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The *Southern New Mexico Historical Review* (ISSN-1076-9072) is looking for original articles concerning the Southwestern Border Region for future issues. Biography, local and family histories, oral history and well-edited documents are welcome. Charts, illustrations or photographs are encouraged to accompany submissions. We are also in need of book reviewers, proofreaders, and an individual or individuals in marketing and distribution.

Copies of the *Southern New Mexico Historical Review* are available for \$7.00. If ordering by mail, please include \$2.00 for postage and handling. Correspondence regarding the Review should be directed to the Editor of the *Southern New Mexico Historical Review* at Doña Ana County Historical Society, 16045 Las Cruces, NM 88004.

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Editor's Page

The present issue of the *Southern New Mexico Historical Review* offers several glimpses of “our” history in the century lasting from the middle of the nineteenth century into the middle of the last century. Some time ago, J. Paul Taylor asked your editor whether the Archivos del Arzobispado de Durango microfilm collection contained any information about Father José de Jesús Cabeza de Baca, long-time priest of San Albino’s in Mesilla. A diligent search revealed a wealth of information about Padre Baca and the tumultuous 1870s in Mesilla that led to an exodus of citizens from various settlements in the Mesilla Valley to found the town of La Ascensión in the Mexican state of Chihuahua. This was a story near and dear to Mary Daniels Taylor, and I consider this article my tribute to her memory.

Roberta Key Haldane, one of this reviews most faithful contributors, tells the tale of William and John Hudgens, a pair of brothers from Louisiana whose arrival in New Mexico Territory coincided with the final throes of the Lincoln County War. Another war, the Second World War, serves as the backdrop for Martha Shipman Andrews’s article on the role of Aggie Women in the armed services. Martha mines the truly remarkable collection of correspondence generated by New Mexico College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts’s School of Engineering, Daniel B. Jett, and former students of the college. The correspondence—numbering in the thousands of letters—forms part of the Records of the School of Engineering in the Hobson-Huntsinger University Archives of the New Mexico State University Library.

Joyce M. Brumley shares an intimate and very personal remembrance of her life as a child growing up in the community of Doña Ana. She tells us, as she often tells her grandchildren, about living and dying in that small, southern New Mexico town in the years following World War II. All of her memories center around the “Little Yellow House” on Thorpe Road.

Aficionados of Southwest legend Billy the Kid will not want to miss the review of Frederick Nolan’s new book, *The Billy the Kid Reader*. Those who love a mystery will want to check out Corey Recko’s detective skills in his *Murder on the White Sands: The Disappearance of Albert and Henry Fountain*.

Rick Hendricks

Editor

Coeds at War:

State College Women Do Their Part in World War II

Martha Shipman Andrews

Take the woman into the armed service. . . [and] who will then maintain the home fires; who will do the cooking, the washing, the mending, the humble, homey tasks to which every woman has devoted herself. Who will rear and nurture the children; who will teach them patriotism and loyalty; who will make men of them so that when their day comes, they, too, may march away to war.

(Congressman Clare Eugene Hoffman (R.-Michigan)¹)

And to show that this spirit was non-partisan, his congressional colleague, Andrew Lawrence Somers (D.—New York) registered his opposition to legislation creating the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps: "A women's army to defend the United States of America? Think of the humiliation. What has become of the manhood of America that we have to call on our women to do what has ever been the duty of men?"²

Edith Nourse Rogers, republican congresswoman from Massachusetts, sponsored a bill authorizing the creation of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps (WAAC) in May, 1941 to the loud and dismissive hoots of her male cohorts. Rogers had a useful ally and arm-twister, however, in Eleanor Roosevelt. Together they slowly injected doses of reason into the debate over the appropriateness of women in the armed services, treading lightly on the threatening, feminist issues of equality and rights. The best they could claim for women on this front was the right to manifest the same patriotic spirit as their fathers, brothers, and boyfriends by undertaking gender appropriate tasks within the services. WAAC advocates heavily promoted the practical advantages of women taking over administrative duties within the military, thereby freeing enlisted men for combat duty. Supporters of the WAAC bill also played upon the assumption that women would serve in the military only so long as national emergency existed, after which they would return to more acceptably female roles within their communities and families. When war evolved from threat to global reality, the participation of women in the military became a strategic necessity, one to which Congress could no longer condescend. The WAAC bill gained the support of the president and his War Department as a critical element in the mobilization for total war. Chief of Staff, Gen. George C. Marshall, lobbied vigorously and effectively for passage of the bill and so it did, in the spring of 1942.³

As world war threatened, the New Mexico College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts (or State College as students commonly called it) maintained its bucolic, low-key pace. The occasional frat-boy, intent on escaping the final exam in an engineering class, still dropped out of school to enlist in the Armed Services. But, ROTC students drilling on the campus Horseshoe probably gave more serious thought to their futures as the local papers printed news of Hitler's advances. The 1942 yearbook, *The Swastika*, reported a "noticeable increase of interest in classes and drill and a new seriousness of purpose has been evident."⁴ One hundred forty-one boys that year were enrolled in the School of Agriculture. As usual no female students had breached this male bastion, unlike the two girls (among 98 boys) who had courageously enrolled in the Engineering program. On the other hand, women comprised 195 of the 289 Arts and Sciences students. Preparedness for war occupied the

school administration as they established a national defense training school to “help meet the pressing need for trained industrial workers.”⁵ Men were enrolled in machine tool operation, detailing and tracing, welding, aircraft riveting, maintenance, and repair. Women could attend first aid classes under the auspices of the Physical Education Department.

Among all those literature, language, and home economics majors lurked some independent spirits: New Mexico girls with the temerity to do more than weep and flutter handkerchiefs at the railroad station as their loved ones departed for basic training or overseas duty. Whether they were conscious of it or not, they placed a patriotic energy combined with a spirit of adventure at the disposal of the government’s civil and military services. We know about these women because many of them wrote to the dean of NMCA&MA’s School of Engineering, Daniel B. Jett. Their correspondence is preserved as part of the Records of the School of Engineering in the Hobson-Huntsinger University Archives of the New Mexico State University Library.

A native of Wisconsin, Daniel Boone Jett graduated from the Missouri School of Mines in Rolla, Missouri, in 1926. The New Mexico College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts immediately offered him a position as assistant professor of civil engineering. Jett’s predecessor as engineering dean and, later, State College president, Hugh Milton, wrote,

From the moment he arrived on the campus until his death, he was the best-loved professor at New Mexico A&M. No hours were too long for him to assist students, not only with their studies but in extracurricular activities. Many nights the lights in Goddard Hall would burn until midnight when he would be helping failing students or grading papers for which the duties of the day did not allow time. There was hardly a college dance which he did not attend and he sponsored an honorary engineering fraternity. . . He was a religious man who believed deeply in his fellow man. No one ever heard him say anything derogatory about anyone.⁶

What Jett became best known for among the students at the college, however, was his empathy for and dedication to those serving during World War II. He wrote hundreds of letters to over a thousand former State College students serving in all branches of the armed forces overseas and stateside.⁷ Known affectionately to his students as “Dad” Jett, the indefatigable dean’s energy and enthusiasm boosted morale among those fighting in all theatres of the war as well as those fighting at home to keep the school on an even keel during hard times. After 1942 enrollment plummeted to a few hundred



New Mexico College of
Agriculture and Mechanic Arts
(circa 1940).



Daniel B. Jett
Dean of Engineering.

“civilians”—mostly girls. Were it not for classes of men enrolled in the Army and Navy Specialized Training Programs, the campus would have been virtually deserted.

In the late 1930s Dean Jett had begun sending out class newsletters to keep up the feeling of fellowship among his former engineering students. As war approached and students signed on for military service, Dean Jett perceived the particular need of young people to keep in touch with home and normalcy. In addition to his regular newsletters that chronicled school events and items of local interest, he wrote personal letters to former students from all departments inquiring about their welfare and soliciting news for circulation. He matched up APOs, created lists of Aggies serving in the same geographical areas, and served

as a one-man clearinghouse for tidbits of information that he would share among his correspondents. We do not know if Dean Jett read E.M. Forster’s *Howard’s End* at an impressionable age but no matter: he was the practical embodiment of Forster’s motto, “Only Connect.”

Those letters preserved in the NMSU Archives provide particular insight into the lives of young women who clearly sensed opportunity in the generally grim prospect of war—for changing the direction of their lives, for adventure, travel, service, economic advancement and, in some cases, the fulfillment of dreams. Not content simply to sing sad songs and keep the home fires burning, some Aggie girls took as active a part in the war effort as the customs of the time permitted. As their lives changed, they wrote back to Dean Jett of their experiences.⁸

Helen Archer Jones ’39 was the first Aggie to join the Women’s Army Corps.⁹ She received her commission as a second lieutenant and spent her war years as assistant mess officer of a fifteen-hundred-man mess in a converted Daytona Beach hotel. Having won the battle to enlist in the military, women accepted terms of victory that included assignment to such stereotypical “kitchen” duties—the tedious tasks that women performed so much better than men.¹⁰ They could take pride, however, in the management skills that made possible the baking of thousands of cookies, pies, and cakes on any given day. On 27 June 1943 Jones writes to Dad Jett:

. . . I went into the WAAC, as you know, Sept. 7, 1942. I completed my basic training in Des Moines and was then. . . sent to Cooks and Bakers’ School. The day I was supposed to enter Mess Sergeants’ School, I entered OCS [Officer Candidate School]. I received my commission as 2nd lieutenant, Jan. 9, four months after I entered the WAAC. The only outstanding part of my career was the fact that

I was the first WAAC in New Mexico to come up from the ranks. I was in the second OCS class selected from the ranks. As you know I was the first Aggie WAAC.

My first assignment as a commissioned officer was instructor in Cooks and Bakers' school here at 2nd WAAC Training Center. After a month of teaching I was made assistant mess officer of a 1500 man (or woman) mess. A week later I was given a mess of my own. I fed 500 people and had all men personnel except my mess sergeant. Finally enough WAACS were graduated from B&C school and they took over in the men's places.

In May I closed up the mess and then took over a 1000 man mess, which I am in charge of now. It is really a large hotel kitchen and dining room. The hotel is right down on the famous Daytona Beach at the north end. It is beautiful here.

Must serve chow. . . .

*Sincerely,
Helen*

Pansy S. Ford '41 was also an early recruit to the ranks of the Women's Army Corps. After an initial stint she retreated back to her family's ranch in Fort Sumner, New Mexico, where, on 23 September 1943, she gives Dean Jett a lively, if mixed, review of her experiences as a WAC:

Dear Dean Jett,

I haven't much to tell you on what I'm doing except milking cows and helping on our ranch.

But, as you suggested, I can tell a little about my experience in the WAC.

The most unpleasant thing that remains in my mind is doing K.P. That was the horror of everyone and by far the most unpleasant task we had to perform. And worst of all was having to clean the grease trap, a large iron concern that drained from the sinks. Cleaning it out involved putting your hands in the dirty, black grease and scraping it out. First, of course, you had to drain off the water which smells like a hog pen, if you get what I mean. After carrying bucketful after bucketful of greasy water out, which we usually threw away about 1/4 mile from the kitchen because of the offensive odor, we were ready to "dig in." At times this chore was done before breakfast so as to start the day off right. But, to me, it was always starting the day off wrong because I usually had no appetite for several hours. One girl went so far as to almost faint after cleaning one trap. At least she was confined to the barracks for the rest of the day, and she left looking very pale. K.P. usually came around once or twice a week, usually twice a wk. The hrs were from 5 A.M. until about 8 P.M. with an hour or two break in the afternoon. If you were lucky, you got a half hour break in the morning. Besides washing numerous dishes, pots and pans, scrubbing floors and tables, waiting on people, the cooks sometimes had you string

beans, peel potatoes or cut up apples. However, I was never so lucky as to have a sitting down job.

I guess drilling is the most exciting thing in the WAC. We drilled for several hrs a day in our basic training (4 wks). There's something appealing about standing up straight (everything in), head held high, eyes off the ground and marching to music with everyone's left foot falling down on the beat of the drum (at least almost everyone's left foot. We had one girl who simply couldn't keep time to the music. There was no way of teaching her. It has to be a natural instinct. She was a teacher, too, by the way—but I don't mean that as a reflection on teachers. But as a general rule, teachers were slower at learning than people from other professions probably because they were used to giving the commands not obeying them.

Now, back to my subject about "drilling". Each Saturday we marched in a parade, the spectators being soldiers from the camp or any outside visitors and on a platform were always two or three visiting generals who presented the winning co. with a ribbon. We held the ribbon twice. The last time there were a dozen or more other companies competing and it was the last big parade of the season. Some high ranking general was present. (I've forgotten the exact rank.) So, to the amazement and joy of our commanding officer, we strutted past the Gen., gave him our best smiles and marched home carrying the ribbon and leading the other companies from the field. (The winner always goes first.)

From "basic" where we also took subjects (Rules & Reg. of the Army, Map Reading, First Aid, Military Courtesy, etc.), we were given our grades and then our orders.

I was first in the "Overseas Group" but, later, I changed my mind and was sent to "Casualty," a company where you do extra detail and which consists mostly of K.P. That's where I learned to detest it. It isn't for punishment, however, as most people seem to think, but in this case, it was something to do while the company commander fixed up some more orders. I stayed there two weeks and then was sent to "Staging."

Staging is the last stop. You already have your orders and are ready to be given no notice when to leave. I stayed there a week and then I went to Pueblo, Colorado along with four other girls.

There in Pueblo, office work was becoming quite dull so when the opportunity came for re-enlisting or going home, I chose the latter. Besides, I was having my share of K.P. or perhaps more. I was right there in the office and it seemed every time someone dropped out for K.P. the Staff/Sergeant looked over at me and substituted my name. She never told me outright. I'd spend a nice evening at the P.X. or go in town swimming or to a show and come home tired as could be and there on my bed right by my pillow would be a note, "Pansy, please take K.P. tomorrow." I can't explain how I'd feel, a very sickly feeling nevertheless, and so in the six remaining hours, I'd try to rest my weary bones as much as possible for the next day's hard labor. Bed check was

at 11 and lights on soon after 5.

But, all in all, the WAC wasn't so bad. It wouldn't surprise me any if I don't decide to re-enlist again. At least if I ever do, I'll know what I'm headed for. . . .

*Your friend,
Pansy S. Ford*

P.S. I forgot to mention my basic training was in Fort Devens, Massachusetts. I paraded in Boston on one occasion (at a baseball game between the Red Sox and the Tigers). We were the guests of the Red Sox and we remained long enough to see them defeated.

On the other hand, Technician Third Grade Evelyn Robeson '28, stationed at Fort Meyer, Virginia, drew substantive administrative duty at the Pentagon and thrived on her experiences:

July 28, 1944

Dear "Prof" Jett:

. . . So far as I know there are no other Aggies in this building but there could easily be a great many—with 35,000 people here, it is like a small city and seeing someone you know is unusual. The only facility that the Pentagon lacks, that I think of at the moment, is a beauty parlor. Guess they think the absences from offices might run into an hour or tow if it were that convenient to get beautified. There are lots of beverage bars, cafeterias, a drug store, uniform store (P.X.), shoe shop, cleaner, laundry, bank, department store, book store, newsstands, Western Union desk, branch telephone office, Post Office, and what-not all under one roof. Very convenient, especially for us G.I.'s who don't get to town during shopping hours.

I'm still on the same job and like it as well as ever. Am in the Organization Planning Section of the Personnel Branch in the Office of the Chief of Staff. (In case all of that tells you anything!) We prepare organization charts, put out circulars and various other publications including instructions and correspondence manuals, etc. It is very interesting work and a wonderfully fine group of employees. (I'm the only WAC in the office—the only black sheep as it were.) It was worth joining the Army, even if I didn't like it, to have landed in this office. However, I do like being in the Army even when I gripe the loudest—it is a rather trying existence in many respects but an experience I wouldn't miss. I've learned a great deal and expect to keep on learning."

A familiar refrain pops up as she continues:

"The think I dislike most about it is K.P.—you should try a little of that sometime and then you'd think your life as a college "prof" is pure delight. We pull K.P. for eight hours once a month. That isn't too bad, I suppose, but we think it is. Barracks life leaves much to be desired in the way of comforts and conveniences, not to mention such trifling luxuries as beauty of surroundings and privacy, but, as I said

before, it's an experience I wouldn't miss—just so it doesn't last forever. With the war going as it is, we feel a bit cheered up of late about the prospects of again being human beings instead of G.I. gals.”

The question of advancement for women within the military structure had been a bone of contention from the creation of the WAC. The average WAC actually had more education than her enlisted Army counterpart, education that would have easily qualified her for Army Officer Candidates' School. If women were to be assigned principally administrative duties, they could not achieve ranks that would outstrip those of their male supervisors. Women generally entered the military as enlisted personnel with the idea that all could apply and compete for admission to OCS and rise thereafter according to merit. However, ideas of egalitarian advancement gave way to favoritism based on combinations of social class and education, a system that paralleled that of the regular Army. Because of gender authority concerns, progress up the ranks tended to be suppressed, hard-earned, and, therefore, a matter of some pride as Evelyn Robeson goes on to point out:

As you see, I've been fortunate enough to acquire a few stripes and understand that effective August first, I shall have another. That will make me a Technician Third Grade which is the same as Staff Sergeant. So please get a note of respect into your voice when you refer to me as Sergeant Robeson! It is lots of fun getting these stripes—sort of like playing a game. The Army moves in mysterious ways, its wonders to perform and the method of advancement is no exception—they love keeping us guessing. It appears that the chance of going to Officer Candidates' School is practically non-existent. I waited too long to “jine”—but perhaps the advantages of being a non-com outweigh the disadvantages. In any case, I am not unhappy and, after all, the job is what counts. It is a distinct relief, after all those years of thinking and planning for myself and Mother, to have everything thought out for me. All I have to do is be at the appointed place at the appropriate hour to receive whatever I require—food, clothes, clean sheets, or anything. And traveling a` la Army is absolutely out of this world—no worrying about anything—just be at the designated corner, luggage in hand, and everything is taken care of. A truck takes us to the train, an officer hands us our tickets after seeing us safely on the correct choo-choo, and we are provided with meal tickets, Pullman reservations (whenever possible, at least) and transportation at the end of the trip. And we always know that there's a little mess hall with plenty of food and a barracks with a little bunk all ready for us—and life goes on. It's a great life.

A Home-Economics major in the Class of 1939, Ettie Jones successfully made the leap from enlisted personnel to commissioned officer:

July 14, 1943

Dear Dad Jett,

. . . First I was sent to Daytona Beach, Florida where I went

through my basic training. I lived in a hotel right on the beach. It was a beautiful place to spend the winter. I spent four weeks in basic training. Then was sent to non-commissioned officers' school. Then was sent out to the Cantonment area as cadre [personnel detailed to establish and train new military units]. There we lived in semi-permanent barracks. I was a drill sergeant during the time I was cadre. I had a chance to go out in the field as a 1st sergeant but decided to come to Officer Candidates' School in Des Moines. I spent six tough weeks in O.C.S. Came out as a 3rd Officer WAC which is equivalent to a 2nd Lt in the men's Army. I got out of O.C.S. at a time when everything was hanging fire pending the passing of the bill [conferring regular military status]. Now I am in another school and awaiting orders to be sent out in the field for duty. We are all anxious to get assignments. . . .

On 14 July 1945 she writes again to Dean Jett and fills him in on her further activities:

. . . I've been in San Francisco almost two years with the Fourth Air Force as a combat intelligence officer. Our office is open 24 hours a day and we cover it in three shifts—changing shifts every three days. So you can well imagine that old adage of routine isn't accepted as a fact with us. Today I've had one hectic time trying to sleep. Got off at 8 A.M. Will go back on at midnite. In between sleeps I found your letter and thought I'd read a few [newsletters] while I was eating and then put them down. But I finished the lot before I went to sleep again. That was an interesting interlude if not all pleasant news. War is hell, Prof. That's just the only term that fits it. Even though I've fought it on this side, I've been in a position to see and know a lot that goes on. And I realize I really don't know the half of it when some of these fellows start talking. My cousin. . . was here during Christmas. Just returned from 16 months in Italy, Sicily, Salerno and Anzio landings. He was injured on Anzio. Lost three fingers off left hand and concussion from bomb. He was feeling fine, however. But there's bitterness down deep that only time can erase.

Since I am fighting the battle of Market Street in San Francisco, I might add I love California and all its silly weather and have felt grand. It doesn't seem to bother me to change my whole routine of eat, sleep, and work every three days. However, my friends tell me it's aging me. But time would anyhow. Frankly, I'm like a million others. I'd like to get out of the Service. It has done me good and given me a valuable experience. But we are all so tired of it. And, of course, I have personal reasons that happen to be stationed on the East Coast. Prof, I've been engaged for two years to the grandest man. He is in the Air Corps, too. We were here together for almost a year in the same office. He has been gone a year now, though, and neither of us can get a leave to even see the other. He just called me this morning to say he was still in hopes he would be transferred here but would be held in Buffalo a while longer.

He, of course, is the happiness I've had and he's given me plenty of happiness. We plan our wedding bells when this is over.

Since the battlefield has shifted completely to the Pacific, our job is even more important and has been a tense job while the conference is on. However, I don't believe the Japs have much they can do to us now—no more than they have already done. But we can't afford to slacken and our work tends to spread over many phases as we do have charge of all the bases in the Fourth Air Force up and down the Coast as far as Intelligence goes. It's an interesting thing to be in as you are on the inside track of everything that happens both here and over. But can be very tiring after a tense few hours.

It's hard to realize I've been in the service two and one half years and yet, in many ways, it's seemed longer. Have turned down three chances recently to go over. If they want me to, they will send me my orders. I'm not volunteering. I don't feel it's that much of a woman's war. If they need me, I'll go because they will just send me and there won't be any question of, do I want to?

Prof, keep the letters coming. You don't know how much news from home means and State College was home. Have almost established home here now with a lovely apartment overlooking the bay within walking distance of work. Doing my own cooking (most of the time) and, in general, having fun keeping a place of my own....

To most eyes Ettie would seem to have had it all: a critical assignment relating to the future of nothing less than world peace; the respect due her officer's rank, a fiancé, a charming apartment overlooking San Francisco Bay. In the enigmatic phrase, "it's not a woman's war," she touches, however, on a growing identity crisis among many women in the military—that they were merely let in the door to take over tedious administrative duties and bore minimal responsibility for the successful conclusion of the war. In her last letter to Dean Jett, dated 13 August 1945, she writes both of her weariness with Army routine and her fear that life will never again be so exciting:

... I was on duty last night when the flash came in—only sorry it wasn't true. However, I do believe that it will come soon.

I am a jinx—always all such news comes in on my shift. The first surrender offer came in while I was on midnite to 8. All I can say now is that I was weary when I got home. The work is tense and tedious under even false alarms. (I deserve a medal for war fatigue-ha.)

... There's never a dull moment, Prof, and I sometimes wonder if I'll get back to everyday routine—living as I have the past two years in the midst of all the excitement. Getting all the first news and having the inside story on everything first hand. . . .

Creating the Women's Army Corps precluded the appearance of a naval women's organization (WAVE'S). In March [1944 ?] Dean Jett received the following enthusiastic letter from former student, Margaret McNish, stationed in the Bronx, New York:

Did you ever hear from a female sailor before? . . . We're really getting the training here! For the first two weeks we were here, we spent exactly 13 hours each day in (guess where?). Right— the mess hall! We stacked thousands of cups and bowls and some of the girls peeled potatoes, onions, etc. Anyway, it was a happy day when we got through being “garbage girls.”

Now we're real WAVES in our sharp Navy blues. You should be here. You'd love it because really there's thousands of girls here— SPARS, MARINES, and WAVES. We drill every day and break our bones in gym doing calisthenics and we've been shot with so many different needles that now we're even afraid to look in our sewing kits—we're so “needle-shy.” We were quarantined for three and one half weeks but last Saturday we got to go to the City from noon 'til 8:00 P.M. Had to be home early, didn't we?...

Another of Dad Jett's students and a former office girl, Fairy Oliver, of Belen, New Mexico, chronicles in a series of letters the progress of her dream to join the Marines as antidote to a palpably restless spirit:

“I've been a real busy girl since last I wrote you. . . I left Cruces because I didn't like my work there. I went back to Ogden and planned on going back to work for the government but had a much better offer so took it. For a period of a couple of months I was contract manager for a large dairy concern there in Ogden. That job had quite a bit of traveling to it so, naturally, I enjoyed it very much. The most pleasant trip I had while working for that company was one to Sidney, Nebraska and Sedgwick, Colorado.

I was gone ten days and had the pleasure of driving a brand new international milk truck from Denver to Ogden.

About the middle of October I broke my leg so was forced to quit the dairy. I then stayed in Ogden another month doing some radio work and the middle of November decided to come home.

The first of December I started driving a taxicab in Albuquerque and drove it until last Saturday.

Today was the grand opening of my own Magnolia Service Station here in Belen. I bought it and signed the final papers on it last Tuesday. It looks like my roaming days are over for a while, don't it, Dad? However, I think I have a good deal here and should be able to save some money for that day when I can come back to college. I'm going to do washing and greasing and general service station work. The work will all be done by Fairy V. Oliver. Ever hear of her?

Incidentally, I have cut my hair like a boy and people who don't know me think I am a boy. I had a good laugh the other night coming down on the train from Albuquerque. A fellow was talking to me about my work and his and a few things in general. Finally the discussion got around to the draft and after he had told me all about his deferments, he proceeded to ask me if I was of draft age. I told him I was a girl and

I thought the man was going to faint. I never saw anyone so surprised in all my life. . . .

Daddy has more work than he can handle by himself. He has recruited my sister, Shirley, to help him and my other sister, Ruby, is going to help me in the station after I get my business built up so the whole Oliver family is busy at something. . . .

On 24 August 1944 she writes again:

. . . I certainly would like to come back to school this fall but as I only have six more months to go before I can join the Marines, I feel that six months isn't long enough to even start me on the courses I want to take. I heard the college half hour over the radio the other night and it surely did make me homesick.

. . . Well, I've still got my service station but the gypsy foot is getting me again so I am thinking of seeling out to Ruby. You remember my sister, Ruby, don't you? It isn't that I don't like the work and all because I do but, Dad, I just can't stay in one place very long. I've been home ten months now and it's too long for these itchy feet of mine. . . .



Fairy V. Oliver
Freshman photograph
The Swastika, 1938.

There was only one prof at NMA&MA who ever scared me silly and that was the Dean of Engineering. He was the dragon, breathing fire and I was the miserable little child or however that fairy tale goes. No fooling, he just had me shaking in my boots all the time. I'm sure you believe all of that, don't you, Dad?

Oh, well, you know me. If I can't be telling tall tales, I'm not happy. . . .

