THE SPELL OF THE BLACK RANGE

THE REMEMBRANCES OF MILDRED ELIZABETH FULGHUM REA

Mildred Rea, the young girl in the photograph to the right, is the author of a series of blog entries entitled "Spell of the Black Range" which were published on The Free Range Blog during the second half of 2015. She was born in Chicago in January 1895. Her grandparents, Jay and Louise Barnes, moved to Chloride in 1881, bringing with them their 16 year old daughter, Alice (Mildred Rea's mother and the woman in the photograph above). Some of the family's activities are described in the Black Range newspaper, published in Chloride at that time and recounted in the 1880 -1900 Blog on The Black Range Rag. Exactly when the "Spell of the Black Range" was written is uncertain but assumed to be about 1921.

PART OF THE "BLOGS TO BOOKS" PROJECT OF THE BLACK RANGE RAG

The author as a child.

Left to Right:
Alice Barnes Fulghum,
Mildred Elizabeth Fulghum,
Roscoe W. Fulghum.

Taken in Chicago on October 11, 1897, shortly before Alice and Mildred went to the Ingersol in New Mexico.

SPELL OF THE BLACK RANGE

Spell of the Black Range

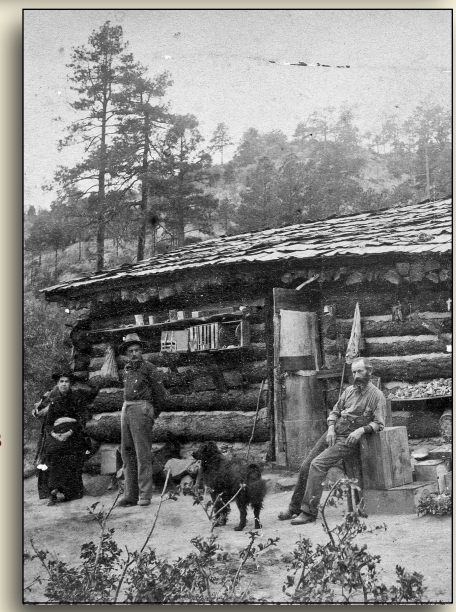
by Mildred Rea

The southern portion of the Rocky Mountains, lying west of the Rio Grande in southwestern New Mexico, with the southern tip less than one hundred miles from the Mexican border, is known as the Black Range. It is a rugged and beautiful country, still largely wilderness.

Maps of (forty or fifty) years ago show many little towns dotted over the foothills of the eastern slopes of this range — Chloride, Fairview, Grafton, Hermosa, Hillsboro, Kingston, Lake Valley — all ghost towns now. They lie within the boundaries of Sierra County, which was carved from three other counties in 1883 — Socorro, Grant, and Dona Ana. In the late 1870's and early 1880's silver mining was booming in the area, and a remarkably diversified stream of adventurous men, and a few women, flowed in to turn the sites of many "strikes" from small campsites, with

The header photograph on page one is by Bob Barnes of Hillsboro, taken near Kingston, New Mexico.

Above, the author and her parents in Chicago in 1897 (see first page). Her mother, Alice Barnes Fulghum lived in Chloride in the early 1880's.



Right: The author's grandparents (Jay and Louise Barnes) and her grandfather's partner, Raubitzcheck at their cabin the area around North Percha Creek, on the east slopes of the Black Range, New Mexico, USA.

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perhaps a few tents, into towns that grew to boast of several thousand people. Kingston, where Edward Doheney[1] got his start, is said to have had ten thousand[2] in its heyday.

My grandparents, Jay and Louise Barnes, came to Chloride in the early spring of 1881, bringing their daughter and only child, Alice, who was to become my mother. She was sixteen at the time. The Santa Fe Railroad was being built from the north towards El Paso, Texas, and toward juncture with the railroad being built eastward from the Pacific Coast. It had been completed as far as San Marcial, a little town on the east side of the Rio Grande, which now lies beneath the water of the lake created by the Elephant Butte Dam. The Barnes family rode the train as far as San Marcial, then took the stage coach to Chloride, some seventy miles in a southwesterly direction, lying in the foothills of the Black Range. A rich silver strike had been made there not long before.

The population of Chloride in the spring of 1881 was about fifty, and the arrival of Louise and Alice Barnes brought the number of women to five. Two years later the boom had resulted in a total of about one hundred houses, plus a number of shops and a hotel. By 1886 there were between one and two thousand people living in Chloride or making it headquarters for their prospecting or other activities.

The Barnes family must have been lucky enough to buy a house from someone who was moving on, but I do not know the details. I do know their home was "up on the hill" above the main street (known as Wall Street), which ran along the bank above the stream bed. They had two rooms and a tent, plus a brush "wickiup" that served as a sort of storeroom, butler's pantry, laundry, and what have you. The two rooms had the only shingle roof in town, which must have been a mark of some distinction!

They were the first people in town to have a chicken. Grandpa bought it for a dollar from a Mexican settler in the Rio Grande Valley when he had to make a horseback trip to the valley. My mother said the Mexican must have thought it was about to die or he would never have sold it. It was a half dead mongrel, minus most of its feathers, looking like the defeated campaign rooster of cartoons, the day after election. The first night it chose

1. **Edward Laurence Doheny** was an oil tycoon who made a substantial fortune in the oil fields of Southern California and Mexico. Before the oil business, however, he was a hard rock miner and mine speculator. In the 1880's he was working and living in Kingston, New Mexico. On August 7, 1883 he married his first wife, Carrie Louella Wilkins, in Kingston. In 1891, Doheny left Kingston. While living in Kingston, however, he met and became friends with two people, **Albert Fall** and **Charles Canfield**. Fall and Doheny were major players in the **Teapot Dome Scandal** and Canfield partnered with Doheny in oil ventures. See also, Mark B. Thompson's excellent blog entry "**Teapot Dome: Literature and Litigation**" on Craig Springer's Hillsboro History Blog.
2. Although the author correctly reports what some where saying the population of Kingston was this figure is now disputed regularly with estimates generally around 1,000.

All hyperlinks, shown in bold black font, are active.

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the bar holding the roller towel as its roosting place, and could never afterwards be persuaded to roost anywhere else. It was impossible to deal severely with anything so precious! For several weeks the family couldn't tell whether it was a hen or a rooster, but finally one morning it crowed and everybody cheered. Later they were able to buy two hens from another Mexican farmer in the Rio Grande Valley. One they named Calamity Jane on sight. She had very rough feet and legs, and no feathers on her back. The other they called Whitey. After a long time Calamity Jane established a nest in the wickiup. All day she would march up and down between the tent and the wickiup and not let either of the other chickens go near the wickiup. She laid six eggs and then hatched them. (Eggs were far too precious to eat at this stage.) Eventually the family did have a nice little flock of chickens, and I can imagine what a joy it must have been to my grandmother, who was an excellent cook, to have eggs to use.

Calamity Jane met an ignominious fate. The only butter available in Chloride was brought in by freight wagons, packed in little wooden tubs or firkins. It was so terribly rancid and strong by the time it reached Chloride it was not fit to eat. It sold for a dollar a pound. I do not know what the price of butter in "civilization" was at that time – (something I should like to research some day.) But Mark Twain in his autobiography quotes the price of butter in his boyhood, not too many years earlier, as six cents a pound, so I would guess that the prevailing price at this time might not have been more than fifteen cents a pound. Shortening of any kind being almost unobtainable at this time, the family once bought a tub of butter, but couldn't stomach it. The unused tub sat on a shelf in the wickiup, and one day Calamity Jane managed to get the lid off and eat a considerable quantity. She soon died. My grandfather tried to josh the man from whom they had bought the butter about the quality being so terrible that it had killed their prize hen, but the storekeeper insisted that it was the salt in it that killed her.

