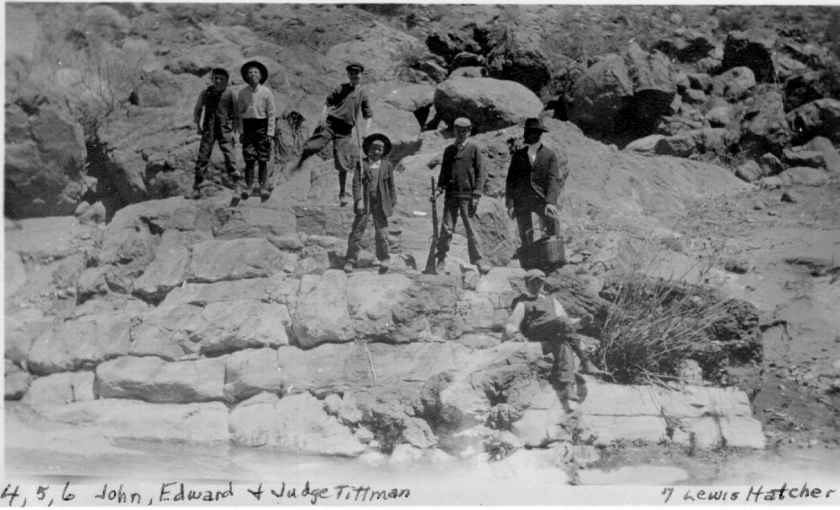


# Diary of the Hunt

by Edward D. Tittman

*A compilation of a four blog posts on the Free Range Blog.*



Edward D. Tittman was a leading citizen of Hillsboro, New Mexico for several years. He was one of the delegates to the 1910 State Constitutional Convention, an author, District Attorney for Socorro County, and attorney.

The New Mexico Historical Review, Vol. 27, No. 3 (July 1952)

printed an article by him entitled **New Mexico Constitutional Convention: Recollections**, which may be of interest to many. It provides some interesting insights into the political maneuvering of the time and personalities like Albert Bacon Fall.

## Judge Tittman

This is Edward D. Tittman's account of a hunt on the east slopes of the Black Range which he went on in November 1909. It is transcribed here without alteration. Spelling, grammar, and punctuation errors are as in the original without the use of "sic".

Thanks to Harley Shaw of Hillsboro for making the manuscript available. Photo left - Judge Tittman (farthest right standing) on an early outing with his two sons (standing next to him).

## DIARY OF THE HUNT - SUNDAY - INSTALLMENT ONE BLOG POSTED ON 1/2/2016

Sunday November 7th 1909. Although everything was supposed to be ready for our departure this morning we did not get off until after ten o'clock. Unable to secure a packhorse we had a burro and this restricted our pack in weight to about 100 pounds. The trail lead over the Snake mine down to the Bonanza and from there past the cold springs and then the Warm Springs along the road to Hermose to

the top of the divide between Tanks Canyon and Cave Creek. This was an uninteresting bit of journey along a valley desolate and bare of even oak brush, brown and yellow in tinge, and doubly wearying because the burro went so slow we had to walk our horses. Now and then the beast of burden created a little intermezzo in the ennui that enwrapped us by trying to throw his pack off his back, or running

## DIARY OF THE HUNT - SUNDAY - INSTALLMENT ONE (CON'T)

full tilt and with marvellous speed considering his ordinary travel for some other burro that he had discovered in the distance. May be our conversation was too intellectual to be understood by him though on the part of Stevens speech consisted mainly of cusswords flung at the long ears of the Ass. From the top of Cave Creek hill the trail into the canyon was steep and about half way down the Burro succeeded in throwing his pack so that it slid down on one side of him. We had to take off everything and repack. Thus we lost half an hour. The trail went up Cave Creek which soon became what the Germans call romantic, meaning wild, with steep cliffs ascending on either side several hundred feet. Finally the valley became so narrow that a wagon could hardly have gone through it. The horses had to wade through deep pools of water, the burro being submerged almost to his body. The canyon widened again we passed a goat ranch, where are now located the goats that used to bother us in the Ready Pay Gulch. We were getting into the pine country. Magnificent trees rose up everywhere some of them 70 feet high and five feet around. At four o'clock after we had travelled some 16 miles we made camp within sight of the goat ranch where Steven's goats are located. We spread our bed under a Spreading Juniper tree. First we put down a large canvass. On this came Three comforters, then each mans blankets, then two more comforters and the the end of the canvass or "tarp" was drawn over the entire

bed. We cooked supper, that is Stevens cooked and I watched him. Bread made in a frying pan, much like a pancake, bacon and potatoes with a cup of weak coffee made up our meal. We had hobbled our horses and they had just finished eating some corn which we had taken along when an accident happened, which is difficult to relate in polite society. Brownie, Stevens' horse, mistook our towels for what I do not know but at any rate he seemed to think they were diapers and we had to wash them in the creek. As we finished supper the Mexican who has S. goats on shares came home with his wife and invited us into his cottage, made of upright logs with the spaces filled in with mud, a construction typical of Mexicans. Inside it was very nice and clean and he pointed out with pride what improvements he had made and what he still intended to do. He had a little girl who became very sleepy but the parents did not notice it till I called their attention to her whereupon they spread a comforter and some pillows on the floor and the little one was soon sound asleep. About half past nine we sought our beds and slept so soundly until morning light broke over the hills. It was very cold. During the night winter had set in and the water had half an inch of ice on it. All the rest of the nights were cold or colder and every morning we had to thaw out the dishes and the bread made the night before. While Stevens started to cook breakfast.

