

Art Colortone postcard of the Black Range Scenic Highway. Collection of the author.

THE BLACK RANGE HIGHWAY A Road Story

By Joe Britton

Deeply slashed canyons, steep mountains and breath-taking panoramas open before the traveler at every turn. Aspen groves, yellow-green through spring and summer and flaming gold in autumn, appear like bright paint smudges against the dark blanket of virgin pine and fir. Cool, moist canyons, watered by spring-fed streams, shelter delicate woodland flowers and ferns, and in the high, grass meadows deer may be glimpsed as they feed in the early mornings.

– Neil Murbarger, “Road of Canyons, Color and Copper,” *Westways* (February 1949)

Driving what is now known as New Mexico State Highway 152, “The Black Range Highway,” is a remarkable experience. Not only does it pass through an astonishing variety of topography—it also links a series of communities together whose histories are rich with the drama, adventure, and pathos of southwestern New Mexico.

The road stretches only 66.067 miles, and neither of its terminal points is anything much more than a highway intersection. On the east, the terminus is at NM 187 just south of Caballo, and on the western end at US 180 in Santa Clara. Yet over the course of those relatively few miles, the highway traverses a route that goes from the scattered creosote bush of the northern Chihuahuan Desert, through the historic towns of Hillsboro and Kingston, up over the Black Range in a thick pine, spruce and fir forest, past the stunning views at Emory Pass, down a 6% grade into the narrow Gallinas Canyon, around the quiet village of San Lorenzo, across the Mimbres River with its echoes of the ancient Mogollon culture, skirting the vast open pit of the Santa Rita copper mine and adjacent Kneeling Nun rock formation, finally to end up at its final intersection in Santa Clara. *(continued on p. 3 ...)*



Satellite image of the Black Range Highway going over Emory Pass. Google Maps.

President's Message



I am amazed that 2022 is now coming to a close; time passes so quickly. I have very much enjoyed being in the President's shoes for the Hillsboro Historical Society this year. I could not ask for a better Board of Directors to work with, and immediate Past-President Steve Dobrott

has been a great support to me. Plus, I will share a secret ... we have a lot of fun and share much camaraderie as a volunteer Board. HHS members, too, are always welcome at our meetings. They are the first Saturday of the month at 8:30 a.m. in the Black Range Museum.

At the beginning of 2022 we set goals to guide us and to help us stay on track. Although we continue the dance around the shadow of Covid, I am pleased that we have accomplished much this year. The following highlights some key work toward goals we set:

- We accomplished more planning for development of our backyard space at the Black Range Museum. This included design, dimensions, placement and budget for a new backyard building that we hope will house the Mountain Pride stagecoach in the future. We accomplished research, presentations, and an in-depth proposal for the Mountain Pride acquisition as well.
- On October 29 the first *Día de los Muertos* event was presented at the Hillsboro Cemetery with a mid-afternoon procession and a potluck dinner and celebration later in the day at the Community Center. Preparation for this day included some cleanup of the Hillsboro cemetery as well. The Board is in agreement that this was a very positive experience, and we hope in the future this celebration of our loved ones will become an annual event.

- We pursued grant funding for stabilization of the ruins of the old Jail. We also worked with Cornerstones Community Partnerships (an organization dedicated to preserving architectural heritage), and met with Master Mason Alan Ash to get guidance to begin planning and acquire materials for this work at the Jail.
- We launched our new Oral History program. This included the acquisition of new recording and video equipment, development of questions and approach (with help from Donna Wojcik, Oral Historian at the Farm and Ranch Museum), and we began conversations with area residents.
- We continued with improvements of displays in the Black Range Museum; and the team at the Museum & Gift Shop worked hard to keep us open and to stock the Gift Shop with interesting gifts and book titles. We hope for more public events at the Museum in 2023.
- We sponsored and began the periodic cleanup of the Highway 152 through Hillsboro!

The bullets on this list do not begin to cover all the work it takes to keep the Black Range Museum, Gift shop and organization running smoothly. So many hours of so many dedicated volunteers make this all work. I am very grateful for this fact. I do look forward to a full and successful 2023. Be sure to watch for your membership renewal and Board Ballot that will come in the mail, or fill out and return the form on the last page of this issue of *GZP*. We hope you will return your membership promptly and be on our list to share another great year at the HHS!

Nichole Trushell
HHS Board President

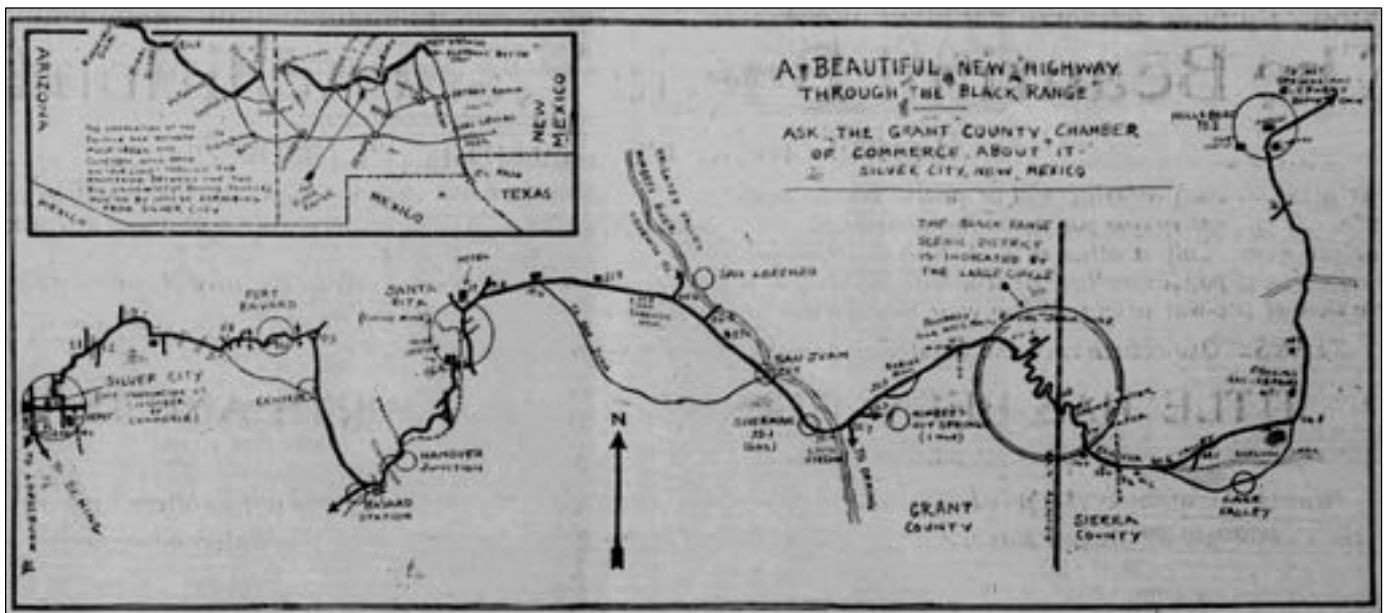


Highway sign at I-25 and NM 152. Photo Joe Britton.

(... continued from p. 1) The road rises from an elevation of 4,252 feet at its eastern end, up to its highest point of 8,168 feet at the pass, dropping back down to 5,978 feet at its western terminus. Along the way, highway signs inform the biker or motorist that the road is part of the “Geronimo Trail National Scenic Byway,” but there are also rather more ominous signs that read, “CAUTION: Road Not Plowed on Weekends or Nights,” or “CAUTION: Mountainous Road Ahead: Thru Trucks and Trailers Seek Alternate Route.” Although the road has been paved since the early 1960s, driving it remains a challenge even to this day. There are over 200 curves over the pass, many of them winding S-curves, which make it a favorite of motorcyclists (“Amazing road!” comments one cycling blog), but can create a dizzying discomfort for passengers riding in a car. To opt for the route over the pass is a decision one has to weigh thoughtfully, especially in winter.