On 29 January 1945 she writes:

Well, here I am again and with a different job, too. In answer to your question, 'What will you be doing next?', I don't know. I guess I'll just have to make a profession out of seeing how many different things I can do. Ruby and I were figuring the other day that in the soon-to-be 20 years of my young life, I have done 18 different things so it looks as though I have a pretty good start. Incidentally, I'm working in the Safeway store here at home as a meat clerk. What kind of butcher do you think I would make?

I still plan on going into the Marines and I just have a month to go now. My papers are all in and on March 1 I am scheduled for a

physical exam. I'm getting pretty anxious, too.

I'm taking flying lessons now and love it. I hope I'll get some kind of a job in the Marines that will let me do a lot of flying. . . .

On 29 March 1945 Fairy reports excitedly to Dean Jett that she has made the Marine Corps and is to report within a few days time to Camp LeJeune, North Carolina. She also reveals that she has been taking flying lessons and has just soloed for the first time. She signs her letter, Fairy V. Oliver (Pvt. USMCWR). After a few months as an enlistee, she still brims over with enthusiasm:

September 14, 1945

Dear Dad,

Well, six months has gone by since I last wrote you and all those six months I have been a Marine and have loved every minute of it. Never in all my life have I done anything I'm more proud of.

The first six weeks of my Marine Corps career consisted of boot camp at Camp LeJeune, New River, North Carolina and I can tell you now, it was far more fun than it was work. We got up every morning at 0545 (remember that Navy time I used to struggle with? I know it now.), had eight hours of class, one hour of drill, one hour of P.E. every day except Sunday. At the end of boot camp I was selected as one of the eight honor women out of 200. I guess you know I had the big head over that.

From Camp LeJeune, I was sent to Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, California, where I spent three months as a jeep driver. That was lots of fun and you know me. Pendleton is the largest Marine base in the world. It covers more than 200,000 acres and is composed of what used to be the famous Santa Margarita Ranch. There is a beautiful Naval hospital at Camp Pendleton located on the edge of a lake with lots of green lawns [and] surrounding white buildings.

I received my orders to go overseas on the day of VJ day and four days later they were cancelled. You may be sure I was greatly disappointed because to go overseas was the one thing I wanted to do. Guess it just wasn't in the stars for me to go.

Three weeks ago I was transferred to the Marine Corps Base at San Diego. Guess what I'm doing here. I'm a mechanic at the motor pool and I'm really grease-happy over it. It took the Marine Corps to make a mechanic out of me but they did with my full appreciation.

. . . If everything works out the way I've got it planned, I'll be back in school there before too long. I don't [know] for sure yet but to go back to college is about the best thing I can think of.

It rather looks like the WR's will be disbanded about the first of the year. I certainly don't want to be a civilian again but guess there is nothing I can do about it. . . .

Sincerely,

Pvt. Fairy V. Oliver

*Headquarters Marine
Training Replacement
Command
Marine Corps Base
San Diego, California*

That Private Oliver begins to sign her subsequent cards and letters as “Oscar” suggests strongly that service in the Marine Corps solved for her a deep-seated identity crisis. The inability to find satisfying employment, the yearning to break away and see the world, the sly fun in fooling people with boyish haircuts, and, of course, well-developed mechanical skills all point to an “alternative life style” little tolerated in 1940s America. Opponents of allowing women in the military had vociferously argued that masculinization of women would be an inevitable and ghastly outcome of such radical change. Others warned that “degenerate” and opportunistic elements would find refuge or at least camouflage in the services. For Fairy Oliver the Marines seemed to prove less a refuge than an opportunity to accept and find respect for her inherent talents. As in the cases of all Dean Jett’s girl correspondents, we do not and, at this late date, probably can never know, the ends of their stories. We do know that Fairy Oliver never returned to New Mexico College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. She opted instead to receive her Bachelor’s degree in accounting from the Balboa University College of Law and College of Business, after which she became a certified public accountant. The evidence strongly suggests that her year in the military rescued her from a tumbleweed existence and put her on the path to becoming a purposeful and self-confident young woman.

For Kathleen Kelly⁴¹ the onset of war brought the fulfillment of a dream. A French major at State College, Ms. Kelly was one of two girls—both redheads, a fact that seemed to delight Dean Jett—to take the extracurricular civil flight class offered at the local Las Cruces airstrip. Kathleen had one older brother heading to the South Pacific and another training stateside. One can only imagine what her parents thought of a daughter dreaming about taking to the air. When Kathleen left State College, the U.S. Congress had just begun the debate about women in the military. Women aviators were a glamorous novelty and did not present a professional opportunity. Kathleen had pragmatically trained as a teacher but her heart was clearly in flying and on 26 October 1942 she wrote rather wistfully to Dean Jett:

... Somehow my little bit of flying that I did down there is still secondary for me as far as my so-called career is concerned. But it's still tops on my list of what I love most. So every time that an opportunity comes along, I'm up in the clouds. . . .

Although celebrated now, the Women Air Force Service Pilots came very quietly into existence in 1942 and disbanded only two years later as the war wound down. The renowned aviators, Jacqueline Cochran and Nancy Love, had persuaded Army Air Force generals that licensed women flyers could take over many testing and ferrying functions, thereby freeing men for combat duties. Cochran and Love did not argue for military status; WASP recruits would remain civilians attached to the military.¹¹ Their training, however, was to follow strictly that of the regular Air Force cadet program. Selection

standards were rigorous with only a small percentage of exceptionally fit and capable applicants accepted.¹² As the trainees advanced from primary through basic and advanced flight and ground schools they were just as susceptible to “washing out” as their male counterparts. The women trained on every kind of Air Force plane and were, in turn, made instructors and test pilots.¹³ Col. Lawrence Pickett, an air transport pilot in the China-Burma-India theatre and, incidentally a classmate of Kathleen Kelly’s at State College, recalled being somewhat in awe of the tiny, blond WASP pilot assigned to train him in a new model aircraft.¹⁴ Female pilots were also sent up in experimental planes to demonstrate to male pilots the mechanical soundness of the ships. The experimental nature of much of their work meant that the government classified most records relating to the WASPs. As Kathleen Kelly underscores in the following letter, the WASPs were not in service for glory and publicity; they were women with dedication and a particular skill and, as such, were respected and treated as equals up there in the cockpit. The terms of service, however, denied them recognition, honors, decorations, and benefits on the ground.

*Flosser Prince Air Academy
Avenger Field
Sweetwater, Texas
February 24, 1943*



Kathleen Kelly '41
Senior photograph
The Swastika, 1941.

Dear Dad Jett—

*Aren't you proud of this redhead
of yours? I sure am—and I'm not
bragging either.*

*This is the most fun I've had since
we quit flying down there at school. Today
we met our instructors and had our first pre-flight lesson. There's not another
thing I can tell about it—it's under "classified information"—but I will say
that it's wonderful.*

*We have regular drill as in the Army. We're very green at the whole thing
and I'm afraid the lieutenants in charge of our drill aren't any too thrilled
about trying to get us all in step. But we try so very hard.*

*Ground school isn't difficult at all so far and hope it remains this
simple.*

*Though I'd just let you know that the breaks have started my way again
and we'll "show our Uncle Sam what we can do, sir" to repay for all these
wonderful opportunities that have been given us.*

*One strict regulation we have is no publicity in any form. But if you're
still making up that class letter, I'd sure love to hear about all the rest of*

the fellows..."

The next month she writes:

As of yesterday, I have 22 hours and 32 minutes, which is pretty wonderful. We're flying PT-19A's— Fairchild's with 175 inline Ranger engines. They're sure fun to fly—great ships. We also are taking training on the Link, which is hard work. It's quite surprising how that airspeed indicator registers everywhere except the correct speed. Sure do have to trust your instruments...

After graduation ceremonies on 7 August 1943, Kathleen moved on to Camp Davis, North Carolina. Her infectious enthusiasm pours forth in her next letter to Dad Jett:

... This 'flying redbead' of yours has been having quite a wonderful time with her flying. I'm flying ships that I just used to look at in magazines and dream about flying.

When I went into the program. . . I considered myself one of the luckiest girls alive. I had been told that the requirements would be 75 hours flying time and my mere 57 hours looked a bit small. . . so I continued teaching school with my heart in every plane that flew over. You can well imagine how happy I was when the telegraphed orders came, telling me to take a physical examination and, if successful, to report to Sweetwater, Texas the following week. It was a success; and from that day I have been as happy as it is possible for anyone to be happy, I believe.

We were given the training that the Air Corps cadets were given. In fact, when our class arrived in Sweetwater, it was still just a primary field and cadets were still in training there. Gee, when I first saw those

PT-19A trainers, I was ready to pack up and go home. I remembered that Louis Henderson had brought one up to Cruces from Randolph one day, and my instructor had taken Gay [French, the other red-bead] and I out to it and showed us how it 'worked', and kidded us about wanting to fly it. Well, there it was for us. It looked so big! But, we flew it—and worked hard learning to fly the "Army way".



Kathleen Kelly's
WASP Graduation
Announcement.

Along with our flying we had ground school and drilling and calisthenics. Our life was changed over to a strictly military basis. We "fell in" and "fell out" all over the place. That five and a half months that took us through primary, basic and advanced were months filled with experiences that couldn't be had

anywhere else. We certainly learned to live.

As you know, the primary purpose of the program was to train us to go into the Air Transport Command. With our class, however, a new field was opened up. Twenty-five of us were selected for this experiment to determine whether girls could do other phases of flying for the Army besides just ferrying aircraft. We were sent to this base at Camp Davis, North Carolina and attached to the Third Tow Target Squadron here. We began by learning to fly in the 'Cubs' all over again. Instructors were assigned to us. Mine had never been in a Cub before the day that he went up with me. So it was a toss-up as to who was checking out whom. After three hours in the Cub, we were taken for an orientation ride in the A-24, the Douglas Dauntless. After shooting a landing, we were turned loose in them. And it was with a certain amount of pride that we flew them. After all, a 1000 horsepower up there in that nose was a lot of horses for us. We began our tracking and towing mission for the Anti-aircraft and have been doing them ever since. Almost six months now.

We have also check out in the AT-11, which is one nice ship. Right now, the A-25, Curtiss Helldiver, is our favorite. We're very proud of those 1700 horses in front of us. We also co-pilot on the B-34, but I don't particularly like it. I much prefer the 'little' single-engine jobs. Of course, if a P-38 or an A-20 were handed over to me, that would be a bit of all right, too.

I should like to show you my logbooks. It even amazes me. In one day we have flights, perhaps, in Cubs, L-5's, A-24's, or A-25's. Sort of a jumbled-up affair of horsepowers.

. . . North Carolina is a very wet place. We must be in the middle of the 'rainy' season. Hope it's well along in the middle, anyhow. . . Thanks again for the letters. I love 'em.

*Your 'flying redhead',
Kathleen*

Her disappointment at the disbanding of the WASPs is palpable in her final wartime letter to Dean Jett dated 15 October 1944:

Here's one of your redheads reporting in to you after a long period of silence. No doubt, you have read or heard that the WASP's will be deactivated on December 20. That lets most of us be home for Christmas which we all think will be pretty wonderful. Of course, it will be pretty hard to have to give up flying all the ships that we have been flying. But, when we reach the point where we are replacing rather than releasing the men pilots—well, it's time to go home. It has been a great experience and we have just about been in "Seventh Heaven" flying as we have been able to.

. . . Well, I'll be back to flying Cubs before much longer—but it will be pretty wonderful getting back to New Mexico again. It's a grand place, isn't it?

Kathleen Kelly died in May 2007. Her obituary reports that she married an official of the Federal Aviation Administration in the late 1940s

and was survived by a son and three daughters. She obtained an M.A. in Education and “enjoyed a long teaching career in Cut Bank, Montana,” retiring after twenty-five years to pursue varied interests as a volunteer. She reportedly “continued to enjoy flying.” At her death she was accorded full military honors as a veteran of the Air Force WASPs.

The sadness and uncertainty of waiting for news about beloved husbands and brothers provided impetus for some Aggie girls to seek out war service, both military and civilian. In 1943 Winifred Porter knew only that her brother, Capt. William “Wild Bill” Porter, after being one of the last to surrender at Bataan, had survived the ‘death march’ and was held in one of the Japanese internment camps near Manila. She writes to Dad Jett, 15 June 1943:

. . . After leaving the Aggies. . . I continued my studies at the [New Mexico College of] Mines until the fall of Bataan when I felt as if I had to do something for my country. It was then that I secured a defense position at Biggs Field and I will celebrate a year in the service this month. I am associated with the Special Service Officer and enjoy my work to the fullest extent. Our major interested center around ‘soldier morale’, which takes in entertainments, radio broadcasts, sports and personal assistance.

You can well imagine how fascinating this work can be. . . .

Winifred was on the dock in San Francisco when her brother returned home after years in the infamous Cabanatuan camp, a harrowing voyage on a Japanese “hell ship” and, finally, imprisonment in Manchuria.

Even Kathleen Kelly, caught up in the excitement of her own adventure, reported anxiously to Dean Jett on her brothers’ fates late in 1944:

. . . Dan has been added to the list of casualties from our A&M. He was wounded rather badly in France around August 10th. At present he’s in a hospital back in England. It’s the ninth he’s been in since he had the misfortune to get in the way of something.

Debs is still company commander of his company down in the South Pacific. He’s had a lot of nasty work down there but has had the good luck to remain intact. . . .

Jeanne Bloch ‘41 enlisted in the Marine Corps late in 1944 not yet knowing the fate of her husband, Lt. Joseph Bloch, who had been missing in action in the Pacific since December 1943. Her description of the WR post conjures more images of a girls’ boarding school than of a military installation. Finding ways to use her musical skills within the Marines must also have provided a comforting diversion from the gloomy uncertainties she faced in her personal life. She wrote to Dean Jett on 8 January 1945:

When I joined the Marine Corps they would not take girls in as OC’s directly; one had to be on active duty at least six months and an NCO. I’ve reached that status now and would like to apply. Would you write me a letter of recommendation? Character references are what they require.

I’m a Link Trainer Operator, Dad, instructing principles of instrument flight and radio navigation. It is very interesting work

and certainly of value to aviation. We teach most everyone— pilots, navigators, control tower operators, navigation students, and all others who are interested. Our hours aren't bad. We have about the best liberty of any department on the base so we consider ourselves very lucky. Marines, most of them, consider Cherry Point a most dull place.

I've had fun with my music since I've been here. Christmas, the music of our Squadron pageant was my charge. I've played numerous accompaniments for vocalists and last Sunday they had me playing the Hammond for Chapel, much to my great pleasure. The most fun was playing the pipe organ in one of the oldest North Carolina churches for a wedding, all on the spur of the moment. The athletic department is a great haunt of mine, too. We had a good hockey team and are starting our basketball practice now. The WR's have a nice auditorium-gym combined.

We also have a grand beach and boathouse where we spent our off moments last summer swimming and sailing. . . Still, people say this is a dull base. They don't know how to have fun. The night life's in the form of clubs and such is rather lacking.

I've had no official work as to Joe's status from the Navy department as yet but expect it any day because it has been a year since he went down. His squadron came back in July with a record just as glorious as the one when they were out the first time. We're going to secure now so I guess that means the typewriter, too. Please excuse my crude fumbling over the keys. Sometimes my fingers just will hit the wrong keys. . . Adios for now, Dad Jett.

Love, Jeanne

On 5 April 1945 the recently promoted Sergeant Bloch writes again:

. . . Before my furlough, I was quite the gad-around. . . Since then circumstances beyond my control seem to have made me a "bulthead frowner"! I've turned to the chaplain for assistance— oh, I beg your pardon, it's the other way around—I was asked to assist the chaplain, to play the organ and direct the choir. It's very interesting; as you know, music has always been my major interest even though I deviate often. I must credit it also with saving me from many moments of mental anguish—whenever my moods get unbearable, I've been able to talk myself out of them on the piano. We've been attending Dead Reckoning School the last three weeks. . . we've plotted our positions so many odd places and ways that I'm really ready to let someone else in my family "carry on" with aviation. People who fly have to be too versatile! We had to learn such a means of navigation because we have added Dead Reckoning flights to our link syllabus and even though we don't actually teach it, we have to know what they're doing or be snowed! (another military expression) This evening I went calling. . . Leo Thieme's sister lives in the barracks next to us. . . she is hopeful that Leo will be

released now. I do want him to be all right. I'm tired of sadness and heavy hearts. [Capt. Leo Thieme of the Armored Infantry had been liberated from a German prisoner of war camp only to be detailed to the Pacific theatre where he was declared missing in action in Japan. He was later liberated from a camp.] Thanks, Dad, for the flattering letter of recommendation. The Marine Corps officials will probably be around to ask you questions. We have passed our first board; one more, then Washington. There is bound to be a snag somewhere—getting things or in a desirable position in the Marine Corps is not only having ability, but being able to surmount all of the obstacles they can dig up—besides being at the right place at the opportune moment! That, I suppose, is life itself. . . .

It would be months before Jeanne was officially notified that her husband had died 4 December 1943 in action over the South Pacific.

Mrs. Joseph D. Thorpe faced similar uncertainty. Her husband, known as Dallas, was a captain in the 200th Coast Artillery that surrendered at Bataan and endured the march to camps in Manila. In her letters she chronicles the anxiety and helplessness of an Army wife. The Army held centuries-old standards of conduct in war time for its informal “corps” of wives; the bravery of wives reflected materially on the bravery and nobility of the soldier. Had Mrs. Thorpe lived on a military post, it would have been almost scandalous for her to express such depths of feeling openly. From the safe distance of Artesia, New Mexico, Fay Thorpe responds to a concerned letter from Dad Jett on 10 January 1942:

Received your most welcome letter. Letters seem to be one thing that I really get a satisfaction from at the present. So many people have been thoughtful and have written to me and they are more than appreciated.

We had one radiogram from Dallas after the trouble started. No word since and that has been almost five weeks ago. I try to console myself by saying “no news is good news” but it is mighty hard at times for me to take. His mother keeps me rather upset and nervous but she has to be considered and handled very carefully. I love Dallas, too. She doesn't seem to think that anyone loves him as she does. . . There is a lot to be considered in this war even at times it seems to us that our government is not doing as much as we want them to. All I can hope and pray for is that our boys will be safe and give those yellow snakes a good battle. . . When you write to [Dallas], please tell him that I am well and trying to be a good soldier. I tell him nothing but good news but he thinks I am worried sick. I though it might help if you would enclose a few lines about me that would cheer him up. . . .

A year later in June of 1943, Fay's nerves are only slightly less frayed. She reports to Dean Jett:

. . . Yes, hearing that Dallas was a prisoner gave me new and more hope.

That is the last I have heard. Since so many of the boys have been reported as dead I feel rather upset and blue. I have tried to be brave and take things as I know Dallas would want me to but it is so hard at times to keep from being blue and gloomy.

You asked what I was doing? Since January 1942 I have been working for my father-in-law...as a stenographer and receptionist which I thoroughly enjoy. Best of all I am kept busy from 8:00 A.M. till 5:30 P.M. Very often at night I go with him on calls or to the hospital. I prefer to stay busy so I do not have as much time to worry. As far as I know, at present I will continue to work for the duration here unless there is some place I am more needed. Also, I am doing civilian recruiting for WAAC, [and am] secretary for the Business and Professional Women's Club—all in all, I really keep going. . . .

As Fay put it, Army wives were expected to “soldier on” with more or less stiff upper lips. As the war stretched on, more and more tales of atrocities made their way into newspapers. Fay writes 17 February 1944:

. . . Yes, we have gone through some suspense and worry since the atrocity story was released. However, I still have faith that Dallas is all right. I received two more cards from him in December; his own handwriting was on the cards. His writing had always been poor and he was never very conscientious about it and I had laughed at him for writing so terribly, but, believe me, it looked like a masterpiece to me on those cards. I knew at a glance that it was his; no one else in the world could write like he does. . . .

Sadly, Fay was to be notified of her husband's death of exposure and starvation in Japan after a torturous voyage on not one but two Japanese “hell ships”. He had embarked on the *Oryoku Maru* which was sunk by the US. He miraculously survived that attack and was transferred to the *Brazil Maru* under even more hideous conditions. He died shortly after arrival in Japan.

Somewhat oddly, very few of the girls who corresponded with Dean Jett served as nurses in field or base hospitals. Dorrie Faoro '44, however, found her skills as a biologist in great demand. She eventually joined the U.S. Public Health Service and wrote one long and detailed letter to Dean Jett on her wartime duties in Texas: Heath Service and wrote one long and detailed letter to Dean Jett on her wartime duties in Texas:

June 24, 1945

Dear Dad Jett,

. . . My work I have enjoyed very much so far and I've met some wonderful people and learned ever so much. . . I had written to various state health departments for a position and received favorable replies from practically all. Georgia, North Carolina, New Mexico, Louisiana, Mississippi and Texas all had various positions for biologists and I had a hard time deciding. I felt mercenary, however, and accepted the Texas State offer because they paid the highest for novices? Now I'm very glad that I did because it is the most progressive of the southern state health departments. Since being employed by the state I've received two raises so you can see that it is very generous.

My first stop was in Austin where I was given a two months training course in serology. I felt that I knew quite a bit when I was in that cap and gown on July 15, 1944 but very soon discovered that an almighty degree is no assertion of one's true knowledge. Those two months, therefore, required some strenuous digging on my part and I lamented the fact that I had ignored all the chemistry courses while in college. They would have helped considerably. Somehow, I managed to learn the various serological techniques without the chemistry and was given my rating as junior serologist with the public health service.

From Austin I was sent to San Antonio. I decided that I didn't want to be stationed anywhere permanently and made my wishes known. The state is very nice about placing you where you'll be happiest on the proverbial theory that there you will do your best work and so they have promised me that they'll keep me moving as long as they have places to move me. Of course, in the event of personnel reductions, I would be among the first to go because of the nomadic tendencies but that I will worry about later. In the meantime I'm seeing Texas at the state's expense and acquiring much more knowledge that way than by working in one spot for the next 17 years.

My month in San Antonio I enjoyed very much. It's an interesting city and the people I worked with are among the best. There I did serology exclusively and since we did all the inductions and replacements for Fort Sam Houston, we had anywhere from three to 700 blood tests every day. It was quite a job for the three of us, all of us just fresh out of training but we had a swell time and I don't think we turned out very many false reports.

In November I went back to Austin and waited around for reassignment. I did some work in bacteriology and was going into parasitology when I received orders to come to Texarkana. My original orders were to stay here only until April but events have prolonged my stay here. I'm leaving here in August, however, if nothing else happens. Where I go from this place, I don't know yet but probably back to Austin to await reassignment.

Texarkana is a nice little town as border towns go. There is quite a bit of rivalry between the Texas and Arkansas side and although there is only a line separating the two sides, each has its own mayor, police force, etc. Even its own health units but we do most of the work for the Arkansas side, too. There are two large ordnance plants located here and we constantly get the vibrations and noises of exploding bombs and shells without the actual horrors the battlefield experiences.

East Texas is either wet or hot. We're in the tornado and flood belt and every other week I expect us to get washed into the Gulf. It rains and rains and rains, then the sun comes out full blast and cooks everything. The farmers are having a difficult time this year, I'm told, because they've never had quite so much rain. Texarkana itself has never quite had to move out but we have had flooded streets and have been isolated several times.

This is a comparatively small health unit; therefore, my duties here

have been more varied and I do all the routine laboratory tests. These include serology, bacteriology, milk and water, tuberculosis clinics and parasitology. Actually, I'm in venereal disease control and my work is primarily with the venereal diseases. It's appalling the number of people that have syphilis or gonorrhea, or even both. When things are not too rushed in the lab, I go out prostitute hunting with the VD investigator and we generally make quite a haul. Most of the girls we pick up are contacts reported by the Army, and once a girl infects a soldier, the Army has her record as fast as she thinks she can get around. If a soldier reports an infectious contact in, let us say a camp in New York, the girl is apprehended and required to take treatment. Perhaps she will decide that things are "too hot" for here there so she moves on to an army town in, perhaps, South Carolina. She no sooner gets there than her past is right behind her in the form of Army VD reports and the health authorities get busy looking for the girl. Pretty soon she finds that she can't wander unmolested in South Carolina so she comes to Texas and Texarkana to take care of the soldier boys stationed here. We get information about her here and go pick her up. And so it goes, no matter where these girls go, the Army keeps tabs on them and eventually quarantines them for treatment.

It's a pretty hopeless task because most of them, as soon as they are given a fair amount of treatment to insure a comparative amount of cure, just go out about their old ways and get re-infected. The most pathetic cases are the little 14 year olds who have gone astray.

Dorrie Faero's "prostitute-hunting" touches on an issue that raised the collective blood pressure of feminists for years: public policy and legislation enforcing a moral judgment that "bad" women transmitted contagion to healthy young men. In 1942 Eliot Ness proclaimed the world's oldest profession essentially public enemy number one (Al Capone no longer being eligible).¹⁵ In the first year of recruitment for the war Ness reports that 60,000 of the first 1,000,000 recruits were rejected because of venereal infection. Rather than instituting scientific studies to examine causality, the Army declared prostitution the principal enemy of the enlisted men's well-being and sought legislation that effectively scapegoated female sexuality as a threat to what were characterized as normal sex drives of young men. The May Act of 1941 made the practice of prostitution around military or naval installations a federal offense.

As the war wound down, soldiers and civilians alike were giving much thought to what came next. The government handed its Armed Forces a significant leg up on the future by instituting the G.I. Bill of Rights guaranteeing veterans the right to higher education. Survivors of the war would flock back to overflowing campuses, many of which, like the New Mexico College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, had themselves only survived by temporary transformation into military academies. During the war women had dominated campus life; with the return of servicemen, the balance shifted and women comprised less than a third of those seeking higher education. Those who had

had a glimpse of a promising future borne of advanced degrees would find themselves bucking a backlash against accomplished, “unfeminine” women. Dorrie Faero hedges her bets:

I'm going to have to go back and take some physics before long. Since coming here, I've learned to take x-rays but find I'm in the dark about it all because I don't know anything about the physics of electricity or x-ray. I take only chest plates of tuberculosis patients and probably couldn't get very far if I had to do a fracture or something like that. Radiology is very interesting and I have considered going further into the field. . . I hope that when this is all over, I'll be returning to A&M with a prospective engineer under my arm. Right now he's taking chemistry by correspondence out there in the Marianas.

She has her man “under her arm” just in case. To the extent we can know from a distance of sixty years, most of Dean Jett’s “flying redheads,” WAC lieutenants and sergeants, and grieving widows (all of whom remarried) gratefully accepted the return to domesticity as a return to normalcy. But, one can’t help but wonder if Mrs Kathleen Kelly Titland’s heart ever really did come down out of the clouds.



Dora Faoro '44
Senior photograph
The Swastika, 1944.

As University Archivist, Martha Shipman Andrews presides over the HobsonHuntsinger University Archives at New Mexico State University Library. She was the recipient of the 2007 Gemoets Prize for the outstanding article in the Southern New Mexico Historical Review.

