

The Story of the Mountain Pride: A Case for Acquisition

By Steve Dobrott

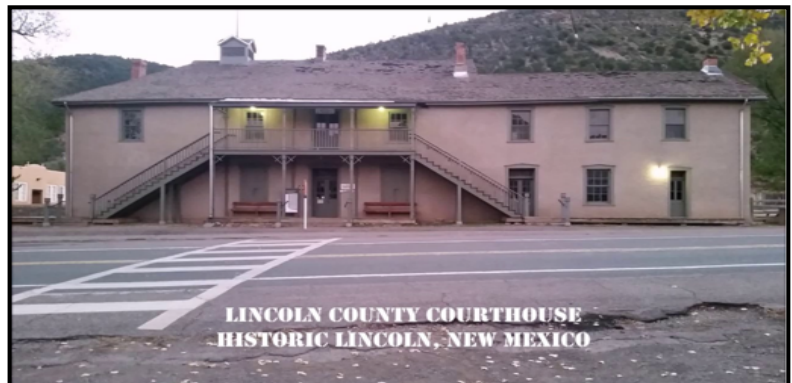


The Mountain Pride exhibit in the Lincoln County Courthouse.

A stagecoach called the Mountain Pride resides in the County Courthouse at the Lincoln Historic Site in Lincoln, New Mexico. It is remarkably intact for its 132 years of age. The effects of time, weather and hard use are evident in the faded colors, hardened leather and worn, cracked wheels. Only obscure clues remain to suggest its once-pristine splendor.

The "Pride" is one of the finest examples of the six passenger (inside) mail coach still in existence today. It was the last stagecoach to run in New Mexico, used on the line between Lake Valley and Kingston. So one might ask, why is this rare artifact housed in the Lincoln County Courthouse? Although protected and well presented to the visiting public, it seems to be out of place.

(Continued on page 3 ...)



The Lincoln County Courthouse where the Mountain Pride is on display.

President's Message



Stepping onto the path of so many talented and dedicated past Presidents of the Hillsboro Historical Society is a bit daunting. I joined the HHS Board four and a half years ago now. I took the Board position of Sonya Rutledge in mid-2017, very big shoes to fill indeed.

I have served as Vice President since 2019, working closely with Steve Dobrott, President of the Board during that time. Steve is staying on the board as Past-President and I look forward to continuing our HHS partnership. Steve was an excellent President, and I certainly speak for the Board in saying that we are very appreciative of his leadership, enthusiasm, and hard work over the past years! My new VP is Kathleen Blair—a dynamic, positive force for the HHS, as you likely realize if you have met her.

Some of you know me, but I will give an introduction. My husband, Steve Morgan, and I bought property in Kingston in 2007. I grew up and lived much of my adult life in Prescott, Arizona. The climate and vegetation of Kingston are very similar to Prescott, but the population size and rapid growth is not. I am a biologist and enjoy living in the quiet surroundings of the diverse Gila National Forest, part of the same bioregion found in central Arizona. In my career I have spent many years as a field botanist throughout Arizona and also in Ecuador. My last years in Arizona were spent as Founding Director of the Highlands Center for Natural History, a non-profit educational center in Prescott. But since 2007, I have focused on my life in New Mexico, helped build our home, and have worked on my art interest: welded steel sculpture.

One of the first tasks for me as President is to learn from others. With this goal, I have been interviewing the Board and past Presidents. As I learned from my own research, you must start a

project by gathering as much information as you can. What I am learning from others about their vision and ideas for the HHS is very inspiring. They are all great teachers.

The Board established 2022 goals for the organization. The list may not be fully achieved, but we are very motivated. Key priorities are: updates and enhancement of the Black Range Museum and property, work toward stabilization of the jail, more historical interpretation and documentation, and some cleanup projects. We are also looking for grants and other funding opportunities that can help us grow.

I am also interested in talking with HHS members. Covid has crippled our public presence, but once things calm down a bit more, we hope to have more events, including an annual meeting. This meeting was tabled for 2020 and 2021 due to concern and caution for our members. Once the weather warms, I hope to meet many of you in person. I do thank you for your support of the Hillsboro Historical Society!

Nichole Trushell

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amazonsmile

(... continued from page 1)

The story of the Mountain Pride begins with entrepreneur Charles A. Gause who joined the string of ownerships of the "L. V. H. and K. Stage Line" in 1889 with partner J. W. Orchard. The line ran between the three mining towns of Lake Valley, Hillsboro, and Kingston, New Mexico from about 1878 to 1916. Gause ordered the Concord Coach, #560, from the Abbott-Downing Co., located in Concord, New Hampshire on May 7, 1889.

547	Ackell & Douglass New York	Feb. 89
548	12 pass.	
549		
545	Blaine & Co. Post City N.H.	Feb. 89
	9 pass.	
553	Ackell & Douglass New York	Mar. 89
554	12 pass.	
555		
551	G. A. Colquhoun London.	April. 89
552	9 pass.	
556	Steele Bros. Kimbaly	Apr. 89
563	12 pass.	
561		
562		
557	G. A. Colquhoun Liverpool	April 89
559	12 pass.	
564	Ackell & Douglass New York	April 89
565	12 pass.	
566		
567		
560	Chas. Gause Lake Valley N.M.	May 89
558	Ackell & Douglass New York	June 89
568	12 pass.	
569		
570	Hotel Ward & Passengers	
571		
572		
573	J. D. Spinnington Johnston	May 89
574	9 pass.	
578	Kearney & Wheeler Bloomington	April 89
579	9 pass.	
580		

The coach was of the "Western Style" thorough-
brace suspended vehicle type. It was a six-passenger
model with extra heavy-duty cabin supports for
rugged country driving. It was ordered without any
extras, possibly because of the cost-conscious
owner's desire for a no-frills but sturdy vehicle
capable of transporting people, baggage and mail
over the rocky Southwestern desert terrain. The
color was carmine (red) and straw (yellow).

