1. ZUNI

"By the time the Saxon had raised his first hut in the New World, these Indians were vassals of Spain and converts of Rome"—Lummis, *The Land of Poco Tiempo*

New Mexico's story begins with an expedition led by Narvaez, governor of Florida, in 1528. Five ships were to explore the coast of Florida, but two of them were destroyed in a hurricane near Santo Domingo. Badly beaten by other storms, the remaining ships finally reached Tampa Bay, Florida. The Governor and 300 men disembarked and sent the ships up the coast to await the expedition. After six weeks toil and misadventure in the interior, the group reached the coast but could not locate the ships. Exhausted, starved, and harassed by Indians, they managed to build five barges of horsehide, using their shirts for sailcloth and the manes and tails of horses for rope.

Forty five men sailed in each craft. For thirty days they traveled westward, suffering many hardships. Near the Mississippi delta the boats were separated by a storm and eventually all of them washed up on land near Galveston, Texas. Some of the men were drowned, others eaten by Texan cannibals. All but sixteen of the men died that winter of starvation or exposure. Thirteen others left in the spring, leaving three men sick. One of these died and the others stayed on Galveston Island. Cabeza de Vaca, the third, traded with the Indians and traveled as far inland as Oklahoma with them. He was the first white man to see the buffalo. Four years after the shipwreck, Cabeza De Vaca drifted south along the coast and found three other survivors: Dorantes, Castillo, and a Moorish slave called Estevan. The three were being held as slaves by the Indians, and Cabeza joined them. The four finally escaped and fled to the North. They lived among the Indians until the summer of 1535, traveling slowly westward and guided by the natives. They struck the Pecos river just below the New Mexico border and followed the river 140 miles upstate. They then turned west to the Rio Grande, reaching it near El Paso. As they traveled southward, the Indians told them of the towns of big houses and many people to the North and of their emerald arrowheads.

In Mexico their story was received with much interest by Mendoza, Viceroy of New Spain. Mendoza tried to get Dorantes to guide an expedition north to the cities but for some unknown reason this failed. He appointed his personal secretary, Coronado, to lead the expedition which was to be preceded by a scouting trip headed by one Fray Marcos De Niza and guided by the Negro Estevan. Under sponsorship of the church, the scouting trip would cost Mendoza very little – yet the friar would still lay claim to all the lands found for the viceroy.

Fry Marcos had been with Alvarado and Pizarro during much the Peruvian conquest. He was said to be skilled in mapping and navigation and was an experienced traveler in rough country. He met with Coronado at Culiacan, northernmost of the settlements of Mexico, and nearly four hundred miles south of present-day El Paso.

In the year 1538, word of the New Mexican pueblos had been received in New Spain (Mexico). Fray Nadal and Fray Juan de la Asuncion traveled into southern Arizona and while there heard stories of the remarkable people to the north who wore clothes and had houses with terraced roofs many stories high. They heard of the large settlements along the great river and of the wealth of turquoise to be had there. There were stories also of the "cows" (buffalo), larger than those of Spain. (The Zunis had built up an extensive trade with the Plains Indians from whom they received the highly valued buffalo robes.)

As the scouting expedition got underway, the Negro, Estevan, became restless under the slow progress of the party and was sent on ahead. Unable to write, Estevan was to send back messages by runner. A cross the size of a man's hand was to be sent back for news of moderate importance. For important news the cross was to be twice as large, and if the land were bigger and better than that in New Spain, he was to send back a much larger cross.

Estevan was free again. He had chafed under slavery after wandering free so long with Cabeza de Baca. He loved the power and importance of traveling independently with his many guides and with the harem of women willingly loaned him by the Indians. His dinner he had served to him on a set of green Spanish dishes, and two great greyhounds followed him everywhere. Bells tinkled on his arms and legs and his flashing grin showed that the black man was in his glory.

In the early part of April, 1539, Fray Marcos received the first word of Cibola sent to him by Estevan who was at that time among the Opata Indians of the Sonora Valley. Estevan had received news of the cities from the Opatas who traded with the Pimas along the Gila Valley. They in turn knew and traded among the Zunis. The Pima traded parrot feathers and probably sea shells for turquoise and buffalo hides. It is doubtful whether the Zunis came that far south, and since they held the more important items of trade, they probably stayed close to home and let others come to them. Estevan's message was in the form of a cross as large as a man, and was followed by others of equal size. The friar was urged again and again to hurry, and it was not long until the Negro was two weeks ahead of the friar.

From the Opatas, Fray Marcos gleaned some fairly reliable information about the Hopis, the Acomas, and the Zunis. Naturally, the limited conversations led to some misunderstandings, and Marcos believed that the buffalo had but one horn which bent all the way to the breast. Marcos could hardly conceal his anxiety to see Cibola, "for each day seemed a year to me…" Indians along the way were anxious to accompany him. In May he entered the great "despoblado" or uninhabited stretch of country. The chiefs told him it would take two weeks to cross, and beyond it lay Cibola. [*Cibola* refers to all the Zuni villages collectively] Twelve days later the party met a wounded Indian who was fleeing from Zuni, having barely escaped with his life. He told of the death of Estevan who must have been killed about the 30th of May, 1539. From the Indian, Marcos heard this story: One day before he reached Zuni, Estevan had sent his gourd ahead with some messengers to give notice of his coming. The pebble-filled gourd carried by Estevan was an emblem of power and a symbol of wizardry. He had acquired it in Texas where it had been part of the equipment of the medicine men of the plains tribes. Two large plumes, one white and one read, were attached to the gourd.

Arriving before the chief, the messengers presented the gourd. The Zuni chief, recognizing this symbol of their arch enemies, threw the gourd to the ground in a rage. He ordered the messengers to leave and said he knew the strangers and if they came into the town he would kill them all. This was duly reported to Estevan who replied that it was nothing. Those who showed the greatest displeasure at first, he said, later received him best. So saying, he went on to Cibola with his entire party (consisting of some 300 men, not counting the women). Estevan was not permitted to enter town, but was given lodging in a large house outside the village. According to orders from the chief, he was stripped of all his objects of exchange and he and his party were given neither food nor drink that night.

Next morning Estevan went out of the house at dawn. At once a large number of the Zunis appeared, and seeing them, Estevan gave way to panic. With his own Indians, he fled for his life. The Zunis sent a shower of arrows after them, yelling loudly. Estevan and about 100 of his party fell in this onslaught. Castañeda tells us that Estevan had been presented with several beautiful women as he traveled north form Mexico.

At Zuni, he says, Estevan demanded from the chiefs their wealth and their women, announcing that he was the forerunner of two white men sent by a mighty prince. If that is true, Estevan was not very discrete. It is more likely that the Zunis sized him up as a liar (he being black and claiming to represent a powerful white nation) and a spy and a bad omen. They were irritated by his boldness and his flight only hastened his death.

Fray Marcos was determined, in spite of his turn of events, to see Cibola. The Indians with him were seized with terror, however, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that he could persuade them to go on. To prevail upon them he opened his packs and gave them all of the gifts intended for Cibola. A day or two later they met another group of fugitives, covered with blood. They had lain all day on the battlefield, left for dead, and they set up such a wailing and lamentation that Marcos could hardly piece their story together. The Indians were ready to kill the priest, but finally two of the chiefs agreed to take the friar to a place where he could see the city from a distance. There is every likelihood that Marcos did view the cities despite the fact that some historians have altogether rejected his story.

Having been instructed by Mendoza, Viceroy of New Spain, to take possession of this new land in the name of His Majesty and to fulfill all the necessary formalities, Fray Marcos named it "The Kingdom of Saint Francis" and with the aid of the Indians he erected a great heap of stones on the top of which he placed a small cross, not having the tools to make a large one. Having thus "taken possession" of the Seven Cities at a respectful distance, he fled to Mexico to report his mission. The mound of stones, incidentally, constituted possession of the Hopi villages and of Acoma. Thereafter they were regarded as a part of the Spanish Empire.

All sources are agreed that the Zunis inhabited seven villages at that time, though only six could be found later. Estevan died near Quiaquima, at the foot of the great mesa. Hawikuh was near the Zuni hot springs. Present-day Zuni is built near the ancient Halone. Matzaqui, largest of the group, was the most north-easterly of the group and was located on the Zuni River. It stood in the corner of the plain, some 15 miles from Hawikuh. The other two villages were called Kechipauan and Kwakina.

The reports that spread after Fray Marcos returned to Mexico were incredible. Another priest wrote that Marcos had seen "temples of idols, the walls of which are covered, as well within as without with precious stones. At first he told me they were emeralds." He also reports that farther on "there were camels and elephants." Another gave testimony that he had heard that "the people were very wealthy… that the women wore jewels of gold and men girdles of gold…" The "apartments of many stories" particularly excited the imagination. In that age no report was too much for the public. They *wanted* to believe and they were perhaps as responsible for these exaggerations as was the friar. Turquoise became emerald, buffalo became camels. Everyone added to the stories and rumors.

At length the reports led to the organization of an expedition to explore the new lands. Coronado, the young and ambitious governor of Nueva Galicia, had been chosen to take charge. He took with him a well-equipped band of 300 men, 800 Indians, 1000 horses, and as many cattle and sheep. The shining armor of the mounted men and the waving banners must have made a picturesque sight as the expedition set out.

The Viceroy was very encouraging to Coronado despite the fact that Mexico needed every colonist it had. He saw in the expedition a chance to eliminate from Mexico many elements unfavorable to the progress of the country. This was not the first time Mendoza had sent dangerous elements off on a "wild goose chase", and it was with difficulty that he concealed his disappointment when Coronado returned in 1542.

Coronado took Fray Marcos for a guide. Had Marcos never been to Zuni, as some have claimed, it is unlikely that he would have gone along in this capacity. Coronado led an advance expedition with some sixty horsemen and half that number of men on foot. Seventy seven days after he left the outpost of Culiacan he reached the first of the pueblos of Cibola. The time was early July, the place Hawikuh. Mentally prepared for a rich culture, glorious temples, and gold altars, the dirty little huddle of mud houses that now faced them was a sudden and severe disappointment to Coronado's men. Contemptuously, Castañeda, a soldier, wrote of it: "It is a little cramped village, looking as if it had been all crumpled together. When they saw it, such were the curses that some hurled at Fray Marcos that I pray God may protect him from them." In utter disgust Coronado had the "lying monk" sent back to Mexico for his own safety.

On the banks of the Little Colorado the expedition sighted its first Zunis and they in turn gave alarm. The night before they reached Zuni, the Spaniards spent a sleepless night. The natives would creep very close to camp and let out piercing screams and shouts. Once in sight of the pueblo, the Spaniards

knew that they would have a decidedly unfriendly reception. A large number of Indians had scattered outside the village walls and lay in wait. Women and children had been evacuated to another village and only the men remained. The other pueblos do not seem to have sent aid to Hawikuh. Altogether the Zunis had probably 200 warriors in the field that day. Sizing up the situation, Coronado took the two priests and rode toward the enemy. By Spanish law he was compelled to make an attempt at conciliation. It was a legal summons to surrender and if the natives refused to obey, he would be justified in using force against them.

The Zunis replied to the message, which of course they did not understand, with defiant shouts and a shower of arrows. The Spanish cavalry then charged upon the Indians, who took shelter inside the houses as quickly as they could. Three horses had been killed in the running fight and several Indians. In addition to their bows and arrows, the Indians had piled heaps of rocks on the flat roofs and these they now employed with deadly accuracy whenever the Spaniards showed themselves. The conquest was made more difficult by the fact that the pueblo was built upon a slight eminence and the Spaniards had to make the ascent on foot with no protection whatever. Coronado surrounded the place and personally led the attack. Dressed as he was in his richly decorated armor, he received considerable attention from the Zunis. The Spaniards were desperate for food for themselves and their animals. Weak as they were from fatigue and lack of food, they *had* to take the pueblo. Coronado deployed his musketeers and crossbowmen to try to drive the Indians from the terraces. During this effort, one stone hurled by some Zuni David struck the Conqueror with considerable force and down went Goliath. He would have been killed then and there by the rock throwers had it not been for his metal helmet and the gallantry of his aides, Cardenas and Hernando de Alvarado, who threw themselves across his body to protect him. A second time he was stunned and fell, this time wounded by an arrow as well. More dead than alive, he was carried from the field, bruised and bleeding. When he came to, he learned that his men, inspired by his bravery, had carried the day and were now in possession of the village. The assault had lasted only an hour before the Indians surrendered.

Abundant corn was found in the pueblo. The Indians, after making peace, were allowed to return to their families the same day. To this Coronado consented because he now had the village to himself and with it a foothold among the remainder of the tribe. As long as Coronado stayed in New Mexico, he lived in peace with the Zunis. While at Zuni, Coronado sent out one expedition to Hopi, another to Pecos, and third to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. He felt perfectly safe among the Zunis and had no trouble of any kind.

Passing on to investigate the other pueblos in the area, Coronado went by Inscription Rock but did not leave his name there (or if he did, it has since been obliterated). Evacuating Zuni in November, he spent the winter at some of the pueblos near Bernalillo. Several factors led to the tragic revolt of the Indians there, among them the molesting of an Indian woman by some of Coronado's men, the keeping of several hostages, and the demands for food and clothing made on the Indians by the troops. One of the pueblos rebelled and put up a stiff resistance. Since the success or failure of the entire mission hinged on the demonstration of the superiority of the European fighting forces, that pueblo was put under siege. In the end, the Indian men were forced to surrender by being smoked out. They were led to believe they could expect mercy. Instead, the Spaniards began putting up stakes on which the captives were to be burned alive. The terrible truth sank into their minds with the sight and smell of burning flesh. As one man, they broke out, using whatever sticks and stones they could lay their hands on. Most of them were run down and speared in the attempt.

A second pueblo began stealing horses and acting impudently toward the Spaniards. Their pueblo was besieged, but the walls were the trunks of trees grown into the ground and so well fortified that it was not taken for fifty days. Coronado had heretofore used ladders with great success to dislodge the stone throwers from the terraces, but this pueblo had removed the roof from the first story, so that even this tactic was unsuccessful. Lack of water finally led the men to slip away under cover of darkness, but they had hardly gotten out of the village before they were discovered and another mass slaughter ensued. A few managed to get across the icy Rio Grande but died soon afterwards of exposure and exhaustion.

We shall not recount Coronado's journey the next spring through the Texas panhandle and on into Kansas in vain search of the Gran Quivira. Suffice it to say that in April of 1542 he returned to Zuni, disgusted with his fortunes and suffering from an injury he had received when his saddle girth broke and his horse threw him. Thirty of his horses died on the way, probably from the "loco weed" common in that area of New Mexico. At Cibola they rested a few

days, then went on to Mexico. A number of the Indians of Mexico who had followed Coronado as servants and guides remained voluntarily in Zuni and intermarried with them. The Zunis even followed Coronado for two or three days in an attempt to get him to stay.

Coronado's men had given Cibola a new name: "Granada." Fray Marcos had called it the Kingdom of St. Francis, which name was soon forgotten. One hundred and seventeen years later the maps still referred to the country as Nueva Granada. The Mexican State of Northern Durango was called New Mexico as early as 1568 and very gradually the name was applied to the country farther north.

Apparently Coronado's mission was all but forgotten. About 1580 Fray Rodrigues, an old man, heard of the pueblos in the North. Walking to Mexico City, he obtained permission from the Viceroy to explore the Northern provinces and devote the rest of his life to converting those people he found. Two other priests were to accompany him. An escort of not more than twenty men was to accompany them. Led by Captain Chamuscado they were left in 1581 at a place near Bernalillo. The missionaries decided to remain and gave their escort freedom to go. Chamuscado decided while there to explore the surrounding county. They visited Zuni and called it Sumi or Zuni for the first time. This was thirty nine years after Coronado left. After Chamuscado left the country, the friendly spirit did not remain. Old memories revived and the missionaries were dead before the year ended. Rodrigues' mutilated body was thrown into the Rio Grande.

The youngest of the priests died before Chamuscado left. Uneasiness about the others caused Antonio de Espejo, a wealthy colonist, to send a party of 14 armed men to find out about the others. At Bernalillo they found that the priests had been murdered. Espejo, too, stopped to explore and visited Jemez, Zia, Acoma, and a number of the Rio Grande pueblos. Turning westward, he went on to Zuni, now consisting of only six villages. They found that the Mexican Indians left there by Coronado had almost forgotten the Mexican language. After "setting them straight" in their own tongue, he learned from them their origin and Coronado's story. Leaving six men in Zuni, Espejo took 150 Zunis and visited the Hopi villages, a journey which took him several months. He left Zuni in 1583.

It was 16 years before Zuni was visited again. Juan de Oñate at last obtained permission from the Spanish Crown to colonize New Mexico permanently, a venture in which he himself invested over a million dollars. Traveling up the Rio Grande, Oñate established headquarters at San Juan, a pueblo not far north of Española, in 1598. It is said that his train was at least four miles long, with 170 families, 230 other men, and 7000 head of livestock. They traveled 800 miles in seven months. Oñate thought it necessary to tie each tribe to Spain by a special act of allegiance. In a gathering and council with the Pueblo Indians, the chiefs first heard mass with Oñate. In the presence of a number of officials, Oñate then declared to them that he was sent by the most powerful monarch and ruler in the world, Don Felipe, King of Spain. The said king, "being desirous of saving their souls and wishing to have them as vassals and to protect them and secure justice to them, desired that they should,out of their own free will, give allegiance and obeisance to him." They said they desired to become vassals and agreed to subject themselves to his commands and laws. They said that they understood that if they should disobey they would be punished. Thus it was asserted that the Pueblo Indians took the oath of allegiance to the Spanish Crown consciously, knowing it meaning and implications. The whole territory was divided into seven parishes of which Zuni was one and became endowed with two priests at once.

The territory was so immense, however, that the priests were not actually present there for a long time. Thereafter, Oñate travelled to all of the principal villages to reconfirm this solemn oath. Upon his arrival in Zuni in November, 1598, the Zunis came out some distance to meet him, carrying sacred meal. This they sprinkled over the Spaniards. At the pueblo the women threw such quantities of the flour over the men that they had to protect themselves. After a feast, the Zunis invited their guests to a giant rabbit hunt on the Zuni plain. Some 800 took part, formed a great circle, and killed 120 rabbits in the drive toward its center.

From Zuni, Oñate went on to the Hopi villages and in December he passed through Zuni on his return. Thirty miles west of Acoma he received the dreadful news of the death of Don Juan Zaldivar and the warning which saved his own life. Making a wide circle around Acoma, he arrived in San Juan on the 21st of December. The background details of that story as well as the ensuing siege of Acoma is told in detail in that chapter. After its close, illusions of wealth to be had from the Gran Quivira took hold of Oñate's mind and he took most of his men off on another wild goose chase. In his absence, many of the

settlers and priests, unprotected, returned to Mexico in discouragement.

In 1604, Oñate journeyed to the Gulf of California, at the mouth of the Colorado River, to look over the pearl fields there. On his return, he carved on Inscription Rock (El Morro) the following: "Don Juan Oñate pased by here from his discovery of the South Sea on the 16th of April, 1605."

Probably there were no priests in Zuni for another 25 years. By 1617 there were only a dozen priests in all of New Mexico, and to protect them there were ony about 50 men in Santa Fe who could bear arms. The colony was simply too far away from Chihuahua to attract colonists. Reinforcements arrived in 1622 when Fray Benavides came to New Mexico with 26 priests. Five years later, seven of these priests were dead. In 1629 Fray Perea came with an additional 30 missionaries. Among these were Fray Letrado, called the apostle to the Zunis, and Fray Ramirez, the apostle of the Acomas. The Zunis received Letrado well and by 1630 he had caused two churches to be built in the Zuni villages, each with a residence for the priest. Letrado asked permission to go on to the "Zipias" a tribe of Indians living somewhere to the southwest of the Zunis. His superiors, however, rejected his pleas and sent instead Fray Arvide. Arvide stayed a few days with Letrado, then set out for Zipia. As they parted he remarked prophetically to Letrado: "Brother, if you have to be a Martyr, it will be here where your are tied by obediance. I also am destined to martyrdom, I shall meet that fate on my road." They never saw each other again. The next Sunday the Zunis delayed in coming to Mass. Letrado went out to urge them on. He met some "idolaters" and commenced to reprove them. At some point the truth came to him that they intended to kill him. Kneeling down and holding his crucifix, he continued to plead with them, but died in the act, pierced with arrows. The Indians scalped him and paraded his hair at their dances. Five days later, the same Indians followed Arvide and overtook him. Killing the two soldiers who were escorting the priest, they began abusing Arvide. A half-breed who had accompanied the priest appeared anxious to put himself in favor with the Zuni renegades and cut off the priest's right hand, then tore off his scalp while he was still alive. In the sequel, Lorenzo, the half-breed, was caught and hanged by the Spanish authorities.

The Spaniards did not move very quickly, though. Not many of the fifty or so soldiers at Santa Fe could be spared for such a venture. In addition, the relationship between the military and the clergy was anything but friendly. As a result, Zuni was left alone for nearly two years. In 1632 Captain Lujan wrote on Inscription Rock that he passed that way "to avenge the death of Father Letrado." Whether the Zunis fled to nearby Thunder Mountain before or after Captain Lujan appeared, I am not able to discover. Bandelier says that missionaries were admitted to the summit to talk and that the Zunis promised to be good. It was not until 1635, though, that they came off their mesa and settled in their villages again.

Governor Nieto also left his inscription on El Morro in 1629 when he passed that way with some missionaries. Nor must we pass by the catastrophe in Zuni in 1670. Fathers Galdo and Ayala were the resident prists. Ayala was probably alone in the pueblo when Apaches (or were they Navajos?) entered the village. It is not known whether the villagers had fled or were in hiding. The priest ran to the Church and clung there to a cross, holding in his hand an image of the Virgin. Dragging him outside, to the foot of the cross, the raiders stripped him naked, dashed out his brains with a silver bell, then filled his body with arrows. They then broke all the ornaments and set fire to the churh. Next day Fray Galdo came over from Halona, took his body back and buried it there (in present-day Zuni). Ayala's remains were found and identified when the old churchyard was excavated recently by an archaeological expedition.

By 1680 only four of the Zuni villages had survived and two of these were in ruins. Part of the concentration into larger villages was made necesary by the ravages of the Navajos and Apaches. Up in northern New Mexico in 1675 a number of Indians were returning to their old religion. The governor arrested 47 medicine men, accusing them of practicing witchcraft. Three of them were hung and a fourth, under the same sentence, committed suicide. The others were publicly whipped and imprisoned. As a result, Pueblo leaders came in force to Santa Fe to secure their release. Many soldiers were away, fighting Apaches, so the governor released them. One of these was a medicine man and sorcerer from the San Juan pueblo, Popé by name, and he led a revolt of all the pueblos in that year. Popé's fame as a migician had spread even to Zuni and Hopi, and he claimed to have been sent as a special messenger. Slowly plans were formulated and at last a date was fixed for a general outbreak. The date was a most carefully guarded secret. A knotted rope was passed by messenger from pueblo to pueblo. Each day a knot was untied. Only days before the event, the plot was given away by the Pecos Indians. Word of the

betrayal spread like wildfire, and revolt broke out two days before it had been scheduled.

In the bloody sequel 380 Spaniards and Mexicans and 21 priests were killed by the Pueblo Indians. Santa Fe was under siege and the plight of the defenders grew desperate. Finally the Spaniards fought their way out of the trap and fled southward. The revolution began on the 10th of August. By October there was not a Spaniard left in all of New Mexico. Lummis wrote that

> "The Pueblo thunderbolt burst from a clear sky upon the doomed Spaniards. Nowhere else in the history of the United States, save at the Little Bighorn, was there such a massacre of Caucasians by Indians as on that red 10th of August. More than a score of devoted missionaries, more than four hundred heroic Spanish colonists were butchered then, in a blow that fell across all New Mexico at once."

Twelve years passed befoe the Spaniards dared to return. The insurrection had begun almost simultaneously in every pueblo; every pueblo murdering its own. In Zuni, Fray Juan del Bal met his death. (There is a story of uncertain origin that the Zuni priest was given his choice of death or marriage with a Zuni woman and that he chose the latter.)

In 1692 De Vargas reconquered New Mexico. He found the Zunis on the mesa and persuaded them to come down. Some 300 children were baptized at the time. In the next few years there were several attempts made by various tribes (in alliance with the Zunis) to stage another revolt, but these were stifled and a small detachment of troops were stationed at Zuni. In 1703 the Zunis killed three Spaniards who had been living with Indian women. The priest there had already complained about their conduct. After their death, the missionary was removed, and did not return for two years. As was to be expected, he had to coax them down from Towalane upon his return.

Towalane (also called Thunder Mountain) is said to mean Corn Mountain from the pollen taken with the Indians when they fled to the summit of the magnificent mesa. Corn fields on top were watered from springs on the sides of the mesa at considerable effort. In fact, the maidens complained so bitterly about the hardships of carying water that they were often the factor that brought the tribe back to the plains. Near the top of the mesa stands a lone rock pillar, sometimes called Mother Rock, because, it is said, when the great flood came the people were forced to seek higher and higher gound. Up and up the sides of Towalane came the angry waters, and finally they reached the summit. As a last resort the chieftain cast his son and daughter into the foaming sea to propitiate the gods. Immediately the waters receded and as they subsided a huge column of rock stood where none had been before. It represents the mother grieving for her children.

Through the next century, Zuni had many visits from Spaniards, and a number of these notables carved their names on Inscription Rock. Except for troubles with the Hopis and Navajos, the history of Zuni is not unusual during these years. Afterwards, Zuni became a prime target for archaeologists, anthropologists, and ethnologists, among the Hodge, Cushing, Bandelier, Mead, and many others.

When President Ulysses S. Grant came into office, the military and the Indian Service had made such a mess with Indian relations that the Quakers, who had quite successfully dealt with Indians on terms of mutual respect, proposed a similar approach for the government to take, and their plan had considerable support. Taylor Ealy's biographer writes:

> "This plan, developed by President Grant from an idea presented by members of the Quaker Church, in 1869, provided a new approach toward improving the tarnished reputation of the Indian Service. One part of the plan gave the Churches of America the opportunity to recommend good Christian men as Indian Agents. At the same time these churches were encouraged to expand their missionary work among the Indian tribes. Caught up in this spirit of humanitarian benevolence, the Presbyterian Church accepted the responsibility to carry out these mandates among several of the tribes of the Southwest. Included were the Indian Pueblos of New Mexico whose affairs were administered from the offices of the Pueblo Agency in Santa Fe."

This marriage of Church and State, while it had its good points, was to give the Mormon settlers in Ramah a great deal of trouble. In 1877 the Indian Agent in Santa Fe was Benjamin Thomas, an ardent Presbyterian. Thomas wrote to Sheldon Jackson, superintendent of Presbyterian mission work in the Rocky Mountains, that they must get a missionary at Zuni at once because

> “The Mormons are now settling about the Pueblo with an eye on the Indians and their land, and if we send a teacher there, it cannot be done too soon. I have the means till the 30th of June next to pay a teacher there at the rate of $600 per annum. I expect to also have the means to do the same for one year from that date.” Bender writes:

> “Here was a challenge and an opportunity that could not be ignored. Certainly the evil designs, as Jackson saw them, of the Mormon incursion had to be thwarted and there was also a chance to save some of the very limited mission funds of the church by placing a missionary at Zuni as a teacher on the payroll of the federal government."

Jackson then sent Dr. Henry K. Palmer to Zuni, and he was the one who made the outcry when Llewelyn Harris healed the Zunis of smallpox, but his own poor health forced him to leave shortly thereafter, more dead than alive. In August of 1878, Jackson wrote to Taylor Ealy, then at Anton Chico, to come to Zuni at once. Ealy had been in the midst of the Lincoln County War, and was a close friend of Alexander McSween. After he had helped bury McSween, he fled that country in fear of his life. In December, 1878, Thomas wrote as follows to Ealy:

> "It is the determination of this office, not to allow any unauthorized person to sojourn, or take up a residence on the Zuni Reservation … Mr. Tenny and son have not been, and will not be, so authorized … If I believed that the Mormons desired to gain a footing upon the land of the Indians from entirely disinterested motives and only for the good of the Indians—which I do not in any wise believe—I still could not give them the authority, for the reason that the work of two teachers, diametrically opposed to each other would not result in good to the Indians …"

Accordingly, Ealy ordered the Mormons off the Reservation, but one of their converts, Ramon Luna, armed himself and defended them. Ealy then returned with a mob of Zunis and Spanish Americans and enforced his order. This animosity towards the Mormons, though not personal on Ealy’s part, would resurface from the direction of Ft. Wingate a year later.

About the same time Frank Cushing came to Zuni. He was an ethnologist and collector working under the auspices of the Smithsonian and the Bureau of Ethnology. He seemed determined not only to study the Zunis, but to work himself into a position of power within the tribe. To this end he "bent all his energy" in learning their language, customs, and ceremonies for over a year. He took up residence in an empty room of the governor’s house without invitation. When the governor found him settled in, he asked him how long he was going to stay. When he was informed it would be two months, his only response was "*Damn*!" Not knowing how to deal with the intruder but thinking he might be useful, and appreciating the young man’s passion to know and understand the Zuni culture, the governor took him in, fed him, and clothed him. If he was to live under their roof, however, he insisted he wear Zuni clothing and destroyed Cushing’s own.

Cushing got as much publicity as he could out of his Zuni costume. One soldier described him thus: "a high-crowned and broad-brimmed hat above long blond hair and prominent features … looked as if he might have stepped out of the frame of a cavalier’s portrait at the time of King Charles." His fellow anthropologist, Matilda Coxe Stevenson, wrote on the back of his photograph, "This man was the biggest fool and charlatan I ever knew", and said he rolled his hair on paper curlers every night. He was once lost in a snowstorm and came into Ft. Wingate needing treatment. He was furious when he was refused treatment until "he took off his Indian clothes and dressed like a civilized human being." Neither Coxe nor Cushing understood even the rudiments of courtesy, for they both forced themselves into sacred ceremonies contrary to the wishes of their hosts: Mrs. Stevenson threatened them with the militia and Cushing just played dumb. On more than one occasion he was forbidden to record the ceremonies, but he ignored the warnings.

Cushing eventually became a Priest of the Bow, an order that gained him entrance to all the secret ceremonies, and styled himself "First War Chief of the Zunis". As a requirement for becoming a Priest of the Bow, he had to get an Apache scalp. He first acquired one from a museum, but that would not do. Eventually he got one on a trip with some Zunis to Arizona. Sick and puny, Cushing was no match for even an Apache child, so he must have obtained the scalp from a man killed previously. His party was in the area raided by the Apaches recently. Even so, the Zunis at first denied his request for entry because the scalp had been taken with a steel knife instead of a flint one.

Cushing got himself in deep trouble with the Navajo Agent, Galen Eastman, when he shot several Navajo horses grazing on Zuni lands. The agent demanded a hundred dollars for the damages, but finally dropped the case. Cushing was with the Zunis in the fight with the outlaws at Box S, a story we have told elsewhere.

While Cushing made enormous contributions to an understanding of Zuni culture, he exaggerated and even lied outright about some artifacts which he had made but represented as genuine. Once in a position of power, however, he became a tyrant. He styled the Mormons as his "special enemies". Ramon Luna, one of the Mormon converts at Fish Springs, had inherited part of an orchard. By virtue of his relationship to the deceased, Luna claimed the entire orchard but in this he came in conflict with the tribal leaders who thought he should have only part of it. Cushing had begged his superiors at the Smithsonian for some authority in civil affairs. Through their political connections he managed to obtain a letter from General Sherman giving him a little authority, and he now decided to resolve the dispute by force. He waited until a military detachment came through, and showed the letter to his friend, Lt. Bourke. Bourke was an ethnologist himself and greatly admired Cushing's work. Bourke now suggested they take a group of soldiers to Luna's house and force him to submit to tribal authority. Luna at first resisted, then capitulated.

Cushing further tried to humiliate Luna by having him haul free firewood for the Presbyterian Mission, but Samuel Bentley, the missionary there, was furious. Bentley and Matilda Stevenson had already told some of the Zunis that Cushing did not represent the government, but Bourke tried to convince them otherwise. Bentley sympathized with Luna, and made a serious attempt to have Cushing expelled from the village. On the face of it, in a letter to his superior, the eloquent Cushing was full of bravado: "I have met several of these whining martyrs to the cause of Jesus … and they have invariably proved to be most unscrupulous rascals and unchristianly breeders of trouble, opposing the progress of science…", but underneath his braggadocio, he was deeply frightened: "I beg you to ascertain, so far as practible, [Bentley's] standing and the extent of his authority … I should infinitely prefer to die by the bite of a rattlesnake, than to be compelled to give up my investigations at their present stage, on the account of the rantings of this Don Fanfarron." Cushing was eventually taken out of Zuni by Major Powell, but for reasons of constantly spending more than he was authorized to spend.

2. ACOMA AND LAGUNA

"I might call [Acoma] the Queres Gibraltar; but Gibraltar is a pregnable place beside it. It is the Quebec of the Southwest; but Quebec could be stormed in the time an army climbed Acoma unopposed… It is the Garden of the Gods multiplied by ten, and with ten equal but other wonders thrown in." – Charles F Lummis, *The Land of Poco Tiempo*

On one of his trips to the several pueblos to affirm the oath of allegiance first entered into at San Juan, Oñate visited Acoma. This was in 1598. He was received very cordially there and was given gifts of maize, water, and turkeys. The Cacique, Zutucapan, offered Oñate the supreme honor of entering the Kiva, the "holy of holies." He was promised that there he would have even more convincing proof of the loyalty of the Acomas. Despite the friendliness of the natives, the wary Oñate had forbidden his soldiers to separate themselves while on the mesa, and something must have forewarned him now of the awful death that lurked in that deep black hole. Courteously he refused the honor and made his way on to Zuni. He planned to wait there for Don Juan Zaldivar who, with thirty soldiers, would accompany him on his trip to the Pacific Ocean. Zaldivar had been left in charge of the main colony at San Juan and was to follow his chief as soon as his brother, Vicente Zaldivar, returned from his trip to the buffalo plains.

Meanwhile, some of the soldiers at San Juan had deserted on stolen horses. Captain Marquez and Villagra were sent in pursuit. That mission was successful. They caught up with the deserters, beheaded two of them and released the other two. Captain Villagra returned to San Juan, then rode westward to report his mission to Oñate. At Acoma he too was received only too graciously. Becoming suspicious at the close questioning, he refused to dismount. Riding on, he found himself pursued, but managed to escape. As night came on, he slept, but arose very early so that he might not be discovered.

In the new fallen snow he failed to see a cleverly hidden pit which the Acomas had dug for strangers. The fall into the pit killed his horse, but Villagra, stunned, managed to crawl out. For four days he staggered on and at length fell exhausted on the ground somewhere near El Morro. By a stroke of

good fortune he was discovered there by some of Oñate's men who were hunting for horses.

On the 18th of November, 1589, Don Juan Zaldivar left San Juan Pueblo to join Oñate at Zuni. At Acoma, Zutucapan was waiting to welcome the party with outstretched arms, and even promised provisions for the journey. Don Juan and sixteen of his companions went up the steep trail to the summit, leaving their comrades below to guard the horses.

Invited to see various points of interest, the soldiers allowed themselves to be separated. Then, with hideous war cries, the Indians fell on the Spaniards with clubs and arrows and rocks. In a few minutes eleven of the Spaniards had been massacred. The remaining five, hopelessly surrounded, were driven to the edge of the cliffs. Facing certain death, they flung themselves over the edge of the one hundred fifty foot precipice. They surely must have landed in some of the soft sand that is found in places at the edge of the cliffs, because four of the five men survived.

Believing as they did that the uprising at Acoma was only the prelude of a general revolt, the Spaniards separated into small groups and set out by different routes to warn Oñate and all others of the peril. The bad news reached the commander while he was on his way to the South Sea. He had waited at Hopi for Zaldivar, and finally turned back toward Acoma when word came to him. He then returned at once to San Juan to marshal his forces. By the end of the year every Spaniard in New Mexico was gathered at San Juan. There were not more than 200 in all available for Oñate's use, and he dared employ only a small portion of this number for fear of leaving the other sites unprotected. Lest he be censured by the Viceroy and the King for the war he was about to enter upon, Oñate first obtained a formal justification from the Padres.

Oñate scraped together seventy soldiers and it was considered only just that they should be led by Vicente Zaldivar who longed to avenge his brother's death. As the group came upon Acoma, they were greeted by the sight of the painted savages dancing stark naked on the top of the cliff. Curses and insults were hurled at them from the mesa. Zaldivar gave them, as required, three chances to surrender, and was answered by a shower of arrows and stones. Next morning, two months after the massacre, Zaldivar sent sixty of his men to storm the main trail. Twelve other picked men had gone up the southern mesa in the darknes of the preceding night, dragging with them a small cannon. The southern mesa of Aacoma was uninhabited, but separated from the other mesa by a narrow but fearfully deep chasm, some twenty feet across.

At dawn the little group – under cover of the rocks – received Mass from Father Martinez. It was the first time the "holy mysteries" had been celebrated on the mesa top. The twelve men had now been joined by twenty others, and together they had dragged several timbers to the edge of the abyss. They managed to bridge the gulf with one of the timbers, but one of the soldiers who went across jerked the log after him in his excitement. By now a force of Indians had arrived and a bloody hand-to-hand combat ensued with most of the Spanish force being unable to assist their comrades. Then it was that Captain Villagra sprang forth, cleared the gap in a mighty leap, and replaced the log. Knives and clubs were now pitted against swords and gunstocks. Zaldivar, seeing one Indian wearing his dead brother's uniform, flew at him in a rage and cleft his skull with one blow of his sword. In the end, the fierce determination of the Spaniards prevailed over the superior numbers of the Indians and the latter retreated to their houses. A two day siege followed. The houses were not proof against the cannon and in the end the Indians sued for mercy. During the battle the Indians believed they had seen a valiant warrior with a gray beard, mounted on a white steed, who had greatly assisted the Spaniards. The Spaniards, equally superstitious, believed that their Patron Saint, Santiago, had been there in the company of the Holy Virgin.

> Lummis wrote that "Never in all history was there a greater feat of arms than the storming of that impregnable rock ... The forcing of that awful cliff, the three days' death struggle, hand-to-hand, the storming of that fortress-town room by savage room – time records nothing more desperately brilliant. These smooth, gray rocks... were slippery-red with the life-blood of five hundred heroes."

The pueblo lay in smoking ruins. Some 600-800 of the Indians were dead. Though only two of the Spaniards had been killed, nearly all of them were wounded. Six hundred other Indians, mostly women and children, surrendered. Mercy was not forthcoming. The prisoners were taken to San Juan and tried and sentenced to 20 years of servitude. All warriors over 25 years of age had one foot cut off. Sixty or seventy of the girls were sent to Mexico to be placed in convents there. Ever afterward a bitter

hatred remained between the two races. Recently a statue of Oñate on horseback was erected in a visitor's center northeast of Espanola. In 1998 someone cut off one foot of the statue, leaving a note: "Fair is fair."

Bit by bit, adobes wre packed from the plain below to the mesa top. Timber was brought from Mt. Taylor, and the pueblo was slowly and painfully rebuilt. It was said that the timber used to be floated down the arroyos from Mt. Taylor during flash floods. The other pueblos, seeing the awful fate of Acoma, reluctantly accepted Spanish rule. Ten years later Santa Fe was founded. Bernabe de las Casas, who had brought news of the uprising to Oñate, proposed not long afterward that an expedition be sent across the Rio Grande and on to Jamestown, Virginia, to drive the English pigs off the continent!

Franciscan missionaries were sent to the conquered pueblo to convert, civilize, discipline, and educate them. One of the missionaries left a record in which he says that Captain Marquez told him of seeing pictures of Aztec Indians painted on the walls of one of the kivas on the occasion of his first visit there. Recognizing the Indians by their dress, the Captain had inquired about them. The Indians told him that a group of Indians dressed in that manner had come from the sea coast and visited Acoma. So unusual had been the dress of these Indians that they had painted the group as they remembered them.

By 1626 there were 16 friars in New Mexico and it was reported that 34,000 Indians had been baptized. In 1629 Gorernor Silva escorted priests to the Apaches, to Acoma, Zuni, and Hopi. In July he passed the Inscription Rock and left his name there. Father Juan Ramirez, later called the Apostle of Acoma, was escorted to the rock and left there alone. Ramirez went there of his own accord after hearing that the fiercest and most rebellious tribe of all lived there. He firmly believe that he was so endowed with grace from heaven that he could succeed where Spanish arms had failed. There are, typically, many legends surrounding him. One says that when he went to the mesa top alone he was showered with arrows, but that, miraculously, none pierced his robes. Moreover, in the excitement, a small girl was accidentally pushed over the edge of a sixty foot cliff onto the rocks below, and Ramirez went to her, knelt and prayed and brought her back unharmed. For twenty years Father Ramirez stayed at Acoma and in his old age, was finally taken back to Mexico. There in 1664 he died, yearning to the last for "his children" at Acoma.

We have recounted elsewhere the story of the Pueblo Rebellion in 1680 in which Acoma certainly took part. When De Vargas returned in 1692, he wrote, upon spying Acoma, that "we descried the smoke made by those traitors, enemies, treacherous rebels, and apostates of the Keres tribe." De Vargas assured the Indians on Acoma that he had come to pardon them, but they were not convinced, and it was only after two days that he was able to persuade them to let him come up. Once more the Flag of Spain and the Christian cross was planted on Acoma. All through 1693, however, Acoma was insubordinate, and made several alliances with Hopi, Zuni, and some of the Apaches. On June 4, 1696, five of the Rio Grande Pueblos rebelled, killing their priests and twenty one other Spaniards, then fled to the mountains. Probably most of them went to Acoma, and it was learned that Acoma, Hopi, and Zuni were making plans to march on Santa Fe with others. Some minor battles with Acoma warriors near San Juan, together with the discovery of the plots, prevented a general rebellion.

Laguna did not exist in Oñate's time but was founded in 1699. A nearby lake (*laguna*), which has since dried up, gave the pueblo its name. It was made up of people from Acoma, Zia, and Zuni, together with a few people from other pueblos. Nevertheless, it was considered a branch or *visita* of Acoma.

Another story is that of the painting of San Jose, said to have been given to Acoma by King Charles II of Spain. It hung near the high altar of the church in Acoma and in time became venerated because of the supernatural powers attributed to it. Prosperity at Acoma in the 1850s and depression at Laguna was believed to be due to the painting at Acoma and at length a one-month loan of the painting was arranged between the pueblos. The fortunes of Laguna were then reversed, the sick were healed, and the crops were good.

At the appointed time the borrowed picture was not returned, and a raid was threatened. Only the priest averted war when, after a long council, he had the villages draw lots for the prize. Little girls drew the lots from a jar but when the painting reverted to Acoma, the people at Laguna were most unhappy. Next morning the painting was missing from the altar at Acoma. Once more the padre intervened. The case was then taken to the United States Court in Santa Fe. The decision in favor of Acoma brought an appeal to the Supreme Court and in 1857 the decision was solemnly upheld. Judge Benedict announced that "The intrinsic value of the oil paint and cloth... probably would not exceed twenty-five cents, but this

seemingly worthless painting has well-nigh cost these two pueblos a bloody and cruel struggle, and had it not been for weakness on the part of one of the pueblos, its history might have been written in blood." When Acoma men started to Laguna to get their picture, they found it on the trail, waiting for them.

About 1872 the Marmon brothers, one a teacher, the other a civil engineer, entered the Laguna Pueblo. They wooed and won young wives from among the Indians. The two brothers were largely responsible for breaking down the tribal customs and thus changing the entire history of Laguna for the better. The results have far outived them. The Lagunas have been an exceptionally well-educated people, intelligent, good farmers and craftsmen. Very early the Laguna men began to hold responsible positions with the Federal Government, the Railroad, and in educational institutions.

When Walter Marmon was sent to Laguna in 1871 he became teacher, doctor, advisor and minister at once. No one in the settlement could speak English, but everyone went to school, the adults almost outnumbering the children. The warriors brought their little ones to school and tended them while they themselves learned their ABC's. Robert Marmon joined his brother the next year. He left Ohio for Kansas, took the train as far west as possible, then to Trinidad, Colorado. From there he went by stagecoach to Albuquerque, then by horseback to Laguna. He said later that he would have gone back home immediately if he had had the means. The thing that made him maddest, though, was the fun the Indians made of his prized stiff-front shirts, and needless to say, he wore them only once.

The brothers decided to establish permanent homes in the pueblo, and began at once improving conditions. Preaching education and progress, they became intensely involved in tribal affairs, took part in council meetings, set up procedures for governors, and taught the Lagunas voting as a substitute for long argument. Robert, who was engaged in Government surveying, demanded Laguna men as assistants, and persuaded the Santa Fe Railroad to hire them in large numbers.

When hostilities broke out with the Apaches in 1885, the two white men joined their red brothers in pursuit of Geronimo's band. Colonel Walter Marmon headed Troop I, First Regiment of New Mexico Cavalry, while Robert served as Captain. The U.S. Government pensioned these Indian soldiers in 1917 in recognition of their services.

While in Kansas, Robert had met a Major Pradt, and he followed Robert to Laguna, married an Indian girl, and settled down. The three white men lived in separate quarters in the twenty-room adobe home which the Baptist Missionary, Reverend Samuel Gorman, had erected in 1851. Among the noted guests who stayed there were Generals Carleton, Logan and Canby; Colonel Kit Carson, Governor Lew Wallace, George Wharton James and Billy the Kid, fugitive from the law.

3. CEBOLLETA AND SAN MATEO

Late in 1746 a large group of Navajos (several thousand according to Ann Nolan Clark) came to Santa Fe at the invitation of the Franciscan Friars. The missionaries had expended considerable effort in interviewing and preaching the necessity of salvation and permanent settlement to some 4000 Navajos and, at length, in bringing them to New Mexico's royal city. No effort was spared to impress the visitors. There was a magnificent procession, trumpets, and banners. After mass was celebrated, the food and gifts were passed out as had been promised. Perhaps with the thought of further gifts, some 500 Navajos consented to the establishment of a mission within their borders, and Cebolleta Mountain, on the south side of Mt. Taylor, was agreed upon as the place.

Even New Mexico's governor came up in 1749 to escort the priests, Fray Juan Sanz (who was to reside at Encinal) and Fray Manuel (who was to take up quarters at the new mission). History records a continuous, jealous bickering and wrongling between these two. The governor pitched in with the Navajos to construct a temporary shelter for the priest, and later that same year the Navajos were joined in construction of the mission by forced labor from Acoma and Laguna, thus glimpsing what was in store for them. The mission was named *Cebolleta* (Spanish: little onion); the spelling sometimes being Anglicized to *Seboyeta*. While the Navajos supported it half-heartedly for a year, and were taught to farm, and had their children baptized, they left the settlement at the end of that time, complaining that they had been raised like deer and could not stay in one place. Besides, the priest at Cebolleta was poor and the gifts had ceased by now.

For fifty years the mission was abandoned. In the meantime the Spanish settlements were creeping westward. In 1768 Ignacio Chavez was granted land along Arroyo Chico which encircled Cebolleta Mountain on the north. Governor

Mendinueta carefully respected the Navajo rights and provided that the grantees would not dispossess nor drive away any Indians with prior rights.

Soon Diego Antonio Chavez and Pedro Chavez, looking for land on which to graze their herds, pushed over the mountain to San Miguel Canyon on the northwest side of Mt. San Mateo (now Mt. Taylor). They were granted land at length, provided their stock-raising activities did not interfere with Navajo crops. Bartolome Fernandez petitioned for land further up the canyon but south of the Tafoya grant and including the spring at San Miguel . Santiago Duran y Chavez applied for land southwest of the Fernandez grant and including the spring at San Mateo (Spanish for St. Matthew).

In the 1770s this gradual encroachment on Indian lands caused the Navajos to firmly reassert their mastery and the bitter warfare which ensued lasted for a century. In 1800 the Spanish government sent 30 families from Chihuahua to colonize Cebolleta, and they were under contract to settle the valley nearby. For fifty years Cebolleta (mother colony of both San Mateo and San Rafael) the only settlement west of the Rio Grande, was never at peace. In 1804 it came under a siege of 1000 Navajo warriors. In the course of the battle the Indians threw some 2000 hand grenades of pitch in an attempt to fire the town. Every able citizen was kept busy putting out the fires while the men held off the attackers. For security, the settlers had built adjoining stone houses ten feet high, without windows on the outside, and these surrounded their little town. The women were quite as busy as their husbands, bringing water and food and bandaging wounds.

At one point in the battle, one brave woman, Doña Antonio Romero, climbed to a housetop to see if all was well and was horrified to see that a Navajo had just climbed over the wall. He was in the act of drawing the bar of that great two foot thick wooden door --hewn from Ponderosa Pine -- while crowds of Navajos swarmed just outside waiting for that moment. Snatching a heavy stone *matate*, she lifted it above her head and brought it down with all her strength on the head of the savage, killing him instantly. She thus proved herself worthy of her courageous husband, Don Domingo Baca. In hand-to-hand combat, Baca had seven lances driven into him. One cut across his stomach was so wide that his bowels fell out. Grabbing a pillow, he tied it around his abdomen and was able to continue fighting until the attack subsided, a period of several hours. Afterwards he replaced his entrails and sewed up his own wound and lived. Twenty two Indians died in the siege.

During one night of siege the Navajos made a break in the stone wall and over one hundred of them got into the plaza. Somehow the breach was filled in and the invaders killed from the houses around the plaza. In 1805, mostly on account of Indian troubles, a plea was sent to Chihuahua for their release but was refused Nevertheless the group decided to abandon the settlement, and got as far as Laguna when they were met by thirty soldiers who had been sent by Governor Chacon to protect them. With this encouragement, they turned back.

The Cebolletan's only allies were the Laguna Indians, and when things became desperate, a messenger was sent to the top of a nearby mesa, *El Cerro de la Celosa*, and from that butte could signal Laguna for help with smoke or a red blanket.

One of the heroes of Cebolleta was Colonel Manuel Chavez whose family came there very early to live. Two hundred of his relatives lost their lives in Indian warfare. Manuel himself was a veteran of over 100 battles with the Indians. In every encounter it was said that he sustained at least one wound, and his body was so mutilated with scars that one could not lay a hand on him without touching one of them.

Nevertheless, Manuel seemed to bear a charmed life. He joined his first campaign when he was 16 and at 18 he went with his brother Jose and an Indian lad, Pahe, on a trading expedition. The little party ventured far into the Navajo country. West of Shiprock lie the Chuska Mountains. At Canyon de Chusca they were given a friendly welcome and decided to spend the night. In the night they were attacked by the Indians. All the party were killed except Manuel and Pahe, the Indian boy. Pahe, severely wounded by an arrow in the left breast, had escaped among the rocks. Manuel was revived by the early morning dew and crawled away. He counted 18 dead Indians. Having found his brother's body, he wrapped it in a blanket and buried him in a shallow grave. Then the pair started home in the burning July heat. Two days and nights later they reached the spring at Ojo del Oso, present day Ft. Wingate. Manuel bathed his wounds there, but the Indian lad refused to do so. Next morning Chavez found his faithful campanion dead.

In three nights Manuel covered ninety miles. He stopped to rest under the live oak trees in what is now San Mateo. A hungry coyote followed him for two days. Deeply grateful for the cool stream of water and for the generous shade of the oak trees, he vowed that if he were able to get home he would

somehow build a chapel on that spot. Hunger, exhaustion, and loss of blood finally brought about Manuel's collapse. At length he was discovered by an Indian servant who made a rough chair of oak limbs and carried the boy to Cebolleta on his back.

Two fateful horse races very nearly cost Manuel Chavez his life and career. In 1827 Manuel Armijo was appointed governor of the territory, but resigned after two years. He had risen to prominence through cunning and duplicity and to wealth through stealing. Later, Armijo led a revolt of the citizens against governor Jose Gonzales and through his exaggerated account to Mexico was confirmed as the new Governor. Gonzales faced a firing squad. Manuel Chaves was a nephew of Armijo. He was already well known. He owned a fine race horse he called Malcreado. Manuel and his half-brother, Roman Baca spent many hours in Santa Fe in the company of wealthy families and the new governor. Many Spaniards were absolutely addicted to horse racing and Armijo had a horse of his own which he matched, in a friendly race, against Malcreado. To assure the outcome of the race (on which many bets had been placed), Armijo secured the services of a French Doctor, Masure, to poison Malcreado. Roman Baca was sleeping in the stable with his brother's horse to guard him, but some anesthesia was passed through the window on a stick and overcame Baca and he slept peacefully. With Roman as the jockey, Chavez' horse quickly took the lead. Fifty yards before the finish line, the horse collapsed and died. After brooding over his misfortune for several days, Chavez was visited by the French doctor who told him what had happened. Armijo had given him only $300 of what he had promised and the doctor sought revenge. Chavez went straight to Armijo and confronted him, but got only a laugh and threats against Masure. Chavez went home for a weapon. Suspecting that Armijo would have a rendezvous with his mistress (who ran a gambling joint), he waited in the shadows without result. His plot was discovered and the governor went into a rage, offering $5000 for Chavez' head. Manuel, on another race horse, fled to St. Louis. In 1841 Manuel received word that the governor had had a change of heart and wanted him back, but Manuel did not trust him. Rumblings were being heard from Texas that had the governor alarmed, and he could see the need of his nephew's services. In the end, Manuel Chavez returned to New Mexico.

Don Manuel's skill as an archer won him many a horse and blanket from the best of the Indian marksmen. In 1847 he enlisted as a private to serve under Colonel Ceran St. Vrain in the Indian Revolution. The Indians had allied themseles and gone to war in great force, determined to win back their lands. Chavez, called in command, met at Bernalillo with leaders from throughout the territory. As a result 500 volunteers were raised and equipped.

Colonel Chaves took with him on that campaign his half-brother, Roman Baca, then eighteen years of age. They marched with Colonel Canby into the Indian country. Just prior to one of the battles, Roman demanded of Manuel what he could do to earn a captaincy. Manuel pointed out a giant Navajo, just out of rifle range, who was waving a red blanket defiantly. "Bring me his scalp and I'll make you a captain. Come back without it and I'll kill you!" Roman took up the challenge and galloped out to meet the Navajo. The Indian fired at close range but missed. Roman then killed him with one shot through the heart, dismounted, scalped the Indian, and rode back, waving his bloody prize. He was made a captain then and there.

It was said of Roman Baca that he was so destitute when he settled his family at San Mateo that he had to kill a prairie dog for food for his wife and children. He entered the stock-raising business and in time became fabulously wealthy. For years he lived like a king, spending lavishly and riding through the country with pomp and dignity in his four-horse carriage. He ran 40,000 head of sheep and 3000 head of cattle. He built a forty-room house at El Rito on the old Fernandez Ranch.

Roman kept a number of Indian slaves and had a whipping post set up from which he doled out justice and punishment. The landscaping around his home made it one of the really beautiful spots in the country. The rock walls around the orchards still stand. Two Apache Indians served Roman as bodyguards and gunmen. Those who settled on his range either heeded his warning to leave or they disappeared. An ironbound trunk stood in his hallway, filled with silver coins. Roman was a passionate gambler and his skill was such that passers-by usually found themselves destitute after an all-night game at his home. The guests were then invited to take what they needed from the trunk. If they took too much, they would be followed by the Apaches and in time the money came back. In later years Roman became so fat he could hardly walk.

In 1860 Manuel was in charge of Fort Flauntleroy (now Ft. Wingate) when another horse race was arranged between the post surgeon (who owned a fine Arabian) and the Navajos. The Navajos lost that race when the bridle of their horse broke and

appeared to have been cut. That story is in the chapter on Ft. Wingate. It very nearly cost Manuel his career.

We return now to Manuel Chavez who fought in every battle until the revolution was brought under control. Under Governor Armijo he held a commission, and the invading Americans would have had a different story to tell had he been in charge of the defense of New Mexico. In 1855 he was in command in the battles of Chochpopa Pass, Netesta, Sierra Blanca, and El Rito. In each of these engagements with the Utes and Jicarilla Apaches he was victorious. In 1859 he participated in the hard and bitter fighting against Mangas Coloradas, greatest strategist of the Apache chiefs. He served as a Lt. Colonel under Kit Carson in the Civil War battles of Velarde and Apache Canyon. At Pigeon Ranch near Glorieta it was Manuel Chavez who led 400 men up a steep rocky mesa and into the rear of the Confederate forces. There they destroyed enough arms, ammunition, mules, and supplies to effectively break the backbone of the Confederate offense. Leading the Confederate forces was General Sibley who had commanded Ft. Wingate. General Canby commanded the Union forces. He and Sibley had been fellow officers. In proportion to the number of troops involved, the battle at Pigeon Ranch was the bloodiest battle of the Civil War, called the Gettysburg of the West. It decided whether New Mexico would go North or South. New Mexico was the gateway to California and to the vast resources and supplies that coud be had there. Had New Mexico gone to the South, the course of the war might have been different.

In 1851 Cebolleta had sustained its worst setback, involving Pedro Chavez, Manuel's older brother. Pedro was a slave trader, and contracted to sell Navajo girls for domestic help for $500 apiece. Every young man who married wanted to give his wife a servant. Pedro and his companions would fall on small bands of Navajos, kill the men, and take the women and girls as slaves. In 1851 a party of men from Cebolleta set out to explore San Lucas Canyon to the north of San Mateo. Meanwhile, an old goatherder named Ortiz climbed to the top of a nearby mesa. Just as the father and one boy reached the top, they were seized by waiting Navajos. The old man managed to yell a warning to one son below (who was answering a call from Nature) who raced to Cebolleta for help. The other son, Juan Ortiz, lived as a captive among the Navajos for many years. The old man was beaten to death and his body stuffed in a badger hole. The rescue party from Cebolleta met the returning exploration expedition, and it was decided then and there to take up an expedition to the Chusca country to punish the Navajos. While there, the group of fifty soldiers came under siege for several days. At length they beheld a beautiful Navajo girl riding a giant while horse. The girl was in the act of urging the braves to abandon the siege when "Chato" (Manuel) Aragon, a famed marksman, shot her off her horse. The Indians gathered around her as she fell, and this event gave the besieged group their one chance to escape, and they quickly took advantage of it.

After travelling for a time and being pursued by the Indians, they decided to send a party of 12-14 men on to Cebolleta for help [Floyd Lee gives a different account of the circumstances surrounding the expedition]. This party, headed by Pedro Chavez, camped in San Miguel Canyon at the site of the main corrals of the Fernandez Ranch. Building a large fire, the men became intensely involved in a game of cards that lasted far into the night. One Indian servant heard an owl hoot and knew then that they were being surrounded by Navajos. He informed his companions, but was ignored and scoffed at. The horses, too, sensed the imminent peril and Manuel Aragon, famed for his prowess with a rifle, knew that something was amiss.