Endnotes

¹ (Congressman Clare Eugene Hoffman (R.-Michigan), *Congressional Record*. 77th Congress, 1st Session (17 March 1942): 2668) as quoted in Meyer, Leisa D. *Creating GI Jane: Sexuality and Power in the Women's Army Corps During World War II*. (New York: Columbia University Press, 1996), 20.

² *Ibid.*, 13

³ See Meyer, *Creating GI Jane*, for a detailed discussion of the creation and evolution of the WAAC (later WAC) in World War II

⁴ New Mexico College of Agriculture & Mechanic Arts. *The Swastika*, (Las Cruces: New Mexico State University, 1942), 96.

⁵ *Ibid.*, 86

⁶ *New Mexico State University Reminiscences*, 1 (Las Cruces: New Mexico State University Press, 1971), 21-22

⁷ New Mexico State University Library. Archives and Special Collections Department, Hobson-Huntsinger University Archives, Index to the World War II Correspondence of Dean Daniel B. Jett (A project funded by a grant from the New Mexico Historic Records Advisory Board, 2006).

⁸ All letters quoted hereafter are from the New Mexico State University Library, Hobson-Huntsinger University Archives, Records of the College of Engineering, Series: Dean Daniel B. Jett (1938-1947), Correspondence, 1938-1947.

⁹ See Meyer, *Creating GI Jane*, for discussion of the evolution from an auxiliary corps (WAAC) to full military status (WAC).

¹⁰ 1941 testimony of Army Assistant Chief of Staff John H. Hildring as quoted in Hartmann, Susan M. *The Home Front and Beyond* (Boston: Twayne Publishers, 1982), 35.

¹¹ It was only in 1977 that legislation passed Congress retroactively conferring full Air Force status on all former WASPs.

¹² The website www.wingsacrossamerica.us/wasp/facts.htm reports that of 25,000 applications, only 1830 actually were accepted and reported for training.

¹³ See Ann B. Carl, *A WASP Among Eagles* (Washington: Smithsonian Institution Press, 1999). In 1944 Carl became the first woman to fly a jet aircraft.

¹⁴ Conversation with Col. Lawrence Pickett at his home in Las Cruces, New Mexico, 22 March 2007.

¹⁵ Eliot Ness, "Venereal Disease Control in Defense," *The Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Sciences*, 220 (March 1942): 89-93.

William and John Hudgens: Double Trouble from Louisiana

Roberta Key Haldane

Two brothers from the Deep South, William and John Hudgens, surfaced in the New Mexico Territory in 1878, not long before the climax of the Lincoln County War. They operated saloons—first, the Old Brewery near Fort Stanton, and later the Pioneer and Long Branch at White Oaks—during the most chaotic stage of Lincoln County history. Besides selling whiskey to soldiers, miners, and cowboys, the Hudgens brothers developed mining and ranching interests. As young men of that time and place (especially in their main business as saloonkeepers) it would have been impossible to escape the violence and turmoil of Lincoln County's still-lawless frontier.

Background

William "Will" Harrison Hudgens, Jr. (born 12 December 1854) and John Hudgens, were natives of Louisiana.¹ Before the Civil War the Hudgens family had owned a plantation near Athens in Claiborne Parish in north central Louisiana, the largest and richest upland parish in the state.²

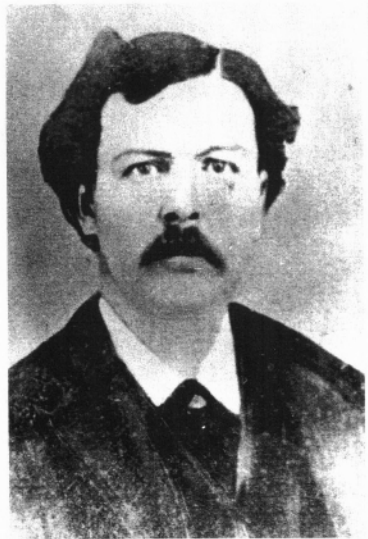
The brothers were sons of William Harrison Hudgens, Sr., and Julia Ann Cargill. Siblings included Juliette (born in October 1852 and died in 1854), Margaret (born in 1858), James Henry (born in 1860), Laura Louiza (born in 1862), and Martha Ann (born in 1866).

In Claiborne Parish, Will must have known Pat Garrett, future sheriff of Old Lincoln County in the Territory of New Mexico, who became famous for killing Billy the Kid. Garrett (born in 1850) was a contemporary. He had come to Claiborne Parish in 1853 at the age of three after his father moved there from Alabama and bought a plantation.³ The odds of same-aged sons of Claiborne Parish plantation owners living eleven miles apart getting to know one another in a time of sparse population would have been good.

Not long after the Civil War, in 1867 or early 1868, most of the Hudgens clan left the ruined South for good. They headed for Eagle Pass in southwest Texas just over the border from Piedras Negras in Coahuila, Mexico. On 20 April 1868, the elder William Hudgens died in Maysfield, Texas (perhaps on the way to Eagle Pass).

On 8 November 1872 Will married fifteen-year-old Mary Taylor, a Texas girl by birth. Two sons were born to Will and Mary, Willie in 1873 and John in 1876. On 5 November 1876, and still in Eagle Pass, John Hudgens married Mary's fifteen-year-old sister, Margaret Taylor. A daughter, Nora, was born to them the following year in Banderera, Texas.

Before long the Hudgens, including younger brother James, pulled up



William Hudgens, deputy for Sheriff Pat Garrett, c. 1880, New Mexico State University Library, Archives and Special Collections Department, Herman Weisner papers, Ms 249, PB3 7E.

stakes again and headed north to the Territory of New Mexico. They probably arrived in Lincoln County early in 1878.

Selman's "Scouts" Wreck the Old Brewery Saloon near Fort Stanton

Later that same year of 1878, Will and John joined forces to open a saloon called the Old Brewery just off post limits at Fort Stanton, about halfway between the fort and the town of Lincoln. The saloon building had formerly housed a brewery belonging to L. G. Murphy, post trader at Fort Stanton from 1866 to 1873.⁴ Operating a saloon made it easy for the Hudgens brothers to become acquainted with many of the men living in or passing through Lincoln County, including the soldiers stationed at Fort Stanton.

In September 1878, with bad men and hired guns thick on the Hondo, John Selman's gang, "Selman's Scouts," rode to the Old Brewery and tried to force Will to buy ammunition for them from the post trader at Fort Stanton. When Will refused, the gang sent four men to the post trader and succeeded in buying bullets, but the commanding officer of the post, Colonel Nathan A. Dudley, got wind of the matter from Will. Colonel Dudley had the outlaws arrested and marched back to the post trader where they were made to return the ammunition. Then Colonel Dudley kicked the four off his post with a stern warning not to return.

Led by a man named Dan Lemons, the gang reconvened in the Old Brewery to lick its wounds and—blaming Will Hudgens for its troubles and fueled by yet more whiskey—went on a rampage. The gang wrecked the saloon; raided the store's supplies of groceries; and assaulted Will's wife, Mary; her sister; and a man trying to defend the women, before thundering down to Lincoln to raid and menace the citizens there before riding on.⁵ Taking his family to Fort Stanton for protection, Will told Colonel Dudley he had recognized two Texans in the gang: Reese Gobles, an escaped convict from a Texas penitentiary, and John Selman, alias "John Gunter."⁶ In October 1878 John Hudgens, Gus Gildea, and others helped move the Beckwith cattle to Fort Stockton in Texas.⁷

Troubles Aplenty

More troubles arrived in 1878. On 13 December, former Sheriff John Copeland shot and wounded nineteen-year-old Johnny Mace [Juan Mes/Maes?] but was acquitted after appearing before Justice of the Peace John B. Wilson.⁸ Will then swore in an affidavit on 16 December that a mob was planning to take Mace and John Hurley, who was nursing the boy, and lynch them.⁹ Acting on this tip, Colonel Dudley brought Hurley and Mace to his fort for protection. Mace recovered from his wounds and turned to stealing horses. A little more than a year later, Mace repaid Will's kindness by robbing his store. Deputy Sheriff Tom Longworth led a posse that killed Mace before he could flee the country.¹⁰

At some point during the Lincoln County War, Will Hudgens must have made the acquaintance of Billy the Kid and gained the Kid's trust. During negotiations for "arrest" between the Kid and Gov. Lew Wallace in March 1879,

the Kid sent a messenger with a note to Juan Batista Wilson in Lincoln saying “it may be he [Governor Wallace] had made different arrangements if not he still wants in the same to Send ‘William Hudgins’ [sic] as Deputy, to the junction tomorrow. . .with some men you know to be all right.”¹¹ The governor replied in a note on which he had crossed out one line: “If you still insist upon Hudgins [sic], let me know.”¹² Possibly Will had extricated himself as go-between before the Kid was arrested on 23 March and lodged in an outbuilding in Lincoln; his name appears no more in these negotiations.

What was brother James up to during this time? A grand jury under Foreman Isaac Ellis convened 17 April 1879 and among other business charged three men as horse thieves: John Hudgens, Tobe Hudgens, and Robert Henry.¹³ All three eluded the sheriff, and Tobe Hudgens is not heard from again in Lincoln County.¹⁴ Younger brother James died 6 May 1879 while a prisoner in the Fort Stanton prison and is buried in the fort cemetery.

John found himself in trouble with the law again in July 1879. A list of legal documents in the Lincoln County courthouse shows that the Territory of New Mexico brought charges against him on 25 July for grand larceny; there is no mention of what he was accused of having stolen. John and Will Hudgens and J. S. Redman posted John’s bond, and there is no record of this case coming to trial.

From Fort Stanton to White Oaks and the Pioneer Saloon

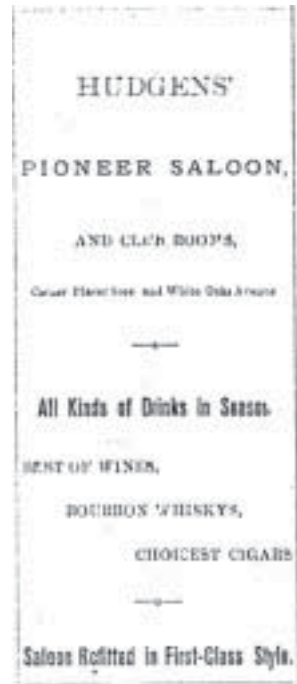
By now Will Hudgens had more pressing irons in the fire. In the company of another twenty-nine-year-old—the same Jim Redman who helped post brother John’s bond—he went over the mountains to White Oaks at the beginning of its gold boom.

Redman, in a letter some time later to a local White Oaks newspaper, states:¹⁵

I came to what is known as White Oak’s Spring in the fall of 1879, in company with William H. Hudgens and a bottle of whiskey. . . We visited the now famous Baxter Gulch and found imbedded in the side of a hill. . . Jack Winters, better known as “old blue skin.”¹⁶

Partner Hudgens and Redman soon thought up a better way to get their hands on White Oaks gold—mining the miners.

In the spring of ‘80, Mr. Hudgens and myself put up a saloon on the flat where White Oaks stands now, and . . . stocked it with Dowlin & Delany’s tanglefoot and pure Havana cigars. . . and I tell you we did a rushing trade. But the town commenced to grow and we concluded to build



Advertisement for the Hudgens Brothers’ Pioneer Saloon, Golden Era, 6 December 1883.

*the old Pioneer Saloon.*¹⁷

The partners moved into their brand-new, two-story saloon in May 1880.¹⁸ And some saloon it was. George Curry (later a territorial governor of New Mexico) said of the Pioneer Saloon, “The principal saloon, a palace of lights, mirrors and boasting a long mahogany bar, was owned by W. H. Hidgens [sic].”¹⁹

Will, Redman, and J. A. Sweet continued to invest in mines. Early on they put money in the Little Mack and Little Nell gold mines.²⁰ The *Las Vegas Daily Optic* notes in April 1880, “Hudging [sic], Redman & Co. are jubilant over the rich finds in the Large Hopes and No Man’s Friend.”²¹ A reporter identified on as “S” told the *Daily Optic* a short time later that “four different parties struck free gold yesterday. . . [including] the Large Hopes, owned by J. A. Sweet, Hudgens and Redmond.”²² Life in White Oaks began to look better and better. A son, John William, was born to John Hudgens in White Oaks on 16 June 1880. But Will soon ran into big trouble.

Will Kills I. T. McCray, a Renegade from the Cherokee Nation

On 31 May 1880, soon after the Pioneer Saloon opened, Nogal prospectors Joseph Askew and Virgil Cullom rode in to White Oaks from their camp outside town and got roaring drunk.²³ They began shooting off their pistols into signboards and houses and—worse—into a boarding house filled with women and children.

In retaliation the townspeople formed a line of battle and returned fire on the mounted pistoleers, wounding young Askew, who fell from his horse after a bullet shattered his right arm. Askew was taken to a tent in town, and Dr. Lane called to treat the wound. Askew recovered and later became a prominent member of John Kinney’s gang of rustlers in southern New Mexico.

Joel Fowler, another White Oaks saloon owner, was quickly deputized to quell the uproar. He pursued Cullom and shot him in the right lung. Cullom died early next morning, after confessing he was so drunk he remembered nothing of his actions the previous night.

While Fowler was off chasing Cullom, a violent spinoff of this episode was taking place back at White Oaks. In the melee of angry citizens firing their weapons at the two invaders, Will Hudgens ran into Fowler’s saloon and asked for a gun to help make an arrest. Two pistols were available inside. A man named Alex Colvin, claiming one of the guns belonged to him, refused to allow Hudgens to take it, where Hudgens told Colvin in plain language he was no better than the men who had shot up the town.

Meanwhile, a man named I. T. McCray showed up inside the tent where a crowd had collected to gawk at the wounded Askew. When Will Hudgens also entered the tent, McCray warned him that in insult to Colvin was an insult to him and dared Will to fight, saying “I will shoot with you, twenty steps.”

Will, somehow thinking McCray meant a fistfight, started to unbuckle his gun belt when McCray jerked out his pistol and fired at Will five times—missing every time. Will, pretty quick on the draw himself but much more accurate, raised his gun and put a bullet through McCray’s heart, killing him instantly.

Colvin ambled over from the bar to tell Will that if he had taken McCray alive he would have been paid \$1,600 reward money from the United States government. It seemed McCray was wanted for killing a United States marshal in the Cherokee Nation. Will was later tried for the killing and acquitted on a plea of self-defense.²⁴

The June 1880 census of White Oaks lists William Hudgens, wife Mary, and their two small sons, Willie and John (nicknamed “King”). Brother John could not have been far away, although he was not listed in the census.

Chasing Billy the Kid at Coyote Spring

Will soon got himself appointed deputy sheriff. On 22 November 1880, at the request of new sheriff (and old friend) Pat Garrett he raised a posse of eight men that included brother John, Jim Carlyle, and James Bell to capture Billy Wilson, Billy the Kid, and Dave Rudabugh. The Kid’s gang was being sought in connection with the theft of horses from merchant Alexander Grzelachowski at Puerto de Luna and from John Bell on the outskirts of White Oaks.²⁵

Only a year earlier the Kid had trusted Will Hudgens as the only man he would surrender to in negotiations with Governor Wallace; a year later Will headed up a posse to capture the outlaw.

After a fruitless search at Blake’s Sawmill near White Oaks, that evening the posse surprised the Kid’s gang at Coyote Spring. In a desperate fight, both Billy Wilson and the Kid had their horses shot from under them. John Hudgens’s horse was also shot and killed, but John’s life was saved when the horse raised its head and caught the bullet intended for John.²⁶ The Kid’s gang broke up, abandoned everything at camp, and fled through the night in bitter cold— Wilson and the Kid on foot, the others on horseback. The Kid was forced to make his way without overcoat or gloves.

The posse looted the outlaws’ camp and made off with most of their camp equipment. White Oaks blacksmith Jimmy Carlyle also apparently helped himself to the Kid’s brand-new gloves left behind in the confusion (an action he paid for dearly later) and drew them on in the bitter cold. The posse captured two men who had left White Oaks under cover of darkness to carry supplies to the Kid. One was Moses Dedrick, whose brother Sam owned a livery stable at White Oaks.²⁷

Later that night the Kid’s gang slipped into White Oaks, perhaps on the posse’s trail, and put up at West and Dedrick’s livery stable. The next night, mounted once again on horses, they emerged to hurrah the town and took a potshot at Jim Redman in front of Hudgens’s saloon as they left, but they missed.²⁸

Shootout at the Greathouse Ranch

The gang rode off to Greathouse and Kuch tavern and ranch about forty miles away. On 27 November a second pursuing posse was raised from White Oaks that also included the Hudgens brothers. The posse fought a daylong battle at the Greathouse ranch during which one of their own was killed: Jim Carlyle, a popular young blacksmith from the Oaks.

Carlyle had offered himself as a hostage in exchange for Jim Greathouse while the two sides parlayed for surrender of the gang. Greathouse was first to step outside the ranch house and walk to the posse. In exchange, Carlyle reluctantly agreed to enter Greathouse's tavern. The Kid greeted him in a friendly way, but seeing his gloves sticking out of Carlyle's coat pocket and recalling the misery he had endured, his temper flared. He snatched the gloves from Carlyle, saying, "What in the hell are you doing with my gloves?"

During the standoff the gang passed the time singing, dancing, and drinking. Every time one of the gang took a drink, Carlyle had to join in. The inevitable happened: someone in the posse outside accidentally fired a shot, both sides panicked, and bullets flew everywhere. Carlyle was killed in a hail of bullets as he tried to escape by crashing through a window.²⁹

Will Hudgens played a key role here; he had sent Joe Steck, a teamster and cook for Greathouse and Fred Kuch, into the ranch house with a note demanding surrender, but after Carlyle's death, the posse lost heart and withdrew.³⁰

Will Elected to the White Oaks City Council

Amid all the chaos, there was a flourishing upstart of a town to organize. The *Daily Optic* reported a new structure for White Oaks with J. S. Redman elected mayor; William Hudgens, Jimmy Dolan of Lincoln, John Hudgens, and others named to the city council; Ira Leonard as city attorney; and Dr. A. G. Lane as city treasurer. Town lots were also laid out.

John Makes a Detour to Tombstone, Arizona

Some time in 1881 John Hudgens traveled to Tombstone, Arizona. He thought better of moving there, however, because the *Tombstone Daily Nugget* reported that "John Hudgens left yesterday morning for the new mining camp of White Oaks, New Mexico, where he has several claims, and also town property."³¹

Ranching Outside White Oaks

In 1883 the Hudgens brothers bought a ranch around Coyote Canyon and Red Lakes eight to ten miles northwest of White Oaks.³² They first started out in August 1883 raising sheep, but in February 1884 decided to go into the cattle business in a big way. Will traveled to Fort Worth and other places in Texas seeking good cattle for the ranch. In Colorado City in the Texas panhandle he bought forty-five hundred head of cattle at \$18 a head.³³ More than a thousand were steers, two to four years old. The plan was to place the steers on Will's ranch in the Sacramento Mountains and the rest of the cattle on the White Oaks ranch.

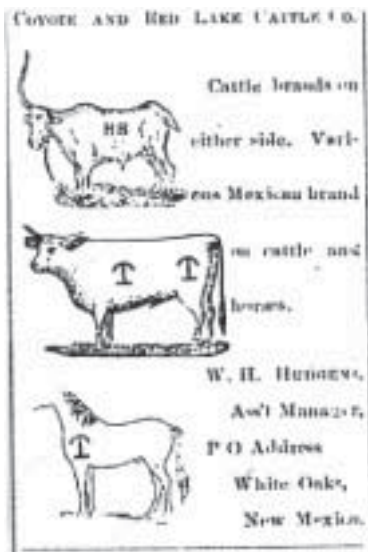
In March 1884 the *Golden Era* reported that Will Hudgens was planting three hundred cottonwood trees on his ranch.³⁴ Will and his wife entertained in style at their ranch, as the *Golden Era* reported later that same month.

A large number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Will Hudgens were heartily welcomed by them at their ranch on the evening of the

22d and made the recipients of hospitalities rarely met with in this wild, half-civilized country. . . . Dancing and whist were the chief amusements until 10 o'clock, when supper, consisting of an endless variety of cakes, pies, cold meats, salads, tea, coffee, wine, etc., was served, and much to the credit of the hostess, which was prepared entirely by her own hands.³⁵

Will and John worked to build up their herd of cattle and to stock the Red Lake range. In June 1884 the *Golden Era* noted that

Two brands appear on the second page of this week's paper. Hudgens Bros., with their brand of HB and post office address at White Oaks, are well known in Lincoln County. . . . All cattle on Hudgens Bros.' range are first class and they won't have any other kind.³⁶



Brands of the Coyote and Red Lake Cattle Company managed by W.H. Hudgens. "HB" stood for "Hudgens Brothers," *Golden Era*, 30 July 1885.

Something must have gone awry with the cattle business soon after, however, because in July 1884 Will placed a notice in the *Golden Era* that he had sold his entire brand of cattle to the Coyote and Red Lake Cattle Company.³⁷ He said he would assume full management for the company during the absence of a Dr. William Y. Provost, who was apparently the buyer.

Will and John may have parted ways about this time. The *Golden Era* reported in July 1884 that John was in Texas buying cattle for his ranch in Lincoln County.³⁸ One month later the same newspaper reported that:

J. N. Hudgens has returned from Texas where he has been making arrangements for cattle to stock his ranch in this county.

*He secured 500 head which are now on the trail and will reach this point about Sept. 10th.*³⁹

In August there was further news of Will.

*W. H. Hudgens. . . arrived at the hub [White Oaks] Saturday evening. Will is one of the pioneers of the Oaks and a better hearted gentleman never lived. He purchased Isaac Ellis' fine bay two-year-old colt. . . and intends turning him loose with other horses on his ranch. Fine stock is his hobby and he is rapidly filling up his range with imported cattle and horses.*⁴⁰

Will continued as manager of the Coyote and Red Lake Cattle Company for a time. The *Golden Era* reported him visiting the big cattle markets

of Kansas City and Leavenworth in September 1884.⁴¹

John Escorts Prisoner to Kansas

Meanwhile, brother John was having his share of adventures. The **Golden Era** in early 1884 reported that, as appointed lawmen, John and his partner, Brent, were escorting a group of territorial prisoners by train.⁴² When the train stopped for supper at Coolidge, Kansas, a Kansas cowboy named Bill Logwood boarded the train as the two deputies were eating supper at the station's eating house and began abusing the prisoners. He said he would "shoot the handcuffs off of 'em and then lick 'em. . .he could shoot the lights of the car plum out the first round," etc.

In the midst of this harangue, Brent and Hudgens stepped back into the car holding the prisoners, quickly grasped the situation and just as quickly captured the cowboy. That night and the next day the boastful young man was said to be as quiet and inoffensive as any cowboy seen. In Brent and Hudgens he had met men who came from a country where "rustlers grow on trees."

Lawsuits Galore

Maybe it was the time, maybe the place, but things never seemed to settle down for the Hudgens brothers. In February 1883 the future governor of the State of New Mexico, W. C. McDonald, brought a criminal action against Will before W. Blanchard, White Oaks justice of the peace.⁴³ McDonald claimed that Will had given him cause to fear being wounded or killed or otherwise harmed by personal violence. A warrant was issued for Will's arrest; he showed up in court later that day and posted a \$500 bond. Nothing more was heard of the matter.

In late 1884 Will was again hauled into court, this time by the Territory of New Mexico.⁴⁴ On 8 December George Ulrich charged that Will had challenged James A. Alcock, manager for an English syndicate of the Carrizozo Cattle Company (formerly owned by L. G. Murphy), to fight a duel with deadly weapons. Dueling was illegal in the territory, and Will appeared in court the next day. He posted a \$4000 bond and went on about his business.

In August 1885 Will was subpoenaed on behalf of the Territory of New Mexico as a witness against James A. Alcock of the Carrizozo Cattle Company near White Oaks.⁴⁵ Alcock was charged with willfully and maliciously intending to "kill, maim, and disfigure sheep belonging to Dionicio Chavez" in June 1885. This was another chapter in the ongoing Old West saga of cattlemen versus sheep men. The locals dubbed the brouhaha the "Sheep Killing" cases, because the single charge grew into three separate charges. Alcock denied the charges.

Will was cited for contempt after he failed to show up as a witness for the prosecution. He finally appeared in court on 14 September. After posting a penalty of \$200 he was ordered to appear again in court on 30 September. At this session he was found in contempt and fined \$10 and had to forfeit the original penalty of \$200. Justice of the Peace J. B. Collier in White Oaks dismissed all three of the separate cases on 30 October 1885. At this session

the judge also ruled that Will had “purged himself” of willful and insolent intent and discharged him. Two short months later Will was severely injured when a horse fell on him on the Carrizozo range.⁴⁶

Johnny Hudgens Kills His Friend, Louis Monjeau

John had his turn in court as well. On 5 January 1885 he was summoned before Justice of the Peace Collier in White Oaks to answer a charge that he had shot and killed Louis N. Monjeau, whom the Golden Era described as the “fat, hearty and happy mayor of Manchester”, a small town a few miles west of White Oaks.⁴⁷ Among the charges was that of carrying a deadly weapon.

A liquored-up Monjeau took the opposite side in a quarrel with his friend, an equally drunk Johnny Hudgens. Arming himself with a Winchester, Louis approached the Homestake Saloon where John was, and, leaning his gun against the side of the building, opened the door and “called John out.” As John stepped outside, Monjeau reached for his gun and was throwing it down on John when Hudgens quickly drew his revolver and shot Monjeau dead. The bullet entered the right of Monjeau’s mouth, passing through and breaking his neck a little below the base of the brain. Deputy Sheriff Charles Bull promptly arrested John and Hudgens then attended a hearing where his bond was fixed at \$500. He was bound over for trial in May.

Monjeau had been known as one of the most peaceable, inoffensive citizens of White Oaks (drunk or sober), and his death was deeply regretted. John was acquitted. Monjeau Lookout in Lincoln National Forest today memorializes the young man he killed. On 25 June 1885 a second son, Constant James, was born to John and Margaret in White Oaks.

Will Starts Up a Grocery Business in White Oaks

By the spring of 1887, still recuperating from his injuries, Will opened a grocery store with a partner named Kelley. In the **Lincoln County Leader** the partners promised “to keep in stock everything in the line of Groceries, which we will sell at prices defying the competition. California Fruit A Speciality. GIVE US A TRIAL.”⁴⁸

Will’s Son, King, Drowns in the Rio Grande

Another piece of bad news in Will’s life was relayed by the *Lincoln County Leader* of 7 July 1888, from Socorro, where the Will Hudgens family was living.

