



GUAJALOTES, ZOPILOTES, Y PAISANOS

Newsletter of the Hillsboro Historical Society

**February, 2012
Volume 5 Number 1
Editor: Harley Shaw**

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Vice President: Fred (Stretch) Luna,
Treasurer: Matti Harrison,
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**HILLSBORO HISTORICAL SOCIETY
QUARTERLY MEETING,
February 6, 2012**

MINUTES

Board Members present: Larry Cosper, Stretch Luna, Harley Shaw, Matti Harrison, Sonja Rutledge, Jim Laupen, Patti Nunn.

The meeting was called to order at 6:30 PM by President Larry Cosper.

Guests present were: Jamie Lee; Garland Bills; Barbara Lovell

Approval of Agenda: Jim motioned to accept the agenda as presented. Stretch seconded. Motion passed unanimously.

Sonja moved that we accept the minutes of the November meeting; Patti seconded. Passed unanimously.

Matti passed out bank statements and annual report summary. We began 2011 with \$21562.18 and ended with 21673.60. Hence all of our purchases, including the second fire truck, have been covered by event-based income within the year. Matti noted that we now have 68 copies of *Around Hillsboro* left and have sold enough to pass the break-even point. Book sales henceforth will be all profit. Sonja moved we accept the report as presented; Jim seconded. Passed unanimously.

Old Business

Elections

Patti, Matti, and Larry's three year terms expire with this meeting. All three have agreed to continue serving. Harley moved we re-elect all three by acclamation. Sonja second. Passed unanimously.

We had sent out letters to board members notifying them of this annual meeting and proposed changes needing action. We received no response from two members who have been non-participants, although Ike Wilton had submitted his resignation during the past year. Bob Cunningham had been able to attend only one meeting since he was elected. Larry asked if we should replace these? A discussion followed, and the board decided to elect replacements. Jamie Lee and Barbara Lovell both expressed a desire to serve. Matti nominated Barbara Lovell and Sonja nominated Jamie Lee. They were elected by acclamation.

Bylaws Changes

Larry said that computer problems during the past month prevented him from reworking our By laws. He suggested that we continue moving toward becoming a membership organization.

Barbara asked how Executive Board functioned. Larry explained the board officers had met to handle ongoing business, bills, and to develop meeting agendas. He said he felt that changing to monthly, rather than quarterly, meetings would eliminate the need for the Executive Board sessions.

Barbara suggests we be prepared to have memberships to sell at the April Centennial event. Barbara, Larry, and Sonja offered to work on the Membership Committee. Dues will probably \$25/year, but the Committee will

come up with a recommendation.

Reevaluating fundraisers—Labor Day events.

As noted in past meetings, we have made little money with the music festival. We have retained the Labor Day weekend use of the Community Center and hope to hold some kind of event. The building has a limited venue, about 150 people maximum. Sonja has suggested in the past that we do a Fountain Murder Trial play, and Garland Bills has started writing a draft script for such a trial. Sonja read Garland's prospectus of the play. Garland asked if anyone is interested in reading, re-writing, or working on script. Harley agreed to help Garland with editing. Stretch also agreed to help. He suggested that his experience in law enforcement and court procedure might be useful. Jamie asked who would act, and the board said they hoped to use local community members.

Black Range Museum

Larry noted that we are pretty much in holding pattern regarding any decisions on the Museum. Harley noted that Geronimo Springs Museum has expressed interest in helping. Jim emphasized that June does not want State or Federal governments involved. Barbara asked if the Museum collection is curated and documented. Jim says donors are all recorded in a spiral notebook—both what has been loaned to the museum or donated outright, but many of the materials have no known source. Jim spoke to need to archive, catalog, display other materials, such as paper ephemera that is stored. Much of what is on display are objects, but the Museum owns a lot of ephemera. The Museum needs computer, and the possibility of using student interns was suggested.

Fire Truck

Matti and Bill Harrison have looked at the fire truck in Mesa. It is in good condition and complete. We will definitely have a drivable truck with the original Hillsboro Fire truck doors once the other truck is here. Larry recommended that we have the truck in Mesa hauled by a professional hauler. Matti says Bill is thinking about hauling it. Larry noted that the Phoenix area has several huge car auctions and that we might find haulers looking for "back hauls" after taking cars to these auctions. Jim suggested we check out Craig's List for haulers. Larry will explore options.

Peltier Paintings

Sotherby's Auction wrote us that the Peltier paintings would probably not bring as much as we hoped, at least through their auction. They felt that they would not bring their minimum value, so are unwilling to handle them. Harley suggested we go back to the Peltier gallery, and Sonja agreed. Larry noted that we need to look closely at contract. Sonja moved we use the Peltier gallery. Stretch seconded. Passed unanimously.

Cemetery Gate

Sonja noted that the cemetery gate is near completion. This project is actually being carried out by the Hillsboro High School Alumni, not Hillsboro Historical Society. Harley noted concerns about gate being high enough for equipment to pass through it. Sonja said that the Alumni are well aware of the problem.

New Business

Kingston Centennial

The upcoming Centennial event in Kingston was discussed by Barbara. She wants to be sure that the Hillsboro businesses will be open and that Hillsboro is participating.

Harley mentioned that Patty Woodruff would be willing to organize a house tour on Elenora Street for that weekend. Barbara said that she should coordinate with the Kingston historic building tour as/per fees and scheduling.