Nevertheless, the game went on and on and finally the men fell asleep from exhaustion. The Indian slave slipped away in the night. The 300 Navajos surrounding the camp fell on the sleeping men and massacred them to a man. Only Manuel Aragon survived the night. Desperately wounded, he crawled into a small cavern in the rocks. For eleven days he lived, scratching a mark or *raya* on the wall for each day that passed. Every day he crawled down to the stream to bathe his wounds, then back to his hiding place. An old Navajo said later that he returned to the scene and saw Aragon with the arrow in his back, twisting in agony. By the time the former Indian slave, frozen and exhausted, had walked the 30 bitterly cold miles to Cebolleta, help arrived only minutes before Aragon died. The head of Captain Pedro Chavez was found later on top of Mt. Taylor.

Another famed Indian fighter of Cebolleta was Lucario Montoya, a lad of 17. Few men in that country excelled him at throwing a knife. In 1840, some eight years before New Mexico beame part of the United States, bands of Utes passed through the area, catching several hamlets by surprise and massacring every soul in them. The Utes had cut off a number of shepherds and had stolen thousands of sheep. Several unsuccessful attacks had been made on Cebolleta. A thousand volunteers throughout the

country were raised, commanded by Colonel Chavez. One expedition marched past Cabezon and into the foothills of the Jemez Mountains. A large group of Utes were sighted ahead, outnumbering the Mexican expedition by four to one.

A giant broad-shouldered chieftain – reported to be seven feet tall – led the Ute forces on a snow-white horse. The Indians came down to meet the Mexicans who quickly fortified themselves. The chief rode up and down, just out of rifle range. "Who dares to come out and fight me alone?" he shouted. "If I kill him, you shall go back home and follow us no more. If he kills me, my people will return to our country and end the war." In the opposite camp, Lucario begged his uncle to let him go. The request was taken to Colonel Chavez who replied in his characteristic fashion: "Come back without his head and I will kill you. Bring me his head and I will make you a Captain this day!"

Lucario rode out on his small pony to meet the giant. The Ute shouted in derision: "Are there no *men* among you, that you send out a *child* to me for a mouthful?" At fifty yards Lucario let loose an arrow so unexpectedly that the Ute barely had time to duck and the arrow went through his ear. Around and around they circled, finally exhausting their arrows, shooting from under their horses' necks. "With the *riata*", shouted Lucario, taking down his rope. The Ute understood and took down his rope. Closer and closer circled the foes. At lengh the Ute wheeled his mount in very close and his rope certainly would have encircled Lucaario's neck but for the lightning sideways jump of his pony. At the same instant, Lucario's rope settled around the giant's neck. Mexicans and Indians had lined up scarcely fifty yards from each other to watch the finish. Now a great shout went up from both sides. In a flash the Indian grabbed the rawhide lariat, dallied it, and cut it. Another Indian ran to his side and threw him a lance. With all his might the chief launched it at Lucario, but in that instant Lucario had whipped out his knife and sank it into the forehead of the Ute. Even so, the lance made a great hole in Lucario's arm. Lucario was one of those who died in the massacre at San Miguel Canyon.

San Mateo was colonized about 1870 (Nathan Bibo says 1864). For some ten years previously, setters from Cebolleta had been planting crops at San Mateo. Originally fifteen colonists (*pobladores*) began that settlement. They were soon joined by another fifteen families. They settled mostly on Section 22 and parts of Sections 23, 24, and 25. Among the thirty *pobladores* were Pablo Peña, Juan Ortega, and Roman Baca. In 1875 most of these early colonists applied for patents on their private claims. Those listed were as follows: Pablo and Jesus Mirabal; Jose and Santiago Marquez; Jose, Ramon, and Lorenzo Baca; Mauricio and Juan Chavez; Polonio Montano; Vicente and Santos Ortega; Jose Sandoval; Luis Gallegoa; Casimiro Garcia; Desiderio Sanchez; Felis Trujillo; Juan Barela, Jose Salazar; Marcos Ansuras. In 1877 Rafael Baca and Antonio Montano claimed their homesteads. Manuel Chavez proved up on his in 1885.

In the little mountain hamlet of San Mateo—cut off from the mainstream of civilization—strange things have happened. In 1878 a poor, withered up little lady, Marcelina, was stoned to death as a witch. She was charged with changing Don Jose Patricio Mariño into a woman for three month's time and had made Senor Montaño very lame. Moñtano was lame afterwards but not nearly so lame as before he helped kill Marcelina. Mariño had to hire another witch to turn him back into a man.

Charles F. Lummis, who lived in San Mateo for some time, was led to exclaim: "If the true story of New Mexico could be written in detail...it would stand unparalleled in the history of the world." Lummis remarked that in 1881 but three towns in the territory had a Penitente procession and but one—San Mateo—enjoyed a crucifixion. The Penitentes were thought by some to have been an order in the Catholic Church that came in the 16th century from Spain into the New World. More recently Fray Angelico Chavez has shown that the practice arose when there was as shortage of priests in New Mexico. Without a resident priest some communities, such as San Mateo and San Rafael, held their own lay services at Lent and these became the penitentes. Long after the Church forbade the practice, it continued in the isolated villages in New Mexico. The processions take place just prior to Easter. Those who have heard the unearthly wail or shriek of the *pitos* (flutes) in those canyons have shuddered at the sound. Strangers who attempt to view the secret ceremonies are definitely unwelcome, and few white men have seen them. Lummis was one of those who not only saw a procession and a crucifixion, but actually bribed the Chief Brother to let him photograph the awful spectacle. For his temerity, he was later shot near Isleta, but not killed. I have drawn heavily on his masterful account in what follows.

The procession, he writes, "hove into sight," led by the fifer "proudly fingering his diabolical instrument." Behind came two of the brothers

dragging their heavy crosses, an old man reading prayers, and behind them a group of women and children singing hyms and falling down "every fifty feet or so" to pray. Quite naturally (to those used to processions in Catholic countries) the group carried the figures of Christ and the holy Virgin on their shoulders. At the *morada* or chapel the Penitentes laid down their crosses and went inside. After a bit the procession marched on with three men using the lash on their bare backs. The whippers, he said, "have a strange step from which they never vary." The men stand "with muffled heads drooping almost to the chest," left hand over the right breast while the right hand wielded the heavy whip. In perfect cadence with each right step, the lash bit deeply into the small of the back. Then the Penitente paused two seconds and stepped out with his left foot while the whip snapped over the other shoulder and soon enough "their drawers were wet with blood to their very ankles."

The whips used by the Penitentes were made of braided Yucca fiber, some forty inches long. Two of the marchers carried a "burro-load" of cactus strapped so tightly onto their backs that the ropes "cut the skin and stopped the circulation. From the roadside the Chief Brother cut a piece of Spanish Dagger and threw it into the shoulders of one of the sufferers. The spines burrowed so deeply into the flesh that it hung there, yet the man gave no sign that he felt it.

For several days, remarked Lummis, these processions continued back and forth from the *campo santo* to the *morada*. At length, on Good Friday, the crucifixion took place. The largest of the three crosses was laid in front of a hole that had been dug for it in front of the morada. Hundreds of native spectators surrounded the little Church. Then the *Hermano Mayor* and two others emerged, dragging their victim, who was clothed only in white drawers, with a black hood over his head to disguise his identity. "In his side was a gaping gash four inches long from which the blood ran down to the ground in a steady stream." Laying himself on the cross, the young man was lashed firmly to the timbers, "sobbing like a child, '*ay, como estoy deshonrado*'! Not with a rope! Nail me! Nail me!" Before that year the victim had been nailed with spikes. More than one penitent had died thus in agony. This year, however, the Chief Brother adamantly refused his request.

As it was, Lummis writes, "the stiff ropes sank deep into his flesh and in less than three minutes his arms and legs were as black as a Hottentot's." Others wrapped a clean sheet around the body, leaving only the head and arms exposed. Then the cross was raised to the perpendicular and dropped into the hole with a thud. Another penitent lay upon a mass of cactus at the foot of the cross. For thirty one minutes the crucified hung there before the order was given to bring him down. Dead silence reigned. Even the wailing flute was quiet. The man was released and after a few moments the procession continued. As it passed "Calvary" the *Hermano Mayor* came up behind the seven marchers and gashed their backs with a flint knife. The gashes—three each way—were the offical seal of the order. While it is almost certain that the crucifixions have long since been suppressed, the Penitentes may be seen even today lashing their backs and carrying their heavy crosses as they attempt to atone for their sins.

San Mateo is the headquarters for the Old Fernandez Ranch. In September, 1767, twelve years prior to the Declaration of Independence, Pedro Fermin de Mindinueta, Captain General of the Province of New Mexico, acting under authority of the Spanish Crown, granted to Bartolome Fernandez and to his ancestors and relatives, a large tract of land near San Mateo. The grant was in consideration of services rendered by Fernandez to the king f Spain. The ranch, now operated by Floyd Lee, comprises a quarter of a million acres. Several other grants fell within its borders. Eventually seven townships of railroad land were purchased. In 1896 Congress granted to the territory of New Mexico each unappropriated section numbered 16 and 36, throughout the territory, for the support of the Public Schools. When New Mexico became a state in 1912 a similar grant was made of Sections 2 and 32. Some of these "school" sections, generally leased, were also inculded within her borders.

It is perhaps appropriate to record here the change in name of the majestic volcano which, standing alone on a plateau, dominates all of Mckinley and Valencia counties with its grandeur. Historically called Mount San Mateo (Saint Matthew), the name was changed shortly after the War with Mexico. A troop of cavalry was released and marched to Jemez in what was perhaps the longest forced march on record. Some 500 troops arrived there ten days after leaving Monterrey. They were commanded by Colonel John Marshall Washington. While exploring the Chuska and Zuni Mountains and putting down uprisings of the Navajo and Jemez Indians, Washington sighted Mount San Mateo. Still enthused with the prowess of his hero, Zachary Taylor (then President) he asked the War

Department to change the name to Mt. Taylor and to this they consented.

About 15 miles north of San Mateo and west of Rancha la Punta stands an old fort and stagecoach stop. It stands alone out in the flats, a long, one-storied adobe building, typically Spanish in construction with the long porch held up by wooden columns. The wall extends beyond the house to form a corral. It is called *El Dado* (pronounced el dow).

Years ago a trail herd approached *El Dado* to stay for the night. The cattle had been driven in the heat and heavy dust all day and were tired and hot. The cowboys drove the cattle into the corral and rode in with them to unsaddle. One wild old bull saw his chance, and just as one of the cowboys unsaddled, the bull hit him with terrific force, goring him to death. Some who have gone there at sunset and looked out of the small window which faces the corral have seen the death scene re-enacted. A little while after dark others have heard the faint but distinct jingle of spurs as the rider strode across the porch, dragging his saddle after him.

4. THE NAVAJO TRIBES AFTER 1846

"There are three typical races in New Mexico now… First, the nine thousand Pueblo Indians – peaceful, fixed, house-dwelling and home-loving tillers of the soil; good Catholics in the churches they have builded with a patience infinite as that of the Pyramids; good pagans everywhere else. Then the ten thousand Navajo Indians – whose other ten thousand are in Arizona – sullen, nomad, horse-loving, horse-stealing, horse-living vagrants of the saddle; pagans first, last, and all the time…Last of all the Mexicans… isolation shrunken descendants of the Castilian world-finders; ignorant as slaves, and more courteous than kings; poor as Lazarus, and more hospitable than Croesus; Catholics from A to Izzard, except when they take occasion to be Penitentes. The Navajos have neither houses nor towns; the Pueblos have nineteen compact little 'cities', and the Mexicans several hundred villages"– Charles F Lummis, *The Land of Poco Tiempo*

In August 1846 General Kearny took possession of New Mexico for the United States. Between 1846 and 1850 official sources in New Mexico reported that the Navajos had stolen in excess of 12,000 mules, 7,000 horses, 31,000 cattle, and 450,000 sheep. Knowing that the Apaches and Navajos had been a thorn in the side of the New Mexicans for 250 years, he promised the other settlers protection by the United States Government.

The Navajos characteristically used three routes in raiding the Rio Grande settlements: the valley of the Rio de San Jose (Which generally follows I-40), the valley of the Rio Puerco from the eastern slopes of Mt. Taylor, and the canyons through the mountains north of Cebolleta. Kearney stationed three regiments of his Missouri Volunteers at Cebolleta, but to little affect. In October he asked Colonel Alexander Doniphan (already familiar to Mormon readers for his refusal to shoot the Prophet Joseph Smith in cold blood when ordered to do so by his superior officers) to turn back from his march to California to punish the Navajos for their depredations. Doniphan in turn sent word to Colonel Jackson at Cebolleta and to Major Gilpin at Abiquiu to meet him at Ojo del Oso (present day Fort Wingate) and to punish any Navajos on their way who appeared hostile. At the rendezvous, these three would attempt to negotiate a treaty with the Navajos.

The three groups moved through Navajo country without encountering hostiles, and, in December, some 300 soldiers met with 500 Navajos at Ojo del Oso and signed the Treaty of Bear Springs. It provided for a "lasting peace between all the people of New Mexico, mutual trade, and restoration of all the captives and stolen property in possession of the Navajos." The first clause was most difficult to negotiate. The Navajos could understand a pact between themselves and the whites, but a peace between them and the Mexicans was incomprehensible. Doniphan then took three of the Navajo chiefs with him to Zuni to try to reconcile those traditional enemies. There was great excitement among the Zunis when they discovered the Navajos, and they would have killed them on the spot had it not been for the soldiers. Many bitter words passed between the two groups: the Zunis demanding return of captives, the Navajos retorting that at least they did not fall on helpless groups of women and children and slaughter them as the Zunis had done. Through the efforts of the remarkable Colonel Doniphan, however, a peace treaty was concluded.

Neither these treaties nor any of those which followed had much effect on the Navajos. They had been at war too long to reform overnight. Plundering was their way of life. While the headmen may have desired peace, the looseness of tribal organization gave them only weak control over their people. When pressured, the Navajos would find it convenient to make a treaty, but once out of sight of their enemies, the treaty was not worth the paper it was written on.

On their own ground they had nothing to fear, for they could usually elude or outdistance any enemy, however strong.

Many times the go-between in these peace efforts was Antonio Sandoval – Old Crooked Foot as he was called by his own people. His band of Navajos who lived on Mt. Taylor were contemptuously referred to as Enemy Navajos by the remainder of the tribe, and with good reason. He concluded alliances freely with Whites, Mexicans, and Pueblos. He was a slave trader, selling captured Mexicans and Pueblos to Navajos and captured Navajos to Mexicans and Pueblos. His treachery evidently knew no bound. Descendents of these Cebolleta Navajos now live at Cañoncito and Alamo.

Nor were the Navajos alone at fault. Wandering traders kept all sides stirred up and did a profitable business in guns and liquor. Whenever Zunis, Mexicans, or Utes saw a chance for revenge, they seized it. In 1849 an expedition of 175 soldiers under Colonel Washington was sent into the Navajo country by way of Chaco Canyon to make peace. A council was being held near Two Gray Hills with three of the chiefs when a Mexican (or was it a Pueblo Indian?) saw a horse which belonged to him being ridden by a Navajo. Colonel Washington demanded the return of the animal and threatened to shoot if his demands were not met. At this juncture the Navajos panicked and fled. Washington ordered the soldiers to fire upon them with rifles and cannon. Old Chief Narbona, head of the tribe, was killed. Among those who were there and were deeply affected was Manuelito, the Chief's son-in-law. Although Washington concluded a treaty a few days later with Mariano (after whom Mariano Lake is named) and Chapetone, it was violated before the Colonel reached Albuquerque.

In 1850 Zuni was almost wiped out in a Navajo siege. They were at length rescued by a company of dragoons from Cebolleta. Cubero, Laguna, and Cebolleta suffered heavy damage that year. In retaliation, the Pueblos were authorized by the military to make war on the Navajos and to take whatever they could. In defiance of the Navajos, a fort was constructed in1851 in the heart of the Navajo country at Canyon Bonito and named Ft. Defiance. (Navajo: Meadows in the Rocks). Five companies were stationed there. This move calmed the Navajos and the area was relatively peaceful until 1856.

In 1855 the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, David Merriwether, met with 2000 Navajos at Black Lake and set aside for the first time a Navajo reservation. During this council Manuelito (Holy Boy) instead of Zarcillas Largas (Long Earrings) acted as the tribal spokesman. The tribe relinquished claim to any lands south of Zuni or east of Bluewater. The western line ran from the juncture of Chevalon Creek and the Little Colorado (between Winslow and Holbrook) to the San Juan River. The Navajos regarded as highly important a clause which gave them access to the Zuni Salt Lake. By the laws of Spain and Mexico, salt lakes were common property of all the inhabitants of a region. The Navajos were most reluctant to give up their sacred mountains, but did so in the agreement. Even worse, they agreed to turn over to the Government any of their fellow Navajos who broke the treaty.

So harsh was the winter of 1855 that many of the Navajos resorted to plunder rather than die of starvation. Manuelito's band drove off a herd of 4000 sheep. Several Mexicans and Indians were killed in the aftermath. That same year a band of 200 Capote Utes under Tomache and a smaller group of Jicarilla Apaches met with Navajo leaders at Ojo del Gallo (San Rafael) in an attempt to form an alliance against the white man, and to eventually drive him out. To add to their troubles, Kendrick, commander at Ft. Defiance, became involved in a dispute with Manuelito over the haying grounds around the fort.

John Grainer had been appointed as the first civil agent of the Navajos in 1851, but made his headquarters at Jemez. The first agent to live in the Navajo country was Captain Henry Linn Dodge, son of Senator Dodge of Wisconsin and brother of Senator Dodge of Missouri. He set up residence at Sheep Springs. Dodge was an experienced frontiersman and soldier and was noted for his courage. Called Red Shirt by the Navajos, he was perhaps the finest of the Navajo Agents.

He brought in skilled workers to teach the Navajos ironwork and silversmithing. In November 1856 Captain Dodge was hunting with a party of Navajo Chiefs 35 miles south of Zuni when he was ambushed and killed by Chiricahua Apaches. His Navajo companions fled, and his remains were not recovered until the following February.

In 1858 several ambushes perpetrated by Mexicans and trouble with the Utes in the north added fuel to the fire. One of those killed in ambush was the chief, Zarcillas Largas (Long Earrings), who had bent his every effort toward peace. He was riding alone down from the Hopi country. The Zuni guides for the Mexican party recognized the chief and tried to stop the Mexican. One Zuni, a personal friend of the Navajo, tried to warn him by standing up and running back and forth, the well-known signal of an ambush.

Even a shout failed to halt the chief who was tired of running from his enemies. At the first shot, Zarcillas calmly took down his bow and killed four of the Mexicans with it, then galloped away. His horse had been hit, however, and ran into a tree, throwing him off. There he died, fighting to the last. This was in 1862 near Wide Ruins.

In July 1858 a Negro slave belonging to Major Brooks, the post commander, was shot in the back with a Navajo arrow. The Major ordered the Navajos to turn over the murderer within twenty days or suffer the consequences. He hoped that they might choose the latter course. Within the allotted time the Navajos brought in the battered remains of a Mexican slave that they had drug to death in Coal Mine Canyon, a few miles west of Window Rock. They offered him as the murderer. The dead Mexican was recognized, however, and a few days later Capt. McLane attacked a party of peaceful Navajos at Ojo del Oso. A number of other retaliatory expeditions were sent out and finally resulted in the Bonneville Treaty.

By this treaty, the eastern border of the reservation was changed to a line running through Pescado, Bear Springs, then to Ft. Defiance, then north to the junction of the Chaco and San Juan. The loss of their best farming and grazing lands left the Navajos in a precarious position – one in which it was most difficult to sustain life. It was inevitable there should be further outbreaks.

The arrogant Major Shepperd at Ft. Defiance gave one Navajo a severe beating for failure to act with more speed in executing his orders. He fired upon a friendly chief who failed to show Shepperd the interest he expected. The Utes were permitted to raid the Navajos. Under this treatment it was hardly surprising when 500 Navajos attacked a guard of 44 men near Ft. Defiance and were finally beaten off. In April, the new post being constructed at Ojo del Oso was attacked. About the same time, 2000 Navajos attacked the fort at Defiance and held it under siege that night. At dawn they withdrew. Had they known how near was victory, they might have stayed on. In consequence, the military began its war against the Navajos: the most intensive campaign against Indians in the history of the United States.

At Ft. Defiance, Major Brooks had some 80 head of Manuelito's cattle slaughtered when he found them grazing at Ewell's Camp, grazing land which both the chief and military claimed. In the fall of 1860, nine companies of infantry and six companies of cavalry were prepared to take the field against the Navajo. In addition, 500 Pueblo Indians and 800 New Mexicans were organized despite the objections of the military. Headquarters for the expedition was the new post at Ojo del Oso called Fort Fauntleroy (now Ft. Wingate). A steady campaign of harassment through December gave the Navajos no rest. The Ute Indians, led by their agent, were able to capture considerable livestock. Hard pressed from every quarter, the Navajos effected the Canby Treaty in February, 1861 at Ft. Fauntleroy. Two things were insisted upon: that no Navajos were to live east of that fort, and that the tribe itself was to discipline any thieves or raiders among them. Colonel Canby, who had conducted the expedition, felt that he had secured a lasting peace and moved Ft. Defiance to Ft. Fauntleroy. It is to the shame of the New Mexicans that they now took every opportunity of violating this treaty outrageously. That summer saw numerous wanton attacks on the persons and property of the Navajos. In 1863 100 Navajo captives were massacred in the Zuni Pueblo. The Zunis were tired of holding their prisoners and feeding them. They stripped the Navajo men nearly naked, placed them in the center of the pueblo, and told them to escape if they could. At every corner of the pueblo, Zuni men were waiting to finish their work with clubs and knives. Not one of the captives survived.

By now the Civil War was well underway. The department commander, Colonel Fauntleroy, along with dozens of other officers, resigned their commissions and joined the Confederacy. In consequence, Ft. Fauntleroy was renamed Ft. Lyon. Colonel Canby was left in charge of military operations in New Mexico. June of that year saw an invading force of 3500 Texans on their way up the Rio Grande. New Mexico was a strategic gateway to supplies in California, and vital to the success of the Southern cause. The Confederates reached Glorieta Pass before they were finally beaten back, mostly through the efforts of Manuel Chavez of San Mateo of whom we shall say more later. The pressures of war drew all but a token force from Ft. Lyon. As soon as the Texans were beaten, General Carleton, one of the best fighters and hunters in the Southwest, was placed in charge of New Mexican problems. He addressed his attention at once to the Indian threat. Kit Carson, who had been a Ute Agent, was sent against the Mescalero Apaches. The order was: "Kill all the men. Take the women and children prisoners." Five months later, the Mescaleros had been thoroughly subdued and attention was turned to the Navajos.

The policy was to starve them out, destroy all their food supplies, and strike in midwinter when they were weakest. Ft. Wingate (San Rafael) was designated as the headquarters. It had been named

after Capt. Benjamin Wingate who had died in the battle of Val Verde the year previously. Carson secured the service of 100 Ute trackers, and established himself at Ft. Defiance which he renamed Ft. Canby. He warned the Navajos that July 20, 1862 was their deadline for surrender. By the end of that time he had destroyed every cornfield within a 40 mile radius and had slaughtered every head of Navajo stock he could find. The Indians dared go near the springs only after dark. Lookouts were posted on every high point. Every Navajo kept his horse saddled with a sheepskin – ready to ride. At the signal, the women grabbed up the cradleboards and raced away with their men and older children. One woman, seeing she could not outdistance her pursuers, leaned far over her horse's back, propped her baby in the shade of a small tree, and escaped. Two days later she managed to make her way back and found the baby still alive. There was no rest day or night. Every hand was against the Navajo.

Despite Carson's harassment tactics, the Navajos managed to steal 10,000 head of stock from the Rio Grande in August. Nevertheless, by winter, many of them were starving. In January a force of 400 soldiers plundered Canyon de Chelly, destroying hogans and orchards. Unconditional surrender was demanded and all prisoners were at least promised food and clothing. In the end, some 8491 Navajos surrendered. Manuelito adamantly refused to give himself up, preferring starvation. He claimed that his forefathers and his God had told him never to cross the Rio Grande. The starving women in his band pleaded with him with tears in their eyes. The military at last conspired to have him led to Zuni by some of his people and honorably captured him there, but the old chieftain gave in just before that time (1866).

Hundreds of Navajos died on the way to Ft. Sumner of exposure or of dysentery from the flour gruel which the Indians ignorantly ate raw. This Navajo version of the "Trail of Tears" became indelibly inscribed in their minds and in those of future generations. It was bitterly referred to as the Long Walk. Ft. Sumner was a long and humiliating lesson for the Navajos. Theirs was a miserable existence, punctuated by periods of freezing and starving. Through no fault of the Army supplies simply could not be obtained in the necessary quantities when needed. Frequently Congressional appropriations were sadly lacking. The water was foul and there was almost no firewood to be found on the treeless, windswept plains. Comanches roamed the area, and a Navajo took his life in his hands if he wandered far from the fort. Frank Waters wrote that they were "Navajo Israelites held in bondage in a Mescalero Egypt." Worse than anything else, they were homesick, and no one is as miserable as a homesick Navajo.

Schools were established and instruction in various trades was given. Crops were put in, but between the worms, drouth, winds, floods, and alkali soil, very little food was produced. It was at Ft. Sumner, however, that the Navajos first began to apply themselves to silversmithing. It was invention born of necessity. They learned there to forge the metal ration tickets.

By 1865 Navajos began slipping away from the fort and returning to their old home grounds. The military practically made the fort into a concentration camp in an effort to halt the migration. By 1868 the War Department and the Indian Office had made plans to move the Navajos to the Indian Territory in Oklahoma. General Sherman, the same who had marched to the sea in Georgia, was sent to Ft. Sumner to take charge of this operation. The twelve chiefs declared that they would not go to the Indian Territory unless they were bound hand and foot and hauled there and then they would run away. Sherman retorted that he had the power to tie them and he would do it. Then the Navajos pled with him. All they wanted was to return to the land of their fathers. Sherman refused to listen, saying they would only return to their robbing, plundering and murdering, and that he was taking them to Indian Territory. That night the Navajos held a big council to decide what to do. The next morning as Sherman was on his way to the council tent, the women grabbed his coat and begged him with tears in their eyes not to carry out his plans. Finally he gave in, under their solemn oath that they would never return to stealing and murdering. The head chief asked for an old buck goat. The goat was to be tied by his horns to a piñon tree where he could butt his head against the tree until he died. The old goat would be a lesson to the Navajos in fighting against the Government. Next day the Navajos started back home. They did tie the old goat to a tree on a little hill near Ft. Defiance and true to their word they never fought again. They were a subdued people, a pitiful remnant of the once proud "Lords of the Mountains."

Most of the 7111 Navajos returned by way of Tijeras Canyon, then west from Albuquerque to the new Ft. Wingate. Here they camped until November. In 1869 they received two sheep apiece in partial recompense for the destruction of their herds. Without horses, wagons, equipment, utensils, guns, or adequate

clothing, they returned to the desert with their two sheep. What did it matter? They were home now.

When the tracks were laid for the railroads in 1879 the Navajos built many hogans from the ties. The necessity of making some kind of living drove them to weave rugs and make jewelry. In 1881 the first train came through Ft. Wingate. Ferry Station (then called Cook's Ranch) became the distribution point for the majority of the Navajo trading posts. Chief Manuelito was among the first to learn freighting and made his living hauling supplies by wagon. Ferry Station was later renamed Manuelito in his honor. In a few years every Navajo family had a wagon.

By the treaty of 1868 education was to be compulsory between the ages of six and sixteen. Each family wishing to cultivate land were to have 160 acres on the reservation. Five dollars worth of clothing and ten dollars worth of agricultural supplies were to be given each family each year. Captain Bennet wrote that he had never seen grater anxiety and gratitude displayed than when the people were issued their two sheep. They cared for the sheep as carefully as they did for their own children.

John Menaul, a tiny man about four and half feet tall and a doctor, established a mission at Ft. Defiance. He married the tall Charity Gaston, first schoolteacher at Ft. Defiance. The appearance of the pair never failed to draw laughter from the Indians. The school was a failure. Later this couple moved to Albuquerque and operated the Indian School there.

With a few notable exceptions the Navajo Indian Agents were a bunch of rascals. One man who could testify to that was Thomas Keam. An Englishman by birth, Keam came to Santa Fe in 1865. He joined the First New Mexico volunteer Cavalry, became an officer, and served in that capacity a year and half. In 1868 he became the Spanish interpreter to Agent Bennett at Ft. Defiance. When Bennett returned to military duty in 1871, he was replaced by James H. Miller. Under Miller, Keam personally negotiated a number of disputes among the Indians and was widely recognized for his effectiveness. Shortly thereafter Agent Miller, interested in developing farming lands for the Navajos, took an exploring trip along the San Juan. While camped at the site of the Shiprock Agricultural School, Miller was shot in his sleep by a pair of Ute Indians. Keam had been left in charge of the agency and was soon afterward named as special agent. No sooner had he been installed, however, than W.F. Arny, the Pueblo Agent, began to make trouble for him with General Howard. Arny insisted that some of Keam's employees needed to be fired for profanity, gambling, and cohabiting with Navajo women. At the time, Thomas Keam and Anson Damon were married to Navajo women and were living with them according to Navajo custom. While Keam satisfactorily explained the situation to his superiors, this was by no means the last time he was to hear from Arny.

Keam organized the Navajo Scouts, the first Navajo police force which consisted of the thirteen chiefs and 130 horsemen. The purpose of the organization was to prevent further depredations into Mexican and White territory. For lack of financial support from Congress, the force was discontinued in less than a year. A few policemen were kept on at five dollars a month. The Navajo mail carrier who made the 80 mile round trip to Ft. Wingate once a day received one dollar a day.

Willy Arny, son of the former Governor of New Mexico, succeeded the murdered Miller as agent in 1873. He had once served briefly as acting governor in 1866 and liked to be called "Governor" Arny among his friends. He was, as McNitt says, "a favored member of the Presbyterian Church, then playing a dominant role in Indian affairs and territorial politics… a hypocritical rascal, a Bible-pounding moralist who plotted larceny." Immediately upon taking office, Arny set out to change the boundaries of the Navajo Reservation. He proposed to chop off the northern fourth of the reservation and to add equal areas on the east and west. It so happened that the land Arny advocated giving up along the San Juan was some of the best farming land on the reservation while that he proposed to add – at least on the east – was almost worthless. Undoubtedly he intended to seize the fertile and mineral-rich northern lands for himself and other powerful interests.

In order to carry out his scheme, he quickly rid himself of those around him who might know enough to understand his purposes. He dismissed Thomas Keam as special agent, Arviso the interpreter, Anson Damon, and Perry Williams – most of them because they were married to Navajo women or because they gambled. He referred contemptuously to these "squaw men", and spoke all too frequently in his correspondence of their "promiscuous cohabitation" with Indian women and lamented their bad influence upon the Indians. Shortly thereafter he refused Thomas Keam a license to trade on the reservation.

Arny insisted that Ganado Mucho and Manuelito move back onto the reservation since they were living just off it. They had never understood the treaty, and complained about this, becoming

increasingly insistent that they go to Washington to have matters explained to them.

We give here some events that occurred in Arizona and Utah because they involved Mormon pioneers who later came to Ramah. Every Fall, starting in 1858 Jacob Hamblin led a group of Mormon missionaries to the Hopi village of Oraibi, Arizona. The group usually included Ira Hatch, Andrew Gibbons, Thales Haskell and Fredrick and William Hamblin. Spanish was the universal language of the Southwest, hence an interpreter in that language was essential. Unable to find a grown man for that purpose, they took along a fourteen-year-old boy, Ammon Tenney, whose family had been recently recalled from San Bernardino where he had become fluent in Spanish. Jacob had learned of the Hopis from the Piutes. According to them, these people lived in houses and wove cotton for clothing like the whites. To Jacob Hamblin and Brigham Young, these stories meant almost as much as the stories of Cibola meant to Coronado, with this difference: Coronado envisioned gold while Brigham Young dreamt of missionary work to the last remnants of the Book of Mormon peoples, descendants of the Jews.

In 1859 when the missionaries returned to Hopi, they left Haskell and Shelton in the pueblo for the winter. Haskell recorded some of his feelings as they said farewell to those returning home:

> "Slowly and sorrowfully I wended my way back to the village. Such a feeling of utter loneliness I never experienced before, for search the wide world over, I do not believe a more bleak, lonesome, heart sickening place could be found on the earth where human beings dwell. And here we are, brother Shelton and me, with strange Indians who talk a strange language; who but Mormons would do it, could make up their minds to stay here for a year?"

The third fall, the missionaries came at the request of the Hopis; they were asked if they could help settle some of their differences with the Navajos. All along, Jacob had gloomy forebodings, and his worst fears were realized the second day after they crossed the Colorado River. They met a party of four friendly Navajos, traveling ahead of a larger band, who warned them to turn back or to go to Spanneshank's camp for protection because they were about to be attacked. The larger band of Indians was smoldering with resentment from an attack by the Army in which they had lost three warriors. Now they wanted three lives in revenge, and any three white men would do. The missionaries thought that Spanneshank's camp was too far away for their thirsty animals, so they made the mistake of pressing on toward the Hopi pueblos.

With the group was Ira Hatch and his Indian wife, Sarah Dyson. Sarah was the daughter of the Navajo chief, Spanneshank, and a Piute woman; she described herself as a woman of the "Kaibabits" tribe. The mixed marriage of Sarah's parents made them unwanted by either tribe, and they lived in Kanab with the Mormons until the mother died. Spanneshank then gave his little girl Sarah to Ira Hatch and took his son Peokon with him to rejoin his people. Unable to be at home very much, Ira turned Sarah over to Andrew Gibbons to raise. When Sarah was sixteen, visiting Church Authorities urged Ira Hatch to marry her in order to cement relationships with the Indians. This he did, and it was fortunate for all their lives that he now had her along. Ira also had forebodings. At one point they saw some ducks and George A Smith started to shoot. Ira warned him not to because the sound might draw the Navajos. His warning went unheeded.

While Ira and his wife were adjusting their packs, the Navajos swooped down on them, shrieking and yelling. Sarah's horse jerked away and a Navajo was trying to lift her upon the back of his horse when Ira rode up and lashed the Indian across the face with his quirt until the blood spurted. This gained the approval of some of the older Indians, for they shouted, "He is worthy of his wife, see him fight for her!" The Navajos were determined not to let them go on to the Hopi villages, but said they might return home if they would trade their goods.

The next morning, while trading, the horses were taken to water. One of them broke away and went over a hill, and young George A. Smith, a son of one of the Mormon Apostles, started after it. Out of sight, he was shot by one of the Navajos with his own revolver, then received three arrows in his back. The boy died and they had to leave his body on the desert, with only some branches and rocks to cover it. The Indians were thirsting for two more lives. Jacob says that

"I went a little way off by myself, and asked the Lord to be merciful and pity us in our miserable and apparently helpless condition, to make known to me what to do and say to extricate us from our difficulties." He received an assurance that no others would be harmed. With the help of their four friends, they made it to Spanneshank's camp.

The Blackhawk Indian War in Utah had involved many Navajos who had escaped Kit Carson's net by moving north of the Colorado. ."Their belligerent and wounded spirits found ready allies in local Indians who knew the country and knew where stock could be stolen. The Navajos plundered the herds in southern Utah on a scale the other Indians could not conceive of." Ernst Tietjen and John Bloomfield were participants in that war. McClintock writes that

> "One of the greatest of Hamblin's southern visitations was in the autumn of 1870, when he served as a guide for Major Powell eastward, by way of the Hopi villages and of Fort Defiance. Powell's invitation was the more readily accepted as this appeared to be an opening for the much-desired peace talk with the Navajo. In the expedition were Ammon M. Tenney, Ashton Nebecker, Nathan Terry and Elijah Potter of the brethren, three of Powell's party and a Kaibab Indian. According to Tenney, in the previous year, the Navajo had stolen $1,000,000 worth of cattle, horses and sheep in southern Utah, Tenney, in a personal interview with the Author in 1920, told that the great council then called, was tremendously dramatic. About a dozen Americans were present, including Powell and Captain Bennett. Tenney estimated that about 8000 Indians were on the council ground at Fort Defiance. This number would have included the entire tribe. It was found that the gathering was distinctly hostile. Powell and Hamblin led in the talking. The former had no authority whatever, but gave the Indians to understand that he was a commissioner on behalf of the whites and that serious chastisement would come to them in a visit of troops if there should be continuation of the evil conditions complained of by the Mormons. Undoubtedly this talk had a strong effect upon the Indians, who in Civil War days had been punished harshly for similar depredations upon the pueblos of New Mexico and who may have remembered when Col. Kit Carson descended upon the Navajo, chopped down their fruit trees, and laid waste their farms, later most of the tribe being taken into exile in New Mexico."
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> " Dellenbaugh and Hamblin wrote much concerning this great council. Powell introduced Hamblin as a representative of the Mormons, whom he highly complimented as industrious and peaceful people. Hamblin told of the evils of a war in which many men had been lost, including twenty or thirty Navajos, and informed the Indians that the young men of Utah wanted to come over to the Navajo country and kill, but "had been told to stay at home until other means of obtaining peace had been tried and had failed." He referred to the evils that come from the necessity of guarding stock where neither white nor Indian could trust sheep out of sight. He then painted the beauties of peace, in which "horses and sheep would become fat and in which one could sleep in peace and awake and find his property safe." Low-voiced, but clearly, the message concluded: "What shall I tell my people, the Mormons, when I return home? That we may live in peace, live as friends, and trade with one another? Or shall we look for you to come prowling around our weak settlements, like wolves in the night? I hope we may live in peace in time to come. I have now gray hairs on my head, and from my boyhood I have been on the frontiers doing all I could to preserve peace between white men and Indians. I despise this killing, this shedding of blood. I hope you will stop this and come and visit and trade with our people. We would like to hear what you have got to say before we go home."
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> "Barbenceta, the principal chief, slowly approached as Jacob ended and, putting his arms around him, said, "My friend and brother, I will do all that I can to bring about what you have advised. We will not give all our answer now. Many of the Navajos are here. We will talk to them tonight and will see you on your way home." The chief addressed his people from a little eminence. The Americans understood little or nothing of what he was saying, but it was agreed that it was a great oration. The Indians hung upon every word and responded to every gesture and occasionally, in unison, there would come from the crowd a harsh "Huh, Huh," in approval of their chieftain's advice and admonition."

Then a most unfortunate event occurred in December, 1873. Four sons of the Navajo Chief, Kutchene, were

on a trading trip to Grass Valley, Utah, and were caught in a blizzard. They holed up in a deserted cabin. Without food, they killed a calf. A non-Mormon rancher named McCarty found them with the beef and shot and killed three of them. The fourth escaped in the snowstorm and badly wounded as he was, managed to reach and ford the icy Colorado River and inform his kinsmen that Mormons had done the deed.

That same year John Blythe had been appointed to lead a second colonizing venture to Moenkopi, Arizona. The first expedition had given up in discouragement, and Brigham Young was furious. Blythe had begun work by ferrying logs across the Colorado. When Brigham heard of the killings, he sent Jacob Hamblin to tell the Navajos that the Mormons had no part in the outrage. Near Moenkopi, Jacob was joined by two non-Mormon friends who told the story of later events. McClintock related it as follows:

> “He was overtaken by his son with a note from Levi Stewart, advising return, but steadfastly kept on, declaring, "I have been appointed to a mission by the highest authority of God on earth. My life is of small moment compared with the lives of the Saints and the interests of the kingdom of God. I determined to trust in the Lord and go on." At Moen Copie Wash he was joined by J.E. Smith and brother, not Mormons, but men filled with a spirit of adventure, for they were well informed concerning the prospective Navajo uprising. At a point a day's ride to the eastward of Tuba's home on Moen Copie Wash, the three arrived at a Navajo village, from which messengers were sent out summoning a council. The next noon, about February 1, the council started, in a lodge twenty feet long by twelve feet wide, constructed of logs, leaning to the center and covered with dirt. There was only one entrance. Hamblin and the Smiths were at the farther end. Between them and the door were 24 Navajos. In the second day's council came the critical time. Hamblin knew no Navajo and there had to be resort to a Paiute interpreter, a captive, terrified by fear that he too might be sacrificed if his interpretation proved unpleasant. His digest of a fierce Navajo discussion of an hour was that the Indians had concluded all Hamblin had said concerning the killing of the three men was a lie, that he was suspected of being a party to the killing, and, with the exception of three of the older Indians, all present had voted for Hamblin's death. They had distinguished the Smiths as "Americans," but they were to witness the torture of Hamblin and then be sent back to the Colorado on foot. The Navajos referred especially to Hamblin's counsel that the tribe cross the river and trade with the Mormons. Thus they had lost three good young men, who lay on the northern land for the wolves to eat. The fourth was produced to show his wounds and tell how he had traveled for thirteen days, cold and hungry and without a blanket. There was suggestion that Hamblin's death might be upon a bed of coals that smoked in the middle of the lodge. The Smiths tightened their grasps upon their revolvers. In a letter written by one of them was stated: "Had we shown a symptom of fear, we were lost; but we sat perfectly quiet, and kept a wary eye on the foe. It was a thrilling scene. The erect, proud, athletic form of the young chief as he stood pointing his finger at the kneeling figure before him; the circle of crouching forms; their dusky and painted faces animated by every passion that hatred and ferocity could inspire, and their glittering eyes fixed with one malignant impulse upon us; the whole partially illuminated by the fitful gleam of the firelight (for by this time it was dark), formed a picture not easy to be forgotten. "Hamblin behaved with admirable coolness. Not a muscle in his face quivered, not a feature changed as he communicated to us, in his usual tone of voice, what we then fully believed to be the death warrant of us all. When the interpreter ceased, he, in the same easy tone and collected manner, commenced his reply. He reminded the Indians of his long acquaintance with their tribe, of the many negotiations he had conducted between his people and theirs, and his many dealings with them in years gone by, and challenged them to prove that he had ever deceived them, ever had spoken with a forked tongue. He drew a map of the country on the ground, and showed them the improbability of his having been a participant in the affray." In the end, the three were released after a discussion in the stifling lodge that had lasted for eleven hours, "with

> every nerve strained to its utmost tension and momentarily expecting a conflict which must be to the death." The Indians had demanded 350 head of cattle as recompense, [This demand had been urged on the Navajos by W.F. Arny, the Navajo agent in New Mexico.] a settlement that Hamblin refused to make, but which he stated he would put before the Church authorities. Twenty-five days later, according to agreement, he met a delegation of Indians at Moabi. Later he took Chief Hastele, a well-disposed Navajo, and a party of Indians to the spot where the young men had been killed, and there demonstrated, to the satisfaction of the Indians, the falsity of the accusation that Mormons had been responsible."

The remainder of the story is told by John R. Young:

> "When Peokon learned that Jacob had gone home without coming to see him, he was madder than ever. He sent word to Ira [Hatch] that if he and Blythe did not come to see him that he would scalp every white person at the Moencoppy. Ira and Blythe went at once. At night they were taken into the same hogan that Jacob was court-martialled in. All night long they were shrieked and yelled at. Every button was hacked off Blythe's coat with butcher knives; glittering knives were drawn across his throat with demoniac gestures, Ira said, without Blythe batting an eye. At last the decree came that Blythe should be roasted. The fire was ready. When the prisoner asked if he might pray, the answer was 'Yes, tell him to pray, and then we'll put him on those coals and see whether he will cry or not.' Ira and Blythe knelt down and a calm, pleading, pitiful prayer ascended to God, asking for mercy and blessing upon the Navajos, for they knew not what they were doing. Not one word was asked for themselves."
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> "The prayer was ended; Blythe asked if he should disrobe. Peokon said, 'Tell us what he said.' Then Ira's tongue was loosened. He talked until every heart was softened and the old men's cheeks were wet with tears. For a few moments all was still as death. Then Peokon told the two young men, 'Get their horses and saddle them.' That done, he said, 'Get on your horses and go; don't stop until you get home. If you do, my men will kill you. Now go!'"
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> "As soon as Ira and Blythe got home, they wrote a letter to Bishop Stewart and myself, narrating their adventure, and added that the Navajos were still clamoring for revenge for their murdered sons. I telegraphed the letter to President Young. The answer came for me to raise a company of men and go and bring our people back to this side of the Colorado and leave the Navajos alone until they learned who their friends were. I moved promptly in the matter. Andrew S. Gibbons of Glendale, Thomas Chamberlain of Mt. Carmel, Frank Hamblin of Kanab, each with a platoon, responded to my call. Jacob Hamblin accompanied us. Upon reaching Moenkopi, he asked me to rest four days and let him spend two days with [the Hopis]. In the morning of the fourth day, an Indian runner came into my camp and told Ira that the Navajos had planned to intercept Jacob at the head of a hollow about 12 miles east of us and kill him."
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> "I called for our horses and selected ten of our best mounted men, Ira and Frank Hamblin included, and rode for that hollow. When we came onto the swell that overlooked the flat or valley where the hollow terminated, we saw Jacob just starting down the descent on the opposite side. At the same moment, we saw a squad of Indians emerge from a bend of the hollow, riding full gallop toward him. I yelled to the boys, 'Let every man do his best to reach Jacob before the Indians do!' Then there commenced a lively race. Jacob was riding a big sorrel mule of Bishop Esplin's. She was a reliable animal, but not a racer. Jacob had been warned of his danger, so he saw at a glance it was no time for fooling. In vain he urged his mule, but she would not run. The Indians saw it, and exultantly gave the war whoop. That war whoop was a blessing. Old Satan, the mule's name, sniffed the air, threw up her head, and stampeded. Jacob, clinging with both hands to the mane, came out the winner. The Navajos wheeled and retreated while we gathered around Jacob and cheered him heartily."

Hamblin met with the Indians in long conferences, then asked Arny to meet with him and

the Indians. Arny saw in this a chance to halt further Mormon settlement along the San Juan and haughtily replied that Hamblin must come to his office and make reparation on his terms or else he was afraid he could not restrain his Indians from attacking the Mormons. To this Jacob Hamblin refused to reply. Arny used the incident in later correspondence to claim that clashes could not be avoided if the Mormons were allowed to settle too near the reservation.

To add to Arny's difficulties, Congress found the land proposals unacceptable, and the Indians in the meantime drew up a petition asking for his resignation on account of his general untruthfulness, his forcing them to sign numerous papers which they did not understand, and his appropriation of government funds for his personal use. To add insult to injury, they asked for Keam as agent in Arny's stead.

When their petitions were not granted, the Navajos revolted and seized the Ft. Defiance Agency without firing a shot. Arny, who was away at the time, knowing that his life was in danger should he attempt to return to Ft. Defiance, tendered his resignation, and it was accepted. After a heated dispute with the Army over what was Indian property and what belonged to him personally, Arny left the scene. He was replaced by Alex Irvine and in turn by Galen Eastman. The railroad brought with it more whiskey, more guns, more lawlessness. Eastman was not equal to the situation. The military was apprehensive that a Navajo war was about to break loose, and they asked for Eastman's release repeatedly. The Navajo chiefs met with Keam and asked him to inform Washington that they hated the "ten-tongued" Eastman, and if he were not removed within seventeen days they would put him in a wagon and drive him off the reservation. Eastman had already communicated to Washington his intense dislike for Keam on every available occasion, and now the Washington office responded coldly and threateningly to Keam's letter.

At this appropriate juncture a prospector by the name of Zoeller appeared and offered Agent Eastman further information on the Merrick-Mitchell murder in Monument Valley in 1880. Zoeller had stayed with Keam for the past two years. He claimed that the two prospectors had outfitted at Keam's trading post and that after the killing, the rifles and pack horses had been brought in by Navajos and turned over to Keam. Zoeller believed that Keam was the instigator of the murder and wanted to keep other prospectors out of the area so that he could keep it for himself. It was said that Merrick and Mitchell had discovered silver ore assaying 800 dollars a ton before they were killed by Piutes.

This story was just what Eastman needed in his battle with Keam, and he promptly turned the information over to the commissioner. Shortly thereafter, Eastman was succeeded by Riordan, although his removal probably had nothing to do with Keam. It is only incidental that in 1883 two other prospectors, Walcott and McNelly, were killed by Navajos a few miles north of Keam's Canyon. Walcott was killed with an axe and McNally, who escaped the first attack, was tracked down and ambushed by the Indians some 35 miles away. These murders were first reported by Keam. Keam remained a trader and a fast friend of the Indians until 1898 when he returned to England. He died there in 1904.

We turn now to another Indian trader who exerted considerable influence in his time. Lorenzo Hubbell was born in Pajarito, New Mexico, in 1853, a descendent of a New England father and a Spanish mother from one of the proud old families. Lorenzo's adventures took him into southern Utah where he stayed for awhile with John Doyle Lee, with whom he became a fast friend. In Panguitch, Utah, Hubbell became engaged in some kind of fight – which he never explained – and fled with a bullet in one leg and an ugly wound in the side. After four days of wandering, he reached the Colorado River, and in a superb effort swam his horse across it somewhere above Lee's Ferry. Nearly dead from exhaustion and loss of blood, he came across a camp of Piutes who treated him kindly. He stayed with these Indians until he had recovered. While there he learned the Piute language.

In 1872 Hubbell went to work as a clerk for Coddington and Stover at Ft. Wingate. In 1878 he bought the store at Pueblo Colorado (built by Charlie Crary) from Old Man Leonard and renamed it Ganado in honor of the chieftain Ganado Mucho (Many Cattle) who had once saved him from being killed by Navajos. In 1878 he opened a store at St. Johns, Arizona and while there he married Lina Rubi. In the wintertime, Lorenzo's family moved south to St. John's for school. The Navajos called Hubbell *Nakai Saani* (Old Mexican). About 1878 there were serious internal troubles on the reservation. The two old warrior chiefs, Manuelito and Ganado Mucho, decided that the many Navajo raids into Zuni and Anglo territory would lead to considerable difficulty for the tribe. The Navajo Scouts were not of much help, and the two old leaders took matters into their own hands, organized a group of followers and began a purge of thieves and witches. In the days that

followed, some forty suspected Navajos were murdered in cold blood. One of these was killed in the doorway of the post at Ganado Lake and the building had to be burned. The Agent apparently closed his eyes to the purge and no mention of it is found in his reports.

In the following years, Lorenzo came into possession of some twelve posts and set up supply houses for them in both Winslow and Gallup. The post at Ganado became one of the most famous in the West. Hundreds of visitors came to partake of the Hubbell hospitality, including his close friend, Theodore Roosevelt. Coddington recalled that Hubbell thought nothing of entertaining 150 people at a time. While Lorenzo never drank or smoked, he was addicted to gambling. He recalled in later years that he often cut the cards for as much as $30,000. A T Hannett remembers a poker game in which Hubbell called Manning's bet for "all Manning had" and raised him "two carloads of steers" and won. Hubbell, according to his own account, gave up gambling when he lost $60,000 in one night. When he told Doña Lina about it next morning, he said she was "disgusted." Hubbell became a partner with C N Cotton from 1884 to 1894. Previously Cotton had been a telegraph operator at Guam. Acquiring his own wholesale business in Gallup, Cotton eventually became the supplier for most of the Indian trading posts on the reservation and owner of what was probably the largest wholesale house in the Southwest. He served one term as mayor of Gallup and was active in getting Highway 66 through the town. The road was not much to brag about in 1913 when Cotton organized a motorcade of businessmen to travel over it to Albuquerque. The trip was completed in a mere seventeen hours. That fall, Cotton's son, Jack, won a race from Winslow to Albuquerque, averaging 20 miles per hour.

Lorenzo Hubbell was twice elected sheriff of Apache County (AZ) and served one term as territorial representative. He has left a vivid if sketchy account of those early days in New Mexico and Arizona. He says that the country was controlled by outlaws and highway robbers who would "enter the stores and take what they wanted." Colter, a cattleman at Springerville, recalled that the desperadoes would come into Julius Becker's store, tell him to leave, and take over. There they would dance, drink, and take whatever supplies they needed. Afterwards they would turn the store "for the time being" back to its owner. Lorenzo inquired of the storekeepers in St. Johns why they allowed these things to happen, and began furnishing them with guns and ammunition. In the first week thereafter, he claims, 17 of the outlaws were killed and 8 of "our boys." The "war" would die down, then start up again, and lasted for years. It became a struggle between cattlemen and sheep men and rustlers. In 1885 Hubbell was elected Sheriff of Apache County. Bill Cavanaugh, alias Snyder, was one the leaders of the outlaws. He was later wounded in a fight among his own kind. Colter and Milligan led the cattlemen. Hubbell, in recalling the killing of Colonel Hunt and Spencer, said that "wherever they went they left a trail of blood."

Lorenzo says that he knew Victorio, Geronimo, Cochise, and Pedro well. The latter two captured Sol Barth, Chavez, and Calderon in 1868, but later released them. Almost naked, they had to walk 80 miles to Zuni. Their only food was a small dog which they killed and ate.

One of the most interesting figures in that era was Henry Chee Dodge, later head of the Navajo tribe. He lived as a child at Ft. Sumner. His father was a Mexican, Juan Cosinisas, who was captured as a youth from a small town near Silver City and lived thereafter with the Navajos. Juan was a silversmith who worked for Agent Dodge. He married a Navajo woman of the Jemez clan who befriended him after his capture. Long before this, the Indians of the Jemez Pueblo had sent many of their women to live and hide among the Navajos so that they would not be entirely wiped out. This was the origin of the Jemez clan, Chee's mother's people. Chee Dodge was born in a a jail in Ft. Defiance in the winter of 1860, that being the only shelter his mother and father could find at the time. Juan was killed the next year when some of his horses were stolen from near Ft. Wingate by Navajos. Juan followed them and was killed by his own. In the wild confusion of Kit Carson's campaign, some of the Navajo bands went south and joined the Apaches. Others went down into the Grand Canyon and still others to Utah. Desperate and hungry, Chee's mother went with a small group to the Hopi villages, hoping to trade – even with their enemies – for a little food. She was killed there and Chee Dodge (named after agent Dodge) was raised by an aunt. After hiding out with Chee for a year, she went to Ft. Sumner and returned with her people. At Ft. Defiance she married a white man, Perry Williams, a clerk at the agency. Perry gave the orphan his name. He was perhaps the first of his people to learn English fluently and exerted a considerable influence for good on them.

Construction of the Navajo Industrial School at Ft. Defiance was begun in 1879, and the school

was opened in 1881. Due to the inadequacy of government facilities in that era, contracts were made with several religious organizations to educate the Indians. These were subsidized on an average daily attendance basis as long as government regulations were observed. In exchange, the organizations had the privilege of giving religious instruction. At Ft. Defiance, a contract was made between the Indian Office and Henry Kendall of the Presbyterian Church. In 1881 Eastman reported the boarding school at Defiance was finished and had many students. It was a lie: John Burke in that same year described it as an unbelievably miserable, unsanitary, hovel, attended by only a handful of students.

In 1887 Congress passed a law for the compulsory attendance of Indian children at school. In this same year several sites were given to the Methodists for schools and the Episcopalians established a hospital at Defiance. In 1884 the Presbyterians had set up the Indian School at Albuquerque and later were much chagrined when the Catholic Bishop refused to allow Catholic Pueblo children to attend, despite the fact that the school was no longer denominational. Sam Young wrote that in 1888 or 1889 the Indian Agent came with an Army Officer to Ramah and gave Ernst Tietjen "orders for him and all his associates to keep off from the Indian reservation and to stop their missionary work among the Indians and to leave all the Indians alone."

Some twenty years after Ft. Sumner trouble flared up over the schools. The Government had made very little progress in educating the Navajos: the facilities were poor and crowded, the food was not good, the children were often sick, and not a few of them died. The Navajos, of course, were reluctant to send their young children away to the boarding school; like all children they were homesick. Marietta Wetherill, writing from Chaco Canyon said this:

"Superintendent Perry came out to Pueblo Bonito that year with his good-looking stenographer and four or five Navajo policemen to get the Navajo children for school. They stayed several days. 'I never knew you needed police to make the Indians send their children to school,' I said. Perry told me the police wouldn't be there if it weren't necessary. Plus, he said, he got five dollars for every child he got into school. They didn't tell Uncle Sam they used force. I've seen those police pull the children away from their mothers; they just screamed and cried… When they caught the children, they sent them to the Indian school in Albuquerque, or Carlisle, gallup, and fort Lewis, and Christianized them. They kept them four or five years until they learned a little English. This is the thing that always riled my ire; they went home after all those years in school without learning anything they needed to know to survive on the reservation, like blanket weaving or shepherding… Tomacito's only son was sent to Albuquerque for two or three years and then sent to Fort Lewis. I traced him there and learned he died of diptheria. Nobody ever notified Tomacito."

In the fall of 1892 Agent Dana Shipley struck out across the reservation in a move to compel the Indians to send their quota of children to the boarding school. At Round Rock Trading Post he encountered real trouble when Black Horse, an influential headman, rode up with a number of armed followers. In the council at the trading post, Shipley demanded the quota of 34 children, rebuked the parents for their laxity, reminded them of their past offenses and of how they had suffered because of them, and threatened them if they did not cooperate.

Black Horse was a giant of a man and not one who could be intimidated. In an angry speech he retorted that none of the children from that area would be allowed to go to school. Growing angrier by the moment, he demanded that the schools and the agency be shut down and that the traders be driven off the reservation. He threatened the life of the agent and, at the climax of his speech, several Navajos attacked Shipley, drug him outside and began beating him. Chee Dodge, who was managing the store, Charles Hubbell, Arthur Hardy, and one or two Navajos managed to tear the agent from the mob, got him inside the post, and bolted the doors. For 36 hours the little group were prisoners inside the post while Black Horse and his bunch swarmed around outside, threatening, yelling, and berating themselves for not having killed Shipley while they had him. Fortunately, one of the Navajo Policemen had managed to escape in the *melee*. He rode his horse to death in 25 miles and returned with reinforcements. In the meantime Shipley had made all sorts of promises to calm the Indians. Perhaps because of these promises, no attempt was made to arrest Black Horse. Neither did any children attend school from that area. That did not end the question. This author has heard personally many stories from living Navajos of being forced to go away to a boarding school. In one case, the father hid some of his children in a tunnel he had dug for them; in another case the father saw that the children were out herding sheep and hid when anyone came. The author also knew one little child, taken from Alamo to the

boarding school at Albuquerque who ran away from the school and walked home, seventy miles as the crow flies, across a very forbidding desert. He was guided by the recognizable outline of Ladron Peak in the distance, but how he found enough water to live on is a mystery. It was *not* that the Navajos did not want their children educated but rather that they did not want to part with them for a long period of time when they were so young. In many cases the educated youngster returned to find that a cultural divide had grown up between him and his family.