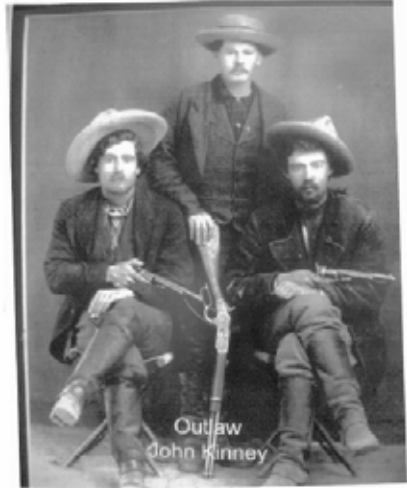
*“Sometime yesterday afternoon, King, the 12 year old son of Mr. Wm. H. Hudgens, of this city. . .went down to the Rio Grande to bathe in some of the pools adjoining the river. . . the treacherous stream soon drew him into a hole, and . . . he was at the mercy of the waters and finally disappeared.”*⁴⁹

A crowd gathered to search for the boy, but he was not found until the next morning when the grief-stricken father entered the river at the point where his son had disappeared and recovered the body.

Will Kills Again

It is not known how long Will Hudgens stayed in the grocery business in White Oaks. He can be placed in Socorro in 1888 by the newspaper account of his son's drowning, but by September 1891 he had relocated to El Paso, Texas. He returned to White Oaks in 1892 and opened up another saloon called the Long Branch.

In the Long Branch on the night of 18 February 1892, Will shot a Hispanic man named Alfonso Ayón. Ayón died of his wound almost a week later.⁵⁰ The cause of the shooting is by now familiar: a party of drunks got in a fight in the Long Branch, and Will threw them out. This angered the mob, which returned armed with rocks. Will pulled his gun and fired into the rioters, the bullet finding mark just over Ayón's eye. Will gave himself up immediately after the shooting and never stood trial.



Man in the center believed to be John Kinney, Collection of Chris Harkey.

The End of a Turbulent Life for Will

Will Hudgens left White Oaks for the southern mining town of Hillsboro, New Mexico, sometime after 1892. He died there on 11 October 1894 at the age of forty-four and is buried in the Hillsboro cemetery beneath an imposing white marble monument. According to the *White Oaks Eagle* of 4 October 1900, a Mrs. Hudgens still lived in Lincoln County.⁵¹ Whether this was Mary, Will's widow is currently unknown.

John Hudgens in Nevada and Arizona

In April 1887 John moved his family to Pioche, Nevada, by covered wagon and on horseback, crossing the Colorado River by ferry. There were four children by this time: Nora, John W., Mary, and Constant. Another child, Charles, was born at Logandale in 1887.⁵² The family lived in Nevada through 1890 but returned to Arizona for several years, where another son, Rex, was born in 1895.

The John Hudgens family was living at McCabe, near Prescott, as of 20 June 1898, but by 1900 was in Mayer, Arizona. May of 1900 found John N. and son, John W., along with Joe Askew and John Kinney, as owners of the Yeager mines near Mayer. This is the same Askew who twenty years earlier had shot up the town of White Oaks with Virgil Cullom, Cullom having been killed in that fracas by Joel Fowler. It was also the same Askew who, on recovering from his wound, joined the John Kinney gang of rustlers in southern New Mexico. Kinney, the formerly dangerous "King of the Rustlers," operated a

stock theft ring out of his ranch west of La Mesilla in the late 1870s and early 1880s. John Hudgens must have befriended the presumably rehabilitated Askew and Kinney (the latter's three years in prison apparently having convinced him to "go straight").

The partners sold the Yeager mines in 1900 to a group headed by Richard Sloan, later a governor of Arizona. Hudgens and Askew then bought mines in the Black Mountains near Jerome, Arizona. In June 1900 the John N. Hudgens family was living at 213 Mt. Vernon Street in Prescott. At the time he was described as a mine operator.

In 1903 John moved from Arizona, first to Pioche and then to Ely in White Pine County, Nevada, the location of one of the world's largest copper pits. The family lived for two years in Ely, where their last daughter, Muriel Erma, in 1904.

In 1897 ore had been discovered near what would later become Searchlight, Nevada, a small mining town an hour's drive south of Las Vegas and about fifteen miles from the Colorado River. It was to Searchlight in 1905 that John moved his family for the final time. The elder John Hudgens lived there for the rest of his life. In 1909 he was seriously injured by being thrown from a wagon, but he recovered.

As he had since his White Oak days, he continued to lease mining properties in hopes of finding profitable ores. He found his bonanza in 1917 with the Quartette mine, the "Big Mine" of gold ore that made Searchlight. Leasing part of this mine, Hudgens made about \$40,000 that year working the surface east of the mine's air shaft. John lived on in Searchlight until 16 December 1923. His wife died at the age of seventy-eight in 1940 and is buried in the Searchlight cemetery next to her husband.

A very frequent contributor to the Southern New Mexico Historical Review, Roberta Key Haldane, is a retired technical writer from Sandia National Laboratory.

Endnotes

¹ June 1880 Census of White Oaks, Lincoln County, New Mexico Territory.

² The author acknowledges a profound debt to Troy Kelley of Johnson City, New York, for making available his research on the Hudgens family both before and after their White Oak years. His detective work unearthed the origins of the Hudgens family in Louisiana, their exodus from Louisiana to Texas, the location of Will Hudgens's grave, and the complex movements of John Newton Hudgens's family back and forth between Arizona and Nevada. Kelley is writing a book to be

called "The Two John Hudgens" that chronicles the lives of John Newton Hudgens and his son, John William "Jack," born in White Oaks in 1880. Jack, besides continuing the mining interests of his father throughout his life, became a noted and respected lawman in Jerome, Arizona, and Ely, Nevada. He led the typically turbulent life of a western lawman in his era and killed his share of bad men. In 1918 Jack also volunteered for service in World War I, despite being about thirty-eight years old, and fought in France in the Argonne Forest, where

he was wounded.

- ³ Leon D. Metz, *Pat Garrett: The Story of a Western Lawman* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1974), 5.
- ⁴ Undated note from Chris Harkey of Carrisoso, New Mexico in author's possession.
- ⁵ Fulton states that Shepard, who tried to defend the Hudgens women, got hit over the head with the butt of a revolver. Maurice G. Fulton, *History of the Lincoln County War*, edited by Robert N. Mullin (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1975), 291.
- ⁶ *Ibid.*, 291-92.
- ⁷ From 'Troy Kelly's Timeline for the two John Hudgens. Gildea was alleged to have been part of the John Selman gang at that time.
- ⁸ Philip J. Rasch, *Warriors of Lincoln County*, edited by Robert K. Dearment, Outlaw-Lawman Research Series, 3, National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History, Inc. (Laramie: University of Wyoming, 1998), 148.
- ⁹ Hurley had operated Murphy's brewery in years past. He and Will may have been friends; they certainly knew one another.
- ¹⁰ *Ibid.*
- ¹¹ Frederick Nolan, *The West of Billy the Kid* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1998), 196.
- ¹² *Ibid.*
- ¹³ Philip J. Rasch, *Gunsmoke in Lincoln County*, edited by Robert K. Dearment, Outlaw-Lawman Research Series, 2, National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History, Inc. (Laramie: University of Wyoming, 1997), 223.
- ¹⁴ Tobe, a cousin of Will and John, was about sixteen years old.
- ¹⁵ W. J. Woodland [Jim Redman], *Ramblin' Around Lincoln County*, Introduction by Ann Buffington, LCHS Publications, 6 (Hondo, N. Mex.: Lincoln County Historical Society Publications, 1999), 23.
- ¹⁶ Jack Winters, in partnership with John E. Wilson, was one of the original discoverers of White Oaks gold. The two men located a mining claim they named the Homestake. After the two severed their partnership, Winters took the north half of the claim and renamed his his property the North Homestake. Soon after the original, or undivided Homestake was discovered, the stampede to White Oaks began.
- ¹⁷ Woodland, *Ramblin' Around Lincoln County*, 23.
- ¹⁸ *Las Vegas Daily Optic*, 25 May 1880.
- ¹⁹ George Curry. *George Curry, 1861-1947: An Autobiography*, edited by H. B. Hening (Albuquerque: The University of New Mexico Press, 1958), 60.
- ²⁰ Rev. Stanley Crocchiola, *Santa Fe Register*, 30 September 1949.
- ²¹ *Las Vegas Daily Optic*, 24 April 1880.
- ²² *Las Vegas Daily Optic*, 24 June 1880.
- ²³ *Las Vegas Daily Optic*, 7 June 1880.
- ²⁴ *Las Vegas Daily Optic*, 21 June 1880.
- ²⁵ Philip J. Rasch, *Trailing Billy the Kid*, edited by Robert K. Dearment, Outlaw-Lawman Research Series, 1, National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History, Inc. (Laramie: University of Wyoming, 1995), 59-60.
- ²⁶ Rasch, *Gunsmoke in Lincoln County*, 237.
- ²⁷ The Territory of New Mexico brought charges against Moses later on for "aiding and assisting certain criminals to escape." Two of his brothers and W. H. West posted Moses's bond in the amount of \$500. Deputy Sheriff W. H. Hudgens served the warrant for his arrest.
- ²⁸ Rasch, *Gunsmoke in Lincoln County*,

237.

- ²⁹ *Ibid.*; Rasch, *Trailing Billy the Kid*, 59-6-, 101.
- ³⁰ Rasch, *Trailing Billy the Kid*, 59.
- ³¹ *Tombstone Daily Nugget*, 28 September 1881, from the research of Troy Kelley.
- ³² *Golden Era*, 2 August 1883.
- ³³ *Golden Era*, 21 February 1884.
- ³⁴ *Golden Era*, 18 March 1884.
- ³⁵ *Golden Era*, 27 March 1884.
- ³⁶ *Golden Era*, 5 June 1884.
- ³⁷ *Golden Era*, 17 July 1884.
- ³⁸ *Golden Era*, 3 July 1884.
- ³⁹ *Golden Era*, 7 August 1884.
- ⁴⁰ *Golden Era*, 28 August 1884.
- ⁴¹ *Golden Era*, 18 September 1884.
- ⁴² *Golden Era*, 21 February 1884.
- ⁴³ Justice of the Peace Records for White Oaks, 1882. Criminal Action No. 2. *The Territory of New Mexico, W. C. McDonald, Plaintiff vs. W. H. Hudgens, Defendant.*
- ⁴⁴ Justice of the Peace Records for White Oaks, 1884. Criminal Action No. 42. *The Territory of New Mexico, Plaintiff vs. W. H. Hudgens, Defendant.*
- ⁴⁵ Justice of the Peace Records for White Oaks, 1885. Criminal Action No. 59. *The Territory of New Mexico, Plaintiff vs. James A. Alcock, Defendant.*
- ⁴⁶ *Golden Era*, 31 December 1885.
- ⁴⁷ Justice of the Peace Records for White Oaks, 1885. Criminal Action No. 42. *The Territory of New Mexico, Plaintiff vs. John N. Hudgens, Defendant; Golden Era*, 8 January 1885.
- ⁴⁸ *Lincoln County Leader*, 30 April 1887.
- ⁴⁹ *Lincoln County Leader*, 7 July 1888.
- ⁵⁰ *Lincoln Independent*, 26 February 1892.
- ⁵¹ *White Oaks Eagle*, 4 October 1900.
- ⁵² This sketch of the life of John Hudgens in Nevada and Arizona is drawn from the unpublished research of Troy Kelley.

My Adobe Village: Doña Ana, New Mexico

Joyce M. Brumley

In 1946 our home was located in the “Little Yellow House” on Thorpe Road about four or five miles north of Las Cruces, New Mexico. My Parents, Walter James Brumley, Icey Brumley, and my three siblings, Maxine Brumley, Walter Brumley, Jimmy Brumley, and, of course I, Joyce Brumley, lived in the “Little Yellow House.

Several months ago I went by the “Little Yellow House,” and it had been remodeled and was now a little white house. No one was living there, so I looked in the windows. The kitchen window had been my favorite spot to look outside when I was a child. Sixty-one years later I still remembered the day we returned home from my father’s funeral. I still remembered the dreadful night my parents were run down on Parker Road in Las Cruces, New Mexico by a drunken driver. Yes, 5 March 1946 is eternally stamped in my memory. My parents were run down by a drunk driver and left for dead. My mother survived the accident, however, and spent a year fighting to recover, and gather her children back to a home with her.

The “Little Yellow House” was part of a farm lease agreement Daddy had with Mr. Linton. The lease agreement was automatically cancelled when our Daddy died. That day after the funeral was the last day we children would see the inside of our “Little Yellow House.” On that day I looked outside the kitchen window, and wanted to cry, but my Uncle Luther started a conversation asking me if I missed my Daddy.

I remember my answer, “I am going to find me another Daddy.” My young mind somehow discerned I could have another Daddy, and from that moment no matter what happened in my life I always had hope for a better day.

Our parents were good folk. The night of the horrible accident my parents had gone to Las Cruces in the afternoon to telegraph money to Mother’s sister, Aunt Helen. Aunt Helen and her family were somewhere in Oklahoma almost starving to death. Aunt Helen’s brother-in-law, her husband’s brother, who lived in Las Cruces, had actually summoned my parents of the dilemma our relatives were facing. That was the reason we ended up at the brother-in-law’s house. The brother-in-law was a man of little integrity. He took our car to run an errand and left us stranded. That is the reason Daddy and Mother left to go find the car or phone someone to come and take us home. Parker Road was close to the brother-in-law’s house, and he was the drunken man driving the car that ran over our parents.

The night of the accident our Daddy was pronounced dead at the accident scene and taken right to the mortuary. Our mother was taken to McBride Clinic in Las Cruces. The police officers first arriving at the accident



*Walter James Brumley
and Icey Ola Brumley*

believed Mother dead too until she raised he left hand and wiped blood from her face. Otherwise she may have been taken to the mortuary also. The *Sun News* account of the accident states she was given blood at the accident scene. Mother had a broken right arm, a broken right leg including the ankle, a crushed left leg, a concussion, and internal injuries. Our relatives bought two grave spaces and delayed our Daddy's funeral for several days waiting for our mother to die. Mother remained unconscious seventy-two hours following the accident.

Mother did not die, she had a big reason to continue living, four small children, so she fought back the grief of loosing Daddy, and live she did. The first time I went to see Mother, I remember standing on a chair by her bed, viewing the casts on her legs, and the cast on her right arm. I leaned forward and hugged her left arm with a question "This arm was broken too, but is it all better?" Mother managed a laugh, and said "Yes, Joyce this arm is all better."



*Icy Brumley, late summer
of 1946 at the home of Estes
and Oak Holcomb*

My Daddy's sister, Hattie Sullivan, and her husband, Luther Sullivan, had come to get us children the night of the accident, and Aunt Hattie made a commitment to keep us four children together until Mother was well enough to take us home again. That decision did not set well with some relatives that wanted to split us children up or put us in an orphans home, but Aunt Hattie dug her heels in, and there wasn't anyone that cared to challenge her. We children lived with Aunt Hattie and Uncle Luther in Leasburg, New Mexico, for most of the next year following the accident. After months in a cast, the crushed bone in Mother's left leg just didn't heal. Her right leg had already started healing before it was set properly, and her lower right leg and

right ankle curved left instead of normal. When Mother was referred to an orthopedic surgeon in El Paso for extensive surgery on her left leg, she refused to have her right leg and ankle broken again for correction of the curve. She walked with her right leg crooked the rest of her life. Mother survived a five-hour operation on her left leg in November 1946. She stayed at Hotel Dieu Hospital in El Paso till late January or early February 1947. She arrived home with no cast on her left leg but crutches to aid in her walking.

After arriving home Mother asked Uncle Luther to help locate a house near Doña Ana Grade School. My older sister Maxine, age eight, and older brother Walter, age six, had been riding the bus to Doña Ana Grade School from Aunt Hattie's and Uncle Luther's home in Leasburg since September 1946. Mother did not want to change their school or live in Las Cruces where the tragic accident had occurred. The little, quiet, serene village of Doña Ana, New Mexico, seemed like a perfect spot.

The old adobe house where we moved in Doña Ana, New Mexico was

over a hundred years old, but Mother wanted to buy that house and she did. We had a house to call home, an old adobe house that possessed strength in those three-foot-thick walls. There was character in the log ceiling beams, and long windows with three foot square window boxes. Those window boxes were an ideal spot for a little girl to sit for hours and build her very own playhouse, and play with paper dolls and her collection of glass bottles.

There would also be days when I would crawl into the window box to look outside and dream. The old wooden floors produced splinters to the bare foot. Those floors had been dropped on, baby crawled on, walked on, stomped on, and maybe someone had even danced on them, but mostly those floors were lived on. That adobe house had no ghosts, only lots and lots of living. Now my family was getting a chance to add more living to the inside of those strong adobe walls.



Maxine Brumley, age 12; Joyce Brumley, age 8; Icy Weir; David Weir; Walter Brumley, age 9½; Jimmy Brumley, age 6½; and their "Old Adobe Home"

There were five rooms in the long adobe house with two rooms built on to the fifth room to make the house L-shaped with a total of seven rooms. We didn't own the two rooms on the end making the L-shape, just the five rooms in a straight line attached to those two rooms. No one ever lived in the two attached rooms while we were there except briefly on one occasion. The first, third, and fourth rooms of our house had doors opening to the front. The first, second, and fourth rooms also had those long windows facing the back of the house. The fifth room at the end of the house had one small window built high at the end of the house. Originally it may have been designed to store food for the winter months.

Before refrigerators and freezers meat was often smoked or salted for preservation. Vegetables such as potatoes, other root vegetables and fruits like apples also needed a cool place to keep. Our house set on what seemed a small cliff; there was a small drop into an arroyo of approximately three or four feet at the back of the house. It appeared the house had been built on a leveled hill.

In addition to a front door the third room had double doors opening to the back of the house. That third room was a topic of conversation by many old-timers. According to legend the house had once been a stage coach station between El Paso del Norte and Santa Fe. Legend also had it that there was gold buried under the floor in the third room. One day when Mother was busy, my brothers decided we should dig up the gold. We had a section of the wooden floor removed and a good bit of dirt dug up when Mother caught us. Of course, we had to return the dirt, and replace the floor. The legend of buried gold under our house most likely died with the outlaws who buried it there. However, it was still not rare for

people to hide treasure and money in their homes when we lived in Doña Ana. Many people dug holes in the adobe walls to hide their money, thus making homemade safes.

Whatever our house had been, it now welcomed this new family, our family, like an old friend. That old adobe house seemed to wrap its arms around us, saying “be safe, and happy. Stay here and recover from the trauma you have gone through.” The adobe house seemed to whisper to a young Mother, “Heal, and begin to live again, learn to love again, learn to take care of your children again.”

Yes, that old adobe house was where a young mother who had lost her husband and her children’s father could begin the healing. Mother did heal in that house. She learned to walk again. Mother would stand behind a kitchen chair and push it around the house practicing walking like people do nowadays with walker. Eventually she was able to get rid of her crutches and start using a walking cane. The walking cane soon went also. The only rehabilitation for people in those days was sheer will power. Will power was one of Mother’s stronger characteristics.

By today’s standards the three and a half years we lived in Doña Ana may have been considered a hard life. We had no inside plumbing or running water in the house, but we had a sturdy outhouse a short distance from our house and a good well of water with a pump in the front yard.

Those first months were hard. We lived in the two front rooms of our new adobe home and closed off the other three rooms. My older sister, Maxine, and older brother, Walter, had to walk to Doña Ana Grade School located on

Thorpe Road. The old red brick, grade school building is still there but is no longer a school. In addition to going to school my older siblings had the responsibility of helping Mother at home. Since we had no washing machine, and Mother could not yet wash our clothes, Maxine and Walter each grabbed a tub handle every Monday morning and carried a number three tub of clothes to one of our neighbors whom Mother paid to wash and iron our clothes for us. We did eventually get a wringer washing machine but still pumped water to wash our clothes.

The number three wash tub we owned served many purposes. Saturday baths were taken in that old tub. Everyone got a bath at least once a week. During the week we used a granite portable wash basin to wash up and always washed our feet before going to bed. That old tub also held ice in the summertime when the iceman came by our house from Las Cruces. Our small dog, Rover, snuggled against the tub of ice on hot summer days.



Joyce Brumley, age 4, standing; Jimmy Brumley, age 3, in back of the wagon; Geneva Holcomb, in front of wagon; late summer of 1946

The front room in our house was a bedroom, living room, kitchen, and dining room for all purposes when we first moved in. We had a round,

pot belly coal burning stove that had a stovepipe extending upward through the ceiling in the front room. Somebody brought a load of coal to our house and dumped it at the front end of our house, so it was easy to go around to the end of the house and bring in coal for keeping the stove going. My sister, Maxine, tells me she, and Brother Walter took our little red wagon in the late summer and early fall and searched the nearby vacant land for dried tree or mesquite bush branches, which made good kindling to start our fires.

Meals were simple. At first Mother did all the cooking on a small, round, pot belly stove that had room on top for only one pot at a time. We ate a lot of pinto beans cooked on that little pot belly stove, and Mother managed to cook flour tortillas on that little stove. Jimmy wanted tortillas one day and kept asking Mother to make some. Flour tortillas were not bought in stores in those days. Only Mission Corn Tortillas were made for sale. Mother kept telling Jimmy that she had no rolling pin to roll the tortillas. Jimmy said "I will find you something to roll tortillas with." Jimmy searched outside for a while and came back with a beer bottle. That beer bottle was perfect. Mother used that beer bottle the rest of her housekeeping days to roll tortillas, pie crust, cookies, bread, or whatever needed rolling. That old beer bottle is still in my collection of old bottles.

Although flour tortillas and beans were a mainstay in our life at Doña Ana, there was also Garcia's Grocery Store where Mother would buy other food items. When we first moved to Doña Ana we had to buy milk every day, because we didn't have a refrigerator. There were days Mother said "Oh we'll just snack today." That meant going to Garcia's Grocery Store and getting bologna, cheese, and a loaf of white bread for the supper meal. Maxine always took Jimmy and me to the store with her. She would give each of us an item to carry. Mother would always call after, "Don't let Jimmy carry the bread, he will squeeze it in the center." Jimmy would most often put the bread down by the side of the road and I had to pick it up. Perhaps I squeezed it in the center, but I never told Mother.

Peanut Butter and Rex Jelly on a flour tortilla was one of my favorite suppers. Rex Jelly no doubt was left over as an Army surplus item from World War II and being sold in stores after the war. The jelly had a white label, with huge letters R E X printed on the label. The flavor was raspberry, and it mixed great with peanut butter.

Rex Jelly brings back memories of a cold winter night in 1948. There had been a huge snow earlier that week, and there was snow on the ground still. I had started to first grade that year in September. School was so interesting, and I was particularly fascinated with all the big jungle animals Mrs. Guinn, my first grade teacher, was telling us about. Mother let me have my favorite peanut butter and a tablespoon of Rex Jelly to eat it with a flour tortilla for supper that night. Mother never made any of us eat anything we didn't like. It wasn't unusual for one of her children to select something more to their own taste at a meal, and Mother let us eat it.

Mother and her four children were gathered at the supper table. Mother always visited with her children at the supper table throughout our school years. Each child had a chance to speak and tell what they did or didn't know about the day's education. It was finally my turn, and I said "Elephants have two tails, one

in the front, and one in the back.” My words barely left my mouth when the most gosh awful laugh come through the window of the front room. We children froze when we heard that laugh. Mother sprang into action, though. First she bolted the outside front door and secured the one leading into the next room. Mother then put a pot of water on the stove and started the water to boil. Mother added water to the pot, continuing to boil it all night. Mother also got her largest butcher knife and kept sharpening it all night long. We four children all slept in the front room that night on the double bed and on pallets. Mother did not sleep. She sat close to stove, watching the boiling water and holding her sharpened knife.

The next morning Mother sent Walter or Maxine down to the Doña Ana Cotton Gin to ask someone to bring our Uncle Luther to bring a gun. Uncle Luther brought the gun and examined the frozen footprints in the snow outside our front room window. Those footprints were frozen deep in the snow, leaving the appearance of someone standing there for a long time. Whoever was looking in our front room window should count his lucky stars that he did not try to enter our house. Mother intended to throw the boiling water in his face and stab him with her butcher knife.

Mother eventually managed to buy the wringer washing machine a refrigerator and a cook stove. The stove was wood burning, and the refrigerator had a small, box-looking freezing unit that froze ice. Those were modern conveniences in the 1940s. We could now buy food for more than one day that needed refrigeration. Mother could cook in more than one pot at a time, and we could get the laundry done quicker. We never did get running water or an inside bathroom, but a lot of our neighbors never had running water or inside bathrooms either.

The spring of 1947 came early, and Mother was walking on a cane. One warm day my brother, Jimmy, and I were in the front yard playing when we had a visitor. Our visitor was Caroline Geck Weir who lived in the old adobe house directly across from us. Mrs. Weir walked up to where we were playing and asked if our mother was home. Mother heard Mrs. Weir came to the door and asked Mrs. Weir to come inside the house. When Mrs. Weir turned to walk inside my Brother Jimmy whispered to me “Is she a witch?” I asked, “Is she?” Over time we learned Mrs. Weir was indeed closer to an angel than a witch.

Mrs. Caroline Weir and Mother became very good friends. Mother always enjoyed helping elderly people and loved to visit with them. Mother had been a practical nurse before she married and was very good at helping people. Mrs. Weir was seventy-seven years old when we met her. It wasn't long before we started calling Mrs. Weir, Grandmother Weir. In the 1940s it was rare to see an older person live to be in their seventies. Grandmother Weir called all women “Sister.” I can still see her pointing her finger and saying, “Now let me tell you Sister.”



Caroline Geck Weir and Ikey Brumley, 1949 or early 1950

The old adobe house Grandmother Weir lived in was built back in 1839, and she told us it originally had thirteen rooms. Some of the rooms had already fallen when we met Grandmother Weir. On several occasions when I went with my mother to visit Grandmother Weir, we would get a tour of some of the old rooms. Grandmother Weir lived in two rooms of the house located directly behind the huge room where her father, Louis Geck, had a general mercantile in the nineteenth century. Later the room was a post office in the late-nineteenth century. Grandmother Weir was Postmistress in Doña Ana at that time.

Grandmother Weir's two living quarters consisted of a living and bedroom combined, a kitchen and dining area combined, and a small bathroom. The other rooms in Grandmother Weir's house were filled with old furniture, antiques, and old relics of every size and description. I remember her showing us old swords that had belonged to her father. She showed us beds where various loved ones had breathed their last. There were many stories to go along with those rare tours of her house. Grandmother Weir would tell stories about the El Banditos and Poncho Villa. I wish I had been old enough to write those stories down, but my memory only takes me back to a few words and phrases. However, I remember when she told us how to stop an El Bandito. Grandmother Weir would say "Shoot at his feet first, but if he keeps coming then it's best to shoot to kill." If I owned a gun I would most probably try to shoot at the feet or leg if I had an intruder based on Grandmother Weir's logic imparted to me early in life.