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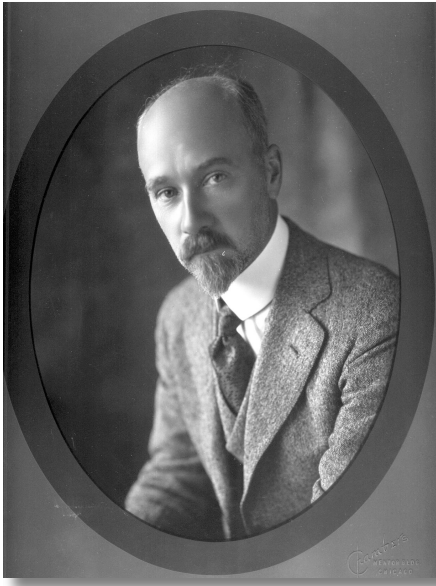
### EDITOR'S NOTE

A year after this hunting trip (October 3, 1910 to November 21, 1910) Judge Tittman was a member of the 1910 State Constitution Convention held in Santa Fe. Tom Catron, the prosecutor in the Fountain Murder Trial held in Hillsboro, eleven years before, was

at the 1910 convention. The Santa Fe New Mexican (November 26, 1945) reported that when a priest began the opening prayer a translator began to translate it into Spanish. At that moment, Catron is said to have told the interpreter "Shut up, you fool; the Great God

Almighty understands the English language."

## DIARY OF THE HUNT - MONDAY & TUESDAY - INSTALLMENT TWO (BLOG POSTED ON JANUARY 26, 2016)



*Judge Tittman*

MONDAY morning I went after the live stock. I thought this would be easy but it proved otherwise as the horses though hobbled had wandered three miles down the creek so that before breakfast I had a six mile walk. About ten o'clock we pulled out of camp up the creek we travelled only about five miles that day as I wanted to inspect the cave after which the creek is named and also desired to prospect a little as I saw plenty of mineral signs. At Folgums Ranch about the head of the Cave Creek we made Camp and then started out on a walk during which we saw lots of deer track, Turkey tracks, tracks of wildcats and even of bear but the only game that fell before our prowess was a nice fat squirrel which had evidently been living luxuriously on Folgums corn. I never saw a squirrel as fat. He made a nice supper. We went to

sleep under the stars without the shelter of a tree but as the moon was dark the starlight did not bother us. Lobo lay on the bed at my feet, our guns were at our sides and we slumbered peacefully and deeply. All at once, what was that, I rose startled on one elbow. Again the cry weird and wailing sounded from the hillside. This time it woke Stevens. It was some kind of a wild beast, most likely a coyote, calling to his mate. Then from the opposite hill came the answer or rather answers. It sounded as if there was a whole pack of them but there were only the two. Lobo barked loudly and started after them but I called him back for fear they might entice him away as the coyotes sometimes do. They kept their wailing up for a long time but finally they got tired and we went to sleep again. But just before morning when the stars first begin to pale we heard the beasts again. This time they were not alone but joined in a whole chorus of noises among which we distinguished the deeper notes of a real timber wolf. They were announcing the coming of morning. Then the cattle began to bellow and low and it was (Tuesday).

TUESDAY. Breakfast was the same as dinner except that the squirrel was all eaten up. After breakfast we started to climb up to the Cave. This is a natural opening in the rocks resembling the shell in which orchestras play at the seashore and elsewhere. The cave was fully 30 feet high about 50 feet deep and about 75 feet wide.

Within were all kinds of small holes to each of which led tracks easy and distinctly to read. I challenged the heads of the various families to come out and give me battle but no reply. Of course they knew I had a shotgun and they being unarmed with such weapons naturally hesitated. Above in the walls of the cave were multitudes of little nests but not of birds but rather of bats. One large nest belonged according to all the signs on the door to a Mr. Hawk who however happened to be out. We descended and explored the surrounding country but found nothing great in the way of mineral. The country had been prospected once, twenty years ago, in part at the expense of the late Bob Ingersoll but though there are signs of mineral it will cost money to get it out. We did not break camp that day and when I went to bed it was in the hope that musical coyote family might give us some more entertainment. But we were disappointed. We slept through without an adventure of any kind until (Wednesday).