My grandfather was by nature extremely sociable, hospitable, and fun-loving. On summer evenings he used to build a bonfire on the hillside by their home, and everybody in town would see it and come up. Grandma made coffee in the washboiler[3] for the crowd. Sometimes she made doughnuts also, the "raised" kind made with yeast. She could work wonders with anything made from flour – Grandpa always insisted she made "the best bread in the world." I suppose it was too difficult to get the necessary ingredients for doughnuts, as well as too expensive, for her to make them very often. Storytelling, singing, and general conversation were the order of the evening, and people left the circle of firelight reluctantly.

There were occasional Indian scares. The Apaches regarded the Black Range as their home and hunting ground and were very resentful of the encroaching white men, seldom missing an opportunity to harass them. Geronimo, the most famous Apache chief, was at this time in captivity in Arizona, and did not escape and again resume his raiding until 1885, but Victorio and Nana[4] and their bands roamed

3. A washboiler was a large metal tub in which clothes were boiled (washed).
4. **Victorio, Nana**

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the Black Range, occasionally picking off an isolated prospector or two, or making a hit and run raid on some small town. In January of 1881, before the Barnes family arrived, Nana's band raided Chloride and killed two men, but I believe no others were killed in the Chloride area until 1885. After some time in Chloride without seeing an Indian or experiencing a raid, Alice began to ridicule the idea of Indians of being a danger. Her temperament was such that she probably would have welcomed any excitement. But little incidents kept happening which kept the people always a bit uneasy.

Once the Mexican freighters were bringing a large load of goods to Chloride when they heard the Apaches were on the rampage, and they prudently abandoned the freight and went home. Everybody in Chloride began to run out of food, and they couldn't get any until they organized a posse and guarded the freighters.

A post [or fort] had been established in the general area, many miles from Chloride, and cavalry stationed there for the protection of the population. [I believe the name of this post was Ojo Caliente[5] – not to be confused with the town of Hot Springs on the Rio Grande, now called Truth or Consequences.][6] The Post was important in the social life of Chloride, in spite of the distance. The big dances of the area were most frequently held there. For one thing, the several army wives helped to correct, if only slightly, the great scarcity of women in proportion to men. For another, they had a building with a large enough floor space to accommodate a large crowd of dancers. The floor was a dirt one, but for dances the cavalry magnanimously spread tarpaulins or canvas on the floor, then shaved bits of wax from candles and sprinkled over the canvas, making an excellent dance floor. They always seemed to be able to get a Mexican band to come from the long-established little Mexican farming communities in the Rio Grande Valley. Because the band had to come so far and the dancers were so hungry for this form of fun, the dance always lasted all night. Sometimes the band even stayed over for a second night. Coffee was put over in a washboiler of cold water early in the evening, and by midnight the aroma was irresistible. No doubt the dancers needed plenty of that coffee to keep them going the rest of the night!

Alice made many a trip to the Post to dance, nearly always horseback, though sometimes a swain was able to provide a buckboard or "rig" of some sort. Louise went to the dances closer to home, but I think did not often make the long trip to the Post. The dances were rather strenuous, including the Polka, the Schottisch, the Varsuviana, and square dances, as well as

5. The fort at **Ojo Caliente** has melted into the earth, as adobe is prone to do, a number of years later it looks like the image below (taken from the site of the previous link). **A video of the spring at Ojo Caliente** is hosted by The Black Range Rag.
6. And do not confuse with the town of **Ojo Caliente, or the nearby spa, near Taos**, New Mexico. Google searches generally generate links to the spa/ town.

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waltzes. Naturally, Alice danced every set. One did not turn down a request for a dance with so many men waiting on the sidelines. No matter if their heavy miner's boots crunched one's toes! Though I've no doubt she preferred partners who had more skill. As I mentioned before, all kinds of people were drawn to this area, including a good many polished and sophisticated gentlemen. As a melting pot this type of frontier has no equal. After making the long ride to the Post, dancing all night, then riding home again, even the unquenchable Alice would admit to exhaustion. I have heard her say that a piece of rare beefsteak or a bowl of oyster stew (canned oysters, of course) were the only things that would restore her. (Followed by a good night's sleep, I trust.)

Once a lady at the Post invited Alice to come and visit her. She was to ride over with the Post doctor, who was making a trip to Chloride and back. They started, and had covered a considerable distance but were still a long ways from the Post when a sentry unexpectedly appeared and shouted, "Halt!" It seems there was an Indian scare and the troops were ordered out. Ever since coming to the Territory the doctor had been eagerly awaiting a chance to fight the Indians, and now at last an opportunity had come and he was not there! Moreover, he had been left in charge of the Post! He was probably the maddest man in the whole Black Range. However, the next day the troops were called back to the Post. But within twenty-four hours they were ordered out again. They had come home and thrown things down and were not exactly in condition to start right off again. The commanding officer was furious. This time, however, they were out for some time and went clear down into Old Mexico.

There was no horse feed for sale in those days, so at night everyone staked their horses on the low mesa above town where there was very good grass for grazing. One night the Indians came and took all the horses on the mesa. It happened that Grandpa had been away that day and got home too late to put his horse on the mesa, and one other man had kept his horse in town that night. The town organized a small posse, borrowed the two available horses, and tried to follow the Indians. Of course they had no success, but they rode the poor horses hard until their backs had such saddle sores they could not be used for weeks. This left the town entirely without horses except for the stage horses, which no one could touch for love or money. Once a rider on a nearly exhausted horse came tearing in from Kingston to warn the community that the Indians were rampaging, had killed several people in the Kingston area, and were thought to be headed for Chloride. The men gathered and talked the situation over and decided on what seemed a brilliant bit of military strategy. They knew of a narrow canyon threaded by the trail the Indians would almost certainly take to reach Chloride, and they thought if they could get there first they would have a perfect spot to ambush the Apaches, kill some, and send the rest scurrying for the shelter of the higher mountains. A posse of about thirty men was organized, each man with horse and saddle, gun, ammunition, and some food. They left Chloride very early in the morning and rode hard until a little after noon, when they came to a lovely little spring in a small canyon, with beautiful grass on the low shoulder above it. They decided to take a short "nooning" to rest the horses and eat a bit of lunch. Saddles were pulled off the backs of sweaty horses; they were allowed a drink, then staked on the grassy shoulder to take advantage of the luxurious

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grass. The men sprawled by the spring, relaxed, and ate. It would seem that the citizens of Chloride sadly lacked experience and expertise in Indian fighting! As had happened before, nearer home, a small band of Indians appeared from nowhere and stampeded the horses away before anyone could lift a finger, much less a rifle. To add insult to injury, several Indians slipped to the edge of the rim above the stream and sent four or five big boulders crashing into the picnic spot. No one was hurt but there was some wild scrambling. After their first violent reaction of rage and frustration the men awoke to the somber realization that they were a very great many long hot miles from home, with heavy saddles and rifles which could under no circumstances be abandoned. The only solution was to carry their gear on their backs.

If you have never walked for endless miles with a heavy pack over rugged country on a very hot day, you can hardly appreciate the extent of their discomfort! Feet were soon blistered, nails worked their way through boot soles, and muscles ached and burned in spots that had never ached before. I believe they made it to within about ten miles of Chloride before they came upon a Mexican woodcutter, with a string of burros, working to supply cordwood for the cooking fires of Chloride. After considerable dickering and promises of good pay, he agreed to pack their saddles the rest of the way into Chloride. Human nature being what it is, when they got back to Chloride and told their story, the men who had not gone on the expedition did some cruelly barbed twitting, pointedly questioning the character, intelligence, and bravery of a sizable group of men who would let "a few squaws" make off with thirty valuable horses. Some very lively fist fights were the order of the day for about a week. I often wonder how the residents of the town were able to find replacements so often for their vital transportation system.