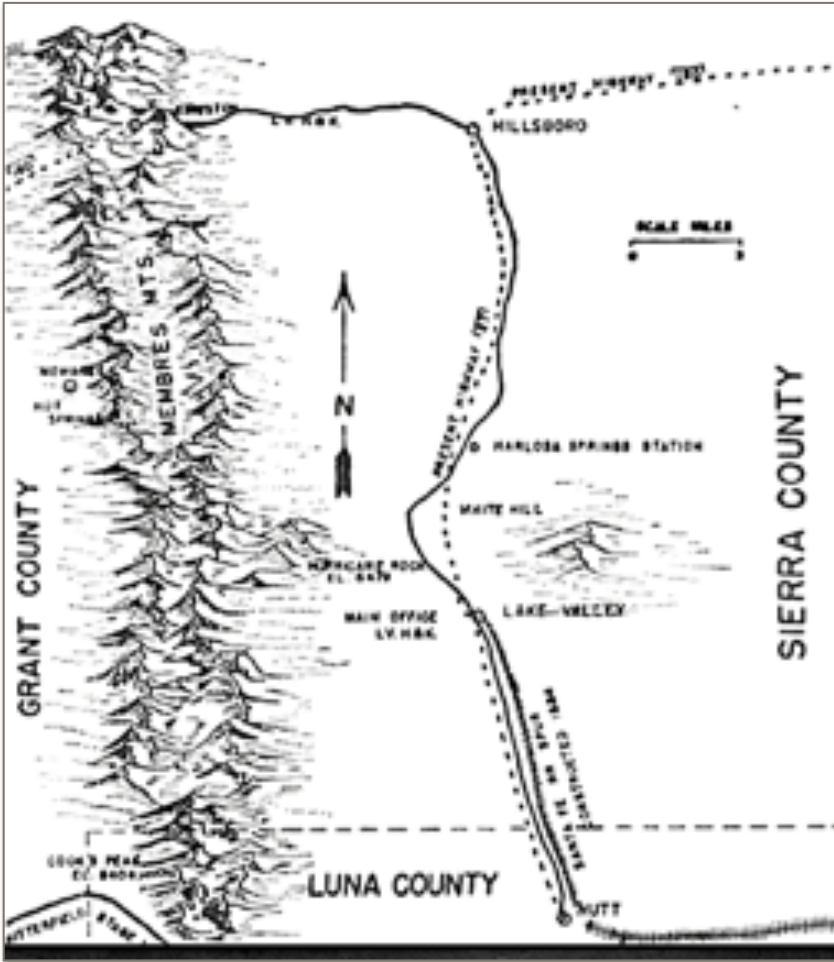
The stage-line began in the famous silver mining
town of Lake Valley. Passengers departed the
Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe train there, and then
boarded the horse drawn vehicles headed north to
Hillsboro and Kingston. The 18-mile trip to Hillsboro
took about 3 hours. The continuing trip to Kingston
was about 9 miles and took 1.5 hours.

Passengers were permitted fifty pounds of
baggage free but all luggage exceeding that limit was
charged at the rate, generally, of ten cents per pound.
Passenger tariffs were kept at about nine cents per
mile between Lake Valley and Hillsboro, while they
were increased to sixteen and two-thirds cents for
the more difficult run from Hillsboro to Kingston.

Copy of the original listing of the purchase of #560 from Abbott-
Downing Co. records. Courtesy of Ken Wheeling, *The Carriage Journal*.

The "Mountain Pride" maintained a schedule that was timed to the arrival of the noonday train at Lake Valley according to the following timetable:

Read Down	Station	Miles	Read Up
12 :00 Noon	Lv. Lake Valley	0	Ar. 10:00 AM
3:00 PM	Ar. Hillsboro	18	Lv. 7:00 AM
3:10 PM	Lv. Hillsboro		Ar. 8:30 PM
4:40 PM	Ar. Kingston	9	Lv. 6:30 PM



The "short-line stage" route from Lake Valley to Kingston.

Passenger fares were as follows:

	<u>One Way</u>	<u>Round Trip</u>
Lake Valley to Hillsboro	\$2.00	\$3.50
Hillsboro to Kingston	\$1.50	\$2.50
Lake Valley to Kingston	\$3.25	\$5.00

Although the new Concord Coach came from the factory with "L. V. H. and K." on the top rail and "Kingston, NM" on the doors, it soon was changed to the "Mountain Pride," named after a hotel in Kingston, and the likeness of the Apache Chief Victorio was painted on the doors.

There was an additional coach on the line, a Light Overland Wagon (sometimes referred to as a "Mudwagon") that was in use for several years prior to the addition of the Mountain Pride. Once the Pride arrived, the unnamed mudwagon frequented Kingston more often, it seems, as is

evident from the multiple photos of this vehicle that were taken there. The Overland Wagon was lighter in weight than the Concord and was likely the vehicle of choice for the rugged Hillsboro to Kingston run, while the Concord was used primarily for the Hillsboro to Lake Valley portion of the line. These coaches were powered by a "four-up" team that was changed at each stop with fresh horses. An 1890 photo (right) of the Overland Wagon that frequented Kingston shows that it was a familiar sight. Notice the differences between this wagon and the Concord Coach, i.e. the canvas top and straight side panels.