The purpose of the road, of course, is both to give access to remote communities like Kingston and San Lorenzo, and also to provide a short-cut across the mountains to Silver City for travelers from the north—and vice versa. In terms of distance, the route cuts off 47 miles from Caballo to Silver (or 52 miles from Hillsboro), but time-wise it’s actually only about ten minutes shorter compared with circling south through Deming (or 30 minutes shorter from Hillsboro), at least according to Google Maps.

The lure of building a road over the Black Range, however, attracted the attention early on of settlers, politicians, and engineers alike. The *New Mexico Highway Journal* observed in 1929 that “Ever since the gold strike at Hillsboro in 1877, prospectors and settlers in the mining region of Sierra and Grant counties have dreamed of the day when Silver City and Hillsboro would be linked with a real highway across those mountains.”¹ As Harley Shaw documented in his informative article, “Crossing the Southern Black Range through the Centuries” (*Guajolotes, Zopilotes y Paisanos* 12/3, [August 2019]), the earliest efforts to build such a road across the mountains were further south, via a variety of routes. It seems that in the end, according to a map supplied by the Grant County Chamber of Commerce, the road as built went south from Hillsboro roughly along the current route of Highway 27, then turned west up Berenda Creek, crossing over the mountains and past the Royal John Mine, descending to Sherman in the Mimbres Valley before heading west to Silver City. (The map was published in the *Santa Fe New Mexican* in June 1921 by way of announcing the upcoming celebration of the road’s completion.²)



1921 map of “A beautiful new highway through the Black Range,” showing the road crossing the “Black Range Scenic District” (circled). The box at top left shows the entire length of the “Dam to Dam Highway.” *Santa Fe New Mexican*, June 27, 1921.

¹ “Brief History of the Black Range Road,” *New Mexico Highway Journal* VII/2 (February 1929), 10-11.

² “Free Beans, Free Coffee, Free Lemonade at Big Black Range Highway Celebration on July Fourth,” *Santa Fe New Mexican* (June 17, 1921), 3.

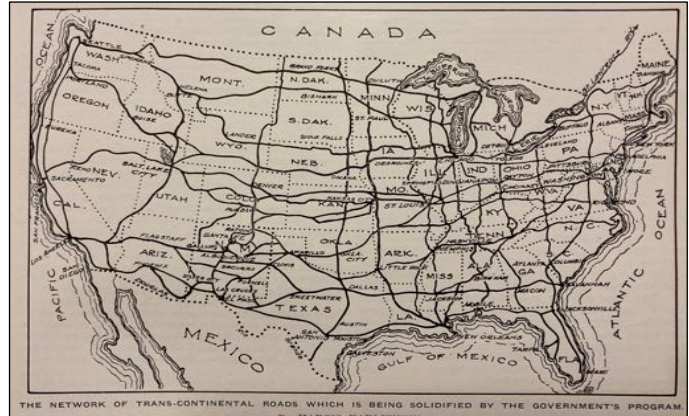
The ambitions for a trans-mountain road grew into the idea of a “Dam to Dam Highway” that would link Elephant Butte Dam on the Rio Grande with Theodore Roosevelt Dam on the Salt River in Arizona—all imagined as part of one of the first transcontinental roads, and intended to attract copious numbers of tourists to the region. Harley Shaw’s article leaves off with the grand celebration of the opening of the highway: a festive picnic at Berenda Creek Canyon on July 4, 1921, followed by twin processions, one to Silver City and one to Hillsboro, where there were further festivities including lively community dances.



Speechmaking at the picnic celebrating the opening of the Dam to Dam Highway, July 4, 1921. Photo Black Range Museum.

Even after such an impressive inaugural celebration, however, Harley notes that the Dam to Dam Highway seems to have fallen into obscurity rather rapidly, to the point that in many spots scarcely a trace of it is left today. No doubt this eclipse was due in part to the fact that the highway had not actually been fully completed at the time of its opening. Repeated announcements appeared in newspapers for the next few years of the renewal of work to finish the last few stretches, including the four miles from Mule Creek station in western Grant County to the Arizona border.³ Moreover, many sections of the road that were completed were nevertheless in quite rough shape. One writer who identifies himself as “Hedgecock,” a state senator from San Miguel and Guadalupe counties, opined in September 1921, “The road to Hillsboro is tedious but passable. The dam-to-dam highway is bad if you want my opinion of it. We left Hillsboro at 7:15 a.m. and arrived in Silver City at 4:30 p.m., having traveled a distance of 85 miles, approximately.”⁴ (That’s an average speed of less than 10 miles per hour!)

Rather suddenly, interest in highway building over the Black Range seems to have shifted further north, and the moniker “Dam to Dam Highway” gradually gave way to the “Black Range Scenic Highway,” although occasionally both are used interchangeably. A meeting was held in Hillsboro in January 1922, attended by more than four hundred citizens of Sierra County, which unanimously adopted a resolution “urging the governor of the state, the state highway commission, and the district forester, to render all official aid possible in the completion of the so-called Dam to Dam route as a standard trans-state highway,” less than a year after the celebratory event in Berenda Creek.⁵ Then in an article in the *El Paso Herald* a few months later, one reads: “Efforts are being made to have a highway built through the Black range [sic] to be known as the dam-to-dam highway, connecting, by a route of scenic splendor, the Roosevelt dam and Elephant Butte dam by way of Kingston and Hillsboro.”⁶ The *Deming Headlight*, which was always opposed to routing the highway further north for obvious reasons, sarcastically wrote: “On our part we pledge ourselves not to call the Black Range ‘Highway’ a cow trail, or even a burro trail. Whatever is right—if you know what we mean.”⁷ The paper later complained that politics had intervened to create the shift northward: Governor Hannett, it claimed, was more friendly toward Grant County (Silver City) than to Luna County (Deming), and so championed a road that would bypass Luna County altogether.⁸ The *Santa Fe New Mexican* had



Map of a proposed network of transcontinental roads. *New Mexico Highway Journal*, September 1926.

³ “Work Started on Mule Creek Road,” *Deming Headlight* (February 3, 1922), 4.

⁴ “O’Leary’s Tourists,” *Deming Headlight* (September 30, 1921), 2.

⁵ “Dam to Dam Highway Urged,” *The Evening Herald* [Albuquerque], (January 19, 1922), 1.

⁶ “Black Range, Near Hillsboro, Is Paradise For Summer Campers,” *El Paso Herald* (June 17, 1922), 9.

⁷ “We Apologize,” *Deming Headlight* (February 5, 1926), 2.

⁸ “Defection Is Regretted,” *Deming Headlight* (October 26, 1926), 3.

previously chimed in, lamenting that, “It is unfortunate that followers of Governor Hannett have chosen to make political capital out of the Black Range Highway.”⁹

The demise of the southerly Dam to Dam Highway, however, may have had an even more dramatic root cause. In a revealing “Around Here” column by H. S. Hunter in the *El Paso Herald* in November 1927, he writes of the “inside story” about how a road came to be built over Emory Pass, a story that came from a “dignified and prominent citizen who vouches for its truth.”¹⁰ The first thing one learns from the writer’s “source” is what happened to the original road: “It happened about four year ago [i.e., about 1923], and in this manner: At an expense of thousands of dollars and great effort, we had managed to get a road built through to the south of us, through the Grand Central region, and expected to make that the highway. Then a big flood came along, washed out the road, and we were back nearly where we started.” The rest of the printed story is so entertaining, that it is worth repeating in full:

“Several of us met in a hotel in Hot Springs to ponder over what was to be done, to consider ways and means. While we were talking, in wandered four men drunk as lords, lit up like a Christmas tree. And they certainly started something.”