DIARY OF THE HUNT - WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY - INSTALLMENT THREE  
(BLOG POSTED ON FEBRUARY 13, 2016)



*A hunting party at the Magne Cabin in 1901.*

Wednesday morning. Again the bill of fare was the same and while Stevens was getting it ready I went after the horses. I found them all O.K. and brought them back into camp. For lack of a rope my horse had to remain untied a few moments and during those moments while I was getting his bridle Kid skipped out. He went to a waterhole in the creek and I went after him knowing that as soon as he had drunk his fill he would let me fetch him. But Stevens wanted to play cowboy and while Kid was still at the waterhole Stevens rode up to him in spite of my warning and tried to rope him. Of course he missed and Kid indignantly galloped off and was seen no more as he was soon lost in the thick underbrush. I learned afterwards that he must have gone straight home as he arrived there that very afternoon. I left my saddle etc. at Folgums and went on foot which I did not mind in the least as the trails were getting very steep and risky and a fall with the horse would have probably landed the outfit at the bottom of the canyons. I climbed

on afoot and Stevens led the burro. We went up at least 200 feet over the creek bed and then down again on the other side where flowed the beautiful Animas. We went up the Animas about 4 miles and camped for the night near an abandoned goat ranch. Here lived some five years ago a goat rancher named Sanders who was killed by the Indians while out herding one day. Many people however think he was murdered by a worthless white man named Mills who was tried for the crime but could not be convicted for lack of evidence. It is a pretty place and adjoining it is another beautiful spot. The Sanders ranch could be homesteaded and as the Indians have been removed to a reservation far away there would be no danger anymore. The place just above is known as the Kelsay place and can be bought for \$10 an acre or \$1600 for the 160 acres. Any man who controlled both these places would have a beautiful summer home as well as a remunerative farm as most of the land is bottom land tillable

and rich. Everywhere are beautiful pines, spruce, juniper, cedar, cottonwood, and other trees and the mountains are rugged and gorgeous, the views magnificent and the water neverfailing and good. The place is easy of access and can be reached by wagon road from Hillsboro in about two hours. There is plenty of timber and stone to build a nice home and outbuildings and by fencing the places in as you would have a right to do you would be secure from cattle or goats and could in fact have your own game preserve as it is impossible to descend from the tops of the hills into the valley at these points except at one or two places, so steep are the canyons. The land around is forest reserve. If I had this place and an law office and newspaper in Hillsboro I would never have to fear for a living and a good one and I would be one of the leading citizens in every respect in this county. And I would rather be a leading citizen here than a nobody in New York, or even a little somebody there.

## DIARY OF THE HUNT - WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY - INSTALLMENT THREE (CON'T)

Thursday morn we broke camp early and still going up the Animas came at last to the place where the creek forks. We turned up what is known as the West Fork and camped in a lovely spot, where the brook murmured near by while stately pines and balsam firs swayed in the wind. It was noon when we made camp and for the next two days I explored the beauties of this secluded nook. We shot several pine squirrels, which are the kind they make in to fur coats and they made a very good stew a la chasseur. We found many bear tracks and one night Lobo barked at something that would not come into the range of the camp light but which by the tracks the next morning was a mountain lion.

## DIARY OF THE HUNT - THE REST OF THE TRIP - INSTALLMENT FOUR (BLOG POSTED ON MARCH 5, 2016)

Friday we devoted to hunting but got nothing. The deer were scarce and the wild animals were wary. However which way we turned the scenery was magnificent.

Saturday morning we started early and travelled back the road we came for a few miles and camped at the foot of what is known as the Monument, a natural stone column with a large flat stone on its top. This is where the trail to

Vic's Park branched off where Vieg had said he found such good mineral indications. A "Park" in this country is a flat place up in the mountains where there is plenty of timber and generally water. So there is Magnus Park, Bear Springs Park etc. Vic's Park is named after Victorio, the Apache Chief, whose stronghold it was during the Indian troubles twenty five years ago. Here were several skirmishes between the troops and Victorio who held a practically unassailable position as we found out when we climbed up the steep hogbacks where alone a man could get up without using a flying machine. Here the old chief was killed during a fight and Geronimo, who only recently died, took his place. No one knew that old Vic was dead until the new chief took hold. Well we climbed and climbed and climbed and finally reached the sheltered plateau but saw nothing of mineral indications. Later we found out that Vieg had forgotten the place and that he had meant Bear Springs Park several miles northwest. We returned to camp somewhat disappointed.

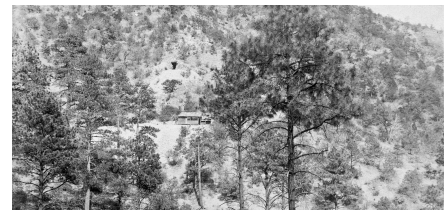
Sunday morning we marched almost all day i.e. until half past three in the afternoon when we reached our old camping place at Folgums. On the way we secured five fat squirrels and had a fine meal of them.

Monday morning we started for home as a fierce windstorm had blown up which made it

impossible to keep much of a camp fire without setting the woods afire. This proved the only day I missed Kid as we had to go 20 miles and the last part of that through uninteresting territory. We got back about sundown and I sought an early bed as I had not walked that far since my student days in the Black Forest.

As a result I am convinced that there is not much to be found in the Black Range in the way of minerals. The rock is too uniformly granite.

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*The Ingersoll Cabin and Mine, owned by Jay Barnes, in the area of the hunt, from the Margaret Rea collection, see "Spell of the Black Range".*