The Overland "Mudwagon" in front of the Victoria Hotel in Kingston, c. 1890. Photo Black Range Museum.



The Mountain Pride in Hillsboro about 1895.
Photo courtesy Geronimo Springs Museum

For some 26 years the Mountain Pride transported miners, ranchers, diplomats and visitors to the region. It holds the dubious record of transporting 21 baseball players to and from Hillsboro in one load. It transported judges, attorneys, lawmen and the press to the famous Fountain Murder Trial held in the Hillsboro Courthouse in 1899, along with the defendants and Sheriff Pat Garret. It was alleged that Sadie Orchard (the infamous Hillsboro “Madame”) was a “skilled

driver,” but there are no photos of this occurring on any regular basis. The drivers of record from 1878 to 1904 were J. W. Orchard, William John Reay (chief driver for the company from 1892 to 1904) and Bill Holt. The line continued to operate up until about 1916 when the last stagecoach runs were made. Coaches were being replaced by the automobile, and mining in Kingston petered out at the beginning of World War I.

In 1916, New Mexico Governor Arthur Seligman purchased the Mountain Pride for his personal coach collection and took it to Santa Fe. Upon his passing in 1935, Mrs. Seligman donated his stagecoach collection (including the Mountain Pride) to the Historical Museum of New Mexico. The “Pride” was kept on display at the Palace of the Governors and later became the property of the New Mexico Department of Cultural Affairs (DCA).

According to Arthur Seligman Scott (the great grandson of Arthur Seligman), the photo at right was likely taken by his great grandfather near the time of the Pride’s purchase by him. Notice that the old coach is



The Mountain Pride, with Mrs. Arthur (Frankie) Seligman in the rear window. Her daughter, Richie, is on top foreground. Others are unknown. Photo was probably taken by Arthur Seligman, 1916. Photo author’s personal photo collection.

not hooked to a team of horses (out of service) and that the Seligman family and friends are enjoying the “ride.” The photo was also likely taken in Lake Valley just prior to the coach being transported to Santa Fe.

The Mountain Pride spent the next 45 years under a ramada in the Palace of the Governors courtyard. It was during this time that the coach likely suffered the most deterioration from being outside. In about 1982, the Mountain Pride was moved to the Lincoln Historical Site and housed in the historic Courthouse where the infamous Billy the Kid was once briefly incarcerated. The doorway of the Courthouse had to be modified in order to get the coach inside and then rebuilt afterward, essentially building the coach inside. This fortuitous action by the state saved the artifact from further deterioration and preserved it for future generations.



A Barlow Sanders "Mudwagon" (left), and the Abbott-Downing Concord "Mountain Pride" (right) on display at the Palace of the Governors courtyard in 1935

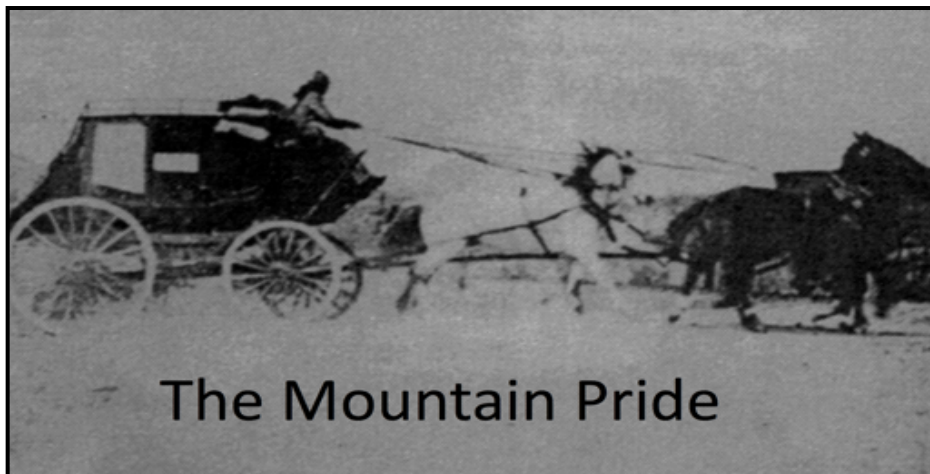


The "Pride" was used on occasion for the annual Fiesta Day celebrations and was driven for the last time on July 4th, 1921, in a mock Indian attack on the Plaza.

The question remains in the mind of the reader and in the minds of the residents of Hillsboro and Kingston: Why is the Mountain Pride being exhibited in Lincoln when it never had any historic connection with that part of New Mexico? The answer is that there was no other place for it to go some 40 years ago. The Hillsboro Historical Society (HHS) contends that it does not belong there and should rightly go to an appropriate museum in the vicinity of its historic provenance. The State (DCA) agrees with this assessment and will resume deliberations in 2022 to move the Pride to an "appropriate location."

It is apparent that the Pride would not be anywhere if not for the actions of those private and state entities that had the foresight to take actions to preserve it, and we applaud those actions. However, HHS believes that the Mountain Pride should now come back to Sierra County, the place of its birth and former life, the place of its historic roots.

We believe that it is time for the "Pride" to come home.



Author's note: The March 2022 edition of *Enchantment* (the magazine of the New Mexico Rural Electric Cooperative Association) carried a cover story by Dixie Boyle entitled, "What Happened to Sadie Orchard's Stagecoach?" The Black Range Museum also has several more photos of the Mountain Pride and other wagons used on the "L. V. H. and K." stage line. Also, within its digital archives one can find supporting documents related to this historic stage line. For more information about the Mountain Pride Project, contact the Black Range Museum or go to <https://hillsborohistoricalsociety.com/journal/> for an additional article on "The Stagecoaches of a New Mexico Short-Line."