[The columnist himself continues:] It seems the bibulous quartet had started from somewhere and were going somewhere, or supposed they were; it was not quite clear what they were doing or where they were going, perhaps even to themselves. At any rate they got lost, wandered over into the broken country north of Hot Springs and made their way southward into town.

Three were residents of southern New Mexico, not men of any particular prominence but just ordinary citizens. The fourth was a clerk of the United States forest service.

After listening blearily to the discussion of possible routes for the proposed highway, they felt obliged to dissent—although it was none of their affair. “Tell you what you do,” orated one with a sweeping gesture. “Build ’er ri’ thoo th’ Black (hic) Range.”

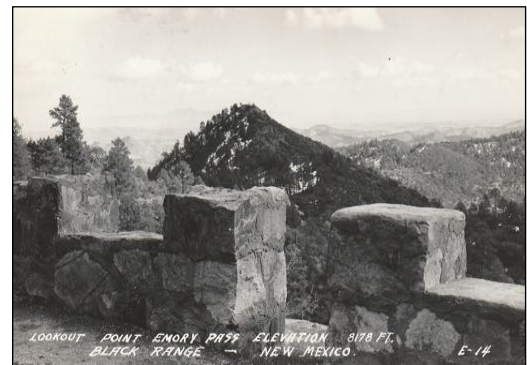
“Sure,” agreed No. 2, “thass telling ’em. Build ’er through from Hillsboro to Kingston, an’ right on to Silver.”

No. 3 felt impelled to come to bat. “Whatsa use of beating about the bush?” he wanted to know. “Why wiggle a road all around over the flat country, hey? Shooter right through!” [...]

The good roads men enjoyed the comedy as a diversion. Then it set them to thinking. Was the direct route through the Black Range, after all, as impracticable as some had said? There were steep mountains and deep gorges, to be sure, but if such a highway cost a great deal more per mile to build, there would be fewer miles ... a beautiful highway ... majestic scenery ... and a direct route.

The result of that meeting was a bill passed by the legislature, authorizing the collection of a special levy of two mills in Grant and Sierra counties for each year of three years for the purpose of matching state and federal aid for a highway approximately 28 miles in length from Hillsboro, Sierra county across the Black Range and into Grant county. Mr. Springer of the state highway department had become interested. So had A. T. Hannett, the governor.

As the Silver City *Independent* later remarked, “To many in central and southwestern New Mexico it recalls the obvious mathematical principle that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points.”¹¹

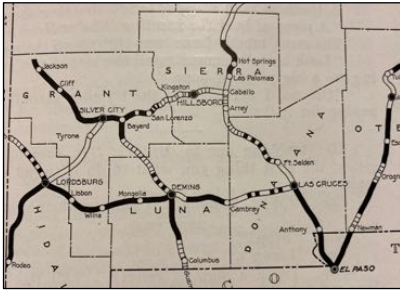


Postcard of “Lookout Point Emory Pass,” with rock safety wall, c. 1940. Collection of the author.

⁹ “Politics Injures the Black Range Road,” *The Santa Fe New Mexican* (October 22, 1926), 4.

¹⁰ H. S. Hunter, “Around Here: Black Range Highway Is Talk of Hillsboro,” *El Paso Herald* (November 3, 1927), 1, 11.

¹¹ “The Black Range Highway,” *Santa Fe New Mexican* (April 5, 1930), 4, reprinted from the *Silver City Independent*.



Detail of a map from the *New Mexico Highway Journal*, showing a portion of the proposed state highway system in southwestern New Mexico, including the Black Range Highway at top center, September 1926.



The Warren deck truss bridge over the Percha Creek box canyon, c. 1950. Note the "W" style trusses. Photo Black Range Museum.



Construction of a new bridge at the box canyon in 1995 to replace the original 1927 truss bridge. Photo Phyllis Glines.

(Left) A survey passing through the Percha Creek upper box canyon. (Right) Two Model T Fords in the box, just below the present day bridge. The first car belonged to the US Bureau of Roads. Photos Black Range Museum.

According to the *New Mexico Highway Journal*, "In July 1922, after much planning and speculation, the first real step toward the realization of this dream was taken with the letting of a contract for Federal Aid Project No. 56, extending the road 7.8 miles from Santa Rita to San Lorenzo."¹² By September 1926, the *Santa Fe New Mexican* was interested enough in the road to carry an artist's sketch of how the new proposed route would look from an airplane.¹³ The plan was that when completed, the road would become US 180. At the time H. S. Hunter's description of the route's origins appeared in November 1927, eight miles had been built on the Grant county side, and two miles plus "a splendid steel bridge" on the Sierra county end just west of Hillsboro.

The construction of the bridge, a Federal Aid Project completed in June 1927, is itself worth pausing over for a moment.¹⁴ As anyone who has driven from Hillsboro to Kingston knows, the bridge spans the box canyon just as one enters into the foothills of the Black Range. It was replaced in 1995 by a new concrete bridge, but the original Warren steel deck truss bridge is still there, with a marker noting that it has been placed on the National Register of Historic Places. It crosses a gorge that Hunter described as "a view of breath-taking magnificence. All reds and browns are the stone cliffs that line that gorge, and in the bottom are boulders and sand beds of tawny yellow." During construction, however, the gorge presented several challenges. First, certain features of the rock slowed the project, so that when it came time to erect the 100-foot span, the monsoon flooding season was at hand, threatening to wash away any supporting structure. As a result, "The engineers on this project devised a somewhat weird method of construction. False work was erected. Upon this the entire superstructure of the bridge was built. When the steel stringers and timber work were in place on the false structure, the concrete abutments were poured and the bridge was lowered to rest upon them. The stunt worked perfectly ..."¹⁵

Prior to the bridge's completion, the creek bed itself functioned as the "road" through the box, and then a little further on lay a toll gate operated by the Sierra Road Company, at least from 1889 up until about 1896.¹⁶ (The company even had its own ambitions of building a road from Kingston over "Percha [Emory] Pass"!)

Period photos from the early twentieth century show not only wagons, but also early Model T cars making their way through the canyon, attesting to just how rough the trail was before the new steel bridge provided an alternative.



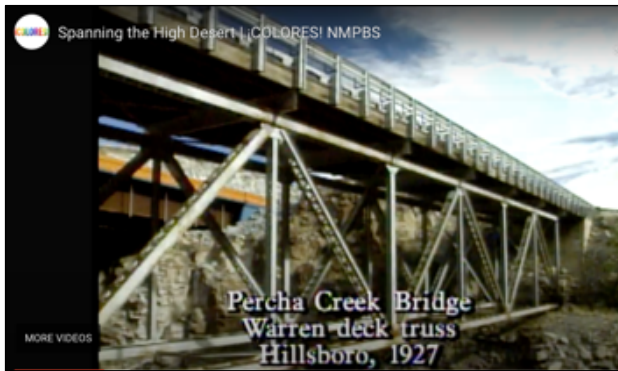
¹² "Brief History of the Black Range Road."

¹³ "View of Black Range Highway," *Santa Fe New Mexican* (September 9, 1926), 4.

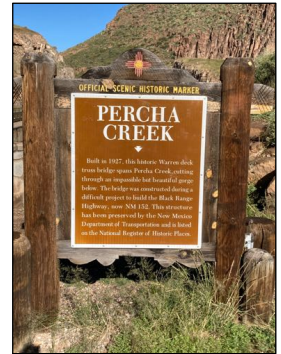
¹⁴ The Federal Aid program was created by the Federal Aid Road Act of 1916, revised by the Federal Highway Act of 1921, and provided matching dollars from the federal government for state road building, with the purpose of developing a national highway system.