Life was simple in Doña Ana. People accepted the simple life and lived it. When Brother Walter was eight years old he got a job working in Mr. Barnhill's lumberyard located at the corner of Thorpe Road and Doña Ana Road. Walter swept the office for Mr. Barnhill and answered the phone in the summertime. Walter's lumberyard job taught him how to run a business. He learned from a man with great integrity. Mr. Barnhill was later a judge in Las Cruces during the 1950s and 1960s.

Maxine took on the responsibility of most of the housework when we moved to Doña Ana. Mother could not walk far without crutches for several months, and when she did she tired easily. Except for cooking Mother had to have a lot of help with pumping water, washing clothes, mopping the floors, and doing other household chores.

We had chickens to lay fresh eggs, so the eggs had to be gathered and the chickens fed. Maxine thought the chickens should lay an egg whenever she needed one but soon found out it didn't happen that way. Those chickens sure were glad when she quit aggravating them for eggs. By the time we left Doña Ana all the chickens had died except one. That chicken had paralysis. We carried her to our new home in Anthony, New Mexico, and let her spend her last days on a pillow. We carried food and water to her until she died.

We raised a hog, rabbits, and a turkey while we lived in Doña Ana. It still upsets me to talk about the fate that befell those dear animals. One thing for certain I didn't enjoy any of the meat, but, I did like the hot tamales one of our neighbors made from the hog's head.

Jimmy, and I were younger, so we didn't have a lot of responsibilities.

Mostly we were just required to get out of everyone's way and play. However, I do remember helping Maxine hang clothes on the clothes line. Maxine would stand on a chair to reach the clothesline, and I would hand her the clothes one piece at a time.

Playing Grandpa Jones and Cowboy Copus was one of Jimmy's favorite games (two characters Jimmy listened to on the radio), and he would beg Mother for hours "Momma make Joyce play with me." All that jumping around using sticks for guns and horses did not intrigue me one bit. Catching outlaws simply was not my cup of tea. I preferred playing Church, pounding away on a card board box I had chosen for a piano and singing some words from hymns Mother had taught me. When the music service was over I was never able to get Jimmy to preach. He always jumped on his homemade stick horse and road off after the bad guys. If I was lucky I could sneak back to one of those big long windows inside our house and hide from him for several hours.

There was no telephone in our house, and we had no means of transportation save the city bus that ran back and forth from Las Cruces to Doña Ana several times a day. The bus stopped in front of Garcia's Grocery, and we'd go to Las Cruces shopping for shoes or to see a doctor when we were sick or injured. In those days you called on your neighbors if the emergency was great. There was an old man that worked at Doña Ana Cotton Gin, named Mr. Waters who was a good friend of our family even before Daddy died. He didn't live far from us, and Mother would send us to ask him to call someone for help when necessary.

There was a day about a year or so after we moved to Doña Ana when Mother got sick during the day and went to bed. She slept all day and was still asleep at bedtime. Maxine made pallets for us around Mother's bed. We didn't know it, but Mother was actually unconscious. When Mother woke early the next morning before daylight, she woke Maxine and told her to go tell Mr. Waters she needed help. Maxine was scared to go in the dark, but she was also scared not to go. Mr. Waters got someone to come with a car, and take Mother into to Las Cruces to the Doctor. Mother had a blood clot in her left leg and spent several days in the hospital. We probably stayed with relatives or friends while Mother was in the hospital; I don't remember who.

During those three and half years in Doña Ana we children weren't sick a great deal. We had occasional colds and sore throats now more commonly called allergies. We also had childhood diseases such as measles, and chicken pox, and a few other more serious illnesses.

I still remember when Brother Walter had the chicken pox. He ran a high fever, and stayed in bed for several days. He would lie in bed out of his head with the fever, and sang "Beautiful, Beautiful, Brown Eyes," to Mother. Of course, Mother had gray eyes. She would go and sit by his bed, and put a cold washcloth on his head while he sang. Till this very day, I can't get sick without a cold wet washcloth. There is something soothing in that washcloth—a remembrance of Mother. Jimmy, and I had the chicken pox also, but I don't remember being sick very long. Maxine had already had the chicken pox when she was a baby.

The measles struck Walter, Jimmy, and Maxine first. I was the last to

catch the measles. The measles hit me hard one Friday during lunch. Mother kept me home from school that day because my siblings already had the measles. Right there at the kitchen table I almost passed out. To this day I swear it was the vegetable beef soup that brought the measles on. The smell of vegetable beef soup still nauseates me. Mother carried me to bed in the dark room she had prepared for measles victims. You had to stay in that dark room for the duration of your illness or you may damage your eyes. I believe I was up in a couple of days. I often wonder if leaving the dark room too soon made me nearsighted.

Maxine was very ill with those measles and very disappointed she had to stay home from school. Maxine had an almost perfect attendance record all the way through school, but, she was one sick little girl with those measles. The weekend after I got sick, Maxine began to hemorrhage with severe nose bleeds. Grandmother Weir came over with lemonade for everyone that day. When Mother told her about Maxine's nosebleeds, Grandmother Weir had the answer. She told Mother to mix some cayenne pepper with food and have Maxine eat it. That remedy took care of the nosebleeds.

There was the time Brother Walter got drugged on cigars and cigarettes. One of my father's dear friends, Fred Irving, and his family lived down near the Doña Ana Cotton Gin. His son, Bobby Irving, who was four or five years older than Walter had asked Walter to stay the Saturday while his parents were away. Now Bobby chewed tobacco on a regular basis. I know, because I once asked him for a bite; I thought it was chocolate candy. Bobby let me have a big hunk, which I bit off. It did not taste like chocolate candy.

On the day Brother Walter visited at the Irving's home, Bobby had laid in a supply of cigars and cigarettes. Those boys smoked, and smoked, and smoked some more. Bobby decided to walk Walter home, but dear Brother Walter only got as far as the canal just a few blocks from our house when he stopped under the bridge to pass out. Luckily the canal had only a small trickle of water, because Water needed a cool place to rest. Walter never touched another cigarette until he was past twenty-one and never became a heavy smoker.

In the summer of 1949 Jimmy developed a kidney disease. At first the doctors in Las Cruces treated him for paint poisoning. That was a reasonable diagnosis, because Jimmy had been going to the lumberyard to help Walter answer the phone and sweep the floors. Jimmy got into some paint there. The diagnosis was wrong. Jimmy swelled up and couldn't fit into his clothes. Mother had to buy Jimmy larger clothes to accommodate his swelling body. One day Mother was at Willis's Surplus Army Store in Las Cruces where she would often go and rest and visit with Mrs. Willis while waiting for the doctor's office to open. Jimmy went to the restroom that day, and forgot to flush the toilet. It was Mrs. Willis who noticed the blood in Jimmy's urine. When Mother told the doctor, he referred Jimmy to a kidney specialist in El Paso. Jimmy was admitted to Providence Memorial Hospital in El Paso where he was treated for the kidney problem. Jimmy had to continue seeing the kidney specialist for several years after his illness.

Maxine's tonsils needed removing while we lived in Doña Ana. Maxine absolutely refused to miss school, so she had to take a nasty looking tonic for

several months to get through until school was out for the summer. In those days doctors would give people a liquid tonic to build them up. The tonic was brown with vitamin B in it to build up the blood. That nasty-tasting tonic was similar to an over-the-counter liquid tonic called Geritol sold to help one's blood. In the late forties and fifties people believed the blood had to thinned and built up. Those tonics were the prerequisite of taking vitamins. Maxine took the tonic, stayed in school till summer, and was able to get her perfect attendance award, just one of many she got throughout her school years. Maxine tonsils come out after she finished the school year.

I remember having a bad intestinal flu one summer and was very sick at my stomach. Mother was scared I was catching polio, so she took me to the doctor in Las Cruces. I remember the doctor prescribing cold Cokes and warm water; my diet and nothing else for four or five days. Mother went to Garcia's Grocery for the Cokes, but the store was out of Cokes. It took awhile for the supply of Cokes to come back after World War II. Mother had to go across the street from Garcia's Grocery to the bar and ask for cold Cokes. The bartender was so surprised to see my mother he met her at the door and gave her Cokes free of charge when she told him how sick I was.

Grandmother Weir's sons, David and Jessie, would come to visit her often. Jessie Weir was a well known attorney in Las Cruces, and David Weir worked as a car inspector mechanic for the Southern Pacific Railroad in El Paso.

David usually drove to visit his mother on Thursday night and stayed until Saturday afternoon. It was on one of his visits that I walked over to Grandmother Weir's house and knocked on the door. I had a March of Dimes Card from my second grade class at school to fill with ten dimes. We were collecting dimes to stamp out polio. My second grade teacher, Mrs. Howell, had told us to ask our neighbors to help contribute, so we could fill our cards. When David answered the door, and I told him what I needed to do for school, he filled the entire card for me. I went right home, and told Mother what a nice man was visiting Grandmother Weir. Mother was a little unhappy that I had gone over there to ask for dimes, but dimes were scarce at our house, and I felt deeply about stamping out polio. Also we were not supposed to go to the neighbors' unless Mother went with us. Mrs. Howell was proud of me for getting my dimes together so quickly, though.

School was out for Christmas vacation in 1949, and Grandmother Weir had some more company. Her son, Bill Weir, his wife, Louise, and their two children, Nonie and Billy, from Odessa, Texas, were visiting Grandmother Weir. Nonie was already a teenager, but Billy was close to my Brother Jimmy's age. Walter, my older brother, and Jimmy and Billy became fast friends and took hikes in the vacant land directly behind our house. That vacant land was filled with tumbleweeds and all other kinds of desert brush. It was a good place to play cowboys and Indians.

When Walter, Jimmy, and Billy came to our house for water one day after a trip to the cowboy and Indian country behind our house, I asked if I could go. "Not with that dress on," Walter said. "Go get on a pair of jeans, and we will wait for you," he snickered.

Of course, my brothers had no intentions of waiting for me, but I ran into the house to get my jeans. My jeans were hung over a door in the middle

bedroom where Mother had put them after ironing them. That was because sprinkling and ironing starched jeans still left them damp for a while. So Mother put them over the door to finish drying. I stood on the bed close to the door and reached for my jeans. I slipped and hit a nail or sharp object on the door on my way down and tore a big gash on the outside of my left upper thigh.

Mother knew right away that I needed to go to a doctor for stitches. She grabbed me in her arms and carried me over to Grandmother Weir's house to see if Grandmother Weir's son, Bill, could drive us into Las Cruces to a doctor. Bill was working on his car though, and it would be awhile before it was up and running again.

Mother sent Maxine my older sister down to the Doña Ana Cotton Gin to see if there was anyone around there that could come and help us. While Maxine was gone, I lay in Grandmother Weir's house on the couch in her living room. I thought about all the beds she had showed us where relatives died. I was somewhat frightened. Grandmother Weir was so very concerned about my injury, though she kept standing close, and trying to comfort me. I was scared she might tell me who had died on the couch where I was lying. At the moment I didn't want to know.

I can't remember who came and took Mother and me to town. I do remember the pain when the doctor stapled the clamps in my leg, my loud screaming, and the four or five people who gathered to hold me down. I stayed angry with Mother several days for leaving the room when the clamps were put in my leg.

Grandmother Weir got her son, David, concerned about my injury on his very next visit. She insisted he had to go over to our house and check on the little girl that had been so seriously injured. She reminded him, "The little girl you gave dimes to for her card."

David did come to our house, and that is when he met our mother. Don't know if it was love at first sight of our mother, but David told me he would be back the very next weekend and bring me a little toy bird that was tied to a stick, and when I ran holding the stick up the bird would fly.

We had gone to church that Sunday when David came by our house. There were four presents behind the screen door when we got home. A dear lady, Flora Williams, from the First Christian Church in Las Cruces drove out on Sundays to take us to church. I almost jumped out of her car before it stopped when I saw presents between the screen and wooden door. Mother wouldn't let me touch the presents at first, but I kept screaming, "That man, that man." Mother said, "What man?" I said, "That nice man that came when I hurt my leg." Well it took a little more insisting before Mother finally realized who I was referring to. She finally let me have my Bird on a Stick, and at that moment David Weir became my life-long-friend. David Weir was one of the few people I had met since my parents' accident who accepted me as a little girl and not some orphan child who needed to be pitied.

The next time Mother saw David's car over at Grandmother Weir's house, she went over to say "Thank you" for the presents he had brought to her children. After that David came to dinner occasionally, took us on picnics in his Green Chevrolet Coupe. The coupe just had one seat, but David took the trunk lid off the back, and we kids rode in the open trunk. Picnics with David Weir

were true campouts. He could dig a hole, build a fire in it, put a steel rack from an old oven over the hole, cook up fried potatoes, scrambled eggs, bacon and of course pork n' beans—a meal anyone would want to eat. Our families were great coffee drinkers, and the coffee grounds in the bottom of the coffee pot were settled to the bottom when a small amount of cold water was poured into the boiling coffee. These were some of our greatest childhood adventures.

My parents had more dates and more dinners. We children had more picnics. Then, finally, the announcement that David was going to marry our mother. We moved from Doña Ana to Anthony in the summer of 1950 after David and Mother were married. It was sad to leave Grandmother Weir. She had come to depend on us, and we her. We missed her a great deal, especially when we were sick and didn't have her dropping over with her great tasting lemonade.

David and Mother went back to check on her nearly every weekend. It was on one of those occasions that my stepsister, Alpha Jo, David's daughter from his first marriage, my new brother and David's first son, Sanford David Weir, and I went to the family cemetery with our dad, David.

I remember David looking at the graves and pointing out where most family members were buried, even though some graves didn't have markers. It was truly a family history lesson. At age nine, I could not comprehend how much the old family cemetery meant to my dad, David. Somehow though, I remember how important those ancestors were to David.

In the summer of 1953 Grandmother Weir had to leave her house for the last time and go live with her daughters. Caroline Weir had lived her entire life in the Old Geck Home with the exception of the years she went away to school and the years she and her husband, William Weir, lived in the Organ Mountains east of Las Cruces. Yes, Grandmother Weir had probably lived in Doña Ana more than seventy of her eighty-three years. My mother and dad, David, took her to our house in Anthony for a few days and then she went on to El Paso to live with her oldest daughter, Aunt Celia. Later she went to Santa Fe and stayed there with her youngest daughter, Lillian.

While Grandmother Weir was at our house in Anthony, she remembered she didn't bring her Rosary with her. Grandmother Weir was a devout Catholic and she said her Rosary every single day. Brother Jimmy friends with some of the nuns and priest of the local Catholic church and understood her feelings. Jimmy took money he had earned and went to the drug store in Anthony and bought Grandmother Weir a new Rosary. Now a Rosary that wasn't blessed would not do, so when Grandmother Weir said, "Jimmy I can't use this Rosary. It hasn't been blessed." Jimmy quickly solved that problem, and took it right over to the Catholic priest for the blessing.

Grandmother Weir died in 1955 and was the last Geck family member to be buried in that old family cemetery. My dad, David, had requested he be buried out there with his family, but in 1985 when he died, Graham's Mortuary in Las Cruces said gravediggers would not dig a grave in the old cemetery, because it was so deteriorated. So, David's daughter, Diana Weir Logan, and son, Sanford David Weir (children born to David and my mother); buried him in the Masonic Cemetery in Las Cruces, which was as close as they could get to his final wishes.

I haven't been back to the old cemetery over the years, but I have read some history about Louis Geck, Grandmother Weir's Father who was stationed in Doña Ana in 1846 as a US Dragoon. The United States Government placed a marker on Louis Geck's grave acknowledging his service as a US Dragoon. That old cemetery is truly a part of history that hasn't been preserved very well. What stories could the people in those silent graves tell us? Would the people in those silent graves teach us about simple living, caring, loving, sorrow, war, and defending a new way of life as New Mexico was settled?

I only knew two very important descendants of the Louis Geck Family well enough to speak of them. One was Caroline Weir who was our very special neighbor for three and one half years, then our step-grandmother and of course our stepfather, David Weir, Louis Geck's grandson.

Our old adobe hacienda is now gone back to the clay whence it came. The old Geck Home is gone now. Much of the Geck home just fell down because of deterioration. The rest was probably cleared off because of progress. Many of the old adobe haciendas in Doña Ana were cleared away, plowed under by developers, architects, and builders in the name of progress. Yes, much of the nineteenth century in the village of Doña Ana has been plowed under lying silent never to return again. Doña Ana history is lying silent except in the memories of those who passed that way. Good memories of good people in the memory of a small child.

One hundred and one years after Louis Geck was stationed in Doña Ana, New Mexico as a US Dragoon my family moved to Doña Ana. We did not know much about the Louis Geck family, yet our paths did cross briefly in the acquaintance of his daughter, Caroline. On the day Caroline Geck Weir walked across the road from her house to ours to welcome her new neighbors, the destiny of our family changed.

Joyce M. Brumley, graduated from Gadsden High School in Anthony, New Mexico, in 1960. After graduation she began a career in insurance that lasted for more than forty years and took her to Texas where she worked in El Paso, Midland, and Houston. A resident of Grand Prairie, Texas near Arlington, Joyce's grandchildren ask her, "Grandma would you tell me about the olden days?" And, they love her stories.

A Documentary View of a Dispute over Episcopal Jurisdiction:

Father José de Jesús Cabeza de Vaca and the Battle for the Church in the Mesilla Valley

Rick Hendricks

On 22 December 1819, fray Benito Alonso, priest and teacher of Christian doctrine at Santo Domingo Pueblo, baptized José Jesús, the son of don Juan Antonio Cabeza de Baca and doña Josefa Gallegos.¹ His godfather was Santiago Narváez. In April 1844, after some four years of study, his instructors in the seminary in Durango reported that he had passed all his preparatory examinations required to receive minor orders. One of his fellow students, José Antonio Otero, indicated that he had known Baca for six years because the two of them had studied under Father Antonio José Martínez in Taos, New Mexico before enrolling in the seminary in Durango.² Two other fellow New Mexicans, José Baca, who had known José de Jesús for a dozen years, and José Tomás Chávez, a life-long friend, offered testimony to the unblemished nature of his character and comportment.³

The newly ordained Father Baca was assigned to serve the private chapel that Francisco Cabeza de Baca had constructed for the young priest in the plaza of Peña Blanca and was there by March 1845.⁴ He was then posted to Tomé where he began to serve in October 1845.⁵ He soon became embroiled in what Fray Angélico Chávez described as a schism in the New Mexican Church. Father Nicolás Valencia and fray Benigno Cárdenas began stirring up trouble in the Tomé-Belen area in 1849.⁶ In September fray Benigno, who was under suspension from the Franciscan Order as a fugitive and stripped of his sacerdotal faculties, took possession of the parish at Tomé with the assistance of the magistrate of Valencia. Deprived of his church, Father Baca departed for Santa Fe to report on events at Tomé. After considerable wrangling on all sides, Vicar Juan Felipe Ortiz restored Baca to his church in Tomé.⁷ He served until July 1850, was absent, and returned in November.⁸ He remained in Tomé until March 1853.

In April 1853 José de Jesús Baca signed some sacramental entries in the books at San Albino along with Fathers Benigno and Ramón Ortiz.⁹ Throughout his ministry Father Baca signed his surname either Cabeza de Baca or simply Baca. By early February 1854 he had taken over the ministry at San Albino. In addition to Mesilla, where he established his residence, Father Baca had been placed in charge of all the major parishes in southern New Mexico by the Bishop of Durango.¹⁰ Father Baca's arrival in Mesilla came at a momentous time. In December 1853 the Gadsden Purchase had been brought to fruition in Mexico City, transferring Mesilla to the United States; in Mesilla news of this development brought a growing sense of unease.¹¹ In the plaza of Mesilla on 14 November 1854, the Mexican flag was formally taken down and replaced with the flag of the United States of America.

In addition to the claims of Mexico and the United States over Mesilla, the Catholic Church was in the midst of a serious jurisdictional dispute over the Mesilla Valley, including the towns of Mesilla and Las Cruces, and the three Texas communities of Ysleta, Socorro, and San Elizario. This area of traditionally Spanish-speaking parishioners had been the subject of controversy

from the time of the arrival of Vicar Apostolic Jean Bapiste Lamy in the region in 1851. Bishop José Antonio Laureano López de Zubiría y Escalante had managed to frustrate Lamy's claim to the region while the matter was pondered in Rome.

Bishop Jean Marie Odin of Galveston had entrusted San Elizario, Ysleta, and Socorro to Lamy even though the communities belonged to the Diocese of Galveston by treaty. To Lamy's way of thinking about the Mesilla Valley, his jurisdiction included all of New Mexico as far south as the Rio Grande near El Paso as established in the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.¹² Bishop Zubiría did not have the same understanding. He based his hold on the area on long tradition and on a revise interpretation of the international boundary that indicated that the lower part of New Mexico— excepting the area around copper-rich Santa Rita— actually belonged to Mexico.¹³

The matter was only resolved definitively in the aftermath of the creation of the Vicariate Apostolic of Arizona in 1868. The creation of this new ecclesiastical jurisdiction moved Father Baca to file a report to the Bishop of Durango in April 1871 on the state of the churches under his charge in the Mesilla Valley. He reported on the state of the three churches whose construction he had overseen: San Albino's in Mesilla, the chapel of San Luis Rey in Chamberino, and San José in La Mesa, which was not quite complete. Baca's report reveals the encounter of two cultures underway in the Mesilla Valley, the union of Catholics and Protestants being of particular concern to the priest.

Besides church building, Father Baca had also become heavily involved in local partisan politics. In June 1871, the staunchly Democratic paper, *The Borderer*, published an item about Baca's letter to the people of Los Amoles and Chamberino.¹⁴ Father Baca encouraged his parishioners to vote Republican. He distrusted the Democrats and associated them with land hungry Texans. *The Borderer* purported to quote from Baca's letter saying,

*"That if the citizens voted for the Democratic ticket they would lose their religion, and not only their religion but their property— that in the event of a democratic victory the Texans would come up here again and take everything they had."*¹⁵

The newspaper suggested that Father Baca should stick to religion and warned that

"Experience has also proved that when men of holy character have left the contemplation of religious matters and become engaged in the whirl of political excitements, their influence has been sought for, and used by designing demagogues, and the holy influence of their ministerial character impaired."

The paper went on to refer to statements Father Baca had recently made in



Portrait of Archbishop of Santa Fe Jean B. Lamy, Amador Family Papers, New Mexico State University Library, Archives and Special Collections Department, Amador Family RGHC 00040589.

Las Cruces to the effect *“that his ministerial functions prevented him from having anything to do with politics.”*

Tensions in Mesilla finally exploded in a blood riot on the plaza in August 1871. There is little doubt that Father Baca’s pro-Republican and anti-Democratic rhetoric contributed to the climate of hostility that culminated in violence between the two groups. Nine died and fifty more were wounded in the melee.



San Albino Catholic Church, Mesilla, New Mexico, c. 1900, New Mexico State University Library, Archives and Special Collections Department, Amador Family Papers, RGHC 00040419

One of the outcomes of the Mesilla Riot of 1871 was the departure of many citizens, especially Republican sympathizers. The original plan of the Central Commission of Emigration to Ascensión envisioned 120 families eventually moving from Mesilla to land around the Ojo de Federico in the Mexican state of Chihuahua. The first wagons departed Mesilla in the fall of 1871. In July 1872 the citizens from La Ascensión, Chihuahua petitioned the

Bishop of Durango requesting that Father José de Jesús Baca be appointed their priest. By that time the population of La Ascensión had grown to more than five hundred. Of those citizens, 490 names were recorded in the request for the services of Father Baca. It is interesting to note that in addition to Mesilla, which accounted for most of the residents, several other places in Doña Ana County were represented among the citizenry of La Ascensión. There were families or individuals from La Unión, Chamberino, Las Cruces, Santa Tomás, La Mesa, and Los Chulos.¹⁶

The exodus to La Ascensión has typically been portrayed as a movement of Republican Mesilleros, and that was certainly an important motivation behind the relocation. It no less likely that the desire to live under the ecclesiastical administration of the Diocese of Durango was an important factor driving people of the area to pull up stakes and leave. It was probably also the case that some families had determined that, having had a taste of political violence in the United States, they preferred to take their chances in Mexico. The document hints at these latter two explanations but makes no mention of the more generally accepted one.

The first individual on the list was Blas Durán, one of the two principal planners for the move to La Ascensión. Ignacio Orrantía, who is said to have led the first group of emigrants, was also one of the signatories. Professor Miguel Angel Rocha Gámez of La Ascensión, also cites Ponciano Arriaga and a young man named Ambrosio Villalobos as initial leaders of the new settlers. Atilano Baca, Father Baca’s brother, was also among the first to relocate to

La Ascensión. None of these three men signed the 1872 petition. The new community also attracted families from other places in Mexico. One good example from the petition of this is the Mingochea family. All indications are that this family moved from Casas Grandes or Corralitos to La Ascensión and maintained ties to their previous home. Mary Taylor states that others joined the people from Doña Ana living in La Ascensión from Janos and Corralitos. Some of the new colonists quickly became disenchanted with life in La Ascensión. Some surely longed for their abandoned homes in Mesilla and surrounding communities. Among those who returned to the Mesilla Valley was Ignacio Orrantía, one of the prime movers in the plan to immigrate to Mexico. By the time of the 1880 census, Orrantía was residing in Chamberino with his wife Dolores and earning a living as a retail merchant.¹⁷

In December 1872 Father Baca reported on his dramatic confrontation at the doors of San Albino with Vicar Apostolic Jean Baptiste Salpointe, which involved Father Baca's refusal to hand over the church. Rome had finally granted Salpointe authority of the Mesilla Valley as well as the three Texas towns downriver from El Paso. As did his colleague in San Elizario, Father Antonio Severo Borrajo, Father Baca fought Vicar Apostolic Salpointe with all the weapons at his disposal, not the least of these the support of most of his parishioners. Salpointe placed a fellow Frenchman newly arrived from Europe, Father Auguste Morin, in charge, administering the parish and other area churches from a private home.¹⁸

Father José de Jesús remained in Mesilla serving his parishioners until at least 25 April 1873.¹⁹ On that day he celebrated the marriage of Roque Trujillo and Bacilia Lermos. At some point after that date, he went to join his former parishioners in La Ascensión. In 1874 he was in Durango, the diocesan see, to undergo examination and renew his licenses.²⁰ Around the end of November of that year, he suffered an attack of his habitual illness that was so serious that he had to ask a Father Martínez to take over his duties. He thought himself so near death that he had Father Martínez administer Last Rites. For the whole month of December he was so ill that he was unaware of anything happening around him.

Of the three non-Hispanic heads of household noted in the 1872 petition—Henry S. Drinkhouse, Josiah L. Hull, and Federick Burekner—all of whom were married to Hispanic women, two did not long remain in La Ascensión, and the third disappeared from the pages of history.