As Alice Barnes was at that time the only unmarried woman in Chloride, I imagine she was looked upon by the horde of miners as some sort of one-and-only treasure — an object of all-inclusive community concern. The miners conferred many favors on her. Once they gave her a baby burro, which she named Becky and raised on a bottle, with the aid of canned milk. In a community where all the entertainment is of the homegrown variety, practical jokes are highly regarded. No doubt by the time Becky had attained respectable size, everyone in town knew that Alice's love for her was comparable to the love one gives their first child, and also that Alice's temper was sure to flare if anyone made slighting remarks about Becky. Inevitably Becky was the butt of a good many practical jokes. Once they dressed her in a suit of red flannel underwear, tied a tall-peaked Mexican hat on her head, and, as a finishing touch, tied a big round hatbox to her tail. The hatbox frightened her and Alice chased her many tearful miles around the town and over the hills before she could catch her and remove the offending object.

Another attempted prank backfired. Wild cherries were

7. Editors Note: See the **December 4, 2015** entry, and other, later entries, on the **1880 -1900** Blog of the Black Range Rag for a report of Mrs. Barnes making an addition to her home, in the March 2, 1883 edition of The Black Range newspaper.

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ripe, and two miners who shared a little cabin on the outskirts of town decided it would be delightful to have some cherry brandy. To achieve this they picked a large dishpan of cherries, mashed them, and poured plain brandy over them, then set them aside until the result pleased their taste. When Becky came to their doorstep for a routine neighborly visit, they offered her some of the discarded cherries. She was delighted, so they gave her the whole panful. It was soon apparent that Becky was definitely drunk. They thought this was a huge joke, and expected to have much fun at Alice's expense. Unfortunately for them, Becky flatly refused to leave their doorstep, where she brayed loudly, raucously, and continuously all night long. They simply could not sleep. Vigorous attempts to drive her off only resulted in her immediately circling back to her all night stand at their doorstep.

In 1881 there were no public schools of any kind in the whole Territory of New Mexico. In fact the only schools of any kind, to the best of my knowledge, were two "academies" run by the Catholic sisters. I think it was in 1882 when the count of children in or near Chloride had soared to five, that the miners took up a subscription and invited Alice to "teach school." This she did, holding classes in her home. It was a challenging adventure for her and gave her much satisfaction. She had completed the eighth grade in San Francisco and had a quick and inventive mind, so I am confident considerable learning was achieved. It became a family joke that the following year the Territorial Legislature passed a law requiring that anyone who taught school must be able to read and write! I suspect that, as Spanish was spoken more widely in the Territory than English, the law probably specified ability to read and write English, but Alice's tormentors did not bother to explain this.

I do not know why the Barnes family left Chloride in a few years, before the boom had reached its peak. Perhaps there were several reasons. My grandfather, a prospector at heart, may have been attracted to the Lake Valley area farther south because of the fabulous strike known as the Bridal Chamber – one of the richest deposits of silver ever found anywhere concentrated in so small an area. The Santa Fe had built a branch line into Lake Valley because of the ore production. At any rate Grandpa went there and I know he stayed long enough to serve as Justice of the Peace – I think the first one for Lake Valley, but am not sure of that. Shortly before his death in 1907 I heard him remark to my grandmother as they were driving past the Lake Valley Cemetery, "I laid this cemetery out and buried the first man in it – a shooting victim – and soon I will be sleeping there myself."[8] (See next page for footnote.)

I assume that Grandpa's mining luck in Chloride had not been of the best, and that times were pretty lean for the family. At any rate, my grandmother, who had not seen her family for a long time, went at this time from Chloride to Ft. Wayne, Indiana to visit her sister's family, taking Alice with her. It turned into an extended visit. I know that my grandmother, who was quite an experienced seamstress, did dressmaking in Ft. Wayne. Alice and her cousin, Addie Bleekman, were almost like sisters. Addie was attending Buchtel College (now Akron University), and persuaded Alice to go. She had to enter the preparatory department, of course, but by taking one year's work and passing many examinations, she was able to qualify for the Freshman class the following year.[9] (See next page for footnote.)

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8. Jay & Louise Barnes and Alice & Roscoe Fulghum share a headstone at the Lake Valley Cemetery in southern Sierra County.
9. Alice Barnes is listed as one of 17 Juniors in the Collegiate Department (Scientific Course) in the **Catalogue of Buchtel College, Akron, Ohio, 1889-1890**. She is listed as being from Kingston, NM. The tuition for the Fall Term, for the Collegiate Department, was $15 and for the Winter and Spring Terms $12.50. The course of study in her junior year is shown below.

All hyperlinks, shown in bold black font, are active.

SCIENTIFIC.

FIRST TERM.

German.—Wallenste'n, Schiller; German Essays; Dictation; History of German Literature.

. . . . . .

Logic.—Deductive and Inductive.
Mathematics.—Elementary Mechanics.
Natural Science.—Biology (Botany and Zoology).
Philology.—Science of Language.
Physical Science.—Organic Chemistry.
Political Science.—Political Economy.

SECOND TERM.

English.—Rhetoric.
Elocution.—Study of the Drama and Characterization.
German.—Die Deutschen im Staate New York, Fr. Kapp; German Essays; Literature.

. . . . . .

Mathematics.—Spherical Trigonometry.
Philology.—Philosophy of Language.
Philosophy.—Psychology.
Physical Science.—Pneumatics and Sound.

THIRD TERM.

Astronomy.—Descriptive.
English.—Rhetoric.
Elocution.—Study of the Drama and Characterization.
German.—Faust, Goethe; German Essays; History of German Literature.

. . . . . .

Philology.—Periodicals, Special Subjects, and Original Work.
Philosophy.—Psychology.
Physical Science.—1. Light and Photography. 2. Chemical Analysis.

JUNIOR CLASS.

COURSE.

Ackley, Wilber Walton	S	Haga.
Andrew, Vernon Robert	S	Medina.
Baldwin, William Benson	C	Akron.
Barnes, Alice	S	Kingston, N. M.
Cooke, Francis Marion	C	Bluffton.
Ferguson, Robert Graham	S	Willoughby.
Findley, Edwin Leigh	C	Akron.
Fries, George Frank	S	Norwalk.
Henry, Carl French	S	Geauga Lake.

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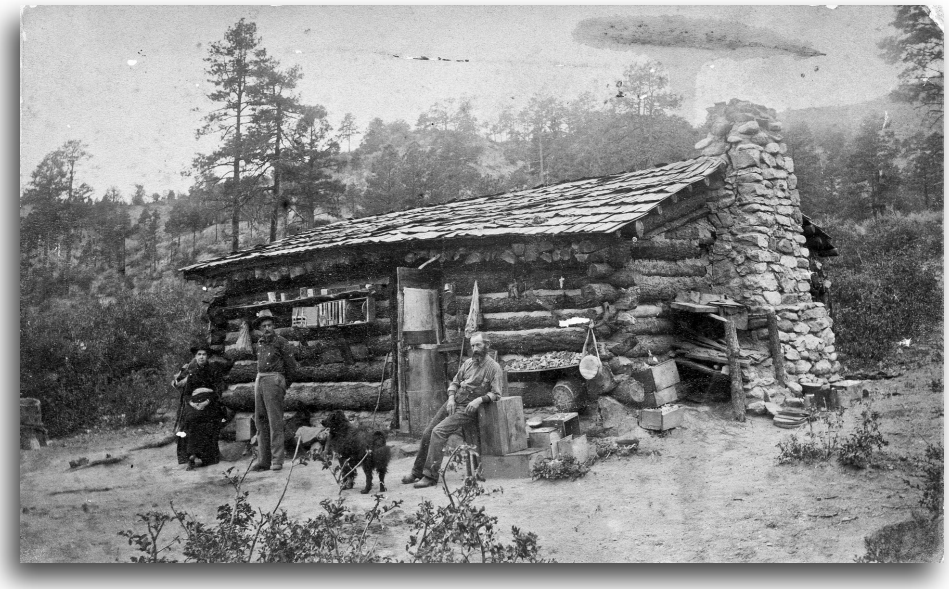
My grandfather must have had no more outstanding luck in Lake Valley than he had in Chloride. When I was a small girl he took me walking on the far side of the low hills just west of Lake Valley and pointed to the dugout where he had lived alone while in Lake Valley, a sort of shallow tunnel into the hillside, just tall enough for a man to stand up in. It was closed by a wooden door and frame when he lived there, but that was long since gone. It was not very long before his wandering feet and love of prospecting took him to the headwaters of North Percha Creek, or rather, a tributary of that creek, high in the Black Range, some thirty-odd miles north and west from Lake Valley. Here he made a strike which stirred his wildest dreams to life. He named his mine the Ingersoll, for **Robert Ingersoll**, whose works he often quoted. It is an extremely slow and difficult process for one man alone to dig much ore from a mountain, and soon Grandpa had a partner, and Austrian named Raubitzcheck. They built a sturdy one-room log cabin[10] (editor: photo above, right) with a good fireplace and soon my grandmother returned from Ft. Wayne. Meanwhile, Grandpa and "Ruby" as they always called him, dug into what they believed would be a fortune.