Dane Coolidge tells of an interesting incident which occurred in 1893. Lt. Plummer, the agent, took a group of Navajos to the World's Fair in Chicago. Two of the Navajos walked by the Eskimo Camp and gazed in wonder at the totem poles. An Eskimo man came out and asked in his own tongue what tribe they belonged to. The Navajos understood perfectly and replied that they were Navajos. At this, the Eskimo became very angry and told the Navajos to go away and not return under any circumstances. He informed them that long ago their people had separated and that if they ever saw each other again the world would be destroyed by fire!

Another serious event occurred in 1905 at Chinle, Arizona. Reuben Perry, the Superintendent, drove alone to Chinle, having sent word ahead for Tol Zhin, a Navajo, to surrender himself. Reportedly, Tol Zhin had roped a Navajo squaw and raped her. A mile before he reached the trading post, Perry stopped at the Matron's cottage. He was met there by a group of Navajos who were friends of Tol Zhin. They declared their friend to be innocent and demanded that he be pardoned. When Perry refused to concede and tried to drive away, they grabbed the reins, jerked him off his buckboard, and began beating him. Meanwhile, Cousins, the trader, told Perry that if he wanted to make a fight of it, he would help him, but it would be their last. Perry did what he had to do – he pardoned Tol Zhin. The ringleaders of the group were later arrested and sent to Alcatraz without trial. In the damp climate they became seriously ill. At the same time the Indian Rights Association voiced a strong protest and the group was transferred to Ft. Huachuca, Arizona. In 1907 the last of them were released. The official treatment of the Navajos was one long series of disgraces; so much so that Jacob Hamblin remarked that God himself would weep at the record of the United States Government in its dealings with these Indians.

Cienaga Amarilla (Yellow Marsh) was the name given to the rich meadows and bottomlands around what is now Window Rock. It was called simply the "SIN-a-kee" by the whites and *Tso-hotso* by the Navajo. Various Indians claimed the land, but when it was found that it lay just south of the reservation line, a number of Whites put in their claim to it. Among the first was Sam Day who had helped survey the Government and Railroad lands north of the railroad in 1885. He began construction of a cabin and rail fence in 1887. The Indians had run one squatter off the land. Old Short Hair now gave Sam Day notice that if he fenced off the land he would kill him, burn his cabin, and leave his bones to bleach. Day and the agent explained the situation and reminded the Indians that the northern meadows were still open and that there was plenty of water. In the end, Day used dollar diplomacy to win the day. He offered the Navajos $1.50 a day to help him, and that ended the argument!

In 1895 Monsignor Stephan purchased the Wilken Ranch, part of which bordered the Day claim, for Mother Katharine Drexel, a Catholic Nun who had inherited a fortune. The place was dedicated as the site of a Catholic School for Navajos and called "St. Michael" after the family estate of Mother Katharine's father. Some difficulties were encountered in keeping title to the ranch since claim jumpers were eyeing the vacant property.

In October, 1898, three Franciscan Friars came to St. Michaels to begin work with the Navajos. They were Father Anselm Weber, Father Juvenal Schnorbus, and Brother Placid. The group immediately started on a dictionary of the Navajo tongue. In this they were assisted by the Day boys (Charley, Sammy, and Willy), all of whom spoke the language well. The oldest of the boys was nineteen. Their parents bartered with the friars for instruction in grammar, literature, geography, and mathematics in exchange for help in learning the language. After the dictionary, the friars began the translation of various Bible stories. When Charley and Sammy Day moved away to take charge of the Chinle Trading Post, Noah had just entered the Ark. Anselm now faced the almost insurmountable task of getting the Old Patriarch on dry land.

That Anselm succeeded admirably in his task over the years may be inferred from the large percentages of Navajos in that area today who are Catholics. Weber also became noted as an arbitrator of disputes between the Navajos and the White man, and the U.S. Government frequently called him in to settle difficulties that they could not manage.

Among the Indian traders who proved to be of much assistance to the Navajos in developing their crafts might be mentioned Lorenzo Hubbell at

Ganado, J.B. Moore at Crystal, Ed Davies at Two Gray Hills and George Bloomfield at Toadlena (Navajo: where the water comes bubbling up). George Bloomfield enjoyed the distinction of being the first white child born in Ramah (1882). His parents early moved to Mexico, and it was there that he learned at first hand the meaning of the word Apache. At that time the renegade, Apache Kid, was on the warpath. One morning his band surprised the Thompsons who lived near the Bloomfields. As the boys were feeding their hogs, one of them was shot and killed. The younger boy raced for the house, but was shot as he reached the door. Grandma Thompson, hearing the shots, ran out to see what the matter was and was shot just as she reached the back of the house. The Apaches finished her off by crushing her head with a rock. While they went into the house to plunder, the boy who had been shot at the door revived and ran into a chicken coop. When the Indians came out and found him gone, they were afraid that he had given the alarm to the town, and rode off.

Not long afterwards, George and his brother were out looking for milk cows when they were sighted by the Apache Kid. They concealed themselves as well as they could and the Apache came near, sat down on some rocks while the boys waited with bated breath. After awhile he left, but for some unknown reason they were not molested.

George had been taught in a Mormon home not to gamble, but as a young man working at Ft. Wingate, he became quite proficient at this pastime. At least once his father was grateful for the boy's skill. A group of professional gamblers showed up one payday with the object of fleecing the soldiers of their month's wages. George got into a game with them but quit after he had won $500 from them. The gamblers tried to take the money from him by force, but Army officials came to his rescue. Next morning George saddled up and rode over the mountain to take the money to his father, and just in time. The bank was foreclosing the mortgage on the farm, and $500 was just the amount needed.

George Bloomfield went to Toadlena in 1911 to help start the Indian School there. He bought the store there from Bob and Merritt Smith, and stayed there 34 years. His daughter remembers that when a rug was brought in he would ask the weaver to come into a private room (he had learned that in public, the other Navajos would jeeringly repeat the trader's criticism). Then he would spend hours on his hands and knees pointing out defects to the weaver, complimenting her on her good points, and showing her examples of the finest weaving. Although J.B. Moore at Crystal had developed weaving to a high state of art and had given wide publicity to Navajo weaving, it was Ed Davies and George Bloomfield who developed the superb Two Gray Hills rugs, the pinnacle of Navajo art. The two worked at the use of finer skeins, cleaner wool, the use of natural colors and design until the rugs were as soft as cashmere. One weaver finally received $1100 for a blanket only 33 x 44 inches.

The first 34 years of the twentieth century saw the murder of 34 Indian traders. In only one case did hard feelings toward the trader appear to be a contributing cause. In the majority of cases robbery was the motive and liquor was almost always involved.

We have mentioned already the burning of the post at Ft. Wingate and the murder of trader Morrison there. At Cienaga Amarilla in 1902 the Sampson trading post was burned and robbed. When employees of St. Michael's School arrived they found the headless body of Charles Kyle in the still-smoking ruins. The head was never found. Rumors were heard that some Navajo had seen others from a distance kicking it around like a football. This crime was never solved.

In 1922 Frank Dugan was killed at Cross Canyon, between Ganado and Ft. Defiance. The trader had been enticed to the barn to get some hay for the Indians. He was struck several times over the head with a singletree. The killers took a large amount of flour and pawn with them in their wagons and stored it in an abandoned Hogan near Black Mountain. One young Navajo, Chis-Chili-Begay, was brought to trial for the crime, confessed to it, and was sentenced to life imprisonment. It was believed that the boy's white father used his influence to secure clemency for the boy. Due to personal animosity between the civil law officers and the Indian Agent, none of the other Indians involved were brought to trial, although there was plenty of evidence. Nor would the boy implicate them. Before his trial, the boy was left unguarded at Ft. Defiance, stole a horse, and ran away. With deputies in pursuit, he made his way to the hogan of Yellow Policeman, a member of his clan who had given information leading to the boy's arrest yet who very likely was himself implicated in the murder. Hiding in an empty hogan, he was finally discovered by the others. Some 200 Navajos gathered around, but kept their distance, since the boy had a reputation for being dangerous. When Chis-Chili-Begay came out, armed with a pistol, one of the men rushed him on horseback.

Begay shot at his assailant, then at another man who came racing up. As he reloaded, the boy accidentally wounded his own foot, ran back to the Hogan, cut loose a horse, and mounted. At that moment he was hit just under the heart. He charged down on the man who had shot him. The man fired again and missed. By now shots were coming from all directions. The battle grimly continued, however, until Begay fainted from loss of blood and fell from his horse. At that moment his white father might have been proud of the boy's sheer courage. The boy did not die, but was taken to a hospital, and later tried and sentenced.

Curt Cronmeyer owned a trading post near Allentown, Arizona, just across the New Mexico line. In June 1915 Cronmeyer came to Gallup, disposed of some $13,000 in wool, and took about $3,000 back to the post with him to buy cattle. On June 25th, the telephone at Houck, Arizona, twenty miles west of Allentown, rang. The station agent answering the phone, heard only the message, "We have been shot. Come quick, quick, quick!" Two men started out on horseback, but it was already after dark, and they did not reach Cronmeyer's until near midnight. They found both Cronmeyer and his assistant dead. Cronmeyer had been wounded in the hand and in the abdomen, but had evidently walked around the building with his rifle once or twice after being wounded. Tracks of the murderer, who was running when he left the post, were followed as far east as Shuster Springs. Two Navajos were locked up on suspicion, but barroom gossip eventually led to the arrest of Huizar and Lozzano, Mexican refugees, in El Paso and Isleta respectively. The killers had spent the days following the murder in Gallup, playing cards only blocks away from the police department. One of the weapons they pawned in their game of cards turned out to be the murder weapon.

In 1918 at Tucker's Store, 14 miles northeast of Chaco Canyon, a pair of Navajos, who had been drinking at a nearby Yei-bi-chai, called on 18-year-old Pat Smith. They waited until he had closed the store and had gone to the house, then wanted to buy something. When Smith told them they would have to wait until morning, one of the Navajos, Luis Chavez, hit him from behind with a pistol, then beat him to death with the arm of a chair. The pair then burned the place and fled. Chavez was apprehended and sentenced to 25 years in the penitentiary and died there. His companion, Augustine, was released in a few weeks from the time of the murder.

The same year, in September, Ed Doonan heard someone outside the Chaco Canyon Trading Post call his name. He came to the door, silhouetted by a lantern in back of him. Only about ten yards away he made out the forms of two Navajos and saw a rifle barrel glint in the light. Their first shot hit him in the shoulder. He reeled back to grab his own rifle. His daughter Rose knocked the lantern to the floor with a blanket. Another bullet glanced off a wall and struck her in the arm as she knelt over her baby. Several other shots rang out, then the Navajos, their plan foiled, rode off in the dark.

In 1920 Wally Kimmel was killed by a Navajo named Platero at Kinnabito. By the time this occurred, the recent killings were all the white men in that area would tolerate. When Sheriff Westbrook arrested the prisoner and was bringing him in, he was met by a group of armed men who took his prisoner and summarily hanged him from the nearest tree. As far as this author is aware, this was the only lynching of a Navajo in modern times. It had no racial overtones, but was an integral part of the raw, old West. There never was any segregation of the Navajo. There never were any separate restrooms, movies, or lunchrooms. Whatever else the Navajo lacked, he made up for it in dignity. He did not allow anyone to mistreat him for very long. The government, however, segregated the Indian Schools for a period of time. As a child I went to a segregated White school in Thoreau, NM. The Indians had better facilities than we had and we were envious of them.

5. SAN RAFAEL

As late as the 1950s, San Rafael was the site of a remarkable spring that flowed eastward, producing over 500 gallons per minute. Josephine Barela wrote that "The original channel flowed south from the spring on what is now East Street. Water pressure was so strong that it took two men to handle the headgates." The settlers used the *acequia* to irrigate their gardens and fields. The ditch was 2.5-3 miles long. Everyone was assigned to help keep the ditches clean and all paid an assessment of $3 to the *mayordomo* to supervise the irrigation. It created a *vega* or meadow several hundred acres in extent and home to many wildfowl. A great deal of hay was harvested from the meadow, owned by Monico Mirabal. The place was known as *Ojo del Gallo* (Rooster Springs). Coronado used the spring on his way from Zuni to Acoma. The military made good use of it as long ago as 1836 when Governor Perez sent Fernando Aragon with two hundred men to quell an uprising of the Navajos. In 1862 the U.S. Army decided to build a fort there to control the Navajos who were becoming a major problem. It was named

Ft. Wingate for Captain Benjamin Wingate, killed at the battle of Valverde in Socorro County in the Civil War.

Permanent settlers were, for the most part, Civil War veterans who settled there as early as 1863. They came there to supply the new fort with hay and adobes and lumber. Many took up homesteads there. Most were from Cebolleta, but a few came from Pajarito and El Rito. Homesteads could not be taken up until the land could be described and that was not done until the Railroad had their land grant surveyed in 1880. Homesteaders listed between 1880-1890 include Jose Leon Tellez, Manuel Garcia, Patricio Garcia, Donanacio Dominguez, Esquipulo Chaves, Fernandez Baca, Archundi de Saavedra, Francisco Mirabal, and Manuel Chaves. Other settlers were Jose Fermin Gallegos, Romulo Barela, Rudolf Otero, Antonio Peña, Manuel Padilla Chaves, Zacarillas Padilla, Senovio and Rafael Saavedra. The town took its name from Father Jose Rafael Chavez. The settlers at Bluewater referred to the place simply as "Gallo". Father Chavez was replaced by Father Jean B Brun. He was a brother of Mrs. Dumas Provencher. He built a large European-style frame home and for several years celebrated Mass in his home.

Don Damasio Provencher lived first at Cuberito where he had a sawmill. Later he moved to Bluewater, then to San Rafael. He commanded the Militia during the Apache uprising in 1882. In 1876 there was a hot election in San Rafael. Captain Provencher was appointed to supervise the election. Two Indians came in to vote and knowing they were not citizens, Provencher refused them. That night, as the vote was being tallied, a shot through the window killed Provencher. One of the election officials shot out the lamp to darken the room. One of the Indians, called *El Coyote*, was suspected. After his death, Father Brun got into a controversy with some of the residents, partly because of the murder of his brother-in-law and partly because he severely chastised some residents for not attending Mass on Sundays and Holy Days of Obligation. When it seemed that his life was in danger, he went back to Cebolleta, then accepted an assignment in Socorro. There were no more resident priests and in their absence the Penitentes began holding services. When this author was a youngster, "doing Penance" was a regular thing and people were often assigned to walk to the church at Zuni for that purpose. We frequently saw them walking on the road.

There were three stores in San Rafael, operated respectively by M P Y Chavez, Monico Mirabal, and Romulo Barela. The Barela store operated from 1883 until 1959. Hay was the main crop on the rich meadow bottom. Some sorghum cane was raised and Joe Sanchez remembers the settlers making syrup from it. As Josephine and Carlos Barela escorted me through the old Barela Mansion I suddenly realized that its inhabitants had enjoyed a level of living which included all the grace and charm and elegance of the Spanish Gentry. Favorite sport among the colonists was the rooster pull held in the streets. It was an incredibly rough pasttime. Celebrations were held on a Saint's day, and all the children were named after one of the Saints. The persons named for the day being celebrated were required to hold open house and play host to the other townspeople.

Don Sylvestre Mirabal became the most famous inhabitant. Don Sylvestre was born in Cebolleta. His father, Monico, moved early to Ojo del Gallo and homesteaded the vegas. The hay was cut by hand with a scythe, then placed in a 4 x 4 pit in the ground and tamped with a large heavy pole until it formed a bale which was tied with any available material. The biggest obstacle to farming was the lava rocks strewn over the field. Sylvestre, in his usual joking manner, explained that they cleared the field of rocks by putting one in each bale. That, he said, was the origin of all the loose rock over at the old fort!

Sylvestre was one of the wealthiest men in the state, yet he was never affected by money. Those who worked for him said that he usually wore a worn-out pair of bib overalls, an old hat someone else had thrown away, and, in the wintertime a ragged *serape*. Once a crowd of "spiffy Jews" came from the East to buy cattle from Mirabal. At the stockyards they asked the foreman where they could find Mr. Mirabal. When the foreman pointed him out, they took one look and decided that the man perched on the fence was a hobo, and that the foreman was making fun of them. It was only after inquiring of several others that they became convinced.

Mirabal made his fortune in three ways: he was shrewd, he was a hard worker, and he was thrifty. He said himself that he spent money only for land and that he always got the land he bought at a bargain. The stories of his frugality have grown into a legend. On one occasion, Buck Moore, a longtime acquaintance, met him on a street in Albuquerque. Seeing his long wiskers, Buck began to scold the old man about not shaving. "No money", explained Mirabal. Moore pulled a quarter out of his pocket and offered it to him. Sylvestre promptly took it. "Now I can eat," he said, "I'm hungry!" This from the man

claimed in *Shepherd's Empire* to be new Mexico's largest individual land owner. The authors of that chronicle estimated his holdings at 250,000 acres. Actually, some of the neighboring ranchers say that 600 sections (384,000 acres) would be a better estimate.

Mirabal wouldn't let his ranch hands kill a nice beef. They had to eat some poor old cow that might not live through the winter. Clair Hassell, who worked for Mirabal, described for me such an incident. Following the range custom, Hassell had an off-color, fat calf brought in to be slaughtered so that there would be meat for the roundup. The cook who had worked for Sylvestre for a good many years, was an Old Mexican, a deaf mute call Mudo. Old Mudo used sign language and identified Sylvestre as he of the pot belly. The only signs the cook made were funny little cries, a sort of "waagh-waagh." When the fat calf was led in, the cook became visibly excited, running this way and that, shaking his head, making signs about Sylvestre and letting out his crying noises. He understood well enough that Hassell's signals meant he was to get the axe and kill the calf, but for a long time he refused to believe that policy had changed to this extent! At length kill the calf he did, but with many a headshake of disbelief. When Sylvestre showed up, he razzed Hassell about it: "My goodness, you ought to kill the ones we *can't* sell – but that is the way you Gringos act, you kill the *best ones!* Why don't you ever bring *me* some good meat?"

Sylvestre traded in Grants with Camilo Wyscof, an old Jew, from whom he bought what one foreman later described as the "cheapest, blackest, worst flour you ever saw." The foreman, a white man, had been authorized to charge some groceries and demanded Diamond M flour. For a long while Wyscof wouldn't let him have it. At length the flour exchanged hands, but only after the Jew had exacted a promise that if Sylvestre wouldn't pay for the flour that the foreman would. Sylvestre heard about this deal, and got after the foreman. The latter explained matters to his employer about as follows: Sylvestre's sheepherders, he claimed, made "pone" out of the cheap flour and the only part of it they could eat was the *cascara* (crust). You have only to examine their campsites, he said, to verify that most of what they cooked went to waste. "By golly", commented Don Sylvestre, "you better go show me. Maybe you're pretty smarter than I am." After that, the sheepherders got a slightly better grade of flour.

Among those who knew him, there was no hint of dishonesty in Sylvestre Mirabal. He was shrewd. A substantial amount of the tax money in Valencia County was from land he owned. He would withhhold taxes until the commissioners begged him to pay up. At that point he would make a "deal" with them to reduce his taxes, and they were glad to do it. He was known as a *good* man. It was said of him that he never turned anyone down who asked for a job and that he never fired anyone. He got labor as cheaply as possible, of course, and from time to time he hired *marijuanas* (dope addicts) to do general ranch work. If a man would not work, he was not discharged – he was put to work in the hog pens and after he got in the muck "up to his neck" he would quit of his own volition.

In those days, the old Spanish *partido* system was in extensive use. The little ranchers or *poquiteros* would take 100 head or so of Mirabal cattle and care for them. In payment (*augmento*) they returned 20 calves per year to the owner and at the end of five years they returned the original 100 head. This system provided many of these small landowners with a living. For security, Mirabal took a mortgage on the homestead. A number of these homesteads, with the precious water involved, reverted to Mirabal. Since water controlled the land, his domain grew rapidly. Among those who got their start from Mirabal were Pantaleon Chavez, Pablo Gallegos (later sheriff of Valencia County), Jose Maria Sanchez, Cecil Moore, Theodocia Garcia, Solomon Diaz, Jack Wilson, Hatley, Salvador Chavez, and David Torres.

Mirabal got part of his start by hauling wool into Albuquerque where Ilfield bought it. Eight or ten wagons made the trip. On occasion, Sylvestre made the trip on to Kansas City by wagon. Another profitable enterprise was to trade the lumber companies 160 acres of timber for 40 acres of patented land with water. When 30,000 acres of McFarland land came up for sale, Mirabal bought it. One observer of that transaction told me that when Mirabal was asked how he wanted to set up the payments he replied that he didn't want any "payments." He then "sent his kid over to his white team and buggy for a seamless sack and handed them $70,000 in cash."

We pause here to tell the story of the Ice Caves, lying astride the Continental Divide between San Rafael and El Morro, adapted from the *www.icecaves.com* web site. We note first that Don Manuel Antonio Candelaria was in the Concho Arizona area in the 1840's as a captive of the Mescalero Apaches. While still a small child he was given to an elderly Apache woman who adopted him.

He learned the Apache language and their customs. As a young man, Don Manuel Antonio joined the Apaches in several raids and referred to them as brothers. At some point he bid his Apache mother farewell and returned to his people at Cubero. Thereafter he was called *El Cautivo*, the Captive. When Manuel Antonio Candelaria returned to Concho the second time in 1861 there were only a few pioneers living along the Concho Creek.

Sylvestre Mirabal purchased the land that includes the Ice Caves and Bandera Volcano in the early 1900's. The Volcano and Ice Cave were simply curiosities in those days, and the ice was mined cool the beer in the saloon that was built in the mid 1930's. Just up the hill from Malpais Springs is Bandera Crater or Flag Crater. It is called *Dabeh Hogan* (the sheep house) by the Navajos because big horned sheep used to roam the malpais country. In cold weather they found the dark red cinders in the crater warm and inviting and would go in from the south side to enjoy the sun. The Indians would block the southern entrance and not even the bighorns could traverse the loose cinders on the nearly vertical walls of the crater. Prior to Coronado there are accounts of the Zunis having animals as large as greyhounds from which they took wool. Some have supposed that these were the large jackrabbits which abounded in that section and that the Zunis cut their hides into strips to make clothing. It is not difficult to imagine that they trapped bighorn sheep in Bandera Crater, domesticated them, and used their wool. Curiously, these sheep are not awfully wild. There are several reliable accounts of bighorn rams stealing herds of domestic ewes at night, sometimes killing domestic rams with them. One man was able to recover his herd only when he got very close and pressed the bighorn leader very hard.

The Ice Caves property was leased to various people, but passed to Sylvestre's oldest daughter Prudencia. Pauline Baca, in her book, "Old Concho, History and Folklore", tells about the Candelaria family of Concho:

"I remember Prudencia Mirabal telling the story of the Candelaria family taking their three sons from Concho, Arizona to San Rafael, New Mexico to ask for the hands of the three Mirabal daughters in marriage. The girls were sent upstairs to their rooms and instructed not to come down until the Candelarias had left. The Mirabal house was very large with eight or ten bedrooms upstairs. The girls, in order to get a look at the young men they were to marry, went to the one room that overlooked the front of the house to watch the arrivals. They saw the Candelarias arrive, but had no idea which young man would be chosen for them. They were not supposed to see them until the day of their wedding. After they were betrothed, they were not allowed to attend any public function, with the exception of church, until they were married. With the customary festivities the three Candelaria brothers did marry the three Mirabal Sisters, and they stayed married until death did them part. The Candelaria brothers brought their new brides from San Rafael, New Mexico to Concho, Arizona to live; and there they lived until their children were almost grown."

Prudencia, at the age of 15 married Manuel Candelaria, oldest son of Juan Candelaria of Concho, Arizona. Juan was the son of Manuel Antonio, *El Cautivo*, who had vast land holdings of his own. This marriage would bring together lands that would stretch from Albuquerque New Mexico to the White Mountain area of Arizona. On the passing of her father, Prudencia became the owner of the property that included the Ice Caves and Bandera Volcano. During the mid 1930's, a saloon and dance hall was built by people leasing the land. By the mid 1940's those who leased the property moved on and Prudencia needed to find someone to manage the Ice Caves and Bandera Volcano for her. After several summers working at the Ice Caves, her youngest son David, his wife Reddy, and 2 year old Janet came to run the business at his Mother's request. The year was 1946. With youthful exuberance and a pioneering spirit, Dave and Reddy began the arduous task of managing and developing the Ice Cave and Bandera volcano as a tourist attraction. The early years were hard. The lack of roads, electricity, and phone lines made life difficult, but the vision they had for the Ice Caves spurred them on. Through their tireless efforts, the roads, phones, and electricity came, and so did the people. Trails were established that allowed the greatest number of people access to the beautiful Ice Cave and Bandera Volcano. The hard work of Dave and Reddy produced the highly accessible natural attraction you are visiting today. Over the years, the "Man Who Owns A Volcano" has worked hard to promote the Ice Caves and Bandera Volcano. In addition, he has worked to promote tourism for the State of New Mexico, and recently was elected as a charter member to the New Mexico Tourism Hall of Fame.

6. FT. WINGATE

Ft. Wingate has occupied three locations during its history. A post was established in 1850 at Cebolleta by the United States War department. Don Joachin Codallos Y Rabal had set up a mission there in 1746 for the purpose of Christianizing he Indians. The troops were removed in 1851 but the post continued at Cebolleta until the 9th of September, 1862, when it was moved to El Gallo (San Rafael). This was the post established by General Carleton, and quarters were maintained for six companies. The fort was named in honor of Captain Benjamin Wingate who died of wounds received in the Battle of Val Verde (near Socorro). Meanwhile, on August 31, 1860, Ft. Fauntleroy had been established on the present site of Ft. Wingate on the headwaters of the Rio Puerco of the West.

The posts at Cebolleta, Abiquiu, and Ft. Defiance had been set up mostly for the protection of travelers. The post at San Rafael was the beginning of a long and intensive campaign to subdue the Navajos. That story is given in more detail in the chapter on the Navajos. The site chosen for Ft. Fauntleroy was first called *Shash-bi-toh* (Bear Springs) by the Navajos because there were many bears that came there to drink and eat the acorns growing along the stream. The Spaniards also considered it an important watering place and translated the name directly to *Ojo del Oso.* Here it was that Manuel Chavez had stopped to bathe his wounds after being attacked by Navajos (see the chapter on San Mateo). Here also Col. Doniphan made the first peace treaty with the fourteen Navajo Chiefs in November 1846.

Colonel Thomas Turner Fauntleroy was commander of the post when it was named for him – an unusual procedure to say the least. On May 13, 1861 Fauntleroy resigned his post to join the Confederacy, and in September the fort was renamed Ft. Lyon in honor of General Nathaniel Lyon who had been killed at Wilson's Creek not long before. Manuel Chavez of San Mateo was the commanding officer. In September also, an unfortunate event took place. Once a month Navajos were given rations of meat and flour and other goods in hope that they would forego raiding the settlements. Gambling was an obsession with the Navajos and traditionally there were horse races on ration day. The soldiers frequently bet horse against horse, using government property to pay their debts when they lost. On this particular day a race was arranged between Post Surgeon Kavanaugh and Pistol Bullet, a giant Navajo. A good deal of money was placed on the outcome of the race. During the race the bridle rein on Pistol bullet's horse broke (a very unusual event) and the race was lost. The bridle appeared to have been slashed with a knife. The Navajos demanded a re-run, but the judges (all soldiers) claimed that it was just hard luck. When the angry Indians heard the decision, they rushed the fort. The officer of the Day quickly barred the gates to keep them out. Inside the post the victory was celebrated with fifes and drums and with the Kavanaugh horse being paraded about the grounds. One drunken Navajo tried to force his way into the fort and the sentry fired at him point blank. Hearing the shot, the other Indians fled in haste. The soldiers pursued them with rifles and bayonets. Moreover, the Officer of the Day had two Mountain Howitzers brought out and ordered his men to fire upon the Indians as long as they were within range. One soldier, pretending not to hear the order, hesitated, but was ordered to fire or be shot. Twelve Navajos were killed and forty were wounded in the *melee*. Little wonder that the Indians failed to keep their part of the treaty.

The Civil War made the military forget about the Navajos temporarily. All hands were needed to meet the Confederate invasion. In another place we have shown how the Confederate Army under Sibley (formerly stationed at Ft. Wingate/Lyon) swept up the Rio Grande Valley, captured Albuquerque and Santa Fe, and went on to Glorieta before being beaten by Manuel Chavez' subtlety. Chavez had also been at Ft. Wingate. At Cubero the small garrison of men was surrendered to four confederate civilians among whom were Kavanaugh and R T Gillespie both of whom had been at Wingate.

The Confederate threat temporarily relieved, Old Ft. Wingate at San Rafael began to see more activity. The fort was built to last permanently, with quarters for officers and soldiers, a Quartermaster Storehouse, and a Hospital. One hundred men or so were engaged in construction. A row of Sycamore trees were planted around the fort to provide shade in the summer. It was planned that the fort would be the central supply depot for the Navajo operations, and no pains were spared to beautify it and to provide every comfort. Some farming took place there and it was recommended, among other things, that cranberries be planted there for use in jelly and that Jerusalem Artichokes be cultivated for feeding stock. The commissary, when completed, was considered to be the finest of its kind in the territory and a grand ball was held there as a housewarming. Gay señores and señoritas came from as far away as Cubero and Cebolleta.

In 1863 gold was discovered at Prescott, Arizona. Thereafter, there was considerable traffic over the western road, and the travelers had to be

protected. The next year the fort served as a base for the campaign against the Apaches. After the Navajos were rounded up and sent to Ft. Sumner, there was much less activity at Ft. Wingate. With the return of the Navajos in 1868, it was believed that Old Ft. Wingate was too far from the Indian country to supervise them efficiently. Consequently, after only six years of use, the old site was abandoned, and Ft. Wingate was moved to the site of Ft. Lyon where it remains to this day. The doors and windows of the old fort were carried away to be used elsewhere, and the buildings gradually disintegrated until only a few posts remain today to trace the outlines of the fort.

There were some unusual difficulties at the new fort. For example, Congress left the Army completely without pay in 1878, and the soldiers survived as best they could. In 1870 President Grant had declared a military reservation ten miles square. In 1881 an addition of thirty sections to the south was acquired to furnish firewood and building materials. This action created a wave of protest from the cattlemen in the area. The Commander of the fort had sizeable herds of cattle which he grazed on the new land, and the cattlemen claimed that he had recommended the enlargement of the reservation solely in order that he might graze his cattle there, and they were probably right.

In 1881-2 General Douglas McArthur lived at Ft. Wingate as an infant. His father at the time was Captain of Co. K of the 13th U.S. Infantry.

During Col. E A Carr's administration (1888-1890) at the fort, he provided, in the form of correspondence, much information. Duty there was regarded as so unpleasant that it was placed by the War Department in the same category as foreign service. In 1888 Carr described the buildings as “old, dilapidated, and unhealthy.” He then set about to beautify the place, and he soon had flowers, lawns, and trees growing; curtains at the windows; trash burning; and gardens planted. The old cottonwoods around the parade grounds had been planted in 1882. The number of men at the post reached an all time high of 433 in 1888.

William F McLaughlin had the store at Wingate in 1888. It was said of him that he was “the handsomest man on the reservation.” Besides carrying food and clothing, he dealt in curios, native crafts, and served the post at once as banker, hotel-keeper, and even ran a laundry. In the latter endeavor he did not do so well; the old solder’s wives wanted the business, and they did a better job. McLaughlin, along with many others, came out second best in a bout with the temperance movement and this cut down on his revenue. In order to get more liquor, the soldiers took to ordering it shipped to them. There was so much delay in this procedure, however, that “groggeries” naturally appeared around the edge of the fort. These dens of vice, commented Col. Carr, “are usually supplied with harlots, and soldiers visiting them are drugged with liquor, wheedled out of their money, clothing, and arms, and sent back drunken, demoralized, and with venereal diseases, to be tried, put in the hospital, etc.”

The post trader kept club rooms at his store for gambling. In 1881 the Post Commander had these closed after midnights and on Sundays. The soldiers then set up all the “appliances” in their own barracks. When these were declared illegal, they dug a cave in a nearby arroyo and continued “their evil ways” until their hideout was discovered. By 1900 the PX system was trying to cope with the problem and had set up a recreation room with billiard and pool hall tables.

Food was a problem at Wingate. Ramah at first provided the only fresh vegetables to be had. When the train came through in 1881, even delicacies such as oysters (packed in ice) were sent by rail to the fort. The 28 acres of gardens, irrigated from the spring, which Carr had planted in 1890 produced more than enough for the 550 people on the post and a surplus was sent into Gallup. Meat from neighboring ranches was plentiful, though not as good quality as that which could be had by rail from Kansas City. George Schuster, a local rancher, was the butcher at the fort in 1888. In that same year Matthew Flahive, a discharged soldier, was operating the Milk Ranch, three miles east of the fort, for the convenience of those at the post. He kept 40 milk cows there, and was considered to be an employee without pay. During this period of time he received a severe rebuke from the Commander for diluting the milk with water. Since he retained his post, he apparently mended his ways. Carr also saw that sufficient ice was harvested during the winter to last the following summer.

Schools for the youngsters was another difficulty. Instructors were recruited from the ranks and were paid an extra 35 cents a day to teach. In 1882 a tent was being used as a classroom. After two years a combination school and chapel was erected.

Carr began a ranching enterprise that was to become an important influence in the surrounding area for some years. With a number of the officers and men at Wingate as stockholders, he organized the Cebolla Cattle company with headquarters at Box-S, and in 1891 bought 41,529 acres from the Railroad for 50 cents an acre. Of course this allowed the company to control a much larger stretch of country, since the land

was in a checker-board pattern (alternate-numbered sections). More was acquired by having the soldiers "script" certain critical areas, i.e. exercise their bounty privileges. Carr then purchased the land from them reputedly at $25 for 80 acres. Carr soon had control of the ranch and after he moved away his son, Clark Carr, managed the ranch.

In the late 1880s Carr brought in several Slav farmers to farm the beautiful Box-S valley. The group eventually moved to Page and the surrounding area. They were good farmers and produced beautiful crops. Among those who settled around Page in 1890 were Herman Berger, Herman Loueke, John Bolack, Simon Lancaster, and a man named Green. Augustus McCune, one of the Railroad contractors in 1881, was among the earliest settlers there who raised potatoes by dry farming.

If the old rock house at Box-S could tell its story, it would make a volume of adventures. Now in ruins, the house had one central fireplace which opened into four rooms. On one occasion, according to Atheling Bond, a bunch of outlaws came in to Box-S to "stick up Old Carr." They first had to get by the occupants of the bunkhouse. Peg-leg Carter (of whom it was said he could write his name on the side of a barn with a six-shooter) and two or three other cowhands were staying there. The door was thrown open and there was a shout of "Holdup!" Peg-leg shot the lights out, and crawled out into an arroyo. There followed a gun battle that lasted several hours before the outlaws were driven off. Next morning one of the outlaws was found dead on a nearby hill.

In May 1889 (according to an investigation by two military officers) James Somerville, David Hanna, and R. Davis stole 15 horses from the Zunis in Nutria and fled with them to Box-S. The Zunis pursued them and holed them up in the rock house. When the smoke cleared away there were three dead Zunis and another lay wounded. The *Gallup Gleaner* presented the other side of the story. The Zunis, it claimed, had ridden into Box-S, stolen some saddles, and were in the act of driving off the stock when they were attacked by the white men. To those who know the Zunis, the latter account was ludicrous.

My grandfather, Wallace Berryhill, had an interesting experience in the old ranch house. The bank had foreclosed on the owner and had asked Grandfather to round up the cattle and operate the ranch temporarily. The former owner then threatened to kill Berryhill. That night the little group at the ranch house slept with one eye open. Sometime in the night they heard footsteps outside. Whoever was there walked around the house twice, then came up on the doorstep and was trying to open the latch. By then everyone had their guns drawn. Someone inside called out, "Who is there?" When no answer came, a half dozen slugs were pumped through the door. There was a thud, an awful groan, and the sound of the convulsive throes of a dying man. When a lamp was lighted, a wild pig was found dead on the doorstep [This may have taken place on the 6A ranch instead of Box-S].

In 1903 Emmet Pipkin was operating a trading post at Box-S. One morning the Navajos waited a long time for him to open up. Old Lady Redeye finally tried the door, found it open, and discovered that Pipkin had been robbed and murdered. There was blood all over the place.

On the night of July 22, 1901 the John Woodgate Trading Post at Wingate suddenly burst into flames. Before anyone could get there, the building was in ruins. The badly burned body of Alexander Morrison, the trader, was pulled from the flames and it was found that he had died of a bullet in the back of his head. Apparently the motive was robbery, but Morrison's death remained a mystery to this day.

Life at the post had its lighter moments. In the fall of 1888 a new bride from New York planned a birthday party for her husband. The fashionable cake decorations she had ordered from New York failed to arrive due to an early snowstorm. Sympathetically, the Chinese cook took matters into his own hand. Wading through the deep snow to the trading store, he bought some candy hearts, one of which he planned to copy as a decoration for the cake. As he brought the cake in and set it on the table, the guests howled with laughter. Not knowing English, the cook had carefully copied the inscription which read, "Prepare to Meet thy God."

The post was deactivated from 1911 until 1918 except during the period of the Mexican Revolution when it was garrisoned to guard the 4000 Mexican troops and their families who fled across the U.S. border to escape the wrath of Pancho Villa. This remnant of the Mexican Federal Army requested asylum in the United States and were camped in tents in the flat plain below the fort. The encampment was surrounded by barbed wire with sentries at each corner in raised boxes. Orders were to shoot to kill if anyone tried to escape. One man was killed in such an attempt. Two others escaped but were trailed by Apache Scouts and returned promptly.

The *Gallup Independent* conveys some of the events and feeling leading up to the establishment of the Mexican refugee camp, April 23, 1914: "20,000

Mexican troops, probably under General Carranza, are moving towards El Paso. General Carranza claims he can put 400,000 men in the field to fight U.S. solders… General Pancho Villa, the hot-tempered conqueror of Torreon who has amassed 15,000 seasoned and victory-flushed veterans… declared that he can land 12,000 of the fighting men of Mexico in El Paso within 48 hours and that it might be well to teach the Gringos a lesson from the start… Thousands of U.S. troops are being rushed to the Mexican border."

May 7, 1914, "796 men, women and children – Mexican refugees – imported to Ft. Wingate. In the first section of the refugee's trains were some of the once mighty and formidable Federal Generals of the sister Republic… the once indomitable General Salazar, by far the tallest and most dignified appearing man of the entire group… His Federal Majesty was arrayed in the latest style hat and the latest cut in New York Summer Suit. With him and apparently closely affiliated with him was the bandit Castillo who devastated a great part of the country over which he and his band traversed – the man who became notorious when he blew up a whole trainload of passengers of every nation to a terrible death… a tall, slender, wiry man with a piercing desperate eye… General Castro and Mercado and also four others were in the group… The señoras of the group wore beautiful silk gowns of late Paris fashion, and great ostrich plumes ornamented the head gear of the ladies."

"The wife of General Salazar sat in her seat in the car holding a small hand mirror before her while she carefully applied the powder to her face and brushed down her hair until an American guard became impatient and motioned to her to make haste and leave the train. In reply she slammed down the window curtain and proceeded with her toilet…"

"Some carried their belongings in heavy washtubs, others in lard cans, gasoline cans, buckets, sacks, and bundles… From the bundles protruded washboards, axes, hoes, skillets and… a hundred other articles. The clothing of the these people was extremely scant… Small men struggled under heavy loads strapped on their heads and… then assisted in tying other bundles on the back of their wife and besides this they had their arms and hands full of trinkets and even to this they added pieces of wood with which to build a fire when they got to the fort."

Gene Lambson recalled the terrible temper of some of the Mexican men. One man in a jealous rage at his wife drew a knife and slashed both of her breasts off. The U.S. Government had given stoves to the refugees. When they departed the government smashed the little stoves to bits, fearing the spread of disease if they were used by others. Lambson recalled this waste with bitterness, believing that the stoves could have been given to some of the people in that vicinity who needed them.

By way of entertainment for the refugees, there was a band and part of a circus troupe among them. Further, the men in the camp were soon brewing a beer from their potato peelings. After a number of fights broke out, the soldiers put a stop to the potato brewing, but a substitute replaced the potatoes – one which the soldiers were never able to identify.

One of the Mexican Generals died that summer, and was buried with military honors. The U.S. troops furnished a firing salute and wreaths made from the pine trees were placed over the grave. The United States negotiated for the return of the enlisted refugees but the officers were afraid to return for fear of being shot. Those who could not return were left in El Paso.

Perhaps we can tell here the story of another Gallup resident, Al Tietjen. "Big Al" was the son of Ernst Tietjen of Ramah and Bluewater. At Prewitt, his older brother, Joe Tietjen, discovered that he and Frihoff Nielson were getting too wild for their own good. They had discovered an outlaw hideout and were planning on capturing them. Joe arranged for Al to go on a mission to Mexico. In Al's words:

"I was with President Bentley (of the Mexican Mission of the LDS church) and Bert Whetten in 1919. We were going from El Valle Maruda San Buena Ventura to Namaquipa with a wagon and mule team to meet some missionaries. About eight miles out we ran into Villa's rear guard. They held us two days and two nights. Nex morning we were invited to go through the gates and eat breakfast with Pancho Villa. He gave us a *salva conducta* (safe conduct pass). We had a long talk. He told us the history of his becoming a *bandido*. Some priests had gotten his sister in a family way and he killed a couple of them which put him on the dodge. When he got in power he hanged every padre he could find. Whenever he went to a Catholic Convent he took it and blew it up. Some of the girls there hadn't seen the sun in seven years. He would make the people hear what the girls had been through and how they had been *servants*. His general then showed me the mare he had stolen in Texas on which he had ridden to safety through the cloud of bullets when surrounded by Carranza's soldiers at Hacienda Vavicary. Villa gave us a *salva conducta* anywhere in Mexico and said he wanted to

be one with us (Mormons) when he got out. We were never treated better by anyone in our lives."

It was ironic that Villa's feelings were not shared by some of his supporters. In one town two Mexican converts were told to renounce Mormonism or die. They chose to die and were executed by a firing squad.

After Pancho Villa's raid into the U.S., the Army was sent to try to capture him. They made their headquarters in the abandoned Mormon colonies. This exercise was the only field training the U.S. Army had before getting into World War I. General Pershing, the commander, was there as well as George Patten of World War II fame. They had no success against Villa. Patten, always brash, swore he was going out to get one of Villa's generals. He came back from his expedition with a dead body lashed to the front fender of his car, swearing that it was a Mexican general.

A.T. Hannett, Mayor of Gallup in this period, writes that during one of the "quieter moments of his tenure" he noticed some Associated Press articles which claimed that several million tons of TNT were going to be destroyed because they no longer had a useful purpose. Knowing that Ft. Wingate was about to be abandoned and that it would mean a serious economic loss to Gallup, Hannett, George Brown, and T.F. Smalling went to Washington and talked to the New Mexico Senator about storing the ammunition at Ft. Wingate. They were referred to the War Department and after going through a lengthy chain of command, they met a General who had once served at Ft. Wingate. The General assured them that he would recommend their plan, and he did. Even before they got back to Ft. Wingate, the Army was unloading explosives there. In time the Wingate Ordnance Depot became the largest storage depot for high explosives in the world. In the 1930s large shipments were made to the Panama Canal and to the Philippines. Bright colored EXPLOSIVES placards were placed low on the rail cars so they could be read by railroad employees. After one trip it was noticed that the bright placards had attracted amateur marksmen and they were full of bullet holes. The placards were then placed at the top of the cars in the hope that future marksmen would read first and live to shoot on another day.

In those early days at the depot, there were no surveillance inspectors. When some did come along, they took one horrified look at the men burning TNT-saturated crates in the pot-bellied stoves and left for home. In 1937, during a rainstorm, some men took shelter in one of the igloos. The place was struck by lightning, but the men were able to get far enough away before the explosion that none of them were injured.

In 1925 a school was established at Wingate for Navajo and Zuni children. Some $500,000 was appropriated by Congress for the school and there were 700 students there by the next year. The barracks were turned into dormitories and the drill field into a football field. In 1928 9000 acres of the reservation north of the tracks was turned over to the Navajo Reservation.

7. UNCLE SAM'S CAMEL CORPS

A brief but interesting chapter in this history was written in August, 1857, when the United States Camel Brigade passed through Cibola and McKinley Counties. By 1850 the unification of the East with the rapidly growing West was an acute problem punctuated by the Mexican War and the discovery of gold in California. The need for protection on the frontier of the Southwest and the necessity of laying out a route for the railroad brought about the camel experiment.

Supplies were so slow in reaching the frontier outpost that military officials tried to dream up a more rapid system of transportation. The idea of using camels was pointed out to Jefferson Davis, Senator from Mississippi. In 1853, Jefferson Davis became Secretary of War under President Pierce, and he at once began to urge the Congress to appropriate money to buy camels for military and reconnaisance purposes. It was not until 1855, however, that Congress appropriated the necessary $30,000. Particularly encouraging to Davis was the enthusiastic attitude of the superintendent of Indian Affairs in California and Nevada – Lt. Edward Beale. Beale was a Navy Lieutenant who had fought in the Mexican War and had brought the first California gold to the East.

In 1855 a Major Wayne visited London, Paris, Genoa, Pisa, Malta, Smyrna, Salonica, and Constantinople to study the use of camels and their habits, and to make the necessary purchases. An average camel, he found, could carry 600 lbs and travel 25-30 miles a day. In February, 1856, the first shipment of 33 camels left for the United States. They landed near Galveston and when their feet touched sold earth they "became excited to an almost uncontrollable degree, rearing, kicking, crying out, breaking halters, tearing up pickets, and by other fantastic tricks demonstrating their enjoyment." The next year another 44 camels arrived.

In the fall of 1857 Floyd, the new Secretary of War, ordered a survey made of a wagon route from Ft. Defiance to the Colorado Reiver near the 35th parallel, and Lt. Beale was chosen to head the expedition. Beale's Camel Brigade crossed Texas to El Paso, then came up the Rio Grande to Albuquerque, arriving there on August 10th. The camels attracted considerable attention from the natives there and in the towns west. At Laguna and Cubero curious Indians turned out by the thousands to view the spectacle. A week later the goup was camped at Ojo del Gallo (San Rafael) where they found "clear, beautiful water and a reasonable supply of grass." At Cubero, Lt. Beale had purchased 200 head of sheep. The mutton made an agreeable change from the steady diet of "Old Ned" (salt pork). Some ten or twelve miles beyond Ojo del Gallo, they received word that Colonel Loring would soon be in Cubero. Lt. Beale mounted Seid, his favorite dromedary, loped over to Cubero, visited with the Colonel, and returned in five hours, a journey of near 60 miles!

The brigade camped at El Morro and recorded their names on the rock. They camped again at Pescado, then visited Zuni. Beale, who had gone on to Ft. Defiance, rejoined the corps at Zuni. He was amused to see the Zuni men knitting stockings. "Imagine Hiawatha at such undignified work!" he wrote. He was struck by the way the Zuni women carried the huge vases of water up the ladders without once touching the jars with their hands. The old Jesuit church, Beale noted, was in ruins, but he stopped to comment on the beauty of the paintings therein.

From Zuni the camels were taken on to California where they were used for only a short while. Their superiority in carrying large loads, going without water for days at a time, and living off brush where mules would have starved had been incontestably demonstrated, but prejudice ran high against these ships of the desert, and they *were* sometimes difficult to break and to manage. Except in a few circuses and salt mines, the camels were never used again. Many of them were turned loose in Nevada and Arizona, and for years thereafter they were sighted in the deserts as far south as Mexico and as far west as New Mexico. In Nevada wild camels became such a nusiance that the state passed a law in 1875 "to prohibit camels and dromedaries from running at large on or upon the public highways of the State of Nevada."

8. THE LOST ADAM'S DIGGINGS

In 1861, Adams, a native of New York, began freighting between Tucson and San Diego. In August, 1864, with a wagon and team of twelve horses, he camped at Gila Bend. In the night he heard Indians running off his horses. Grabbing his gun, he got on his horse and started in pursuit, shooting at the thieves. The Indians abandoned the horses, which were hobbled. Adams rounded them up and returned to camp, only to find that in his absence his wagon had been burned and the Indians were still there. His provisions were now gone, his harness cut up and nearly two thousand dollars in gold, hidden in the wagon, was lost.

Turning with his horses toward the Pima villages, twenty miles away, he came upon an excited group of miners who were desperate to obtain horses. A Mexican called Gotch-Ear had appeared among them in the preceding few days. Gotch-Ear and his brother had spent years in captivity among the Apaches. Recently an Apache had turned on the brother and killed him. Gotch-Ear, in turn, killed the Apache, then fled for his life. When he learned from the miners what gold would buy, he offered to lead them to a canyon where there was plenty of gold in exchange for two horses, a saddle, a gun, ammunition, two fifty dollar gold pieces, and a red silk bandana. The miners, who were short on horses, offered Adams the leadership of the group in exchange for his horses.

For several days the expedition traveled northeast. Finally the guide pointed out a well-marked trail of which he advised them to take note. He said it led to Old Fort Wingate (now San Rafael) where they could buy provisions. That night they camped in a canyon, then topped out of it next morning. Gotch-Ear then pointed out to them, straight ahead, two *piloncillos* (sugar-cone shaped mountains) which, he said, were beyond the canyon with the gold and would mark it well always. Adams said that they were like "finely-topped haystacks with daylight showing halfway down them." (We shall indicate later that these were probably Bell Butte and D-Cross Peak, rising up from the Alamosa Creek in the southern tip of Valencia County). Adams remembered that lava rocks were scattered about and in places there was timber. About noon the party came to a bluff, then to the entrance of the canyon which formed a large Z. The entrance was so cleverly hidden in this way that it could not be detected and came to be known later as the "secret door." The trail into the canyon, Adams said, was very rough. At the bottom of the canyon there was a clear stream of water and trees. The men camped just below some

low falls. The gold, just as Gotch-Ear had promised, was abundant and the men were deliriously happy with the discovery. The guide, duly paid, left in the night.

Next day a group of Apaches appeared but were not hostile. They told the men, however, not to go above the falls. Except for a Dutchman who lived apart, the men pooled their gold. A cabin was built and the gold hidden under the hearth. Since provisions were running low, it was decided that six men should go back to the road and follow it to Fort Wingate. They were to buy food, ammunition, axes, mining tools and a crosscut saw with which to construct a sluice box. A man named Brewer led the company. Adams himself did not accompany the group.

In the meantime some men had gone beyond the falls where they imagined the stream was richer, and one man is said to have brought back half a coffee pot full of gold. The eighth day passed without the return of the men from Ft. Wingate, and Adams and a partner started out to look for them. How they missed the Apaches is not known, but when they reached the entrance to the canyon, they came upon the men – except for Brewer – massacred, the bodies still warm. Hurriedly they turned back to warn their companions, but saw, just at sunset, the cabin in flames. They estimated that some three hundred Indians surrounded the cabin, waving scalps and yelling horribly. Believing that their horses would be more easily discovered than themselves, they turned the animals down a side canyon and waited until after dark to get water from the creek. Recovery of the gold was uppermost in their minds, but the green logs burned all night and they dared not delay until daybreak. In the darkness they completely lost their way and wandered for days, starving and footsore. They traveled only at night. After thirteen days they came up a company of soldiers who took them to Fort Apache, Arizona, where they were stationed. While at the fort, recovering from this ordeal, Adams happened to see an Apache riding one of his horses – or so he thought. He leaped upon the Indian, tore him from his mount, and shot him. Since the Indian was apparently not hostile, Adams was imprisoned. Escaping, he fled to California. Partly because he was now a wanted man, he did not return to New Mexico for some twenty years. In the meantime the country, the trails, the streams, the roads changed. When Adams returned, he spent many years looking for the canyon, but was never able to locate it. He could get as far from Gila Bend as Horse Springs, NM, 17 miles south of Datil, but beyond that point he was never sure of the ground. Those who knew him well said that he was never an outdoorsman, that he never knew the “lay of the country” and that “he couldn’t find his way across the horse pasture and back.” He did know, however, that the canyon lay about four days journey south of Old Fort Wingate. There were those at the store at Fort Wingate who knew that the six men had come there for supplies which they paid for in gold. Mrs. Moses Mirabal’s mother was a girl at the time and worked in the trading post and she remembered the incident. Mrs. Mirabal also claimed that a Mr. Sargent and some soldiers from Ft. Wingate were sent to bury the bodies and did so.

We mentioned earlier that John Brewer, who had led the ill-fated supply expedition, escaped the Apache ambush by crawling away under a rock. He managed to get to the cabin at dark, after the Apaches had gone. He saw two men slink away into hiding, probably Adams and his partner, although he did not know at the time. He wandered east to the Rio Grande and later told his story to Ammon Tenney in 1888 at the Windmill Ranch. His story verified that of Adams in all the essential details.

The ambush and subsequent events so terrorized Brewer, however, that he all but lost his mind. He was no more able to find his way back to the canyon than Adams. He got a job freighting to Missouri, returning to Colorado some years later. The Dutchman (or German?) who had insisted on living apart from the others, also escaped and fled with his gold to Germany. Davidson, Adams’ companion, also dropped out of sight with Adams. In 1929 his grandniece wrote from Flint, Michigan that he had died soon after escaping from the diggings, but had left a map and a diary locating the gold on the Zuni Indian Reservation. The men who obtained the map, however, were never able to locate the mine.

Jay McPhaul, a rancher who lived near Pie Town, was one of those who knew Tobe Johnson well. Tobe was a long-time companion of Adam in his searches for the canyon. On one of their searches McPhaul and others found in a grove of quaking aspen trees an old rusted-out crosscut saw. Were they near the site and was this the saw that the provisions party had lost?

Another chapter of the story was written in the early 1900s. Joe Tietjen had partly raised a Navajo boy called “Jack’s Kid.” The boy was going with a granddaughter of an old Medicine Man, Kitis Jolly. From her he learned that Old Man Jolly had a map drawn on sheepskin, of Adam's Digging. The boy told his companion, Al Tietjen, about the map and Al persuaded the boy to steal it. Written below

the map was this inscription: "In the year 1856 about 40 miles south of Fort Wingate the gold belonging to all of us was hid southwest a short distance from cabin at the foot of a cottonwood tree. Indians have killed all of us but two and have burned everything that would burn but do not believe they found gold. We are leaving here at dark – intentions of reaching Arizona. Have guns and ammunition but no provisions."

The map was in a safe when the Tietjen store at Rocky Point burned. Although the map survived the fire, it is crisp and cannot be straightened. Since Adams' time, hundreds of men have prospected for the diggings afoot, on horseback, in jeep and airplane. Fortunes have been spent and legends have arisen. Tobe Johnson once believed that Adams had ambushed a wagon train, stolen gold, and in turn had met up with Apaches. The Alamosa Creek country, mentioned earlier, still best fits the description. Ten miles or so downstream from the buttes are the Alamo Navajo Indians, some of whom are intermarried with Apaches and could have been mistaken for them.

In September, 1888, Richard Patterson came up from Socorro County with a story that the Lost Diggings were in the Carrizo Mountains on the Navajo Reservation. When a group began the search, the Indians warned them off. In October, however, Benjamin Swift returned to look for the gold and was never seen alive again. In March, 1889, a group of cowboys gathered to make another attempt, but Agent Vandever was able to dissuade them. In January 1890, Nich-les, who had killed Swift, began a 25 year jail sentence. After several other like attempts and forced removals, Colonel Carr at the new Fort Wingate issued a stern warning to the public and this was apparently sufficient to the day.

9. TREASURE AT CUBERO

In 1868 Nathan Bibo passed through Valencia County on what is now I-40. He states, in his reminiscences, that at that time there were no houses at Acomita, Grants, or Bluewater, and but few at McCarty's (later given that name in honor of the railroad contractor whose camp was located there.). Marquez was settled in 1866 and was first called Canyon de Juan Tafoya. There were some ancient apricot trees there which had been planted "several hundred years ago by a colony of Apache Indians who had been living there for rations, tolerated by the Navajos on account of intermarriage."

Cubero (named for the New Mexican governor) was established in 1833 and was an encroachment upon the lands of Acoma and Laguna. The old settlers at Cebolleta, recalled Bibo, having come from Chihuahua, still wore shirts and trousers of unbleached cotton, the straw hat (*poblano*), home-made sandals, and Chimayo blankets. The old men wore their hair in a single long braid behind them. From these colonists Simon Bibo bought corn for 40-50¢ a barrel.

Charles F Lummis in his *Tramp Across the Continent* tells the little-known story of the treasure at Cubero. An expedition from Mexico was returning from California with "so much gold that it loaded down some hundreds of burros!" Theirs was a strong party and they had crossed the desert safely until they got to Cubero when they were set upon by a determined band of Apaches. In order to escape, they dug a tunnel, timbered it, buried their seven million in gold there, and made a dash for Mexico. Most of the party were killed by their pursuers, but a few reached home. The survivors made several unsuccessful attempts to return, but for the most part their bones were left to bleach on the plains. One man, said to be the last of the party, finally went to Europe and tried to enlist help and capital there, but he also died before the task was accomplished, and for many years the story slumbered on.

On day a German appeared mysteriously in Cubero and conducted his business secretly. He selected a few men he believed he could trust, told them his secret, and the band of them disappeared quietly. Two years previously he had been taking care of an old Mexican man. On his death bed the old man repaid his kindness by telling him the story and leaving with him a map showing the location, Mt. San Mateo, the lava flow, and the "creek full of sardines" (Agua Azul). At length a sheepherder discovered the group digging in a hill beyond McCarty's. The German fell ill while there and died. The Mexican partners, tired of digging, left the site. Since that time the story has attracted a number of natives, ranchers, and railroad men. One Mexican party spent a long while in digging, and came at last upon loose dirt and the timbered tunnel, but was frightened away by the "appalling noises" which rumbled out of the cavern. Believing the place haunted, they fled, never to return.

10. RAMAH

(This chapter is completely revised. A more detailed history can be found in the author's recently published work, "History of the Ramah Pioneers.")