¹⁵ H. S. Hunter, "Around Here: That's Funny. Build Bridge First then Foundation," *El Paso Herald* (August 1, 1929), 4.

¹⁶ See Joe Whitham, "Hillsboro to Kingston Toll Road," *Guajolotes, Zopilotes y Paisanos* 6/1 (February 2013).



Still shot from the 1996 documentary, “Spanning the High Desert,” KNME (NM PBS).



Historic marker at the box canyon bridge, noting that it is on the National Register of Historic Place. Photo Joe Britton.

Mimbres River in a cottonwood grove at San Lorenzo, attended by an astonishing 4,000 people. Gov. R. C. Dillion was in attendance, and addressed the crowd in both English and Spanish. The citizens of Silver City provided a barbecue, and the Silver City Band furnished music for the occasion. Jack Dawson of El Paso described it as “One of the most notable events I have attended in a long, long time.”¹⁸

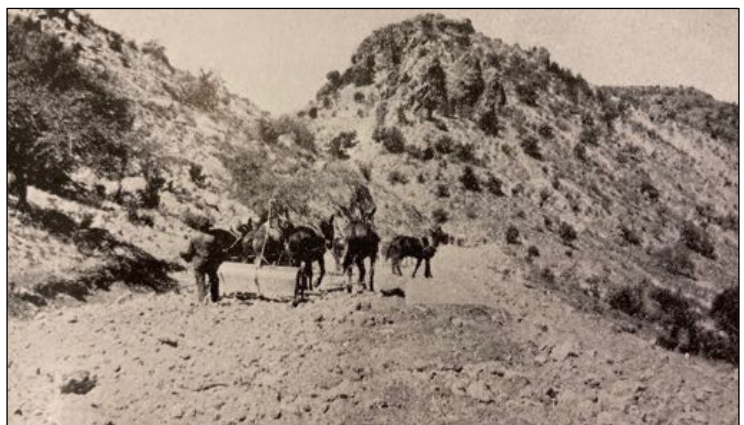
Even so, several miles of bumpy mountain road still lay between the box canyon bridge and Kingston. The work stalled for a time, though the state highway department issued a statement in March 1928 that once certain issues were resolved with the federal aid, bids would be called for to finish the road to Kingston, leaving only an 19-mile gap with the completed project on the west end.¹⁹ In February 1929, the *New Mexico Highway Journal* noted that bids were in fact opened in September



A Model A and Model T head toward Kingston, sometime before 1929. Photo Black Range Museum.

available.”²⁰ By June, the *Highway Journal* reported: “The power shovel completed the cut at station 1426, and started on the side-hill work between stations 1442 and 1465, where it is making good progress. Finishing is being done with teams which are rapidly getting the almost four miles of graded road into shape.”²¹

1928 for a road that would be “4-1/3 miles long and run toward Kingston from Hillsboro. Early summer should witness the completion of this link.” It continued, “All members of the State Highway Commission favor the building of the Black Range road. It is the policy of the Commission to continue the building program already begun and this program will be carried forward as rapidly as state and federal funds can be made



Teams grading the road between Hillsboro and Kingston, 1929. Photo *New Mexico Highway Journal*, June 1929.

¹⁷ Michael Kamins, Chris Wilson, and David Kammer, “Spanning the High Desert,” aired October 1, 1996 on KNME (NM PBS). <https://www.newmexicopbs.org/productions/colores/spanning-the-high-desert-new-mexicos-historic-highway-bridges/>.

¹⁸ “First Unit of the Black Range Highway Has Been Completed,” *El Paso Herald* (June 15, 1927), 14.

¹⁹ H. S. Hunter, “Around Here,” *El Paso Herald* (March 22, 1928), 13.

²⁰ “Brief History of the Black Range Highway.”

²¹ “District News: District 1,” *New Mexico Highway Journal* VII/6 (June 1929), 27.

Although the road to Kingston was finished in 1929, the last stretch of the road across the pass to San Lorenzo was not finally completed until 1935, under the administration of Gov. Clyde Tingley, at a cost of \$681,000 (or approximately \$14,750,000 in today's dollars), and even then it remained a dirt and gravel road.²² Announcing the opening celebrations set for August 18 of that year in Kingston, the *Deming Headlight* noted that no elaborate ceremonies were planned, with the intention that attendees have as much time as possible to enjoy “the beautiful drive” itself. Nevertheless, many early settlers were expected to attend, including James A. McKenna (author of *Black Range Tales*),²³ as well as Governor Tingley and “many prominent southwesterners.” Twenty “beeves” (beefs) were to be barbequed, with free coffee, and everyone was invited to bring a lunch.²⁴ The road was described as “passable to motor vehicles ... provided drivers could negotiate sharp curves and deep cuts with overhanging boulders and frequent landslides.”²⁵

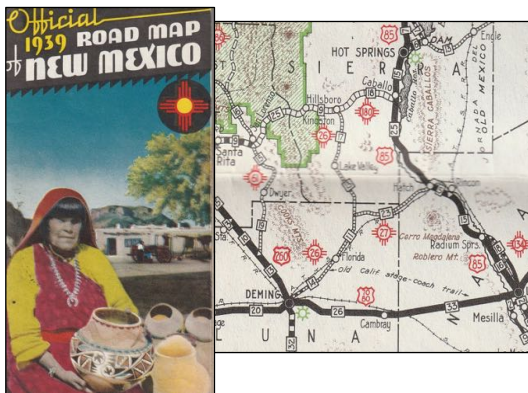
Reporting on the dedication event a few days later, the *Headlight* noted that it was “one of the most successful Bar-B-Q’s and get together meetings ever held in southwestern New Mexico.” Thousands of people attended, the paper said, so that “every nook in the floor of the canyon was parked with cars and in many places, where possible, even the sloping sides were used.” And about those twenty “beeves”: they were “cooked to a plains-Queen’s taste,” and “thousands of loaves of bread and camp-coffee by the barrel disappeared.”²⁶



“Mae West Curve – Black Range,” 1941. Photo A. Newman, Black Range Museum. The epithet is of ... uncertain origin.



The roadway passing the Devil’s Backbone on the west side of Emory Pass, c. 1940. Photo Black Range Museum.



The 1939 New Mexico Road Map cover and detail, showing the road between Caballo and San Lorenzo as a “graded” road. Black Range Museum.

The official 1939 Road Map of New Mexico clearly shows the Black Range Highway as a passable “graded” road from Caballo to San Lorenzo.²⁷ In fact, the “Parrish Stage Line” had been established in 1937 by the New Mexico Transportation Company to provide bus service between Silver City and Hot Springs via Kingston and Hillsboro.²⁸ And improvements to the road were soon to be made. In 1939, the State Highway Commission allotted \$300,000 to lower grades and straighten curves on the Kingston to Mimbres section (it’s hard to imagine that the road used to be even more curvy!); to bridge the Percha Creek in Hillsboro (up until then, the creek had to be forded); and to build a new road from Hillsboro to Gold Dust over White’s Hill.²⁹

²² “Old Events Recalled: Twenty Years Ago,” *Albuquerque Journal* (August 18, 1955), 6.

²³ “Old Timer Visits Kingston,” *Deming Headlight* (August 22, 1935), 1.

²⁴ “To Open the Black Range Road,” *Deming Headlight* (August 16, 1935), 1.

²⁵ “New Edition of Historic Black Range Highway To Be Dedicated Sunday,” *Albuquerque Journal* (September 15, 1964), 5.

²⁶ “Our New Playground,” *Deming Headlight* (August 22, 1935), 1.

²⁷ New Mexico State Highway Department, “Official 1939 Road Map of New Mexico” (Santa Fe, 1939). Black Range Museum archive.