Grandma and Grandpa and Ruby shared the one room log cabin. Cooking was done in the fireplace with the aid of a good iron Dutch oven. The bunks, as was usual in miner's cabins, were made of saplings and anchored to the wall, with supporting legs on the side away from the wall. Curtains hung in front of the bunks to give a measure of privacy. I once heard my grandmother remark that Ruby was always very considerate and a perfect gentleman. I do not know just when or why Ruby left, but am under the impression some family matter called him back to the Old Country.



10. The photographs from the 1880's - 1901, above and on the next page, are provided courtesy of The Mildred Elizabeth Fulghum Rea papers, 1880-1921. Ms 0054 New Mexico State University Library, Archives and Special Collections Department. In "Around Hillsboro" this cabin is misidentified as the saloon in Percha City. The cabin was built in the early 1880's by Jay Barnes at the Ingersol Mine. Louise Sixbey Barnes is the woman at the left, Jay Barnes stands next to her, and Jay's partner - Raubitschek stands at the right.

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Grandpa was working an exceptionally rich vein. The ore, after being sacked, had to be carried some miles by burro back into an area where a road of sorts made it possible for freight wagons to pick it up for the long haul to Lake Valley – about thirty miles – and from there it went by rail to the smelter. Fairly rich ore was needed to make a profit with these transportation problems. The vein Grandpa was working on sloped upward through the side of the mountain, and eventually came out under blue sky, which was the end of that particular bonanza. However, there were a number of promising veins seaming the mountain. He had cleared about a thousand dollars on the one rich vein, and on the strength of the very rich ore he had shipped, Mining Capital – I believe with headquarters in Colorado – made an offer for the mine. Grandpa loved the mine too much to sell it outright, but eventually the bidder organized a company in which Grandpa would hold about half the stock and the company would work and develop the mine. Grandpa thought he was getting 51% of the stock, but it somehow turned out that he had only 49%, which proved a great disadvantage later on.

Meanwhile he had built a house[12] (see photo next page), about a hundred feet north of the original cabin, which was later used as a barn. At this time prospectors were swarming through the Black Range in considerable numbers, and during the boom someone established a sawmill some seven or eight miles from the Ingersol, on what is still known as Sawpit Creek. There Grandpa bought the lumber to build a two room house. At one time in his varied career he had done carpenter work, and he made a very workmanlike job of the house. The roof he covered with "shakes" which he made himself. They are a thick, rough type of shingle, and many a time in later years have I watched him making them. First he selected a Ponderosa pine from the stand of pines near home, cut it down, and

11. The photo at this point is of Main Street in Kingston in the 1880's. The author's attribution for this photo reads: "The Sierra Land and Cattle Company (notice sign) was one of the big cattle outfits in those days, and the brand was still being run when I was a child in the early 1900's (SLC). If I remember right, it was owned by 'Ridenhour Baker' located possibly in Oklahoma, at any rate far east of our area. At one time they controlled the famous 'Frisco Springs' on Cave Creek, which was later homesteaded by my father, Roscoe W. Fulghum."

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sawed the trunk in sections three or four feet long. Then, with a section standing on end, he split off strips with a fro, striking the blade of the fro with a wooden mallet to drive it into the wood.

Later, when Alice was coming home from college for the summer, he added a nice, high-roofed log room for her to use, separated from the other rooms by a space about six feet wide, with roof and floor, one end closed and the other open. This we always called the "gallery". In the terrible blizzard of 1888 a range cow – a Texas longhorn – crawled into the gallery for shelter and froze to death. I can imagine the struggle they must have had getting her out when the storm was over! This house did not have a fireplace. They bought a small wood-burning cookstove in Kingston. I think the four-hole top was about two and a half feet square. The oven was small but would hold four loaves of bread at a time. I can imagine my grandmother was happy to again have a real oven in which to bake her light bread, as well as the pies for which she was famous. The stove came to the Ingersol on the back of Beecher, a fine large burro Grandpa owned at that time. I have heard Grandpa say that when the stove was unloaded and the pack saddle off, Beecher went and lay down – the only time he was ever known to do so after carrying a pack from Kingston.

12. "Hunting Party, November 1901 at the Barnes Fulghum 'Ingersol' home. This is the house Jay Barnes built about 300 feet from the original cabin. The party stayed here at least one night before going to do the 'Magne Cabin' at a higher elevation. L to R: Mr Warner, Mr. Chamberland (who was killed in this area several years later when he accidentally shot himself), Miss Minnie Moffitte (niece of Major Morgan, well-known in early Lake Valley), Jennie McCadden (daughter of Mr. McCadden), Mr. McCadden, Jay Barnes, Alice Barnes Fulghum, Charles Hoyle of Lake Valley, Roscoe Fulghum. Apparently only the ladies got to ride one at a time, the rest walked."

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Soon after the deal had been made for an interest in the mine, the company brought in men and tools and went to work. I do not know just what equipment was brought in – a minimum I would suppose, with the problem of transporting it! As a child I remember numerous big iron ore buckets, a good deal of cable, a very small ore car and some track for hauling ore to the mouth of the tunnel, drills and hammers – both single jacks and double jacks – and an anvil, forge, and other items for use in the blacksmith shop, a small frame shack near the edge of a shaft. There was also a whim at the top of one shaft, a revolving drum pulled by a horse, for bringing loaded ore buckets to the surface.

Louise, the only woman for miles around, boarded the miners. For this of course the company paid her. Flour, sugar, coffee, meat, and other staples were packed in by horse or burro from Kingston, about twelve miles away, a nice one day's round trip with pack animals. Kingston was booming at this time, with many rich silver mines. Well over six million dollars in silver was produced there over the years, but the panic following the demonetization of silver in 1893 was a death blow.

Kingston stores were well stocked, but prices were high. Louise had a nice flock of chickens to supply eggs and an occasional feast of fried or roast chicken, and she had a garden to supply some fresh vegetables. There were clumps of pie plant or rhubarb and a few berry bushes to furnish filling for her famous pies. When nothing fresh was available she made very good pies from dried apples.