Josiah L. Hull, enlisted in the Union Army on 24 November 1861 in Placerville, California.²¹ He served in H Company, Fifth California Infantry, having attained the rank of corporal, until transferring to First Battalion of Veteran Infantry on 12 December 1864 in Mesilla.²² He eventually became a sergeant but lost his rank down to private.²³ He mustered out with his company on 15 September 1866 at Pinos Altos, New Mexico. The unit was not mustered out until 15 September 1866, but it seems likely that Hull left sooner in Mesilla with other members of the California column. Josiah Hull and his wife, Carlota Zozalle, resettled in Grant County. Their daughter, Isabel Marie, was baptized in Silver City in early 1875.²⁴

Henry S. Drinkhouse had served in the Union Army as a private in E

Company, First Regiment, First California Cavalry, an element of the California Column campaign. According to his service record, he entered and left as a hospital steward.²⁵ Drinkhouse enlisted in San Francisco and was mustered on 29 August 1861.²⁶ He mustered out in Mesilla upon the expiration of his term of service on 31 August 1864. The following year, 1865, he was indicted for practicing medicine without a license and in 1871 for prescribing medicine while intoxicated. Both charges were eventually dropped. By mid-1872 he was said to be “peddling pills in Chihuahua.”²⁷ Apparently, Drinkhouse did not remain in La Ascensión. On 15 January 1893, the widow Guadalupe Drinkhouse filed for Henry’s Civil War pension.²⁸ He had died on 27 June 1891 in Tecoripa, Sonora.²⁹

Nothing much is known of the Bavarian, Frederick Burkner. He operated a store called Burkner and Company on the east side of the Mesilla plaza and was a purveyor of dry goods, clothing, assorted groceries, and provisions for miners.³⁰ Whether he remained in Mexico is presently unknown.

In May 1878, Father Baca requested two-month’s leave to go to Santa Fe to be with his relatives and seek a cure for his illness.³¹ Reportedly, he was very ill. He made the request of Father José de la Luz Corral in Chihuahua, asking to pass along his request to the Bishop of Durango. Never fully recovering, in January 1879 he was again ill and fearful of a fatal attack. Sources vary on his final resting place. According to Mary Taylor, Father Baca remained in La Ascensión, Chihuahua, until his death in 1885.³² George C. de Baca states that he died in La Cuesta, New Mexico (present-day Villanueva) at the home of Francisquito C. de Baca, a nephew Father Baca had raised.³³

Durango, 30 October 1870³⁴

Most Reverend Dr. don José Vicente

Salinas³⁵

Monseigneur,

Not having had the pleasure of finding Your Excellency in your episcopal city and personally presenting to you my respectful homage, I am taking the liberty of sending you these brief words as an expression of my feelings.

It is as bishop and neighbor of Your Excellency—although separated by a very considerable distance—that I wanted to present myself to you and demonstrate to you the desire that we have between us the best relationship.

Your Excellency will already know by a letter from Rome that Dr. Laurenzana will have given you that some limits between the Diocese of Durango and the Vicariate Apostolic of Arizona have to be determined.³⁶ I await Your Excellency’s response.



Portrait of John B. Salpointe, Bishop of Arizona and Archbishop of Santa Fe, New Mexico State University Library, Archives and Special Collections Department, Amador Family Papers, RGHC 00040588

I will take the greatest pleasure if this letter finds you in full health and that one day during the visitation of your diocese Your Excellency can come a little closer to the Territory of Arizona.

*Your Excellency's humble servant
Juan B. Salpointe³⁷
Bishop of Dorylaëum³⁸
Vicar Apostolic of Arizona³⁹*

Tucson, Arizona, 21 June 1871⁴⁰

Most Reverend Dr. don José Vicente Salinas

Most Worthy Bishop of Durango

Most Reverend Sir,

Upon receipt of the pleasing letter that Your Excellency saw fit to send me dated 17 February, it was my pleasure to notify Cardinal Barnabò that the letters from His Eminence had arrived at their destination and were already answered by Your Excellency.⁴¹

From that time I awaited a prompt solution to the question of the limits of my vicariate, but this has not been given to me yet. In past days the same Cardinal Barnabò wrote telling me that he had received no response from the Most Reverend Bishop of Durango to his various letters about this matter nor to the last one in which he spoke to him, according to what Your Excellency told me, "which letters the Most Reverend Bishop answers, does not concern me."

This delay leaves me, from two years ago to the present, with perceivable indecision and causes me quite large disadvantages, as it does the faithful in various places. Nevertheless, I do not want to blame anyone, knowing that both sides have taken steps to straighten out this business. My sole intention is to inform Your Excellency that your letter has been lost, and it would not surprise me if the Sacred Congregation has not made, as of the present, the determination we desire.

Entrusting myself to Your Excellency's prayers, I remain your respectful and humble servant.

*Juan B. Salpointe
Bishop of Dorylaëum
Vicar Apostolic of Arizona*

Most Reverend Sir, Dr. don José Vicente Salinas, Most Worthy Bishop of Durango

Mesilla, 12 April 1871

My venerated Father,

In fulfillment of Your Excellency's order contained in the very esteemed circular letter of 1 March of the present year, I have the honor, with most profound respect, to give you the following report. When the Territory of New Mexico, where I obtained a permanent curacy, was separated from the Bishopric of Durango and erected as a new bishopric, I left that country with

my dimissory letters given by the Most Reverend Bishop Lamy with the aim of requesting my admission in this Bishopric of Durango to which I belonged from my origin.⁴² With this object in mind I went to the capital of this very bishopric and felt the happiness of seeing my desires realized. The Most Reverend Bishop Salinas, after having generously admitted me as domiciled in his bishopric had the kindness to charge me as parish priest with the administration of these pueblos, extending to me the dispatch that ordered that charge dated 23 November of the year 1853. In it no time limit whatsoever was



Saint Joseph Catholic Church, La Mesa, New Mexico, 1913, New Mexico State University Library, Archives and Special Collections Department, Amador Family Papers, RGHC 00010304

placed on my licenses. From that time to the present I have carried out my charge without interruption. When I received these pueblos they were just beginning to be built. Scarcely three years earlier, the first colonists had begun to found them. As a consequence, no churches had been constructed, and there were only some jacal huts that served provisionally to celebrate the Divine Offices. In the time that I have served this administration I have been able with the greatest difficulty to construct three churches, which

are the following: One in this pueblo of Mesilla where I have my residence and that serves as the principal church. It is forty varas long and nine wide of average architecture. Its patron is Bishop San Albino. It is provided with all the necessary vestments and sacred vessels, but there are only three usable vestments; one missal; three albs; altar cloths, frontals, and palls sufficient for four altars, which are how many there are. Everything else to complete the service belongs to the parish of El Paso.

It was loaned from the beginning, when this pueblo was founded.

A chapel in the pueblo of Chamberino is twenty-five varas long and eight wide. It is provided with one usable vestment, one chalice, one missal, an alb, and the other linen needed for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Its patron is San Luis Rey.

A church that is almost complete is in the pueblo of La Mesa. It



Residences Santo Tomas, New Mexico, 1912, New Mexico State University Library, Archives and Special Collections Department, Amador Family Papers, RGHC 00010300

is fifty varas long and ten wide with its respective tower. It is of average construction. Its patron is San José. It does not yet have any vestments or sacred vessels because all the resources they have been able to acquire have been invested in the construction of the church, which was begun four years ago and has cost a lot.

There are no other priests in the area that constitutes this administration than I and a priest named Bernardino Hinojos.⁴³ He has been living in this pueblo for about ten years, but he does not exercise the ministry and is dedicated to the miserable job of baker in order to live. I have tried to persuade him to become qualified, but it has been in vain.

The pueblos that constitute my administration are all located in the jurisdiction of the United States of North America. They are the following: Mesilla, which is the principal town and has a population of 1,569 souls. There are two public schools that forty to fifty children attend. It is eighteen leagues from the parish church of El Paso, which is the nearest of those that belong to the Bishopric of Durango. I do not know the distance to the capital of the bishopric exactly. I suppose that it could be some two hundred leagues. The pueblo of Picacho is two leagues to the north of this pueblo and has a population of 210 souls. The pueblo of Santo Tomás is two leagues to the south of this one with a population of 104 souls.⁴⁴ There is a school regularly attended by fifteen to twenty children. In the same direction, to the south, at a distance of four leagues from this one is the pueblo of La Mesa. Its population is 517 souls. There is a school which is attended by thirty to forty children. In the same direction, to the south, at a distance of six leagues from the principal town is the pueblo of Chamberino, which has a population of 463 souls with its school that consists of twenty-five to thirty children.

The archive consists of the books of marriages, baptisms, burials and the pre-nuptial investigations sent to the office of the vicar seeking dispensation. There has never been a book of circular letters. The Most Reverend Bishop Zubiría on his visitation to these pueblos made no mention of said book in the proceedings of the visitation.⁴⁵ For this reason I have not begun one and just keep the circular letters in the archive.

The annual amount of the fees, including everything, and the first fruits would come to 800 or 900 pesos. The expenses of the church I must incur on my own account, and they come to 150 pesos annually. No encumbrance has been imposed for the ends indicated in the circular letter.

Because I hope to give the strictest fulfillment of Your Excellency's directives, beyond what I have related and in response to the last part of the circular letter, it seems necessary to me to make mention, though succinctly, of the following matter: At a distance on one league from this church where I reside, to the east, is located the parish of Las Cruces, which belongs to the Vicariate Apostolic of Arizona. The Río del Norte used to separate these two pueblos,

*but a change in the river that took place in 1862 left both pueblos on the left side of the river. The pueblos that compose the parish of Las Cruces belonged to the Bishopric of Durango when I received this administration and were a part of it, but they were later aggregated to the Bishopric of Santa Fe. From that time to the present I have regretted seeing myself frequently in difficulties arising from the extraordinary authority exercised by the ministers who have served the administration of those pueblos, especially with respect to the celebration of marriage. With them, perhaps, the impediment of *Cultus disparitas*,⁴⁶ which is the one we most come across at every step, is not in force because these populations are almost half Catholics and half Protestants. What is more, the discipline that they follow is largely different from ours, which is why such difficulties come to us. Another thing is that those priests frequently get involved in matters of jurisdiction of this bishopric, especially in this church in my charge, which is the nearest. With a certain frequency it happens that parishioners of this parish, either because they are joined by the impediment of *Cultus disparitas* or some other impediment, or because they want to excuse themselves from the other common rules of the Church, such as the publication of the banns or the necessary instruction to receive the Holy Sacraments, go to that parish where they are admitted and married. In some cases I have protested to them, and they have answered, apologizing, but their excuses come down to their having been deceived and others of the same tenor. The case is that they never cease to do it. The answers that I have been able to get in this particular I am saving in the event they are needed at some time.*

This is the information your least son and domiciled priest most respectfully places before Your Excellency for your consideration, with the hope of receiving your holy pastoral benediction and humbly kisses your feet.

José de Jesús Baca

Mesilla, 6 January 1872⁴⁷

Cura don Antonio Severo Borrajo,

My dear sir and friend,

I just learned something new and am telling you the same way it was told to me. Just now the priests of Las Cruces have been with me, and they say that Bishop Salpientes has been called from Santa Fe by Bishop Lamy. He has told him the order has come for him to receive these places and that this arrangement has been made between the Bishop of Durango and the Archbishop of Baltimore. They also say that El Paso County is being excluded, but that in Rome they have understood El Paso County to be the part that belongs to Mexico and that he should receive all that corresponds in civil matters to the United States. Since I suppose you are not aware of this news, I am giving it to you so that you may do with it what you deem appropriate. For me it is very strange that Salpientes himself does not breathe a word of this.

See fit to tell me if Cura Ortiz has returned from his trip because I want

to make a return trip to those places when the cura is in El Paso. Perhaps then I will have the pleasure of seeing you. In the interim I am as always, your companion, friend, and servant who kisses your hands.

José de Jesús Baca

*Most Reverend Bishop of Durango*⁴⁸

Your Excellency,

I am in receipt of this while sending mine to the mail courier from El Paso. I do not have time to do more than enclose it. I shall write to Cura Baca that he should remain firm unless he receives orders from Your Excellency.

A.S. Borrajo

San Elceario, 13 January 1872

*Las Cruces, New Mexico*⁴⁹

6 February 1872

*Reverend Doctor Corrales*⁵⁰

Cura and Vicar in Capite (Chihuahua)

My Dear Sir and Friend,

If I have not written you before it is not because I have forgotten your attentions and the great warmth you showed me when I was in Chihuahua but because of my many obligations and for lack of a motive such as the one that presents itself today.

I wish to inform you of the need that there is today in the villa of El Paso and the settlements that belong to its jurisdiction of a priest with authority to administer the sacraments. According to what I have heard said, since the death of Father Real y Vázquez those pueblos have had no or almost no religious administration and from this, as you can imagine, great harm to the spiritual welfare of those faithful will follow.⁵¹ For my part, I can assure you that in those pueblos some have married before a Protestant minister because they have been unable to find a minister of their religion to witness their marriage. That well serves the cause of Protestantism, which is already eager to win something over our holy religion. Can you not, as cap itular vicar remedy this harm? It is enough that I give you the task of informing the Most Reverend Bishop of Durango about what is happening in that part of his diocese. If you want to remedy this in the quickest way, you could give jurisdiction to a priest who has already been in El Paso for some time, but who is doing nothing because he lacks the required authority from the See of Durango. His name is Olivier Ruelland.⁵² I do not know this priest personally. Nevertheless, through letters I have received from the last bishop under whose authority he lived, although they do not attempt to inform me of his moral character, one can judge that he is free from all ecclesiastic censure and worthy of being admitted to the services of the ministry of religion. By giving him this jurisdiction, until the Most Reverend Bishop sends someone else, you will be doing a big favor to those pueblos, which are so abandoned.

Forgive this liberty. I am talking to you in the interest of religion and with the confidence that you will do what is possible to favor it. I am saying nothing out of my own personal interest because this must come only in last place. As you may know, a part of the present jurisdiction of El Paso will one day belong to me according to the will of the Holy Father. The inhabitants know this already and blame me for leaving them without priests. They say what they think; they are not up on ecclesiastic rules, but I can do nothing. They do not understand that even if they wanted to belong to my jurisdiction, I am not obligated to receive them. This would all be resolved were it not for a misunderstanding about a word. It appears that the Most Reverend Bishop of Durango, because he does not yet know this part of his diocese, had taken what is called El Paso County in Texas for the villa of El Paso in Mexico. His Excellency has written to Rome in this sense, which has given cause for explanations and has the question still pending. This is a misfortune for the pueblos that remain without administration. I would like to be able to show you the petitions that have come to me so that you could see the motives that produced them. May God's will be done. I think that no responsibility in this rests with me.

Please see fit to give my greetings to your mother and your sister and to don José de la Luz Bustamante and his wife.

*Your attentive servant and friend
in Our Lord
J B. Salpointe
Bishop of Dorylaëum
Vicar Apostolic of Arizona*

Las Cruces, New Mexico ⁵³

9 March 1872

To the Most Reverend José María ⁵⁴ *Salinas*

Bishop of Durango

Most Reverend Sir,

I hope that the letter from Rome will have advised Your Excellency of the decree of 22 December 1871 by which the settlements of El Paso County (Texas) and those of the Mesilla Valley in Doña Ana County (New Mexico) are aggregated to the Vicariate of Arizona.

I shall consider it a favor from Your Excellency if, as soon as you receive the necessary notice, you inform me of your adherence to it and desist from all jurisdiction over those settlements. This desire, which has been demonstrated various times, should not surprise Your Excellency. I do not express it precipitously or for personal interest but only for the good of those souls. This is, in effect, is something that gives meaning to seeing the abandonment in which most of the inhabitants of those settlements find themselves. Outside

of Mesilla and San Elizario, which have had their parish priests, there are various other pueblos of more less considerable size that for the space of eight years and more have had no or almost no religious administration. This has been demonstrated to me in a petition from seven hundred heads of family.

From this nothing can be expected other than the direst consequences. Almost all of the marriages are celebrated before a civil judge or some Protestant minister. Worse still is that the ministers of this religion fake the Catholic religion. They give communion in their way and take it to the ill, fatally tricking many of these poor people.

This is sufficient for Your Excellency to see what the motive of this letter is and for you to pardon me for the bother that I have caused you various times about this matter.

Asking for Your Excellency's blessing, I remain the very respectful and humble servant and brother in Our Lord.

j B. Salpointe

Bishop of Dorylaëum

Vicar Apostolic of Arizona

Most Reverend Dr. don José Vicente Salinas, Most Worthy Bishop of Durango⁵⁵

The undersigned citizens of the new settlement of La Ascensión,⁵⁶ appear before Your Excellency with the highest respect and state that all of them, most of the petitioners being Mexicans who resided in the Mesilla Valley when the treaty between Mexico and the United States was celebrated, which ceded that section of the country to the United States, wanting to again belong to the government of their birth, have recently immigrated from their adoptive fatherland and settled this colony of Ascensión within the limits of the Mexican Republic where they have found all the resources necessary for life. But they lack the most important and necessary resources, which is spiritual assistance. Because of the absence of a priest to dispense it, they find themselves in the difficult situation of having to seek recourse to Your Excellency, earnestly beseeching you to see fit to show them charity of remedying their need by providing them with a priest to administer the spiritual nourishment. We are aware, Your Excellency, of the shortage of priests that unfortunately exists in this diocese and that this could be the cause that our request does not produce the result we desire, but are taking the liberty of indicating to Your Excellency that we also know that Cura don José de Jesús Baca, who has administered the very pueblo whence we immigrated for the long period of eighteen years is resolved to leave that place. Because of how harmful it has been for his health these last years, he has suffered serious illnesses. We want this man who knows us and whom we know and who has never given us a motive to complain and, to the contrary, has known how to attend to our spiritual needs, to continue administering to us.

We place our hope in Your Excellency's apostolic zeal and charity that you will grant our request, which represents the more than five hundred souls who comprise this settlement and unanimously clamor for their diocesan pastor as the only one who can give them the greatest consolation by conceding what they request by which means they will receive mercy and grace.

La Ascensión, 9 July 1872

Blas Durán ⁵⁷	Úrsula Barela	Emilia Barela	Felipe Provencio
Ponciano Durán	Enrique Barela	Ramona Barela	Guadalupe Castillo
Sotela Pasos	Epifanio Barela ⁵⁹	Ignacio Orrantía ⁶²	Juan Hernández
Desiderio Durán	Dolores Zubía ⁶⁰	María Dolores	Ramona Molina
Isidora Durán	Sabina Martínez	Provencio	Livia Hernández ⁶⁷
Fabián González ⁵⁸	Petra Zubia	Antonio Orrantía	Cornelio Hernández
Marianita B. González	Lorenzo Zubia	Romario Orrantía	Juana Hernández
Timoteo González	Silvestre Maese	Bentura Provencio ⁶³	Gertrudis Rodríguez ⁶⁸
Jesús González	Refugio Jáquez	Juan Romero	Florencia Hernández ⁶⁹
Rosa González	Ignacio Barela	Guadalupe Montes	Andrés Carrión
Josefa González	Marcela García	Zacarías Provencio ⁶⁴	Fausto Jiménez
Tomacita González	Jesús Barela	María Paula Romero	Inés Hernández ⁷⁰
Juan González	Feliz Barela	Albino Provencio ⁶⁵	Tiburcio Molina
Fabián González, the son	Natividad Barela ⁶¹	Catarina Carvajal	Leandro García ⁷¹
Pedro Carrillo	Trifona Vianes	Pedro Provencio ⁶⁶	Juana Ontiveros
Guillermo Martínez	Rodrigo Barela	Petra Lucero	Antonio García ⁷²
Apolonio Barela	Pablo Barela	María Dolores Provencio	Soledad Bermúdez
Teresa García	Marcus Mingochea	Eugenia Martínez ⁶⁷	Josefa Miranda
Juana García	Dominga Mingochea ⁸⁰	Carlota Hagan	Manuel Rivera
Senovea García	Lino Mingochea	Eusebio Parras	Andrés Vega
Estanislado Alvililar ⁷³	Bernardo Mingochea	Juana Domínguez	Cruz Quesada
Isabel Griego	Narcisca Rivera	Soledad Acencio	Abrán Perea
Nativad Alvililar	Estanislada Miranda	Vicente Mestas	Tiburcio Perea
Cleofas Alvililar	Bartolo Marrujo	Noberta López	Petra Vega
David Alvililar	Santos Flores	Juan Mestas	Pablo Barrio
Estanislado Alvililar	Agapita García	María Jesús Mestas	Sixta Perea
Quiteria Alvililar	Leveriana García	Rosaura Mestas	Fidel Barrio
María Jesús Griego	Juan Blanco	Guadalupe Barrio ⁶⁸	Luis Barrio ⁹¹
Luis Barrio ⁷⁴	Pomposa Márquez ⁸¹	Eufemio Barrio	María Romero
María Josefa Benavidez	Antonia Márquez	Rosa Barrio	Marcos Barrio
Benito Barela ⁷⁵	Albina Márquez	Josefa Barela	Juan de Dios Barrio
Margarita González	José Angel Soasa	Sóstenes Beanés	Benigna Barrio
Teodora Barela	J.L. Hull ⁸²	Francisca Durán	Luisa Barrio
Leonor Barela	Carlota Sozalle	Bernabé Pérez	Manuel Rubio
Tranquilino Durán ⁷⁶	Francisco Hull	Julián Pérez	Plácida Rubio
Antonio Durán	Clara Madrid	María Leonor Pérez	Guadalupe Rubio
Clefitero Durán	Severo Ortega	Paula Pérez	Ignacia Rubio
María Inés Durán	Dionisio Domínguez	Sabina Pérez	Victoriano Rubio
Martín Trujillo ⁷⁷	Valentina Ortega	Juan Olguín	Martina Rubio
Bibiana Acosta	Isidoro Madrid ⁸³	Manuel Olguín	Pánfil Rubio
Marcelino Trujillo	Juana Barela	Francisco Herrera ⁸⁹	Juan José Durán

Nicolás Trujillo	Cornelia Madrid	Gorgonia Peña	Gertrudis Bertold
Refugio Trujillo	Pedro Madrid	Marcos Beltrán	José Durán
Carmen Trujillo	Julio Madrid	Navor Lucero	Juan Cruz Durán
Jesús María Trujillo	José Madrid	Matilde Lucero	María García
Francisco Alviljar	Martín Álvarez	Sostena Lucero	Bernarda Durán
Cipriano Esquibel	Nicolasa Madrid	Blas Lucero	Patrocinio Durán
Eugenia Juanes	Mauricio Álvarez	Guadalupe Jurado	Cecilia Durán
Román Galván ⁷⁸	Quirino Armijo ⁸⁴	Joaquín Jiménez	Marcos Arrollos
Juana Apodaca	Antonia Galindo	Quiteria Rueda	Francisca Arrollos
Pascual Galván	Sixto Chacón	Sirilda Armenta	Juan Arrollos
Luisa Galván	Arcadio Chacón	Felipa Parra	José Arrollos
Román Galván, the son	Petronila Rodríguez	Juana Jiménez	Herculana País
Henry S. Drinkhouse, Sr. ⁷⁹	Luz Pacheco	Casimiro Zúñiga	Bernarda Ruiz
Guadalupe Drinkhouse	Lisandro Miranda	Concepción Zúñiga	Lina Ruiz
Henry S. Drinkhouse, Jr.	Cesaria Arrollos	Francisca Zúñiga	Alejo Lara ⁹²
Henrietta G. Drinkhouse	Vicente Domínguez	Inocente Lucero	Magdalena Subilla
Marcela Chacón	Francisco Rascón	Támara Lucero	Rita Lara, the first
Joaquina Chacón	Refugio Bargas ⁸⁵	Epitafio Lucero	Crecencio Lara
Petronelio Chacón	Dolores Fimes	Nasario Lucero ⁹⁰	Rita Lara, the second
Juan Chacón	Guadalupe Bargas	Martín Lucero	Mónico Rocha ⁹³
Juan Chacón	Eufemio Bargas	Ramón Barela	Bernardina Hernández
Francisco Mingochea	Cresencia Martínez ⁸⁶	Crispina Roble	Pantaleón Rocha
Cruz Pais	Epitacia Rivera	Francisco Rivera	Refugio Rocha
Isabel Rocha	Román Sedillos	María Nicolsa Echavarría	Evangelista Gómez
Dolores Rocha	Pablo Cherivel	Cruz González ¹⁰²	José Gómez
Clemente Vázquez	Polinario Sedillos	Mariana Vaca ¹⁰³	Pablo Gómez
Seferina Chávez	Marilita Loeza	Pablo González	Gregorio Gómez
Antonio Vázquez	Federico Burckner ⁹⁷	Luz González	Antonio Gómez
Crespina Vázquez ⁹⁴	Ana María Loeza	Victoria Sotelo	Rudecindo Durán
Juan López	Margarita Burckner	Concepción Tovar	Josefa Padilla
Fermín Terrazas	Luisa Burckner	Albino Esparza	Víctor Durán
Juana Martínez	George Burckner	José María Sotelo	Andrés Esquibel
Catarino Pérez	Juanita Burckner	Ramona Rico	Justa Martínez
Francisca Peña	Ascensión Burckner	Heraclio Sotelo	Isabel Esquibel, the first
Concepción Pérez	Francisco Hahuard	Paz Sotelo	Paz Esquibel
Andrea Pérez	Refugio Arrollos	Martina Jiménez	Isabel Esquibel, the second
Juan Martínez	Juana Gurulé	Josefa Talamantes	Jesús Esquibel
Francisca Martínez	Rafael Bermúdez ⁹⁸	Juan García	Miguel Esquibel
Josefa Velesa	Refugio Aragón	Jesús Carrasco	Austacia Martínez
Juana Hernández	Román Bermúdez	Tomás García	Carmen Esquibel
Tomás Chávez	Estefana Bermúdez	Pedro Saavedra	Saturnino Esquibel
Andrés Chávez	Juana Bermúdez	Carlota García	Ricardo Acosta
Justa Chávez	Urbano Bermúdez	Albino Saavedra	Sara Mier
Lorenzo García	José Lara	Patrocinio Saavedra	José Ángel Acosta
Francisca Bencomo	Teresa Márquez	Anastacia Olguín	Antonio Acosta
Lucas Delfín	María Hernández	María Urbana Telles ¹⁰⁴	Refugio Acosta
Sebastián Lucero ⁹⁵	Bárbaro Hernández ⁹⁹	Epifanio Telles ¹⁰⁵	Regino Acosta
Dolores Bencomo	Jesús Hernández	Práxedes Telles	Crispina Tovar

