on the Doña Ana County Fair Board and helped to organize the first County Fair and Cotton Carnival in 1952. Beginning in 1950, Mable obtained from the public school system the names of 250 needy girls, aged 7 to 14, and provided each with a new dress at Christmas time. Each dress was individually wrapped and accompanied by a personal greeting from Mable. After Mable's death in 1966, Gene continued the tradition.

Mable assisted in the work of the Las Cruces Boys' Club and Gene served on its Board of Directors. In 1965 they paid the outstanding debt on the Boys' Club building at 324 West Las Cruces Avenue.

In 1970 Gene contributed half a million dollars toward construction of the Scottish Rite Cathedral, 195 East Boutz Road. He had begun his Masonic career by petitioning Aztec Lodge No. 3, A.F. & A. M., for the degrees in Freemasonry on October 8, 1917. By April 16, 1918 he was raised to Third Degree. He helped to charter the Doña Ana Scottish Rite. On December 3, 1971, the 33rd Degree Inspector General Honorary was confirmed on him. Mable was active in Las Cruces Chapter 20 of the Order of the Eastern Star and a member of the Order of the White Shrine. She started the Order of Rainbow for Girls and was instrumental in organizing the Order of DeMolay for Boys. A plaque at the Scottish Rite Temple reads: "To the Glory of God and the Service of Man, this Scottish Rite Cathedral is Given in Loving Tribute by E. J. Stern, Mable Lull, and Family."

Mable was a life member of the Women's Improvement Association (WIA); a member of the Progress Club; the Republican Women's Club; and was a Patroness of the NMSU Zeta Tau Alpha sorority. She was honored posthumously by the Foreign Arts Club. Also posthumously, a patient-care room in Memorial General Hospital was equipped and furnished in her memory.

Gene was active in the Kiwanis Club for more than forty years; he helped establish the first local Chamber of Commerce; was a member of the Las Cruces Urban Renewal Board, and a Charter Member of the Las Cruces Country Club, although he never learned to play golf. He received numerous awards from civic organizations. Stern Drive was named in his honor.

Although Mable was a member of the Republican Women's Club, neither she nor Gene was actively involved in politics. Both were dedicated to civic improvement, yet neither was interested in public office. Many of their philanthropic deeds were done anonymously, with recipients unaware of the source of some large or small good fortune. On Sunday, November 9, 1975, and on Sunday, November 9, 1980, the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren sponsored "open house" birthday party receptions to welcome Gene's friends to celebrate his ninetieth and ninety-fifth years, respectively.

Of all the generous gifts of time, organizational direction, and money contributed to civic betterment, the Sterns' most romantic gift was that of the delightful bronze lions. In 1946 or 1947 Mable and Gene had made a trip to Mexico City, where they met and admired the work of Mexican sculptor Banos Caballero. More than twenty years later, after appropriate consultations with the Las Cruces City Government, Gene commissioned the casting of a matched pair of the magnificent beasts, male and female, for \$25,000. These would be an enduring final tribute to the City of Las Cruces from his late wife and himself. After the bronze statues were completed and shipped, the Mexican border authorities balked at allowing the replicas of the lithe monarchs of the animal kingdom to leave their country. Gene was required to make a trip to Ciudad Juarez to rescue the pair. They were ensconced on their pedestals in front of Las Cruces' Municipal Building with suitable public ceremony on August 9, 1968.

Mable died at age 81 on September 25, 1966, in the old Memorial General Hospital, 575 South Alameda Boulevard. Gene died at age 96 on December 15, 1981, in the University Terrace Good Samaritan Nursing Home. Both Mable and Gene had funeral services in Graham's Mortuary Chapel, Mable's conducted by Rabbi Floyd S. Fierman of El Paso's Temple Mt. Sinai, and Gene's officiated by Rabbi Joseph Klein of Las Cruces' Temple Beth El. Both are buried in the Las Cruces Masonic Cemetery, where both received graveside Masonic rites.