My grandmother came from Herkimer County, New York, where dairy cattle were plentiful. Her parents, John and Sarah Sixby, were Holland Dutch and had a farm near Stratford, where Louise and her eleven brothers and sisters grew up. The farm must have produced nearly everything the family used. They had a woodlot, fields and meadows, fruit trees and a garden, cattle and sheep, chickens and ducks and geese. She used to talk of plucking the geese for pillows and featherbeds (with a stocking pulled over the head to keep them from biting). Her mother carded and spun the wool and wove the cloth. She was quite provoked, Grandma said, when the children began wanting "store bought" material, as more stylish and elegant than homespun. Among other things the Sixbys had a good-sized dairy herd, and Grandma began milking, with great pride, when she was about six. She knew all about making butter and cheese and had a passionate love of good stock. It was inevitable that she would want milk cows after they settled at the Ingersol. Her first purchase was a roan cow of mixed breed, probably mostly Shorthorn, called "Old Roaney." Grandma knew the cow was old, but she was good stock and a good milk cow, and Grandma thought if she could just raise one or two heifer calves she would be happy. Roaney did bear one calf, a heifer called "Little Roaney", but she died a few months later. My grandmother was a very quiet, undemonstrative person, and a tireless worker, but my mother once told me that the day her first cow died, Grandma sat in a chair by the window nearly all day, with silent tears rolling down her cheeks.

There were more purchases, a total of five cows at this time. The steer calves were sold to the Kingston butcher when grown, but all the heifers were kept, and usually produced calves of their own when two years old, so, the herd began to grow. Thus, more or less by accident and without

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premeditation was our family eventually to be launched into the cattle business.

My grandfather became very unhappy with the management of the mine as time went by, but his 49% of the stock allowed him no decisive voice in the planning. There were many well-mineralized outcroppings scattered over Ingersol Mountain. I have heard him say that apparently the company thought the whole mountain was made of silver, and instead of following some promising vein as is almost universal practice, they first dug one deep shaft, were disappointed in the results, then tunneled blindly straight into the mountain for a long distance, then decided on an incline, going down at an angle from the end of the tunnel, and finally sank another shaft at the end of the incline! They were taking out considerable ore of a fair grade, but even getting it to the surface was expensive, and with the high cost of transportation – burro back, freight wagon, railway – they were making little or nothing above the cost – perhaps less. Finally the decision was made at Colorado headquarters to drop the whole operation. Grandpa's hands were effectively tied, but his burning faith in the mine and his determination to hang on never wavered.

The company did ask him to do the assessment work necessary to hold title to the mine – a hundred dollars worth of work each year. This he did. The first year the company paid him, and I believe also the second year, about the only cash they had coming in, as they had very few steers old enough to sell at this time. After that they did not pay him, and did not answer any of his letters. He decided to get the mine back into his own hands. It was illegal to "jump" a claim one owned, or had an interest in, so after allowing the assessment work to go undone for a year, he arranged for a friend to locate the mine and deed it back to him. So my grandparents stayed on at the Ingersol, with the garden, the chickens, and the milk cows furnishing a good part of their food. Times were very hard everywhere after **1893**.

In October of 1897, when I was two years and nine months old, my mother brought me to the Ingersol for what was to be an extended visit. It turned out that this was to be my home until I was sixteen. I was born and had lived in Chicago until this time. I have a few memories of Chicago – helping to shell green peas, my Grandfather Fulghum's pansy bed in front of their home on Bowen Avenue, a Sunday trip to Lincoln Park, and especially the day my parents took me to the zoo shortly before my mother and I left for New Mexico – but of the trip I remember only two things – lying on a bed beside by mother as she rested in the home of a friend, no doubt when we had reached Kingston – and my meeting with my Grandfather Barnes.

It had been arranged for a team and light wagon – I think it was the delivery wagon for one of the Kingston stores – to take us as far toward the Ingersol as the wagon could go, where Grandpa was to meet us with an extra horse for my mother. (She carried me the rest of the way in front of her on the saddle.) I remember the splash and sparkle as the horses picked their way between shiny rocks and boulders of many colors in the clear, rippling waters of what must have been North Percha Creek, and then just ahead of us was a man with a shovel – my Grandpa Barnes working to the last possible second removing rocks to make the road passable just as far as possible.

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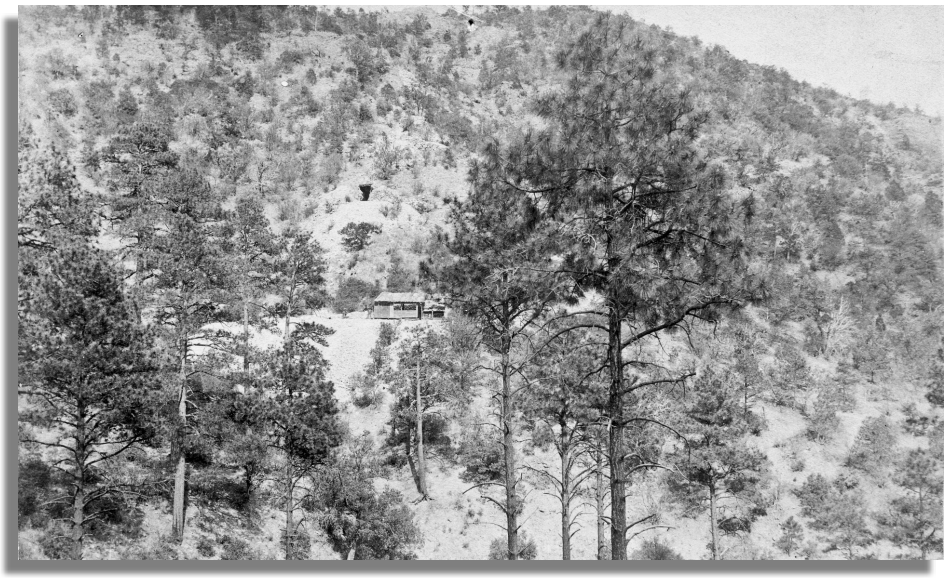

In a short time he was to become the dearest person in my life — dearer than parents — partly because he delighted in putting himself at a child's level and making play of work, and partly because he treated me like a grown-up and an equal, capable of understanding the affairs of the adult world if they were explained to me. He had always loved children, and his anticipation of my coming was very keen. He came to the side of the wagon and lifted his arms eagerly up to me, but I drew back haughtily and said, "Don't touch me. You will get my dress dirty. You are all muddy." Perhaps my mother had cautioned me especially that day not to get my dress dirty, or could it be I was just a natural prig? If so I soon recovered and proved myself capable of getting thoroughly muddy!

Our Ingersol home and my grandfather's companionship were to become the very core and foundation of my life. I loved the place and I loved him. Wherever he went I went. What a fascinating variety of things he did! ! There were water holes to clean out so the cows could have clean water to drink. There was the cow with a new calf to be hunted and brought home. There was the axe to be ground; there was a horse to be shod. There were pine trees to cut down and saw into lengths, and shakes to be made. He taught me to chew the sweet strip that grows between the wood and the rough outer bark, and carries the sap upward.

There was firewood to be cut and brought home on the back of the staid old white horse, John. We burned the fragrant wood from the alligator bark junipers that were plentiful in the region — dry wood for a hot fire and green wood for a long lasting fire, with sometimes a bit of pitch pine for quick starting. I gathered the juniper chips in a big tin pan for kindling. In everything he did, Grandpa always seemed to find a way for me to help him. The juniper wood was very beautiful, like the cedar used for cedar chests. My mother used to say it seemed such a pity to burn it. Grandpa had made a large, beautiful churn from juniper, bound with shiny brass hoops, and I never tired of watching Grandma churning.[13]

There were rocks to gather from the lower end of the fenced area which had not yet been cleared. These were piled carefully under the new section of fence to make it as nearly as possible proof against the wild rabbits that could devastate a garden.

13. Photo: Ingersol Mountain, with the Ingersol Mine and a cabin in the middle of image. Taken in the late 1880's.

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There was a patch to be put on the roof of the calf shed; he carried me up the ladder and let me sit on the gently sloping roof beside him while he nailed the new shakes in place.