FOCUS ON A BLACK RANGE MUSEUM GIFT SHOP ARTIST

William Lindenau Kingston, New Mexico

I have been creating jewelry for more than 45 years and have always been influenced by the Southwest and Mimbres region. I favor simple and classic settings for the stones and am often influenced by archaeological artifacts. All of my work is individually hand fabricated from sterling silver sheet, wire and semiprecious stones.

When I lived in the San Francisco Bay area, I participated in many craft fairs and was a member of several craft co-ops, sold through catalogues, and was a vendor on Telegraph Avenue in Berkeley.

Since I moved to New Mexico 20 years ago, my work has been on consignment in shops both in the Bay Area and in New Mexico. My work can be found in Hillsboro at the Black Range Museum, as well as the Black Range Vineyard Wine Bar.



The Chavez Family of Animas Canyon

AN INTERVIEW WITH ELI JIMENEZ and daughter Kathleen Jimenez



Eli Jimenez points to his 1947 high school graduation picture at Menaul School, Albuquerque. Photo Kathleen Jimenez.

Eli Jimenez (y Chavez) was born in Doña Ana, New Mexico on November 28, 1926, and grew up in Hot Springs. As a child, he frequently visited his grandparents in Animas Canyon, where his ancestors the Chavezes homesteaded in 1862. He graduated from Menaul School, Albuquerque, in 1947, and then attended the University of New Mexico, where he studied history. Initially he intended to become a lawyer, but switched from pre-law to geology in order to complete his curriculum so as to draw on the GI bill. He did his scientific training at New Mexico State University. He worked as a scientist and engineer for NASA and the US Air Force, designing high altitude modules. He also did research for the National Institute of Health at Oregon Health and Science University on agent orange and the poisoning of farm workers. As an artist, he does print making and copper etchings in the Renaissance style, having traveled in Italy, France, China, and Korea. He currently lives in Rio Rancho, New Mexico.

Eli's daughter, Kathleen, lives in Santa Fe, and is an ordained minister in the Presbyterian Church. She has worked at Ghost Ranch in Abiquíú, and taught at Santa Fe Prep and the Bosque School in Albuquerque. She is an avid researcher of her family history, and has accumulated abundant research notes that she says have "book potential."

At Kathleen's suggestion, the following interview was conducted by Joe Britton on September 10, 2021, at the Historical Library, Menaul School, in Albuquerque.

Joe Britton [JB]: Tell me about your family, and how they came to southern New Mexico. What do I need to know to understand your origins?

Kathleen Jimenez [KJ]: The Chavezes came from Spain. There were two brothers who were in Mexico City about 1590, Fernando and Pedro. One of them came up with the Oñate expedition, I forget which. [Fred "Stretch" Luna indicates that it was Pedro who was in Oñate's 1598 census, and that two farming tracts were later given to him near present-day Bernalillo.¹ -Ed.] Gregorio (Eli's great-grandfather) was born in Albuquerque. We have family records of the Chavezes from S. Felipe de Neri Church there. The family lived in Ranchos (there is still a Chavez Street). Gregorio was born in Ranchos, and he's the first one who headed south.

Eli Jimenez [EJ]: To Animas Canyon, in fact.

KJ: He homesteaded there: the date on the patent is about 1862, I think. It's marked by the square on the map, 160 acres [see map on the following page].

JB: That's pretty early for that part of the country!

¹ Fred R. "Stretch" Luna, "The Legacy of the Chavez Clan in Northern Mexico," *Guajolotes, Zopilotes y Paisanos: The First Ten Years*, ed. Harley Shaw (HHS, 2018), p. 56.



Top: map showing Animas Canyon to the west of modern day Caballo Lake. Bottom: Google Earth image showing the location of the Gregorio Chavez Ranch homestead, marked by the red square.

KJ: I think part of it was that there were so many kids. There wasn't enough land in the family to support a family that size (that's what we're guessing). The brothers moved south, and had big families again, moving all the way to Doña Ana. And you, Eli lived in Truth or Consequences (called Hot Springs at the time).

EJ: I was born in Doña Ana in 1926. My mother was a Chavez, and married my father, a Jimenez, and from there we moved to Truth or Consequences. I was always visiting the Chavez family in Animas Canyon, so that was in many ways my playground: my uncle, my great-grandfather Gregorio (who I didn't know), but his sons, Benigno (my grandfather) and Saledon were close. Benigno worked for the army as a wagoner. He was a very industrious man, so we're surmising he was out earning money for the family, because they were having a hard time in Animas Canyon, depending on water availability.

KJ: And his brother, Lasaro, appears to have been the next Chavez owner of the land. Benigno was the oldest brother and Lasaro was the second. The land went to him because Benigno was out working.

EJ: Benigno was the father of my mother, Ofilia. His wife was Margareta Candelaria. I spent a lot of time with them, and got to know them very well. As grandparents, discipline and structure were very important to them. We

don't think they were educated, but they were very wise in the ways of the world (though both Benigno and Gregorio could read and write, but not the women). So that was unusual among the early Hispanic people in that area. I was a little child— 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 years old.

KJ: Your mother died when you were 10, so you spent summers with them.

EJ: Yes, I worked there on the ranch, helping plant and harvest and everything else. Even as a child, that was required of us. We were to feed the stock, early in the morning. "What are you doing in bed?" they would say. "The sun is up, and the animals are needing to be fed!" My grandmother would get up early in the morning. And you'll appreciate this: we would go visit, our whole family, and whatever task there was to do, we were required to participate. There was no sitting around lamenting, "I'm hungry, I'm thirsty." We would get the wood stove ready at night, and she would get up early and light it, and put the coffee on of course, then wake all of us up, pulling the blankets off of us summer or winter and get us out of bed. We had to draw water from the well, and it was cold, let me tell you! We brought the water into the house, and we had to wash our face and hands. That was a ritual.