The spirits of these two philanthropic pioneers are alive in the memories of the many people whose lives they affected, in the buildings they helped to build, and in the benevolent lions — *un león y una leona* — that watch over the city.¹

M. A. WALTON taught Art, English, and beginning Spanish in the Mobile (Alabama) Public School System for four years prior to a twenty-seven year career as an Unrestricted Line (ORE) Officer in the U. S. Navy. An enthusiastic supporter of the Southern New Mexico Historical Review, she edited "The Archers of the Lower Rio Grande: Reflections of a Southern New Mexico Farmer" for the January 1994 edition. She was Associate Editor of the January 1995 edition, to which she contributed "Vado. New Mexico- A Dream in the Desert."

¹ The author gratefully acknowledges the enthusiastic cooperation of two of Mable and E. J. Stern's children in the preparation of this essay. The oldest son, Eugene J. Stem, Jr., freely allowed access to a vast collection of documents relating to his parents. The youngest daughter, LaDell Stem Zuckerman, graciously shared information which she plans to include in a definitive book on the Stern family history. Both generously provided time for extensive personal interviews and to review preliminary drafts of this article.

BOOK REVIEWS

This documented article examining the known works of an author from the past is a departure from the usual single hook review format. It is hoped that readers will be encouraged to discover or re-discover this writer's "Southwesterns."

Local History Disguised As Fiction:

The Uncollected Stories of Eugene Cunningham

by Carol Price

He should have been another Zane Grey, popular with readers of all ages. and still remembered for his particular brand of Westerns. In fact. his novels, charged with reality, are sometimes more interesting and exciting than the Zane Grey series. Maybe this is because the majority of his tales are just about the Southwest and Southwesterners. Maybe that is why they inspired little interest on the national scene a generation ago. Maybe that is why they are not a mainstay in home libraries, nor is their author a household name.

Yet Eugene Cunningham has his following. His books can still be found in libraries and bookstores. His stories are taken from history; his characters are derived from once-living people. A person doesn't have to be partial to Westerns to enjoy these stories.

A dedicated historian of "the territory" (Cunningham used this term for the borderland states of New Mexico, Texas, Arizona, and northern Mexico), he spent his days interviewing old-timers up and down the Mesilla Valley who remembered the days of the six-gun, the stagecoach, the dance hall, the gunfight. Into books like *Red Range*, *Spiderweb Trail*, *Buscadero*, *Diamond River Alan*, and *Texas Triggers*, he placed realistic characters in plots based on actual events, carefully researched and depicted in delightful detail. His stories present a treasure hunt, inviting readers to unveil the transparent disguising of names and places. *Diamond River Alan*, for example, was the Billy the Kid story, slightly disguised and renamed. The Lincoln County War is refought in *Red Range*. Long before "checkbook" journalism and in-your-face television shows became popular. Cunningham was digging with the fervor of an investigative journalist to show that truth is often stranger than fiction.

Liberally sprinkled throughout his stories are bits and pieces of authentic songs of the southwestern range. which Cunningham collected. Through his stories rode the singingest cowboys and soldiers of fortune that ever were. Snatches of appropriate songs rang out on practically any occasion.' One reason this man found it easy to write about adventurers was because he was one himself. Born in 1889, he grew up near Fort Worth, Texas, on a smallcattle ranch. In 1911, already a skilled horseman and target shooter, he

tried to join the Texas Rangers. But they would not accept a 16-year-old. By 1913 he was in the Navy, serving in the Mexican Campaign until 1917. and then in Europe during World War I. He served as a yeoman in the Asiatic, Pacific and Atlantic fleets. He began to create adventure stories about the places he had been. At first, unfortunately, he wrote under pseudonyms so his earlier works are almost impossible to trace. After 1918, while still in the Navy, Cunningham was sent to work in recruiting offices in Roswell, Deming, Lordsburg, Silver City, Albuquerque and Tucumcari. New Mexico, and in El Paso, Texas. That is when his stories changed from sea adventures to Westerns.



Drawing of Eugene Cunningham by Forrest Wood

As he looked around New Mexico, Arizona, and West Texas, he developed a strong liking for the lore of the Southwest. Talking with old-timers about earlier days, he found inspiration as well as interesting information for stories and biographies. The nineteenth-century Southwest came alive under his pen. Here he is writing of the salt wars at the base of Guadalupe Peak:

Today, the salt lakes lie as they did then, over in the blue haze against the Guadalupe. But, standing in the sleepy plaza of the village—talking, perhaps to a brown faced man who bears the name of one of those in the mob or combating it—it is hard to picture that December day of 50 years ago.