He showed me the beautiful peacock ore with its blue and green and bronze colors, and other chunks of rock with the square, brassy crystals of "fool's gold." He paused on the trail to admire the flaming red bloom of a pincushion cactus, and pointed out the tiny delicate wildflower blooms I might not have seen.[14] Once, when I was older, he said, "Some day you will go to California, and you will see beautiful flowers there, but you will never see any as beautiful as our wildflowers." I'm sure the florists of California would disagree, but as for the impact on my emotions, he was so right!

He sat beside me during a sudden pouring shower, watching the tall splashes the raindrops made as they struck a sheet of water on the ground. He said they were soldiers marching.

He delighted in the birds, their colors and their calls and songs; he pointed out the mother quail scurrying across the trail with her babies, and the red-headed woodpecker boring a hole in a pine tree.

There was assessment work to be done, and I was fascinated by this ritual. I dug two mines of my own, shallow holes in sandy soil, and named them The Yellow Moon and The Parlor Bell. What suggested those names I have no idea. Grandpa questioned me – why not the Golden Moon or the Silver Moon, but to me the moon was yellow and no other term appealed. Grandpa wanted to know what kind of a bell, and explained the difference between a b-e-l-l and a b-e-l-l-e, but I was scornful of anything as frivolous-sounding as a b-e-l-l-e, and wanted the good honest metal bell we hung on the neck of a horse. The little cloth sacks in which Bull Durham tobacco was sold I filled with sand for my blasting powder; bits of tightly coiled baling wire was my fuse, and an empty tomato can made a good ore bucket.

Evenings were story-telling time. On summer nights we often sat on the "stoep"– a platform or unroofed porch on which the kitchen door opened. I imagine the name came from my Dutch grandmother's vocabulary. The full moon rising over Ingersol Mountain was sometimes part of the setting, or sometimes the slim crescent of the new moon in the west. In the winter we sat in "Grandpa's chair" in front of the kitchen stove, with the red coals glowing through the slots of the front draft. He told me bear stories, he told me Indian stories, he told me stories of the sea, and of Napoleon and English kings, and of David Copperfield and Little Nell.

14. Photo by Bob Barnes: The flowers of the Black Range are beautiful and the species myriad. This is a Rusby's Primrose.

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But mostly he told me of his own adventures. I was fascinated by the adventures the family had when they went to Peru. They had gone by sailing ship from New York to Aspinwall on the Isthmus of Darien in 1877. They crossed the Isthmus by narrow gauge railroad and took another sailing ship on the Pacific side to Callao, the port for Lima. They were in Peru during a revolution and an earthquake, when the people fled to the mountains in fear of a great tidal wave, but the part of the story I loved best was their homeward trip to San Francisco in another sailing ship – a brigantine. They encountered a violent storm, were blown far off course, were nearly lost when heavy seas swamped the ship, and went through a starving time after all their flour and supplies were soaked and became moldy and unfit for use. I always cried when he told of a crate of live chickens, lashed to the deck and carried for food, which tore loose in the storm and went bobbing away over the waves. That picture of lonely creatures lost on the immensity of the ocean was too much for me! No matter how often the story was retold, I always sobbed long and bitterly. My mother was a bit annoyed and couldn't see why Grandpa kept retelling it – I suspect it was because I begged to hear it once more.

My joy in my grandfather's company was sadly interrupted that first winter when he became suddenly ill with what the family called inflammatory rheumatism. His joints were badly swollen and the pain must have been intense – he could not stand to have anyone jar the bed. There was no doctor, but my grandmother always had a marvelous knack for nursing. I remember lots of flannel wrapping his joints, and some sort of liniment or home remedy that Grandma concocted. When the pain was unbearable he used to sniff the fumes from a bottle of chloroform for relief. The acute condition lasted for months, but by spring he was able to get about a bit, with one knee up on a chair which he shoved in front of him.

My mother did the plowing that spring. Grandpa had enclosed between two and three acres in fence. The garden at the back of the house was separated from the rest of the land by a "chicken proof" fence. The hens had learned that by getting up on the stoep they could fly over the fence, so at that point Grandpa had build a second story over the fence. In the front and along the side of the house we planted corn that year, to furnish some grain for the horses and chickens, as well as fodder for horses and cows when the snow buried other food. I was fascinated with the plowing, and ran behind my mother in the fresh turned furrows, trying to count the blue and white "molly grubs" that were exposed and eagerly snatched by the chickens. Grandpa and his chair were just outside the front door. The sun was warm and he thought I would be worn out running in every furrow, so he would call me over to him on some pretext, but for once my interest was wholly centered somewhere else. He noticed that when he let me go, instead of running to my mother's heels, I returned to the exact spot from which he had called me and ran as hard as I could down the furrows that had been plowed while I was gone, until I finally caught up with my mother again, so he gave up.

Sometime that summer my father arrived from Chicago. He was in extremely poor health. He had been doing newspaper work when he and my mother were married in 1894 – at one time he was a proofreader for the Chicago Tribune and later he had a neighborhood paper of his own, The Call.

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I think he had not been able to work for some little time – my mother told me once that all he had been able to send her after we came to New Mexico was a dollar a week, most of which she spent for bran to feed a milk cow in the winter because she thought I ought to have milk.

Ordinarily my grandparents milked the cows only in the summer when grass was plentiful, and then half the milk went to the calves. No skimmed milk for Grandma's beloved calves – she didn't want them "stunted." And she felt, quite rightly I'm sure, the cows had all they could do to feed themselves and their calves through the winter months. Buying feed was out of the question in general, though if a cow seemed to be ailing Grandma always fixed her a pan of bran mash, made with hot water, to which she added a few drops of aconite.

I think my father would not have lived very long if he had stayed in Chicago, but our New Mexico climate helped. When he came he wanted to help, and tried to help – my grandfather still was not able to do very much – but the least exertion, like chopping a few sticks of wood, would send him in to lie down in complete exhaustion. His improvement was remarkable, however. In less than a year he was able to walk quite a distance, and to do a creditable day's work. When I was about five he got work in Kingston for several months assaying while the regular assayer was absent for some reason. They rented a house in Kingston and the three of us lived there while the job lasted. He had learned to assay when, as a very young man, he had lived in New Mexico several years for his health. The used assay office dishes he gave me were among my most cherished possessions. They were little pottery bowls, perhaps two inches across, of material similar to that used in flower pots, and the inside of each dish was glazed from the metals which had been melted in it. Some were green – they were my favorites I think – others were various shades of brown, yellow, and many other colors. His salary must have been a godsend to the family, for there were as yet very few steers to sell to the butcher.

I suppose the grownups must have worried sometimes, though the security of the little home created in the wilderness and my grandfather's unquenchable optimism and sense of humor kept it to a minimum, I think. Cooks of that day had a saying: "The nearer the bone the sweeter the meat," which Grandpa, when times were lean, turned around to: "The nearer the meat the sweeter the bone." To me life was delightful, exciting, and filled with a sense of abundance. We gathered the wild black walnuts in the fall and stored them for later use. We gathered wild grapes which were abundant; too sour to eat in more than very small amounts, they made wonderful jelly, and each fall the folks made the year's supply of vinegar from them, which was stored in a big wooden keg. A few years later we also made grape juice and bottled it, and did a little experimenting with making wine. Wild cherries made a wonderful tasting jelly, too. From the yearbook of the Department of Agriculture my mother learned to identify the edible mushrooms and we feasted on them when the summer showers brought them up. We used two varieties – the dainty little "meadow mushroom," with dull pink gills and a ring around the stem where the cap had pulled away as it opened, and a larger one we called the "horse mushroom" with pale green gills and a bone-white top. The

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deadly amanita grew there too – perhaps because of the power of suggestion its corpse-like whiteness was repulsive to me.