And then ... (and this I want to emphasize to you), to this day I can remember so, so clearly, that she would line us up from the youngest to the oldest, and she would knock on my grandfather's door, and she would say, "Give your grandfather the peace of Christ." And this was all in Spanish, so we would say, "Abuelito, paz de Cristo!" And he would say in this deep, guttural voice, "¿Quién habla?" (Who speaks?), since he was blind by this time. He knew our voices, but he wanted us to pronounce our names. To this day I still feel his hand, this big, handsome man who spent his whole life working; he would pat my head and say, "The same to you, my little grandson: the peace of Christ to you." And the same thing up to the oldest one. Every

morning: it was a ritual. It's something that still feeds my spirit. So then we would walk out and sit at the table right away, because we were hungry!

After her daughter—my mother—died, our grandmother essentially became our caretaker. She said, "Understand one thing (she didn't speak any English): You're an orphan. You have to learn to do this, and this, and this, and that." It included chopping wood, firing up the horno to roast the green chile ... whatever had to be done, we had to learn to do it. We weren't going to grow into being adults without having these survival skills. She taught me how to sew on buttons and patches, how to mend socks, how to iron clothes. We had to help with the wash, which incidentally was done in a pit outside. We had to heat the wash water and two rinse waters, and then we had to help hang the clothes up. There was not a hand around there that wasn't doing something, that wasn't an issue.

JB: So had your father died young also?

EJ: No, he was still present. He was the disciplinarian, but not real present in our lives. He was a preacher, a student of the Bible.

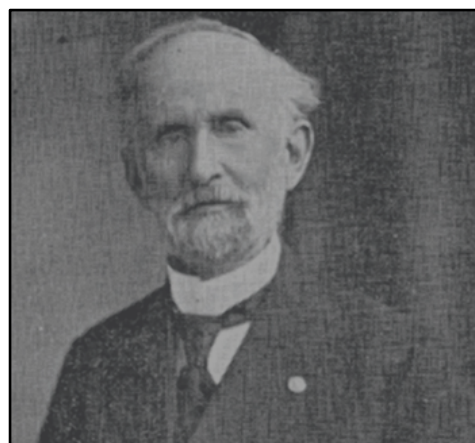
KJ: But he was also a Mexican immigrant, and that might have had something to do with the relationships.

EJ: Yes, he was one of three children in his family in Mexico; they owned a farm, they had pecans and oranges. It was on the east coast of Mexico. It was a large farm, and when the family passed away, he inherited the land, but there was no way he was going to farm. He had been in the United States and he was done with hard labor. In Mexico, he had met a young couple that had married early in the Catholic Church, they were 15 or 16 or something like that, and he asked them to become caretakers. And then he went back later, and they said, "It's your farm, do you want us to move?" And he said, "No, you've been stewards of the land, the farm is yours." So they went to the notary, and he signed over the deed to this young couple. He is registered in the Catholic Church there; his name was Antonio Genaro Jimenez, and both his father and grandfather were artists (which I am also). His father was named the same, and my oldest brother was named the same. They were wood and stone sculptors. And that's recorded in the Catholic Church: "At such and such a date, the artist Antonio Genaro Jimenez brought his son in to be baptized." So he was recognized in that area as an artist.

He came to the United States, and there is a colorful history there, with his drinking and all. He was a musician: he played trumpet, he played organ, he played piano, he was a singer (and my mother was also a musician). And he was converted [to Protestantism] in Caballo, Animas Canyon, by the Crouch family.

KJ: But Eli's mother's family were also Protestants. I believe they were converted to Methodism before the Civil War. Gregorio's father or grandfather was converted by Thomas Harwood, who after the Civil War got what they called "the Mexican work" started.²

EJ: Harwood is an important name in our family history. There is the old Harwood School in Albuquerque. Two of my siblings—my oldest brother and my oldest sister—attended school there. He was very influential in our family circle. He started churches everywhere, from Santa Fe to Las Cruces. He was responsible, we



The Methodist missionary Thomas Harwood (1829 - 1916). Photo Albuquerque Historical Society.

² Thomas Harwood was a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church in New Mexico beginning in 1869, where he ministered with his wife Emily for thirty-three years until her death in 1902. He wrote the two-volume *History of New Mexico Spanish and English Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church from 1850 to 1910*, published by his own El Abogado Press, Vol. 1 in 1908 and Vol. 2 in 1910.

think, for my mother, Ofilia, leaving Animas Canyon as a young woman, going to El Paso to work for the Methodist Church.

KJ: You may be familiar with the Settlement House Movement, places like Hull House in Chicago. In the early 1900s there was a lot of immigration coming into the country, and I don't know if it was just churches or other social organizations as well, but they started these Settlement Houses. They were essentially to help immigrants assimilate, to learn the ways of the place they had landed. Eli's mother ended up working at a place called Houchen House in El Paso that was a Methodist settlement house. She was the first Hispanic woman they hired; she worked in the kindergarten. It was a woman named Vicki Ruiz, author of *From Out of the Shadows: Mexican Women in Twentieth Century America*, who found her name in the Houchen House records.³ We knew that we had lots of lay pastors in the family, but Ruiz was the one who discovered this connection. It verified the family stories that Ofilia was a teacher. Imagine that as a young woman of 19 she ended up in El Paso by herself—she would have had to take a wagon to get there.