²⁸ H. S. Hunter, “Around Here,” *El Paso Times* (September 14, 1937), 4.

²⁹ “Black Range Road Will Be Improved,” *Carlsbad Current-Argus* (March 31, 1939), 3.

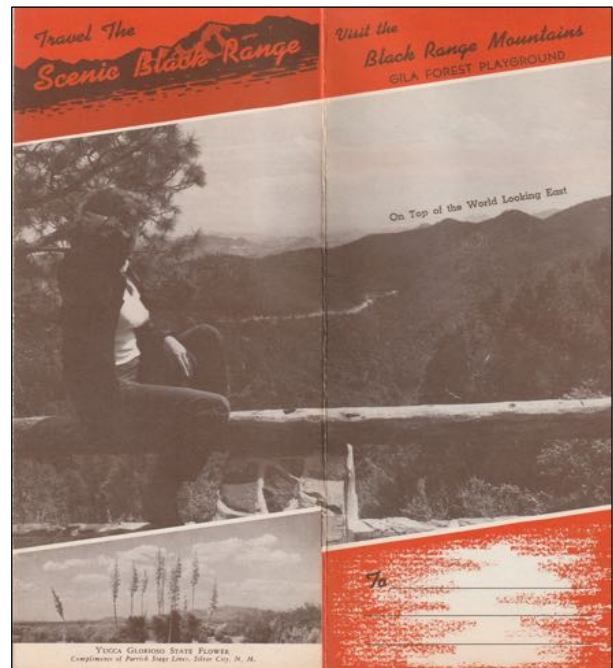


(Above) The Black Range Highway east of Hillsboro, circling around the hill, before the 1939 improvements. (Right) Construction over White's Hill. Photos Black Range Museum.



Writing a decade later in 1949, W. J. Hooten of the *El Paso Times* commented after a day spent with the “Black Range Boosters” (who were advocating for the road to be oiled, in part to encourage more tourist traffic): “The view from on top of the Black Range is out of this world. In the far distance the waters of Caballo Lake shimmer. Farther away may be seen the majestic San Andres range. The trees of the Black Range are beautiful. District Forest Ranger R. R. Riley took us on top shortly before sunset. The play of the sun on the eastern slope as it began to set in the West was amazing.”³⁰ A promotional pamphlet produced by the Boosters tried to entice visitors with the invitation: “Tourists traveling East or West should visit the Black Range area of New Mexico, a country steeped in the color and romance of the West, ideal for pleasure-seeking vacationists, abounding in numberless attractions, where the sun shines 335 days in the year, and magnificent mountains and beautiful sunsets may be enjoyed the year ’round.”³¹

At the time of Hooten’s visit to the Black Range in 1949, 27 miles of the road had been oiled. The Boosters’ enthusiasm for having the rest of the road paved, however, only came to fruition in the early 1960s. The last 10.046 mile section of gravel road east of San Lorenzo was finally paved in 1964. (By then, the road had been redesignated State Highway 180 rather than as a federal road, and then it was renumbered yet again as NM 90.) The ribbon-cutting for the fully paved road was held on September 20, 1964, with Gov. Jack Campbell doing the honors and some 2500 people in attendance. A picnic followed at the Iron Creek Campground. Beverages were provided by local Chambers of Commerce, with music by Forrest Delk’s “Gully Jumpers.” Among the special guests was Burton Dwyre of Santa Fe, who was the engineer who finalized the original survey 40 years earlier in 1924, making the exploratory survey on foot. The *Albuquerque Journal* noted that a number of other survey team members, as well as construction workers who helped put the road over the pass, attended the dedication as well.³²



“On the Top of the World Looking East.” Promotional brochure for the Black Range Highway, c. 1949. Black Range Museum archive.

³⁰ W. J. Hooten, “Everyday Events,” *El Paso Times* (October 5, 1949), 4.

³¹ Black Range Boosters, “Travel the Scenic Black Range” (Hillsboro, NM, n.d.). Black Range Museum archive.

³² “Black Range Highway Opens Sunday,” *Albuquerque Journal* (September 18, 1964), 48.



The second of the three truss bridges between Hillsboro and Kingston, c. 1950., with “N” style trusses. Photo Black Range Museum.



Detail of the bridge, showing the steel trusses and wooden decking under the roadway. Photo Joe Britton.

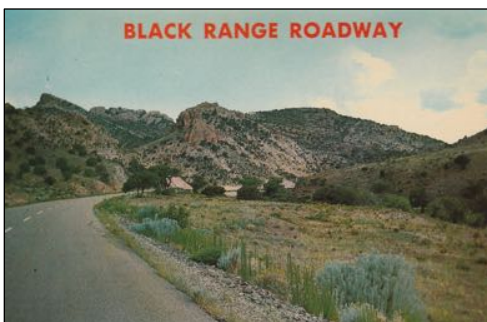


State Highway 152 road sign in Hillsboro. Photo Joe Britton.

celebrated in the Hillsboro General Store’s “Highway 152 Pileup” breakfast, or evoked in Liz Hayes’ poem, “Night Drive to Kingston,” reprinted below. It never lets the traveler become indifferent or unaware, constantly throwing up something new to focus the attention, just when one’s thoughts might begin to wander—whether it’s an astonishing vista, a historical remnant of some settlement or mine, or an unexpected animal or rock on the roadway. Traveling the highway thereby becomes a journey itself, not just a route which one follows from one place to the next, but an experience of moving deliberately through a particular landscape, where people live who know how to take deep satisfaction in dwelling a bit on the edge.



A “Highway 152 Pileup” (ham, eggs, cheese, green chile, tortilla) at the General Store Café, Hillsboro. Photo Joe Britton.



For further reading, see Bob Barnes’ Black Range website, specifically the “Hillsboro to Emory Pass” page, and also see his “Road Videos” that allow you to follow the road onscreen:

<http://www.blackrange.org/the-human-history-of-the/towns-of-the-black-range/kingston/hillsboro-to-emory-pass.html>

Postcard of the highway leading toward Kingston, c. 1965. Collection of the author.

The road has continued to evolve. In 1988, it was part of a state-wide highway renumbering, when it got its current designation as NM 152. And, of course, the road has been closed entirely from time to time—in 2014 after the remains of Hurricane Norbert washed out certain sections, or during the Silver Fire of 2013, and again during the Black Fire of 2022. Other recent developments include the replacement in 2021 of two additional steel truss bridges on the Hillsboro to Kingston portion of the highway, which were originally built in 1929. These were two of the few remaining Pratt through truss bridges, but they had been determined by the highway department to be unsafe. The first of the two, also on the National Register (like the box canyon bridge), was left in place as a landmark, but the second was removed. As the accompanying road sign informs passersby, the “through” truss design of these two bridges meant that traffic passed through them, unlike the 1927 “deck truss” bridge at the box canyon, where the roadway was on top. Close inspection reveals that although the trusses themselves were made of steel, many of the other members are of wood—no wonder that they had deteriorated to the point of being unsafe!

Such are the facts of the story of the Black Range Highway. It’s quite a feat of engineering, from the sharp curves, to the steep grades, to the sturdy bridges—especially considering the era in which it was built. But the facts alone can hardly do justice to what the road means to those who live and travel along its route. Unlike the monotony of some highways, this is a road that produces its own narrative, its own drama—as

Night Drive to Kingston

By Liz Hayes

From a booklet of her poetry, *T'was Only Love* (2002)

Off the highway at the Hillsboro exit,
Climbing, turning, up to the mountains,
the Gila.

Warning signs show the way,
avoid disaster.

Orange, white fireflies, they dance
in your headlights,

Look gay, a carnival midway,

Much more a party scene

Than grim reminder of sharp curves, drop-offs,

A celebration of the return home.