Perhaps I should try to describe this place I loved so much. To begin with, nearly everything we used was something one of the family had created. The house we lived in, most of the furniture in it, the fence for the garden, the well from which we got our water, the corral and shed for the stock, the circular fence of piled up stones which Grandma had built all by herself to enclose her potato garden farther down the creek, the substantial stone chicken house Grandpa had built – all represented hours and hours of work. Yet the making was deeply satisfying.

The kitchen was about sixteen [15] feet square, with a door and a window on the front or south side, and another door and window on the north side. The floor was of wide pine boards which Grandma kept scrubbed, Dutch fashion, to immaculate cleanness. A ceiling of white muslin strips stitched together was tacked to the rafters, and the walls were covered with the same white muslin. A major household undertaking was to take the whole thing down, wash it, and tack it back up. This was not done very often.

Grandpa had built a large table from lumber, which served as work table and dining table. We had one kitchen chair; all the other seats were square stools Grandpa had made. I think the stove and the chair were the only furniture in the kitchen not homemade. There was a large open cupboard in one end, holding the crockery and most of the cooking dishes. We had a large iron teakettle that always sat on the stove, and also a large iron pot we usually used for heating additional water.

On the south wall, at right angles to the cupboard, a large packing box, perhaps four feet square, rested on the floor with the opening to the front, covered by a calico curtain. Flour, sugar, beans, and other staples were kept inside, and there was a working surface

15. The kitchen door and window, referenced here, are visible on the right end of the building. The "stoep" referenced earlier in the story is in front of the kitchen door.
16. The living room is visible behind the main group of people. The two windows with white borders, the living room door, and the "stoep" in front of the door are visible.

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on top. A smaller box was nailed to the wall above this and held smaller items such as soda, baking powder, salt, coffee, and spices. Next to this cupboard, close to the door, was a bench where the two water buckets sat, with the inevitable tin dipper. On the north side, between the door and the window, was another small packing box nailed to the wall, curtained, and holding the wash basin and soap, with the roller towel installed on the back of the door. There was one other chair in the kitchen, always called "Grandpa's chair." He had built the frame from four stout oak poles, cut from the brush in the area. A long one, about five feet, and a short one about three feet, were bolted together in the shape of an X to make a side of the chair. A stout oak strip the width of a chair joined the tops of the two long poles, and another strip joined the tops of the two short poles, completing the frame. A width of canvas firmly tacked in place reached from the top strip to the bottom strip, making a seat and back rest that curved like a hammock. Grandpa found this chair very restful when he was tired, and it was in this chair that he usually held me on his lap in front of the fire for winter evening story-telling sessions.

There were white muslin curtains at the windows.

The living room [16] (See footnote on previous page) was a step up from the kitchen and the same width, but somewhat longer. It was lined with the same white muslin and boasted a carpet. It was a good carpet, woven of wool, in shades of brown and beige, and I suspect was something salvaged from earlier days in the city, rather than purchased in Kingston. On the south side the room had two good-sized windows with a door between, opening on another stoep. Again, there were white muslin curtains. My grandparents' bed stood by one window, and beside it a small chest or "washstand" which had a crockery bowl and pitcher on top. Grandma had a Singer sewing machine beside the other window. There was a rocking chair built of lumber and canvas along lines similar to "Grandpa's chair." There was a tall bookcase full of books along the north wall. Grandpa had built it of lumber and stained it with burnt umber. There was a table in the corner with a coal oil lamp for reading or sewing, and along the other end of the north wall a long shelf was anchored five feet or so above the floor. Muslin curtains tacked to the edge and reaching nearly to the floor provided a closet for hanging up clothes. On each side of the door was a small shelf which held a few special treasures. Grandma had crocheted strips about six inches wide from ecru thread which were tacked to these shelves like curtains and gave them a finished appearance. Altogether it was a very "homey" room. Grandma had made round braided rugs of castoff wool material which were used in the rooms where needed most.

My mother and father and I slept in the log room, across the gallery, and it was also a very pleasant room, but somehow we seemed to spend most of our waking hours in the other part of the house.

The outdoors was just as much home to me as the indoors, and more exciting. In memory, the sun-drenched air carrying the fragrance of the pine trees seems as tangible as a pool of water into which one could step. At most times of the year a little stream of clear water ran in the creek bed just below the house. I spent much time admiring the many-colored, shiny pebbles in the bottom, and picking some of them out to add to my collection of treasures. In times of sudden heavy rains, it was fascinating

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to watch "the creek come down,"— a boiling torrent of muddy water, grinding rocks together on the bottom and carrying a froth of debris on its crest. It seemed to have a hypnotic effect on me, and in fantasy I was a tiny, lone creature, no more than an inch tall, riding a leaf down the flood. After I made the acquaintance of peanuts, a peanut shell became my boat.

Summer thunder showers were a joy, but when the lightning struck too near and the thunder was too loud I was very much afraid, and used to scuttle under the bed in the living room — always my refuge in time of fear.

There were huge granite boulders, covered with lichens and half buried in the earth, scattered here and there near the creek bed, each one having a special name in my mind, like "the sidesaddle," which had a comfortable, shallow seat scooped out near the top. I sat sedately in the hollow, my legs arranged in proper sidesaddle position, and took many a long ride down the inviting trails of fantasy.

I named each of the pine trees except the young ones — for some reason they had not attained enough distinctive character to rate names. I remember "Grandpa" was definitely scraggly at the top, but a most estimable tree in my mind.

I remember running out in the garden before the sun peeked over Ingersol Mountain, while there was still dew on all the plants, to gaze into the very hearts of the wild morning glories — communing with them, it seemed. And I remember the smell of the damp earth in the garden when the folks watered it at dusk. They had gotten a pump for the well, and at first the water was carried to the plants in a bucket, but later they ordered a hose from Montgomery Ward — its arrival was an exciting event. It screwed onto the nozzle of the pump and was a great back saver.

Especially I remember the sounds! It seems to me there is a quality of expectancy in the still mountain air, as though it waits to receive and savor and treasure each separate sound, listening until the last overtones have passed beyond the hills. Whether it be the sound of a sledge hammer on stone, or an axe on wood, the distant bawl of a cow, or the silvery "chink-chink" of a rock squirrel gathering wild walnuts, each sound seems to have a distinctive, almost bell-like quality. I do not believe this is all my imagination, for I have noticed, years later, that same indescribable quality of sounds in far wilderness areas. Perhaps the crowding together of many people and many sounds in our urban areas smothers this quality and kills the feeling, importance, and individuality that each wilderness sound carries.

The varied language of the chickens held my attention. I could mimic their cackling, crowing, clucking, and other sounds almost exactly. I did pretty well imitating the gobbling of the wild turkeys we heard occasionally, but I was never able to reproduce the bright sound of the rock squirrels. I loved the early morning trilling of the canyon wren — we called them rock wrens. One always nested on a shelf in our gallery. I delighted in the strident call of the blue jays[17] (See footnote on following page), the soft cooing of the wild doves, and the strange, loud hammering sound made in flight by the orange-breasted flicker — we called them yellowhammers.

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LEFT: Mildred Fulghum and orphan fawn in yard of Cave Creek home, about 1905. The cave which gave the name to the area can be glimpsed about a mile away, just over the tops of the young juniper trees (looks like a big arch)." The fawn " belonged to Joe Badger, a good friend and neighbor of ours who had a goat ranch on the Animas Creek about 4 miles north of our Cave Creek home."

17. The birds: Mildred Rea describes the call of the Canyon Wren accurately, Rock Wrens are also possible in the area. The Blue Jay may have been one of three species; Steller's Jay, Western Scrub Jay, or Pinyon Jay (she probably saw all three species at her home at the Ingersol). The Orange-breasted Flicker is now The Red-shafted Flicker subspecies of the Northern Flicker.