The golden cottonwoods are here, as then; blackbirds swarm and plunge now, as then; the yellow December sunlight yet gilds the gray—brown adobes; but that sudden staccato clatter is the exhaust of a Ford, not a string of shots fired in the famous war for salt.'

Cunningham was out of the Navy by 1919, but still had a taste for adventure, so he walked through Central America, viewing firsthand the Nicaraguan revolution, getting more material for adventure stories and travel articles that he sent to *Wide World Magazine*, *Argosy*, *Adventure*, *New Mexico Magazine*, and to editors in England and the United States. In 1920 Cunningham and a friend were riding north from Nicaragua “following trails through the scrubby brush,” eventually making their way out of Mexico up the treacherous *Jornada del Muerto* from Mexico City to the Rio Grande valley.⁴

The Trail to Apacaz (1924) is a novel that developed out of Cunningham's adventures south of the border. Supposedly written by campfire light in Central America, the story contains the writer's personal escapades "slightly" embellished. The Cunningham character is Stephen Lawhorn who, having shot a land-grabber in self defense, is on the run from the law in Texas. When he lost his ranch, he took off for Central America to make a name for himself as *El Diablo*, the fastest gunman and bravest soldier of fortune in the area:

Just now I'm riding North. I crossed the border yesterday a jump ahead of Tierra Rican troopers. I was Chief of Staff of Federico Pelaya's revolutionary army, and that revolution is smashed... I'm sick of these petty squabbles. . . The Tierra Rican affair was my sixth.'

Lawhorn succeeds in fighting off numerous assassins and staving off revolution almost single-handedly, protecting American interests, and finally regaining his ranch as a reward.

While traveling between Costa Rica and Guatemala, Cunningham became acquainted with the aging General Lee Christmas, soldier of fortune, whose yarns provided at least two books set in the Central American Revolution: *The Trail of the Macaw* and *Redshirts of Destiny*:

No longer the swaggering, hard-drinking soldier. . . possessed of almost limitless powers in the land. But still the twin Lugars sagged on his hips and he sat habitually with his back to something solid.'

Returning to the States in the early 1920's, Eugene Cunningham lived in San Francisco for a few years. Then, newly married, he came back in 1925 to live at the end of the trolley line in El Paso, Texas, where roadrunners, lawmen and outlaws moved freely from one side of the border to the other. The area was pretty much untamed at times, populated by cattle rustlers and hired guns, as well as tame city folk. Cunningham saw a friend shot down on the street one day by a man with a "palmed" derringer.'

By this time Cunningham was writing every day, turning out 60,000 words of fiction a month. Afternoons, however, found him sitting around talking with old-timers, early settlers, ex-lawmen — people who remembered the Lincoln County War and outlaws Billy the Kid, Sam Bass, and John Wesley Hardin.

Here to tell us were the actors themselves, one man and woman leading to another. . . There are old men yet alive . . . who squint across the mists of a long half-century and see . . . hunkering in the sun with back to some corral . . . They mutter a name in their beards and re-count the old legends.'

Because Cunningham felt that even a fiction writer should authenticate his material, he has been called "a historian of the Old West." and "an expert, almost a learned man" in these matters. He told the readers of *New Mexico Magazine* how he put his books together:

I took the exact map of New Mexico . . . and then I re-named those cowboy-warriors and the other real figures tall and short; added

men and women of Texas and New Mexico, used all I had learned of novel-building to produce a balanced, closely-knit Novel of Action—not-Meditation. . . Best of all, wherever those fierce gay riders raced through “The Territory,” I was seeing real New Mexico and painting it in with every local color I could manage.⁹

As Cunningham talked with the older inhabitants of West Texas and southern New Mexico, he learned about the events of the Lincoln County War. He gathered enough material to fill at least three books. One of his novels, *Red Range*, disguises the real characters and places, but contains many of the actual events that took place in this murderous conflict. Con Cameron, a trail herder, gets caught up in the struggle of two warring factions to control “the territory.” Drawn into the battles, he helps the best side win after escaping death by ambush countless times. As Cameron says, after the failed ambush:

Thought I was easy picking, did you? And all you had to do was stroll down and pick me of huh? Hell! I’ve been waiting for you, and if more than four of you had come, two of us would’ve been waiting.¹⁰

Another of his novels inspired by the Lincoln County War was *Diamond River Man*, the story of Billy the Kid. In the book the real-life outlaw becomes Frenchy, and Pat Garrett is Lit Taylor. The actual shootout between the McSween and Dolan factions at the climax of the war is embellished and disguised as the barricaded gang is bested by a siege of bullets and a fire. The events of Frenchy’s misguided life in and out of jail continue until he is found and killed by Lit Taylor at the home of a rancher.¹¹

Cunningham took his research and writing quite seriously: “I refuse to have my writings classed as trash — just another Western — horse opera --too many real people in actual events are there, affectionately treated.” He believed that to write authentic southwestern novels, you have to be of the Southwest; you have to have it in your blood. He once told of meeting a writer who disdainfully told him he didn’t write Westerns. “I said fairly gently,” he wrote, “neither do I... I write SOUTHWESTERNS ... a very different thing; and I write correctly, out of ignorance, having lived there and knowing nothing but what is REAL.”¹²

At least two of his novels were about his own neighborhood — the New Mexico and Texas border along the Rio Grande. *Spiderweb Trail* (1940) is taken from the actual story of Col. A. J. Fountain and his son, who disappeared somewhere between White Sands and Las Cruces. This unsolved mystery in *Satan Land*, as Cunningham calls it in his story, is explored fictionally. The mystery is artfully solved by the resourceful Texas Ranger, Steve Ware. Another book, *Texas Triggers* (1938) covers some of the range problems of this borderland area, including the rustling of cattle through the mountain passes and across the river by organized gangs of bandits. Cattleman take the law into their own hands as vigilantes to retrieve their property when the hands of the law are tied, or when there is no law, or worse, when the sheriff is in cahoots with the rustlers. Hero Lance Craig, humming his theme song, “Jack O’Diamonds,” outwits both the crooked deputy and the sheriff

of Mesquite, giving “that imitation bad man” and “that slimy teacher’s pet” a chance to “push up the daisies by their roots.” Then he organizes a group of “ranchers and cowpunchers” to make war on the rustlers camped across the river and to get back their rightful property. Lance Craig, who had come home from seven years of sailing the seas, is forced to ride as an outlaw until he can clear his name and show how crooked the law in the area has gotten to be. He is helped by his former ranch foreman Step, an atypical Cunningham character: “I know only two songs; one of ‘em’s *Dixie*, and one of ‘em aint.”¹³

Gene Cunningham was a prolific and systematic writer. He kept maps and charts on his walls to plot the movement of his stories. He kept lists of Christian names, from A to Z, of characters in his stories, and never used the same name more than seven times. He once mentioned that he used and reused a few master plots, changing names and situations to provide new stories. He would weave his real characters and real events into a neatly contrived plot. Presto, there would be another book! One of his favorite plots is that of a stranger who comes to a territory to find it upset by two warring factions trying to gain control. Another plot complication he liked to use has the hero, due to some change of fortune, riding with outlaws. The hero, mistaken for one of the outlaws, eventually has to prove himself and clear his name, foiling a lot of outlaw schemes at the same time. Another plot has the hero entering a town run wild. As the town’s new marshal, he finds the sheriff’s office demoralized, and so must rely on his own resources to regain control through his sheer nerve and gun fighting ability. *Whistling Lead*, *Riders of the Night*, and *Texas Sheriff* are books with this basic plot, filled out with stories gleaned from old-timers. One of his sources, a retired Texas Ranger, once said, “Every time I tell Cunningham anything about my life, it shows up in one of his books!”