Ramah came into existence for one reason only: missionary work to the American Indians. Every facet of life in the little community revolved about missionary work; it was never far from the minds of the pioneers. In 1887 Apostle Brigham Young Jr. said "We calculate on this more than any other as a nucleus for the Indian Mission." We therefore begin this work with an explanation of why this was so.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints (nicknamed "Mormons") is based on the Book of Mormon. The book tells about one family of Jews who fled from Jerusalem in 600 B.C., just prior to the Babylonian Captivity. They went southeast across Arabia, were inspired to build a ship and came to Central America. The two oldest sons, Laman and Lemuel, were rebellious and difficult. In consequence of their actions they were cursed by the Lord with a darker skin and were called *Lamanites*. They are believed to be ancestors of many of the American Indians. Fully half of the book deals with their wars with their fairer-skinned brethren, the *Nephites*. The Nephites, however, undertake an astonishing amount of labor to bring the Lamanites back into the fold. The book ends in about 400 A.D. when the Lamanites completely wipe out the Nephites. Previous to this time, the Nephite prophets had compiled an historical record, engraved it on gold plates, and hid it up in the earth. It was this record which was pointed out to Joseph Smith by an angel. Joseph translated it "by the gift and power of God" into the Book of Mormon. This book had a powerful influence in the way Church members dealt with the American Indians. Brigham Young declared:

> "When you go among the Lamanites, deal with them honestly and righteously in all things. Any man who cheats a Lamanite should be dealt with more severely than for cheating a white man … I am sorry that some of our brethren have been killed by Indians, but I am far more sorry that some of the Indians have been slain by the brethren. I have often said, and I say again, if any person is to be killed for stealing, let that one be a white man and not an Indian, for white men know better, while Indians do not, and you must lay aside your angry feelings toward them and cease wishing to kill them."

These were not the sentiments of frontiersmen. American settlers wanted protection from the military, but more than that they wanted the Indian nuisances gotten out of the way of "progress"; the lands they occupied needed to put to a good use. In another sermon, Young said:

> "We could circumscribe their camps and kill every man, woman, and child of them. This is what others have done, and if we were to do it, what better are we than the wicked and ungodly? It is our duty to do better than they in the administration of justice and our general conduct toward the Lamanites. It is not our duty to kill them, but it is our duty to save them and the lives of their children. This is the land they and their fathers have walked over and called their own. They have buried their fathers and mothers and children here: this is their home and we have taken possession of it and occupy the land where they used to hunt. But now their game is gone and they are left to starve. It is our duty to feed them …"

In the fall of 1858 Jacob Hamblin led a group of Mormon missionaries to the Hopi village of Oraibi, Arizona. Spanish was the universal language of the Southwest, hence an interpreter in that language was essential. Unable to find a grown man for that purpose, they took along a fourteen-year-old boy, Ammon Tenney, whose family had been recently recalled from San Bernardino where he had become fluent in Spanish. Jacob had learned of the Hopis from the Piutes. According to them, these people lived in houses and wove cotton for clothing like the whites. To Jacob Hamblin and Brigham Young, these stories meant almost as much as the stories of Cibola meant to Coronado, with this difference: Coronado envisioned gold while Brigham Young dreamt of missionary work to the last remnants of the Book of Mormon peoples, descendants of the Jews.

Because of his knowledge of Spanish, Brigham Young selected Daniel W. Jones, a New Mexican convert, as the leader of a mission into Mexico in June 1875. Before leaving, Jones had been asked to translate portions of the Book of Mormon into Spanish and to take copies with him. In September, Jones, along with J.Z. Stewart, Helaman Pratt, Robert H. Smith, Ammon Tenney, Anthony W. Ivins, and Wiley C. Jones departed with 2000 copies of the 600-page translation packed on mules. At El Paso, Ammon Tenney and his companion wanted to proselyte among the Indians of New Mexico rather

than going into Mexico. They worked their way up the Rio Grande. We have from Tenney's journal:

> "We were true to our appointment and visited probably 40,000 people and were treated civilly and courteously by all, but … they would say, 'We believe you are good men, but we have the gospel and it is all we want', and so our time was consumed for 350 miles [and] not a single opening to hold services. They would keep us overnight and dispatch us in the morning with a God Bless You."
>
> "When we reached above Albuquerque, the spirit whispered to turn back to Isleta, just below Albuquerque, and on arriving, we halted at the home of Juan Lucero Reyes, a full blooded Lamanite who furnished us a vacant but comfortable room in his large house. He also took our horses out to his ranch 45 miles away and looked after them while we sought employment among [the residents] of this village of pureblooded Lamanites who could all talk Spanish."
>
> "Up to this time we had been providentially supplied, but now there arose a test of our endurance and faith in the cause we represented, for hunger pierced our already underfed bodies till at times we were driven to or beyond our endurance. Elder Smith endeavored to teach school, hoping thereby he could at least get something to eat, but these good people were afraid of their Catholic Priest and the persecutions that would surely follow them, for they would tell me on every private opportunity, 'We believe all you tell us, but we are afraid of the influence brought to bear against us if we turn from the Catholic Church.' Our suffering was awful. While I would go early in the morning into the fields and hold a large plow hauled by four yoke of oxen all day and only get my dinner with the Indians in the field at the noon hour, and would get nothing else until the following day when it would be repeated. I bore up under this treatment for two weeks while Elder Smith was even worse than I was."
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> "Soon after this I had a dream … that I was in a large room with no opening and I was following the wall with my hands and after I had followed the adobe there appeared a personage to me and said: 'Why are you following the walls?' 'To see if I can discover an opening so as to get out of this dark room.' 'Why do you want to get out?' 'So I can do something on my mission.' [Then] he said, for he talked to me in English, 'Look', and as I looked, I could see his arm extended with his finger pointing to the West, and sure enough, there was an opening about 8 inches long and 4 inches wide, while in the center a light resembling a star, and he said to me, 'Go toward the light.' I answered, 'No, I must not go in that direction.' 'Why?' 'Because I have a beautiful family in that direction and it would be a trick of the Devil to get me started toward them. Peradventure I could not stop, and thus prove myself recreant to my calling.' He raised his voice and said, 'Go toward the light', and I offered again my reasons for refusing, when he screamed at me and said, 'I tell you to go toward the light', and disappeared."
>
> "On the following morning we took up our march and, of course, followed the star, 125 miles to the Fish Springs on the Zuni Reservation, killing here and there a rabbit. We journeyed but very slowly, as our horses had made a journey of over 1000 miles. While we were so weak, we were compelled to hang to their tails to push us over mountains and … on the last days of March, 1876, we stopped at Fish Springs, and on dismounting Elder Smith fell prostrate to the ground while I spread out a blanket and helped him roll over onto it. We had caught sight of smoke rising down farther in the narrow valley and I said to Elder Smith: 'I'll go on down and see if anybody lives there."
>
> "I started and had not gone far when I could see that the smoke issued from underground dugouts made for summer purposes to cultivate their farms, and as I drew near I could see a small crowd gathered outside in the little village in the act of staking out a beef hide, and as I neared them a distance of, say, 75 yards, out from them came a young man to meet me, and on meeting me he talked to me in his own language which I didn't understand, but in his talk he would repeat: 'Yacob', meaning Jacob Hamblin, and then he would point to me and measure from the ground about my height when a little boy, and took hold of my

rope and led me back to this crowd and began to talk to them, and again I could hear distinctly the word 'Yacob', meaning Jacob, [he was referring to the 1858 visit of Hamblin to the Hopi village, he being present at that time] a few moments explanation from him every man came up and shook hands with me. The star or light of which I dreamed I had been instructed, then commanded to go toward the light, disappeared."

"Our labors were now crowned with the blessings of heaven, while the spirit of the gospel flew into other villages and we were laboring with our might to teach these good people, it happened that the grasshoppers had made their appearance at another village and were simply eating every vestige of green leaves off of every tree and they had reached the fall wheat at Nutrioso village and had begun eating the wheat below the surface of the ground which naturally caused consternation among the Zuni Nation, whereupon the Casique came to me and brought with him his associates and said: 'Now, Brother Tenney, we have accepted you as divinely sent to us, and we have accepted your doctrines in which you have maintained that by accepting and obeying your teachings that it would prepare us for greater blessings than we would otherwise be entitled to, and that your God, which you said was also our God, would hear us when we would pray to Him. Now Brother, the grasshoppers have come over [to] the Nutrioso village and are just beginning to sweep the crops of our people and we want you to go over there and pray to that God to take them away, for when they have devoured those crops they will come over to all of our villages and devour everything and our aged fathers and mothers with our innocent children will starve to death.'"

"These words aroused every emotion of my makeup, while my mind flew as upon the wings of the wind for an answer. There I stood in the presence of a child king who was appealing to me as an innocent, dying child, for they verily viewed [us] as prophets that had been sent to them by the Great Spirit, for in our administration among them, the Lord had condescended to heal their sick through the laying on of our hands and solicitations were in accord with our teaching. While under this awful strain of mind I was carried instantaneously to a view (vision) of the conditions and I saw persons in the attitude of praying and I saw these grasshoppers flying."

Tenney instructed the Zunis to return to Nutria, not saying a word about their old traditions, but thinking only of what they had been taught. He told them to form a prayer circle and lay their case before God. With hearts full of faith they did this and a great miracle ensued. The grasshoppers left in a great drove. Tenney writes: "We continued and labored with all our might, and when we were released, we had organized three branches and had baptized 167 souls and had blessed a great many children, but our sorrow was not all over, for we suffered for food going home, while our poor horses were so badly worn that we were compelled to walk on foot. On arriving at Kanab [Utah], my home, we found all well and furnished Elder R.H. Smith a fresh horse to carry him another 350 miles to Logan, Utah. This ends the journey of over 2000 miles which surely brought its hardships and joys."

Among their converts were 116 Zunis and 34 Navajos. Lorenzo Hatch was called to fill the gap and came to Zuni in August. He stayed several months and was replaced by a pair of missionaries: Ernst Tietjen and Luther Burnham, in December, 1876. They settled in the Savoya Valley (above the Ramah Dam) where Jose Pino, the Navajo leader, pointed out a favorable location. This was the beginning of a remarkable, lifeflong friendship between Pino and Tietjen. John Hunt and a few other families joined the missionaries the next spring. Anthony Ivins, a traveling missionary, had written Church Authorities from Fish Springs that it was "a beautiful place, the land rich and water good. One hundred families might be sustained here." [A Zuni Reservation had not yet been set up]. Perhaps on the strength of this recommendation, a wagon train of 100 converts from Arkansas was sent to Savoya under the leadership of Nelson Bebee in 1878. There was not enough food, so all but a four families were sent on to the Little Colorado settlements. One family contracted smallpox while lingering in Albuquerque to work, then hurried on to join the group. The dread disease made the winter a terrible one at Savoya with 13 deaths. The Navajos were very kind. They had been warned not to come near the houses, but they left

fresh venison at the edge of the colony. One family, the Brimhalls, became orphans when the mother died and was taken in by the Zunis and nursed back to health.

About the same time of the Savoia epidemic, another Mormon missionary, Llewelyn Harris, passed through Zuni and found an epidemic there. Because of the childlike faith of these humble people, another great miracle occurred. Harris' account was printed in a Church newspaper, The Millennial Star, June 2, 1879:

Brother Orson Pratt,

"Your favor of Nov. 27th is received wishing me to give a history of the healing of the Zuni Indians of smallpox, by the laying on of hands, which I will do, as near as I can remember the circumstances … I arrived at the Zuni village January 20th, 1878, and found some sick with the smallpox in nearly every house. I put up with a Zuni Indian known as Captain Loebee who had three children sick with the smallpox. After I had been asleep two or three hours, I was awakened by the cries of the family and some of the neighbors who had come in. I arose, and inquired the cause of the crying, and was informed by Captain Loebee that his daughter, a child of about 12 years of age, was dying. I saw she was gasping for breath. I felt like administering to her then, but the Spirit of the Lord prompted me to wait a little longer. I waited until she had done gasping and she did not appear to breathe. The Spirit of the Lord moved upon me very strong to administer to her, which I did; she revived and slept well the remainder of the night, and all seemed much better in the morning."

"The news of this spread through the town, and the next day I was called to visit about twenty five families, all of whom had one or more sick with the smallpox. They also wished me to administer to the sick, which I did. I was called upon to visit from ten to twenty families a day for four days after my arrival, and administer to their sick. The power of the Lord was made manifest to such a degree that nearly all I administered to recovered. The disease was spreading so rapidly that I was unable to visit all the houses. One morning about eight o'clock one of the Zuni women came for me to go and visit the sick; she took me to a house which had a large room in it, about twenty by forty feet. When I entered the room, I found they had gathered the sick from all parts of the village till they had completely filled the house. The stench that arose and the horrible sight that met my eyes is beyond description. They had a Spaniard there who understood the Zuni language, for an interpreter, who told me they wanted me to administer to all those who were sick in the room. I being the only Elder in the village, it seemed to be a great task to administer to so many, but I called on the Lord to strengthen me."

"I commenced, and as fast as I administered to them they were removed, but other sick ones were continually being brought in. It was late in the afternoon before I could perceive that they began to diminish in numbers. When I had administered to the last one and went out, the sun had set and it was getting dark. The Spaniard who had stayed there all day asked me if I knew how many I had prayed for. I told him that I did not keep count; he said he had and that it was 406. The next morning my arms were so sore that I could hardly move them."

"There was a Presbyterian minister in the village, who became jealous of the influence I was gaining with the Indians. He persuaded two Spaniards, one Navajo Indian, one Albino Zuni, and one of the Zuni medicine men to circulate lies and frighten the Zunis, telling them that those who were healed were healed by the power of the devil. I felt weak from the effects of administering so much, and on the second day after administering to the 406, I started for the settlement in Savoia Valley. The next day after arriving in Savoia I was taken down with a severe fever, which lasted about a week. I stopped with the family of brother John Hunt, who treated me very kindly. It was about three weeks before I was able to resume my journey to the Mexican settlements on the Rio Grande. I spent about four months preaching to the Mexican people in New Mexico. When I arrived at Savoia on my return, I was informed by the brethren that the minister who opposed me at Zuni had passed there and was nearly dead with the consumption. When I arrived at Zuni, I was told by some of the most reliable Zunis that all that I had administered to recovered, excepting five or six that the minister gave medicine, and four or five that the medicine man had tried to cure by magic. The medicine man that opposed me had died during my absence, and the Navajo who opposed me, on returning home, was killed by his people to keep the smallpox from spreading among them."

When the winter of 1879 set in, Geronimo came to the San Carlos Reservation and surrendered. Victorio was trying to surrender at Ojo Caliente, near Truth or Consequences, but was being hotly pursued. The Apaches killed Lt. French, then ran off 120 horses at Socorro and killed 8–10 men. At Polvadera

they killed two men and captured a boy. Twenty horses were stolen at Hillsboro, and it is said that Victorio and his men rode through the streets, daring the citizens to attack them. The next May (1880) brought Victorio a rude surprise. A group of 75 newly hired Apache scouts surrounded his camp in the night and killed 30–50 of his band at daybreak. This was the turning point in his career, and he ran for Mexico. We turn now to Ft. Wingate to gauge the effect of all this on Savoia. At word that Victorio had turned north from Ojo Caliente, there was near panic. The Apaches could travel 50–75 miles in one night. Rumors spread that the Apaches were coming to attack the Post at Wingate and every precaution was taken. The Navajos were in an ugly mood and were seriously considering joining the Apaches in an uprising. Outlying Mormon settlements were called in to St. Johns, Arizona. Six weeks later, when the scare was over, only Ernst Tietjen returned to Savoya.

Most of the Ramah Pioneers came from the Mormon colony of Sunset, Arizona, near Winslow. It was named for the nearby Sunset Crossing of the Little Colorado River. In December, 1872, Brigham Young was envisioning a Great Basin Empire that extended southward into Mexico. Neighboring Arizona beckoned, but the rugged canyonlands of the Colorado Plateau and the precipitous walls and treacherous waters of the Colorado River made passage in that direction a major obstacle. A second obstacle, almost as serious, was the Navajos. Lee's Ferry was only one of two places one could cross the Colorado River between Moab, Utah and Needles, California. The south side of the river was a two-mile apron of tilted bedrock traversed with a precarious roadway that usually took a half day to negotiate. Double teams were used. This was followed by steep and contorted downgrade. No one who traveled that route ever forgot it.

Wilford Woodruff declared that "After crossing over the great Colorado River at Lee's Ferry and crossing the hog's back, which seemed to be the most difficult and dangerous road for loaded teams to pass over that I ever saw, I indulged in the thought and hope that not many years would pass before a suspension wire bridge would span that river." Hyrum Jerome Judd declared that it was "the worst piece of road a wagon was ever taken over" Another group was out in the middle of the river when a large tree came floating down, turning end over end in the current. It smashed into the ferry, nearly destroying it and killed some of the livestock.

When Eliza Bloomfield went from Sunset with Joseph James on their way to St. George to be married, she had a harrowing experience at the Ferry she never forgot and told many times. When they arrived, the ferry boat was across the river with no one to bring it back to them. Joseph decided there was nothing else to do except to swim across the river and bring the ferry back. He left his bride-to-be standing on the bank full of fear that he might not make it across. What would happen to her if he did not? The river was wide at that point, so in order to come out where the ferry was launched, Joseph waded a mile up river, knowing the current would carry him at least a mile downstream. It was mid-December and the water was icy. Out of modesty he waited until he was out of sight of the young lady, then disrobed and tied his clothes around his neck. Eliza said she never prayed harder in her life than she did as she watched the tiny speck as it battled the swift current, visible one minute and out of sight the next.

Mormon colonization was the predominant single force in the settlement of the West, resulting in 500 Latter Day Saint communities with nearly 400 established by Brigham Young alone. These colonies differed sharply from the usual random settlement in this respect: they were *organized in advance* with a leader appointed by Church authorities. The leader frequently led the way to the colony. The settlers had been prepared with a list of what they would need. They felt that they were on a mission, that they had been called of God to come there and conquer the desert and "build up the Kingdom." Many of them had been uprooted from more comfortable surroundings. Their religion was a strongly unifying force; they would live together and worship together. When defense from Indians was a consideration, a fort would be built first. As soon as the threat was over, a townsite would be mapped out according to a standard plan. Blocks were laid out with a town square for a church; streets were wide and aligned with the cardinal directions. Each family was given a lot in town (chosen in a drawing) and one outside in "the big field." The colonists were farmers, using irrigation extensively. For cash they usually resorted to freighting or carrying the mail. They cooperated in building a reservoir and in helping each other with building, fencing, etc. They kept the outside world at arm's length in order to preserve their culture.

In 1876, the year before his death, Brigham Young sent 200 colonists to make four settlements along the Little Colorado River between Holbrook and Winslow. Brigham was absolutely determined that this second mission to Arizona would not fail. Accordingly, he instructed the colonists that he

wanted no “babyism” on this venture and that they would not find “ready cooked pigs and turkeys”, but “you will find a hard, rugged road to travel, and if you expect to have clothing you must make it. We want men that can fit themselves out. We would not give much for those that need others to fit them out.” Lot Smith was chosen to head up the mission because he was a “man of iron” who would stay there under any condition. Brigham's counselor had declared that

> “If there be deserts in Arizona, thank God for the deserts … When … we extend our borders we must not expect to find a land of orange and lemon groves, a land where walnut trees and timber abound; where bees are wild and turkeys can be had for the shooting … good countries are not for us. The worst places in the land we can probably get, and we must develop them. If we were to find a good country, how long would it be before the wicked would want it and seek to deprive us of it?”

Brigham knew how discouraged colonists could get, and to one leader headed in that direction, he said:

> “Take men with big families and little means so they will be too poor to come back.” To the Arizona colonists themselves, his advice was to “sell everything you have so that you will have no ties to come back to.”

The colonists had a terrible time trying to dam the Little Colorado River for irrigation. When the floodwaters came down the sandy washes, they melted everything in their path like sugar. The settlement of St. Joseph, for example, built eight dams across the river at a cost exceeding $50,000.

There had been a serious economic Panic in 1873. Brigham Young sensed that the root of the problem was that there was more money going out into the world than was coming in. He foresaw that human beings have a tendency to be extravagant. To alleviate this problem, he instituted the United Order, an organization in which all things were to be had in common. Like the New Testament order, there were to be no rich or poor among them. The four colonies in Arizona were to live the United Order. At Sunset the settlers all ate at one table, 55 feet long. Economically the settlement of Sunset, near Winslow, was a success. It became a half-way station for other Mormon colonists coming into Arizona, providing them with much needed grain and other supplies. The settlers established a dairy herd and a sawmill in the mountains near Flagstaff (Mormon Lake) and one year they produced over 900 gallons of sorghum molasses. Their leader, Lot Smith, had an indomitable temper and was so inflexible that the colonists finally rebelled. In August 1882, Lot sent five of the dissidents (John Bloomfield, Samuel Garn, Peter Nielson, Aser and Polk Pipkin) to Savoya, 165 miles distant, as missionaries to the Lamanites. Another half dozen families (almost half the colony) followed them in sympathy. Among them was Ira Hatch, James R. McNeil, William Johnston, Will Bond, James and Emer Ashcroft, and Hyrum Judd. Frihoff Nielson followed them nine months later.

Annie Burke recalls that the settlers were given 25 lb of four, 5 lb of grease, and 5 lb of sugar to live on all winter. The Bond family, she said, had a yoke of oxen and an old milk cow they had been given at Sunset. The old cow gave a quart of milk a day and no cream! Before winter set in, they ate red roots, pigweeds, dandelions, lamb's quarter, and sourdock for green. Salt, pepper, and vinegar served as seasonings. Occasionally they found a few sego lilies and put them in their milk gravy. Many times they searched desperately for wild onions and wild potatoes to sustain life. A little parched corn kept many a family alive when there was little else to be had.

There were a few abandoned cabins at Savoya that were fixed up while others lived in their wagon beds that first winter. When Spring came, they decided to move down into what is now the Ramah Valley (provided they could find water from dug wells). They worked cooperatively to build a reservoir large enough for all of them. Cabins frequently had dirt floors and a white cheesecloth, called "factory", formed the ceilings. One old timer remembered as a child how frightened he used to get when the cats got in the cloth ceilings, rolling and fighting. Sometimes a quilt was the only door a family had that first simmer. The wooden bedsteads had ropes run through them instead of springs. The children used trundle beds, pushed under the other beds in the daytime. Mattresses were ticks filled with oat straw or corn shucks. The only light came from a braided cloth wick, immersed in melted tallow and hung over the side of a dish.

Milk was kept cool in the cellars or lowered into one of the hand-dug wells or placed outside a north window, covered with wet burlap sacks. Refrigeration was non-existent. The settlers raised rutabagas, beets, potatoes, wheat and corn, but nothing was known then about preserving food

[except for drying fruit and jerking meat]. In cold weather meat could be kept for long stretches of time by hanging it on the north side of the house. As the weather warmed up, the meat would be wrapped in a canvas tarp in the daytime and hung out at night. The root vegetables could be kept fairly well in damp sand in the cellars. Dick Bloomfield later built an icehouse. In the winter he cut ice from the lake and stored it in layers of sawdust, thus providing the community with ice in the summer. Laura Lambson wrote that all the pioneers were hungry some of the time and some of them all the time. Mary George McNeil lived later in Savoyetta Canyon near the Tietjen family. In an interview she remembered that

> "Sometimes the winter hung on too long. Once when there was no food left but one loaf of bread, Father gathered us all around and asked us if we were willing to save that one loaf for the baby. We all said we were. He went out then and managed to find and kill a porcupine. We cooked it all one day and couldn't eat it, it was so tough. So we cooked it another whole day and it would still pull your teeth out to try and eat it. After we ate the porcupine, he found some prickly pears, just as snotty and sticky as could be. We ate those. Finally, Grandpa Pipkin from up the canyon sent word that he had some flour to loan Father, so Father went over the mountain to get it. He was so weak he could hardly get back in the snow, but he told me that he would think of his children starving and that would keep him going."

Mary maintained that the experience was good for them but did stunt their growth, but her father moved back to Idaho with his family. On his return trips, Mary tried to persuade him to go look at the old home, but he would not: "I saw my children cry for bread there", he would say, "and I never want to be reminded of it."

There were no doctors in Ramah, and no medicines to be had. Infectious diseases were the main killers. The midwives were skillful in the use of herbs. Yarrow tea would break a fever. Oregon Graperoot was used for chancre and as a spring tonic. Peppermint and sage tea were valuable for stomach troubles. Infections were treated with kerosene, and, later, with Epsom salts. Turpentine was applied to wounds and insect bites were soothed with onion juice. Cocklebur tea was useful for diarrhea and forcing measles to break out. Open sores and chest colds were treated with all sorts of poultices. Rattlesnake bites were treated by killing a chicken and placing the still-warm flesh on the wound to draw out the poison.

Education was not to be neglected. Parents paid the teacher from $1-$3 for each child sent to school. Phebe McNeil was enlisted to teach, but some of the children had to tend her baby while the others recited. School and church were held in the one-room (12 x 18) meeting house which was built in 1883. Children brought their own benches and Mrs. Clawson still remembers with envy the beautiful bench possessed by one of the Garn children. Slates were used to write on. If a slate were broken accidentally, the pieces were carefully saved for writing material.

In Ramah, some of the settlers had not seen times as hard as Ernst Tietjen had seen, and in a sermon in 1884 he "found fault with too much grain being left in the field during harvest and no anxiety manifested to save or get hold of any grain." This very frugality explains Ernst's serious feelings about a joke his son Joe played on him one Halloween. Ernst had a jet-black pony. Joe and his friends took flour and rubbed it into the pony's hair until he was a mouse-gray in color. Next morning Bishop Tietjen found the pony in his feed lot and tried repeatedly to drive the "stray" away, but the pony had been a pet and would be back in a matter of minutes. In exasperation the bishop tried to set his dog on the horse, but the dog would do nothing. At this point the youngsters were losing it. The Bishop was furious when he discovered what they had done: "Wasteful, wasteful, wasteful!", he yelled. He even talked of having Joe confess his wrongdoing in church. Inasmuch as that would have involved a recital of his own antics, he thought better of it.

Joe Tietjen was himself the brunt of a number of jokes by his younger brother, Alma. On one occasion they had been digging postholes for a fence. Alma ran the wagon over one hole, then placed the crowbar in the hole, tilted at a 45 degree angle and just touching the wagon. When Joe drove the wagon forward, it reared nearly a foot into the air and came down with an awful jolt, leaving Joe to try to figure out what had happened.

The principal recreation was dancing. Bonfires in the streets were frequent and Annie Burke said that "Will O'Fallon could play the harmonica and we learned to waltz right here in the street. There was a panther that came around sometimes, though, and when we heard him scream, we would all scamper home." Ice skating and sledding were popular. If no

sleigh was available, a horse-drawn cowhide would do as well. Candy pulls always attracted a crowd of young people.

The Church bell served an important function in the community. It rang twice before each important function: thirty minutes beforehand to serve as a reminder and thirty minutes later. The bell also rang for special occasions and continuously in case of fire. One night at a dance in Ramah the church/schoolhouse bell began to ring. This caused some excitement, and everyone ran outside to see who was ringing the bell, but no one was there. This happened several times, but in the darkness no one could see a wire strung from the bell to the flagpole then across to the Bond House; inside the house two little Bond boys were watching the scene with delight.

Of course life was not all work and no play. A lot of plays were presented by the townspeople [The Church requested that this be done] and some of the people became rather good actors. Annie Bond Burke recalled that in one play "I was supposed to pick up a live mouse which they had caught down at the granary. I didn't know he would *bite*, and I threw him down so hard I killed him. In another play I had a pistol and I was supposed to pretend I was shooting Gene Lambson. Without my knowing it, they loaded the gun with blanks, and when it went off, Gene fell over. I thought I had killed him!"

Construction of the dam required a prodigious amount of work. It was a tremendous engineering feat and work on it would continue for many years. A ramp was built so that a wagon could be driven underneath it. Then teams made great circles, scooping up dirt in slips, then overturning the slips on top of the ramp. The ramp had spaces about three inches wide between the slats and the dirt fell through these into the wagon. The wagon was then driven up on top of the dam. The floorboard of the wagon consisted of 2x4's which had handles cut on the rear. The teamster could turn each board on its side and thus dump the dirt. In this way many thousands of cubic yards of dirt was dumped on the dam. The upper face of the dam was laced with logs to prevent breakage. Frihoff Nielson wrote that in 1883 he fulfilled his contract to "put in place 37 logs, 32 feet long, averaging 8 inches at the top."

There was disaster in 1897 when there was a large snow pack in the mountains. A leak developed in the dam that was below the water level and could not be repaired. The thaw burst the dam at 4 a.m. March 28th. Frihoff wrote that "All of J.B. Ashcroft's three places carried away, all his corrals and stables except his barn. M. Gallagher's stables and corrals and swept fence away, bridge across wash and doing much damage, but no lives lost. Some chickens, pigs, and calves drowned. W.H. Bond with all his family came up to my place, fearing the water might come to their houses, but it soon receded... Went up to reservoir and saw the wash out. Most of the dam gone, culbert all gone, and will be much worse than to make a new dam somewhere else."

With a great deal of labor the dam was repaired, but the people were greatly discouraged over loss of their crop. Church attendance fell off. Will Bond called for determination to stay: "If we could raise a crop the coming season he thought all would be well." He "dreamed that rain filled the reservoir and stopped when the job was done." but the situation was so serious that Bishop Lewis appealed to Salt Lake and they sent 5000 lbs. of seed wheat to help. The Bishop heard all the complaints but finally lost his patience with "the uneasy feeling" He said it would be best for Ramah were this feeling and those who held it to leave but for his part "he would not feel rite to go off and leave the place in the time of trials" after the Authorities had been so generous with help. Bond's dream of water in the reservoir came true and "very fair crops were raised." In December, 1898, though, things were again quite serious. Elder John Henry Smith, on a visit, said Ramah was "the toughest proposition in the Church... tough on the people living there." A great deal of effort was expended to repair the dam but in 1905 it washed out again. This time Nielson gave the estimates for repair: it would take 6700 cubic yards of rock and 6000 cubic yards of dirt. One might say that the settlers were *always* working on the dam.

In 1866, as an incentive for construction of a transcontinental railroad, Congress granted the Railroad all the odd-numbered sections in a strip of land forty miles wide on either side of the track in the territories. A ten-mile-wide indemnity strip on each side was added to compensate the Railroad for lands previously occupied. This checkerboard strip, one-hundred miles wide, from Isleta New Mexico westward to the California line, gave the Railroad over 14 million acres, comprising over 9% of the total area of the two states (13% of Arizona). The land was to be granted as the track was completed and as soon as the land was surveyed. Construction began in 1880. The Railroad tried to dispose of its land grant, but only in large parcels (100,000 acres or more). They did not want to bother with small sales. As early as 1883 Bishop Tietjen "said he did not feel frightened about the account of how the Railroad

company sell their lands 100,000 acres to one person."

Two large sales by the Railroad did have a powerful effect on the Mormon settlers. It sold a million acres to the Aztec Land and Cattle Company which consisted of a strip 40 miles wide and 90 miles long (in a checkerboard pattern) from Flagstaff to Holbrook. The price of the land was 50¢ an acre. The cattle company imported 40,000 head of cattle and became known as the Hash-knife Outfit. A great deal of the land previously taken up by Mormon settlers along the Little Colorado fell under this sale. Most of their land had to be bought at much higher prices.

In 1882 a military group started ranching operations from Ft. Wingate. Major Tucker, the paymaster, homesteaded Nutria Spring when he discovered that it lay just off the Zuni Reservation. Tucker was a son-in-law of Senator Logan of Illinois. Captain Lawton homesteaded six miles farther down the Nutria Valley, but was forced to desist by the wild-eyed ethnologist at Zuni, Frank Cushing. The puny Cushing, who styled himself "War-chief of the Zunis", could scarcely have engaged in physical combat, but he was a feisty warrior, ready to take on anyone with his pen. The battle soon involved the powerful Senator from Illinois who used all his influence to get Cushing removed, even if he had to crush the Bureau of Ethnology to do it. The commanding officer, Colonel Luther Bradley, homesteaded two miles north of Savoia but withdrew before he proved up on the claim.

In 1883 Bradley, James Fornance, and Thomas Mumford formed the Cebolla Cattle Company, also known as the Box S Ranch. At a later date the name was changed to the Cibola Cattle Company. Their headquarters were just a couple of miles from the spring at Savoia where Ernst Tietjen had settled. By this time, however, Ernst had moved to Ramah. The operation became something of a land-grabbing scheme for which New Mexico was so famous. Soldiers at the fort could homestead the land without living on it; afterwards they could and did sell it to the Cattle Company.

The cattle company took action In November 1886 the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad agreed to sell a large chunk of land (40,000 acres or 65 sections in a checkerboard pattern) to the Cebolla Cattle Company. The price was fifty cents per acre. This sale included several sections in the Ramah Valley. The townsite itself was on Section 35, T11N, R16W. After the survey in 1881 (but not before then), it was known that Ramah was on Railroad land. This information gradually dawned on the Ramah settlers. Apostle Lyman had counseled them to secure their land in 1884, but they did nothing. Several historians have severely criticized Bishop Tietjen for not taking action. But what action *could* be taken? The Railroad was not selling *small* tracts of land. In general, no tracts less than a township (36 sections) were sold. Sam Young has argued that Frihoff Nielson was urging Tietjen not to do anything, probably under the squatter's right doctrine whereby the land would not have to be paid for. After all, Congress had granted lieu lands for land already occupied. At Snowflake, Arizona, the land occupied by the Mormons had been paid for but part of it was found to be on Railroad lands. Action there produced a promise from the Railroad which turned out to be worthless. The land was sold to the Aztec Land and Cattle Company anyway. A good lawyer would have prevented them from losing the land. At Ramah the Cattle Company decided not to let ten years elapse under the adverse possession law. In 1889 they issued an ultimatum:

Notice

To the people living on Section 35 of township 11 North, Range 16 West. You are hereby notified that all settlers on Section 35 are requested to vacate the land by the 15th of March, 1889. This being one of the railroad sections purchased from the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad by the Cebolla Cattle Company in 1886. It may be well to remind you that any improvements on the land in the way of houses, stables, corrals, fences, etc., you are according to law, prohibited from removing or destroying. The company does not wish to sell or lease this land. The rent for the use of the land in the last few years will be a subject for further consideration. Signed THE CEBOLLA CATTLE COMPANY, by E.A. Carr, president, Clark M. Carr, Secretary, Wingate, NM, Jan 1, 1889.

With this alarming development, a committee consisting of F.G. Nielson, J.E. Ashcroft, W.F. James, S.E. Lewis, and J.E. Garn was appointed to consult with Mr. Carr and other church members were asked to "exercise their faith and prayers that the hearts of these men might be softened, and we would be able to establish ourselves." Ten dollars an acre was the asking price. It was twenty times what the cattle company had paid. It was almost a third of the price the cattle company had paid for their 65 sections of land. It was far more than most of the settlers could pay. In view of this exorbitant price, Bishop McNeil urged the Saints to "build up and improve their surrounding" despite the threat. The

cattle company issued another notice in March, 1890 with a thirty day limit. The settlers then sent Bishop McNeil to Salt Lake City to see whether the Church would help with the purchase. The Bishop was a good advocate and the Church forwarded the $6400 needed to buy the section.

At that time the government was making life very difficult for the Mormon Church and was in the process of seizing all their money and property to force them to stop polygamy. The Church had little income because people thought it was no use to pay tithing when the government would get it anyway. The Church President sent word that the settlers "were all called to stay there and help make that purchase" by work on the dam. The committee had been able to negotiate one valuable point: they gained permission to raise the water level in the dam 15 feet and have the lake back up on land belonging to the Carrs. The lake would become about two miles long and a quarter of a mile wide.

The reader will, of course, be curious about polygamy in the Mormon settlements. It is impossible to understand the Ramah story without some knowledge of polygamy. It completely transformed the lives of the pioneers. For about forty-five years a few members of the Mormon Church (about 5% of the men, 12% of the women) practiced polygamy. The practice was officially abandoned in 1890 and today any Mormon who practices it is excommunicated and those in sympathy with it are denied a temple recommend. The practice was *regulated* by Church leaders and a man had to be "worthy" and "able" to support additional families and have permission to participate. Today a man is considered worthy if he pays a full tithing, abstains from liquor, tobacco, coffee and tea, has no sexual relationships outside of marriage, is honest, loyal, and faithful to Church teachings. The requirements at that time were essentially the same. Today the word polygamy conjures up extra-marital relationships and very little else. As practiced by the Mormons it was a very different kind of thing.

Mormons believe that polygamy came by way of revelation to Joseph Smith. It is somewhat surprising that early Church leaders found the doctrine unwelcome. Brigham Young's reaction, when told about it was, "It was the first time in my life that I had desired the grave, and I could hardly get over it for a long time." Joseph's Smith's wife, when she heard about it, threw the revelation in the fire. Like the Jews, the Mormons regarded themselves as the Chosen People: chosen to take the gospel to the rest of the world. Tevye, in The Fiddler on the Roof, exclaims at one point "I know, I know. We are Your chosen people. But, once in a while, can't You choose someone else?" Like Tevye, many Mormons must have despaired: "Why did You impose this burden on us?"

About the time that our story begins, polygamy was being strongly urged upon faithful members by the leadership of the Church. It had all the force of a commandment, but it was never taught that it was a *requirement* for all. B.H. Roberts, the Church Historian and himself a polygamist, aptly summarized it:

> "Latter-day Saints did not accept into their faith and practice... the idea that [the plural wife system] would increase the comfort, or add to the ease of any one. From the first it was known that it would involve a *sacrifice*, to make a large demand upon the faith, patience, hope, and charity of all who should attempt to carry out its requirement. Its introduction was not a call to ease or pleasure, but to religious *duty*; it was not an invitation to self-indulgence, but to self-conquest; its purpose was not earth-happiness, but earth-life discipline, undertaken in the interest of special advantages for the succeeding generations of men."

His words were prophetic: it proved to be severe "earth-life discipline" indeed. "Obedience" was the keyword, and in Mormonism obedience to Church authority carries great weight. Quite often there was nothing romantic about the second marriage—the men were "counseled" (read "commanded") to take another wife and they did it as a matter of duty. In their journals it was as much an act of obedience as Abraham's sacrifice of his only son had been. It was not something that either the men or the women looked forward to and was sometimes quite painful to both. It at least doubled the set of problems faced by a young married couple, and this included finances. Old Testament practice was used to justify it. Sarah had been very kind when she gave her maid to Abraham so that he might have an heir, but the arrogance of the new bride as she tried to assume first place in Abraham's affections so sickened Sarah that she drove her out into the desert, even though she was likely to die. Jacob was tricked into taking Leah as a wife when he really wanted Rachel, and it became very painful to Leah ("Rachel

have I loved, Leah have I hated") and there ensued a bitter contest for heirs. Polygamy became the downfall of David and Solomon when they took it to extremes. The Book of Mormon condemned in strongest terms men who had relationships with other women than their wives: it "placed daggers to pierce the souls of their wives and wound their delicate minds."

To a woman, polygamy must have been excruciatingly painful: her husband was never hers alone: the other woman in her husband's life was always there. Polygamy required the consent of the first wife and worse than that she was required to place the new wife's hand in her husband's and give her to him. What was the payoff in polygamy? They expected the riches of a larger family in the eternities. They took to heart Psalms 127:4–5: "As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man; so are children of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them." Inasmuch as the goal of polygamy was the birth of children, openly acknowledged and responsibly card for, polygamy could not be confused with ordinary adultery and infidelity whose goal is never children.

To minimize the jealousy and hurt, many women chose their sister for the second wife. Taking their share of the workload was frequently a qualification for the new wife; McAllister, President of the St. George Stake, obtained his wife's consent if he would marry "a sensible helpmate and not a silly little girl." Allen Nielson wrote about Frihoff G. Nielson's first wife, Emma, (who had a hard time being converted to the "principle"). At length her father "taught her the true meaning of the principle. She accepted the challenge and selected a woman who had been passed over by the men in St. George. Mary Ellen was a lovely person, but not too attractive physically."

For the men, things were no easier. Men were sometimes told when to marry or whom to marry. For Ernst Tietjen, his first wife selected for him her dear cousin in Norway as the second wife. She was a mail-order bride. The first wife asked him for the first $80 to pay her passage. Ernst gave her a chance to refuse when she came over, but she consented. After Ernst was living in Ramah, the second wife had a dream in which she saw an Indian woman coming to borrow a tub from her. She also saw her husband married to the woman. Not long afterward, Amanda Hatch, the half-Indian daughter of Ira Hatch, came to borrow her tub. Emma C was so impressed that she asked Ernst to marry the woman. Ernst replied that if she felt so strongly she should go ask Amanda's father for her hand. That was done and Ernst married her. He did not choose either of the polygamous wives. Ira Hatch had himself been told to marry Sarah Dyson, an Indian girl, years earlier. Men had to become peacemakers. In the Joe James family, the first wife thought the husband loved the second wife more than the first and that must be because she was a better cook. If that was the case, it must be because she had a better stove, so the first wife forced her husband to switch the stoves. Soon the first wife found she had the worst stove after all, and nothing would do but the husband must switch them back! I asked Annie Bond if her father's wives (who were sisters) fought. "Did they!" she cackled, "They fought all the time!" Wives could be said to have gotten along if they followed "Sarah's Rule" (respected and honored the wishes of the first wife). Jenny Johnston, a child of the second wife, was asked if her father's three wives got along together. She said, "They got along alright. Aunt Lizzie [the first wife] was the boss and the rest of them minded her. That is the only way I can put it. She ran the roost."

The country was so violently opposed to polygamy (it and slavery were called "the twin relics of barbarism") that it ended in great tragedy. For 38 years the Mormons were subjected to intense pressure from the national press. There were seven Supreme Court decisions regarding polygamy, three in favor of the Church and four against it. The last decision was disastrous, for under it polygamists were disfranchised and declared ineligible for jury service or public office. All offices in Utah Territory were declared vacant and a five man Utah Commission was appointed to supervise registration of voters and to conduct elections. They interpreted the Act to mean that persons professing belief in polygamy as a religious principle, i.e. *all* Mormons, were disfranchised. Actual polygamy (being *married* to more than one person) was difficult to prove in court because the Church would not make its marriage records public, but the Supreme Court pointed out the weaknesses in the law and lawmakers found an easier way: they provided that "unlawful cohabitation" (having lived with or supported and cared for another woman) was punishable by a fine of up to $300 and six months in jail. As redefined by the courts, unlawful cohabitation finally came to mean a refusal to deny the existence of a charged plural marriage tie or "supporting" a second woman. As a result of the law, there were over 1300 convictions and jail sentences for unlawful cohabitation and most of the Church leaders in every Mormon community were in

jail, in hiding or "underground." Still, the Church would not yield on the issue of polygamy.

Finally, in 1887, the Edmunds-Tucker Act was enacted to crush the Church out of existence. It dissolved the Church as a corporation and took over all its assets in excess of $50,000. The Church had spent a great deal of money on legal expenses for members in the courts. This left the Church $300,000 in debt. A major target of the Feds was the Perpetual Emigration Fund, used to assist foreign Saints to migrate to Utah. The Church funds were to be turned over to the public schools. It also took away the right of women to vote in Utah, ruled that children of polygamous marriages could not inherit their father's estate, and required a test oath (a religious test) before holding public office. There had been a promise made that the Church would be allowed to keep their temples in operation, but the Church President now received word that the temples were to be confiscated. They had cost the Latter Day Saints untold sacrifices. They were the most sacred edifices known to the members. Now the work done in them must cease and they would be defiled. The Salt Lake Temple, 40 years in the building, would never open. In 1890, Wilford Woodruff, the president of the Church, under duress, issued the Manifesto [a press release officially ending polygamy] and the members sustained him by a virtually unanimous vote.

We turn now to a consideration of the Navajos who surrounded Ramah and their interactions with the new settlers. Jose Pino (Many Beads) was the local headman (the Navajos had no chiefs). In 1882 there were only eight Navajo families in the Ramah area. Pino pointed out to the first missionaries the favorable site near Savoya and desired them to settle there. Amos Tietjen tells us that Jose Pino used to have a band who raided the settlements along the river. This roving band sometimes waylaid small groups of travelers on their way westward. Ernst Tietjen found Jose rolling his cigarettes with greenbacks found in the ambushes, ignorant of their value. The two became lifelong friends. We recite here one story of the fascinating relationships between the Navajo people and the Mormon settlers, taken from the journal of Paris Ashcroft. The old missionary, Ira Hatch, had settled in Ramah with his family by his late Indian wife, Sarah Dyson, and his new family by Nancy Pipkin. Lafenti Pipkin was Nancy's daughter by a prior marriage, and was Paris' mother. Paris writes that

> "Jose Pino (the chief) was friendly to the Hatch people and a very frequent visitor. He decided to ask Ira Hatch for Lafenti to be his wife. He had several wives already, but that was the custom. It was also their custom to make this proposal of marriage through the parents of the girl, instead of making the proposal directly to the girl. Ira Hatch told him it wasn't our custom to sell our girls to make a deal of this kind, but that if he could get the girl's consent that was the white man's way … At this time Lafenti was keeping company with Josiah Emer Ashcroft, although both of them were quite young. The chief did not waste much time in asking her to marry him. He said he would give her lots of jewelry and nice clothes. He would give her lots of sheep and horses, and she would be looked up to by all the other wives and Indians."
>
> "Of course Lafenti answered and told him she appreciated his friendship, but that she already had a sweetheart and would have to refuse the great chief … He left quite angry … One day Lafenti was alone at the ranch … Jose Pino must have known she was alone, because he came to the house dressed in his finest clothes. He told Lafenti he had come again to ask her to marry him; that he wasn't used to having women refuse him, and would she have him without waiting any longer? She told him again that she already had her lover, and had promised to marry him, and for him to go away now and not bother her any more as she had made up her mind."
>
> "The chief jumped and grabbed Lafenti, and told her he would kill her unless she consented to marry him. He forced her to sit in a chair and taking his hunting knife in his right hand, told her if she still refused, he would cut her throat. Lafenti was very frightened, but she knew good and well she had better not show it. She looked him square in the eye and said, 'Go ahead and kill me if you dare; I am not afraid of you …' This bravery of Lafenti's was too much for Jose and he released her and said, 'I can't kill you; you are too brave a squaw to be killed. I am sorry I acted this way. I will bother you no more.' He made good his word. He was still friendly to their family and in a few years he was baptized."

While relationships with the Navajos were usually harmonious, there were occasional serious difficulties, particularly when stock got into gardens or fields. These caused trouble because raising food for wintertime was so critical: starvation was the alternative. S.C. Young relates an instance involving Emma C. Tietjen.

> "She was oftentimes called upon to act as peace maker between the white people and the Indians. The Indians seemed to never fail to call upon her when they were in need of a friend, and she always responded and acted without fear or hesitation, as the following affair will show."
>
> "In those early days the fields of the white man had no fences around them, and oftentimes animals feeding on the range would get into these fields, and of course eat a great deal of the growing crop, and in other ways do much damage. One day the Ramah men found some horses, which belonged to the Indians, in their fields. This had happened many times before, and the white men decided it was time to teach the Indians the lesson of keeping their horses out of the white man's fields, so the horses were taken and put in a corral and held for damages. This led up to a heated argument between the white men and the Indians. The Indians refused to pay the damages that the white men were asking, and the white men were firm and would not give the horses up without the damages being paid."
>
> "In anger the Indians took the two white men prisoners and left for the Indian camps. Upon this word reaching Ramah, the white men decided it was time to devise some way to stop further trouble, and to meet the Indians with a peace party, so the Ramah men hitched a team of horses to a wagon, and several men, with Emma C. (she always took her little girls with her) as peacemaker, went to meet the Indians. Out about one and one half miles from town was a trail, a short cut, which led from the Indian camps up a hill or bluff which was about one half mile from the Indian camps … The Indians, on leaving their camps to go to Ramah, took the trail leading over the hill. When they came to the top of the hill they discovered that the men from Ramah were coming. The Indians, being in doubt as to the purpose of the white men's coming, took advantage of the bluff for their protection, by hiding in the rocks, and made ready to fight."
>
> "The wagon came to the nearest point of the road to the trail at the top of the hill … and stopped. Emma C. with her three little girls got out of the wagon (while the men waited in the wagon) and walked over to the top of the hill to where they felt sure the Indians were hiding and waiting for the white men to come."

We conclude the story with Emma C's account:

> "So the Navajo Indians were about to kill the men, a Brother Harris and Will Bond. [They] took the men and left, taking them back to their camp. Bro. Tietjen, or Hans as we called him, was away in Arizona preaching to the Indians. Some of Hans' Indian friends came back to Ramah for him to help these two white men that the Indians the Indians had taken before they killed them, as they were bad Indians. Since Hans was not home, I told them I would go back with them and try and make peace. I had learned the Navajo language and could speak it well. I had also been a friend to the Indians. So they took me to their hogan where they had these prisoners. They all sat around with their guns loaded waiting for the signal from the chief to kill these two white men. I walked up to the Indians and said, 'You won't shoot me, will you? When I have always been such a good friend to all of you, to your women and children. I have fed you and warmed you when you were hungry and cold. I have taken care of your women and children when they were sick.' I talked and reasoned with them for a long while. Finally I convinced them of their wrong in taking these two white men who were the Indian's friends, so that at last they let them go."

S.C. Young continues the narrative:

> "After she had talked with the Indians for some time, she succeeded in persuading the Indians to send their guns back to their homes and she sent a note by a friendly Indian to the men in the wagon, telling them to come on up to where she was and meet the Indians, which

> they did, and after a good deal of talking, it was agreed that the Indians should come and get their horses without paying for the damages they had done to the crops. The Indians were to try and keep their horses from getting into the white man's fields, and the white men promised to not shut the Indians' horses up in the corral any more. Peace and good will once more prevailed and all went to their homes feeling good."

Some of the settlers, on occasion, forgot their mission. One such incident arose when Joshua Gibbons shot a dog belonging to a Navajo called Francisco. Gibbons had loaned the Indian a horse and was now afraid he would not get the horse back. He was heard to say that if he did not get his horse, he would catch Francisco and tie him to a tree and whip him within an inch of his life. The enraged Navajo then appeared at Gibbons' home and demanded satisfaction for the dog. Receiving none, he shouted, "What if I kill your chicken?" Gibbons replied, "If you do, I'll shoot you!" At this, the Indian threw a shell into his rifle and leveled it, whereupon Gibbons reconsidered and paid the Indian a pan of potatoes for the dog. For this un-Mormon-like attitude, he was promptly disfellowshipped but later forgiven in view of his inexperience.

The Mormons in Ramah preferred to be isolated from their neighbors in order that they might be "in the world but not of it." The advent of civilization made it increasingly more difficult to maintain the high standards they had set for themselves. An amusing incident occurred in 1913 when Emer Ashcroft was Bishop. The County Commissioners gave a license to Fred Murray to put up a saloon in Ramah. The Bishop counseled ward members not to take a drink even if it was free. [Murray's saloon advertisement can still be seen on the rocks (low down) on the present highway east of town.] Sad to say, Murray got some business from Church members. Most of the members were scandalized and loudly objected that they did not need a saloon in their midst and did not want one. They knew that it attracted bad company. Legally the townspeople and the Church could do nothing. Bishop Ashcroft did the only thing within his power: he bought the saloon out. That left a Mormon Bishop (of all people!) in possession of a wagon load of liquor. Emer's daughter Ida related that

> "That evening a dance was scheduled and [my brother] Wilford, made some boyish promises to "supply liquid refreshment. As Wilford was leaving the house, Emer called him over and told him how much he trusted him. He trusted him so much he said, would he, Wilford, look after the liquor so no boy in town would get in trouble? Wilford honored his father and guarded the tempting wagon all evening. A wise father with principles!!"

One incident in Ramah was told by Atheling Bond. The Mormons opened their dances to the public but insisted that there be no drinking or smoking in the building. To the Gentile cowboys drinking was as much a part of dancing as the music, hence clashes were inevitable. A serious one came when Tom Gore, a relative of the Master Brothers, came into the church hall "obnoxiously drunk". Bishop Duane Hamblin, a former Arizona Ranger who could hold his own with the rowdy element, threw him out and forbade him and his wife to come to the dance again. Gore angrily challenged Hamblin to a duel on the town square. It was agreed that the two would stand back to back, walk so many paces, then turn and shoot until one of them was dead. Atheling was the second for Duane Hamblin. Next morning Atheling and Duane waited in vain for Gore to show up. The Master Brothers, coolest heads around, had kept the peace by ushering Gore off quietly.

October, 1890 brought Ramah's most tragic incident. Polk Pipkin who lived "up in the canyon" from Ramah had married a much younger woman, Vira Lewis. After several years, Mrs. Pipkin had decided to leave her husband, and sent for her brother, Joe Lewis, to help her move. They took the children, her belongings, and the new wagon. Behind, she left one little grave of a daughter drowned in an arroyo. Pipkin had her brother arrested for grand larceny, but a JP in Gallup acquitted him. Joe Lewis and his sister then headed for St. Johns, Arizona, very early one morning without the knowledge of the townspeople. Pipkin's nephew, Joe Hatch, became aware of their departure and informed Pipkin and the two started in pursuit. A second brother, Sam Lewis, seeing Pipkin and Hatch riding down the trail, out beyond the cemetery, "like Indians, not keepin' to the trail" summoned Ernst Tietjen and Will Bond to accompany him in pursuit. Joe Lewis and his sister had set up their camp near the Arizona line. Pipkin and Hatch had been following them closely as darkness fell. A few minutes later, Lewis, Bond, and Tietjen arrived on the scene. Seeing Hatch and Pipkin's horses tied to some willows, Will Bond

shouted a warning to Joe Lewis. Lewis was hiding in the bottom of the arroyo, aware that he was being stalked by Pipkin and Hatch. When he heard the shout, he stood up, making a perfect target with his white shirt. A shot rang out and Joe Lewis fell dead, surviving only long enough to identify his assailant by the flash of the rifle. Almost simultaneously, Joe Hatch yelled for the pursuing trio to throw up their hands. Ernst Tietjen dropped his pearl-handled pistol behind him and Hatch started for it. Tietjen then grabbed it and the two emptied their guns at each other. Meanwhile Pipkin and Lewis were shooting at each other. Lewis' horse fell dead at the first shot and Tietjen's horse was wounded. Tietjen and Hatch reloaded and fired another round of shots while the Pipkin-Hatch pair fled. Will Bond was unable to get his rifle untied, and wheeled his horse for St. Johns to get help, believing the worst. Tietjen and Lewis made the trip back to Ramah with the dead man, his sister, and mother. While the people in Ramah were gathering for the funeral, word was received that the sheriff's posse from St. Johns had gone to the sawmill in the mountains where they believed Joe Hatch to be staying. Surrounding the cabin, they called for Joe Hatch to come out. Unknown to them, only Jim Hatch and his brother Starn were there. Jim had cut himself with an axe and was in bed. Starn went to the door. The trigger happy sheriff yelled at him to throw up his hands. When the bewildered Starn did not do so, the sheriff shot him in the head. This Shakespearean tragedy created an emotional volcano in the little settlement. Several families were related to both sides. Joe Hatch was Ernst Tietjen's brother-in-law. For awhile, both sides were packing guns for each other.

Another serious incident which involved domestic difficulties was that of Chloe O'Fallon. The Lambson family, of which she was a member, lived up in Seboyeta Canyon. Chloe had married Lou O'Fallon, but she went riding with an outlaw named Manning. On the occasion to which we refer, she was riding on the back of the saddle with Manning. Her husband and his half brother, Jim Heath, went looking for her. Just at dark they saw the couple coming down the canyon. No sooner did the parties sight each other than the bullets began to fly. Manning's first bullet hit Jim Heath's saddle horn. Before he had time to fire again, Heath's return fire tore him out of the saddle and he toppled to the ground dead.

The Ramah settlers, being in an isolated area and in the cattle country, fell into a nest of outlaws. On the subject of outlaws, this may be a good place to tell a story that involved many Ramah pioneers. Our story of Billy the Kid begins where all the other stories end: with his death on July 14, 1881. This tale begins with a mysterious stranger who came to the country south of Ramah to live shortly after Billy the Kid was "killed". The man went under the name of John Miller and lived around the old volcano, Cerro Alto. The pioneers at Ramah knew the story well but they kept it to themselves until the author came along with an interest in history. In the 1960s I interviewed Atheling Bond who told me that when Billy the Kid was shot by Pat Garrett, his body was turned over to the Mexican women for burial. They found him still breathing and substituted for his body in the coffin that of a Mexican man who had died the night before. One woman, Isadora, carefully nursed him until he could be taken by night to Milligan's Plaza (later called Reserve) where he recovered. This close call convinced him to leave Lincoln County and to live under an assumed name in a very sparsely settled area, and he and Isadora came to the El Morro Country under the name of John Miller.

Atheling and a friend of his, Rulon Ashcroft, had ridden all one day around Cerro Alto. Night fell, and being many miles from home, the boys decided to stop by and see if they could stay all night with John Miller. Atheling says that,

> "After supper, we got to talkin' about Billy the Kid. Course, he always said he wasn't Billy the Kid, but he told how many times Billy the Kid was shot. There was a six-shooter hanging up on the wall, so I said, "What's all those notches on that six-shooter?" He said, 'Well, those represent the men I've killed.' It was about eight inches longer than an ordinary six-shooter. We got to talkin' and he pulled off his shirt and showed us his back where he had been shot. Where the shots came out, there was a white spot about the size of a fifty cent piece. Where they went in, they were about the size of a 22 bullet -- the white spot was real small. He had been shot about twelve times. You could tell real plain which ones were shot in front and which ones were shot in the back."
>
> "Then he got a rope and put it on his wrists and said, 'Now tie me up. Tie this like you was puttin' hand cuffs on.' So I tied it tight like I was hobblin' a horse. He just turned his hands and rolled it down off his arms just like that. "Now', he said, 'Billy the Kid could do that.' The next morning when

we went to feed the horses, his wife said in Spanish, 'His name is not John Miller, his name is Billy the Kid.' She couldn't talk a word of English. She told us how when he was shot and wounded she took care of him and had hid him in a straw mattress when the officers had come into her house. Her name was Isadora."

"When we got ready to go, he came out and there was a hawk flew over and he said, 'See that hawk?' and he never took aim or nothin', just shot from the hip and that hawk came right down. We got to talkin' about shootin' and he told Rulon, 'Now throw that hat up in the air and if it ain't got five bullet holes in it when it comes down, I'll buy you a brand new Stetson hat.' So Rulon said, 'Why, you can't do that -- nobody can put five bullet holes in a hat in the air like that.' So he threw that hat up and when he picked it up, it had five bullet holes in it -- and it wasn't so that they come in one way and went out the other -- there was five holes in it."