EJ: And we think that it was probably the Rev. Thomas Harwood, who was visiting the family, who encouraged her to go. By the way, the First National Bank Building in El Paso belonged to my father at one time: he was a high-stakes gambler. He won the building in a big, high-stakes gambling situation, and then he bartered it, putting it back on the table, and he lost it. But for a brief moment, he owned it. He took me to see that bank building when I was a little child (in the early '30s), and it was a fairy tale for me!

This is an aside: but one of my uncles, Benigno's son, had a baby killed by a mountain lion—it dragged him out of the crib. They were out branding cattle, working around the ranch, and they heard the baby cry. My grandmother had gone out to feed the crew that was working. She left the door open so they could hear the baby, so when they heard him my uncle ran toward the house. It was typical that he kept a gun above the door. When he looked in, the crib was empty, and he saw the lion hauling the baby under the crib. He wanted to rescue the baby, because it was his son, and he reached for him but the mountain lion raked his arm, so he drew back and got the gun and shot the lion under the bed. But the baby died.

KJ: So the Baptists were here first, but then the Civil War came, and being Southern Baptists, they left and the Methodists came in. There is a master's thesis at UNM by Ernest Stapleton. He wrote a history of the Baptists in New Mexico [*The History of Baptist Missions in New Mexico, 1849-1866*, UNM, 1954. – Ed.]

EJ: As a child, I used to sit on my grandfather's lap, and I would say, "Abuelito, Grandfather, tell me the stories." And he would say, "Oh, my little son, otra vez, again? Well, what are we going to do? Here we go." So I would sit on his lap in his big rocking chair, and he would put his big hands on my little body, and proceed to tell me these stories of Animas Canyon, where he had grown up, of the Apache Indians and such. It was an amazing blessing in my tiny little child's life.

And these stories were based on fact. One story is that when they were living there in the Animas Canyon, and a group of Apaches came through the ranch [during the period 1879-80]. They had ambushed a group of Blue Coats of the 9th Cavalry. And they had killed this detachment of soldiers, and had taken their horses and uniforms, and put some of these uniforms on. So they rode into Gregorio's ranch. Gregorio and Sabina his wife heard the children screaming, where my grandfather and his brothers and sisters were sleeping under the trees in the orchard. So they ran out, and there (we think) were Victorio and also his lieutenant Juh. They were in the yard, and they were using their lances to take the kids' blankets and their

³ The Rose Gregory Houchen Settlement House (named after a Michigan school teacher) was founded in 1912 in the heart of the Segundo Barrio district of El Paso. Ruiz notes, "The first Houchen staff included three Methodist missionaries and one 'student helper,' Ofilia Chávez." Vicki Ruiz, "Dead Ends or Gold Mines?: Using Missionary Records in Mexican-American Women's History." *Frontiers: A Journal of Women Studies*, vol. 12, no. 1, University of Nebraska Press, 1991, pp. 33-56, <https://doi.org/10.2307/3346574>. See also Vicki L. Ruiz, *From Out of the Shadows: Mexican Women in Twentieth-Century America* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1998).

bedding. And they came into the house: they were looking for weapons, but the arms, the guns, were hidden way down in the bottom of a bin of wheat in the barn. They searched for them with their lances, and said they were going to find them, and if they did, the family would pay a price. They didn't find them, thank heavens! But the Army records indicate they took cows and horses and sheep, and that they were moving toward the Sierra Madre in northern Mexico. They were looking for supplies for their journey.

KJ: After this raid, a couple of days later, there was another one at McEver's Ranch [near present-day Lake Valley], and they slaughtered the whole family. Most of the men were gone, but there were a couple of cowboys and the women and children and the Apaches killed them all, wiped them out completely.

EJ: Another story is of a ring. It goes back to a meeting we think between Victorio and the settlers. It was by invitation to communicate with these Hispanic people, who were in the Apaches' territory. They were nomadic, and at an earlier time, they had given my great grandmother, Sabina, a ring as a token of friendship. It was a gift, but at this meeting, they noticed the ring, and they wanted it back, but she said no, and Gregorio said no. So one of the warriors was going to cut her finger off to take the ring, but it's apparent that Victorio or his lieutenant decided no, let's not do that.

KJ: And that story is told in the Geronimo book by Edwin Sweeney, referenced to the National Archives.⁴ But I haven't been able to track down exactly where he found it.

JB: Do you know what became of the ring?

EJ: We don't. Because we don't even know for sure whether it belonged to Margareta, Benigno's wife, or Sabina, Gregorio's wife, but the story is there.

KJ: Gregorio and Sabina had 16 children, and Benigno and Margareta had 7 or 8—they were the ones who lost the child to the mountain lion. So these families were huge. I'm always amazed by the amount of work it took to survive—the amount of wood that had to be chopped, or the amount of water that had to be hauled, the food you had to grow.

EJ: So there is another story about a bear. Gregorio and two of his sons—Benigno and Saledon—were deer hunting, and they were attacked by a bear. Gregorio had his sons stop and go back, and then he knelt down, and when the bear charged him, he shot it two or three times.

The Crouch family was very important to us. (See Eli Jimenez, "From Animas Canyon: The Crouch Family," *Guajolotes, Zopilotes y Paisanos* 14/4 [November 2021], p. 15. -Ed.) My father eventually left the ministry, but he continued to preach as a layman, and he met Sam Crouch, who said, "You need to return to your service to God. I'm going to church tonight: Brother Tony, you need to rededicate your life to Jesus Christ." My father said no, but Sam said, "I'm leaving at such and such a time, and I'm driving a wagon. There's a seat for you. The Spirit came to me and you need to go." So my father climbed on board, and Brother Sammy took him to the church; he was conducting the service that evening. He was very active in the ministry, helping people and so on, and a wonderful human being, a tall lanky man, blue eyes, and soft spoken. When he issued the call, he went up to my father and said, "Brother Tony, you need to come forward." My father later said he didn't have any choice—so he went up and knelt down, and returned to the Christian life at that time.