Toribio Lucero	Eusebio Hernández	Antonia Telles	Ventura Cordero
Gregoria Lucero	Patrocinio Hernández	José María Olguín	Estanislado Tovar
Maximiano Lucero	Rafael Ancheta ¹⁰⁰	Rudecinda Maldonado	Agapito Tovar
Cruz Lucero	Antonio Figueroa	Francisco Apodaca	Manuel Tovar
Celso Lucero	Paz de Figueroa	Marcos Olguín	Dolores Quevedo
Miguelita Villalba	Hilaria Esparza	Juan Olguín	Dolores Sotelo
Beninga Caviona	Evarista Escudero	Concepción Andrade ¹⁰⁶	Antonia Sotelo
Mauricio Caviona	Cornelio Escudero	Antonia Barela	María Sotelo
Julián Caviona	Filomena Rodríguez	Luis Padilla ¹⁰⁷	Pedro Sotelo
Patricio Armendárez	Lucio Rodríguez	Juana Gómez	Andrés Álvarez
Fenovia Gómez	Candelario Quintana	Lázaro Padilla	Juana Archuleta
Sotera Armendárez	Juan de Dios Quintana	Matilde Padilla	Cruz Apodaca
Próspera Armendárez	Senaida Quintana	Braulio Padilla	Demeterio Domínguez
Genoveva Armendárez	Guadalupe Quintana	Pascual Padilla	Apolonio Álvarez
Refugio Carrión	José Tapia ¹⁰¹	Cesario Durán	Antonia de la O
Ramona Casares	Ramona Ramírez	María Juana Durán	Diego Álvarez
Crecencio Carrión	Román Tapia	Cesario Durán, the second	Severo de la O ¹⁰⁸
Locadia Carrión	Máximo Tapia	Benito Durán	Gestora Apocada
Faustino Barrio	Antonio Tapia	Agustín Durán	Beatriz de la O
Luis Sedillos ⁹⁶	Gregorio Tapia	María Guadalupe Durán	Anastasia de la O
Blaza Morales	Lázaro Tapia	Francisco Gómez	Juan López
Felipa Sedillos	Cruz Echavarría	Feliciana Durán	Martina de la O Ladislao
López	Leandra Betancia	Francisco Apodaca	Petra Padilla
Gabina López	Narcisa Betancia	Antonia Apodaca	María Refugio Padilla
Pedro Galas	Juan Betancia	Rosalio González ¹¹²	Luciano Perea ¹¹⁴
Josefa Sejas	Simona Betancia	Rafaela Escalante	Marcelino Gallegos ¹¹⁵
Juan Galas	Julián Apodaca ¹¹⁰	Pedro González	Victoriana C. de Gallegos
Gregorio Galas ¹⁰⁹	Refugio Gallegos	Macario González	Fidencio Gallegos
Petra Galas	Desideria Apodaca ¹¹¹	Urbano Costales	Antonio Luz Gallegos
Gregoria Galas	Maximiana Apodaca	Salomé López	María Gallegos
Gregorio Galas	Victoria Apodaca	Juan Costales	Angelito Gallegos
Antonio Galas	Ascensio Apodaca	Regino González ¹¹³	Marcelino Gallegos, the son
Josefa Galas	Nepomuceno Apodaca	Refugia López	
Josefa Lucero	Bárbara Apodaca	Antonia Padilla	

Mesilla, New Mexico, 13 December 1872¹¹⁶

*Most Reverend Dr. don José Salinas, Most Worthy Bishop of Durango
My venerated Father,*

I suppose that from the Cura of El Paso del Norte Your Excellency will have learned the decision of the Vicar Apostolic of Arizona to take possession of these churches that belong to the jurisdiction of Your Excellency and are within the limits of the United States. We ecclesiastics were notified of this decision by the Vicar Apostolic himself. Since this decision has been put into effect, I find myself with the duty of reporting to Your Excellency everything that has happened in this matter and the sad situation in which we priests who have these churches in our care find ourselves. After the Vicar

Apostolic notified us of his previously mentioned decision, we met, the cura of San Elizario, the cura of El Paso, and I, to see whether we could avoid a conflict as scandalous as it would be prejudicial to the souls. The step that seemed to us most appropriate was to seek an interview with His Excellency the Vicar Apostolic and earnestly beseech him to suspend his decision until this question can be straightened out with proper order, informing him of the enormous harm that must follow so unjust a step. Yet all was for naught. Our entreaties and our observations were ignored. Then, having no order to hand over our churches and knowing from the Vicar Apostolic himself that Your Excellency had refused to hand over these churches because you had no word to do so from the Holy See, we came to an agreement that because of a strict duty of our consciences and in fulfillment of the obedience we owe to Your Excellency, who is our legitimate prelate, we had to refuse the pretensions of the Vicar Apostolic maintain the places entrusted to us until Your Excellency decides something else. This was the step that in so compromised a situation appeared to us most in line with our duties with the hope still that the Vicar Apostolic would consider, having seen our opposition, the terrible result that indisputably would be produced by the act he intended to carry out. Unfortunately such consideration has not happened, and the deed has been done. The first of the present month after I celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and the other rites of the day, the Vicar Apostolic appeared in the door of this church, which was already closed and immediately sent to ask me for the keys. I refused to send them, responding that since I had no order from my prelate to hand over to him jurisdiction or to hand over to him the church. Then he requested the intervention of the civil authorities, but despite being in favor of this very measure they could not take part in the matter because it was against their character, which does not permit them to interfere in religious questions. After this, the Vicar Apostolic considered himself in possession of this pueblo, leaving a priest to administer it in a private home and ordered the other churches that comprise this parish taken because I was unable to go prevent it because I was taking care of the parish church, which is the only church that still remains in my control. This is, Your Excellency, the anguished situation in which we priests who administer these churches find ourselves, especially me because I am closest to the residence of the person who has surrounded us in this misfortune. I have to see with alarm the terrible division among the faithful, for some are for one side and others for the other. At the same time I must suffer the greatest personal insults, as much from the French priests as from their followers who regularly are those who have always been the enemies of the Church. I consider my life to be in danger; such is the conflagration that these sad events have caused. The difficulties are made weightier by the great distance we are from Your Excellency, which impedes our having your paternal instructions frequently, which would be a very great consolation in

this delicate matter.

After having placed before the superior understanding of Your Excellency all of the aforesaid and would add that I know that my permanence in this administration may be the cause of augmenting the difficulties because of the preconceptions against me that exist among the French priests who do not lose a moment in spreading them among the faithful. This is just because I have always reproached them for the inference that in matters of jurisdiction they have made with repeated frequency in these churches in my charge, such as what I earlier informed Your Excellency about various marriages they have celebrated. I am earnestly beseeching Your Excellency to see fit to remove me from this administration and also permit me to go to administer another settlement that has been established at the place called La Asención, within the limits of Mexico and at a distance of six leagues from the presidio of Janos. The inhabitants who have settled that colony were all residents of these very places that I am administering who have immigrated to the land of their birth seeking the protection that lack here. I can assure Your Excellency that they were all the most faithful in the fulfillment of their Christian duties. This reason and having been my parishioners for the long period of nineteen years makes me want to continue being their spiritual pastor. That settlement consists of a considerable number of inhabitants. It is certain that there is as yet no church because scarcely a year ago it was founded, but if you grant my request, I shall make the effort of seeing one built as soon as possible. In the interim I could establish my residence in Janos where there are two or three churches and all the necessary church furnishings. In order to attend to the new settlers with spiritual assistance while the church is being constructed, if Your Excellency deems is appropriate, I could be permitted to exercise the divine rites in some chapel that could be built for that purpose.

I place my hope in Your Excellency's goodness that should my arguments will be considered, you will grant my request. If not, I am always ready for whatever Your Excellency decides. From the least of your children who earnestly requests your holy pastoral benediction and humbly kisses your feet.

José de Jesús Baca

18 December 1872¹⁷

To don José de Jesús Corral

El Paso del Norte

I saw the copy of the communications exchanged between the Most Reverend Vicar Apostolic of Arizona and you, which you send to this my secretariat. I deeply regret what such communications reveal. I hope that you and Fathers Borrajo and Baca will use all the prudence appropriate to your sacred character, which I have recommended to you through Father Corral from Chihuahua. I do not approve the publication of the aforesaid communications, which Father Borrajo suggests to me in his letter that I received. I charge you to immediately

send the enclosed to the Most Reverend Father Salpointe, whose response you will collect and send to me.

Regarding the matter that caused the present situation, nothing has been said to be from Rome after the report I produced at the request of the Sacred Congregation for Propagation of the Faith. I have already written to the Holy Father asking for instructions in this matter, and in the coming month I hope to have an answer, which I will immediately communicate to you.¹¹⁸

In the meantime, I hope that you, and so forth.

José Vicente,

Bishop of Durango 18 December 1872¹¹⁹

Most Reverend Dr. don Juan B. Salpointe

Las Cruces

The priests in charge of the parishes of El Paso, Mesilla, and San Elceario have informed me about the communications recently exchanged between you and them. Deeply regretting this and wishing to dispel the ill-humor that those communications reveal, I say to Your Excellency that as soon as you were with me in this city the month before last I wrote to Our Holy Father asking for instructions, which I do not have, regarding the matter relative to the vicariate apostolic in Your Excellency's charge. I do not doubt I shall receive them in the coming month.

If, then, Your Excellency desires that this matter be resolved in a canonical way and without a thundering condemnation forming, as could take place, an unfavorable opinion of Your Excellency, which is not in my power to avoid, Your Excellency should see fit to await my letters, which will not take more than two months at most.

I indicate this to Your Excellency and ask for this extension of time as the fullest expression of affection with which I am, and I repeat, Your Excellency's most attached brother and servant who kisses your hands.

José Vicente,

Bishop of Durango.

12 April 1873

To the Most Reverend Bishop of Arizona

Rick Hendricks is the current editor of the Southern New Mexico Historical Review.

Upon returning from my pastoral visitation, I received an official communication from the Most Excellent Cardinal Prefect of the Sacred Congregation for Propagation of the Faith of 14 January of the present year. By it I am advised that our Holy Father has seen fit to segregate from this diocese and aggregate to the territory of the Vicariate Apostolic of Arizona in Your Excellency's charge the parishes stated in the pontifical letters issued on

22 December 1871. While happily awaiting that decision from the Holy See, I am placing at Your Excellency's disposition those parishes and communicating this to the cura and rural dean of El Paso del Norte, don José de Jesús Corral, so that representing me he may carry out the formal transfer of them. To this end I am sending the enclosed communication. I declare, and so forth.

Rick Hendricks is the current editor of the Southern New Mexico Historical Review.

Endnotes

- ¹ Minor orders and major orders of José de Jesús Baca, Durango, 28 March-15 October 1844, AHAD-354, f. 773-84.
- ² José Antonio Otero, Statement, Durango, 20 April 1844, AHAD-782-83
- ³ José Baca, Statement, Durango, 20 April 1844, AHAD-783-84; José Tomás Chávez, Statement, 20 April 1844, AHAD-784-85.
- ⁴ José de Jesús Baca to Mariano de Jesús Lucero, Peña Blanca, 28 March 1845, Archives of the Archdiocese of Santa Fe, Loose Documents, Mission, 1845:4; George C. de Baca's unpublished "A Genealogy Record of the Cabeza de Baca Family of New Mexico," 78 cited at [http://pagesperso-orange.fr/rancho.pancho/Fernando](http://pagesperso-orange.fr/rancho.pancho/Fernando.htm) .htm, accessed 7 November 2007; George C. de Baca, A Genealogy of the Cabeza de Baca Family of New Mexico, 2002 ed. (Independently published, 2002).
- ⁵ Fray Angelico Chavez, Archives of the Archdiocese of Santa Fe, 1678-1900 (Washington, D.C.: Academy of American Franciscan History, 1957), 258.
- ⁶ Fray Angelico Chavez, "A Nineteenth-Century New Mexico Schism," *New Mexico Historical Review* 51:1 (1983): 41.
- ⁷ *Ibid.*, 44.
- ⁸ Chavez, Archives of the Archdiocese of Santa Fe, 258.
- ⁹ Sacramental Records of San Albino Catholic Church (Mesilla, New Mexico), 1852-1879, Archives and Special Collections Departments, New Mexico State University Library, Las Cruces, New Mexico.
- ¹⁰ Anthony Mora, "Resistance and Accommodation in a Border Parish," *The Western History Quarterly* 36:3 (2005):5, <http://www.historycooperative.org/cgi-bin/printpage.cgi>, accessed 27 January 2006.
- ¹¹ Taylor, A Place as Wild, 39-40.
- ¹² Paul Horgan, *Lamy of Santa Fe* (New York: Noonday Press/Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1993), 104, 143.
- ¹³ *Ibid.*, 142.
- ¹⁴ Los Amoles was a settlement on the Refugio Colony Grant on the west side of the Rio Grande near La Unión. Robert Julyan, *The Place Names of New Mexico*. Rev. ed. (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1998), 15; Mora, "Resistance and Accommodation," 6.
- ¹⁵ *The Borderer*, "Padre Baca's Letter to the Citizens of Amoles and Chamberino," 8 June 1871, microfilm, New Mexico State

- University Library, Las Cruces, New Mexico.
- ¹⁶ Los Chulos was a settlement located near Picacho Peak. Julyan, *Place Names of New Mexico*, 209.
- ¹⁷ 1880 Census, Chamberino, Doña Ana, New Mexico Territory.
- ¹⁸ Auguste Morin was born in France around 1846. He immigrated to the United States in 1869. 1800, *La Mesilla, Doña Ana, New Mexico Territory*; 1900 Census, Silver City, Grant, New Mexico.
- ¹⁹ Sacramental Records of San Albino Catholic Church (Mesilla, New Mexico), 1852-1879, Archives and Special Collections Departments, New Mexico State University Library, Las Cruces, New Mexico.
- ⁷ *Ibid.*, 44.
- ⁸ Chavez, *Archives of the Archdiocese of Santa Fe*, 258.
- ⁹ Sacramental Records of San Albino Catholic Church (Mesilla, New Mexico), 1852-1879, Archives and Special Collections Departments, New Mexico State University Library, Las Cruces, New Mexico.
- ¹⁰ Anthony Mora, "Resistance and Accommodation in a Border Parish," *The Western History Quarterly* 36:3 (2005):5, <http://www.historycooperative.org/cgi-bin/printpage.cgi>, accessed 27 January 2006.
- ¹¹ Taylor, *A Place as Wild*, 39-40.
- ¹² Paul Horgan, *Lamy of Santa Fe* (New York: Noonday Press/Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1993), 104, 143.
- ¹³ *Ibid.*, 142.
- ¹⁴ Los Amoles was a settlement on the Refugio Colony Grant on the west side of the Rio Grande near La Unión. Robert Julyan, *The Place Names of New Mexico*. Rev. ed.. (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1998), 15; Mora, "Resistance and Accommodation," 6.
- ¹⁵ *The Borderer*, "Padre Baca's Letter to the Citizens of Amoles and Chamberino," 8 June 1871, microfilm, New Mexico State University Library, Las Cruces, New Mexico.
- ¹⁶ Los Chulos was a settlement located near Picacho Peak. Julyan, *Place Names of New Mexico*, 209.
- ¹⁷ 1880 Census, Chamberino, Doña Ana, New Mexico Territory.
- ¹⁸ Auguste Morin was born in France around 1846. He immigrated to the United States in 1869. 1800, *La Mesilla, Doña Ana, New Mexico Territory*; 1900 Census, Silver City, Grant, New Mexico.
- ¹⁹ Sacramental Records of San Albino Catholic Church (Mesilla, New Mexico), 1852-1879, Archives and Special Collections Departments, New Mexico State University Library, Las Cruces, New Mexico.
- ²⁰ José de Jesús Baca to Dr. José de la Luz Corral, *La Ascensión*, 8 January 1879, AHAD-581, f. 698-99.
- ²¹ *California Civil War Rosters, First Battalion of Veteran Infantry, Company E*, <http://www.calarchives4u.com/ccwr/1stBatVetInfE.htm>, accessed 5 November 2007.
- ²² *California Civil War Rosters, Fifth Regiment of Infantry, Company H*, <http://www.calarchives4u.com/ccwr/5thRegInfH.htm>, accessed 5 November 2007.
- ²³ Josiah L. Hull, *U.S. Civil War Soldiers, 1861-1865, National Park Service, M533*, roll 3.
- ²⁴ *Christening of Isabel Marie Hull, Silver City, 24 January 1875, LDS, Baptisms, St. Vincent de Paul*

- Catholic Church (Silver City, New Mexico), 016889.
- ²⁵ Henry S. Drinkhouse, U.S. Civil War Soldiers, 1861-1865, National Park Service, M522 roll 2.
- ²⁶ California Civil War Rosters, First Regiment of Cavalry, Company E, <http://www.calarchives4u.com/ccwr/1stRegCavE.htm>, accessed 5 November 2007.
- ²⁷ Miller, California Column, 135.
- ²⁸ Henry S. Drinkhouse, Civil War Pension Index: General Index to Pension Files, 186 1-1934, National Archives and Records Administration, T288.
- ²⁹ Miller, California Column, 267 n. 62.
- ³⁰ Taylor spells the name Burkner, which is how it appears in advertisements in *The Borderer*. Taylor, *A Place as Wild*, 148.
- ³¹ José de la Luz Corral to Dr. José Vicente Salinas, Chihuahua, 3 June 1878, AHAD-581, f. 164-65.³² Taylor, *A Place as Wild*, 170.
- ³³ George C. de Baca's unpublished "A Genealogy Record of the Cabeza de Baca Family of New Mexico," 78 cited at <http://pagesperso-orange.fr/rancho.pancho/Fernando> .htm, accessed 7 November 2007; George C. de Baca, *A Genealogy of the Cabeza de Baca Family of New Mexico*, 2002 ed. (Independently published, 2002).
- ³⁴ Jean Baptiste Salpointe to Dr. José Vicente Salinas, Durango, 30 October 1870, AHAD-323, f. 551.
- ³⁵ José Vicente Salinas was appointed Bishop of Durango in 1868 and installed the following year. He became Archbishop of Durango in 189 1and remained in that post until his death in 1894. <http://www.catholic-hierarchy.org/bishop/bsalinas.html>, accessed 31 October 2007.
- ³⁶ Dr. José María Laurenzana was dean of the Diocese of Durango.
- ³⁷ Jean Baptiste Salpointe was appointed Vicar Apostolic of Arizona and Titular Bishop of Dorylaëum in 1868. He became Archbishop of Santa Fe in 1885. <http://www.catholic-hierarchy.org/bishop/bsalj.html>, accessed 31 October 2007.
- ³⁸ Salpointe was a titular bishop, that is, he was not yet in charge of a diocese. Eusebius was a fifth century bishop of Dorylaëum, a city in Anatolia in Asia Minor. Eusebius was a strong proponent of Catholic orthodoxy.
- ³⁹ A vicar apostolic oversaw a territory, typically in an area of missionary activity that had no diocese. A vicariate apostolic was essentially a provisional bishopric that would eventually be elevated to the status of a see when it had a sufficient number of Catholics.
- ⁴⁰ Jean Baptiste Salpointe to Dr. José Vicente Salinas, Tucson, 21 June 1871, AHAD-324, f. 221-22.
- ⁴¹ Alessandro Barnabò was appointed prefect for the Congregation for Propagation of the Faith in 1856. In that capacity he would doubtless have been involved in the jurisdictional controversy regarding the limits of the Dioceses of Santa Fe and Tucson almost from its inception. <http://www.catholic-hierarchy.org/bishop/bbarna.html>, accessed 31 October 2007.
- ⁴² Jean Baptiste Lamy was appointed Vicar Apostolic of New Mexico and Titular Bishop of Agathonice in 1850. He became Bishop of

Santa Fe in 1853 and Archbishop of Santa Fe in 1875. <http://www.catholic-hierarchy.org/bishop/blamy.html>, accessed 31 October 2007.

⁴³ Bernardino Hinojos was born in Aldama in 1822 to Cecilio Hinojos and Soledad Contreras. He took minor orders in 1843. He took major orders and became a presbyter in 1845. Ecclesiastical orders of Bernardino Hinojos, Chihuahua, 26 March-5 December 1845, AHAD-355, f. 155-63.

⁴⁴ The settlement of Santo Tomás, some six miles south of Las Cruces, was established by New Mexicans who did not want to become United States citizens. Acting in his capacity as General Commissioner of Emigration in 1849, Father Ramón Ortiz denied a request from its inhabitants for a land grant on the grounds that Santo Tomás was too close to Mesilla for a separate grant. When he set out the Mesilla Colony Grant in 1852 and 1853, Commissioner Ortiz allotted land to Santo Tomás. Ortiz's successor, Guadalupe Miranda, opted to make a distinct land grant to Santo Tomás in August 1853 known as the Santo Tomás de Iturbide Grant. J. J. Bowden, *Spanish and Mexican Land Grants in the Chihuahuan Acquisition* (El Paso: Texas Western Press, 1971), 40-41.

⁴⁵ José Antonio Laureano de Zubiría y Escalante became Bishop of Durango in 1831. He died in office in 1863. <http://www.catholic-hierarchy.org/bishop/bzube.html>, accessed 31 October 2007.

⁴⁶ Disparity of worship is a diriment impediment by canon law, which means that a marriage cannot be celebrated without a dispensation.

The impediment arises from the fact that one of the parties being baptized and the other being unbaptized.

⁴⁷ José de Jesús Baca to Antonio Severo Borrajo, Mesilla, 6 January 1872, AHAD-577, f. 616.

⁴⁸ Antonio Severo Borrajo to Dr. José Vicente de Salinas, San Elceario, 13 January 1872, AHAD.577, f. 617.

⁴⁹ Jean Baptiste Salpointe to Dr. José de Jesús Corral, Las Cruces, 6 February 1872, AHAD-577, f. 392-93.

⁵⁰ José de la Luz Corral.

⁵¹ In broken health, José Antonio Real y Vázquez requested a two-month leave in August 1871. He died on 16 September 1871. Ramón Ortiz to Dr. José Vicente Salinas, El Paso, 2 October 1871, AHAD-493, f. 151-52; José Antonio Real y Vázquez to Dr. José Vicente de Salinas, El Paso, 14 August 1871, AHAD-493, f. 149-50.

⁵² Olivier Ruelland was a French priest who indicated that he had served as an assistant priest in France for five years and then a year in a diocese that had more priests than needed. His dimissory letter, signed by the Archbishop of Rennes, noted that he had served in Montreuil-sur-Ille in northern France. Olivier Ruelland to Dr. José Vicente de Salinas, El Paso, 27 November 1871, AHAD-577, f. 378; Geoffroy Brossais Saint Marc, Dimissory letter, 27 May 1870, AHAD577, f. 379.

⁵³ Jean Baptiste Salpointe to Dr. José Vicente Salinas, Las Cruces, 9 March 1872, AHAD-577, f. 638-39.

⁵⁴ Salpointe mistakenly wrote J.M. Salinas instead of J. V. Salinas.

⁵⁵ Citizens of La Ascensión, Petition,

- La Ascensión, 9 July 1872, AHAD-555, f. 290-95.
- ⁵⁶ La Ascensión is located in northwest Chihuahua. The municipality is across the international boundary from Luna and Hidalgo Counties in New Mexico.
- ⁵⁷ The 1870 United States census for Doña Ana County used the terms “laborer” and “farm laborer,” almost certainly misleading translation errors for “labrador” and “labrador del campo.” Both terms are more accurately rendered as “farmer.” Mesilla residents Blas Durán, 34, was a farmer; Ponciano was 18; María Sotela Pasos was a homemaker; Desidero, 17, was a farmer; and Isidora was 11 in Mesilla in 1870. In 1880, Ponciano was again living in Mesilla. 1880 Census, La Mesilla, Doña Ana, New Mexico Territory; 1870 Census, La Mesilla, Doña Ana, New Mexico Territory.
- ⁵⁸ Fabián González, 40, was the Doña Ana County sheriff; Mariana, 35, was a homemaker in Mesilla; Timoteo, 12, Jesús, 10, and Rosa, 6, were attending school; Josefa was 3; and Tomasita was 1 in 1870. 1870 Census.
- ⁵⁹ Epifanio Barela, 68, was a farmer from Doña Ana in 1870. 1870 Census.
- ⁶⁰ Dolores Zubia, 40; Sabina Martínez, 42; and Petra Zuia, 4 were residents of Mesilla in 1870. 1870 Census.
- ⁶¹ Natividad, 30, was a farmer from Mesilla; Rodrigo was 4, and Pablo was 1. 1870 Census.
- ⁶² Ignacio Orrantía, 48, was the clerk of probate in Doña Ana County and residing in Mesilla in 1870; María Dolores Provencio, 34, was a homemaker. 1870 Census.
- ⁶³ Bentura Provencio, 60, was a domestic servant in Mesilla in 1870. 1870 Census.
- ⁶⁴ Zacarías Provencio, 25, was a farmer in Mesilla in 1870. 1870 Census.
- ⁶⁵ Albino Provencio, 40, was a farmer from Doña Ana in 1870. 1870 Census.
- ⁶⁶ Pedro Provencio, 25, was a farmer from La Mesa; Petra Lucero, 19, was a homemaker.
- ⁶⁷ Livia Hernández was 8 and a resident of Mesilla in 1870. 1870 Census.
- ⁶⁸ Gertrudis Rodríguez, 60, was a homemaker in Mesilla. 1870 Census.
- ⁶⁹ Florencia Hernández, 50, was a resident of Mesilla. 1870 Census.
- ⁷⁰ Inés Hernández, 37, was a homemaker and Tiburcio Molina, 40, was a farmer from Mesilla. 1870 Census.
- ⁷¹ Leandro García, 40, was a carpenter in Mesilla. He was apparently part of the extended family of Antonio García, below n 37. 1870 Census.
- ⁷² Antonio García, 29, was a blacksmith in Mesilla; Soledad Bermúdez, 24, was a homemaker; Teresa was 8; Juana was 34; and Senovia was 23. 1870 Census.
- ⁷³ Estanislado, 35, was a resident of Chamberino in 1807; Isabel Griego, 22, was a homemaker; Nativad, 8, was attending school; Cleofas, 6, was attending school; and David was 5. 1870 Census.
- ⁷⁴ Luis Barrio, 44, was a farmer; María Josefa Benavides, 50, was a homemaker in La Mesa. 1870 Census.
- ⁷⁵ Benito Barela, 40, was a farmer in Mesilla; Margarita González, 30, was a homemaker, Teodora, was attending school; and Leonor was 1. 1870 Census.