"John Miller used to go over and visit old Herman Tacklanburg a lot. My Dad and I went over there one night and Tacklanburg gave us a bed and him and John Miller sat out there on a log all night long and talked. Next morning John Tacklanburg told my Dad that Miller was Billy the Kid, but he was tryin' to do right now and goin' under a different name, but not to cross him and you won't have any trouble with him."

"All the outlaws was acquainted with John Miller. There was a Carl Manning that stayed with him quite a bit. He told Miller that he was going to steal this one horse from my Dad, and Miller said, 'Why are you going to do that? These are poor people and that's all they have.' Manning said that didn't make no difference, he liked that horse and was going to steal him. So John Miller came in and told my Dad and Dad put a chain around the stable door and put a lock on it. The next night after John Miller was there, he went down there in the night and found the chain nearly filed through."

Another part of my story came from a Navajo, Max Miller, who worked for my uncle, Adrian Berryhill, for a number of years. My brother, Joe Tietjen, also worked for Adrian during that time and got to know Max very well. Max had been adopted by John Miller when he was a youngster. On several occasions, when Max would start drinking, he would tell Joe and Adrian that his Dad was Billy the Kid. Perhaps he had been warned not to tell this, and it was only when liquor loosened his tongue that he let it out.

Helen Airy in her book, "Whatever Happened to Billy the Kid?" has pointed out that there were many people around Ramah who knew John Miller well, and they all knew that he was Billy the Kid, but each had a different version of how he got away from Ft. Sumner. [The outlaws I knew were not noted for truthfulness and it is quite possible they told their story differently each time.] Max Miller said that John was wounded several days before the night Billy the Kid was "killed" and that Isadora had hidden him between two straw mattresses until he recovered somewhat. Then on August 8, 1881, he was married to Isadora by Father Berrera in Las Vegas. From there they traveled westward by night, with John driving seven head of cattle. Isadora had a fine team. They came by El Morro, then went south to Quemado and Reserve where they stayed until John had completely recovered. After this, they moved into the Zuni Mountains. Frank Burrard Creasy worked for John Miller for a year and a half. Frank said that, on that fateful night in 1881, Billy the Kid was with an Indian boy about his same age and build and that it was the Indian boy who went over after the meat and was shot. Gene Lambson had yet another version. Gene's Dad had known Pat Garrett while he was at Holbrook and Garrett told him that they sneaked up on Pete Maxwell's house in the night, knowing that the Kid was there. A Mexican youth with a gun answered the door, and Garrett shot him, then told the Kid, who was there with his girlfriend, to leave Lincoln County forever. What confusion!

The accepted story told by historians, however, is shot through and through with holes. Ramon Adams has gleefully pointed out almost hundreds of errors. Over and over authors repeated the mistakes made by one writer or another. Garrett himself was an unreliable witness. Garrett claimed Billy had a gun in his hand and fired a shot at him, but two people who went in the room right afterward said that Billy was unarmed (except for the knife he held). As Billy came into the room, Garrett said that he called out twice in Spanish: "Who comes there?" At that point Garrett did *not* recognize the *voice* and said he thought it might be Manuel Abreu. The man touched the bed and whispered, "Who are they,

Pete?" and Pete Maxwell whispered, "That's him!" and Garrett fired. Having shot Billy the Kid, Garrett dove out the door. Garret says that his deputies "asked me if I had not shot the wrong man. I told them that I had made no blunder, that I knew the Kid's *voice* too well to be mistaken." Garrett then goes to some length to explain why they might have thought it was the wrong man: neither of them knew him and he spoke excellent Spanish and he was barefoot and bareheaded. Evidently, before Garrett's account was published, questions had been raised about whether he had shot an unarmed man and Garrett was trying to disabuse the public on what to them was a very important point.

A coroner's jury was called in to certify the death of the man Garrett had killed. Paco Anaya was on that jury and said that the next morning they found Billy's body *in the room* where the shooting took place. The deputies who were present at the shooting, but who did not know Billy, said that the women took Billy's body over to the carpenter shop *the night he was shot*. Garrett was quite interested in two things (1) showing that he had not killed an unarmed man and (2) getting the $500 reward the governor was offering for Billy the Kid. The body was quickly buried the next morning because the inhabitants were angry enough at Pat Garrett that he had to barricade himself in his room that night to prevent violence. The first report of the jury, written in Spanish, was totally rewritten by a different jury to say something more favorable to Garret's cause. The second jury reported that Garrett had done the public a great service. Some of the people on the second jury had not been present at the scene and one of them was Pat Garrett's brother-in-law. The original coroner's report in Spanish has never been found, only an English translation existing today.

Garrett did *not* get the $500 reward offered by the governor, but public subscriptions were taken up for him so that he was well rewarded. Two months *after* the shooting, a poster appeared in nearby Las Vegas, warning Billy the Kid and others to stay out of town or face a necktie party, showing that *they* did not know he had been "killed". In 1938 a Mr. Poe was interviewed by the WPA. Poe had driven cattle from Texas onto McSween's Ranch where Billy the Kid had been the receiver. Poe had his doubts about the killing, saying that Frank Coe, who had ridden with Billy, claimed that he could "saddle his horse at sunrise at his ranch on the Ruidoso near the resort there, and eat supper with the Kid at sundown." Poe also stated, "Perry Carney told me and two Mexicans told me the Kid positively was not killed. Carney told me the Kid came over and got a saddle after Pat Garrett was supposed to have killed him." Poe claimed that his cousin, the deputy who was with Garrett, said that no one was "allowed to see the remains of the man that was shot except Pete Maxwell and family, the sheriff and deputies and an old Mexican woman". Why? What did they have to hide? (from "They Knew Billy the Kid"). Ben Kemp reported (third hand) that John Collins, who had been a friend of Billy the Kid, helped bury the corpse and that it was not Billy the Kid. Hence there is plenty of reason to doubt the official story.

We have stated that many of the Ramah pioneers knew John Miller quite well, including the Bonds, Ashcrofts, Clawsons, Tietjens and Lambsons. Red Pipkin's nephew said that Red knew Billy the Kid when he was an old man.

A related story is that of Henry Coleman, alias Henry/Street Hudspeth. Orson Pratt Brown, a Mormon lawman working on both sides of the Mexican Border says:

"There had been a gang of men headed by one Israel King, attorney by profession, and who had bought a large tract of land near Deming on the Mimbres River, nine-tenths dry. With maps and charts King showed that steam ships run up the Rio Grand on up the Mimbres River to a town by that name. Going east he sold this interest out to people there for about $150,000. With this money he went into the cattle business on both sides of the border. When I met him he said, "I have a bunch of gun men and we will take what we want and where and when we want it. And they started in with that kind of game. They bought a big herd of cattle at Palomas and as they had no permit from Mexican authorities to pass them over the line. A Mexican lieutenant with 25 Federal soldiers stopped the cattle and the men. King's foreman, Henry Coleman, a gunman and a killer, called the lieutenant aside and pulling his pistol told him to tell his men to let the cattle pass or he would be killed. Coleman took the lieutenant and the cattle across into the U.S. Later we had evidence that part of these cattle were stolen. We also learned that King, Coleman and three other of their men had started a roundup crossing the border at a place away from the customs house. I took three of my men and went to the site of their operations. They weren't there but when they came into camp we arrested them and took five of them to jail at Ciudad Juárez. Here they were taken care of for a while. Henry Coleman was a brother of a [Texas] Senator and when he was sentenced to three years in a Mexican penitentiary they tried influence to get him out of jail."

In about 1950 this author's grandfather, Wallace Berryhill, was living in Albuquerque. Every day he went down to the El Fidel Hotel where a bunch of old timers would gather. Among the group was John Cox who had ranched near the Zuni Salt Lake. Ray Morley had nicknamed him "Salty John" for his association with the Salt Lake in order to distinguish him from another John Cox. I got the rest of Coleman's story from him. John Cox was once Coleman's best friend, but in the end he was among those who killed him. Salty John had attempted to rescue Coleman from the adobe jail in Juarez, Mexico. The jail was without a roof; the walls were 14 [some said 20] feet high, and the place was heavily guarded. It had been agreed that at noon [siesta] Henry would throw a clod of dirt up high to signal which cell he was in. John Cox, to avoid attention, rented a horse from a livery station and dressed as a 'dude'. He rode up very close to the jail and threw a rope over the wall but with no result. It had become tangled. On the second throw, Coleman started to climb out, but this rental horse *would not pull*, no matter how hard Cox goaded him. A guard heard the sounds and began shooting. The new pistol Cox had gotten for Coleman slipped down into his dude clothes. Cox reached down to get it and at that moment his horse got away from him. He then ran for the river, ¾ of a mile away, ripped his pants getting across a barbed-wire fence, had to wade across a muddy wheat field, then waded across the Rio Grande River, mad and exhausted. Coleman was sentenced to eight years but bribed his way out of jail.

Coleman settled five miles northwest of Quemado on Largo Creek. He was a cattle rustler on a grand scale and by this time things were starting to catch up with him. He had been married to Clara Barber for 22 years. In 1917 they separated and sold out. Henry was handsome and had a likable personality and was popular with the ladies. Clara later divorced him for "abandonment." The place he deeded her was on the upper Largo, 10 miles south of Quemado. She had a big stream of clear water running past her door and 100 head of cattle. She was in the act of buying 200 head more. She had a nice home built for herself. Henry did not go with her, but stayed on the goat ranch which had a fine spring of water with it. A quarter of a mile from Clara lived the Frank Bourbonnaise family. Frank tried to buy her place and was "pretty nasty" when she would not sell. She told some that Frank was brazenly stealing some of her calves and cutting some of her fences. In December, 1918 Henry let everyone know he was going to Magdalena. The two Spanish Americans who delivered the last of her cattle found the door of her place open with bloody dog tracks in the light snow. They found that Don Oliver, who had been working for her, had been shot first, and had fallen partly into the fireplace. Probably coming to investigate, Clara had been shot and she also was shot and suffered burns from the fireplace. The question was, who killed the pair? Salty John was with Coleman in Magdalena, and said that when he got word, Coleman said, "So they found her, did they?" Had Coleman sent someone to kill her so that he might have her property back? He did end up with it. Others thought that Bourbonnaise had killed her from animosity. When Henry heard about their troubles and the suspicion that Frank had killed her, he said, "Why, I'll kill the son of a bitch!" He then got a warrant for Bourbonnaise's arrest. Coleman had Felipe Padilla arrest him and bring him over to Clara's house. There was a rifle leaning against the wall. Coleman claimed that Bourbonnaise tried to get to the rifle and that he shot him in the attempt. There were trials for all the murders, but no one was convicted.

Coleman had been disposing of quite a few cattle in Zuni and Gallup where they were butchered for meat. At one point Henry drove a herd of cattle from Quemado to Zuni, where he sold them to old man Vanderwaggen who in turn sold them to the Zuni Indians. On his way out of Zuni, Coleman secretly rustled these same cattle and drove them by night back to his ranch. When the Zunis discovered their loss, four of them trailed the cattle back to Coleman's ranch. He was friendly to them until they got up close, then seized a wet rope and beat them badly. The Indians believed Vanderwaggen was implicated. To clear himself, Vanderwaggen had a posse organized to go after Coleman. John Miller was persuaded to go with the group until they reached Coleman's headquarters. Miller then went on alone to face the desperado. What transpired there no one knows, but Coleman must have known his strange guest. After a few hours Miller returned, driving the cattle before him That feat was in itself remarkable, for Coleman's characteristic remark to the law had always been, "Come get my guns if you want them, but they'll be smoking."

To further illustrate, a U.S. marshal once wanted to inspect a herd of cattle that Henry was driving through the country. When the marshal got close, Henry came out to meet him. After using some strong language, the marshal told Coleman that he was going to look over the cattle. Henry replied that he wasn't. The marshal told Henry's helper to go hold

up the cattle and Coleman told him not to go anywhere. After a long argument, Coleman told the officer that he and his companion could ride alongside the herd but they could not cut anything out. “If you ride into the bunch, you sure as hell might not come out again”, he told the lawman. With that, the marshal decided to make the better of it and said to his helper, “I guess there is nothing here we want.” and rode off.

A.T. Hannett who was a lawyer in Gallup took a case in which he was to serve a writ of attachment on Henry Coleman. Everyone he spoke to about it avoided him like a leper. Consulting an attorney in Socorro County he was told this: "My boy, you would not think of going down to Washington to serve a writ on the President would you?' "No-o" "You would not think of descending on London to serve a writ on King George, would you?" "No-o" "You would not think of trying to serve a writ on a runaway locomotive, would you?" "No-o" "Well, then, you go right on back to Gallup and forget about those cows. You could not get the entire National Guard in this part of the country to attempt to serve a writ of attachment or anything else on Henry Coleman!"

I believe that Cox told me that he came to Coleman’s rescue and went on his bond. At any rate, the outlaw fled to Mexico, and Cox was forced to pay the bond. This turn of events transformed the erstwhile friends into bitter enemies. Upon Coleman’s return, he told one man that there was but one thing he wanted to do before he left the country: kill John Cox. When Coleman returned to Quemado a sheriff was sent after him on a cattle theft charge but was forced to retreat at gunpoint. Salty John was deputized along with Tom Curtis, Jim Cheatham, M M Coleman [no relation] and Ralph Windsor. Cheatham was taken along because he was an excellent marksman, having served in World War I. They knew Henry was in the habit of riding up on a little prominence near his house where he would be able to find his horses. The posse waited there all night. When Coleman appeared and was ordered to throw down his gun, he attempted to shoot while dismounting on the wrong side of his horse. This caused the horse to throw him. The posse returned fire from the rim rock. They saw that he was hit, then crawled into the arroyo where he returned their fire for a time. There was a possibility that he would escape down the arroyo, but after holding a hat up and drawing fire from Coleman, they were scared to death to crawl down that arroyo and face the desperate outlaw. Although Salty John told me he crawled down the arroyo and found Coleman hiding and shot him, I believe this was pure exaggeration. The shot had been through the groin and Coleman had bled to death. It was probably hours after his death that they took him out. So died an outlaw from another, earlier era.

Back in Ramah, Cowboys pay particular attention to a stranger's horse and his “outfit”. Atheling Bond tells a story of riding out near Cerro Alto with his uncle, Joseph Alright Bond. On their return they passed by Tinaja. He says: “We passed some horses -- one a sorrel and two bays and a black. They were not Mexican or Indian horses. Uncle Joe said, “Well there was two white men that came through Ramah about a week before. They had these same horses. When they went through here, they were going down to the Rio Grande and were going in together to buy some cattle. “When we went by the corral at Tinaja, we looked in and Uncle Joe said, “See, they have put those horses in the corral and run them around and around and around. No doubt from the other stories that have been told, those two men are buried in there.” When we went by the house, we saw a saddle lying there where one of the cow punchers had just come in and Uncle Joe said, “There's one of their saddles.”

We shall content ourselves here with only one other incident from the memories of the older Bond men in Ramah. A couple of men came riding up to the Bond home one morning from St. Johns. One of them was a school teacher by the name of Lyons. His companion was a little man with a hitch in his walk, Claude Doan, though neither introduced himself at that time, and Westerners were not nosy. The pair wanted to know where the trail was that led to Gallup. Joe and Willy Bond rode part way with them, pointed out the trail and left them on Sweetheart Hill. Doan, recognizing his opportunity, shot Lyons in the back and robbed him. He then put a rope around his feet and drug him off the trail and covered him with brush. A Zuni sheepherder ran onto the body a week later and reported it in Ramah. The Sheriff, Harry Coddington, came out to investigate. Willy Bond recalled the pair well: the little man with the hitch in his walk and the big schoolteacher. He even remembered the designs on the little man’s spurs. The Sheriff recognized the man from the description and the Zunis set out to trail him. He had turned down to Pescado then back toward Albuquerque, spending the night with John Miller on the way. In time it was discovered that he was staying in a Mexican settlement near Albuquerque. The officers got in the back of a covered wagon being

driven by a Mexican couple and were taken to where Doan was staying. When Doan came out, they covered him, arrested him, then took him to Gallup to stand trial. He was convicted and sentenced for ninety nine years mostly on the testimony of Willy and Joe Bond. He swore to kill both of them when he got out, but did not live to fulfill his promise.

We leave this subject with mention of two other colorful characters living near Ramah. One of them was old Dan Dubois, French trapper. He had been captured by the Apaches and later escaped and served as a scout against Geronimo. At one time he killed a Mexican soldier in a brawl at Cubero and was sentenced to hang. While he was being guarded in a corral, one of his mistresses enticed one of the guards away and killed him with a knife, then sneaked up behind the other guard and dispatched him with a rifle butt. Together she and Dan escaped into the area around Mt. Taylor. Next morning they ambushed the posse sent after them and escaped entirely. Dan ran a trading post at Zuni. He was quick to resort to gunplay. When he thought a Gallup circus was overcharging the public, he forced them, at gunpoint, to put on a free show. At one time he and Diamond Dick, another one of the wild bunch, decided to boil a turkey in whiskey. It exploded and put both of them in the hospital. Diamond Dick appears as the cowbuyer in the Joe Bond story.

The second one was Jesus Eriacho, born in Mexico. As a child he was carried away by White Mountain Apaches. His brother, two years older, was also captured. Eventually they were trusted to herd the horses during the daytime, but were afoot. They pounded Yucca leaves to get fibers from which they wove halters for a horse. The task took many days and they hid these in the rocks. When Jesus was twelve, the two made a break for it. The older boy set out to return to Mexico but split up with the younger so that they would have less chance of capture. Jesus was told about Zuni and how to get there and that once there he would be treated kindly. He made it to Zuni where an old man took his horse up on Towalane and hid the boy underground, making the villagers swear they would not reveal his whereabouts. The Apaches did come, but he had disappeared. He was raised by the Zunis and married a Zuni woman. He became a wealthy cattleman and governor of Zuni. He owned land in Ramah Valley and was close friends with some of the Ramah Pioneers, notably Wayne Clawson.

11. THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC RAILROAD

During the Civil War Congress authorized a transcontinental railroad along the Central Route and proffered both land and financial aid to encourage its construction. In 1866 Congress approved two other lines to the Pacific, one to the north and one to the south of the Central Route. For these two, only land was offered. The act authorized the Atlantic and Pacific to construct a railroad from Springfield, Missouri through Albuquerque, along the 35th parallel to the Colorado River, then by the most practical route to the Pacific Ocean. While the United States Government was not to furnish any funds, it gave to the railroad a right-of-way one hundred feet wide and additional space for stations or shops, all exempt from taxes. Far more important was a land grant consisting of alternate, odd-numbered sections for twenty miles on either side of the line in the states and for forty miles in the territories. An additional strip, ten miles wide, was provided to replace any land in the original strip which might have been taken up by homesteaders. From this "indemnity" land the railroad could pick odd-numbered sections. This grant covered most of what is now Valencia and McKinley Counties. This hundred-mile-wide strip of checkerboard sections took up 14% of Arizona and 9% of New Mexico.

The land grant was to be "earned" by the company by actual construction of the railroad. With every twenty five miles of road completed, the inspectors would give title to a proportionate amount of the grant. To aid the railroad in securing title, the President of the United States was to have the land surveyed as fast as the railroad required. From 1888 to 1892 the railroad did everything in its power to have its lands surveyed so that title could be secured and indemnity lands obtained. In 1895, after considerable opposition, the railroad changed its policy and decided it did not want the survey made because unsurveyed lands were not taxable. This lack of an adequate survey and the failure of the railroad to complete its activities on schedule were the cause of considerable difficulty and delay in finally obtaining title to their lands from the United States Government.

The important Spanish land grants had been recognized by the United Sates provided that they were valid at the time of the Guadalupe-Hidalgo Treaty which had ended the Mexican War. Of the 35 million acres claimed under the grants, only claims relating to 2 million acres were held valid. The great blizzard of 1886-7 caused considerable damage to the cattle industry in the Great Plains area and dealt a heavy blow to unsound speculation. Although New Mexico and Arizona were unaffected, they suffered

much damage in the drouths of 1891-3. In 1893 the situation became far worse when the entire nation underwent a financial panic. These two factors caused a reduction of 50% in the 150,000 head of cattle in the Western Division in the 1890s. Nevertheless, the transportation of cattle came to be an important source of revenue for the railroad. While the Atlantic and Pacific fared very well in Missouri, they met with ill-fortune in the Indian Territory (Oklahoma). Much of the land they had planned on was not made available to them. In addition the panic of 1873 and the opposition of competing lines threw it into bankruptcy near the Oklahoma-Missouri border. The completed railroad reorganized as the St. Louis and San Francisco, commonly called the Frisco. Meanwhile the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, whose line had reached Albuquerque (from the north) in 1880, joined with the Frisco and together the companies revived the Atlantic and Pacific and agreed to build at once he Western Division from Isleta to the Pacific Ocean.

At a later date they would construct the line from Isleta to Vinita, Oklahoma. The two divided the A & P securities between them. Under this arrangement construction was begun at Isleta late in 1880.During the entire time the Atlantic and Pacific operated its Western Division, it was in financial difficulty, caused mostly by insufficient traffic. In 1886 the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe assumed management of the Western Division while the Frisco took control of he Central Division. In 1890 the A&P gave its parents title to almost all the surveyed land in its grant. Considerable pressure from the public, from Congress, and from the Secretary of Interior was exerted previous to this time for the withdrawal of the land grant and particularly of the indemnity strip. Altogether the company lost 785,825 acres from the Spanish land grants, 36,063 acres from military areas (Ft. Wingate and Camp Mohave), 595,761 acres from Indian reservations (Navajo and Laguna), and 7,000 acres from homesteads. Eventually these losses were replaced by sections of the indemnity strip.

The financial condition of the railroad made the company eager to sell its lands. From 1883 to 1889 the company kept a wagon and team which it moved to various points by rail for the convenience of possible customers who wished to explore their lands. The railroad publicly announced its price as $1.25/acre but sold most of the land for 50 or 75 cents. In general, no tracts less than a township were sold. The first sale went to the Aztec Land and Cattle Company, later known as the Hash-Knife Outfit. They bought a million acres for 50¢ an acre between Holbrook and Flagstaff. Shipping in 40,000 head of cattle, it is said that they threatened to kill anyone who laid claim to the even-numbered sections. In 1900 the Hash-Knife went bankrupt temporarily because of the large-scale cattle rustling. Selling off most of its land, it came under the dominion of the New Mexico and Arizona Land Company.

Another sale of 121,490 acres went to the Arizona Cattle Company which was partly owned by officers at Ft. Wingate. They paid $1/acre. The Cebolla Cattle Company, with headquarters at Box-S, bought 41,529 acres (65 sections) at 50 cents an acre. In all, the railroad experienced considerable difficulty in selling its grazing land, and had even less success in leasing land to ranchers. The announcement that anyone who was using their land must take out a lease was ignored. The law was not adequate, either, to enable them to prosecute trespassers. This situation continued until about the turn of the century.

In an effort to promote the sale of their lands to towns, the railroad in 1882 threatened not to give the towns located along the railroad any rail service unless they located on the company's odd numbered sections. Ash Fork, Williams, Winslow, and Gallup were established on lands belonging to the Atlantic and Pacific. Lots were sold at from $25 to $250. A few lots were donated for schools and churches. When Holbrook burned in 1888 a strong but unsuccessful effort was made by the commissioner to move the town site onto railroad land. In another direction the railroad sold timber to a number of lumber companies. In particular, it sold 314,668 acres of land and the timber on it to the Mitchell Brothers in 1890 for $1.42 an acre. In many of these transactions the railroad accepted lumber products instead of cash. In all, the Atlantic and Pacific grant netted it $3,853,336.17. Most of the profits came later to the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe after the former corporation went bankrupt in 1894. In the same year the A.T.& S.F. and the Frisco went bankrupt and in 1897 the Atchison secured the property, reorganized, and a new subsidiary, the Santa Fe Pacific, emerged as the manager of the Western Division from Isleta to Needles.

In 1891 Congress first authorized the President to establish permanent forest reservations. In 1897 the legislators decided that those who had a claim to lands which would be made into forest reserves could trade them to the U.S. Government for any tract (of equal acreage) of vacant land open to settlement, regardless of value. These "lieu lands", as they were called, had been designed particularly to protect the small settlers. Actually they benefited the

railroad to a considerable extent. Speculators took advantage of this provision to such an extent that in 1905 Congress discontinued it. An attempt was made to include only the even-numbered section in the Arizona forest reserves, but the checkerboard reserve proved to be such a problem in management to the Forest Service, to the logger, and to the cattlemen grazing the area that an exchange was virtually forced on the Government. In general, the Railroad sold these exchange privileges to others in the form of "scrip", a document which enabled the buyer to exercise his lieu right. The name of the purchaser was left blank, and anyone could use it. Scrip was issued in amounts as small as forty acres. Most of the "restricted" scrip (good only on untimbered land) brought $2.50 an acre. "Unrestricted" scrip (good anywhere in the U.S.) brought $3.50 and up. Stockmen used these lieu rights to select small tracts with which they could strategically control large areas of public domain.

In New Mexico, exchanges had been forbidden by the time the situation arose in the Cibola National forest. The odd-numbered sections in that area were turned over to the Forest service in 1908 for management. At first the Forest Service gave the railroad one fourth of this money collected from grazing permits and later one half. In 1909 the Forest Service charged 30 cents per head for a grazing permit. By 1919 the cost was $1 per head. Instead of leasing the land for grazing, the Service granted permits for so many head of cattle to each rancher. Dissatisfaction with the Forest Service policy of continually reducing the number of head grazed in a particular region led the Santa Fe Pacific to complain loudly and in 1940, the railroad sold its remaining 80,000 acres in the forest reserve to the New Mexico Timber Company. They, in turn, exchanged the land for timber of equal value in another place.

Among the small holders, exchanges which caused serious difficulty was that of the Victor-American Fuel Company. The railroad sold the scrip from certain Navajo lands to the Victor-American. Having discovered coal under the land, the Railroad hesitated to use the land itself in fear that the McKinley County authorities would claim that all the lands there were similarly underlain. The scrip was sold to the Victor-American who picked as lieu a number of adjoining 40 acre tracts. This created such a furor that it finally reached the U.S. Supreme Court.

A story related by Frank Childers will serve to show early day conditions on the railroad.

> "I was 14 years old. I had a bad eye and was going in to see the Doctor in Gallup. We went in a wagon and team to Thoreau, and left the team there. Mom also had to have her teeth pulled. The agent said, 'Well, this freight train is going right in and will be about four hours ahead of he passenger train. If you ride it you can get there before the Doctor closes up.' We clumb on this caboose and the train stopped up there at Wingate right in the middle of the tracks and set there and set here. Finally here come the engineer up the track, lookin' at the cars and stumbling along. He looked at this conductor and said, 'Where's all them fat rabbits? 'Well', he said, 'right out there.' He had a little old .22 and said, 'Let's go out there and get some rabbits.' The conductor opened up his seat box and it was full of jacks and bars, picks and shovels, but he got a little old .22 out of there. He couldn't see through it, so he blowed through it. 'It'll shoot', he said, 'if you can blow through it.' so they went out there and hunted and hunted and we just sat there. Mom, she was dying' of a toothache. After while they come back, and they had three rabbits. They stood there and talked a while, and finally the engineer got back in and finally they took off. We stopped at Zuni (this must have been an early name for Perea) and waited there about an hour and the passenger train passed us and beat us into Gallup by half and hour."

12. COOLIDGE

The first division point for the construction crews of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad was at Bacon Springs, 136 miles west of Albuquerque. The second division point was at Winslow. Supplies and equipment were massed at these points, and they were a base of operation for the men. Bacon Springs was headquarters for Uncle Billy Crane, who supplied hay and beef to the troops at Ft. Wingate and operated the stage station for the Santa Fe-Prescott Stage line. The stage coach stops were twelve miles or so apart. The Santa Fe trail, coming from Ft. Union, divided at Laguna, one branch going through the Zuni Mountains, the other through Coolidge Gallup, and Prescott, Arizona. There were stops at Gallup, Bacon Springs, Stinkin' Springs, Bluewater, San Rafael, Puertocito, San Mateo, El Dado, Isawachie, and Cabezon. There were six coaches a week from Santa Fe until the completion of the Railroad made this unnecessary. Two coaches a week came from Albuquerque. At that time, Santa Fe was three times

the size of Albuquerque.

Billy Crane had been a scout for Kit Carson in the Navajo campaign in 1863 and had stayed behind in 1870 to farm. Crane had set up a private club where the officers from Ft . Wingate could come with their wives and ladies to drink and gamble. The story goes that Uncle Billy lost $40,000 gambling with his customers. In 1870 also Lorenzo Sanchez Sr. was driving a mule team over the northern route for the U.S. Government. In those times 25-30 wagons banded together for protection. On one trip Sanchez and the teamsters found three dead drivers near Ft. Wingate, killed by Indian arrows. Their wagons had been burned and plundered.

An interesting story is told about early days in Coolidge. A postal inspector got off the train unknown to the postmaster and bought a three cent stamp. Upon being charged five cents, he voiced a strenuous objection, and was asked what business it was of his. In reply, the inspector showed his government badge. The postmaster then gathered all the Post Office supplies and set them outside. Asked why he did that, the man replied curtly that saloons were more profitable than Post Offices.

There is another story that Billy Crane and his wife threw all their nickels and dimes into a barrel. On one occasion they went to Albuquerque, taking the barrel, but placed so little value on it that when they lost it they did not even turn back to look for it. Billy Crane proved to be so helpful to the Railroad that they later awarded him a lifetime pass on the Railroad and the remainder of Section 7 where he had his homestead. Bacon Springs shortly became known as Crane's Station, and Uncle Billy lived there until he died in 1904. In 1882 the station was named Coolidge for T Jefferson Coolidge, a director of the Atlantic and Pacific. By 1885 the company had constructed a depot, water tank, turntable, roundhouse, coal chute and an eating house. The eight other buildings and five cottages for personnel made its real estate value five times that of Gallup. Ellis and Harmon put in a livery stable and butcher shop in 1882. Zeiger and Marshall had what they termed the best-fitted bar in Western New Mexico. Hall and Paxton did a prosperous business in their general store. A second store was opened by Charles Flynn. In 1884 Charles F Lummis walked through and described it as the only town of 100 people between Albuquerque and Winslow. In 1888 there was a barber, a dressmaking shop owned by Mrs. Leahy, a rooming house run by Mrs. Irene Lewis, and Keegan's lunch sand. Eventually 14 saloons rounded out the town. Cattle were driven from as far away as St. Johns for shipping.

In 1881 Gregory and James Page came from Ontario, Canada to put up a mill and lumber yard in Foster Canyon, a few miles from Coolidge. The settlement of Page took its name from the brothers. Having reaped a quick profit, the two moved on to Winslow to open what was hen the most luxurious billiard hall and saloon in the Southwest. Hart and Bliss continued the lumber mills at Coolidge until the mid-nineties.

As might be expected, Coolidge had its difficulties maintaining the peace. In 1882 in a gun fight three outlaws and a deputy sheriff were killed. Two other citizens were hospitalized. On one occasion, a group of desperados took over the town and stole a wagonload of beer from the railroad. The Justice of the Peace sent a frantic wire to Ft. Wingate for help. The Atlantic and Pacific threatened to recall the construction gang and level the entire town unless the beer was recovered. The town first began to fade in 1889 when a Santa Fe engine ran four times the usual hundred miles without stopping. In 1890 the division headquarters were moved to Gallup and only a week later all the buildings except the depot and the Harvey House burned down. In 1896 the Post Office went back to the name Crane's. In 1898 the Railroad renamed its station Dewey to honor the hero of Manila Bay. Two years later the name was changed to Guam. When Hans Neumann, a trader from Chaco Canyon, came there in 1899 there was little left besides the old depot. Finally, in 1926, Berton Staples settled there to establish a business in Navajo Curios and renamed the place Coolidge in honor of the President of the United States. In the 1930s Harold Ickes, Secretary of Interior, came often to Coolidge. His wife later spent her summer months there. The Ickes were close friends of Mabel Dodge Lujan of Taos. With connections to Ickes, Mabel played her part in McKinley County history when she saw to it that another friend of hers, John Collier, was appointed Indian Commissioner. Mrs. Ickes was killed in an automobile accident in 1935 between Santa Fe and Taos.

13. THOREAU AND THE LOGGING CAMPS

Thoreau was first called *dloo yazzie* (little prairie dog) by the Navajos. The name came about as follows: There was a Mexican man there who lived underground, in a basement with no structure above ground. He had a large family of children, and they would climb out of their quarters and appear suddenly

every morning in a fashion that reminded the Navajos very much of little prairie dogs popping out of their burrows.

In June, 1890, the Mitchell Brothers, Austin and William, bought 314,668 acres of land (492 sections) in the Zuni Mountains from the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad for $2 an acre. They were from Cadillac, Michigan and planned to provide lumber enough for the entire Southwest. A reservoir was built on Cottonweed Creek called the Rock Dam and a town site was laid out and called Mitchell. The brothers contracted with the railroad to ship twelve million feet of lumber a year. The Railroad further agreed to buy all their ties and lumber for their southwestern system. The brothers then negotiated with railroad executives and made an agreement whereby the railroad would construct a spur line into the mountains and the Mitchells would reimburse them. It became known as the Zuni Mountain Railway. In May, a narrow-gauge locomotive arrived. The spur line moved along rapidly at a half mile per day. A month later they started cutting lumber. Then their only locomotive derailed. This caused a shutdown until a replacement could be found and brought in. The new locomotive arrived in late August.

By early 1892 there were 150 people in the new settlement of Mitchell. F.W. Heyn started a general merchandise business. There were two saloons, a movie house, a soda fountain and a hotel. A restaurant called the Mitchell House was in operation as well as a short order cafe. In May the town had a young doctor and several other business houses were going up. The Railroad moved their station from Chavez. Mitchell did not get their own post office until 1898, the mail going to Chavez, several miles to the east. The Mitchells put in a narrow gauge railroad to Square Wells, cut only one section and folded, having been in operation only three months. Their land reverted to the Railroad in 1893. It has been suggested that the brothers became despondent over the economy (Panic of 1893) and they had deep differences with A&P over freight rates.

When the Mitchell Brothers abandoned their claims in 1893, there were only a few scattered sawmills in the mountains. In 1896 the Hyde Exploring Expedition was organized to excavate the Pueblo Bonito Ruins at Chaco Canyon. In time, the expedition developed into an extensive Indian Trading business. Hyde's created a market for Navajo rugs and jewelry and did a prosperous business in several stores. They put up three warehouses and stores at Mitchell and renamed the place Thoreau. In 1903 an Albuquerque firm, the American Lumber Company, bought the Mitchell property and operated until 1913. In 1910, the company sawed 60 million board feet at the Albuquerque sawmill. In most years they averaged 35 million board feet. They had 1500 people on the payroll, of which 700 were cutting logs in the Zuni Mountains. They built spur lines into every major canyon and had 55 miles of primary track. The lumber was sent to Albuquerque by rail. Gene Lambson said they shipped 100 carloads of logs a day out of the Zuni Mountains for twenty years. Kettner was headquarters for American Lumber and was called after a homesteader with that name; it was also known as the Spud Ranch. They had a roundhouse there and a two-story hotel with 40-50 rooms. A large cookhouse was built to feed 700 employees. In 1910 the headquarters were moved to Sawyer. Steve Redosovitch was the cook at Kettner, Sawyer, and then at McGaffey.

A.B. McGaffey, born in Vermont, came West, tried his hand at cowpunching, found a position as a telegrapher in Holbrook and established a reputation as the most popular and prominent agent the company ever had there. He then entered business for himself in Albuquerque, and came with American Lumber to take over the old Hyde store in Thoreau. As the American Lumber star faded, McGaffey's arose. By 1912 he was in the lumber business on his own and had a lumber operation at Camp Ten and at the Notches. He also built the railroad spur from McGaffey (formerly Shuster Springs) to Perea where it joined the main railroad. He had just settled up his business in 1929 when he died in a plane crash on Mt. Taylor. Fat Tietjen was first on the scene at the crash and was sitting on an iron box which, unknown to him, contained many thousands of dollars. McGaffey had bought only the timber from the McFarland land. He shipped some 50-60,000 board feet a day. Most of the houses at what is now McGaffey belonged to the lumber company. There was nothing at Shuster Springs until 1912 when he established his mill there. The American Lumber halted all operations and went into receivership when they defaulted on their mortgage bonds. In 1917, through a tangled path, their property went to McKinley Land and Lumber Company, then to West Virginia Timber Company in 1924 whose president was George E. Breece. He built a railroad spur through Zuni Canyon as far as Paxton Springs. Breece operated until 1931 when Prestridge and Seligman took over the company and operated it until 1940. They also hauled their lumber to

Albuquerque to have it sawed. Breece later sold land to Ramah settlers.

Claude Bowlin and I K Westbrook came in with American Lumber Company. W S Horabin was a partner with McGaffey in the store at Thoreau and Kettner until 1913. In that year they bought the post and sawmill at Guam from Hans Neumann. L C Smith operated the commissary for McGaffey at Thoreau. He put up a trading post at Smith's Lake (it was named after him) in 1908. Later McGaffey, Smith, and Allan organized the Alton Livestock Company. They sold their holdings to Coog Pitts in 1917. Meanwhile, at the other end of the mountains, the Breece Lumber Company built the railroad spur from Grants through Zuni Canyon to Paxton Springs (named for the original homesteader) in 1918. For a brief period of time (1918-1920) the company was called the McKinley County Lumber Company . Breece operated until 1931. In 1933 William R Prestridge and Carl Seligman took over the company and operated it until 1940. Both Breece and the American Lumber Company hauled their timber to Albuquerque to have it sawed.

Those were lawless days. Violence seemed unrestrained. Frank Childers has related to me a series of killings that took place on the Zuni Mountains:

> "Buck Moore was killed in the spring of 1923 at Rice Park. A Tom Mace was taking care of pigs, horses, and so forth for Breece. Mace had worked for Buck Moore previously and the two had had trouble. Buck had run Mace out of his camp because of his constant fighting. Mace had borrowed a Poland China boar from Buck and Buck had taken the pig back home, but he kept getting back out and going over to Mace's place. One day Mace shot the boar, went over to the office, and called out Buck Moore. 'I killed the pig', he shouted, 'What are you going to do about it?' They had a few hot words, then Mace pulled his gun and shot Buck in the eye." Thomas J Mace served five years in the State penitentiary for voluntary manslaughter."
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> "In 1928 an Old-Mexico Mexican killed Ed Hatley. Old Hatley had horse-whipped him with a rope two or three days before. Hatley didn't have a gun on him when that Mexican killed him. That was the first time I ever heard of him leavin' the house without a gun. He couldn't go get his horses or milk his cow without that gun. This Mexican was down at Grants the day before he killed Hatley. Him and Albert Today, Tony Galvadon and Tony's boy, Tacha. I met them in the road up above Breecetown. I knew all of them except this Mexican and talked to them. The Mexican had a gallon of wine. Next day he killed Old Hatley in his yard. The next day the Mexican ran off. Somebody said, 'If you'll just stick around here a little while, he'll come back. They all come back to where they killed a man.' They stayed there and the next night about midnight he came back and they arrested him. He was in prison two or three years and died."
>
> "In 1918 Ben Wales was killed. I don't know for sure who killed him as I wasn't up there then. I was in Crownpoint. It was in the wintertime. I don't know whether they called him out the door or not, but he came out of the house and evidently shut the door behind him. They shot him with a .22 caliber special, a pistol. They must have shot him in one hand, for he had to reach up and get that door open and he bled all over the door. He pushed that door in, got inside, shut the door, and pulled his bed over against the door and laid down and died. That was at the Spud Ranch, the other side of Kettner. Old Jim Kern went up there that night after dark to help old Ben bale some hay. He went to the door and hollered and nobody came and he tried to get in and thought the door was locked, so he went on down to Buck Moore's and they came back next day and saw the blood and looked in a window and there old Wales was layin' on the bed dead. I don't know what they killed him for, he never hurt nobody."

Among those who came to the Thoreau area very early was George Schuster. He probably located near the San Antone Springs in 1881, but moved about 1889 to the Cottonwood Creek area several miles southwest of Thoreau. Martin Bouvet relinquished his homestead near Bluewater and in 1883 moved to the same place. McClellan, Perea, and Juan Torres were located near there in 1881. In 1882 Charles Kennedy of Albuquerque began buying Railroad land around the town of Thoreau. With James Dimler and Alexander Conrad he formed Kennedy and Company which lasted three years.

They sold out to the Tusas Valley Cattle Company. By that time Wiley Weaver of Gallup had joined Kennedy in his ventures.

We have mentioned previously that dancing was perhaps the principal recreation in early-day Thoreau. Considerable variety was shown by the inhabitants. There were the "weight" dances in which the price of admission was a penny for each pound the girl weighed, the "chalk and toe" dance during which the girls lined up behind a curtain, had a number marked on the shoe with chalk, then became that evening's date to the man whose number corresponded with hers. A young lady's evening was so filled with promise dances that regular printed programs were issued so that she might make no mistake.

Something of the spirit of that part of the frontier is revealed in the following incidents related by Frank Childers:

> "Tex Casey was working for Old John Neglar at the time. John sent word for him to come get what money he had comin'. They decided that they would have a few drinks and play a little poker. In the drunken poker game, they got mad and Old John Neglar broke Tex Casey's leg with a 2 x 4. Tex got away in the darkness. Old John hunted for him all night and couldn't find him. Tex crawled about a mile out that road to San Antone and we picked him up and took him to the Chadwick place. Later they made up and after Tex's leg got all right he stayed with Old John for awhile."

Fred Murray (see the Grants story) was known by those around him as "a pretty tough hombre", and they were a breed of men given to understatement. Fred had formerly been one of Roosevelt's Rough Riders. Behind his back some of the cowboys called him "Don'tcha Know" because whenever the conversation turned to the moon as an indicator of the weather, Fred would always reply: "Don'tcha know the same damn old moon comes up over the Sahara Desert and it *never* rains there?" He was a lawman at the time of our story, an experienced gunfighter. Frank Childers continues with this story:

> "Fred Murray had a girl about 14 or 15 years old. There was a Mexican by the name of Joe Diaz who married this girl. Fred was a mounted policeman, so he went and got this girl and brought her home. Later Fred got a warrant for this Mexican, but never could find him. He hid somewhere, no tellin' where he was. Fred finally met this Mexican face to face in the road down there near Thoreau and arrested him. There is a high railroad fill up there. Fred was going to Thoreau and didn't want to fool with him and decided he would chain him to the rails, so he handcuffed him right to the rail and left him. He told this Mexican, 'I'm going to Thoreau. I'll be down there four or five hours. If a train comes by you can kiss this world goodbye.' Then he rode off and left him. It was Sunday and Fred knew there wouldn't be any trains by. When he got back, he told me that Mexican had dug a hole under that rack big enough to bury a horse in and that he was foamin' at the mouth. Fred took him up to Kettner, chained him up in a room for a night and a day, then compromised and turned him loose. I worked with this Mexican years later and he had epileptic fits. I asked someone why he had those fits and they said he'd had those since Old Fred Murray chained him to the railroad track." Another story that Childers told me was this:
>
> "During the Breece Lumber Company times – it must have been 1924 – they had a bootlegger joint there in Thoreau. Three Mexicans and Whalen, (a lumberjack) and a gambler got in a poker game. Finally they got into this fight and this Mexican shot Old Whalen right in the neck, pretty near cut his jugular vein. He started bleedin' and got away. This gambler shot the Mexican; shot him down from across the table, then went around and got him by the hand and raised him up and shot him three times right here in the chest. He lived, though, right here in Grants until 2 or 3 years ago. That Whalen – I'm tellin' you it scared him – he got to be a pretty good man after that."

The *Gallup Herald* offered its readers some further details:

> "Robert Early Wilson arrived with his two companions and Whalen at 7 o'clock Sunday evening… After several unfair deals, Whalen tried to hold his big friend against the wall. The first shot brought him (Whalen) down. Policario Lopez who had quite a reputation in

> Thoreau as a bad man and who is mortally feared by Thoreau Mexicans (was) out under bond for cutting up another Mexican in Grants week before last… Wilson hit Lopez then Lopez shot Wilson through the fingers. Wilson ducked behind a table… The Lopez boys and strangers started shooting at each other in dead earnest. When the smoke cleared, the Mexican bad man lay on the floor with four or five bullet wounds in his body and his brother Justiano was also severely wounded in the shoulder. Wilson… ran to the street. Three shots were fired at him and his companions as they attempted to start their car. They made their way into the woods and spent the night."(Nov 29, Dec 13, 1924).

My grandmother, May Berryhill, lived just across the street and told me the rest of the story:

> "We were awakened that night when we heard Whalen at the back door, cryin' "Let me in, let me in!" We lighted a lamp. He was bloody from head to foot. "My God, help me!", he said, "I'm killed. They shot me." I took him in and fixed him up after bandaging his wounds. "Put out the light", he kept begging me, "they'll come over here and kill me!", but we kept a light in the kitchen all night. In the morning I cut out the bullet with a butcher knife. It had entered his neck and gone down his back. He was well enough to ride back to the lumber camp that morning and didn't want to stay in town any longer."

Gene Lambson recalls some incidents about Thoreau in a lighter vein:

> "There was one fellow came in supposed to be a preacher. He had a meeting two or three times a week and passed the plate. He was a fake preacher and used the money to buy shotgun shells. Then he would go out and shoot them up at target practice. We all wore six shooters in them days and we got together and said, 'How will we get rid of him?' So we decided to take the girls in and be good boys. When he started to pass the plate I got up. I had those big rowelled spurs on and I drug them up the aisle. That scared him, he jumped up and ran and never came back."
>
> "Another time at Thoreau – it was Christmas – there was a bunch of Swedes come in to the dance from the lumber camps. They had gone into Gallup to get liquor. We saw a bunch of Swedes get off the train with whiskey in those five-gallon demijohns. We decided how we was goin' to get it. I was ridin' a buckskin mare. I asked this old boy to *see* it. He handed it to me and I just rode off with it. He sure squealed…"
>
> "Another time there was a Swede come into a dance with a quart in his Mackinaw. I knocked him down when he came in the door and got his whiskey before he hit the ground."

A large ranch east of the Continental Divide was the Tusas Valley Cattle Company, branding the triangle bar. They operated north, west, and south of Thoreau. The Tusas Valley was five miles south of Thoreau, and through it flowed the Azul Creek that gave Bluewater (Agua Azul) its name. In 1881 there were three small ranches in the area belonging to McClellan, Jose Perea, and Juan Torres. A year later Charles Kennedy of Albuquerque bought four townships (alternate sections) of land from the railroad around present-day Thoreau although Mitchell Brothers had purchased timber rights on the land. In 1882 he formed Kennedy and Company with James Dimler and Alexander Conrad as partners; they stayed there three years, taking in Martin Bouvet's old holdings. In 1886 the company sold out to the Tusas Valley Cattle Company (operated by the Nagler Brothers) that ran about 4000 head of cattle. Wiley Weaver became a partner in the 1890's. This company lasted beyond 1900.

A sizable ranch in the area was the 55 Bar Ranch, owned by the Coddington Brothers. Joseph H. Coddington moved to this area with his father in 1883 and established a ranch at Chaves, a railroad water stop east of Thoreau. They operated from Prewitt north to the Pueblo Pintada area and ran from 7000–8000 head of cattle. Coddington left the area in the late 90's for Gallup. George Schuster had settled in the same section by 1881 and he moved in 1889 to the Cottonwood Creek area.

14. GALLUP

Gallup first served in 1880 as a stop for the Overland Stage. The discovery of gold at Prescott, Arizona in 1863 motivated a stagecoach route from Santa Fe. The stage coach line ran from Santa Fe

down the Santa Fe River, thence as far south as La Bajada Hill, then west to Cochiti Pueblo, then across the mesa to Jemez Pueblo, downstream to San Ysidro, then west to Cabezon peak, then south to San Mateo, on to San Rafael, up the valley to Bluewater, then following I-40 to Gallup then to Prescott. The combined station, saloon, and store was called the Blue Goose. John W. Swartz, who had been lieutenant in the Civil War, was the first permanent settler. He came in December 1881 as a part of a bridge construction crew in charge of A.C. Swartz, his brother. John's wife and son, Frank, lived for a while in the upper story of the section house. It is said that for several months she was the only white woman in town and that Frank was the only child.

Gallup got its name from David Gallup, the paymaster for railroad construction. The phrase, "going to Gallup's" caught on. Tom Dye, who discovered the first coal in that region, ran a saloon. It was claimed that he had murdered both his mother-in-law and sister-in-law, although he maintained that he had killed them by accident. Dye later served four years in prison for selling liquor to the Indians. Charles Harding, who came in 1881, ran another saloon. He later became well-to-do from his dealings in real estate. Thomas Hinch owned and ran Hinch's Hotel. Frank Reitz, who put in a drug store, is believed to have owned the first store outside the general merchandise establishment put up by the Gallup Coal Company.

A second general store was established by Swartz who also was the first postmaster and the first Justice of the Peace. The Post Office was in a box car, and Swartz kept the mail in a box under his bed. John Wood was the second Postmaster in Gallup. An adobe building on Highway 66 served later as the Post Office. John Wood married Wilhelmina Gaffney, a teacher sent to Durango by the Episcopal Church. Mrs. Wood started a private school then converted it to a night school for miners. She taught the night school for five years. The couple were the parents of the first white child born in Gallup: Mrs. A.J. Mitchell.

George Sampson was an early merchant who later traded with the Indians at Rock Springs. Another Indian Trading Post was operated by Gus Mulholland who came in 1884. Still another general store was run by W.F. Kuchenbecker and his brother-in-law, Worth Keene. They arrived in 1885. Kuchenbecker, who was born in Germany, joined the Army and came by train to Granada, Colorado. He marched from there to Fort Union, then to Fort Wingate. In 1878 he helped guard the Apache settlement in which Geronimo, Victorio, and Nana resided. He was also a participant in the action resulting from several other Indian uprisings.

In 1850 New Mexico became a territory. It took 62 years to gain statehood. Like every state, New Mexico had to struggle for statehood. *The McKinley County Republican* on February 24, 1911 reported that ex-Senator Blair claimed "that the saloons run the territory and bulldozed the people into voting for the Constitution, that the registration lists are fraudulent and that the saloon keepers gave the voters liquor and forced them to vote for the Constitution." By March 10th the situation was no more hopeful: "Amid the wildest scenes ever enacted in recent years on the floor of the Senate, New Mexico's immediate hope for statehood was strangled by the filibustering tactics of Senator Owen of Oklahoma."

The problem was that roughly 50% of New Mexico's population was Spanish speaking. Arizona's problem was much smaller: no more than 20% were Indian and Spanish American. There were offers of joint statehood, but Arizona opposed it strongly:

> "the decided racial difference between the people of New Mexico, who are not only different in race and largely in language, but have entirely different customs, laws and ideals and would have but little prospect of successful amalgamation ... [and] the objection of the people of Arizona, 95 percent of whom are Americans, to the probability of the control of public affairs by people of a different race, many of whom do not speak the English language, and who outnumber the people of Arizona two to one."

One author, writing about the New Mexico legislature said, "It has been said by many travelers that New Mexico is in the United States, but not of it." It was true, the courts and legislature were conducted through interpreters and statutes were published in two languages.

On June 10, 1910, Congress passed an enabling act which provided for the calling of constitutional conventions. The act required the Arizona and New Mexico state constitutions include two provisions which would limit the use of the Spanish language as an official language. First, the

public schools must be conducted in English and second, knowledge of the English language was a prerequisite for holding state offices and positions in the legislature. Nevertheless, the draft of the New Mexico constitution, completed on November 21, 1911, contained three provisions which protected the rights of the Spanish-speaking. One stated that the right to vote "shall never be restricted, abridged or impaired on account of religion, race, language or color, or inability to speak, read or write the English or Spanish languages", the second stated that "The legislature shall provide for the training of teachers in the normal schools or otherwise so that they may become proficient in both the English and Spanish languages, to qualify them to teach Spanish-speaking pupils and students in the public schools" and finally that "Children of Spanish descent in the State of New Mexico shall never be denied the right and privilege of admission and attendance in the public schools … and they shall never be classed in separate schools."

With this the Mexican Americans of New Mexico succeeded in protecting their heritage by inserting provisions in their constitution which made Spanish an official language, equal to the English language. The constitution also provided that, for the following twenty years, all laws passed by the legislature be published in both Spanish and English, and thereafter as the legislature should provide. Prior to 1967, notices of statewide and county elections were required to be printed in English and "may be printed in Spanish." Additionally, many legal notices today are required to be published in both English and Spanish.

The New Mexico Genealogical Society had some further comments of interest:

"Many reasons have been suggested why it took New Mexico so long to become a state. Early efforts were hampered, in part, by a general ignorance about the territory and suspicions towards its people. Statehood was opposed by those who felt that New Mexico's predominantly Hispanic and Indian population was too foreign and too Catholic for admission to the American Union. There was even periodic debate as to whether a new name for the territory would help the cause of statehood. Names such as Navajo and Lincoln were suggested and seriously considered."

"There were also questions about the loyalty these recently conquered people had for their new country. This issue was slowly laid to rest by the honorable service of New Mexico's citizens in the Union cause during the Civil War and later in the Spanish American War. But a different racial issue, however, figured significantly into the delay. During the reconstruction period following the Civil War, New Mexico's chances for statehood seemed assured. In 1876 however , that chance was destroyed by one inadvertent handshake."

"During an 1876 Congressional debate, Michigan Representative Julius Caesar Burrows, an admired orator, rose to speak in favor of a bill designed to protect the civil rights of freed Negroes. Stephen B. Elkins, New Mexico's delegate to Congress, was not present for most of the speech, but entered the House chamber just as Burrows was bringing his rousing oration to a close. Unaware of the full nature of Burrows' speech, Elkins shook his colleague's hand in congratulations, a gesture many Southern Congressmen interpreted as support for the civil rights legislation. Elkins' handshake is blamed for costing New Mexico several Southern votes it needed for passage of the statehood bill, and while Colorado was voted into the Union in 1876, New Mexico remained a territory for another 36 years."

McKinley County was created from Bernalillo County in 1901. At that time Bernalillo county took in the present county but was extended westward to the state line. From the time of its organization, Gallup has served as the county seat. For some ten years the people in western Bernalillo and Valencia counties had agitated for a new county which they intended to name Summit County. In September, 1901, an assassin, concealing a revolver in his bandaged hand, shot William McKinley in the stomach, and a week later he died. The popularity of President McKinley overrode the previous sentiment and the new county was named after him. The courthouse was not begun until 1905. In 1883 a school district was organized with Swartz, Weaver, and James Baylis as trustees. Swartz raised $365 by subscription, and this was matched by the County Superintendent in Albuquerque. This amount sufficed to begin construction a one-room school which is claimed to have been the first public school opened in New Mexico.

In 1888 Father Brun organized a Roman Catholic Church in Gallup, moving his headquarters from San Rafael. Previously he had made a circuit to Ft. Wingate, Gallup, Zuni, Atarque, etc. once a month to celebrate Mass. After that, he and Father Julliard still tended the needs of their parishioners at Zuni and Atarque.

A traveling musician named Woods, who had walked from California to Gallup, is said to have taught school prior to this time in the old railroad pump house. He had seven pupils. Dr. Z.B. Sawyer, who ranched on the side, was the first permanent physician. S.E. Aldrich, another veteran of the Civil War, came from Rhode Island to the West by way of Panama, San Diego and Yuma as a private in the Army. He served some ten years in various trouble spots in the West. He went into the cattle business briefly near St. Johns, Arizona, then bought the trading post at Manuelito in 1882. He was a partner in various trading posts with Elias S. Clark, Archibald Sweetland, and Chee Dodge. He took an active part in political affairs. Peter Golino came to Gallup in 1883 from Italy, bringing a wife and two children. Another immigrant from Italy in 1891 was John Caviggia. John Spears, who was English by birth, came first to Iowa, then to Gallup in 1887. Emil Willmunder quit his life as a cowboy in 1889, married Anna Reinohl and settled in town. Charles Heppner and Anna Kuhn were married in Gallup in 1883.

Gallup wrestled with a variety of problems in those early days. In December 1892 the town board found their constable had been withholding half of the fines he had collected One of the trustees, Alex Bowie, recommended only that such practices be stopped. Frank Reitz was more positive and declared: “The only thing to be done is to chop off his head.” Rather than to suffer that fate, the constable quickly resigned his post.

Another problem was tobacco chewing. For the merchants this involved scrubbing out their floors every other day. The *Gallup Gleaner* on November 25, 1893 gave this advice: “The attention of the tobacco-chewing public is called to the above and it is not too late yet for them to learn to squirt tobacco juice into receptacles furnished for that purpose.” The ladies, of course, had a counterpart for this masculine pastime, and it too, brought its problems. On August 30, 1890, the editor of *Elk* remarked that “A man could make a fortune by inventing something for a girl to carry gum in. All the girls we know carry their gum – when they are not chewing it – in one corner of their handkerchiefs, and it does not look pretty.”

By this time the town was becoming distinctly urban. In 1889 Dr. Z.B.Sawyer laid the first planks in front of his residence. Soon French’s Restaurant, Reitz and Johnson’s Market, and the Black Diamond Store followed his example. The adobe clay in Gallup which proved to be such a nuisance on the streets was found – when sent to England for assay – to be of superior quality for brick making and the assay house requested a shipment immediately. By 1898 nearly 100 tons per month were being shipped to Jerome, Arizona to the smelters. In 1891 Gallup began making bricks at home.

Around the turn of the century Carl Eickmeyer, traveled by stagecoach from Santa Fe to Gallup, then across the Navajo Reservation. His account appeared in *Over the Great Navajo Trail*. These careful impressions of Gallup from an outsider are of interest:

> “A few miles west of [Navajo Churchrock] lies Gallup, an enterprising little American town on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad. The principal industry of the people of Gallup is mining the soft coal that crops out on the hillsides for miles around. Much of this coal is shipped from the railroad station, the most prominent building in the town farther west, to California.”
>
> “At the time of our arrival in Gallup the little town seemed in an unusual state of excitement, as the possibilities for suddenly becoming rich were discussed by young and old. Gold was the theme on all sides -- gold in the Navajo country -- and townspeople and Indians were equally excited over the outcome of the much-debated question.”
>
> “In addition to Gallup's several stores, which denote a prosperous town, is the Trading Post, where Navajo goods of every description and variety are seen, having been brought in from all parts of the reservation by the Indians, who think nothing of a three or four days' trip to town, on their ponies, and home again, with the provisions and trinkets they have received in exchange for their goods.”
>
> “The barrooms of the hotels contain the familiar faro, roulette, and sweat layouts, so characteristic of the Western saloon; but, in spite of these varied amusements, one misses the all-absorbing Keno, which affords so much pleasure to the cosmopolitan gatherings in the larger resorts of the Southwest. These games seem to fill a necessary place with the miners and cattlemen who come to town, now and then, to paint it red; but when, at the end of their sprees on regular Arizona tanglefoot, they are pulled together by their friends and started on

their homeward journeys, they wake to realize that they, not the town have been painted."