Rock formations on the road to Kingston

Look like Easter Island tikis.

Silent, they watch over the highway

As they have for milleniums, reminder of
the timelessness of this land.

Precarious, though, they might topple
in the spring winds.

A deer stood by the road as I came home tonight.

I slowed; stopped to enjoy the doe,

saw six of them on the hillside.

Where they froze, watching me,

like the tikis I had just passed.

Alive, however, fearful, vulnerable,

Unlike the rocks,

However precarious their site.



On Saturday, October 19, the “Colorado High Peaks T’s” Model T club happened to pass through Hillsboro, headed west over Emory Pass on their annual road trip. Several stopped with the intent of going into the General Store for a bite to eat, which gave some of the locals a chance to get acquainted with the visitors. The smaller of the two cars had a front license plate from Missouri dated “1927,” which the driver was interested to learn was the very year the bridge was completed which the group was about to pass by on their way up to Kingston.

Asked if he thought the antique cars could make it up the steep pass, the driver replied, “Oh, sure. You just have to be prepared to shift gears.” At that point, his wife called from the front steps of the café, that it was time to come in and order lunch. –Ed.



Barbara Wilken's "History of Hillsboro" Part II: Dad's Work

The first part of Barbara Wilken's 2004 memoir of growing up in Kingston and living in Hillsboro appeared in the May 2021 issue of GZP. This issue's focus on the Black Range Highway sets an appropriate context for another installment about her father's work on the highway construction crew.

It didn't take dad long to find a job. He met a man, Bill Hall, who lived here and they hand dug a well at Gold Dust. Bill's wife, Alice, was the daughter of rancher Charlie McKinney and his wife, Martha, of Lake Valley. Bill and Alice were a big help in getting mom and dad acquainted with the people in the area.

Following the well-digging job, while waiting for an opening in the road construction, dad got on with the Geological Survey who were surveying part of the area. He got acquainted with Dick Nunn, son of pioneer rancher Pryor Nunn, when they were setting stakes above their ranch on the Tierra Blanca Canyon. Dick later got a job with the Forest Service at Kingston and asked dad if he could rent a room at grandma's [Victorio Hotel]. Grandma was glad to have him. It wasn't long til Dick, who was real shy, asked daddy if he could eat his meals with us rather than downstairs with the other boarders. His room was at the opposite end of the same floor we were on.



A power shovel of the type used in Sierra County, here pictured in Arroyo Hondo, Taos County. *New Mexico Highway Journal*, February 1929.



A Caterpillar tractor working on the road between Hillsboro and Kingston in 1929, "sticking to the side of the hill like a mountain goat and doing its work where the going is toughest." The photo was included as part of an ad in the *New Mexico Highway Journal*, July 1929.

Years later after we moved to El Paso, if Dick came to El Paso, he always visited my dad.

Pal McClernon of Las Cruces was the engineer for the big road job up the mountain. Dan and Bill Sullivan drove dump trucks; Em Hale, a bulldozer; Bill Hall, a shovel. Charlie Gordon, Charlie Thompson, Pinky Boyd, Joe Collins Charlie Baldwin, Grant McGregor, Roland Rominger and Bill May worked at whatever was needed: powder man, mechanic, grease monkey, driller. The jack hammers were run by a gasoline powered air compressor. A man had to be real strong to operate one. Many marks can still be seen along the sides of the road banks where they drove steel rods into the rocks to break them up.

They called my dad Pansón, and Bill Sullivan, Oso. Pansa is Spanish for stomach and dad had a big one. Oso is Spanish for bear but I don't know why they called Bill that. Maybe he was always looking for a hole to fall into.

Their machinery was a far cry from the equipment used today but they got a good job done with very few rules and regulations. Just good engineering. I've had many tourists who've traveled from coast to coast tell me this drive has the prettiest scenery of anywhere.

Fifty years later Pat McClernon came into my café and said when they were building the road, one weekend they went over to Percy Reid's 47 ranch deer hunting and dad did the cooking. After breakfast dad put a dutch oven pot full of vegetables and meat on the coals with a little water, covered it with a gunny sack and dirt, and left it to cook while they went off to hunt. It was late when they got back in and Pat said, beyond a doubt, that was the best stew he ever ate in his life. [...]

Grandma was a heavy woman and suffered with her feet and high blood pressure. She had enough problems to make her have high blood pressure. Besides endless care for Skeeter [her mentally disabled son], Don Felipe [her husband] was no saint, and daddy was still sowing a few wild oats. Lett's Place in Hillsboro was on the

route home and you could get a “drink” and find a poker or blackjack game in the back room.

In 1942 at age 41, dad woke up one morning after a late night out, had a pocket full of money and he didn’t know how it got there. Right then he said he’d never take another drink, and being a man of his word, never did.

Mother had always said she was going to leave him if he didn’t quit drinking and chewing tobacco. Well, he followed through with the no drinking part but she went around behind him cleaning up the nasty old spittoons til he died.

He had his trusty “Skoal” with him in the hospital til Doc Evans came in and made him spit it out. The nurses were all shook up because the machine in their office that kept track of his vital signs was fluctuating terrible. [...]

Johnny [Stevens] and his dad kept a horse at their place which wasn’t but a little ways up from the hotel. This horse was real gentle and I went by one day and asked Mr. Stevens if I could ride him. He got out there and went round and round the pen trying to catch him and that night he had a heart attack and died. For years and years I felt like it was all my fault.



Headstone in Kingston cemetery: “J. P. STEVNS [sic] DIED 1938 JAN. 21.” Photo Black Range Museum.

While the men blasted and dug the grave by hand, which took several days, the women cared for the body and lined the home-made wooden casket. Mother had the night watch for his body and she took me along. She’d go into this back room and wipe his face ever so often with alcohol, I think it was. I had a pretty vivid imagination anyway and I saw lots of ghosts after that.

For years Mr. Stevens’ marker was a rock with “Stevns” hand-carved on it. Realizing there wasn’t going to be enough room towards the end of the rock for all the letters they left the “e” out. Years later I went to the cemetery and a new store-bought one had been placed along side it. Johnny is buried there too and his stone is similar to his dad’s new one but I don’t imagine either will outlast the original rock.

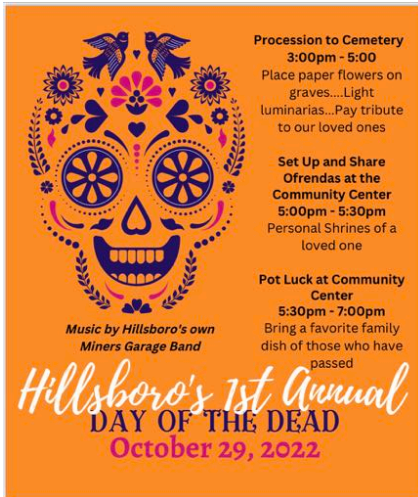
I have no idea when it was, but several years after this, two lady Gypsies in long bright skirts, with little kids, and one gayly shirted man Gypsy with a guitar, came to town and for so much money they’d have a haunt for you around midnight down by the creek and you could talk to a loved one who had died. Their connection to the dead had to be held where it was damp and dark. Seems like clothes mysteriously disappeared off clotheslines while they were there. I’ll never know if the guitar music had something to do with the appearance of the spirit or not because mother didn’t have the money to take me. I wanted to go talk with Mr. Stevens and tell him I was sorry.

To be continued ...



Kingston School students, 1933-34, about the time Barbara’s father was working on the Black Range Highway construction crew. Barbara (Phillips) Wilkens is in the center, arms folded. Photo Black Range Museum.

HILLSBORO'S FIRST ANNUAL DAY OF THE DEAD CELEBRATION (Día de los Muertos)



Thank you!