Cunningham’s *Triggernometry* contains colorful biographies of many of the famous and infamous southwestern gunfighters. One section, entitled “Leather Slapping as a Fine Art,” is a definitive study of gun slinging and gunslingers. It describes many fast-draw techniques and other gun tricks, as well as types of holsters and belts that were used. Much of this information Cunningham had gained firsthand.¹⁴

All the while Cunningham was collecting cowboy songs — with the dedication of an expert. *New Mexico Magazine* reported in 1936 that, due to his favorite hobby, “he has every cowboy record ever produced.”¹⁵ He sprinkled these songs liberally through his stories, adding color and authenticity. Singin’ Shelly Raines in the Cunningham novel *The Ranger Way* is a good example of a character who sings his way across the Southwest chasing outlaws. The author seized this chance to add color to the story by using various songs, including, of course, the Ranger song:

*Never could stack up
Quick on the draw;*

*Never could stick on
Every outlaw:
Never could claim
INever was skeered;
Never was a he-ro -
As ever I heerd.
Never went out a-projeck
-ing for danger;
Never was nothing but
A Texas Ranger!¹⁶*

And then there was Chihuahua Joe, a half-breed character who wandered in and out of several of Cunningham's novels and gave him a chance to apply his large collection of Spanish cowboy songs:

*Una mujer por amor;
Una botella de vino;
Un canciOn que cantar
Y mucho dinero en mi camino.
Y buen cuchillo en mi mano;
Un buen juego que jugar;
Ni por friele o rev ufano
Desear yo cambiar!¹⁷*

In his article "Songs of the Range," Cunningham said the cowboy had a wide repertoire, "... when, jogging across wide distances, sitting about the campfire, or riding slowly around the bedded herd, he threw back his head and began to sing."¹⁸ It was Cunningham's pleasure to take these songs apart to find their historical and psychological significance. He did this in *Triggernometry*, annotating the ballad of Sam Bass as he sketched the life and career of that famous outlaw, pointing out which parts of the song were purely rhetoric and which were grounded in fact.

One of Cunningham's last and best stories was *Riding Gun* (1936). It had been stewing in his mind for some years. While working on it, he wrote to a friend that, as usual, he had trouble keeping from over development of his fictional characters because he always fell in love with them. "All of my novels somehow resemble icebergs! It's a hell of a thing to have a complex plot and a RAFT of people — and I have to sit shoving heads down and saying the elementary law over and over: REMEMBER WHOSE STORY IT IS."¹⁹ *Riding Gun* was complex, and showed clearly that the author's creativity did not stand still during those years before it was written. In it, Buckaroo Lorn Moray is hired to rescue a young boy from kidnappers across the border in Mexico. He returns safely after a long and hazardous journey, only to find that the relatives who wanted Billy Claymore returned are seeking to murder him for his inheritance! Moray is faced with the job of hiding and protecting Billy until he can ensure his safety. Not knowing who in the town is friend and who is foe, Moray has to tread carefully until he can uncover the facts

of the diabolical plot. *Riding Gun* is, according to Mel Bolden's note on the flyleaf, "a vivid recreation of a rough and tumble time gone by which Mr. Cunningham knows as few others and writes about with a ring of authenticity that makes his story as real as a bullethole in a Stetson."²⁰

Gene Cunningham wrote some screenplays during the early days of television, for shows like "Wagon Train" and "Trackdown." When he moved to California, Cunningham also ghostwrote political speeches and hosted a local radio talk show about incidents from early California days. However, he never achieved his dream of becoming as well known a novelist as Zane Grey. He died in 1957 at the age of 61. Perhaps his novels were not as durable as Grey's, but that is not to say they were not as good. He captured elusive bits of our southwestern heritage as no one else has.

Eugene Cunningham painted the history of the Southwest, including southern New Mexico, on a glamorous canvas, and he should not be forgotten.

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- 7 Letter from Eugene Cunningham to W. H. Hutchinson, June 7, 1954.
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- 10 Cunningham, *Red Range* (New York: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1939)
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- 16 Cunningham, *The Ranger Way* (New York: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1937), p. 16.
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- 18 Cunningham, "Songs of the Range," *New Mexico Magazine*, Vol. 14, No. 2, February 1936, pp. 12-13.
- 19 Letter from Eugene Cunningham to W. H. Hutchinson, February 20, 1956.
- 20 Cunningham, *Riding Gun* (New York: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1958)

Guidelines for Submissions

The Doña Ana County Historical Society will consider for publication original articles concerning events, people, organizations, institutions, structures, and natural formations of historical significance to the southern part of the state of New Mexico. All submissions must be fact, not fiction, supported by authentic documentation.

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 Doña 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.

Book Reviews: Reviews of books relating to southern New Mexico may be submitted. These should be one to two pages long in regular manuscript format.

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P.O. Box 16045
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