"The four little churches, with a fifth in the course of construction, show the progress the people are making in spiritual work. There are, however, many people in town who do not look favorably upon Christianity, which was quite evident from an incident which occurred on the main street one Sunday afternoon, when two missionaries -- one a tall man, with a full beard reaching to his belt, the other a short, smooth-faced man -- attempted to hold services before a group of miners. After a short sermon, followed by a hymn of the Moody and Sankey type, in which the leaders were the only participants, both knelt to pray, when some one in the crowd threw a package of lighted firecrackers around them, and, in the racket which followed, a large Newfoundland dog was set upon them. Things growing a little too hot, they no doubt thought it time to seek a more fertile field for their operations, and left in disgust."

"The large, well-lighted, roomy, brick school-house on the hillside, where a corps of five teachers work diligently with the children under their care, would do justice to a town five times its size, and is certainly a credit to the community. On the outskirts of the town is the calaboose, or jail, which is ruled over by the single town marshal, whose duties, by the way, are not very arduous. Another building of interest in the town is the courthouse, which is just large enough to accommodate the judge, attorneys, witnesses, and prisoners; while the interested spectators catch a word and a glimpse of the proceedings now and then while crowding around the door, outside."

"The six-shooter is as yet the only fire alarm in the place; but when emptied into the air at midnight it acts with great efficiency in arousing the people throughout the valley, who rush to the scene of the fire, with buckets in hand, to aid in extinguishing the flames."

"The trading store, the general hanging-out place of the Indians for miles around, is a most interesting place. Groups of men and women stand around the store at all hours of the day; those having articles to dispose of dealing with the trader, who gives of his stock of groceries, shawls, calicoes, and cheap blankets of Eastern manufacture, for the blankets, skins, and wool of the Navajos. A squaw who has brought in some blankets and two or three sheep and goat skins from the reservation will step up and offer them to the trader, who, in turn, weighs out some sugar, puts in a package of coffee, takes down from the shelf a roll of calico, and, tearing off as much as she wants, gives them to her. He then tells her, in Navajo, that is the end of his hospitality, and, turning to his assistant, says: "I will hand her over to you; there are forty-five cents due her yet." The assistant finishes the deal by throwing in some trinkets. The squaw, feeling well satisfied with the trade, takes up her belongings, wraps them in her shawl, and saunters out of the store with an air of happiness not so apparent on the faces of the Indians looking on."

In this era, Ramah was the most important source of supply for food in Gallup. Since the road to Farmington was not yet built, it was often the only supply of fresh vegetables. In 1890, for example, one newspaper reported that William Kuchenbecker bought 40,000 pounds of Ramah potatoes – some of which weighed 2 ½ pounds each – for 2¢ a lb on the ground.

Gus Mulholland, a native of Pennsylvania, sold his store to the Black Diamond Coal Company. He served Gallup as Postmaster and as a member of the board of education. He drilled a number of wells in the area. J.H. Coddington, later sheriff of McKinley County, located at Chavez in 1883 with his father. Palmer Kettner came to Gallup in 1888 as a bookkeeper for the Aztec Coal Company which later merged into the Crescent Coal Company in 1892. He then kept books for the Caledonia Coal Company until 1904 when he was elected County Treasurer and bought the Swartz store. Gregory Page (of whom more is said in the Coolidge narrative) came from Winslow to Gallup in 1891 when he opened Hotel Page. In 1899 he installed an ice plant and in 1905 organized the Pacific Improvement Company, a light and power plant. For a number of years Page was the undisputed leader of the Republican Party. In April 1892 a quarrel between Gregory Page and John D Porter, a gambler, began with a fistfight and ended an hour later when the two men, in true western fashion, shot it out on the street. Page lost six teeth from a

bullet, and Porter carried one of Page's bullets in his side. The next week both wrote a public letter renouncing their former animosity.

John Gordon came in 1898. He was born in Scotland. He became a County Commissioner in 1904. Eugene F Kenney was a native of Maine. He was engaged in railroading in Maine, Arizona, and New Mexico and has resided in Gallup since 1889. Peter Kitchen, a Pole, erected the Kitchen Opera House in Gallup in 1895. One could see the traveling melodramas of the day there. T C DeShon, owner of a blacksmith shop, came in 1898 as a worker on the Railroad. He became a wheelwright and wagon-maker in Gallup and did a prosperous business with the Navajo Indians.

It can be said safely that few towns drew from so many sources and backgrounds as did Gallup. As one writer put it: "Wops, Bohunks, Dagos, Greeks, Gringos, Greasers, and Navvies were bound together by a common destiny." There was no pretense in Gallup. There was misery; there was abject poverty, there was wealth, but there was no haughtiness. Everyone belonged to some kind of a racial minority group and they learned to live with each other. No one felt sorry for anyone else – they were all too busy struggling with the elements.

John Stewart and Alex Bowie, both born in Scotland, came to Pennsylvania in about 1870. In 1879 the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad sent them to Gallup to prospect for coal. They came by horseback from Colorado, having arrived before the Railroad was built. In 1882 they returned to Gallup on a freight train. Gallup was then the end of track. They had to sleep on hay and could get nothing to eat but crackers and water. Bowie later opened the Caledonia Mine. He remembered that in a little valley between Navajo and Gamerco the grass was four or five feet tall. The soldiers at Ft. Wingate cut the grass as hay for their horses. Bowie built the Caledonia Building on the corner of Second and Hwy 66 where the First State Bank now stands. Palmer Kettner managed the store.

One of the colorful characters around Gallup and Zuni was old Dan Dubois, a French fur trapper who had been captured by the Apaches and had later escaped and served as a scout in the action against Geronimo. At one time Dubois killed a Mexican soldier in a brawl at Cubero and was sentenced to hang. While he was being guarded in a corral, one of his mistresses enticed one of the guards away and killed him with a knife, then sneaked up behind the second guard and dispatched him with a rifle butt. Together she and Dubois escaped into the area around Mt. Taylor. Next morning they ambushed the posse sent after them and escaped permanently. Dan ran a trading post at Zuni for some years. Hannett tells one story of how Dubois and Dick Mattox ("Diamond Dick") another one of the wild bunch, decided to boil some turkey in whiskey. The alcohol exploded and put the pair in the hospital. On another occasion, Dubois decided that a Gallup circus was overcharging the public. He then forced the circus manager, at gunpoint, to put on a free show.

Gallup existed because of the coal under her surface. The first mine of which there is any record was that begun by Harry Patten about 1880. The Patten Mine was three miles northeast of Gallup. Coal from the mine was hauled in wagons to the railroad and loaded onto coal cars. In that era, coal was not weighed; rather the engineer estimated the weight and gave a receipt for it. About 1882 work was begun on several mines near the Defiance Station, but the tonnage was small. One of these was the Walnut Mine. In the same year the Tom Dye Mine was opened. It was located a mile east of Gallup and was soon abandoned. A third mine was opened in the eighties in Catalpe Canyon, four miles south and east of Gallup.

Prospecting and mining of the Gallup Mine commenced in 1882 at the town of Gibson, three miles north of Gallup. McMillan, Wiley, Weaver, Charles Kennedy, and Frank Carrick were pioneers there. The mine promised to be profitable and was operated for some time as the Gallup Coal Company. Later, in 1891, it was merged with the Black Diamond Coal Company and became known as the Crescent Coal Company, with Charles Kennedy as President and General Manager. After Kennedy died, Weaver became President. The town of Gibson, a mile north of Gallup, was named for John (Jock) Gibson who was Superintendent there for a number of years. Gibson was succeeded first by Fred Douglas, then by Hugh McGinn. Eight hundred tons of coal per day were produced by the mine in its best days. In 1902 fires broke out in the mine. Thousands of dollars were spent in an attempt to control the flames, but with little success. The fires burned for several years, and as a result, the population of Gibson diminished markedly. At Gibson there had been a hotel, a company store, a meat market, a school, a Catholic Church, and hospital. Near Gibson was a heavily fortified hilltop, now in ruins, and known as Kit Carson's Fort. Early pioneers said that the fort was used by Kit Carson in his subjugation of the Navajos in 1863. Some of the older Navajos maintained that the fort was erected by the Spaniards at a much earlier date.

In 1889 the Crescent Coal Company sold to the American Fuel Company, and about 1902 the property came under the management of Colorado fuel and Iron who leased the mines for a five year period from American.

The American Fuel Company, organized by J C Osgood sold to the Victor American. About 1917 the Gallup American Coal Company acquired most of the mining property in the vicinity. They sank a shaft at Gamerco (an abbreviation of Gallup American Coal) in 1920 and abandoned the old sites at Weaver, Heaton, and Navajo. Houses were moved from Heaton to Gamerco when that camp was opened.

Alex Bowie started the Caledonia Mine in 1888 with John Thatcher, a Pueblo (CO) banker, with Mariana Otero, Neil B Field, Eugene Lynch, and Jack Stewart as principal stockholders. Palmer Kettner bought out Neil B Field and managed the store for a number of years. The mine produced 500 tons per day, but was abandoned in 1897. In 1905 this property was sold to Victor American.

In 1895 the Otero Mine was opened by the Caledonia Coal Company, a mile and half east of Gallup. The Superintendent was John Stewart and the mine had a capacity of 600 tons per day. In 1897 the same company opened the Thatcher Mine, which was two miles east of Gallup. The mine produced 300 tons per day and was superintended by James Bowie. The United Verde Copper Company began work in the Clarkville Mine, some six miles west of Gallup, in 1897. The Manager and Superintendent was W E Bretherton and 600 tons per day were mined. The Victor American later purchased this property. In 1902 the Clark Fuel Company, (from which Clarkville was named) was incorporated. Bell and Company, organized by Stover and Bill in 1885 became the Aztec Coal Company in 1887.

Maxwell promoted the Black Diamond Mining Company. The Union Coal Company was organized in 1900 and became the Gallup Fuel Company. Coal at Gamerco was mined through shafts 800 feet deep. Thirty miles of track served the mine. Two hundred mules were once used to pull the cars. Principal consumers for Gallup coal were the Santa Fe and Mexican Central Railroads, Bisbee and Clifton, Arizona, Silver City, Magdalena, and Lordsburg, New Mexico, and El Paso, Texas. As early as 1893 Gallup easily led the territory in production when it turned out 292,000 tons of coal.

As might have been expected, these coalminers were a rough and tumble lot. On September 10,1921, at the Labor Day Dance in Allison, Joe Wiggins killed two and wounded two others. He then fled up a rocky hill, firing with a Winchester at his pursuers who were firing back. At the top of the hill he was met by a mysterious woman in white. Jealousy was the only motive that could be assigned to the case.

On December 20, 1924, the *McKinley County Republican* described one of the weekend highlights:

> "Navajo, a coal camp, underwent the same experience Sunday nite that Thoreau went through with some time ago when Arthur Gander decided to liven up a poker game and see how many participants he could get rid of with one gun, a knife, and a few chairs. The first man (the Marshal) encountered was Ramon Chavez, the man who had done the telephoning… A bullet had hit him right on top of the head, neatly parting his hair in the center an only stunning him. Manuel Baca didn't intend to stay long when the shooting started, but he got mixed up with someone's knife as he went out the door and received a very severe cut on the hip. "Scoop" Silva also tried to get out at the first opportunity, but the thought came too late, for someone wrapped a chair around his neck and head and he missed a lot of fun. He was asleep when the officers arrived on the scene – But the someone who it is believed was the life of the party, Arthur Ganders, was missing. After doing all the damage with gun and knife that he could and braking up all the chairs that he could find on the heads of anyone who came in contact with him – he decide it might be better for his health if he left the scene of action."

A T Hannett, who later became governor of New Mexico, came to Gallup as a lawyer in 1911. His description of Gallup was that of a roaring rowdy, colorful mining town, corrupt to the core. Soldiers, lumberjacks, miners, cowboys and railroad employees made it a typical frontier town. The center of social activity, he observed, was Kitchen's Opera House and Bar, better known locally as "The Bucket of Blood." Prize fights were held there regularly and commanded some of the top national talent. The bar did a rush business despite the presence of twenty one other saloons in town. On one occasion, Hannett says, "A short foreigner came in with a sawed-off shotgun and shot the head off a man standing near me. The man collapsed like an empty sack and blood and

brains flew in every direction. I vomited. I am no hero when it comes to murder…"

Prostitution and gambling, though illegal, were wide open. At one time, Hannett recalled, an Arabian racehorse was brought into town and matched with the best horse at Ft. Wingate. Word got out to the gamblers that the soldiers had paid the jockey of the Arabian horse to throw the race. Knowing the time that each horse could run the course, one gambler approached the jockey with a sawed-off shotgun and told him that he would be at the finish line, and if the Arabian did not win the race, he would shoot the jockey out of his saddle. Needless to say, the Arabian did win that race. As a matter of fact, he didn't stop until he got to Holbrook, Arizona.

Hannett was soon to become the center of storm and violence in Gallup. For one thing, he was elected as a Democratic Mayor in the face of a powerful Republican machine headed by his arch-opponent, Gregory Page. Labor difficulties set the scene. As soon as the coal miners went on strike, the Republicans took the part of management, while the Mayor, naturally, took the part of the miners. Sheriff Roberts was aligned with the Republicans and coal companies. The *Gallup Herald* stood with the Republicans and management while the vitriolic-tongued editor of the *Gallup Independent* was the organ of the coal miners. Something of the explosive nature of he resulting situation is revealed in the following editorials:

> Sep 6, 1917, "The editor of the coal company's mouth piece and the scab herder's brains takes exception to the amount of beer that the representative of the UMW of America drinks. If the union representative drinks more beer than the Gallup Coal Company gun-toters, they ought to be in a menagerie somewhere… we believe the town board is about to file a complaint about the gunmen wearing out seven blocks of cement sidewalk running to the saloons… The working men have taken the dirty end of it as long as they intend to an if the Coal Company wants to fight it out with machine guns, they will have to get something better than scab herders to operate the machines if hey expect to win… A suit has been filed in the District Court by a farmer who was deported with a group of workmen on July 31, 1917, against the sheriff of McKinley County and the Gallup American Coal Co. The man's team was left standing hitched to a post in Gallup when he was arrested and run in the bull pen. He was held in confinement all day without food and was sent out of town and had no ticket to present to the conductor on the train, was compelled to sleep on the ground without cover, and was subjected to various other unpleasant circumstances such as having a Coal Co. cannon pointed at him. Attorney Chapman was appointed to serve the summons. Sheriff Roberts attempted to assault Mr. Chapman when the latter approached him to serve the necessary papers…The sheriff made a move as if to draw his six-shooter, then made several attempts to strike Chapman down. Chapman finally corralled him in the Elk Barbershop and succeeded in having him listen to the reading of the summons. The sheriff is said to have used a very choice assortment of curse language for the gentleman who was serving the papers."

Apparently the Coal Company had hired a number of toughs and gun-slingers to terrorize the miners. On the other hand, they had only met violence with violence. Meanwhile, the feeling between the Mayor and the Sheriff grew so high, relates Hannett, that Sheriff Roberts came into the bank one day and started swinging at him. Hannett, who was a trained boxer, ducked and knocked Roberts down. The bank officials then stepped in and stopped the battle. That same day, another deputy, Pat Shrier, entered Hannett's office during the noon hour on a pretense of talking business. Shrier "dove" at Hannett who sidestepped and knocked the deputy down. Shrier pulled a gun, but Hannett kicked it out of his hand and used it to order him out of the office, saying that he intended to keep the revolver as a paperweight.

Several days later, Hannett came out of the Post Office, sorting his mail, when Lot Carmichael, a third deputy, "Stuck a six-shooter" in the Mayor's stomach. The deputy then began to "heap all sorts of vile insults" on him, daring him to move. At that moment an old-timer, Pete Buckley, happened by, snatched the gun, and gave it to Hannett. The Mayor then chased the deputy all the way to the jail door! On several occasions Hannett took glee in calling Carmichael up on the phone and asking him why he didn't come get his gun. The deputy consistently

replied by slamming the receiver down. So much for the dignity and unity of Gallup's elected officials!

As the situation developed, the Sheriff's "abuse" of the unions and citizens continued until Hannett filed suit to have him removed. The above being insufficient cause, grounds for removal had to be sought. They were found in the fact that Roberts had hired as a deputy Red Pipkin, an ex-convict, the same who took part in the Grants train robbery. It was perhaps not so well known that the Sheriff himself had come to New Mexico from Texas while "on the dodge", but that was nothing — half the county had arrived under like circumstance. This charge against Roberts was dismissed as a political maneuver, but in September, the *Independent* reported that Pipkin had knocked down a boy named Jennings and had threatened to kill a Mrs. Mattox while she stood in front of the local theater. Pipkin had drawn his pistol and fired into the air, while Mrs. Mattox ran away. Pat Lucero, the night marshal came to her aid, and was shot in the back by Pipkin. While Lucero was only wounded, the incident brought about the dismissal of Pipkin.

The situation grew more tense, and Mayor Hannett called a mass meeting to decide what to do with the offending officers of the law. In the course of the meeting 150 citizens were deputized. At a given signal they were to seize their arms and rush to strategic points within the city. The other branch of the law, having tested the determination of the citizen's group, were considerably less bold thereafter. One other incident did occur, however. Charlie Chrisman, Day Marshall for Hannett's group of 150 deputies, arrested a "celebrated" former sheriff in the hire of the coal companies, and nearly precipitated a war. The "strike-breakers" came into Gallup in force, looking for Chrisman. Hannett, in his second-story office, looked out to see Chrisman surrounded by hostile deputies headed by Gregory Page. The mob was insulting Chrisman and heaping abuse on him, daring him to reach for his gun. The Mayor opened the window and leveled a rifle at the group which reluctantly dispersed. .

June of the following year, while labor difficulties slackened, saw no increase in unity in the municipal government. Reported the *Gallup Herald* on the 15th:

> "The deep mystery of the disappearance of Gallup's town board the 6th of this month has been solved. They were hiding out, dodging an imaginary injunction. It is an old saying that a burned child dreads the fire, so there is nothing to be surprised at when the town board took to the brush when someone whispered "injunction"…Like ostriches they hid their heads in the sand; they were determined that Gregory Page should not restrain them from pulling off whatever little stunt they contemplated regarding the bonds…There is a report about town of a nocturnal auto trip into the country and it is known there was a sudden change of base Thursday night; perhaps they thought someone had found a warm trail or that bloodhounds were tracking them down. Of course a scalded cat will run from cold water and if the only excuse the Mayor and town board has for their unusual conduct regarding such a public matter as the sale of town bonds is that they feared an injunction, they certainly were hitting the high places in terror of cold water, for there was no injunction against them nor had one even been contemplated."

Hannett continued to be a highly controversial figure. Even as late as March 25, 1920, the editor of the *Gallup Independent* wrote:

> "Of the libelous article appearing in the last issue of the *State Republican* – an article false as hell and obviously devil-inspired – it is difficult to write in moderation and with restraint. A more foul and more outrageous attack upon the character of a reputable public servant could not be found in the annals of journalism. It is inconceivable that a mind could be so base and black, so lost to all sense of decency and propriety, so steeped in iniquity and obliquity… could spawn, much less sponsor thoughts so vile and vicious."

Unfortunately this author has been unable to locate the original article. It must have been choice reading!

We turn now to some of the other aspects of that period in Gallup's history. Prohibition had its humorous as well as it serious side. Under date of March 15, 1919, we read in the *Herald*:

> "A Mexican who has been making a living selling cold tea to Indians as whiskey was fined $25 Monday by Justice of the Peace French. The Mexican took regular whiskey

bottles with labels on them, filled them with cold tea, pasted down the revenue stamp, and peddled the tea for bottled-in-bond booze. One of the Indians was so disappointed when he found he had paid $3.50 for weak tea that he filed a complaint and had the Mexican arrested and prosecuted."

On June 19,1918, the same paper said that

"Revenue Officers are confronted with an unusual case resulting from the seizure of a still found in operation on the Menopace and Contreras premises on the north side of town the latter part of last week. It is alleged by George W. Keller, who is a baker, that he was using the still to condense the fumes rising from bread baking in the oven. It is evident that Keller had no intention of violating the revenue laws, he was trying out an experiment which he believed would lead to a patented process to turn a waste product into valuable alcohol!"

At the same time Gallup was wrestling with a host of other problems: On January 12, 1918 the town council published the following ordinance: "It shall be the duty of every person while in charge of a vehicle drawn by horses or like animal upon any street… to keep under control such vehicle so that the same shall not travel at a greater rate of speed than 6 mph and … to keep all vehicles under control when nearing a street crossing so as to cross at a walk such crossing."

Of a more serious nature was the war hysteria which swept the county as well as the nation. The following items are a sampling from the *Gallup Herald*, nearly every issue of which was filled with similar articles:

"9 March, 1918: "Evidence has been found by county officers which leads them to believe that a spy has been at work in this community making maps and drawings of places and objects that would be of value to an enemy. The spy evidently becoming frightened left town before he had completed his work."

"February 23, 1918, Arthur Wolf of the 81st Field Artillery is confined at St. Mary's hospital where he is recovering from the effects of poison administered to him through candy given to soldiers while passing through Kansas. Poisoning of American Soldiers by pro-Germans has happened on several occasions."

"February 16, 1918 "Eleven German alien enemies of this country registered with Postmaster Loughridgiede…up to the closing hour Wednesday night. It is believed that there are other subjects of the Kaiser in the county who have not registered and whom it will be necessary to force to register."

"25 May, 1918 "…" To hell with the Red Cross, this ain't any war of mine" were words spoken by Will Schaffer Monday night in front of the Park Theater when solicited to make a small contribution to the Red Cross. As a result of these unpatriotic words Schaffer was arrested by a deputy sheriff… and taken to the county jail."

An ad, appearing in January, read as follows: "PALMOLIVE SOAP: for one week only! 10¢ the cake. This soap is selling at several cents more at all other stores. It is the best hand soap on the market and the soldiers at the front, when asked what kind of soap they wished, said "Send Palmolive."

One of Gallup's most tragic murder cases, still unsolved, was that of the Blackwells. On the 25th of November, 1921 Mr. And Mrs. J.W. Blackwell were shot to death on their own doorstep as they returned from a movie. Robbery was ruled out as motive since the couple had money with them, but none was taken. Neither could any other motive be found.

Gallup's labor troubles, which began almost as soon as coal began to be mined, never ceased until the last mine was closed. In the Spring of 1935 none of the five coal companies in Gallup were prospering; it was the depth of the Great Depression. Hundreds of miners were laid off. Most of these had joined the National Miners Union. They went on strike in 1933 for better working conditions and for the right to organize. For five months the city was under martial law. A considerable number of men, among them the guards at the mines, were deputized. A number of labor leaders were rounded up and held in a stockade at the Fair Grounds. In January 1934 a settlement was negotiated, but the mine owners could not employ nearly all the miners.

The Gallup American had leased to its employees lots on a piece of ground just outside the city limits. Seventy five or a hundred laborers, many of them Mexican 'wetbacks" had settled on this tract. The place was known as Chihuahuita. The illiterate

Mexicans were subject to eviction without notice. In the Spring of 1935 the land was sold to State Senator Vogel who brought suit to evict the tenants. The situation was a breeding ground for communists. On the other hand, the Coal Company probably sold the land to get rid of some of the people who had been most troublesome, and Senator Vogel's reputation was far from being lily-white. In the eviction proceedings the Constable boarded up the adobe shack of one Victor Campos. When Campos discovered the act, he and Eziquio Navarro, an active union man, broke into the house and set the furniture back inside.

Campos and Navarro were consequently arrested and held—illegally—without bail. At the hearing on April 4, 1935, a large crowd of people gathered to hear the proceedings but were not admitted. In Judge Bickel's office it was decided to postpone the trial. Unfortunately the postponement was not explained to the crowd outside. Meanwhile Sheriff "Mack" Carmichael and his deputies decided to take the prisoners secretly out the back door and down the alley to the jail. The press of the crowd against the plate glass window of the Judge's office broke it, and Navarro was seen to motion toward the alley. The secrecy had become, for the crowd, increasingly ominous and they ran now to the alley entrance. As the Sheriff stepped out, Solomon Esquivel, one of the mob, yelled to the Sheriff to move back and leave the prisoners to them. His demand, of course, went unheeded, and as the struggling prisoners were led out, the crowd rushed in. An attempt was made to grab the captives, and at that moment one of the deputies, Roy Boggess, threw a tear gas bomb. Simultaneously Boggess was knocked unconscious, and a shot rang out, killing Sheriff Carmichael. Dee Roberts, who was following the Sheriff and Boggess, pulled his gun and shot Esquivel and Velarde, the man he believed had fired the first shot. Both men were killed. "Bobcat" Wilson, another deputy fell to the ground, wounded. Boggess had by this time gotten up and he and Roberts, nearly blinded by the tear gas, fired into the retreating crowd, wounding three of them.

In the aftermath, several hundred people were arrested and thrown in jail. The Civil Liberties Union and the Miners Unions sent in a sizable defense committee "to see that justice was done." Their presence, their remarks, and reports of the press succeeded in thoroughly antagonizing the thus-far neutral citizens of the town. The situation received nation-wide coverage (e.g. The Nation, 140:511; 141:537) and was compared to the Sacco-Vanzetti and Scottsboro cases. Here was a "cause" and it attracted droves of intellectuals, rabble-rousers, and sympathizers from all parts of the country. The trial took place in Santa Fe and fifty two men and women were held for hearing. Of these, ten were held for murder and the others released. Fear took hold of the town; armed deputies patrolled every corner; firehoses were made ready, and mass meetings were forbidden.

David Levinson, a Philadelphia Lawyer for the International Labor Defense Association, came to Gallup to gather further evidence. Accompanying him were a number of reporters. The group met with Julia Bartol, a union organizer, at the Fred Harvey Hotel. Fearful that their rooms were wired, they dared not meet even in the lobby for fear they would be spied upon. Thereupon they retired to their car to discuss their witnesses. Cars drove up alongside, and the men were ordered out at gunpoint. Levinson and Minor, a reporter, were kicked and beaten unconscious, driven out of town and left out in the hills to find their way home. They had been blindfolded with hoods so that they could not identify their kidnappers. The pair finally made their way to a deserted hogan. A Navajo came along and took them to Tohatchi. There was some suspicion by civil law officers that the kidnapping was faked to build indignation against local officials. Those who believed the kidnapping story were outraged. Two separate investigations of the incident were carried out, both employing detectives and Navajo trackers. The State Police investigation declared the affair was a fake. The Defense Committee declared it was genuine. Minor and Levinson refused to turn over the hoods and other evidence to the District Attorney because they believed he was cooperating with the kidnappers. He in turn refused to prosecute without the evidence, implying that their lack of cooperation pointed to their complicity.

The second trial for the murder of M R Carmichael was held in Aztec. Three men, Juan Ochoa, Manuel Avitia, and Leandro Velarde, were sentenced to from forty five to sixty years at hard labor. Appeals took years and finally reached the Supreme Court which reversed the decision on Velarde. The other two served two and three years respectively. It never was entirely clear in these trials that one of the deputies had not himself killed the Sheriff.

15. BLUEWATER

Don Demasio Provencher was a native of France. Provencher kept horses and operated the stage stops at Bluewater, Cebolleta, Salazar, and San Rafael. Wagons left Santa Fe six times a week and Albuquerque twice a week to supply Ft. Wingate. From Cochiti they crossed the mesa to Jemez Pueblo, followed downstream to Cabezon, then went around the edge of the mountains to San Mateo, then to San Rafael and Bluewater. The stage, which ran once a day, followed the same route with stops every 12 miles (Cabezon, Isawachie, El Dado, San Mateo, Puertocito, Stinking Springs, Bluewater and El Gallo; the other route went west from Stinking Springs to Guam, Gallup, and on to Prescott). Provencher married a sister of the Catholic Priest, Father Brun, who was stationed at El Gallo. Provencher homesteaded near Bluewater in 1877. Joseph and Stephen Provencher and William Hicks took up claims in Sections 8 and 9, T12N, R11W in the 1880s. Father Brun took up a claim on Section 13 and Martin Bouvet also applied. The latter two did not get their patent, however. Only the Provenchers stayed. Demasio had a business at El Gallo (San Rafael). He furnished lumber to Laguna and Albuquerque. We have read in the San Rafael story how he was shot through a window on election night. Provencher had sold his holdings to the Acoma Land and Cattle Company. A Mr. McDaniel, who operated sawmills consecutively at Sedgwick, La Jara, and Cerro Colorado, married his widow.

On the 7th of December 1880 James M. Latta of Goshen, Indiana, contracted with the Atlantic and Pacific to deliver 900,000 ties in western Arizona by January 1, 1882. Ten days later, Latta contracted to deliver half a million ties near the Continental Divide on or before October 1, 1881, at the rate of 50,000 per month, in "piles and places where the said cross-ties can be loaded on cars or wagons with the greatest facility" at a price of forty five cents each.

The enterprising John W. Young subcontracted a half million ties from Latta, then hired Ernst Tietjen and others to fulfill that contract. Sam Young wrote that Ernst "took a contract to furnish several thousand ties for the road. He got ties … from Bear Spring, Prop Canyon, Bald Mesa, and Salitra Mesa. Ties from these places were delivered at Bluewater. Another lot of ties was taken from the Bluewater watershed [and] the Cottonwood water drainage. The ties that were taken from these places were delivered at Baca, Chavez, and Thoreau, on the east side of the Continental Divide. A third lot of ties were taken from the Foster and Smith Canyons area on the west side of the Continental Divide and were delivered at Coolidge, now Guam."

According to the surveyor's field notes (1881), Latta had his sawmill just south of where Thoreau, New Mexico now stands. By 1882 there was no longer any demand for ties, and he, with his brother Louis and John Minor and William Hulvey, bought the land near Bluewater from Stephen Provencher and Martin Bouvet. In 1882 the 7HL holdings near Bluewater were acquired by Latta. Latta organized the Zuni Mountain Cattle Company in 1883 with headquarters at Bluewater. His nephew, W H Hulvey, was his foreman for several years. The stage coach buildings at Bluewater were later used by the 7HL Cattle Company to house their saddle horses and the mules used to pull their chuckwagons. Latta's 7HL ran cattle from the Continental Divide east to Bluewater. The ranges at that time were not fenced and Latta's cattle were found as far west as Gallup and Zuni and as far south as the San Augustine Plains near Magdalena. In 1882 the ranch was running 10,000 head of cattle. Hulvey, the foreman, put up "drift fences". These fences were not meant to enclose the property; instead, they were intended to turn cattle in a certain direction. Their purpose in this case was to keep other cattle out rather than keep theirs in. Latta, Hulvey, and Minor relinquished their homestead claims in 1886 and 1893. In 1889 the company secured a post office at Bluewater, their headquarters. Since Latta was in Boston, Hulvey was in charge most of the time.

There had been excellent grazing conditions in the early 1880's, but these got worse in time. There were wonderful rains in 1890 and good ones in 1891, but the next two years brought a severe drought and most ranchers went out of business entirely. By 1891 Hulvey had moved to Goshen, Indiana and was trying to retire. He sold the Zuni Cattle Company to the Millet Brothers (Eugene, Alonzo, and Hiram) from Kansas for $60,000. At that time the Albuquerque Daily Citizen reported that "The well known 'Blue Water' ranch of J.M. Latta, one of the finest properties in New Mexico and one that controls the water on about 200,000 acres was sold a few days ago to a Kansas City Company … There are about 20,000 animals on the place which go with the ranch." (Oct 10, 1891) After eighteen months they returned the property. Just before Latta died in 1894 the ranch was sold again.

In 1884 Solomon Bibo leased the 95,000 acres of the Acoma pueblo for 30 years with the consent of Martin Valle, pueblo governor. The total price, spread

out over 30 years, would be $12,000. Bibo was to keep all squatters, cattle rustlers, and stray cattle off the land, and to look out for the Acoma cattle. He also had mining rights and would pay 10 cents/ton for coal taken out. After 53 days, Solomon sold his lease to the Acoma Land and Cattle Company together with 320 acres of adjoining land of his own for $16,000. The Indian Agent and the courts took a dim view of the transaction and the Indian Office was about to inform Bibo that they would not tolerate this land grab. Before they could do this, Robert Marmon at Laguna consulted with Valle who signed a statement that he understood the lease to be for three years instead of thirty and that he had not consulted the pueblo and had not given any rights to coal. Bibo refused to cancel his lease, arguing that it was legal and binding. The Indian Agent then cancelled his trading license. Simon Bibo then wrote to someone up the chain of command, saying that the Marmon brothers had wanted to lease the choicest part of the land, but were going to give the Indians only one cow a year and that Solomon had told them this price was too low. Simon further accused Agent Sanchez of bullying the Indians if they did not tear up the lease. Simon then presented a petition, signed by 100 Acomas, asking that Solomon's trading license not be revoked and that the lease should stand. The petition was probably fraudulent. Solomon's lease stood and soon 34 carloads of cattle arrived. Surprisingly, in 1888 Solomon Bibo was appointed governor of Acoma by the Indian Agent; he seems to have completely regained the confidence of the Indians.

The Acoma Land and Cattle Company was in the area earlier but apparently was not organized until 1883. They had their headquarters at Acoma Station. T.J. McNeil, who had occasion to examine their books, said that they had an inventory of 27,000 head of cattle at one time. The story of this cattle company is a most interesting case of entrepreneurship. Joseph Exum Saint was from Winfield, Kansas. He came to Albuquerque and set up a grocery story with Cleland. A visitor from Kansas wrote about the remarkably prosperous firm in April, 1884:

"Ninety-four miles run from Socorro brought us to Albuquerque, where was found the platform filled with formerly Kansas people, who were looking for acquaintances in the party whom they hoped to entertain. It was the lot of the writer and wife along with E. P. Greer, of Winfield, to be taken under the protecting care of Mr. J. E. Saint, an old Winfield boy, who was waiting with the carriage ready to convey us to his pleasant little home where his wife, daughter of Father Millington of the Winfield Courier, greeted us with hospitality beaming all over her face. Mr. Saint is engaged in the wholesale grocery business and has a large thriving trade. They carry a large stock and cash every pound of their goods every twenty days. They have been engaged in the business only some nine months and yet their sales had amounted to something like one hundred and eighty thousand dollars. And all the Kansans reported they were doing an excellent business in the various lines in which they are engaged, and we believe them because Albuquerque shows more `git up and git' than any other town in the territory. It showed more stir and enterprise and was livelier than any other town we visited in the territory. Its growth has been marvelous."

That same year, the *Albuquerque Journal* wrote:

"One of the most important land transactions, which has ever taken place in the Territory, was concluded yesterday, by which Messrs. Saint & Cleland, of this city, became the lessees of the entire Acoma Indian reservation or grant. This reservation is some eighty miles west of Albuquerque on the line of the Atlantic & Pacific railroad and consists of somewhat over 95,700 acres of as fine grazing land as there is west of the Rockies, watered by the San Jose River and several small lakes. The terms of the lease secured to them the sole right and possession to these lands for a term of thirty years. The lands on either side of the grant being very poorly watered, the leasing of the grant practically secures to them the grazing lands for miles around, which will equal as many acres as the grant proper. The lease also secures to them the sole right to work a three-foot vein of coal on the grant, while being so much nearer the city than any other coal field, will, of itself, be worth thousands of dollars to them. In the transaction, in addition to becoming the lessees of this grant, they secure a full title to eight hundred acres of fine land adjoining the grant, through which the San Jose River also runs.

"This is certainly the biggest transaction, so far as the amount and value of the land is concerned, that has taken place in New Mexico for many a month. The gentlemen who have become the fortunate possessors of this property, have not as yet fully decided on the course that will be pursued regarding it, but they are both live, wide-awake businessmen, and our readers will hear from them later."

As a footnote, we add that J.E. Saint later became Albuquerque's mayor. Those were the days of the open range and the Cattle Kings controlled as much land as they could. Most of their range was neither leased nor owned. Anyone who challenged their right to the land was apt to face the business end of a Winchester wielded by one of their hired gunslingers. Water was the principal factor in the cattle business and the permanent watering places were at a premium. The early Spanish settlers had long since gained control of these near San Rafael and San Mateo. Bluewater came into prominence because there was permanent water there. We shall see how the Railroad grant of half of McKinley and Cibola Counties came to dominate all else.

Among the neighboring cattle companies was the Box-S Ranch, owned by the Carrs, with headquarters six miles north of Ramah. They ran about 6,000 head and operated as far west as the Arizona line. Adjoining them on the east and north was the Diamond Bar Ranch, run by the Nagler Brothers in the Valle De Las Tusas area with about 4,000 head. There was also the 55 Bar Ranch owned by the Coddington Brothers who operated from Prewitt north to the Pueblo Pintada area and ran from 7,000-8,000 head of cattle. When the government and Railroad began selling or leasing their land to other people, the big outfits began to be forced out. It was the drouth of the 1890s, however, that dealt the final blow. As they sold their cattle, E.A. Tietjen had helped round up the cattle for the Box-S and 7HL and began buying the "remnants", cattle missed during the roundups and left on the range.

In 1884 Ernst Tietjen, who was living in Ramah, had a little daughter that he loved very dearly who burned to death in a fire. His half-Indian wife, Amanda Hatch, could not get over the little girl's death and she died not long afterward. After this battle with grief, Ernst longed to start life anew. He had seen the site at Bluewater while rounding up the 7HL cattle for the Box-S ranch and had been impressed with it, particularly the beautiful alfalfa field. In any case, we find from F G Nielson's journal that within a month of Amanda's death, Ernst was discussing with Nielson a move to Bluewater. In this move, Ernst was greatly encouraged by his old friend, Brigham Young Jr., one of the apostles of the Mormon Church. This discussion led to Nielson writing a letter to Latta about the place at Bluewater. Nielson records that on February 7, 1894, he received a letter from J.M. Latta, offering the 7HL ranch at Bluewater for sale, and that he spent most of the next day "with E.A. Tietjen talking about [the] Bluewater place." A price of $3000 for all the Latta property (including the stock and brand) at Bluewater was agreed upon, but neither Tietjen nor Nielson had that much capital. They were, however, well acquainted with the trader at Fort Wingate, W.F. McLaughlin, and with the commanding officer, General Carr, for whom Ernst had worked as a cowboy, as a fence builder, and as a dam builder.

This led to an introduction to John Van Doren who was there looking after the interests of his son-in-law, John Norton. Van Doren had experience with forming irrigation companies in California. After many discussions and a visit to the site with McLaughlin on March 4, 1894, an agreement was made to purchase the property jointly. The Articles of Incorporation of the Bluewater Land and Irrigation Company listed John H. Norton, W.F.McLaughlin, E.A.Tietjen, F.G.Nielson and John S. Van Doren as directors with a capital stock of $100,000, but were not recorded until September 20th. Ernst Tietjen and Frihoff Nielson sat up late night after night, planning how they would irrigate farmlands in the Bluewater Valley. On the 9th of March, 1894, Frihoff noted that they "drove up to where Bluewater and Cottonwood Creeks join; examined a reservoir site and made a rough estimate; $2,000 would make a dam 30 ft. high and would hold much water." This turned out to be a serious underestimate: the construction would cost over $7,000.

No engineers were hired; the two of them, even with their years of practical experience, were taking on a staggering project, and they must have done a tremendous amount of calculation. J.F. Nielson described the scene: twenty five teams working in a big circle to construct the dam which was 150 feet wide at the base, 260 feet long and 42 feet high. Rubble stone covered the face of the dam. A good deal of the work was accomplished with a "slip", a small scraper that would hold about two cubic feet of dirt and could be dumped by one man. Moving 30,000 yards of dirt with their primitive equipment was a truly visionary project. Proof that the project was well planned and executed lies in the fact that the dam lasted until it was dynamited ten years later, a good record for that day and with those materials.

Weather did not permit work that winter. In March 1895, Nielson and Tietjen worked the entire month at Bluewater. Ernst had apparently worked part of the previous month on the dam. Nielson was working for Bluewater Land and Irrigation Company and was paid $83 per month for his work, "superintending garden and attending to commissary store." He was also providing two teams for work on

the reservoir at $2.50 per day per team and boarding with the Tietjens. A letter from Ernst to Emma C. indicates that he and Joe and their teams were being paid $15 per day working on the dam. Tradition in the Tietjen family has it that Joe Tietjen furnished the horses and broke the teams which Ernst was providing for work on the dam and in turn he secured the "remnant" of the 7HL cattle which Ernst had purchased from E.A. Carr on November 5, 1894. The remnant existed only because the cattle were too wild to be brought in by the regular cowhands; gathering these cattle was a process that took more time and skill than Ernst or Frihoff could offer.

Apparently Ernst made the same settlement with Van Doren as Frihoff had made (170 acre feet of water per year), but the agreement was to result in difficulties lasting the rest of Ernst's life. During the first year following its organization, the Bluewater Land and Irrigation Company (BLIC) strung 21 miles of fence, dug 31 miles of ditches, plowed 2600 acres and planted 2000 of these in oats, barley, wheat, corn, alfalfa, onions, carrots, sugar beets, melons, cabbages, and orchards. A new steam tractor made the work easier and operated a thresher and power bailer. Hay and grain were shipped to Ft. Wingate where they brought a good price.

About July 1901, a branch of the Church was organized with Ernst as president. He presided until May 1906 when a ward was organized and Collins R. Hakes was made bishop. He was succeeded in 1915 by E.H. Dewey; in that same year by Leroy L. Lesueur; in 1918 by Frihoff P. Nielson; in 1920 by Thomas J. McNeill; in 1920 by Joseph F. Nielson who presided until 1923 when the ward was disorganized and made a part of the Western States Mission.

Things were off to a good start, and relations within the BLIC were harmonious until there was a conflict in resources. Then there began a long struggle between Van Doren and Norton on the one hand and the Mormon settlers on the other over the water that had been granted to Nielson and Tietjen as their part. The following is the Mormon perspective of the part played by Divine Providence in these struggles. It was written by Hyrum D. Chapman in 1933 for the benefit of the Branch President, G.P. Roundy:

> "Time rolled smoothly on with all parties concerned when on finding a shortage of water, Norton and Van Doren decided to cut water from L.D.S. settlers. Only those who had land rented from them could use water. The L.D.S. people stood on their rights, all of them, which caused the other side to become just a little rambunctious. So a quick thought and rush was made. Mr. Van Doren took a big trip west to Fort Wingate and picked up a big negro soldier, who had just got a furlough for leave of absence for 90 days, to come to Bluewater and act as hired man for that length of time for the Bluewater Irrigation Company, as they were known. Mr. Van Doren, known here as manager for Bluewater Land and Cattle Company, told the colored man these L.D.S. people had become pests and he, Mr. Van Doren, wanted to get rid of them.
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> "Just a few days after this conversation, on a cool, snowy afternoon, the colored man was seen cleaning his gun, and as he cleaned the gun nicely, he slipped a cartridge in the breech and told another hired man who was working for Van Doren, that things were now ready to pop. Just at that moment he, the colored man, had a hold of the gun barrel with his left hand, picked it up, and set it down good and heavy with the breech on the floor and the thing went off and the bullet went right up through the middle of his chin and up through the top of his head."
>
> "It was during this period Apostle Brigham Young came along. He was told this little story about Mr. Van Doren and the colored man. The apostle told us to continue to pray and be faithful and a new and durable good reservoir would yet be built; he told us that springs of living water would roll forth from these hills that surround this valley. Brother E.A. Tietjen was put in and sustained as Presiding Elder over Bluewater. Apostle Young made us many other promises; many of them have not yet been fulfilled, for the time had not yet come."
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> "We rolled smoothly on until spring of 1902 when we had another shortage of water. Mr. Van Doren decided again that the L.D.S. people must leave, so he whispered it into the ears of his outside hired man, Charley Stage, who thought it an easy job to scare or drive the L.D.S. people out and just when he got ready to make his big drive, the poor boy took down with a bad case of quick consumption and died and was laid alongside of the poor colored man on that little hill by W.O. Chapman's corral. Well, By this time

> Mr. Van Doren was just a little concerned; he now thought it very dangerous trying to run the Mormon people out of Bluewater Valley, so he chose to rent his and Mr. Norton's holding to a couple of Gallup merchants for $1,000 a year. They held the ranch for three years and failed."

In 1902 the fight to keep their water flowing culminated in a lawsuit by Nielson and Tietjen. The opposition stalled until June 9, 1903 when the case came to trial in Albuquerque. The jury awarded Ernst $4697 in damages. Nielson then entered his case and was awarded $3072. Tom McNeill proved to be a valuable witness; Ernst could be badgered on the stand until he was flustered, but Tom was steady and cool. They had won a victory, but they never got their money; the other side appealed the case and it simply got lost in the legal shuffle. The case is still open but the statutes of limitation have taken effect. They had, however, established their legal right to the 340 acre-feet of water.

Chapman continues his narrative:

> "Mr. Tom Bryan from Fruitland, San Juan Co., New Mexico, came along, saw [the Van Doren] holdings and bought them out. He chose another way of trying to drive out the Mormons. He wanted the whole place for a big cattle ranch, so he goes up and blows a big hole in the dam with blasting powder, and the Mormons talked to him so hard with big threats, the poor fellow got up and left us. So when Mr. Van Doren heard of Tom Bryan leaving, he goes East and finds a real estate company and gets them to take over the old Bluewater Land and Water right holdings. Of course they paid no attention to any of our Mormon holdings."

Amos Tietjen filled in the details. He related that the dam washed out in 1904 after heavy rains had filled the dam. He and Tom McNeill said that Tom Bryan paid the watchman at the dam to dynamite it. At any rate, Joe Tietjen, on his ranch above the dam, heard three blasts when the dam went out. The raging flood that followed cleared the canyon of a majestic stand of ponderosa pine. McNeill and others confronted the watchman in a field and the man left the country in a hurry rather than face the threats of a hanging party. Dick George, Amos Tietjen, and Ernst put up a sawmill that operated for some time on the timber which had washed down the canyon. The railroad tracks were washed out and the railroad was quite reluctant to see another dam built in the canyon; to avoid another such catastrophe they constructed a dike to protect the tracks. Chapman said that the new company

> "Organized and bonded the land for money enough to build a new reservoir dam. We, the L.D.S. settlers, went in conference with them, trying to make them understand we had an established water right and after a long and tight struggle, they, the new company, failed to acknowledge any of our rights. The new company finished the building on their new dirt dam in the winter and early spring of 1908 in time to catch the early spring snow run off. The reservoir filled so fast their new manager became frightened and he opened wide their big gates and the water came down in great quantities and their head man told Bro. Tietjen to have all of us take water while it runs. The next year of 1909 water in the spring was short. The new company had no water for sale and none for the Mormons. Well, summer rains came in very early, so we didn't suffer and the rain kept coming until the reservoir filled full and overflowed and burst; it had lasted only two years. The Mormons were not badly hurt, but the poor new company and about a dozen new settlers they had brought in and the Railroad Co. were all just simply washed out." Those washed out included C.B. Spooner, H.W. Walker, and Will Nitchie.
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> "This new company had broken up and it all fell into the hands of one man, Sidney W. Worthy, a young lawyer of Chicago, who placed a man, John Havard, in charge over their land, water, fences and everything they had interest in. Now you must remember as the waters running down the Bluewater valley were flood waters, that flood waters in the valley were filed on by all the Mormon people, and Mr. Havard of the new company of Mr. Worthy, overseer, paid no attention to our water rights as we had been granted. Our Bishop thought that rather than go to law or have any trouble with Worthy or Havard, we Mormons should rent all the land they had to offer for farming purposes so they might become easy with us and let all of us have water on our own farms so long as we were farming with them. This

ran nicely for three years when Mr. Havard became jealous. He proposed to stop us from using water on our land. Well, we worked it somehow to slide by him one year."

"But the next year big flood waters were on good and early in the spring, so Mr. Havard, according to orders, goes and meets Mr. Worthy in Albuquerque and they fixed and got out warrants for the arrest of any of us people running water on our own land for irrigation purposes. On coming home with all these papers in an inside pocket of a big overcoat Mr. Havard was wearing when he got off the train, he started for the old ranch. He got to a big log which lay across the Bluewater Creek just as the sun was rising and started walking across that log. He became dazed from the sunlight on the water shining up in his face and fell into the water and was drowned. The same day about 10:00 A.M. Joe Tietjen and Sam Lewis found Mr. Havard lying on the rocks northwest or straight towards the old ranch house from the Elman Childs building. Tietjen and Lewis found all these papers in Havard's pocket which they had a right to see because of finding him …"

Allen Nielson provided some further details of the story. Havard, he said,

> "flexed his muscles and gave the Mormons a hard time for awhile. There is no doubt that they considered shooting him, but their religious sense prevailed. President Udall promised them if they would live their religion that the Lord would fight their battles… [Havard arrived on the midnight train] but he insisted on going home. As he crossed the log bridge, he fell in. The water was swift, his senses being dulled, he drowned."

This occurred in the Spring of 1911, and Joe Tietjen found him at ten o'clock the next morning, half a mile downstream. He had been such a sore vexation to the settlers that when someone suggested giving him artificial respiration, Joe did not feel to resist the hand of Providence and interjected quickly: "Don't do that, the old son-of-a-gun might come to life and that would be hell."

A word about Sidney Worthy. He was an official of the Railroad. He bought 1500 acres of railroad land at $3 an acre and was given ten years to pay for it. After the first dam washed out, the BLIC was reorganized as the Bluewater Development Company by W.F. Shelton, Land Commissioner for the Union Pacific. The dam was rebuilt in 1907. The railroad owned 3,000 of the 10,627 acres under irrigation in the project. A subsidiary, the Chanslor-Canfield Midway Oil Company, bought $167,000 of the bonds issued. From 1930 to 1940 the shortage of water reduced the area under irrigation to 3,000 acres and the Company had to accept aid from the Reconstruction Finance Company. They forced the bondholders to take 30 cents on the dollar due to them, and Sidney Worthy could not pay and was forced to forfeit his land for the debt. In 1944 these lands were sold to various vegetable growers. Continuing the saga, Chapman related,

> "It was during Lesuer's time [as Bishop] that Mr. Gross was placed here to run the ranch after Mr. Havard. Things ran smoothly with Mr. Gross for two years and finally he became jealous of our crop raising and decided to cut off our water, so Gross, poor fellow, had a string of bad luck. He had a bad case of flu and was just getting well when he had trouble getting badly hurt with a runaway team and wagon and was very nigh killed. He got well and started looking after water and was somehow thrown or dragged into Bluewater Creek. Bro. Tietjen found him caught in some barbed wire fencing lying across the Bluewater Creek. He had quite a time getting Mr. Gross out and Mr. Gross was almost frozen to death besides being nearly drowned. Mr. Gross told Bro. Tietjen then and there by a solemn promise he would not stay here any longer to fight and quarrel with the Mormons over a little dribble of flood water for Sidney Worthy or anyone else. So poor Mr. Gross rounded his family together and moved back to Albuquerque. He left all of us in good feelings …
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> "It was during J.F. Nielson's time as Bishop that Mr. Gross went out. Mr. W.A. Jolley came in as ranch foreman on the Bluewater ranch under the management of Sidney W. Worthy. Mr. Jolley seemed friendly and fine. The next year he became just a little nasty. On one occasion when Bishop Nielson and Bro. Tietjen called on

him as neighbors to have a friendly talk about water and how it might be divided most conveniently to parties farming in Bluewater, Mr. Jolley, as soon as water was mentioned, flew into a mad rage. A pitch fork was laying close by and Mr. Jolley picked it up and started right after our Bishop and Bro. Tietjen, making vicious threats of how he would run that pitch fork plumb through them and others of the Mormons who came to him about water." Allen Nielson added that Jolley had "his pitchfork within just a few inches of the Bishop's nose, talking loudly [and] telling him to get out of there or violence would take place …"

There was nothing to do but retreat. After discussing the situation, Nielson says, "they were counseled to not take the law into their own hands and the Lord would still fight their battles if they would do what was right. It took a little time for the Lord to remember them."

Just prior to this event, the Bishop, who was afflicted with very poor eyesight, had purchased a Jersey heifer from Jolley which, he was told, had the Lap Circle brand. There were two Jersey heifers in the field and Bishop Nielson sent two of his sons and another boy to get the heifer and brand it. They mistook a place where the heifer had licked herself for the brand and put the Bishop's brand on the wrong heifer. Jolley immediately had the Bishop arrested for stealing. A trial was set and a jury selected. Only one Mormon juror was allowed and the opposition was determined to "nail the Mormon Bishop's hide to the wall." A.T. Hannett, later Governor, was hired to defend the Bishop and he was found not guilty.

Jeff Tietjen recalled another attempt by the Jolley family to strong-arm another neighbor which backfired. Old man Deafy Wells had for some time been using water from the one well in the valley, but one which the Jolleys considered theirs. They decided to stop him from getting water, buckled on their guns, and confronted him. Somewhat like the Buckshot Roberts affair in Lincoln County, the old man jerked out his shotgun and started shooting, and this time it was the Jolleys who ran for their lives, jumping for cover into the nearest irrigation ditch. While they outnumbered the old man, they were no match for his nerve. Every time the tip of a hat showed, it was met with a blast from the shotgun. After an hour or two in the ditch, the Jolley gunslingers abandoned their objective and sneaked home on their hands and knees. Continuing Chapman's narrative:

"We had no more trouble with Jolley that year, his heart softened, and he let us have water as long as it ran that spring. Well, good heavy rains came early and the Mormon people raised good crops. Mr. Jolley saw our good crops and how we had taken care of them, and he became jealous so that his jealously made him crazy mad. Mormons' days were numbered in Bluewater. Jolley made his special big talk to a Mr. Miller right in the middle of winter. Mr. Miller was our principal and schoolteacher here in Bluewater. Mr. Miller was a friend to us Mormon people and he met my father Hyrum Chapman and told him. Mr. Miller asked my father to please tell all the Mormon people to be careful and keep clear of Jolley's way, as Jolley was a bad man and had sworn to him from a vicious and wicked heart that he would surely clear the valley of the Mormons if any one of them was found using water or any of them ever came to him asking for any, and Jolley didn't see any Mormons running, so he goes to his friends again."

"In early spring Mr. Miller saw my father and told my father the same story, only Jolley told all his friends he would think no more of shooting down a Mormon than he would a wolf. Mr. Miller asked, as he could stand it no longer, for my father to tell our Bishop and have our people carefully protected, guarded and watched. My father then opened his mouth to Professor Miller saying, 'Mr. Miller, I want you to please watch Mr. Jolley; if he has made those threats, please watch him, as the God of Heaven, He, whom we serve and worship and trust for our protection and care, we don't think He will leave us this time.' Father said again, 'So, Mr. Miller, please watch Mr. Jolley."

"Just about one month and a half after that father talked with Mr. Miller. Jolley was seen talking to two young men out east to show them where they could take up land where they could improve and make a cattle ranch. This was a beautiful morning about the first of May in 1920, if my memory serves me right, and everybody was watching Mr. Jolley and Mr. Miller was watching him. He

came back and got to the railroad crossing at Bluewater station at 11:45 A.M. when No.2, a passenger train, was just coming by on a new time schedule. Mr. Jolley ran right in front of that swift train. One of the young men of the two riding with Mr. Jolley had just jumped from the Jolley car to open the west gate. He heard the train whistle, turned and saw the Jolley car hit, saw his brother thrown and killed instantly, saw Jolley thrown 75 feet. Jolley was picked up with a broken back and a broken neck and bleeding badly from several bad cuts on the head. Jolley lived in an unconscious condition until the train almost reached Albuquerque. Both of the young men were taken in the baggage car with Mr. Jolley so you see he never killed or hurt a Mormon. This great tragedy set all of our poor outside friends to thinking, even Mr. Worthy never raised a hand or foot to knock our poor people after that"

Allen Nielson attributed the accident to natural causes: it was the blowing dust which obscured Jolley's vision. He reminds us, however, that "It would not be historically true if it was suggested that the Mormons always behaved in a Christian way during this time of shortage of water. There was plenty of evidence that they surely needed to be reminded of their Christian beliefs and to practice what they had been taught." Chapman says,

"It was about two years after Elder Roundy came to be our Branch leader that Capt. W.C. Reed, an attorney for the Santa Fe Railroad Co. in and over the state of New Mexico, happened to see the real beauty of the Bluewater valley and he, Capt. Reed, soon effected an organization which tied everybody into it who held any farming land here in the Bluewater Valley. All of us old land owners signed over our land rights for the making up of a bond and the bond was sold for cash and the cash paid for the building of the present Bluewater reservoir and all the ditches as they now lay. It was during the building or just after it was finished a young foreman on the dam, whose name was Porter Brock, told all of [us] who were there that it would not be long until the new company would drive all of the Mormons from Bluewater. Well, the new company never drove us out. They have tried to treat us right. The new company paid cash to all of us for our old water rights and is now selling us water as reasonable as they know how."

Ernst Tietjen and Frihoff Nielson moved to Bluewater in 1894. The Chapman family came from St. Johns Arizona to find work as irrigators. While there their home in St. Johns burned, so they stayed on. Two of them married Tietjen girls. Tom McNeil, who had worked there the previous spring and winter, brought his new bride, Mary George. She leaves us a vivid picture of the place: "In 1895 I came as a bride to Bluewater. My bridal mansion was a dirty little tent. There were harnesses, saddles, and sack of feed in one end of the tent. In the other end of the tent was an old government cot that Tom had picked up in the dump. We hauled water from the mouth of the canyon. I took work in a boarding house which the company was building just west of the Railroad Station. I was paid $16 a month and worked from four in the morning until six at night. Tom got his board there for $3 a week."

Many other settlers came to marry the daughters of the original settlers. J E Stevens, S C Young, William Child, Ben Monk, and Richard George were sons-in-law of Ernst Tietjen. Morley Black and C.M. Knudsen married into the Chapman family. J O Stradling married into the Nielson family and Alma Burnham married into the McNeil family. Tom Bryan had persuaded Collins Hakes and L E Lamb to bring their families from Mesa, Arizona. They were all too willing to leave the lower country where they had been sleeping outside and under wet sheets in an attempt to escape the oppressive heat.