- ⁷⁶ Tranquilino Durán married Antonia Valencia on 28 May 1870. LDS, Marriages, San Albino Catholic Church (Mesilla, New Mexico), 0016829.
- ⁷⁷ Martín Trujillo, 40, was a farmer from Santo Tomás; Bibiana, 38, was a homemaker; Marcelino was 15; Jesús María was 12; and Nicolás was 10. 1870 Census.
- ⁷⁸ Román Galván, 25, was a farmer from La Unión; Juana Apodaca, was a homemaker; Pascual was 2; and Luisa was 1 1/2. 1870 Census.
- ⁷⁹ Henry Samuel Drinkhouse was born in Philadelphia on 6 June 1835. On 5 September 1868 he married María Guadalupe Chacón in Las Cruces. She was the daughter of Felipe Chacón and Margarita García, born to them around 1853. In the 1870 census, Henry was listed as a physician. Henrietta Genoveva was christened on 14 April 1871. LDS, Baptisms, Our Lady Purification Mission (Doña Ana, New Mexico), 0016758; LDS, Marriages, Catholic Church. St. Genevieve's (Las Cruces, New Mexico), 0016798; 1870 Census; 1850 Census, Spring Garden Ward 2, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, roll M432_818, page 441. Darlis A. Miller, *The California Column in New Mexico* (Albuquerque : Published in cooperation with the Historical Society of New Mexico by University of New Mexico Press, 1982), 135.
- ⁸⁰ The Mingochea family was apparently living in Casas Grandes before moving to La Ascensión. At least some family members returned to Casas Grandes within a few years. Dominga Mingochea, daughter of Francisco and Cruz Pais, married Pedro Villanueva in Casas Grandes, Chihuahua on 27 January 1874, LDS, Marriages, San Antonio de Padua Catholic Church (Casas Grandes, Chihuahua), 0162494.
- ⁸¹ Pomposa Márquez, 14, was a resident of Mesilla; Refugio Blanco, 33, was a homemaker. 1870 Census.
- ⁸² Josiah L. Hull was born in the state of New York around 1840. In 1870 he was clerk of district court in Doña Ana County; Carlota Sozalle was 18. 1870 Census.
- ⁸³ Isidoro, 43, was a farmer from Las Cruces; Juana Barela was 36 and keeping house; Cornelia was 17; Pedro, 17, was a farmer; Julio, 12, and José, 10, attended school. 1870 Census.
- ⁸⁴ Qurino Armijo, 60, was a farmer from La Unión; Antonia Galindo, 45, was a homemaker; Arcadio Chacón was 8.
- ⁸⁵ Refugio Bargas, 30, was a farmer from Santo Tomás; Dolores Fines, 21, was a homemaker; Guadalupe Bargas was 3. 1870 Census.
- ⁸⁶ Ceresencia Martínez, 40, was a homemaker in Mesilla. 1870 Census.
- ⁸⁷ Mesilla resident Eugenia Martínez was 18, and Carlota Hagan was 11. 1870 Census.
- ⁸⁸ Guadalupe Barrio, 42, was a farmer from Los Chulos; Eufemio, 18, was a farmer; and Rosa was a homemaker. 1870 Census.
- ⁸⁹ Francisco Herrera, 30, was a farmer in Mesilla; Gorgonia Peña, 38 was a homemaker. 1870 Census.⁹⁰ Nasario Lucero, 29, was a farmer from Doña Ana in 1870. 1870 Census.
- ⁹¹ Juan Eulogio Barrio, son of Luis Barrio and María de los Ángeles Romero was baptized in Mesilla on 11 March 1854. LDS, Baptisms, San Albino Catholic Church (Mesilla, New Mexico), 0016827.
- ⁹² Alejo Lara, 48, was a farmer from Las Cruces; Magdalena Suvilla, 44,

- was a homemaker; Rita, the first, was 20; and Crecencio was 7. 1870 Census.
- ⁹³ Mónico Rocha and Bernardina Hernández had their daughter, Martina, was baptized in Casas Grandes on 28 November 1878. She had been born in La Ascensión. LDS, Baptisms, San Antonio de Padua Catholic Church (Casas Grandes, Chihuahua), 0162486.
- ⁹⁴ Crispina Vázquez, 21, was a homemaker in Mesilla; Juan López, 26, was a farmer. 1870 Census.
- ⁹⁵ Sebastián Lucero, 48, was a farmer from Mesilla; Dolores Bencomo, 25, was a homemaker; Celso was 9; Toribio was 8; Gregoria was 6, and Maximiano was 3. 1870 Census.
- ⁹⁶ Luis Sedillos, 26, was a farmer from Mesilla; Blaza Morales, 18, was a homemaker; Felipa was one month old; Polinario, 30, was a farmer. 1870 Census.
- ⁹⁷ Frederick Burckner, 36, a native of Bavaria, was the postmaster of Mesilla; Ana María Loeza, 25, was a homemaker; Margarita was 5; George was 3; Luisa was 2. Frederick and Ana María married on 9 November 1886, LDS, Marriages, San Albino Catholic Church (Mesilla, New Mexico), 0016829.
- ⁹⁸ Rafael Bermúdez, 45, was a farmer from Mesilla; Refugio Aragón, 35, was a homemaker; Román was 18, and Estefana was 14 in 1870. 1870 Census.
- ⁹⁹ Bárbaro Hernández, 20, was a musician from Mesilla. 1870 Census.
- ¹⁰⁰ Rafael Ancheta, 21, was a store clerk in Mesilla. 1870 Census.
- ¹⁰¹ José Tapia, 48, was a farmer in Mesilla; Ramona Ramírez, 50, was a homemaker; Román, 22, was a farmer and farmer; Máximo, 15, was a farmer; Gregoria was 16; Antonio was 14; and Lázaro was 8. 1870 Census.
- ¹⁰² Cruz González, 20, was a farmer from Los Chulos. 1870 Census.
- ¹⁰³ Mariana Vaca, 28, was a homemaker in Las Cruces. 1870 Census.
- ¹⁰⁴ María Urbana Telles, 24, was a seamstress in Mesilla; Epifanio, 24, was a farmer; Práxedes was 8; and Antonia was 5. 1870 Census.
- ¹⁰⁵ Epifanio Telles, the son of José María Telles and Anastacia Olguín, married Teodora Barela on 4 July 1875 in Casas Grandes. LDS, Marriages, San Antonio de Padua Catholic Church (Casas Grandes, Chihuahua), 0162494.
- ¹⁰⁶ Concepción Andrade, 36, was a farmer from Mesilla; María Antonia Barela, 40, was a homemaker. 1870 Census.
- ¹⁰⁷ Luis Padilla, 30, was a farmer from Mesilla; Juana Gómez, 26, was a homemaker; Matilde was 8. 1870 Census.
- ¹⁰⁸ Severo de la O was born around 1934. He was a widower residing in the community of Doña Ana in 1910. 1910 Census, Doña Ana, Doña Ana, New Mexico Territory.
- ¹⁰⁹ Gregorio Galas, 37, was a farmer from Mesilla; Gregoria, 26 was a homemaker; Petra was 16; Juan, 15, was a farmer. 1870 Census.
- ¹¹⁰ Julián Apodaca, 44, was a farmer from La Unión; Refugio Gallegos, 39, was a homemaker; Maximiano was 18; Victoria was 16; Ascencio, 14, was a farm farmer; Nepomuceno, 12, was a farmer; and Antonia was 3. 1870 Census.
- ¹¹¹ Desideria Apodaca, 40, was a homemaker in Doña Ana. 1870 Census.

- ¹¹² Rosalio González, 50, was a farmer from La Mesa; Rafaela Escalente, 48, was a homemaker; Pedro González, 25, was a farmer; and Macario, 22 was a farmer. 1870 Census.
- ¹¹³ Regino González, 41, was a farmer; Refugia López, 30, was a homemaker in Mesilla. 1870 Census.
- ¹¹⁴ Luciano Perea, 38, was a farmer from Chamberino. 1870 Census.
- ¹¹⁵ Marcelino Gallegos, 36, was a farmer from Mesilla; Victoriana, 32, was a homemaker; Fidencio was 13; María Luz was 12; Antonio was 7; and Angelito was 3. The family eventually returned to Mesilla. 1900 Census; 1870 Census.
- ¹¹⁶ José de Jesús Baca to Dr. José Vicente Salinas, Mesilla, 13 December 1872, AHAD-577, f. 668-70. Excerpts from this letter were published in Mary Daniels Taylor with major contributions by Nona Barrick, *A Place as Wild as the West Ever Was: Mesilla, New Mexico, 1848-1872* (Las Cruces, N. Mex.: New Mexico State University Museum, 2004), 169-70.
- ¹¹⁷ Dr. José Vicente de Salinas to José de Jesús Corral, Retained copy, Durango, 18 December 1872, AHAD-326, f. 457.
- ¹¹⁸ The Pope was Pius IX.
- ¹¹⁹ Dr. José Vicente de Salinas to Jean Baptise Salpointe, Retained copy, Durango, 18 December 1872, A

Southern New Mexico Historical Review Awards

Martin Gemoets Prize for the Best Article

\$100 Awarded Annually

Hiram Hadley Prize for Best Article on Pioneer History

\$ 300 Awarded at the Discretion of the Editor

Katherine D. Stoes Prize for Outstanding Writing or Historical Writing

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***The Oatman Massacre: a Tale of Desert Captivity and Survival* by Brian McGinty. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 2005. ISBN: 978-0-8061-3667-7, cloth, 258 pages, illus., line drawings, maps, \$27.95.**

In 1851, Roys Oatman, a dissident Mormon, followed the prophecy of Colin Brewster, a Mormon prophet, and joined a group of families who traveled to establish a true Mormon Zion, referred to as the *Land of Bashan* in the Old Testament, at the juncture of the Gila and Colorado rivers in present-day Arizona. Leaving Illinois in May 1850, the caravan encountered numerous hardships, Indian attacks, and internal divisions, arriving in Tucson in January 1851, with only five of the original families remained. Despite the continuous threat of Apache attacks, Roys Oatman pressed on, carrying his family with him, and in February 1851, overlooking the Gila River, the family was attacked by Indians, possibly Western Yavapais or Tolkepayas, who murdered seven family members, carrying away Olive, thirteen years old, and Mary Ann, her eight-year-old sister.

Within one year, these Indians traded or presented Olive and her sister to a neighboring Mohave Indian group. Shortly thereafter Mary Ann died, but from 1851-1856, Olive lived among the Mohave. McGinty reveals that, during this period, newspaper accounts and army correspondence relayed the presence of an American woman living among the Mohave. In 1856, when scouts from Fort Yuma arrived to bring Olive back to her people, they found a young woman, marked by Mohave tattoos, scarcely intelligible in English, and “dark as the Indians,” according to McGinty. Olive Oatman returned a cause celebre, traveling throughout California, as the newspapers portrayed her horrific life among the savages and amazing return to the civilized world. Under the tutelage of Royal Stratton, a Methodist minister, Olive recounted her experience, producing a classic Indian captivity narrative that embellished her experience and portrayed her “brutal” life among the “savages.” Yet, in retelling Olive’s own story, McGinty’s account hints at a much more tortured soul. In her public speaking tours, Olive promoted her book and repeated the classic narrative of the captured young white maiden, yet in private, she often revealed affection and concern for the Mohave family with whom she had lived. In McGinty’s accounts, reports filed at the time of her rescue suggest that Olive had assimilated well among the Mohave and expressed great ambivalence about leaving. Throughout her later years, she periodically suffered from various physical ailments and was occasionally hospitalized; McGinty interprets these ailments as related to mental depression and emotional distress. Based on Olive’s own letters and those of close family friends, McGinty suggests that Olive may have had a family among the Mohave

and left two and left two small children behind. Physically branded by the tattoos and emotionally torn by her feelings towards her Mohave captors, Olive never completely resettled into her own American culture. McGinty's research of letters and other unpublished accounts hint at a much more complicated story than depicted in Olive's own book. However, McGinty's conclusions are thwarted by Olive's own reticence to reveal much of her experience among the Mohave. The most intriguing and interesting part of McGinty's own book would have been Olive's five years among the Mohave, and that story now will never be told.

Lois Stanford

New Mexico State University

Hermanitos Comanchitos: Indo-Hispano rituals of captivity and redemption by Enrique R. Lamadrid, photographs by Miguel A. Gandert. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2003. ISBN 0-8263-2878- 4. xv + 264 pp., 78 halftones, appendices, notes, bibliography, index, 70-minute compact disc. \$27.95 paper.

Enrique R. Lamadrid, professor of Spanish folklore and literature at the University of New Mexico, examines the Comanche celebrations of New Mexico in this addition to UNM's Pasó Por Aquí series. These traditions are rather obscure but have been observed throughout New Mexico, mostly in Taos Valley and other parts of the north, since the Comanche wars of the late eighteenth century. They include the folk drama *Los comanches del castillo*, nativity pageants, and dances symbolizing captivity and ransom. These traditions, with the exception of the play, have been ignored by scholars, artists, and tourists seeking after "pure" cultures, whether colonial Spanish or Pueblo Indian.

From an anthropological perspective Lamadrid shows how these various related traditions have adapted to fit the changing political circumstances of New Mexico. The play, for example, has shifted from an affirmation of Spanish colonial power to a way of maintaining Hispanic cultural identity in the midst of a dominant Anglo culture. Celebrations of these traditions have also been interrupted or otherwise affected by people moving away from ancestral communities in response to wars and changing economic patterns. Lamadrid tells of valiant efforts to preserve or revitalize Comanche celebrations and the changes the celebrations sometimes undergo in the process. The book also includes a fascinating introduction to the Comanche wars for those who know little about them.

Comanche rituals came about in New Mexico as a way to memorialize and to cope with the emotional trauma caused by disruption of families and destruction of communities during the wars of the eighteenth century. Their central themes are the admiration and identification with a former enemy and, as the title of the book makes clear, captivity and redemption. Lamadrid shows the attraction of Comanche culture among Hispanic New Mexicans as a source of strength and spiritual power, resonating with similar fascinations in Anglo culture and suggesting that the romanticizing of "wild" or "primitive" cultures is widespread. Lamadrid argues that such impulses ought to be understood and examined rather than despised.

Questions of cultural hybridity vs. purity are a central focus of the book. The author shows the controversy that has attended cultural presentations by self-identified "Comanches" in New Mexico and on the National Mall in Washington, D.C. during the Columbus Quincentennial in 1992. In the process, Lamadrid invites reflection on many worthwhile questions of cultural invention, preservation, change, and authenticity.

Miguel Gandert's photographs, with their informal character, help to envision the rituals described, as well as to emphasize their reality and continued importance among many New Mexican communities. The CD

which accompanies the book allows a reader from outside the culture to gain a closer approximation of the experience of such traditions. With the help of these and the author's sharing of anecdotes from performances, the subject becomes less like a specimen under cool examination, and the reader can feel its humanity, its closeness to the lives and hearts of real people who could be one's neighbor. This is one of the aspects of the book that helps the reader get through the academic terminology, which otherwise could be a distraction and obstacle to a lay audience. On the whole the author gets his message across clearly by restating points in helpful ways and showing numerous examples. There is, however, a peculiar inconsistency in narrative technique: in the prologue the author is content to refer to himself in the first person, and in the final chapter and epilogue, he refers to himself by name in the third person.

As a recent arrival to New Mexico, I was reminded in reading *Hermanitos Comanchitos* of the rich diversity of this state's cultural landscape, and the complexities that abide under the surface of the "Hispanic" label. I also found myself reflecting on my own culture's traditions: how they come about, are preserved, and adapt to changing circumstances. Consider, for example, Anglo American culture's fascination with mythologized past enemies such as American Indians or Vikings. Lamadrid's treatment of cross-cultural mimesis should be a worthwhile investigation for anyone who has ever played pirates as a child or followed a sports team named after Vikings, Fighting Irish, Braves, or anything similar.

Whether or not its readers have training or experience in Lamadrid's fields of expertise, *Hermanitos Comanchitos* offers an acquaintance with historical and cultural knowledge that is important for all Americans to make.

Charles B. Stanford
New Mexico State University

Murder on the White Sands: The Disappearance of Albert and Henry**Fountain, A. C. Greene Series, 5, by Corey Recko. Denton, Tex.:****University of North Texas Press. 2007. ISBN: 978-1-57441-224-6, cloth, i, 244 pages, ill., maps, sources and index. \$24.95.**

The disappearance of Col. Albert J. Fountain and his young son, Henry, in February 1896 is one of the enduring mysteries of our little corner of the Southwest. Over the years, a number of historians have taken a crack at solving the apparent crime. Among the most thorough are A. M. Gibson's *The Life and Death of Colonel Albert Jennings Fountain*, Gordon R. Owen's *The Two Alberts: Fountain and Fall*, and C. L. Sonnichsen's *Tularosa: Last of the Frontier West*.

If you are looking for the definitive unraveling of this historical puzzler, you will be sorely disappointed. The author did not locate the remains of the Fountains, father and son, or a long-lost confession by the perpetrators of the heinous crime. If, however, you are looking for a thoroughly researched, very readable account of the vanishing of the prominent lawyer and his eight-year-old son from the face of this earth, you will be well pleased.

Given the painstaking research by those who have investigated this subject and written about this topic earlier, Recko's effort is at times necessarily derivative of his predecessors. Yet, earlier efforts have tended to look at the events on the road home from Lincoln on the White Sands in larger contexts, and no one to date has focused so tightly on the disappearance, investigation, and trial of the suspects. Here is a book-length examination of the primary sources that is comprehensive but reads like a detective novel with a rousing courtroom drama.

It will not be spoiling the fun to reveal that Recko concludes that Oliver Lee, William McNew, and James Gililand ambushed the Fountains or that they were informed of the soon-to-be victims by Jack Turner and William Carr. All of these individuals have been implicated to greater or lesser degrees over the years. In may come as a surprise to some that the author seems unconvinced of any role for Albert B. Fall in the disappearance of the Fountains.

A guided tour to the Chalk Hill site of the Fountain murders is always one of the most popular activities put on by the Doña Ana County Historical Society. The next time such a trek is planned, you should prepare by taking a look at this book. Recko's storytelling will also appeal to anyone who likes a good, unsolved mystery.

Rick Hendricks

New Mexico State University

***Billy the Kid Reader* edited by Frederick Nolan. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 2007. ISBN: 978-0-8061-3849-7, cloth, vii, 384 pages, ill., maps, sources and index. \$29.95.**

This remarkable collection of writings about Billy the Kid, edited by the dean of Billyologists, Frederick Nolan, would set Myra Ellen Jenkins's teeth on edge, were the venerable State Historian of New Mexico still alive to loath it. Dr. "J" would have hated this book because it is surely bound to get even more people reading about her least favorite denizen of New Mexico's past: William Henry McCarty, A.K.A. William Bonney or Billy the Kid.

Nolan has selected twenty-six articles about Billy the Kid dating from as early as 1881, the year of the Kid's death, to as recent as 1990. The articles break down into two broad categories: works that popularize Billy the Kid, which lasted from the first dime novel about Billy in 1881 until the middle of the twentieth century, and works beginning in the 1950s that reflect the research of historians that has led to what Nolan calls "a complete reassessment of our perceptions of the Kid" (xiii). Many of the items included are out-of-print, obscure, or both.

Nolan introduces each selection with a brief but insightful commentary on the author(s) of the piece, its place in Billy studies, and its historicity. It is interesting to note that many of the most significant contributions to the Kid canon were made by individuals who historians by avocation rather than profession. Perhaps no one better exemplifies such a writer than Waldo E. Koop, a Boeing engineer from Kansas with an abiding interest in the Old West.

The selections represent some of the most interesting—if not always the best—writing on Billy the Kid. Serious western historians and aficionados alike will want to add this book to their library. If you missed "Dreamscape Desperado: Billy the Kid and the Outlaw in America," the exhibition at the Albuquerque Museum on the life and times of Billy the Kid, for which Professor Paul Hutton of the University of New Mexico was guest curator, you will not want to miss his piece of the same title that concludes this volume. Those readers interested in discussing *The Billy the Kid Reader* with other "Billy Buffs" should type "Billy the Kid Discussion Board" into your web browser. At the site you can find out what other interested readers are finding of interest in Nolan's latest addition to the ever growing bibliography on Billy the Kid.

Rick Hendricks

New Mexico State University

***Avenging Victorio* by Dave DeWitt. Albuquerque: Rio Grande Books, 2007. ISBN 10 1-890689-26-2, hardcover 258 pages, 16 photographs. \$24.95.**

In this new historical novel Dave DeWitt, the world-famous authority on chile, dramatizes the story of a short war waged in 1881 by a small band of Apaches against the US Army Ninth Cavalry in retaliation for the death of their chief Victorio. This engaging novel combines skillful description of material detail with enjoyable storytelling at a quick pace.

DeWitt takes great care to portray the Apaches as realistically as possible, observing them closely in their social customs, rituals, and battle plans. These depictions, forming an especially fascinating part of the novel, are drawn from extensive research and aided by a sympathy for the Apaches that the author admits to in his introduction. Still he refrains from making simplistic moral judgments, allowing the positive and negative features of each society and character represented to show plainly. Human traits and justifiable motivations are shared by people on both sides of the conflict – one might say all three sides, since the racial prejudice faced by the buffalo soldiers is also an important part of the story. Characters are also rendered realistic and human by the use of humor: the joking banter between the Apache warriors, Nana's racy coyote stories, the Army officers' observations of Captain Jack Crawford, and Colonel Hatch's continuing attempt to finish reading *Ben-Hur* despite his boredom with it. As one might expect given DeWitt's background, food plays a notable part in the book. Colonel Hatch (naturally) has a great fondness for chile, and the Apaches' feasts and trail provisions are rendered in pleasing detail. All of this works together to bring the societies and cultures of New Mexico in 1881 convincingly to life. Visualization of the action is further aided by the inclusion of a map and historical photographs, several of which show characters in the book.

Although based on history and following the events closely, the book does depart on some interesting flights of fancy, as expected from a novel. The most notable inventions are finding the treasure of Victorio Peak by Hatch's men and the novel's ending, in which the conclusion of the war of vengeance leads to a young Apache warrior's prophetic dream of our present day. *Avenging Victorio* will be a treat for anyone interested in the history of New Mexico or the Southwest, or anyone who just enjoys a good story.

Charles B. Stanford

New Mexico State University

***The Train Stops Here: New Mexico's Railway Legacy* by Marci L. Riskin. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2005. ISBN 082633309, paper, 156 pages, photographs, maps, appendices, glossary, bibliography, index. \$24.95.**

This is a history of the railroad in New Mexico with “everything but the trains,” as author Marci L. Riskin. Riskin is a Santa Fe architect who specializes in recycling of a sort: making modern adaptations of historic structures. In this book, she uses an examination of the various buildings associated with railroads—depots, repair shops, and hotels—to tell the history of railroading in New Mexico.

The rail system in New Mexico was the product of the competition among the Santa Fe, Denver and Rio Grande, and Southern Pacific systems. The author describes each system as it developed and the communities along the various lines. The book is richly illustrated with photographs of a surprising number and variety of structures.

The Train Stops Here is organized into five sections. Parts one and two provide a historical overview of railroading in the United States in a mere forty five pages, including a discussion of track and rolling stock. This is an overly ambitious attempt and does not succeed as well as many readily other available treatments of the history of American railroading.

Where this book really excels is in its inventory of historic buildings. In a chapter titled “What Remains of New Mexico’s Railroad Heritage,” Riskin catalogs the extant historical structures associated with the several systems: Santa Fe; Denver and Rio Grande; Colorado and Southern and the Colmor Cutoff; Southern Pacific; and Texas-New Mexico Railway. This section is augmented four appendices.

This book is not a complete history of the railroad in New Mexico, but it does approach the subject from a unique perspective. Las Cruces is a community with sufficient vision to have preserved the historic Santa Fe Depot that now boasts a fine railroad museum. For readers interested in the history of the railroad in New Mexico and in historic preservation, Riskin’s book is a must.

A listing of contact information for railroad-related museums in New Mexico does not include the new facility in Las Cruces. The Las Cruces Railroad Museum is located in the historic Santa Fe Depot at 351 Mesilla St. at the intersection of Las Cruces Ave. The museum interprets the role of the railroad in the history of Las Cruces and the greater Mesilla Valley. The museum hosts guided tours, field trips, and public programs throughout the year. Admission to the museum is free. It is open to the public from Thursday through Saturday from 10 am to 4 pm.

Rick Hendricks

New Mexico State University

In Memoriam

Mary Taylor

Mary Helen Daniels Taylor passed away at her home in Mesilla on January 10, 2007 at the age of eighty-four. Born in 1922 in El Paso, Texas, to Albert and Mamie Daniels, Mary graduated from El Paso High School in 1940 and earned her Bachelor's degree from Texas College of Mines (now the University of Texas-El Paso), in 1943. In El Paso she taught at Zack White Elementary School and Bowie High School. She Married J. Paul Taylor in 1945. Mary was an English instructor at now New Mexico College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts (New Mexico State University) in 1946 and 1947. Mary is survived by Former Representative J. Paul Taylor; her children Robert Milton, Sherry, Mary Dolores, Michael, Mary Helen, Maggie, Albert Patrick, Rosemary Stolberg and numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren. In 2004, she was preceded in death by a son, John Paul Taylor Jr.

Mary and Paul moved to Mesilla in 1947 and in 1951 purchased the family home on the west side of the Mesilla plaza. Mary was one of the leading authorities on the history of southern New Mexico. One of her most outstanding contributions was effort to arrange for the microfilming of the Durango, Mexico, Cathedral Archives which are accessible to researchers at the Archives and Special Collections Department at NMSU. With her colleague Nona Barrick, Mary published *A Place as Wild as the West Ever Was, Mesilla, New Mexico, 1848-1872* in 2004. Her personal archives have been donated to NMSU.

Mary was a member of San Albino Catholic Church in Mesilla, and her church life was very important to her. She was honored as a Lady Commander for the Equestrian Order of the Holy Sepulcher of Jerusalem, a major Catholic Order of Knighthood.

Among the many awards Mary received for her research and writing were the Hall of Fame Award from the Doña Ana County Historical Society, the Catholic History Award from the Catholic Conference of Texas, and the Heritage Preservation Award in recognition of lifetime in research and historic preservation. Mary and Paul received the Pasó por Aquí Award from the Rio Grande Historical Collections at NMSU in 1992. The Taylors shared the Board of Directors Award from the Historical Society of New Mexico in 1994. Mary received the Edgar L. Hewett Award from the Association of Museums in 1997. Mary was also an award winning professional photographer.

The Taylor family has donated the historic family home and furnishings to the State of New Mexico for eventual use as a museum upon.

Rick Hendricks

Georgia Clayshulte

Georgia Clayshulte was born 31 December 1928 to George and DeEtte Jenny in Pocatello, Idaho. Georgia lived in Las Cruces for thirty years and was married to Nelson Clayshulte. Georgia and Nelson are life members of the Doña Ana County Historical Society. Georgia was well known as a kind and loving woman, devoting most of her time to working as a Registered Nurse for Mesilla Valley Hospice. She loved to travel and as recently as 2003, she and her daughter in law visited her grandson in Budapest where she backpacked and hiked. She is survive by her husband, three sons and two stepdaughters. Georgia died on 23 December 2007.

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