We would like to thank all the people who made our first “Day of the Dead” celebration so meaningful and successful. We hope to continue next year with more community participation, a better understanding of the history and meaning of the celebration, and more workshops and education events.

It was lovely to share the procession to and from the cemetery and the potluck with all the people in the community.

Celebrations such as this remind us of what a wonderful community we live in, and we are grateful to everyone who celebrated the “Day of our Dead”!

Special thanks to the flower making crew: Nolan, Laurie, Kristin, Karen, Jessica and Shari; and to the cemetery clean-up crew: Joseph, Corde, David, Nichole, Jan, Kathleen, Jude, Ted and Bill.

Be on the lookout in the summer for more information on next year’s celebration.

With love and respect,
Barbara and Linda



(Left to right): Barbara Pearlman and Linda Velarde, co-organizers, process to the cemetery; the decorated doors of the Community Center; a grave in the cemetery adorned with a paper flower. The event was sponsored by the Hillsboro Historical Society, with support from the Community Center.



The Miners Garage Band



Papel picado banner fluttering in the wind

Editor's Note

Some corrections and additions

It's time to catch up on some odds and ends that have come my way related to past issues of *GZP*, in some cases setting the record straight, and in others adding interesting new details. By issue, here are a variety of corrections and additions:

Hermosa (GZP, August 2022)

First of all, in regard to the biography of J. C. Plemmons, proprietor of Plemmons Mercantile in Hermosa, Steve Dobrott reminded me that the Hillsboro Historical Society actually owns Plemmons' piano, an upright by Francis Connor who built pianos in New York City beginning in 1877. It turned up somewhere in the Mimbres Valley, and Harley Shaw went over with a horse trailer to retrieve it. The piano is currently stored in a local barn, and not displayed in the Black Range Museum only because it's simply too heavy for the old wooden floors—imagine hauling it by wagon all the way to Hermosa!



J. C. Plemmons' piano. Photo Steve Dobrott.

Then an addition should be made to the article on Richard Mansfield White (one of the early "Long Nine" prospectors), that his brief history of Hermosa was reproduced in the *GZP* of February 2021, having originally been published serially in the *Sierra County Advocate* beginning May 24, 1907.

As for the account of the visit to Hermosa by Richard's brother, Stanford White (the well-known New York beaux-arts architect), the correction should be made that Stanford did *not* attend Harvard College and the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Paris. Rather, he was a relatively self-taught architect who first apprenticed with

H. H. Richardson, and then made a 14-month Grand Tour of Europe in 1878-79 to study its architecture. His future business partner, Charles McKim, was the one who studied first in Cambridge and then Paris.

I'm grateful to Harley Shaw for calling my attention to the fact that there are actually several letters extant from Stanford's 1882 trip out west, including two from Socorro written to his mother, Alexina White, describing his visit with his brother Richard (Dick). They give quite a lively sense of what life in a mining camp was like:

March 2, 1882

For the love of heaven, send some summer underclothing!

Dick weights 185 pounds and looks accordingly. I find him the same bully fellow he ever was. His face is the color of a Chinese lobster; and his vocabulary contains some very choice selections out of the New Mexican grammar. But the cuisine is rather limited. Golly, for something good to eat! Here it is impossible to obtain a glass of milk or a fresh egg. Everything is canned. The butter comes from Massachusetts, and the meat from Missouri.

We live in a shanty on the outskirts of town. I wouldn't live at one of the hotels for a fortune. Bugs! Here we are at least free from them.

I stood the mountain trip pretty well, with the stars for a canopy twice, colder than blazes. We have on old experienced Indian scout with us, two Winchesters, a Sharp, two doubled-barreled shot guns and four revolvers—to say nothing of Bowie knives and match boxes. There is about as much danger of my being shot here as of my being run over in New York—or of my being scalped by the Indians as of my being smashed up in a railway collision—so though your causes for anxiety may not be lessened, neither are they increased. If I do come home in a pine box, it will be caused by Dick's style of living. I would give a hundred dollars to have you here to see him cook a beef-steak. I'm going to peg the next one and use it for the sole of my boot.

Please send nothing down here. There's no place to put it. Dick has been swearing ever since I came on account of the things I

brought from Park & Tilford's [a New York retailer and importer of luxury goods -Ed.].

March 27, 1882

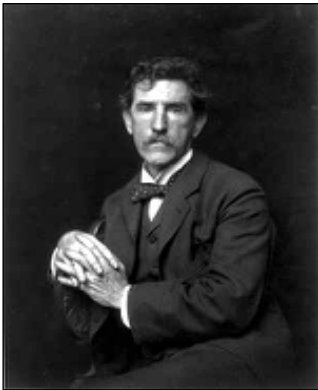
I've about won my spurs from the charge of tenderfootism. Time and again I have slept in the open in storms; I've walked 40 miles in a day, been 14 hours in the saddle, and worked seven days solid ten hours' work with pick and drill. Dick, however, insists that I am still a tenderfoot because I insist upon getting something decent to eat whenever I can. He says that leather beefsteaks must be stuck to whether better things can be obtained or not.

This is an infernal country—no trees, no water—and generally looks like the entrance to Hell. And life here is dangerous. Those who come here, and those who have friends and relatives here, must make up their minds to that. Yet as soon as the novelty wears off, you get used to the dangers and don't mind any more than you mind the dangers round home.

The Indians are reported out again, but there is probably no truth in the story.

We go to the Black range tomorrow, and I go on from there for a short trip to Mexico.

(Letters published in Charles C. Baldwin, *Stanford White* [Da Capo Press, 1976], pp. 153-4.)

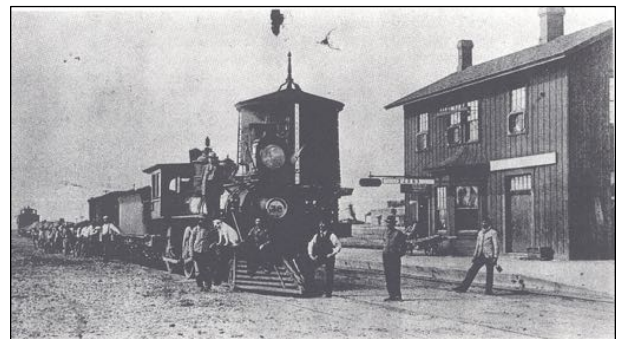


Augustus "Gus" Saint-Gaudens, c. 1880. Photo National Park Service, website of the Saint-Gaudens National Historic Park, Cornish, NH.

I also failed to notice that Stanford made a second trip west the following year, this time in the company of his close friend, the American sculptor Augustus Saint-Gaudens (1848-1907). An account given by Paul R. Baker in his biography of White, based on a letter from Stanford to his fiancé Bessie Smith on August 31, 1883, reads rather like

Mark Twain's own account of traveling "out West," *Roughing It* (1872):

The 1883 trip first brought the two artist friends by rail to New Mexico. They met Dick White in Engle, where they arrived in the middle of the night. Since they had to wait a few hours for the stagecoach to Fort McCrae, they spent the rest of the night in a "sort of mud hut." Accustomed to the discomforts of the region, Stan got along all right here, but Gus, who was obliged to share his room with two roughnecks who "slept armed to the teeth," was, to say the least, alarmed by the conditions, "momentarily expecting to be murdered." Their fitful sleep was terminated when a fire broke out in the general store next door, setting off gunpowder and cartridges. The last leg of the trip to Dick's camp in the Black Range was by horse and muleback, and Gus, completely exhausted, made it no secret that he wished he had not come. At Dick's log cabin, they inspected his mine, hunted for deer, and slept out under the stars. To add to his discomforts, Gus was badly bruised when his gun recoiled on the deer hunt. On the return trip to Engle, the stagecoach driver was so overcome by drink that just as he was falling asleep he handed the reins of the four horses to Gus, who had never before in his life driven a team. But Gus was "master of the situation" and got the stagecoach safely to Engle "half an hour ahead of time."