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Each of the mountains and hills that ringed us had an individuality of its own. Granite Peak, to the north and west, dominated our Ingersol country. Hillsboro Peak, the highest peak in this part of the Black Range, reaching 11,000 feet[20], is farther south, rising above Kingston. It has a gently rounded top, but Granite Peak has a most distinctive outline. Its back rises in a long, gentle slope to the highest peak, where it drops off very steeply, giving the peak an appearance as much like pictures of the Rock of Gibraltar as anything I can think of. Both peaks can be seen from the road between Las Cruces and Deming if the atmospheric conditions are right – I watch with yearning whenever we travel that road, and feel cheated if dust or moisture are obscuring them.

Both these peaks, and the whole backbone of the Black Range, are the result of a tremendous upthrust through older layers of rock. This gigantic upheaval threw the older formations into great confusion, with abrupt discontinuities, so that hills of entirely different color and material may be touching each other. It is these ancient layers, so wildly disarranged, that are heavily mineralized, making the Black Range a prospector's heaven.

Our Ingersol Mountain, east of the house – a sort of granitic porphyry, I believe, looking much older than the hard rock of Granite Peak, and slightly decomposed – is a cheerful yellow color. I know of no other outcropping of a similar material or color anywhere in the region. The color is cut off cleanly at the creek bed – on the other side of the stream the small mountain known as the Mascot is ash gray, and is also obviously of older material. Phillip's Hill, directly north of the house and abutting Granite Peak, is also of the old, ash gray material. To the west, beyond the Mascot, can be seen the long, rounded mountain which we called the Red Hill. Its vivid color comes from iron stain.

Our family of five was a close little circle in this setting. The prospectors who swarmed through the Black Range a few years earlier were nearly all gone from our particular area, so we were rather isolated. No doubt the demonetization of silver in 1893 played no small part in the disappearance of the prospectors, although much silver was still being produced in Kingston. [21] (See footnote on next page.). Kingston was only about twelve miles away and was our post office and source of supplies at this time, but to ride in, leading a pack horse, purchase and load supplies and return took almost a full day.

There were two old bachelors still living within a mile of us, each with his cabin, his claim, and a few head of cattle, but unfortunately we were not on good terms with them. One was Lester Dumm, who had come up behind my grandfather in Kingston one day, when Grandpa was stooped over tightening the cinches of a pack saddle, and had swung a length of two by four against the back of Grandpa's skull. I do not believe he ever entirely recovered from the effects of the blow – it seemed to affect his breathing.

20. Hillsboro Peak has an elevation of 10,020'. McKnight Mountain which is closer to where she lived, but probably not visible from there, is the highest "peak" in the Black Range at 10,164'.

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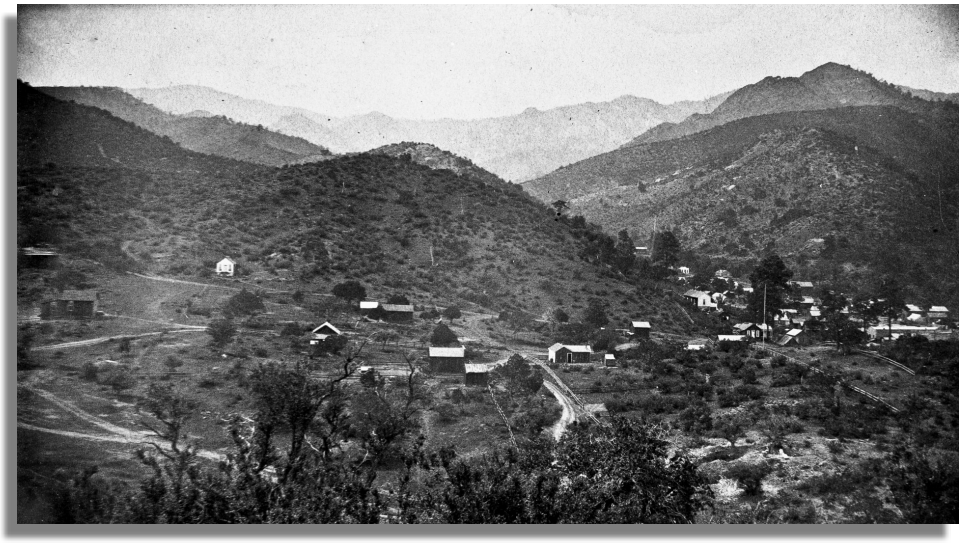
Dumm was drunk at the time, and what grievances, real or fancied, he may have had we never knew, but relations became so frosty that for many years we never saw each other.

The other neighbor, Ed Pontius, was a man of peculiar temperament, perhaps dominated by jealousy. The family had been friendly with him, in pioneer fashion, until he began unmercifully beating Grandma's cows. There was no very good reason for his actions. Grandma had bought two claims from a departing miner named Phillips, giving him a small payment because each of his claims had a good permanent spring on it, furnishing water for the cattle in a good grazing area. The springs were both fairly close to Ed's cabin. He had five cows, and no one had the slightest objection to their grazing with our stock and drinking from the springs, but seemingly he wanted this area all to himself. My family could not abide wanton cruelty to animals, and they watched (sleeping out at night) until they had proof of Ed's actions, then confronted him with it. The upshot was that our family bought the five cows from him, and relations became reasonably good again, though far from cordial. He must never have relinquished his grudge, however, for about ten years later he began systematically poisoning our cattle with strychnine in pans of salt. About that time he left for his old home in Ohio.

Fortunately there was one man, living about half way to Kingston, for whom the family had the highest regard. He was Mr. Hickey, a Civil War veteran of Irish extraction who had lost his wife many years before. He had a standing invitation to take Sunday dinner with us, and almost always came. Our family made quite an effort to have Sundays "special." Work was put aside unless there was a very urgent emergency, and dinner was a special treat. Quite often a roasted hen was the piece de resistance – I wish I could make stuffing that tastes the way my Grandmother's did! –and usually Grandma baked a pie.

Once when the folks had fixed the usual extra nice dinner and looked forward to a good visit with Mr. Hickey, he did not come. Next morning Grandma built up the outdoor fire she used for heating the wash water in summertime and attacked the week's wash. About nine o'clock someone came riding a white horse along the trail through the "saddle" - sure enough, it was



21. Mildred Read describes this view of Kingston as: "Kingston, New Mexico, in 1880's. Our post office until we changed to Hillsboro in the early 1900's.

SPELL OF THE BLACK RANGE

Mr. Hickey. Grandma, thinking no doubt of the scanty supply of leftovers, was annoyed. "What in the world has gotten into him that he can't come on the day he is supposed to," she muttered. It was soon apparent that Mr. Hickey was cross too. Finally he burst out, "Since when do you have to do your washing of a Sunday?" My grandmother was astonished and stoutly assured him this was Monday. A vigorous argument ensued; the almanac was taken from its hook behind the stove and consulted. Days and events were recalled and fitted together, and eventually Mr. Hickey convinced everyone that this really was Sunday, so Grandma put away her washing and bent her ingenuity to getting as good a meal as possible from the available supplies.

I wish I had been old enough to appreciate the conversations when Mr. Hickey visited – they seemed to satisfy a special need and hunger for my family. I know he was a most upright man, and I suspect a bit salty at times. Once my grandmother, discussing the shortcomings of a certain Irish woman of the Kingston area, unthinkingly said something disparaging about the Irish, then caught herself and blushed in embarrassment. Mr. Hickey looked at her speculatively for a moment and said in his firm, positive manner, "Mrs. Barnes, there's White Irish, and there's shanty Irish, and there's damned Irish."

Mr. Hickey went to the Old Soldiers' Home in Sawtelle a few years later when physical problems developed. The first Christmas he was there he sent me a shell box made by the veterans – a cigar box with a design formed by many varieties of shells covering the top and sides. It was one of my great treasures for many years.

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The only manuscript that we have been able to locate ends abruptly at this point.