16. GRANTS

In 1872 Don Jesus Blea homesteaded on the south side of San Jose Creek. [When the record says "homesteaded" at a date before the 1880 survey, it probably means "squatted on" since a homestead required a legal description and there was none before the survey].The site was made more attractive by the Cottonwood trees near the creek, so he called the place Alamitos (little cottonwoods). The trees were said to have been planted by Antonio Chavez when he made his home there some time before the Civil war. Blea settled on the NE and SW quarters of Section 26. From the advent of the railroad until his death, Jesus Blea carried the mail from Alamitos to San Mateo. At least one place of business in Grants retains the name of Alamitos today.

In 1873 Don Roman Baca homesteaded on Section 20 and ran sheep there, but Pablo Peña claims he never lived there. His rise to prosperity is related in the chapter on San Mateo. Like many others, he was almost wiped out in the panic of 1893-4 and died in comparative poverty. Roman's son, Liberato Baca, later a prominent legislator, put up a building in 1881 and kept a store in it for three years. In 1881 the Railroad came through the area. The Grant brothers (Angus, Lewis, and John) had contracted to build the railroad for that section. They were Scotch Canadians. John W and Brigham Young Jr. (brothers) had the contract for the Bluewater section, George Lail was responsible for the Coolidge-Gallup area, and August McCune contracted for a stretch west of Gallup. The Grant Brothers Camp was later used as a coaling station because it was halfway between Gallup and Albuquerque. A depot and section house was established and the Railroad named the station Grant after the Grant Brothers, and the post office bore that name from 1882 until 1936. The Spanish speaking people in that locality mixed the two languages and called it "Grantes" and from this corruption came Grants. The post office changed the spelling in 1936.

One of the most influential families in the area was the Bibo family, Jewish traders. I give here a brief account as related by Arthur Bibo:

"Seven Bibo brothers and three sisters, ten in all, came to the United States and to New Mexico during the years 1866 to 1879. The two oldest sons, Nathan and Simon, landed in New York City in January, 1866. Simon came west with a wagon train of bulls and oxen freighting merchandise for the Spiegelbergs who had already an established business at Santa Fe, New Mexico. He arrived in Santa Fe in July of 1866. In 1869 Simon Bibo opened a trading post at Cebolleta, New Mexico, and in 1870 contracted to haul corn for the military to Ft. Apache, Arizona, where the U.S. government had set up an outpost due to the trouble with the Apaches. The corn was hauled in bulk on the cob and in large wagons lashed together and drawn by bulls and oxen. He had the help of the Cebolleta inhabitants. The route was through the gap in the mountain on the south side of Mt. Taylor to the Quemazon, which is five to six miles east of present Grants, New Mexico. There the road diverted south along the east side of the Lava Flow on what was the old road to Ft. Wingate and San Rafael. It then went from San Rafael along what is presently State 53 by the Ice Caves, El Morro, and the Pueblo of Zuni. From there, Bibo and his men opened up the first wagon trail to Ft. Apache. Simon Bibo remained at Ft. Apache as Post Trader.He was replaced by his older brother, Nathan, who had come to New Mexico in 1870 to be at Cebolleta while Simon was at Ft. Apache. Simon returned to Cebolleta in 1871 and married Maria Ramona Candelaria of San Mateo. Simon opened the first store at Alamitos, now known as Grants, the year after the Grant Brothers built the line through Grants and on west in 1881. Simon Bibo was later associated in this business with a Solomon Block and in the 1880s he formed with Nathan and another brother, Solomon Bibo, the merchandise store of Bibo Brothers at Grants. Solomon Bibo opened a trading post at Cubero, New Mexico, in 1885 and later at San Rafael, New Mexico. The three brothers acquired land at Quemazon, six miles east of Grants, and some holdings on a small scale to run cattle west of Grants between present Thoreau and Prewitt. Raids by Navajos and Apaches caused them to give up the livestock operations in which another brother, Emil, who came in 1879, tried to help. The land near the Quemazon was sold to the Acoma Land and Cattle Company in 1884. This large cattle operation of 18,000 head (they claimed 27,000 head at one time) also acquired from Solomon Bibo a lease he had made with the Pueblo of Acoma for grazing of their 95,000 acre grant, besides their use of the entire country west of the Acoma Grant including a major portion of the Zuni Mountains.

Simon Bibo bought the interests in the Cubero store from his brother Solomon in 1898 and sold this in 1904 to his brother Emil, the father of Arthur and Phillip Bibo of Cubero and of Irma Bibo Florsheim whose husband Ben owns the Jaritas Ranch southeast of Springer, new Mexico. Solomon Bibo was the first postmaster at Grants from 1880 to 1911, and Justice of the Peace from 1907 to 1911. The Bibo Brothers during the latter part of the 1890s and early 1900s operated stores at Grants, San Rafael, Cubero, Laguna, Cebolleta, Moquino, and Bibo. Simon Bibo sold his store in Grants in 1915 to his brother Emil and a year later the store was sold to the Bernalillo Mercantile Co., at Grants, and operated by Carl Seligman. He in turn sold to Carroll Gunderson in the late 1950s. Emil sold the Cubero store to Bernalillo Mercantile at the same time he sold the Grants store. The Bernalillo Mercantile sold the Cubero store to Sidney Gottlieb in 1921 and it presently belongs to the Gottlieb family and is operated by Kurt Gottlieb."

In 1915 the Panama International Exposition was held in San Francisco. Nathan Bibo wrote to the governor of New Mexico, asking to be appointed the

New Mexico representative. He noted that he was one of the oldest pioneers, having arrived in 1867 in Santa Fe to work for Spiegelberg Brothers. He says he then took charge of their Ft. Wingate store as the Navajos were being escorted back from their Long Walk at Ft. Sumner. In 1872 he was appointed Post Trader at Camp Apache and "opened a wagon road from Zuni through the White Mountains, taking provisions to the Apaches. In 1873 "Established myself at Bernalillo, New Mexico, was appointed Government Agent, and Post Master nine (9) years, and Deputy County Clerk for Bernalillo County and established Commercial shipping of grapes, raised in my own vineyard, etc., disposing of them in large quantities, to Northern New Mexico, Colorado, Kansas, which has since developed into great industry."

The *Albuquerque Journal*, April 15, 1966, recalled from early newspaper accounts that Grants had its share of the wild days:

> "The Block and Bibo store in Grants was the scene of a bloody and fatal row one night in 1889 when three beer-drinking cowboys insisted upon sitting on the bar. When the smoke had cleared, one of the cowboys was dead, another had been shot through the shoulder, and the store owner and a deputy sheriff had been badly mauled. Early newspapers identified the three cowboys as Ioles Hudson, E. H. (Bud) Braziel and Richard Wilson, all employed by J. E. Saint's Acoma Land and Cattle Co. spread six miles east of Grants. The cowboys, celebrating the recent shipment of some cattle from the ranch, rode into Grants on the afternoon of June 20, 1889, to have some drinks and fun. They tied their horses in front of the Block and Bibo Store, walked inside and spent several hours throwing dice for beer. They left for awhile, then returned to the store at about 7 p.m. to resume their beer drinking and dice throwing. Sol Block, a partner in the store, told the three cowboys that they were drunk and would have to stop shaking dice for beer. "Why so?" one of them answered. " I don't owe you a cent. We pay as we go along", When Block refused to serve them any more drinks, the three climbed upon the counter and sat down on it. Block brought some chairs and told them to get off the counter and sit in the chairs, but the three refused to budge. Block walked into a back room, and returned with a revolver in his hand. The three cowboys -- all unarmed -- jumped from the counter and rushed him.
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> Braziel grabbed Block around the neck and started choking him, and Hudson grabbed the gun from Block and hit him on the head with it, knocking him to the floor. Emil Bibo, who also was in the store, ran out the door and called to his brother, Simon Bibo, a deputy sheriff, who lived about 60 yards away.
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> Simon ran to the store with a Winchester rifle in his hands. The three cowboys jumped him as he entered the door, and in the struggle the rifle was discharged, sending a bullet into the ceiling. The deputy sheriff was struck in the face and on the head with a gun and he fell unconsicious to the floor, his face covered with blood. Block, meanwhile, revived enough to notice that Hudson had dropped the revolver on the floor. He picked it up and began shooting. Iolas Hudson fell dead, and Bud Braziel took a bullet through his shoulder as he was darting out the door. Dick Wilson disappeared in a hurry, leaving his horse behind. Braziel, seriously wounded, dragged his way to the Grants depot, where friends put him on a train for the ranch. A. Singer, a traveling salesman for Mandell brothers in Albuquerque, was in the Grants store when the brawl started."

The *Albuquerque Democrat*, in its version of the affair, reported:

> "When the bullets commenced to whistle too near his (Singer's) head he made a leap that by actual measurement defeats the leap of the celebrated Alvarado, in Mexico, when Quotemotzin was about to stick his lance into his stomach. This is a very good record for an Albuquerque man to make on his first trip to the frontier settlements. With a whoop he cleared a ten-foot board fence!"
>
> "Casimiro Lucero, Justice of the Peace at nearby San Rafael, summoned a coroner's jury, and it was ruled that Sol Block had killed Hudson and wounded Braziel in self defense. Passengers on a train through Grants late that night reported that

the entire town was in darkness, and that armed men stood guard around the Block and Bibo store to prevent any reprisals."

In November 1897 a robbery of a Santa Fe train took place just east of Grants. The loot was large, but there are numerous stories of how large. Louis Kirk related to me that he and Joe Tietjen were butchering cattle at Chavez (three miles east of Thoreau) to sell to the Railroad crews. They took some of the beeves to Thoreau to deliver them. The passenger train was stopped at Chavez to take on water. They saw some men on the train who waved them away with guns. Within the hour the train would be robbed. There have been numerous confused accounts of what happened, but the truth now seems clear. A young man from Ramah, Daniel Moroni Pipkin (a son of Polk Pipkin, born in 1876 and known as Red Pipkin because of his red hair), "ran away from home and ended up at Grants, New Mexico. There he ran into a bunch of outlaws and they took him in [according to Red's nephew]." The bunch of outlaws was Bronco Bill's gang. His story is told by Evans Coleman who worked as a cowboy in Apache County, Arizona, in the late 1800s**.** Most of it is from personal knowledge ["A Little Outlaw Gang"], but his story is supplemented with the book "Jeff Milton, A Good Man With A Gun."

Coleman says that a man by the name of Bill Andrews, who was serving a life sentence in the penitentiary in Santa Fe for murder and robbery, broke out of jail and came to Black River (close to Ft. Apache, AZ) in the winter of 1896-1897 and became known as Bronco Bill. Because of its isolation, that country seemed to draw outlaws. In the spring of 1898 [he means 1897], a little gang of local boys became attracted to Andrews. They consisted of Willie Johnson, Ed Colter, and Red Pipkin, young cowboys who were in just minor trouble with the law. Pipkin wanted to be a bad man, shot up the town, resisted arrest, and fled to Black River. Colter had committed an offense which would have cost him under $5, but he swore he would not be arrested. Willie Johnson was "in some trouble about some cattle" and might have drawn a two-year sentence, but he too fled from the law. They found in Andrews an experienced train robber and decided they wanted to be the same. Andrews' methods were so much like Butch Cassidy's that he was probably one of the Wild Bunch. Against Andrews' advice, the young men threw in with him. Burnett was another gang member about whom little was known. He "made a little disturbance, wouldn't be arrested, and ended up in Black River. Their idea was to get enough money from train or bank robberies to "leave the country and settle down somewhere else".

Willie Johnson, who had worked for the Double Circles, knew their best horses. They went over to their horse camp, held up the riders, and took five of the horses. In October, 1897, Bronco Bill, Red Pipkin, Bill Johnson, Doug Perry, Two-fingered Jack and others robbed the train in Grants. Somehow they had discovered that Wells Fargo had a lot of money on a particular train coming through Gallup and Grants on the Santa Fe Railroad. In Grants the gunman forced the engineer to uncouple the passenger coaches and run the engine and express car several miles east where they proceeded to rob it. Frank Childers said they got away with $80,000 and fled south. Coleman heard that the express messenger, Fowler, fought off the gang, and they fled without the money. In Coleman's account, Colter was wounded and dragged away by the others. Fowler went to Ft. Wingate and hired Jeff King, noted Navajo trailer, but the money was never recovered. Colter left the gang and went home to Springerville, then skipped the country. The posse decided not to follow him and continued hunting for the gang. Sometime later they ambushed them in Southern Arizona. The outlaws barely escaped with their lives, and believed that Burnett had tipped the posse off. In telling their story to Coleman, they hinted darkly that Burnett would never tip any other officers off.

Not too long afterwards Bronco Bill and Willie Johnson held up the train at Belen, New Mexico, in the night, getting about $20,000. The Sheriff there gathered up seven Indian trackers and went in pursuit. Jeff Milton took the train to Magdalena and headed toward Alamo to meet the gang. The outlaws stopped for supper with some Mexican freighters, then went on westward, up the Alamosa Creek which formed the northern border of the Drag A Ranch [on which this author later lived.] The Sheriff and his Indians followed into the night, occasionally striking matches to verify that they were on the trail. From the freighters they learned that the outlaws had passed two hours earlier. According to the story the outlaws told Coleman, Bronco Bill and Johnson slept late the next morning, and this gave the Sheriff and Indians time to get into place. The outlaws had left their Winchesters on their horses. A running fight for the horses started, the Sheriff not knowing where the horses were. When the outlaws got their Winchesters, they settled in for a fight, about fifty yards from the posse. Bill Johnson shot the sheriff between the eyes, but a bullet hit Johnson in

the cord of the neck and down he went. Andrews thought he was dead. Standing over Johnson, he killed another member of the posse. From the rear Andrews was hit in the hip, a flesh wound. Another bullet hit him in the shoulder. Andrews saw an Indian just raising his head up about thirty yards away and whirled and shot him between the eyes. Johnson was just coming to and trying to get up. Shooting and dragging Johnson, Andrews managed to get hold of the money and the pair crawled across the little wash and got 150 yards away. Three of the seven in the posse were dead, and they gave up and went back to Belen. Bronco Bill and Johnson then made their way back to Black River where they met Coleman and got some fresh horses. This has been called the worst fight in Western outlawry. Someone said later that Ray Morley used the skull of one of the Indians for a sugar bowl.

Bronco Bill did not like Red Pipkin: he thought he talked too much. He had not been in on the Belen job, but he wanted to get back with the gang. By now, however, Jeff Milton, an ex-ranger working for the cattle growers, and George Scarborough, head of the Arizona Rangers, had been on their trail for months. At the Double Circles horse camp they arrested all the men in camp. When Bronco Bill rode in, he sensed a trap and started to ride off, but Scarborough shot him through the shoulder. Johnson and Pipkin appeared shortly afterwards, making their way down a steep hill toward the camp. They heard the shooting and started firing at Scarborough. They were behind a big rock where Scarborough could not hit them. Jeff Milton, 600 yards away and across the canyon, could see them and "dropped two bullets right in amongst them, and put them out from behind that rock" Scarborough then shot Johnson through the hip. Pipkin got on his horse but the horse was shot out from under him and he escaped afoot. Despite getting a doctor from Ft. Apache, Johnson died that night and Andrews was carried to Geronimo, Arizona, on a stretcher. He served time in the penitentiary in Santa Fe, was released and went to Columbus to work on a ranch. He later fell off a windmill and was killed. Red Pipkin was captured up in Utah, having gotten the mumps. He served 12 years in the federal penitentiary in Yuma, Arizona, then got a job as a deputy sheriff in Gallup and we learn more of him in that chapter. He died in 1938 from a suicide attempt.

The author's father, Jeff Tietjen, and his brother, Fat, knew Red Pipkin around Grants, and he told them that the gang split up after the robbery at Grants in order to elude the posse. One group, not the one he was with, took the money. Red spent a good part of his life looking for it, claiming they had buried the loot under a small cedar tree. Ike Lewis told the author that his father, Chalk Lewis, was working up at Malpais Springs one year when an old man came by, telling him that he was part of the robbery years before and wanted Chalk to guide him into the Hole in the Malpais. After going through a narrow strip of malpais, the country opens up into about 30 sections of nice grazing land, being surrounded by lava rock. The man told him that they had buried the gold 17 steps from the door of a log cabin. The two managed to find two log cabins, but could not find the gold.

Louis Kirk relates that he and Joe Tietjen and a Navajo, Baltazar Coho, were running some cattle one day on one edge of the malpais. During the chase, Baltazar sighted a large white house or church. Even he, however, was unable to find the place again. Samantha Ensrude of Ramah told me that several Navajos had seen the church, but that it vanished later. Another well-known story that may have some basis has persisted almost these 300 years since the Pueblo Rebellion. It is that the Zunis took the "solid gold" bell out of their church and hid it somewhere in the malpais, where it is yet to be found.

Tom Ration, a Navajo living at Smith Lake, related to me that during Prohibition days the law was pressing hard on the mobsters in Chicago and that Baby Face Nelson came to the Smith Lake country to hide out from time to time and that he had hidden some of his loot in the malpais country.

Grants did not grow very rapidly. In 1912 Clair Hassell, a Mormon exile from Mexico, said that there were not more than 15 or 20 Mexican huts there. Simon Neustadt had a store there and at San Rafael. J H Haverkamp operated another store. In the late Twenties, Grants had a population of about 350 people. There were 22 saloons and two hotels: the Yucca Hotel on the west end of town, owned by George Ade, and at the other end of town, the Woodard Hotel, better known as Mother (Lucy Jane) Whiteside's boardinghouse. There was so little in Grants that people often went to Gallup to shop, and as late as 1929 the local youth had to go way to high school.

Carroll Gunderson first came to Albuquerque from his native Iowa in 1917. He lived awhile in Albuquerque (the old timers called it "Albakerk"), served a term in the Navy, then established a store in Bernalillo. In 1923 he set up a store at Laguna and was there until 1928 when he came to Grants. He went into partnership with a Mr. Bond and the two

formed the Bond-Gunderson store. In 1934 a group of six Gallup men made an attempt to hold up the Bond-Gunderson store a few minutes before closing time. Fortunate for some and unfortunately for others, one of the group had revealed the plot to the Sheriff's office at Los Lunas. Word was telegraphed to Grants and a reception committee was hurriedly organized, headed by Fred Murray. Old Man Murray recalled the scene vividly: "Don'tcha know", he said, "when the first one came in I stood up and told the gentleman to reach for the sky. He wouldn't do it, so I blowed him down." In the hail of bullets that followed, one other bandit was wounded and died three days later. The other four were captured. One of those dead was the one who had tipped off the sheriff.

Pablo Gallegos was a deputy sheriff who worked in Grants for many years during this time, and was remembered as one of the old-time Spanish lawmen. In 1939 the first carrots were shipped from Grants. By 1941 2000 carloads of carrots, packed in ice, were being shipped annually and were bringing in something like $2.5 million. Agriculture in the Bluewater Valley, timber from the Zuni Mountains, cattle and sheep shipments, fluorspar for ammunition during war time, and pumice kept Grants barely alive until the Uranium boom in the early 1950s. Then the town came alive with a bang.

17. PREWITT AND CHAVES

The settlement at Prewitt first consisted of a Section House (for railroad employees) called Baca. There was a depot house there since it was the end of the double tracks. From Baca to Grants the tracks were single, and a switchman had to be on duty constantly. Some three miles north of Prewitt are the great red sandstone cliffs. A canyon winds through them then proceeds to Casamero Lake. From there it is necessary to drop off the mesa through either Satan's Pass or Borrego Pass. Crownpoint is just beyond the passes. From the white stripes at the top of the red bluffs, the country took its name of *pintada* or painted. Bill Chadwick first homesteaded the area. Harry Coddington built the "old red house" which was a landmark for many years. Coddington, who lived at Chaves (three miles west) from 1883 until 1890, was the son of a W Coddington, a native of New York who later resided in Illinois and Colorado. In 1879 he went to Las Vegas and soon afterward began ranging cattle from there to the Sandia Mountains, then into the Zuni Mountains. He was a partner in the cattle business with his sons, J H (Harry) and C B Coddington, but the sons found it difficult to get along with their father and split up. Harry was later elected sheriff of McKinley County.

Joe Tietjen moved to Bluewater in 1894 with his father, Ernst Tietjen. He bought the ranch from the 7HL outfit and for many years the place at Baca was his "home ranch." Ernst had been sent to New Mexico as a missionary to the Navajos in 1876. Joe had grown up with Navajo boys as his closest friends. His wife wrote that "He was a cattle man and never farmed. I don't think he could have planted a hill of corn." We have seen previously that he got a start in ranching by gathering the remnant of the 7HL herds which Ernst had purchased. Within a few years he had built his herd to 3000 head. Perhaps he was the only one who knew how many he had; he was not a record-keeper and not even his wife knew just what his business deals were. The Cattle Kings preceding him did not *own* a lot of the land they grazed on, but they "controlled" it, either with a Winchester in the hands of hired gunslingers (e.g. the V+T outfit to the south and the Hash Knife outfit to the west) or by virtue of owning the water or the adjoining land. The really large cattle outfits disappeared in the 1890's, driven out by drouth. Joe was operating towards the end of the "open range" era, and he preferred the Texas longhorns which were then on their way out, soon to be replaced by Herefords.

Much of Joe's operation was the system of "shares" in which he let other ranchers or "*poquiteros*" take some of his cattle on "*partidos*." He visited these people from time to time during the year. Among them were Ed Sargent, John Tucker, Whettenburg, and several Navajos. In consequence of his close friendship with the Navajos, he enlisted their natural vigilance to keep him informed of what was going on in his country when he was not in the area. His headquarters were in the red sandstone cliffs which parallel Route 66 beginning at Haystack Mountain. On his homestead one can see a number of sandstone columns, two or three feet in diameter and perhaps 30 feet high. From there he ranged 50 miles north to Chaco Canyon. Using his Ramah connections, he ran cattle south of Ramah nearly to Quemado. He entertained at his table a long string of friends: bankers, doctors, lawyers, county agents, Spanish neighbors, and Navajos.

The relaxed way in which Joe, and many other ranchers, did business is illustrated by a story related by his son: "That was the first year I remember selling any cattle. We had 1000 to 1500 big steers. We kids and Navajos herded them in the day and penned them at night. There were coal black ones, spotted, and everything you can think of. McNurny

bought them for thirty dollars apiece. He was a special friend of Dad's. There was no forfeit. His word was as good as his bond. In October we started with the steers to Bluewater. About the county line Doc Cantrell, L.R. Goehring, and Bill Turner came by in a car. Dad asked them where they were going, and they said, 'Hell Joe, don't you know hunting season opens tomorrow?' Dad unsaddled, hid his saddle in the rocks, and told us to pick it up on the way back. He told us to go on, that he'd send Almy to help us. My brothers and I and the Navajos went on while Dad talked. Hunting wasn't so good on Mt. Taylor for deer, so they came back and caught a train to Old Mexico. McNurney hadn't settled up with my uncle [Almy], so when Dad got back, he went up to Montana to collect the $30,000. Probably McNurney wanted to force him to visit."

Joe's stature was impressive—a very solid six foot seven inches. His sister June called him "a true Viking", but his height became a matter for joking. Fred Martin stole a horse from him and years later related the matter to Joe's son, Jeff: "I was riding along when a fellow rode up beside me. He was the biggest man I ever saw. He said, 'Get off. That is my horse you are riding.' Without another word he took the horse and left me out there on the range to walk home." Another cowhand, small but cocky, opened his eyes wide in disbelief when he saw Joe: "Good hell almighty", he exclaimed, "Ten feet of timber without limb nor woodpecker hole!"

Joe was not only tall, but he was athletic. He loved horse racing and foot racing with the Navajos, who were very competitive physically. His daughter Gladdus told of a challenge by a certain Navajo. A number of Indians lined up to race with them and removed their moccasins. To their chagrin he gathered up the moccasins and won the race carrying them. An exhilarating winter sport he shared with the Navajos and with his Scandinavian ancestors was taking a sweat bath in a little sweathouse, then rolling in the snow, stripped to the waist. They would run about a mile and a half, rolling in the snow every hundred yards or so. An old Navajo, Kee Yazzie Pino, verified the rigorous training with the snow: "My father threw me in the snow during the winter when the snow got deep. He would take my clothes off and roll me in the snow. Then he would drag me to the fire and the water would drip down from my body. From there on I started to take snow baths … You would almost choke when you shoveled the snow over your body … If you do these things, it makes you tough … You can survive anything if you take snow baths when you are young."

The Indians had a game of which they were particularly fond: rabbit chasing. This was done on the great open flat north of Prewitt, New Mexico. Jeff Tietjen, six years old at the time, described it:
"We chased jackrabbits on Sunday. There were 300 or 400 Indians after one rabbit, each with a cedar club about two feet long. It was supposed to make it rain. They would all holler like dogs when they got after a rabbit. If your horse fell down, you might be run over. By then I was a good rider and mounted on a good enough horse I could often head the rabbit and turn him into the crowd if he was too fast for the Navajos."

Horseracing was something the Navajos, as well as white men, lived for: it took place whenever riders got together—in their first spare moment. In general, gambling on the races was irresistible to Indian and White Man alike. Joe had lots of horses and he ran them in herds separated by colors: bays, blacks, grays, duns, and sorrels. Like most cattlemen, he was a good roper. Allen Nielson said he practiced on Freddie Nielson and on the chickens and turkeys until he got very good at it. At that time the roping contest involved branding the calf as well. He won one such contest in 45 seconds on his horse Floss.

A description of Joe Tietjen was related by L.R. Goehring, Gallup Banker and hunting partner.
"I first met Joe Tietjen right after I came to Gallup in 1915. I was an officer in the bank and often consulted him about loans in his section and he always gave me information that could be absolutely relied upon. He was a good friend of mine. I always considered Joe a successful cattleman even though there were no pasture fences and he had to run his cattle on the open range where he was bound to have some losses. Of course his cattle strayed and at roundups he sometimes brought in steers that were five, six, or seven years old. He was the strongest man I ever saw. I have seen him take hold of the rear bumper of a Ford car and raise it up out of the mud so that brush could be placed under the hind wheels. Once on a hunting trip we got stuck in a mud hole near Bluewater. Joe hitched a rope to the car but couldn't budge it with his horse, so he went to Bluewater and got a block and tackle. We sank a post in front of the car and hitched a rope to it and three of us pulled on the rope but couldn't budge it. Joe took hold of the rope by himself and jerked the car forward about two feet so we got out without further trouble. Joe was the best sort of hunting partner and I went hunting with him several times on Mt. Taylor. He was always congenial in camp and was a good shot … Joe killed a nice big buck about a mile from camp and brought

it in on his shoulder without dressing it first, whistling as he walked along."

On the Fourth of July, 1898, Joe married Maud Hunt. She was under five feet tall and could easily walk under his arm. Her family, with 96 milk cows, had "thrown in with" Tom Bryan and Tom Herrington, his partner, who were driving a herd of cattle from the San Juan River to Bluewater. From a previous trip to Bluewater, Bryan had acquired a horse from Joe which he called "Jim Tietjen." According to Maud,

> "That evening the kids were going to play a joke on Tom Bryan. The kids turned all the other horses loose except old Jim Tietjen. They took him up the canyon and tied him up, making it look like his rope had been broken. He was a mean horse and no one dared to ride him. The kids were going to see if Tom Bryan would ride him after the other horses. Next morning when we woke up, all the horses and the cattle were gone. We climbed a high bluff and with some strong glasses I had we saw the cattle stringing along."

Now that the joke had backfired, Maud, without the knowledge of the men, got Paul Herrington to saddle "Jim Tietjen", and she rode after the cattle without incident. Overtaking the herd, she drove them to camp: "When I got back, everyone was excited. I guess I was the first one that had ever rode him, but I had grown up on a horse and had ridden since I was three years old." At Bluewater they turned the cattle over to Joe and she supposed she would never see him again. Her family lived near Thoreau, however, and he came to board with them, and a romance developed. Their seven children were prominent in the ranching business: Josephine Elkins, Volton (Fat), Embert, Ina Elkins, Jeff, and Gladdus Berryhill.

Joe's interest and influence with young people was related to Ina Elkins by Frihoff Peter Nielson. While Frihoff was growing up in Bluewater, he was somewhat alienated from his father, a common occurrence in a day when fathers were stern disciplinarians, more particularly those from the old countries. He said that Joe would come every week to help him hitch up his team to drive his mother to San Rafael where she sold milk, butter, and vegetables. When Frihoff was about 12, he and Al Tietjen were uncontrollable. Allen Nielson has recorded one incident: Frihoff's parents

> "went up to worship with Joe and Maud Tietjen in Pintada. [After awhile Frihoff] had heard all he wanted to hear, and was anxious to get home, but his folks seemed to be enjoying visiting too long. He waited in the wagon for a while and then decided to take action. They had a good fire going in the stove and he climbed on the roof and put a bucket over the stovepipe and then ran back to the wagon. Soon the door flew open and smoke poured out of the house. He got away with it then, but when they discovered the bucket over the stove pipe, they knew the guilty kid!"

Frihoff told Ina that Joe would take him and Al up to his cattle camp, have them gather cattle, run mustangs, make jerky, and learn to cook. He nicknamed Frihoff "Frijoles", taught him the gospel and not to hate his father. He made him really work.

Joe was strict about how they treated their horses and would not allow cursing. With the others, Frihoff learned to get up at four a.m. and feed the horses. His biggest fear was that he would find a rattlesnake in the gunnysack "morrals" he had to fill with oats and put over the horses' heads. Frihoff wanted to go to school in St. Johns, Arizona, but his father would not send him. He earned enough working to go and Joe paid him the rest in cattle that he kept for him and gave back to him when Frihoff returned. He told him he had better make good and that he wanted to see his certificate when he got back and that he'd better not hear of any little tricks. When Joe died, Frihoff said that a part of him was buried with him; he felt like the end of the world had come. Lorena Cluff Tietjen related that

> "Uncle Joe and Aunt Maud invited me to go with them … up to Crownpoint to a big Indian pow-wow they had up there … They had their big Indian dinner, dancing, horse racing, and things … we had three days of it … But Uncle Joe, never once did he ever come and join in with us nor we ever seen him. And I said to Aunt Maud, 'Where is Uncle Joe?' and she said, 'Well, come here and I'll show ya.' I went down with her, and down in a little wickiup they had built out of brush, there sat Uncle Joe with all these Indian men talking to him. They were telling him all the trouble they were having with the government because the government men; when they would want to buy their cattle or

their horses or their sheep, they would always try to cheat them out of it. The government men didn't play fair with them at all. And they was wanting to know what they could do about it and how they could work it. Uncle Joe was just like a father to them, to all the Indian tribe. And when he died they said, 'We lost our father and our best friend.'

"At one time when I was to Uncle Joe's … they had been having trouble with some of the Indians. There was one of the Indian men that had an exceptionally large herd of sheep and goats. They had just come in on Uncle Joe's land because it had been an awful dry spring and there wasn't any feed outside for the sheep and so they just opened up and put them on the pasture land. When your Uncle Joe came home (he had been gone about two or three weeks) … and saw the sheep in there, he sent for this old man and his wife to come down; he told the little kids to come down and help him drive the sheep up and put them in the corral. Then he told the little boy and girl that was herding these sheep to go down and tell their mother and father to come up, he wanted to see them. And so they came up there. He told Aunt Maud before this, 'Now you fix dinner because I'm going to give them something to eat.' Aunt Maud says, 'You mean you're going to feed them after they ate up all your pasture land like that?', and he says, 'Oh, sure, that's what I'm going to do.'

"So when this man and his wife come and his two little children and he'd taken the sheep—they didn't know just what to expect. They acted kind of timid cause they knew they hadn't done right because Joe had always been very good to them. He went out and met them at the gate and shook hands with them and told them to come in. They came in and sat down at the table and he talked with them about doing that and how that isn't what a good neighbor and a good friend would do that way. If people are good to you, then you be good to them … he talked to them … just like a father to his children would talk. This old man and this woman sat there and listened. They didn't say anything.

"Then he told Aunt Maud to bring some dinner in … So when they got through eating, this man came over to Uncle Joe and took his hand and put his arm up onto his shoulder. Uncle Joe was such a big old tall man and he was such a little man, and he said to him 'You know you're just like a father to all us Indians. You're trying to help us to find the ways of the white people and not to be wanting to steal … I want to thank you and to tell you that I love and appreciate you being such a good father to me and to my children … That was the way Uncle Joe did all the time. He never became angry with them … he just tried to show them how they could live a better life … There's good white people and bad white people and he wanted them to be like the good white people. And when Uncle Joe died all the Indian people had a funeral their own selves and they wept because of Uncle Joe's kindness and love that he had for the Indian people.

"[My husband, Amos Tietjen] had to go to the service, he got his call during World War I, he had to go. We had two children. Uncle Joe, when he would come into town, with his cattle right close so he could leave them, [would] always come down and visit with Amos and I … This morning he told us, 'Amos, you've got your call and you've got to go to the service?' And he said, 'Yes, I have.' He said, 'Well, that's too bad, Amos, but I want to tell you something. I want you and Irena to come and look out of the window … 'Do you see that big cloud there? It's covering up the sun; it's going to rain. Big old black cloud.' Amos said, 'Yes sir, I see it. I've got to get some work done before it rains.' He said, 'Well, I'm going to tell you, that's just like this Army … It looks awful dark and cloudy and misty to both of you, but just remember it won't be long until that sun will be shining … That's the way it will be with your life. If you try to live the gospel like you ought to … the Lord will bless you. Terrible cloud … You have to be separated to go into the Service; why, it'll soon pass over.'"

A vital part of life for Joe and Maud was the annual fall trip to the San Juan river to can fruit. Two wagons and teams were taken. Jeff Tietjen described it from the viewpoint of a six-year-old boy:

"Dad went as far as Ojo Alamo, 40 miles from the river, then Mom drove one four horse team and Josephine drove the other

> two-horse team. Embert and I herded the workhorses. The Indians were all our friends. Mom would send Embert and I ahead to some point and we would build up some coals for cooking. Part of our job was to pour water on the oak wheels in the morning so the wood would swell up again. At night we greased the wheels after we hobbled the horses. There was just a certain distance you could pull the wheels off by the top, then smear the axle with grease on a stick. We kept one horse staked and the others hobbled. The rule was to drive through every hard-bottomed mud hole along the way."

> "Mom worked us like saddle horses bringing in fruit. Dad brought back another team, but Mom had put up too much fruit and honey and barrels of cider, so Dad had to buy another wagon and team from the discontinued mail route. When we got into sandy country Dad took one of the four horse teams but Embert drove otherwise. Dad scouted for cattle and visited along. Everything was rosy as long as Dad was there and everybody sang and shouted and it was a picnic on the way back. When we met anybody or any Indians, we stopped and talked."

Joe was idolized by his sons, but there were matters of discipline. At the ranch, Joe acquired a small herd of sheep. According to his son Jeff: "If we hit our horse over the head or didn't do just right, we got so many days of herding sheep."

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There were also serious times. Two men came from Texas who were said to be "on the dodge." One of them, in typical western movie style, later became the sheriff of McKinley County and hired one of the Grants train robbers for a deputy. Prior to this, the two of them were overheard in a saloon in San Rafael, discussing plans to kill Joe Tietjen that night. Word was sent to Joe by a friend who was working in Bluewater Canyon. Joe met the pair near Milton Harding's place and called their hand. He took their guns and told them to leave the country. They did not leave, and six months later Maud got word of another plot. She sent word to Joe who saddled up and went to find them. This time Joe was more convincing and they did not stop that night until they were across the Arizona line nor did they return until after Joe was dead.

Joe undertook a mission to Mexico in 1910. He contracted malaria and had to return after nine months and was never really well after that. While there he was influential with the people because he would first help them with their cattle, then sit down with them and talk about the gospel. In 1918, after the outbreak of the World War I, he was required to go to Crownpoint to register for the draft despite the fact that he was 43 years of age. On the way, the group got stuck and saw a flash flood coming. To get the car out in time, he lifted the back end of the car out of the mud and in doing so, he twisted an intestine. When he got home, he got sicker and was sent to Albuquerque by train where he was operated on for locked bowels but continued to sink. He died on September 20th of gangrene. The Berryhill family came to New Mexico the day of his funeral and ever afterward remembered the great crowds of Navajos who were mourning his death.

Maud struggled on, but without him life seemed empty and bitter. Alma took over the ranch, but the winter was a severe one with deep snow and he was killed in January in an accident. They could not get the Navajos to work when there had been two deaths so close together. When the snow melted in March, the whole country was a bog with the cattle in bad shape. Maud said they lost 1500 head of JET cattle. She tried to salvage the hides that were worth $10 but without much success. Maud decided she could not handle the far-flung ranches and according to Mark Elkins, she sold 1500 head of cattle, most of it from the Pueblo Bonito Ranch, to a Mr. Woods. She also sold 560 head of horses to Bill Miller and another 172 head to the OIO cattle company. She kept 25 head of milk cows and a few horses, then bought 100 head of polled Herefords. In 1921 economic conditions left nearly all the cattlemen in bankruptcy and while the Tietjen family came off better than most, they were nearly broke. They gathered a few remnants, however, and managed to stay in the business.

Amos remembered their adventures as boys:

> "We used to run with the Indian children. When the squaws would call the Indian children in to eat, we would go right along with them. The squaws would make a bread from green corn cut off the cob and put it in the fire to cook. When it was almost done Alma and I would gather around with the rest and open our mouths like little birds to be fed. The squaw would dip her fingers in and feed the children. We would be among them, squaw fingers and all.

> "I and my brother Alma had to haul water down to what we called the Mormon Ranch, down where Emma C. lived. My brother was always a good teamster. When he had them running down that little hill, that rack slid right off and hit Old Pick, one of the horses, right in the hind leg, and Man, he began to run. As he ran, [the wagon] bounced harder and kept a jabbin' him in the leg. He kept goin' faster. [Alma] could see he couldn't stop them and he could see the best thing he could do was to jump off. When he went to jump off, he stepped on the front wheel and that threw his head right down and the hind wheels hit his head. I jumped off and it hadn't hurt me hardly any. The horses were just running away. I went back to my brother and there he was, rolling on the ground with a terrible big cut on his head—right in his head —oh it was terrible. He didn't act like he had any life left. I said, 'Oh, Alma, you've got to come with me, I can't let you go.' So I kneeled down and asked the Lord to help us and help Alma that he might get well, and he was able to get up. And you know, when I got through praying, he got hold of my hand, and I was surprised, and he got up, and we had quite a ways to walk to get home. When we got home, he went to bed and he was in bed for three months before he ever got up."

Alma Tietjen became widely noted as a horseman. Six feet four, he weighed only 185 pounds, yet no horse he ever encountered was quite his match. It was perhaps his incredible strength that enabled him to master a horse so easily. Whenever an outlaw horse was heard of in the country, he would almost surely be given to Alma to break and the job usually took only a week. Near the "Old Red House" at Prewitt one day, Alma found himself looking down the business end of a revolver. Two local cowboys from Smith's Lake had turned outlaw and had robbed a store, They now demanded that Alma catch them two good fresh horses from the herd he had just brought into the corral. Alma got in the middle of the horse herd, roped a horse, leaped on its back, and stampeded the other horses over the gate. He disappeared in the cloud of dust and confusion. The thieves were apprehended the next day.

It was Alma's daring that led to an early death. Satan's Pass, near Crownpoint, was a steep and dangerous incline at any season of the year. When going down a steep hill, a wagon has a tendency to run up on the horses. This frightens them, and they run. To slow down the wagon, the wheels may be chained to each other (roughlocked) or a tree is drug along behind. On this occasion, Alma approached it with a team and wagon loaded with grain. Snow and ice on the pass made it all but impassable. Alma threw all caution to the winds, whipped his horses into a run, and raced down the slope. A stump, frozen in the ice, broke a wheel of he wagon and overturned it so quickly that even with his agility he could not escape and was crushed to death.

Maude Hunt Tietjen told this story of one of the first arrests of an Indian in that country. Her husband, Joe Tietjen, had been deputized to bring in a Navajo criminal, which he did. At Chavez, where the Indian was to be put on the train, the little group of six white adults and nine children found themselves surrounded by a crowd of Navajos which she estimated to be near 1500. While a number of the Indians were friendly, others were in a belligerent mood and decidedly reluctant to turn over one of their own to the white men. Angry and threatening speeches were mixed with those who counseled peace. As the hours wore on, the mood of the crowd grew uglier. Chief Biscente [his given name was Chief], a firm friend of the Tietjens, sent a Navajo boy over to Maude with word to telegraph the Army Officers at Ft. Wingate for help. The boy whipped a path through the crowd, and they managed to reach the telegraph. Upon hearing of their plight, the captain asked to speak to the boy interpreter. He then announced that 780 Negro troops were being sent on the next train. The number was considerably exaggerated, but the message had the desired effect. The boy ran out, yelling the word to the assembled Indians. If there was anything the Navajos feared, it was Negro troops. The captive was shoved quickly on the train and within 15 minutes not a Navajo was in sight.

Another attempted arrest near Chavez did not turn out so well. It involved Paddy Martinez (who later became famous for his discovery of Uranium at Haystack). Paddy had worked as a boy for Roman Baca at San Mateo. There he learned to speak English. Frank Childers described him thus:

> "I first came to Grants in1896. My Dad was section foreman at Chavez. Paddy Martinez' first job was with Dad. I don't think he had ever had a pair of shoes or pants. He wore old flour sacks. He came up every day, wantin' a job and Dad keep runnin' him off. Finally Dad decided to give him a job. He gave him a bucket and told him to carry

> water for them Navvies. He said that kid never quit runnin' – just ran with that bucket all day long. When payday came Dad wouldn't pay him till all the rest of them Navvies was gone. Then he took Paddy down to the store and got him a pair of levis and blue shirt and some shoes and paid him. It wasn't much, just fifty cents a day, but he was sure proud of that. That was 1903. In 1906 we moved to the old Chadwick place at Pintada."

Paddy Martinez was to become one of the most influential Navajos in the area. When he was twenty one, he went to work for C M Goodnight, the "Stockman" in that district. The Stockmen were sub-agents who took care of Indian troubles, helped them care for their stock, and in general looked after local Indian welfare. Two Navajo policemen, Tom Brown and Charley Largo, were stationed at San Antone Springs. They were sent after a Navajo who had raped an Indian girl. Having taken their captive (whom we shall call Begay for lack of his real name), the Policemen jested about hanging him. Begay took the talk in earnest, and that night he slipped out of his bed, took a gun from one of the sleeping policemen, shot both of them, and escaped. Frank and Paddy Martinez, brothers, were sent to trail him down. Near Chavez, Paddy closed in on the fugitive. When he was within earshot, he called out to Begay to stop. At this, Begay fired a shot at Martinez. Paddy then worked toward him until only 55 yards separated the two. Cedar bushes offered the only protection. The battle was now in dead earnest. After 26 shots were fired, Begay fell, down, started to talk, and died.

An amusing story developed in the area in about 1923. It was probably I K Westbrook who dressed as a bear and talked to Old Man Platero, telling him that a flood was going to take place soon in that region which would last 10 days and nights. At any rate, Platero, who was a Navajo witch, was thoroughly convinced that the deluge was at hand, and spread the word near and far among his people. The superstitious Navajos did not dare disregard a warning when it came from that source. For days, caravans of Navajos made their way with their families and provisions to the top of 8600 ft Mt. Powell. Anxiously they waited through the allotted time period, then very slowly began their return.

Chavez was a water stop for the Santa Fe Railroad. It was named for a family that kept a store there. Joe Tietjen kept the store there awhile and Paddy Martinez ran it for a period. Dan Rancal was operating the store there when he was killed.

It is only fitting, in closing this narrative, to recall the circumstances under which Baca changed its name to Prewitt. The Prewitt brothers, Bob and Harold, came from Gunnison, Colorado in 1916. Harold worked for a time for Bond in Grants, then set up a trading post at Baca in a tent. On the side, he freighted with his span of little white mules. He began sheep ranching with 200 head, and leased a township of grazing land from G E Breece of Breece Lumber Co. When he went in to pay his lease, Breece suggested that they go in partners. Breece put up $11,000 for sheep (which were then selling for $7 a head) and together with York they formed the Breece Land and Sheep Company. The lambs alone brought $8,000 that year, and the wool brought a good price. With that first success, Harold managed to buy the 6A ranch from the bank when it foreclosed on the owner. The Talley OIO ranch was acquired in like manner, and both were extraordinary bargains. Eventually these holdings grew into a real empire. At his death, his worth was reckoned at over three million dollars.

In 1917 the Elkins family moved from Texas into the Prewitt area. Kindred Elkins homesteaded near Pintada. Tom Elkins married one of the Tietjen girls and acquired Joe Tietjen's home ranch at Baca. Mark Elkins married another of the girls and ranched in the Seven Lakes and Mt. Taylor regions. Henry Elkins settled at Rinconada. The Elkins families became prominent in McKinley and Valencia counties. In 1918 another very influential family moved to Prewitt from Tatum, NM. They were the Berryhills. Buying part of the Kindred Elkins ranch, they set up headquarters at one of the few natural lakes in that area called Phil's Lake. They arrived on the same day as Joe Tietjen's funeral and gazed in wonder at the hundreds of Navajos mourning his demise. There were few, if any cattlemen in Adrian Berryhill's day who knew cattle as well as he. Adrian married into the Tietjen family and settled at Ambrosia Lake. He is noted for his fine cutting horses. My father, Jeff Tietjen, married his sister, Edna Berryhill. Duane Berryhill married a daughter of Mark Elkins and Ina Tietjen.

18. AMBROSIA LAKE

Ambrosia Lake takes its name from Don Ambrosio Trujillo of San Mateo who applied for a homestead in the early 1870s. The lake was not there until Don Ambrosio ditched off several *cañadas* to form the

lagoon or lake. At Ambrosia Lake Don Ambrosio and his wife, Sarafina Montaño of Cubero, raised seven children. Don Ambrosio, who raised sheep, had a second home in San Mateo. After his death, Doña Serafina sold the homestead to Doña Francisca Sarracino.

There were a number of settlers who came much later. In 1923 Oscar Carter and his wife Caroline homesteaded there and their place was called "the Carter Well". At the same time, some relatives of hers, the Boatman family, took up their residence there. These families came from Tucumcari. "Goat" Thomas came from Arkansas; it was reputed that he had killed a man there. He came to Ambrosia about 1930 and took his nickname from the herd of Angora goats he kept. Another settler was Vers Wilmeth who had been a well driller for Stella Dysart, and more about her later. When she left, Wilmeth homesteaded on Section 24. Finally there was Rooks who came in 1931 and stayed eight or ten years. Both of the latter earned part of their income by bootlegging or moonshining. Rooks had a still in his cellar, and a part of remains today.

One of Ambrosia's unwanted but nevertheless colorful characters was "Red Whiskers", a tramp who appeared occasionally at one of the ranch houses – when the men were away – and demanded food of the woman of the house. Some thought he was Baby Face Nelson; other said that he was "on the dodge" for killing a beef that was not his own. He wore one long braid of red hair down his back and usually presented a fierce, unshaven appearance. When he showed up once at the Carters, Mrs. Carter walked several miles with her children to a neighbor's home rather than stay there alone when he was around. One incident involved Hurst Julian, a well-educated anthropologist turned cowboy and a professed atheist. Julian and another rancher were disturbed by these visits of Red Whiskers and determined to follow him up and kill him. Julian would then profess self-defense, or so the talk went. Probably they only intended to frighten the man. Arriving at the ranch one day sortly after their visitor had left, the two set out in pursuit. As they rode around the edge of a mesa they were startled by a command from the rocks above them: "Throw up your hands!" It was Red Whiskers, and he had a rifle levelled at them and did not take kindly to being followed. "*God help me*!", exclaimed Julian, the atheist, expecting his end momentarily. After warning them not to follow him at the peril of their lives, the two were allowed to turn back to the ranch, but Julian was never allowed to live that statement down.

Ranch women had to be courageous. Another tramp once appeared at the Berryhill ranch. My grandmother, May Berryhill, was there alone. She had been in situations before where she had been ordered to cook dinner for a tramp, but there was something about this man frightened her. She had a gift for appearing to be calm, and after cooking something she went into her bedroom, got her .22 rifle, and quietly slipped out the window. She concealed herself in a nearby arroyo since she knew there was no help within 10 miles. Usually she had been grateful for her watchdog, but not that day. The dog thought she was playing some kind of game and he dashed this way and that way by the edge of the arroyo, betraying her hiding place. She finally was able to grab and hold him. After several hours the stranger left without further incident.

Speculation in oil brought to Ambrosia Lake one of its interesting characters in the person of Stella Dysart. The frailty of her appearance was deceiving; she was made of determination and aggressiveness. Stella was born in Missouri, granddaughter of a Presbyterian minister, and she majored in theology in college. Moving to California, she took work in a tailor shop as a dressmaker, bought out the owner and ran the shop herself until 1923. She soon became interested in oil and studied every phase of it from geologic formation to the stock market. In Los Angeles she met Lester Melsted, an attorney who had purchased 5,000 acres in the Ambrosia Lake area from J F Branson. It was not long until the two of them had acquired oil rights to 150,000 acres in the San Juan Basin. Melsted's death in 1925 left Stella the heavy responsibility of managing the property. Shrewdly, she foresaw that it was easier to sell to numerous small investors than to attract a large company. This she did, dividing her Ambrosia Lake holdings into lots, some as small as 1/16 of an acre, and sold them for $18-20 apiece, even during the Depression. Some 4,000 persons, most of them from southern California, invested in the land. Miss Dysart had three wildcat wells drilled at Ambrosia, the last of which, in 1947, cost her $150,000. All were dry holes. She had opened offices in Los Angeles and at one time had a staff of 150 people working for her there. She was highly gifted at organizing, selling, and promoting; she was equally adept at bossing her drilling crews. Tough as a boot, she drove back and forth from Ambrosia Lake to Grants for repairs on the drilling equipment, and when occassion demanded, she could and did take her place on the drilling crew as a tool dresser. At one point she tangled with the

Securities Exchange Commission in California and served a term in prison, perhaps without due cause.

The last of Stella's dry wells was to play an important part in the discovery of Uranium on Ambrosia Flat. After Paddy Martinez discovered Uranium at Haystack in 1950 and more particularly after the opening of the Jackpile Mine at Laguna in 1954, prospectors were combing the area: on foot, on horseback, in jeeps, airplanes and helicopters; with geiger counters, witching rods, scintillators, and drilling rigs; cowboys, Indians, geologists, women, children, desperadoes, claim-jumpers, businessmen; a continual stream of humanity flowing in on every road and trail. The population of Grants grew from 1200 to 12,000. A geologist from Houston, Louis Lothman, came along at an appropriate moment: Stella Dysart was alone and stuck in a mudhole at Ambrosia Lake. He not only pulled her car out of the mud, but he also acquired drilling rights on her property. Probing her dry well, he concluded that the uranium was to be found 3000 feet underground. On March 17, 1955 he made the now famous strike at 2929 feet. Rancher's Exploration Company were chagrined, they had stopped only 5 feet short of the discovery in their exploration. The Dysart Uranium property became the Rio De Oro Mines. After thorough exploration of Ambrosia Lake, the Atomic Energy Commission announced that the area contained 72% of the nations's proven Uranium reserves. After thirty years of disappointing failure, Stella Dysart had struck it rich.

As soon as Uranium was discovered, every legitimate landowner in Ambrosia faced a long struggle with shysters of every description, determined to get some part of the gravy. Stella faced hers in the person of Frank Bell. He used every stratagem to wrest from her the power of attorney which her investors had given her. He intended to channel the property he obtained to Philips Petroleum Company. Stella managed, however, to get 17 ½% royalty for herself and those she represented while Bell got 10% for those he represented.

I recite here a little of the Uranium Rush history to which I was a personal witness because it is interesting how quickly and how easily the gold and oil fever took possession of men in the 1950s. In the spring of 1956 the claim jumpers began a massive invasion. Rancher's Exploration, for example, hired Gus Rainey to guard their claims. Gus not only presented a fierce appearance with his long black beard, but he knew how to use a rifle, and had the claim jumpers known that he had killed several men, they would have been more cautious. Slim Cox was another man hired to guard the claims. Several of the claim jumpers who resented the presence of these guards jumped the pair when they were ordered off the premises one day. Gus remarked later that Cox could have whipped four of them, but there were five, so he let Cox fight them a little before he got out his gun and stopped it.

Soon both sides were packing guns with intent to use them. Volton Tietjen captured one of the claimjumpers one evening as he attempted to drive his drilling rig through one of the locked gates under cover of darkness. This man was taken before a group of ranchers, questioned for a long period, threatened, and released. One morning as Gus rode up the canyon on his mule he was ambushed from the top of the mesa. One bullet tore through the fork of his saddle, and only by jerking the mule over the bank of a steep arroyo was his life saved. On another occasion a man and wife secretly drove a caterpillar across the fence and onto some claims where they intended to do assessment work. There was no access to their claims except a foot trail off the mesa, and the caterpillar had been taken into the land in violation of trespass laws. Their objective was to cloud the title of the original claimants, and they would later ask for money to release any claim they might have. They well realized that they could tie up the claims for years while the courts decided the issue and that the real owner would rather settle out of court than spend all the money required to fight each case separately. On the occasion alluded to, Gus came on the claim jumpers as they walked off the mesa where they had left their cat. Gus ordered them off at gunpoint. The claimjumper told Gus to go to hell, jerked out his hunting knife, and charged. Gus warned the man that he'd better kiss his wife goodbye, but it was only when his first shot tore part of the fellow's boot away that he decided to reconsider.

Law officials were sympathetic to legitimate land holders, but they could do little. New Mexico's laws had not been revised since gold rush days, and there was no legal machinery with which ranchers could cope with the situation, so other means had to be resorted to. On one occasion papers were sworn out by a claim jumper for the arrest of a certain rancher. The sheriff, who knew the situation, conveniently lost the papers—they blew out of his car when he got out to open a gate. Another incident illustrates even better the circuitous route which the law was forced to take. I went out to the claims one morning with my father and found that Gus had captured two claimjumpers and had them handcuffed to a tree. Dad made a quick trip into Gallup to swear

out papers. During the trial, the judge upheld "our side" on the grounds that the claim jumpers, in the act of pulling their trailer house onto the claims, had damaged the rangeland by getting so much dust on the grass! The judge ordered the men to remove their trailer house, under escort of one Charles Winstead who was workinging for Ranchers Exploration. At the property gate Winstead got out to open the gate and the pair raced on through, intending to leave him far behind. Winstead was an old FBI agent, however, and it took him only a moment to shoot their tires off. Then Winstead, a tiny man barely over five feet tall, pulled the pair out of the jeep—perhaps a bit roughly to judge by the charges they later preferred against him, alleging that they were "maliciously, wantonly, and willfully attacked and beaten by the defendant with his fists and that the defendent fired shots into, upon and against the pickup truck in which the plaintiffs were riding, and that as a result they suffered severe and permanent fright, great mental and physical pain and anguish as well as embarrasement and harassment all to their damage in the sum of $1500." Had they known that Winstead had been the man who had gunned down John Dillinger, they might have been more frightened. They lost their case.

19. SEVEN LAKES

Only the discovery of oil at Seven Lakes broke the silence and the loneliness of that vast stretch of empty prairie. On July 28, 1911, the *McKinley County Republican* reported this stirring news:

> "Just after we had gone to press last week a messenger reached town with news that created the biggest rush ever recorded in the history of Gallup. The message was to the effect that Tom Talle in digging for water on his range about 30 miles north of Gallup had struck a large gusher of oil... The men were working away with no thought of hidden treasure... when one man stopped to light his pipe… He tossed the match carelessly to the ground. It passed the opening to the well and immediately there was an ignition and slight explosion... The news spread like wild fire over the town and an hour later several groups were busy assembling their efforts and effects in harried excitement in an attempt to organize a company of overland freighters and packers to start for the new oil fields to stake out claims...At ten o'clock that night the first party was organized and ready to start... All were armed, determined to fight their way to a suitable location if necessary... Another party was organized during the night and started for the oil fields about daybreak... The oil field is the liveliest place in the whole territory at present. The location is only 70 miles from Gallup. Sunday night it was nothing but a quiet grazing spot for a herd of cattle; by Monday morning it had been turned into what would appear to be a thriving little village... William Hartman left Gallup with a law library and his sheepskin and opened a law office on the ground..."

The author is not aware of what became of this first discovery. By June 21, 1919, however, the Gallup Herald called it one of thee most promising oil fields in the entire Southwest and reported the sinking of 30 wells at Seven Lakes. The oil was piped to Prewitt where a refinery was set up.

A week after this report a considerable amount of excitement was generated by the discovery of "A Wonderful Oil Spring" at Ramah. According to the *Herald*,

> "For many years it has been an open secret among the people around Ramah that the Indians knew but under no circumstances would tell where there was a large flowing spring of pure oil in the southwestern part of McKinley County, a short distance west of the point where Valencia Petroleum Company has a well and few miles south of where the Carter Oil company is sinking a well on the Zuni Dome. Special effort has been made from time to time to secure definite information as to exactly the place of location of the great oil spring. American prospectors and stockmen of that section have tried cajolery and even bribery to gain this information but entirely without success. It was a commonly accepted theory that the witch doctors and medicine men of the Yaqui tribe would cast a spell which would result in death to any Indian who would divulge the location of this oil well. It remained for A J Crockett, a wealthy stockman and a man of great personal magnetism to persuade a Yaqui chief to tell him the exact location of this spring. Within the past week a Yaqui Chief explained this matter to Mr. Crockett and after dark took him on a very circuitous route and pointed out the

spring, which has been the
mystery of the Southwest for many years... The medicine men anointed themselves with this sacred or consecrated oil which made them strong physically and also added to their power or influence over the Indians... The location of this wonderful oil spring is about fifteen miles westerly from the Crockett Ranch and in the roughest and most inaccessible part of the Zuni Mountains."

In 1930 a real tragedy occurred in the Ambrosia-Seven Lakes area. It was tragic because it involved two bosom friends and local families. Gilson Tucker killed his best friend and threw his body into an arroyo where it was not discovered for 42 days. Gilson had a head injury as a lad and it was thought by some to have caused spells of temporary insanity. His friend, Sonny Eaves, had worked for Floyd Lee and spent much of his time in the Ambrosia Lake country. Clair Hassell, who told me the story, was running a trading post at Rincon Marquez at the time. He said that the two young men often stayed at his store and used it as headquarters. Several times the boys had "stolen stuff from the Navajos and hid it out just for meanness", and it was Clair who had helped them out of those messes. They kept saying that hey were going to hit the jackpot someday. One day Gilson attempted to hold up the Gallup Bank, but was foiled in the attempt. Because his family was an influential one, no publicity was given the matter. Apparently Gilson had tried without success to get Sonny to help him in that holdup. Believing hat his best friend had gone "yellow" on him, he tried to talk him into another holdup, but without success. About this time Sonny Eaves had gotten a job working for Coog Pitts at Seven Lakes, and was to report there for duty. The two friends rode off in that direction together. A Navajo, hunting horses, saw the murder from a distance. He communicated it to a friend and much later it came back to Hassell. The Navajo had seen the two men ride up on a high place. "The fellow on the smaller horse was in front. Just as they got on top -- bang! -- the horse lunged and he fellow in front fell off. The guy on the big horse rode up and got off and shot him twice more. Then the fellow caught the horse and put the other man on it and started back." Eaves fell off and the horse then started running around wildly.