The Santa Fe railroad station in Engle, 1890, a few years after Stanford White and Gus Saint-Gaudens passed through on their way to Hermosa. Photo Black Range Museum.

(Excerpted from Paul R. Baker, *Stanny: The Gilded Life of Stanford White* [Macmillan, 1989], pp. 96-7.)

Medal of Honor Ceremony (GZP, May 2021)

Steve Siegfried supplied the article, “Two Medal of Honor Winners in Sierra County” for this issue. Turns out that Phyllis Glines (now of Truth or Consequences) attended the commemorative ceremony in October 1999 at the Hillsboro Cemetery, and not only kept a copy of the program and resulting article in the *Sierra County Sentinel* (“Honor Ceremony Long Overdue,” October 27, 1999), but took pictures herself. We are grateful to her for supplying these images of the event:



Procession of the color guard to the Eben Stanley memorial.
Photo Phyllis Glines.



Ft. Seldon Firing Party in period costume, with bagpiper.
Photo *Sierra County Sentinel*.



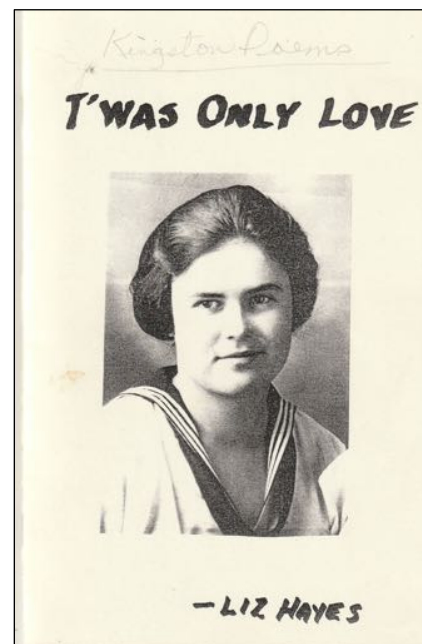
A three-volley gun salute, with a “mourner” looking on.
Photo *Sierra County Sentinel*.



“Annual Labor Day Apple Festival Hillsboro, New Mexico, '76,” a plaque hanging by the front doorway in the Hillsboro General Store. Photo Joe Britton.

Apple Festival (GZP, May 2022)

Also from Phyllis Glines comes a small collection of poems, *T'was Only Love*, by Kingston's former resident, Liz Hayes, written in memory of Liz's mother, Mary Louise Sperry Sovereign (pictured below on the cover). The booklet dates from 2002, and notes that the author “lived at Cow Camp at Elephant Butte Lake State Park, after coming to New Mexico from Libertyville, IL in 1987. She earned her BA, graduating with honors in English from Barat College, Lake Forest, IL in 1980.” The poems are a celebration of Sierra County, and the people who have lived in it. One of her poems, “Night Drive to Kingston,” is included above at the conclusion of the Black Range Highway story. Another poem describes the Hillsboro Apple Festival, and so is a fitting addition to the *GZP* issue on that famous part of Hillsboro's life:



Cover of Liz Hayes' collection of poems, *T'was Only Love*, with a photograph of her mother. Gift of Phyllis Glines.

Apple Festival, Hillsboro, 2000

Our little town is quiet, peaceful.
 We like it that way.
 Helen Evans tries to slow the traffic,
 Fake rock-throwing hasn't worked
 (tho she made TV news),
 So her latest is to use the street as a sidewalk.
 That does work.
 (Ed suggested a by-pass.)

So, when Labor Day comes around,
 Apple Festival is a shock.
 Three thousand people a day
 for the three day holiday!
 It's a carnival atmosphere,
 Booths galore: food, lemonade, honey, crafts.
 Politicians arrive to campaign,
 We register voters,
 The library gives away books.
 Everyone is working somewhere.
 We even had some local apples this year
 after many drought years.
 Ross Bell made 1000 pies and some cobbler
 and ran out!
 It's fun, exhausting!
 Thank God, it's only once a year,
 so we can get back to walking in the
 street!

+ + +

So please don't hesitate to offer any corrections or additions of your own—you see from these examples that they can be quite rich and rewarding. And contributions of any sort are always welcome!

--Joe Britton, editor
 (hillsborohistoricalsociety@gmail.com)

Note: The Board decided at its November meeting to change the designation of GZP from the "Newsletter" to the "Journal" of the Hillsboro Historical Society, to reflect more aptly the substantial historical content that it includes.

Guajolotes, Zopilotes y Paisanos (GZP)
 is the quarterly journal of:

The Hillsboro Historical Society

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

www.hillsborohistoricalsociety.com

© 2022, Hillsboro Historical Society

To become a member, 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 501(c)(3) 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 Dobrott,
 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.

2022 Annual Report of Gifts

As an all-volunteer, non-profit organization, the Hillsboro Historical Society relies upon annual membership dues and other gifts for most of its income. We would like to thank all those who have contributed over and above annual membership dues this year:

Members giving in addition to basic membership

Michael Abernathy	Linda King	Michael & Janel Ryan
Gary & Barbara Asteak	Sarah Kotchian & Robert	Gary Sapp & Linda Velarde
Greg & Barb Andrews	Nellums	Tom Scanlan
Russ & Kaye Bowen	Karen L. Lattery	Heinrich Secker
Charles Britton	Sherry Litasi	Robert Shipley
Joseph & Karla Britton	Thomas & Diane McEvoy	Stephen C. Siegfried
Larry Caudill	Kathy McKinney	Bill Slettom
Diane & Herb Denish	David Colin Metrikin	Richard & Gloria Spellman
Joseph H. Diel	Judy Moore	Ken & Laverne Stinnet
Steve & Janie Dobrott	Liana Isabel Morales	Diana Tittle & Tom Hinson
Charles Doran	Melody Munson-McGee	Robin Tuttle
Catherine Faulkner	Patti Nunn	Laura Van Dyne
Michael Farmer	Barbara Pearlman	Judy Warner & Debby
Margie Gibson	Travis Perry & Megan	Stewart
John & Linda Glova	Pitman	John D. West
Valerie A. Hildreth-Werker	Marilyn & Robert Poitras	Dorothy Wiskup
Charles & Ann Horak	Louise Ratigan	

Monthly Donors

Alan Bojorquez Shoshana Handel Nichole Trushell & Steve Morgan

Lifetime Members giving additional gifts

Sonja Franklin David & Marion Salopek Garland Bills

Non-Membership Gifts

Hillsboro Community Center Frank Matulich

Gifts in Memoriam

Phyllis Glines, in memory of Silas Joseph Glines III (1956-2011)

We would also like to thank each and every one of our members for their annual contribution. Currently, the Hillsboro Historical Society has 113 annual, lifetime and honorary memberships.

Member Appreciation Weekend: Saturday and Sunday, December 10 and 11, at the Black Range Museum! 10% off Hillsboro Historical Society items (artists consignments excluded). Come visit, drop off your ballot, update your membership, and shop our excellent selections of items!

In addition to HHS members, Guajolotes, Zopilotes y Paisanos is also sent to 15 regional libraries, museums, and foundations, as well as our elected state legislative and congressional representatives.

Gifts received as of November 15, 2022: our sincere apology if any information is incorrect or incomplete. Please let us know if that is the case.



Hillsboro Historical Society

Serving the Community since 2008

2023 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 journal (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 \$2,000 \$ _____

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 the Hillsboro Historical Society at the address below. **THANK YOU!**

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