As was usual, when they didn't have a church, they would meet at different homes. My father preached later on, and lived to be 101. He was active in a little evangelical church in the town of Hill, right near Doña Ana. He became their *de facto* minister. He was a Bible scholar, by the way. And another minister from this church, Brother Williams, was with him when he died. He took my father to the jail to preach too. My father would say, "Open the door," and they would say, "But these are dangerous people." And he would say, "The

⁴ See Edwin R. Sweeney and Angie Debo, *Great Apache Chiefs: Cochise and Geronimo* (MJF Books, 1997), and Edwin R. Sweeney, *From Cochise to Geronimo: The Chiricahua Apaches, 1874-1886* (University of Oklahoma Press, 2012).

Lord brought me here, and the Lord will protect me. Open the door.” And he would go into the cells and talk with the prisoners about the heartbreak of their parents and families, and he would have them down on their knees praying. He and Brother Williams preached all over that southern New Mexico area, and even went to Juarez, where they adopted an orphanage. They had an old pick-up truck, and members of the church would bring in clothes, blankets, food to load up the truck, and Brother Williams would drive with my dad riding shotgun. They would get to the customs at the border, and the agents would say, “Here come those two old crusty guys, let them through.” So for years they supported that orphanage. They were both musicians, so you can imagine them singing hymns with their guitars there in Mexico.

So now I am 94, going on 95 very soon, but I have been blessed all my life by this amazing place, the Animas Canyon.

Remains of one of the several Chavez homesteads in Animas Canyon, which in 1928 belonged to Rueben Chavez and is now on the Ladder Ranch. Photo courtesy of Steve Dobrott.



More about Gregorio Chavez from Thomas Harwood's *History of New Mexico Spanish and English Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church from 1850 to 1910*

(1873) I went via San Marcial, thence with a ranchero by the name of John Hamilton, thence to Placita, Fort McRae, thence across the Rio Grande and the Hot Springs and down about 16 miles to Palomas. It was a long, hard, dangerous ride. I was the guest of Don Gregorio Chavez. I found it a pleasant family. We had a little prayer meeting Saturday night. Two persons prayed. Sunday I preached and organized a little class of eleven persons. The only hymn we could sing in Spanish was “Blow, Ye the Trumpet, Blow” (“Tocad Trompeta Ya”). While singing I noticed tears in the eyes of the old lady Barbarita. The names of the members were Gregorio Chavez, his wife, Sabina, his mother, Barbarita, Jose Chavez, Carpio Chavez, Carlota Apodaca de Chavez, Benigno Chavez, J. W. Ellis and his wife, Victoria, Guadalupe Padilla and Filimona Chavez, all dead at this writing, except two, I think. Also organized Sunday school of 25 as given by the parents. (Vol. 1, 1908, pp. 201-2)

(1893) Another beautiful sight was witnessed last fall on the Las Animas, in Sierra County. It was the beautiful orchards of Don Gregorio Chavez and his nephew, Julian Chavez. They are Protestants and members of our Church and living in the valley of Las Animas, a small stream rising in the Black Range and empties in the Rio Grande, a little below Palomas. They have a large orchard of first class, eastern fruit. * * * I was in this place, in 1875, before they had set out a tree. Bro. M. Matthieson, then in our Mission, was with me. We said to these men that “they had the finest place for fruit that we had seen in New Mexico.” I was there again when the trees were quite young. The Apache Indians had made a raid over the country and killed quite a number of people; run off stock and had cut down and destroyed a good many of the choice fruit trees. Brother Gregorio showed me a tree that the famous Geronimo tied his pony to. The tree was badly twisted, but it had grown in spite of it all and bore fine, delicious apples. (Vol. 2, 1910, p. 242)

(See also Margie Gibson, “Homesteading in Las Animas,” in Harley Shaw, ed., *River of Spirits* [2017] and A. Candelaria, “Gregorio Chavez,” in *History of Sierra County, New Mexico* [1979]).

Hillsboro Historical Society News

Board Elections

We welcome newly elected board members Linda Velarde and Robin Tuttle, and welcome back Steve Elam who was elected to another term. Our thanks to all who participated in the balloting!

Officers elected by the Board for 2022 are Nichole Trushell, President; Kathleen Blair, Vice-President; Linda King, Treasurer; and Robin Tuttle, Secretary.

We bid farewell to Sandy Ficklin, who stepped down from the Board after many years of devoted service. Our thanks to both Sandy and Joe: a tribute to them both appears below.



A photo of Joe and Sandy taken in 2004 for a beautiful book entitled, *Portraits in Preservation*, published by The Mountain Area Land Trust of Evergreen, Colorado, in which the Ficklins' property was featured.

memorialize that and other extraordinary life events. His book, *Unsung Heroes – A Second Chance at Life* is available by contacting him at jficklin9@gmail.com or 575-743-0327.

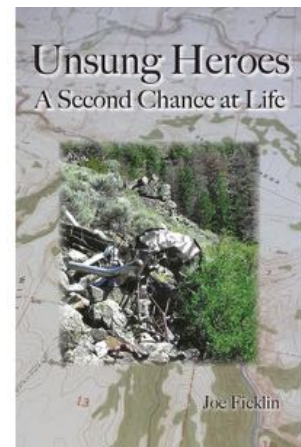
Sandy continued on the Board until January 2022. Both Sandy and Joe assure us they will remain interested and supportive of the Hillsboro Historical Society.