The Navajo hid and watched while Gilson dumped he body in a part of an arroyo where it was undermined. Gilson then took the horse with him for a way and turned him loose. When Sonny Eaves failed to show up for work, a search was begun. It was only after 42 days that the body was found. After every particle of evidence had been evaluated, Navajo trackers were hired to trail the couple from the place they were last seen. Navajos have an incredible skill at tracking, but their task was only possible because there had been no other stock in that area, and because there had been no rain since the event. Clair believed further that those Navajos knew the approximate location of the body. At any rate, they did find it -- mutilated by coyotes. Gilson Tucker served a life sentence for the crime. Extremely handsome and possessed of a pleasant personality, he might have gone far in the world if he had not started down the wrong road. The greatest sorrow came to the Eaves family, for they loved both of the boys as their own. "We lost two sons", they said.

We turn now to some recollections of stockmen in the Seven Lakes county as Louis Kirk remembered them. The Harrington family came in about 1907. They didn't like the Seven Lakes country so they bought the 6A ranch from Craig (it was near Ft. Wingate). They had a good bunch of cattle. Joe Bond recalled that Harrington's bunch at the 6A made the Navajos understand that they were to keep north of the railroad tracks. They kept skulls in the windows at the ranch house to keep the superstitious Navajos away. A group of Easterners were once staying at the ranch when Jack Garrett and Roy Harrington told them about the many Indian raids they underwent. At the climax of the story shots were heard, and the two cowboys raced to take up their positions. The Easterners left quickly, unaware that one of their hosts had thrown bullets in the fireplace at the critical moment! Dave and Tass Harrington were noted for their skill at riding and roping. Joe Bond remembered seeing Tass on a cutting horse, holding his hand on the cow's back "no matter where she went." Dave was equally adept at roping and "hardly ever missed", claiming that they just ran into his rope "accidentally." Along with Chalk Lewis, Al Tietjen, Almy Tietjen, and Jack Garret (one of their cowboys) they were some of the best riders in the country.

Jack Garrett shot up a "sheep outfit" and had to leave the country. On one occasion, though, this outfit had a challenge flung down to them which they did not accept. Old John Tucker, a mean old fellow, went over to their place and started throwing hides off their fence every which way, looking for one of his own. He did not find it, and neither did he pick up the hides as they suggested. As Kirk told it, Old John didn’t' do anything he did not want to.

John Largo came out West for his health. He was a "lunger" (had TB) but he recovered sufficiently to live a very active life. His family were wealthy Easterners, and John "did not fit into their scheme of things", so they gladly gave him the money to come out West to be rid of him. John was a never-ending source of amazement to the local cowboys. He went without a shirt or hat, worked for $30 a month, and didn't spend a dime of it. John carried a pressure cooker with him on his saddle, and would sit down at dinnertime and cook a pot of beans. He didn't trust the banks; instead he buried here and there a can of money he had saved up. When some of he cowboys found this out, they cooked up a convincing story about how they had found some of his caches. Perhaps someone did find some of the money, for it was said that John dug up "a whole corral" over at the South Ranch in search of some of the money. With his savings he bought and paid for a ranch and now runs 600-700 head of fine cattle.

Louis Kirk himself became widely known as a quarter horse breeder and a jockey. Among the many race horses that he owned were such names as Jack Dempsey, Mamie Taylor, and Hard Twist. His knowledge and skill with race horses became legendary.

20. CHACO CANYON

Chaco Canyon once lay at he bottom of a salty sea. The first mesa tops of the surrounding country yield shark's teeth and numerous sea shells. Afterwards, there were great dinosaurs roaming the country as evidenced by their bones. Chaco Canyon is 18 miles long and nowhere more than a mile wide. The Chaco community was probably not inhabited earlier than 700 AD and then only by small groups living in individual dwellings. Numerous pine trees, some two feet thick, have been found in the ruins and were used as roof supports. The stump of a giant fir tree was excavated in 1920. These findings indicate that there were forests nearby which have long since disappeared. Perhaps around 1000 AD a mass of people moved in. The population of the canyon has been estimated at 10,000 during this period, and the Pueblo Bonito ruin itself may have had 800 rooms. There are some 210 sites on which ruins have been located, which made it the largest and most thriving population center north of Mexico City.

The Chaco people were spread over the entire four corners area and were doing about the same things in the same way in all their locations. Tree rings show that the major construction ceased in the early 1100s. Whether or not the pueblo began to be abandoned at this time is a matter of conjecture. There are no signs pointing to severe drouth, epidemics, or heavy warfare, and it is believed that the inhabitants moved away gradually to more favorable locations. Turquoise was brought by the ton from the Galisteo basin near Santa Fe; obsidian came from the Jemez Mountains, salt from the Zuni Salt Lake.

Skeletons of a number of parrots have been excavated, and these must have come from the tropics in Mexico. Seashells found their way in abundance from the Pacific coast. Huge kivas have been found at Chaco Canyon, some measuring seventy feet in diameter. Near the end of the eleventh century, some of Chaco's spreading population must have moved south. In Nutria Canyon, near Zuni, a small pueblo had two of these giant kivas, one of them 51 feet and he other 78 feel in diameter. Imagine roofing such a structure! The kiva at Casa Rinconada in Chaco Canyon was 20 feet from floor to ceiling and the walls were four feet thick at the base. Huge beams, resting on stone pillars, supported the roof. From two smaller anterooms a flight of stairs led to an underground tunnel, making it possible for the priests to emerge quite suddenly from the floor in the center of the room. From contemporary mythology it is believed that this act was symbolical of their origin as a people. Along with the Navajos, they believed that their ancestors came up from the bowels of the earth through a hole in the ground.

From 1200 to 1400 there were apparently only a handful of the Chaco people living in a few sites in the Canyon. After the Pueblo Rebellion in 1680 a few bands of Pueblo Indians went there to live, building small stone hovels. Navajos are superstitious about going there. Their tradition, (probably based on a sample of one) is that any Navajo who goes there will come back crippled.

A Mexican named Juan Carravahal, who lived in the little village of San Ysidro, is credited with discovering the ruins of Chaco Canyon. In the 1840s he gave the major ruins the names by which we know them today. About 1849 he was engaged as a guide by an expedition commanded by Colonel Washington, military governor of New Mexico. The purpose of the expedition was to punish the Navajos and to convince them that no further raiding and murdering of the Spanish settlements would be permitted. One of the lieutenants, James Simpson, stayed two days in Chaco Canyon with Carravahal, describing the ruins. The rest of his company pressed on.

In 1877 William Henry Jackson came through Chaco with three companions and stayed a week,

making careful maps and notes. There were many others after this period, but they contributed relatively little to knowledge of the ruins until the time of Richard Wetherill. In about 1885 the Wetherill Brothers, Al, Win, Richard, Clayton, and John , began to winter their cattle on the Mancos River in Colorado. Exploring the country, they came across the Mesa Verde Cliff dwellings and were the first to brig them to the attention of the public. Richard Wetherill excavated many of the ruins himself in 1891-2. In the Spring of 1892 Richard's collection of relics was bought by C D Hazard and exhibited the next year at the Chicago World's Fair. Richard was called to go to the Fair and answer questions about the exhibit for the public.

During the time he spent at the Fair, Richard met Fred and Talbot Hyde, sons of a New York physician. Their grandfather had founded the Babbitt Soap Company (makers of Bab-O) and the two brothers were heirs to a fortune. In the course of many meetings, Richard agreed to lead them into Grand Gulch the coming winter, and they organized the Hyde Exploring Expedition.

In 1894 the leading figure in American Archaeology, Fredric Ward Putnam (of the Peabody Museum and American Museum of Natural History) was persuaded by the Hyde Brothers to join in an expedition to Chaco Canyon. Putnam had been in charge of the exhibits at the he Chicago Fair and had viewed the exhibits from Mesa Verde with considerable interest. Since he himself was unable to direct the expedition, he sent in his stead a talented young student, George Pepper. That summer's work saw a freight carload of artifacts shipped from Chaco Canyon to the museum in New York. To Richard Wetherill is due much of the credit for he successful excavation of the ruins, but there was friction between the two men, and Pepper was too conceited to ever acknowledge any assistance.

The Wetherill Brothers first put in a small store at Pueblo Bonito. Soon thereafter it was supported by the Hyde Brothers and managed by Richard Wetherill. Richard filed a homestead at Pueblo Bonito, partly because it would help keep "poachers" away from the ruins. To assist in keeping the store operating, Richard went into the blanket business, offering to pay as much for blankets as any trader on the reservation. Word spread among the Navajos. Outlets for rugs were found in Dallas, St. Louis, and New York City. At the same time, demand increased for Navajo silverwork and Richard helped the Chaco Navajos to greatly improve their silver and their rugs.

In four years the Hyde Expedition had of about $25,000. The collection of artifacts is housed at the American Museum of Natural History. In 1900 the Santa Fe Archaeological Society, annoyed that the relics were all going to New York instead of New Mexico, began to protest loudly that the ruins were being vandalized and the relics sold commercially. Their allegations were not very well based in fact, but they eventually brought orders from Washington to cease the excavation. The investment of the Hyde Expedition at Chaco Canyon --now in danger of being lost -- was rescued by Richard Wetherill who drove to expand the blanket trade.

In that one year, 1901, their merchandise business mushroomed until it included stores at Ojo Alamo, Farmington, Thoreau, Largo, Raton Springs, and Manuelito. In addition, there were wholesale stores at Albuquerque and Farmington and three outlets were opened in New York. A fruit evaporator and a harness shop were set up in Farmington and Hyde Brothers employed much of the town. In the meantime, investigators of the archaeological work failed to find fault with the character of the work. They concentrated instead on Richard Wetherill's homestead, accusing him of deliberately homesteading on some of the largest ruins. Because of these allegations, the Hyde Brothers were ordered to cease permanently their digging in Chaco Canyon, and Richard's homestead was suspended on grounds that he had failed to plant the required number of acres (usually one-eighth of the land). Richard appealed the decision, but it was three years before another investigation was made. The resulting conclusion was that the former accusations were not substantiated by facts and Wetherill was given approval to file final proof on his claims. Before he could do so, however, a protest came from Santa Fe that deposits of coal had been found on the homestead, and that Wetherill had designs on the rich mineral deposits! As far back as 1901 Wetherill had promised to cooperate with the government in relinquishing his rights to ruins on his homestead, and he fulfilled his part of the bargain, but it was seven years before the Government released the deed, and by that time Richard was dead.

Not long after this tremendous expansion, the Hyde Brothers sold their interests to a man called Benham, and Richard Wetherill turned to the operation of his own store at Pueblo Bonito and his ranch there. He ran 1200-1600 head of horses, 5000 sheep, and a small herd of cattle. In 1903 William Shelton was appointed Superintendent of the Navajo Agency at Shiprock. He rapidly became a controversial figure, insisting that everyone be either a close friend or an implacable enemy. Being his friend

meant bowing to his will in whatever he proposed. His character seemed best summed up in a letter from Albert Blake, Indian trader, to the commissioner of Indian Affairs: "In short, sir, Mr. Shelton has always constituted himself a kind of czar on the reservation... permitting no rival near the throne. Though the Indians themselves do not like him, he has them thoroughly cowed, and no white man doing business with the Indians can call his soul his own unless willing to put his neck under Shelton's foot."

Shelton had been in office but a short while when he decided that Richard Wetherill was the man he hated most and that he had to get rid of him. In 1907 Chaco Canyon had become a National Monument and in the same year became a part of the reservation under Shelton's jurisdiction. Soon Shelton began to flood the Indian Service with letters describing how Wetherill cheated the Indians and stole from them. Sam Stacher was sent to Chaco Canyon as the sub-agent, probably with instruction to spy on Wetherill. Stacher soon became obsessed with the idea of building an Indian School at Pueblo Bonito, and insisted that Wetherill sell his land there for that purpose. Wetherill reused to comply, and a deep enmity arose between the two. Finally Stacher moved to Crownpoint in 1910 and had his school built there.

Stacher had been made responsible for Navajos living off the reservation. He had an agency built at Crownpoint and he remained in charge of it for 26 years. In the meantime, Stacher and Shelton made things as hard as they could for Wetherill by stirring up the Indians against him. In 1904 or 1905 Wetherill had hired a Texas Cowboy named Bill Finn. Finn was "on the dodge" for rustling cattle, but he was a good hand, and demonstrated remarkable skill with a gun. He was, though, a "loner", and had no close friends. Marietta Wetherill wrote that in 1910 Wetherill "rented out the north pasture to Sheriff Tom Talle of Gallup and the Navajos were upset about it. I was home only a few days when Talle drove in the five hundred head of cattle he had just bought in Texas. That was a long drive from Gallup, eighty miles. He came around by Seven Lakes, watered the cattle in the lakes that still had water, and drove them to Chaco. Stacher heard about Talle's drive to Chaco canyon and told the Navajos, 'You can see he's going to bring a lot of cattle in here and you won't have any grass or water left. He'll run you out of the country if you don't do something.' The Indians told me that's what he said." In June, 1910, a Navajo named Nez Begay stole a colt which belonged to Richard Wetherill's daughter and ran the colt so hard that it foundered and died. Bill Finn went to the Indian's hogan and demanded an accounting. When the Navajo grabbed Finn's bridle reins, the cowboy pistol whipped him, and he fell to the ground unconscious. A friend of Nez Begay, Chis-Chilly-Begay, believing his friend was dead, went to Blake's Trading Post and "took his silver belt off and threw it down on the counter. 'I want to pawn this for a box of cartridges. I'm going to stop Anasazi [Wetherill] from bringing stock into this country." Marietta's maid told her the Navajos were awfully mad and wanted her to go with her to her house on the Escavada. Looking out the window she saw five or six Indians painted black with their hair down over their faces. The maid told her they were on the warpath. Wetherill and Finn rode out that evening to drive Talle's cattle out into the pasture. Below the house a ways, a group of Navajos had gathered, listening to the excited jabber of Chis-Chilly-Begay. One old man angrily reminded Richard of the trouble that had already begun with the fight with Nez-Begay, and waved his old rifle in Wetherill's face. A little ways down the road Chis-Chilly-Begay stepped out from an arroyo, took one shot at Bill Finn and missed, then turned and fired at Wetherill, killing him instantly, then walked up to him and shot him again in the head. Long afterward he admitted that he had killed his best friend. Finn wheeled his horse, but several Navajos were already closing the circle. Exchanging a few shots with them, he broke through their ranks and raced for the ranch house. Two other Navajos made a desperate attempt to head him off. One of them was racing alongside, beating Finn across the shoulders with his quirt while the other was trying to get ahead of him. Finn managed to get a slight lead, then turned and shot his pursuer in the hip. Jumping one barbed-wire fence, Finn raced into the yard, yelled at Marietta Wetherill to get the kids in the house, and ran for a rifle. The second Navajo now fired two shots at Marietta, and she returned the fire with a revolver Sheriff Talle had left at the house. All shots missed.

Sheriff Talle, riding back that way, heard the news and raced for Thoreau, fearful of an Indian attack next morning. None was forthcoming. Despite the efforts of Shelton and Stacher to malign Wetherill's character and to get the Indian off, Chis-Chilly-Begay was sentenced to five to ten years in the State Penitentiary. Employees at the Shiprock Agency and a large number of Navajos rebelled against Shelton in 1916 and he was charged with moral turpitude. While the investigation was kept secret, Shelton was allowed to resign his post.

21. REHOBOTH

In 1895 a Government school for Navajos was opened at Tohatchi, a Navajo name meaning "scratch for water." Water was so shallow in the arroyos that it could be obtained merely by scratching the surface. White people first called the place Little Water. Haskell opened a trading post there early and sold it to Albert Arnold in 1909.

In 1896 the Christian Reformed Church, with headquarters at Grand Rapids, Michigan, sent two Dutch Missionaries to New Mexico. The pair, Vanderwagen and Fryling, settled first at Ft. Defiance. In October 1897 the Vanderwagen family moved to Zuni. Dr. and Mrs. H. K. Palmer had opened a Presbyterian School and Mission at Zuni in 1877 but partly because of the opposition they met there, they turned the mission over to the Christian Reformed Church in 1897. In 1898, Mrs. Vanderwagen, a trained nurse, was able to be of considerable assistance to the Indians when a smallpox epidemic raged through the Pueblo. In 1905 a chapel was built on the bank of the river and was used later as a school. A larger mission house replaced it in 1927.

Tohatchi was next to be occupied by James De Groot, who was sent there in 1899. He had been an assistant to Reverend Fryling at Ft. Defiance. In 1900 Reverend L.P. Brink went to Tohatchi as a missionary. Brink traveled extensively through the Navajo country with his team of white horses and was a familiar sight to the Indians. Through his counsel, missions were started at Rehoboth, Toadlena, Crownpoint, Farmington, Naschitti and Star Lake. Brink compiled a grammar and dictionary of the Navajo language with the assistance of a Navajo, Edward Becenti, and was among the first to reduce that tongue to a written language.

Brink noticed in his preaching that the interpreter was saying the same thing as he began each translation. He discovered, with some help, that after each sentence the Navajo translated, he would say to the Indians, "This is what the Missionary says. I don't believe it myself, but you can if you want to." Becenti later became of invaluable assistance in the missionary work.

In 1902 the Dutch Reformed Minister at Ft. Defiance experienced difficulties with the Indian agent. The minister had backed the charges against some employees who were fired. Perry consequently made things difficult and because of the "encroachment upon our privileges and liberties", the Minister decided to move elsewhere. Rehoboth, five miles east of Gallup, was the place chosen by Reverend Brink, and was the site of the Old McIntyre Ranch. It was opened as a school in 1903 with six students. The name is taken from Genesis 26:22 and meant, appropriately enough, "The Lord hath made room for us." A noted hospital for Indians was established there in 1910. The hospital is now being rebuilt on a much larger scale and will be available to all.

21. TINAJA, ATARQUE, AND FENCE LAKE

When Old Ft. Wingate at Ojo del Gallo was abandoned, several Spanish American families moved from Cebolleta onto these lands in 1896. Juan Candelaria moved his family and flocks from Cubero to Concho, Arizona. Shortly afterward Pablo Candelaria and a brother-in-law, Jose Maria Marez, came from near Santa Fe and began ranching across the valley from El Morro. They named the place San Lorenzo, but because of the water pools in the rocks the place eventually became known as Tinaja (a large earthen jar). About 1870 Epitacio and Jesus Mazon passed through the settlement on their way to trade with the Zunis. They at once took a liking to the place and stayed.

In time the Mazons gained control of San Lorenzo. Jose Marez and Pablo Candelaria had land on both sides of Ramah. There were never more than about ten or twelve herder's families at San Lorenzo, but they had a big job. Leopoldo Mazon owned some 12,000 sheep and 1200 head of cattle. Epitacio ruled his empire with an iron hand and at his death in 1900 left a fortune worth $100,000. One source was impressed with the fact that Leopoldo Mazon used a headstone of one of the old Mormon settlers (Blackburn) for a doorstep. Some others who lived at Tinaja were Esteban Baca, Trinidad Lucero, Garcia, and Morris.

The Lorenzo Garcia family was one of those who came from Cebolleta to San Rafael very early. Lorenzo was killed in 1881 by Geronimo's band on one of their northward swings. In 1882 Juan, the oldest of the sons, took his mother and five brothers to Jaralosa Canyon, a few miles from the present site of Atarque. Accompanying him were Manuel and Jesus Landavaso. Not long afterwards the Garcias dammed up several nearby arroyos and moved there, calling it Los Atarques (The Dams). Juan built a small store there and soon had most of the neighbors working for him because they were in debt to the store. In 1897 he moved to Magdalena, but David, the youngest brother, took his place. Shortly they were joined by Edward Provencher from San Rafael who had married a Mexican wife. Once or twice a

year the priest from Saint Johns, Arizona, or Father Brun from San Rafael would come there to celebrate mass. The settlers, despite their isolation, took an active part in county politics.

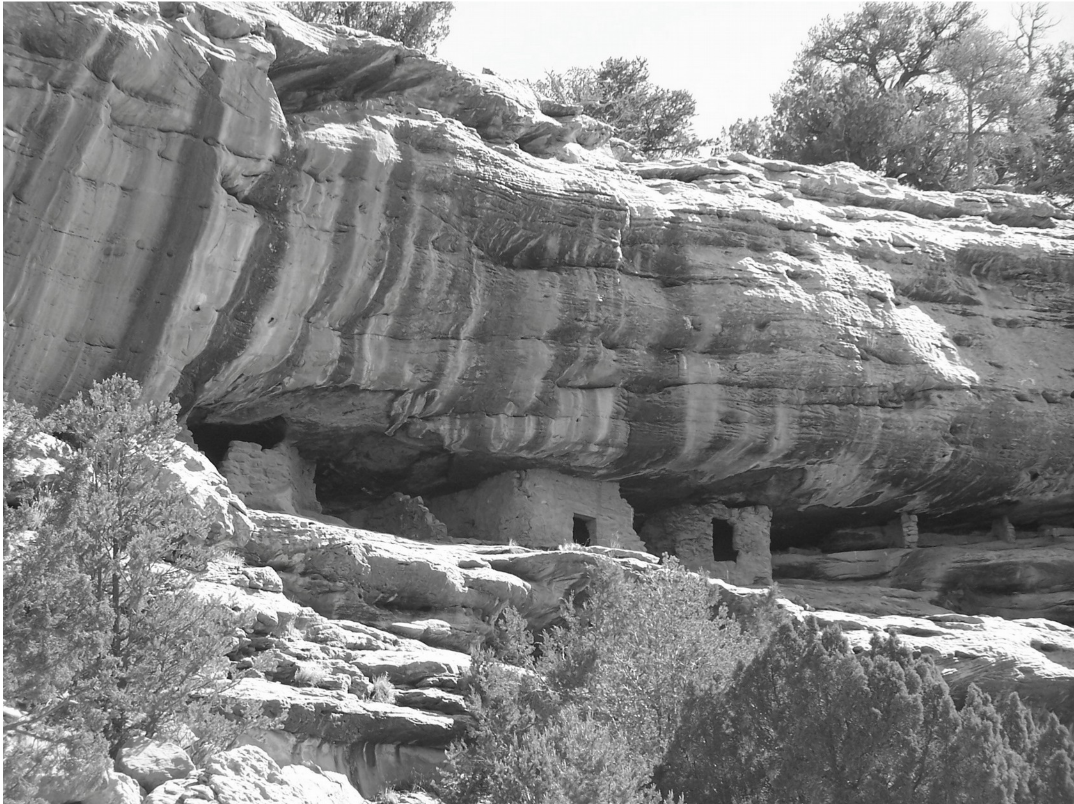
Of Fence Lake, Mrs. Jake Maben writes as follows: "My husband and I came to St. Johns, Arizona, in September, 1925. Jake was nothing but a stockman so he went to work for Jake Barth Cattle Co. at St. Johns. At that time there just weren't very many fences in this country, so cattle went long distances from their homes. At that time the lake two miles south of here was known as Fenced Lake. Some of the old-timers fenced it because when it got low it was very boggy for cattle. In 1931 when these people from the Dust Bowl of Texas and Oklahoma began to come in here to get a homestead of 640 acres they got their mail at Atarque, New Mexico, six miles north of here. That was the only postoffice closer than Quemado or Ramah. In 1935 the people here (about 300 men, women, and children) began work trying to get a postoffice, and in 1936 we were successful in getting a two-by-four postoffice here, and the mail came from Gallup to Ramah and then here. When the petition for a postoffice was sent to Washington we had to have a name for it so a meeting of the people was called, and it was decided to drop the "d" and call it Fence Lake. Back in those years there was lots of rain here and the cows would drift this way and the Fenced Lake was known by ranchers for many miles away.

"Some of the first settlers to come in here in 1931 to homestead were U. N. Walker and his son Byron, Sam Shields, and the three Bogart Boys: Harvey, Ward, and Henry. Reverend Bert Tingle, who later built a small house and organized a Baptist Church came early, as did Major Bruton who donated a lot to build the postoffice on. I came here in 1934 from St. Johns, as my husband was managing a ranch 15 miles north of here, and this was the closest school for our children. There was at that time a small first-through-eighth-grade school house here which was built of logs, and it is still here.

"Most of the settlers (Nesters as they were called) were farmers who were drouthed-out in Texas and Oklahoma. They farmed pinto beans, corn, and small grains, but beans were the main crop. Each one had possibly two milk cows, but none of them ranched. In 1935 Dale M. Gardom put in a very small grocery store and in 1936 I put in a café known as the Black Cat, and I carried a few drugs. I was allowed to and did nursing work here since we couldn't get out very easy to a doctor or even get medicines. At that time I was a registered nurse and delivered 110 babies -- both Anglo, Mexican, and Indian -- on top of keeping two boys in school, running the eating joint, and a jillion other things. In 1937, I think, Carroll Gunderson of Grants put in a general merchandise store and Hugh Black of Grants ran it for him. They bought beans from the farmers here and hauled them to Grants to be cleaned and sold. In 1956 when the so-called soil bank came into effect, most of the farmers put their farmland into the program and began leaving for towns where they could get work and draw the government-paid money for their farms, so now we only have some 50 people left here. In 1945 we finally got a paved road to Gallup, so this is still the last frontier country west of the Rio Grande. The little town of Atarque is entirely gone now. When old man David Garcia died back in the early 1950's his lease on the land surrounding Atarque expired and the rancher who owned the land around Atarque made it so rough on the people they had to leave, so no one lives there now. Most of the houses have fallen down—all but one little school house where I taught school from 1945-1947.

"I can't get to go to Church as it is so far and I have to take care of the ranch and cattle by myself. I have had to feed my cattle by myself since February as my husband passed away last November. I am not a spring chicken any more as I will be 75 in November, and I just don't get all my work, feeding, milking, etc. done in time to go to Ramah for church."

Other early settlers at Fence Lake were Marvin and Barney Lewis, Joe Acord, Merle and Lee Bell, Messrs Jacobe, Bolliver, Grice, and Gordon. "Preacher" Tingle exerted much influence on the settlers when he saw in vision that the lake would never go dry, and urged the people to build permanently. At that time "everyone" hauled water from Fence Lake and it was only a remote possibility that the lake would dry up, but what changes the years have wrought!



Cliff Dwellings near Ramah

Painting of Coronado and his men

Zuni, 1880s

Ramah Lake

Los Gigantes, near Ramah

Inscription Rock at El Morro

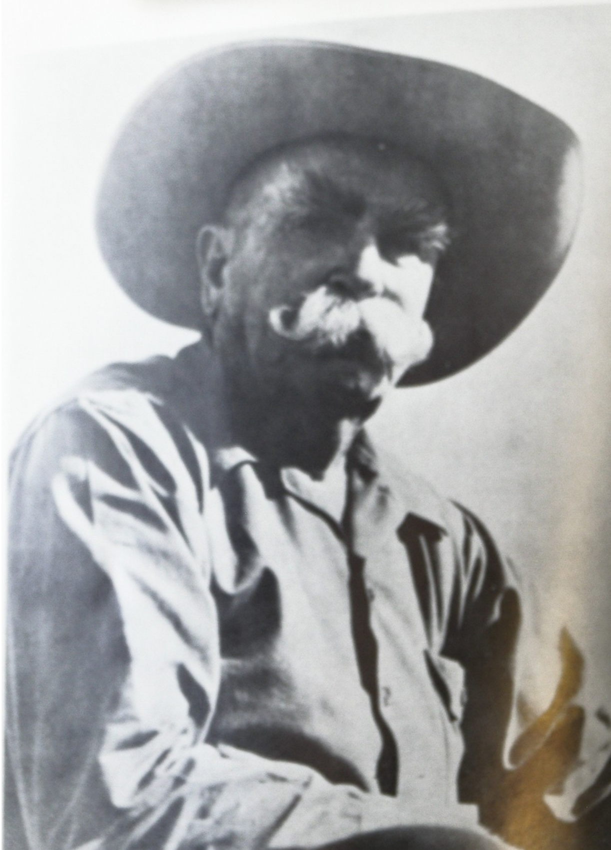
Acoma

Acoma Pueblo with Enchanted Mesa in background

Enchanted Mesa

Laguna Pueblo

Gallup in 1880



Dick Mattox

Dan Dubois

Ft. Wingate in 1880

Cavalry at Ft. Wingate

Zuni Uplift and Nutria Monocline as seen from Gallup

Hogback in Gallup

Hogback at Nutria

Hogback at McGaffey Lake

Box-S Ranch near Nutria

Navajo Chicken Pull 1928

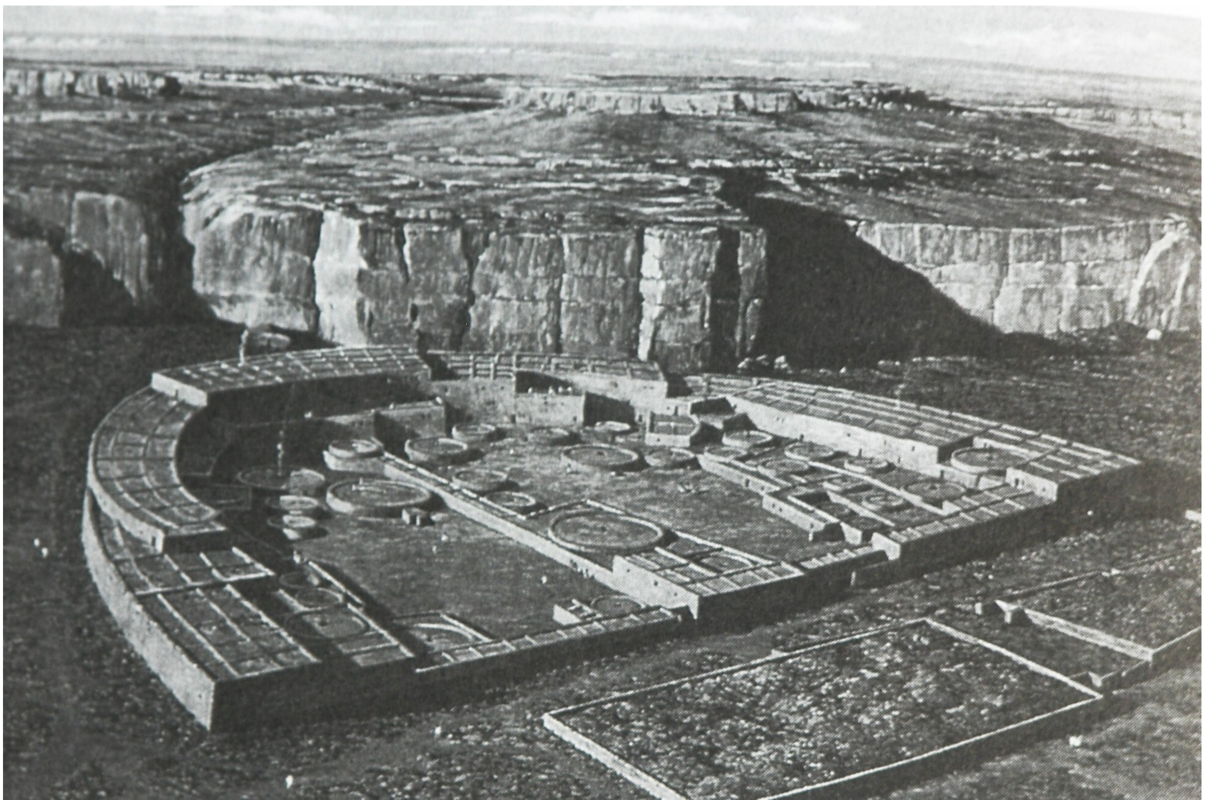
Cabezon Peak north of Mt. Taylor

Street in Cebolleta with walls of old fort

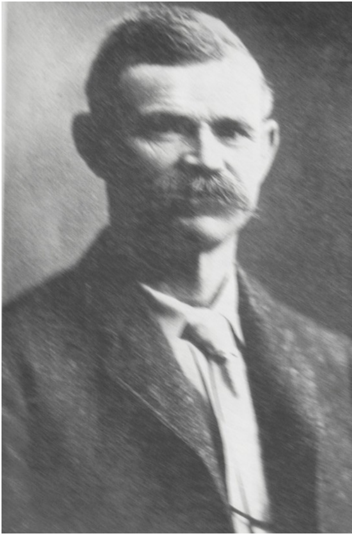
Manuel Chavez Hacienda at San Mateo

Penitente Procession

Billy Crane at Coolidge



Reconstruction of Pueblo Bonito at Chaco Canyon



Richard Wetherill

Stella Dysart

Solomon Bibo, 2nd from left, Indian Trader and Governor of Acoma

Matilda Coxe Stevenson, anthropologist, threatening Zunis

Geronimo, Apache Warrior

Manuelito, Navajo Chief

The 1874 Navajo delegation to Washington consisted of (left to right, front row): Carnero Mucho, Mariano, Juanita (Manuelito's wife), Manuelito, Manuelito Segundo, and Tiene-su-se
Standing: "Wild" Hank Sharp (Anglo), Ganado Mucho, Barbas Hueros, Agent Arny,
Kentucky Mountain Bill (Anglo), Cabra Negra, Cayatanita, Narbona Primero,
and Jesus Arviso, interpreter.

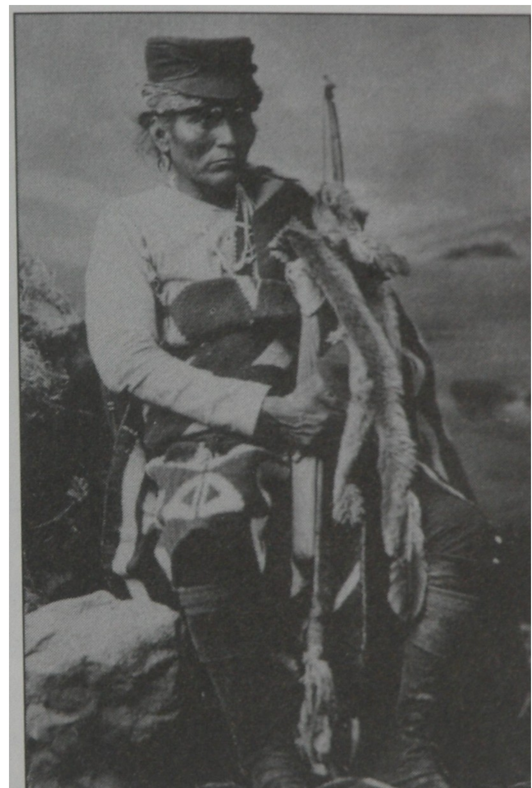
Blackhorse and Tayoneh

Jose Pino of Ramah, Navajo Headman

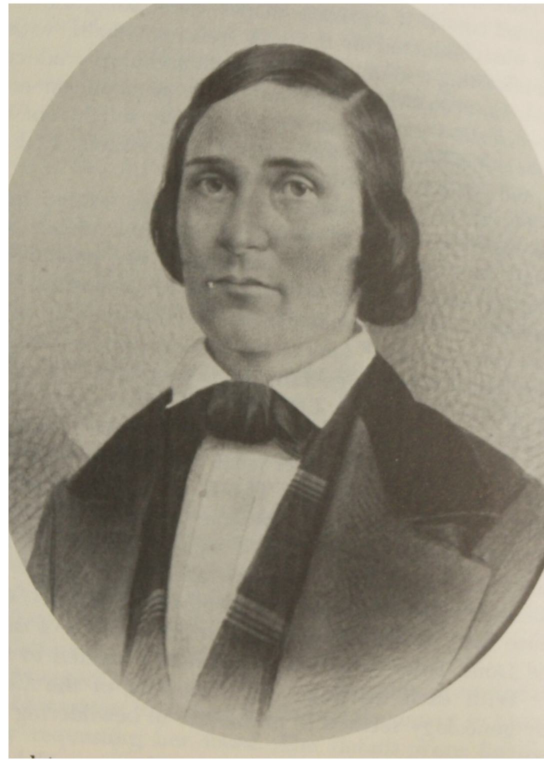
Victorio, Apache Chief

Henry Chee Dodge, Navajo Leader

Zuni Chief


Ganado Mucho, Navajo Chief

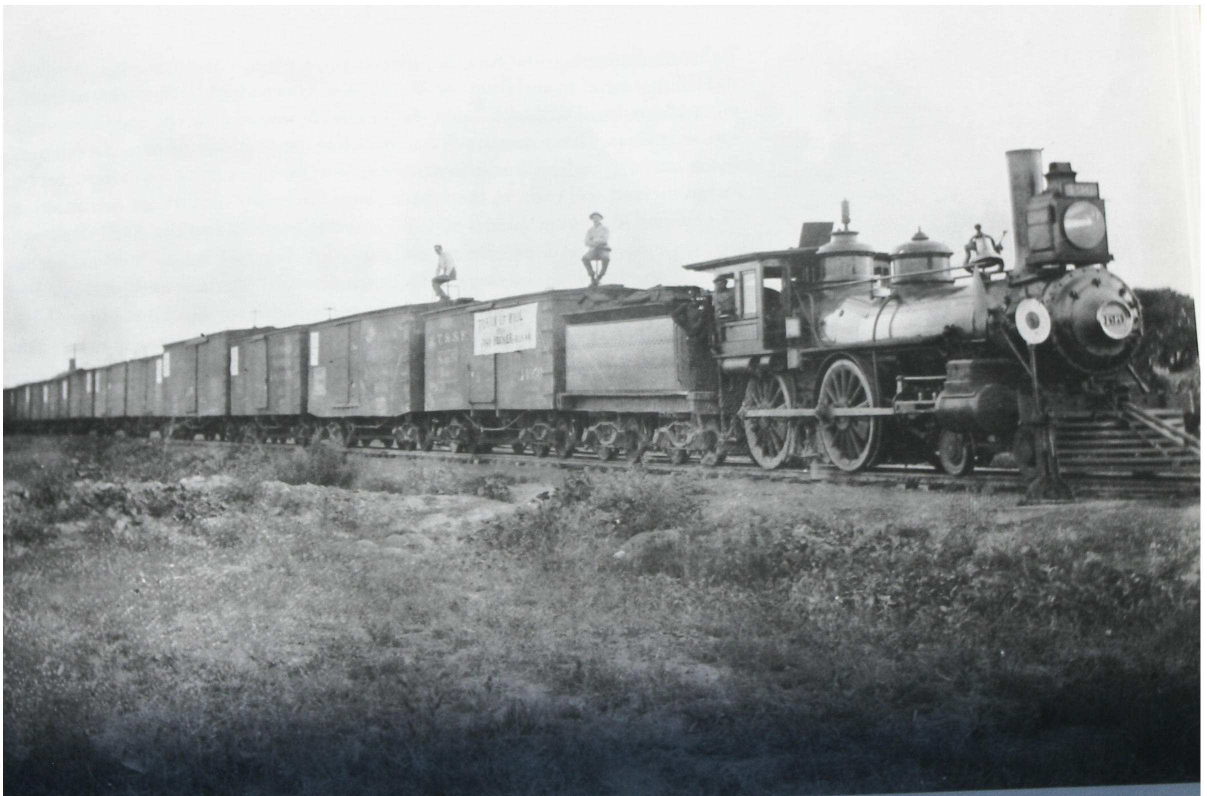
Roman Baca, San Mateo Rancher



Manuel Chavez, Indian Fighter

Ox teams hauling wool to Albuquerque

The Stage Coach



Stagecoach Replacement: Early Locomotive

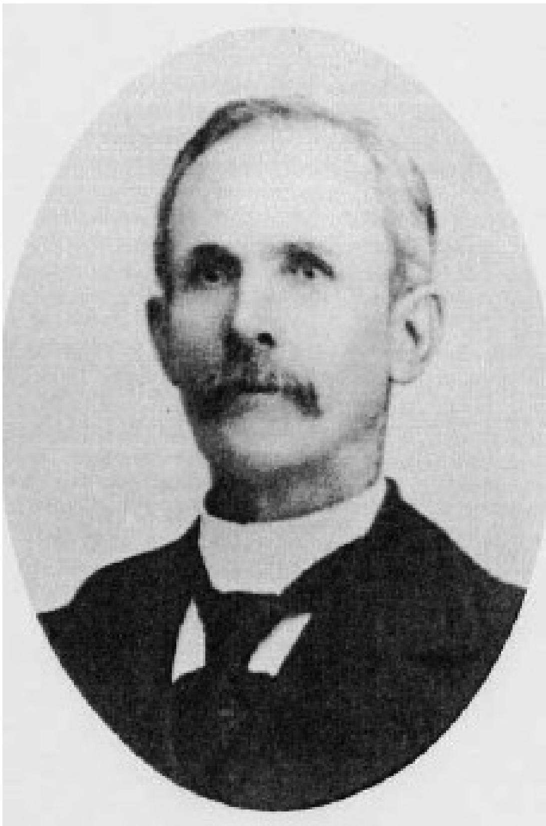
New Mexico roads were paved with adobe mud

Early Day Gas Station

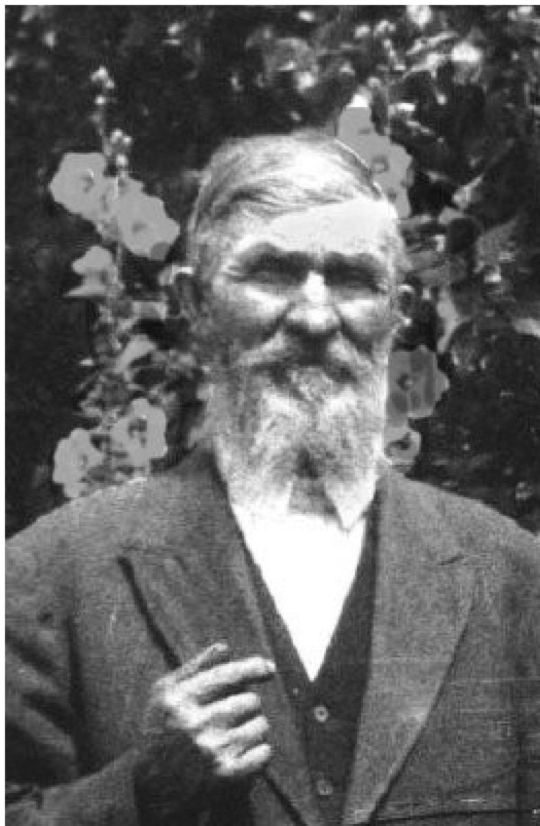
Charles Ilfield, Jewish financier

Frank Hamilton Cushing, ethnologist

Pena family of San Mateo: Eloy, Antonio, Abelicio, Pablo



Ammon Tenney, Missionary to Zuni

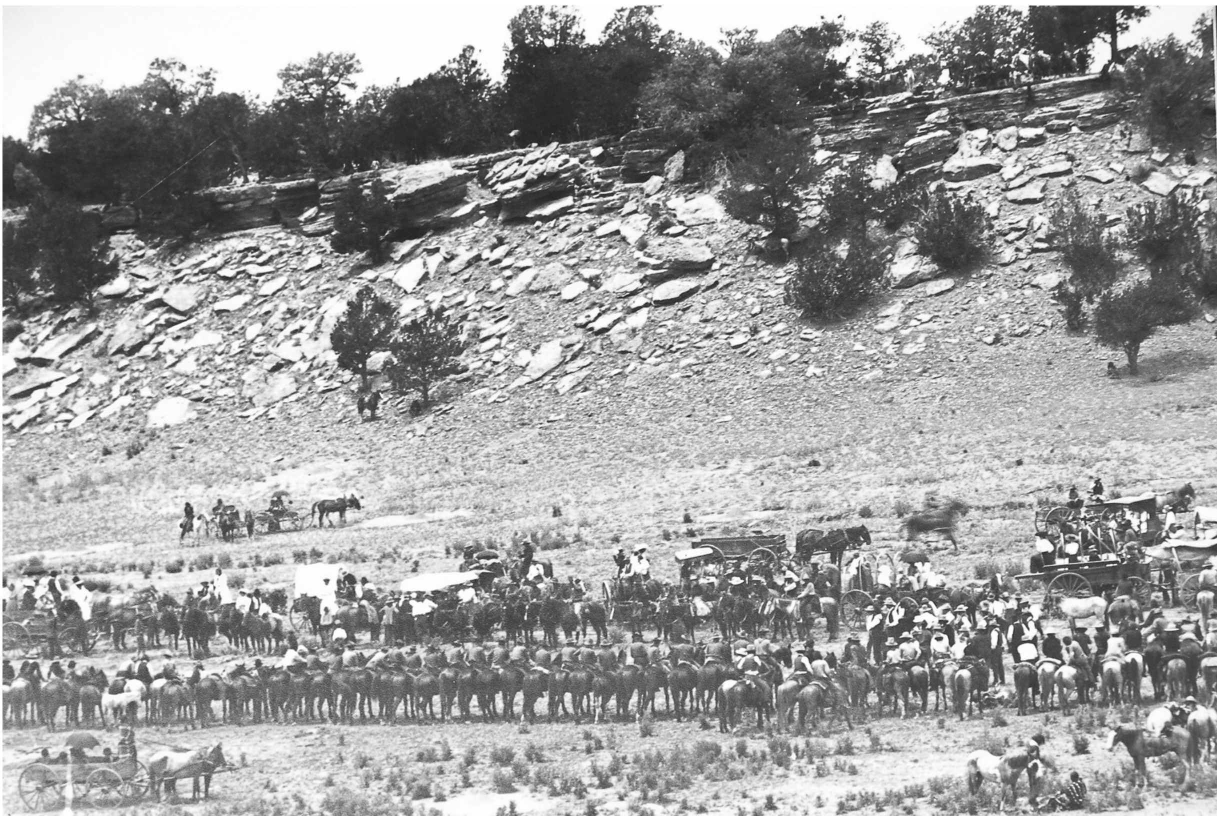


Ernst Tietjen, Missionary & Colonist

Ira Hatch family of Ramah

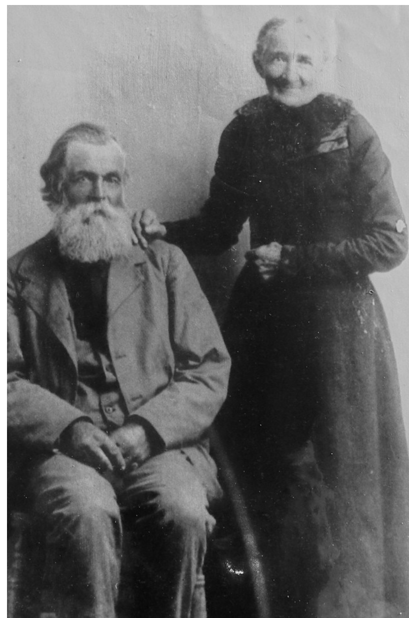
Ramah Dam Washes Out 1897

Ramah Dam Being Repaired



Ft. Wingate Cavalry at Ramah

Gene Lambson & Sarah Clawson

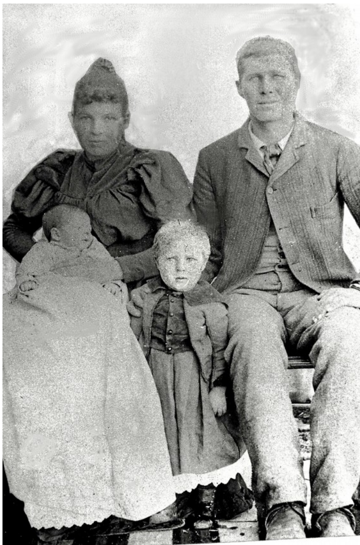


John Bloomfield & Elizabeth Barton

Samuel E. Lewis Daphne Hamblin Lewis

John W Young, Railroad Contractor Frank Lambson Family

Will Bond Wm. James Johnston (2nd from left)



Wayne & Minnie Clawson   Dick Bloomfield Family

Wayne Clawson family

Baltasar Coho

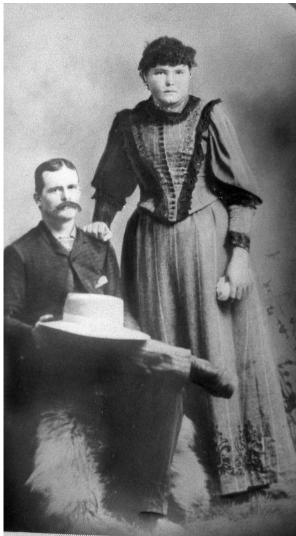
Threshing Machine at Ramah (left), powered by eight horses (right)

Ramah Trading Post: Drivers: John and Alex Bloomfield, Standing:?,? ,Margaret and Joseph A.Bond, Colonel Gore and Mrs. Gore

Canning Demonstration at Ramah:
Becky Day, Elva Bond, Alice Bloomfield, Fanny May Mowrer, Rachel Bloomfield, Roxie Lewis, County Agent, Eliza James, Nettie Bond, Daphne Lewis, Mary Eliza Merrill, Sylvia Bond

Eliza James Family

Manassah Gallagher & Daughters



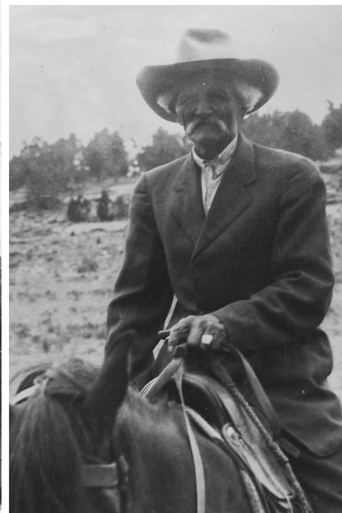
JPW Bloomfield & Alice Gallagher

Joseph A Bond

Margaret Bloomfield Bond

John Hunt

John Miller & Isadora



Jesus Eriacho

First Church in Ramah

First Cabin in Ramah (John Bloomfield)

Rock Chapel in Ramah

Tom Merrill Family

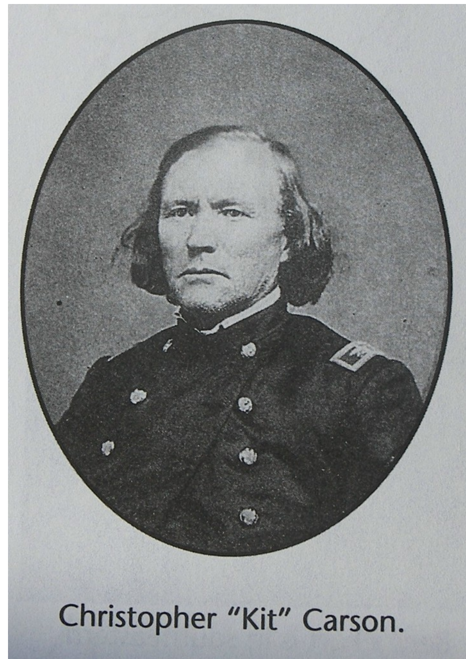
Yanabah Pino

Evon Vogt Family; Newspaper Editor, El Morro Curator

Community Church in Thoreau

Jones Mercantile, Thoreau, NM

Sylvestre Mirabal, rancher



Indian Fighter

Grant's Camp, Railroad Construction

Bluewater Branch Conference, 1923

Top row: Golden Roundy, John M. Knight (Mission President), Fred Nielson, unknown missionary, Elder Nouie, Tom McNeill, Amos Tietjen, Sam Young (hand up), Clair Hassell, Ernest Chapman (with hat), Richard George, Udell Mortensen, George Rowley, Fullmer (Chink) Chapman, Welcome Chapman, Grandpa Hyrum Chapman, Zera Chapman, Lude Clawson, Laridge Mortensen, George Flake, Elder Francis, Elder Yursick

Second Row: Clara Young, Embert Tietjen, Hiram D. Chapman, Archie Mortensen (hand up), Jessie Lewis (hat), Frank Lambson, Walter Chapman, Roy Clawson (hand), Warren Knudsen, Clyde Bernard, H. J. Macklerath, Eugene Chapman, Christian Knudsen, Grandpa Chris Knudsen, Frihoff P. Nielson, Grandpa Frihoff Nielson, Spencer Black, Joseph Nielson, Lillith Cluff (black hat-partial face), Barbara Tietjen

Third Row: Susie Knudsen, Sylvia Bloomfield, Vera Bloomfield, Nellie Chapman (hat), May Tietjen, Bertha Chapman, Emma O. Tietjen, Ernestine Chapman, Eda Chapman, Deborah Nielson, Alice Gallager, Emma C. Tietjen, Mary McNeill, Maud Tietjen (part face), Laura Young, Lydia George, Hettie Mortensen

Fourth Row: Whitney Chapman, Leslie George, Allen Nielson, Norman Chapman, Glenn Chapman, May Clawson (with child), Clawson?, Camilla Chapman (hand), Muriel Rowley (profile),Valma Tietjen, hidden, Joseph Chapman? (cap), Fay Chapman, Klea Chapman (partial), Blanche George (partial), Clarinda Tietjen (Roundy) (partial), Nellie Bloomfield, Marie Nielson (hat), Gladdus Tietjen, Adeline George, Lorena Tietjen with baby Ruth Tietjen

Fifth Row: Raymond Young, Horace Stevens, Weldon George, Stanley George, Mary Chapman, Beulah Chapman, Amos Junior Tietjen, Elizabeth Nielson, Pratt girl, Emmaline Chapman, Elgin George, Genevieve Tietjen, Gertrude Bloomfield, Willis Nielson, Gladdys Bloomfield, Permelia Tietjen, Mable Chapman (hat), Wesley Tietjen, Morley Knudsen, Jessie Chapman, Joey Chapman (hand up), Roy Chapman, unknown
Courtesy of Collins Chapman

Ernest Tietjen and his three wives: Emma O Erickson, Emma C Pederson, Amanda Hatch
Colonists at Savoya, Ramah, and Bluewater

Frihoff Nielson with second family

Welcome Chapman & Ernestine Tietjen

Adrian Berryhill

Wallace & May Berryhill, Duane & Nelda Berryhill, Ina and Mark Elkins, Maud Tietjen

Joe Tietjen and family: Josephine Elkins, Ina Elkins, Volton Tietjen, Gladdus Berryhill, Maud Tietjen

Dick George & Lydia Tietjen

Sam Young & Laura Tietjen

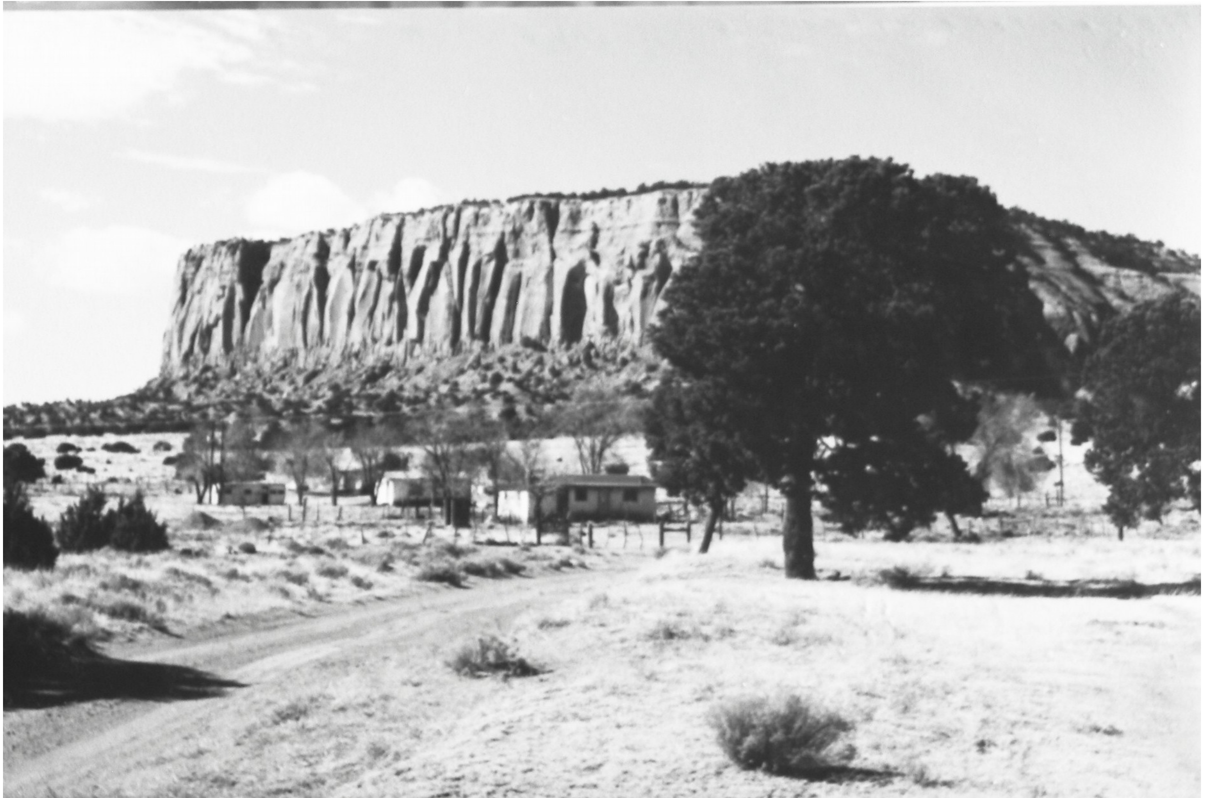
Jeff Tietjen & Edna Berryhill

Joe Tietjen Homestead North of Prewitt

Joe Tietjen

Red Cliffs at Prewitt

Base of Haystack Mountain


Red Cliffs at Thoreau

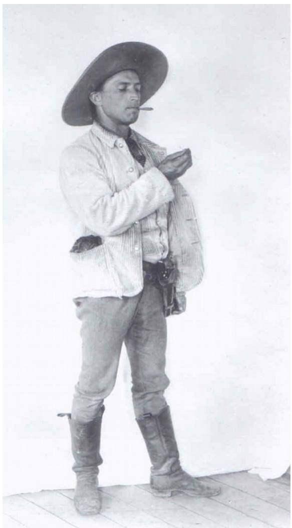
Red Cliffs at San Antone Springs

Kettner

Moving Logs: The logs are chained beneath the axle

Hauling Logs out of the Zuni Mountains

Majestic Mt. Taylor Dominates All of Western New Mexico


Charles F Lummis

Lorenzo Hubbell, Indian Trader

C.N. Cotton, Rug Dealer

A.B. McGaffey

Salty John Cox

Bluewater Dam Today