A Brief History of Joe and Sandy Ficklin and the Hillsboro Historical Society

In 2012 Sandy and Joe were asked to join the HHS by Harley Shaw and Sonja Franklin, which they happily agreed to do as both are history buffs. Sandy majored in History under an American Studies program at the University of Wyoming, the first of its kind in the U.S.

In early 2015, at Sonja's insistence, Joe agreed to take on the Treasurer's job, and in May of 2015 Sandy joined the Board, as Secretary. Joe worked with former Treasurer, Susan Binneweg, to learn the essential parts of the job. Joe and Sandy were instrumental in purchasing the Black Range Museum property and later, the Hillsboro Courthouse property. Both have worked as Docents for the Museum and helped with fundraising events.

In January 2020, Joe resigned his seat on the Board to pursue writing a memoir, which was recently published. Joe has had an interesting and traumatic life, so he strongly desired to



HHS "ADOPTS" HIGHWAY 152 THROUGH HILLSBORO

HHS has taken on the responsibility of maintaining the cleanliness of a mile of Highway 152: the mile that runs right through Hillsboro! From mile marker 48 just before the west bridge, to mile marker 49 just as you come into town from the east, HHS will now be picking up any trash that accumulates.

We are obligated to pick up the trash at least 2x per year. We do a safety review before we start (i.e. work facing traffic, don't do it if the weather is unsuitably too hot or cold, don't do it at night, wear bright colored clothing, and don't pick up dangerous items including dead skunks!).

And best of all, we get the free publicity of the new highway signs installed by the New Mexico Department of Transportation:



The Black Range Museum "Adopt-a-Highway" signs at either end of Hillsboro along Highway 152: on the east (left) and west (right).

HSNM Annual History Conference

HHS Board Members Steve Dobrott, Garland Bills, and Joseph Britton will be presenting papers at the annual History Conference of the Historical Society of New Mexico, April 7 – 9 at the Farm & Ranch Heritage Museum in Las Cruces. For more information about the conference, go to <https://hsm.org/history-conference>.

Guajolotes, Zopilotes y Paisanos
is the quarterly newsletter of:

The Hillsboro Historical Society

P. O. Box 461, Hillsboro, New Mexico 88042

www.hillsborohistoricalsociety.com

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To become a member, fill out the form in this newsletter, or please visit:

www.hillsborohistoricalsociety.com/contact/

The mission of the Hillsboro Historical Society is to preserve, collect, and protect the history of Hillsboro, Kingston, and the surrounding area.

HHS is a member of the

Historical Society of New Mexico.

We are an all-volunteer, non-profit organization.

All donations are tax deductible.

Board of Directors

President: Nichole Trushell

Vice President: Kathleen Blair

Treasurer: Linda King

Secretary: Robin Tuttle

Directors: Garland Bills, Joseph Britton, Steve Elam,
Leah Tookey, Linda Velarde

Advisors: Karl Laumbach, Chris Adams, Craig Springer, Patricia Woodruff, Mark Thompson, John Tittman, Lynn Mullins, Margie Gibson, Sonja Franklin, Robin Tuttle, Larry Cosper, Barbara Lovell, Penny McCauley.

Newsletter Editor: Joseph Britton

To offer submissions or comments, please contact:
hillsborohistoricalsociety@gmail.com

Working Committees

Building and Design: Nichole Trushell, Steve Dobrott, Steve Elam, Steve Morgan

Publications: Robert Barnes, Joseph Britton, Garland Bills, Harley Shaw

Program: Harley Shaw and Sandy Ficklin

Courthouse: Nichole Trushell, Steve Elam, Steve Morgan, Steve Dobrott

Exhibits: Leah Tookey, Nichole Trushell

Collections: Leah Tookey, Garland Bills

Anyone who might want to serve on one of the committees, please contact any of our board members.



Hillsboro Historical Society
Serving the Community Since 2008

Is your 2022 Membership up to date?

ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION:

The Hillsboro Historical Society is an all-volunteer 501(c)3 non-profit organization whose mission is to preserve, collect, and protect the history of the Hillsboro, Kingston, and Lake Valley region. Memberships are on a calendar year basis (January 1 to December 31) and include a subscription to our quarterly newsletter (sent via email unless requested otherwise). Dues are \$25 annually. All contributions are tax-deductible.

First Name: _____ Last Name: _____

Mailing Address: _____

Email: _____ Phone: _____

Date: _____

ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP:	\$ 25.00
Additional contribution:	\$ _____
Gift Membership: (Please provide name, address and email for each person.)	\$ _____
Total contribution:	\$ _____

LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP: a minimum one-time donation of \$2000 \$ _____

MONTHLY GIVING PROGRAM: As an alternative to a one-time annual membership, the monthly giving program minimum is a \$15 pledge per month. This monthly gift can be set up at PayPal via our Hillsboro Historical Society website (<https://www.hillsborohistoricalsociety.com>) — access the “Donate” tab to set up your monthly gift. Monthly giving can also be initiated through a recurring check issued from your bank, if preferred.

Please mail this completed Membership Form along with a check for your Total Contribution made payable to Hillsboro Historical Society to the address below. **THANK YOU!**

**Hillsboro Historical Society
P. O. Box 461
Hillsboro, NM 88042**

*Have you considered remembering HHS in your will?
Contact Board President Nichole Trushell for details.*