Cemetery Ownership

Sonja noted that Sterling Roberts wants us to take over ownership of cemetery. He worries about liability and vandalism. She noted that land ownership there is uncertain and that she needs to explore it more closely. Stretch mentioned that many files associated with it may have been lost in the 1972 flood. Even though HHS is not presently responsible for the cemetery, Stretch does a lot of documentation and cleaning. Marilyn Poitras has also worked on burial records there. The board tabled any decision on ownership for now.

Handling funds for Kingston School repair and Centennial

Barbara Lovell would like to open a checking account in name of HHS and Spit and Whittle Club to help them handle funds for the April Centennial event. This would be project money, with both HHS and Spit and Whittle as sponsors. Matti and Josephine Gurnsey-Varnum would be signatories. Sonja moved we go ahead. Patti seconded. Passed unanimously.

Historic Marker Signs

Craig Springer asked if HHS would sponsor roadside historical site signs. He says the state highway department will buy the signs and put them up if requested by a suitable group, such as HHS. The board agreed to we go ahead with recommendations, with Harley working with Craig.

Historic photos

Craig Springer sent photos of Nicholas Galles and would like HHS to have them framed and displayed. The Board gave go-ahead on this.

Documentation of historic items in community

Matti suggested that the treasurer should have list of historic assets owned by HHS along with their locations. Examples are the piano and fire trucks stored on other people's property. These could disappear from the awareness of future boards. She suggested that we also develop a list of things that might be donated in the future. Jim suggests we approach owners of suitable artifacts and have them earmarked for HHS.

New meeting schedule

Larry proposed that we meet the first Tuesday of every month. He feels our work load is increasing to the point that quarterly meetings aren't adequate. Jim moved we go to monthly meetings; Stretch seconded. Passed unanimously. This will be reflected in proposed changes in the Bylaws.

Historic Files

Harley noted that HHS continues to accumulate historic materials that should go in the files. He would like someone to take over such filing. Matti and Patti have agreed to take this on.

Programs

Harley suggested that we continue to sponsor programs on an opportunistic and informal basis, with any Board member organizing programs as available. Patty Woodruff has offered to help coordinate programs. Harley is working on a program by Neta Pope and Andrea Jaquez, co-authors of the new book on the history of Fort Bayard.

Miscellaneous

Larry suggested that Board members should take time to look at the Hillsboro Blog. Craig has sent a summary of blog visitations. As of this morning it has had 8,827 views in 18 months. Over 1000 in Jan. 2012. Jim noted that the blog is artfully done and provides a lot of information.

Barbara asked if anyone knew about George Currie's donations to Lincoln County Courthouse. Should some of those be housed here? She also asked who owned the old wagon in Happy Flat. She would like to use it in the Centennial celebration.

Noted was the passing of Ramona (Garcia) Harrell. Stretch said the two oldest remaining natives of Hillsboro are his father, Fred Luna and an uncle of Paul Torres now living in Washington State.¹

The meeting adjourned at approximately 8PM.

EDITOR'S REPORT: NEWS AND COMMENTS

Harley Shaw

Long before I moved away from Chino Valley, I had lunch with the owner/editor of Wolfe Publishing in Prescott. Wolfe Published high quality shooting magazines and books, and I had sold them a few articles. On this day, we discussed the possibility of my

writing a monthly "back page" column for one of their magazines. It was tempting, but after initial enthusiasm, I decided to decline. I didn't think I could think of anything worthwhile to write month after month. Now, as I sat here staring at a blank page on my computer, I remembered that decision and suspect that I was right in making it. Even trying to crank out intelligent comments on a quarterly basis may be beyond me.

Not, certainly, that nothing has happened worthy of comment in the last three months, but rather as I assess newsworthy or comment-worthy goings-on since the last newsletter, I get the queasy feeling that someone else in the community is much better qualified to write about most of the available subjects. Some 23 years ago a young acquisitions editor for an Arizona publishing house wanted to eliminate some of my reflections in my first book. I asked her what she didn't like about them, and she told me she liked them fine, but she didn't think I was qualified to make such statements. She said she'd be happy to publish the book as is, if only a better known author had written it. I spent the next night and day trying to untangle my brain and make sense of her statement. Finally I sent her a note saying I'd try to find another publisher. Luckily I did.

But the above paragraph is kind of a wordy way to say that I'm now criticizing myself on the same level in this column. In a recent short article, Craig Childs, who now edits High Country News, made much of the fact that no matter how long he lived in his small Colorado Town, he'd always be a newcomer relative to the locals whose ancestors went back multiple generations. If you're willing to allow Oklahoma as part of the Southwest, I can claim to be a native Southwesterner with fairly

deep regional roots. However, because of my father's occupation and, later, mine, I've never stayed put long enough to be an old-timer anywhere. In fact, I've now lived at 366 Elenora Street in Hillsboro longer than I've lived in any single address during my life. But I still get queasy, when I start bringing into focus some aspect of Hillsboro history, because I know that someone out there knows a lot more than I do.

Due to the work of Matti and Patti Nunn, both of whom are far more qualified than me to write local history, we have a growing set of files at the Hillsboro Community Library. Also, due to over a decade of effort by Betty Reynolds and the Library Board she helped start, our library has the best collection of local history books, magazines, and ephemera in Sierra County. Add to this materials housed at the Black Range Museum and a host of on-line resources, the opportunity exists for some excellent in-depth scholarship on our area. Our recent photo-history, *Around Hillsboro*, merely scratched the surface. Conceivably, it has some things wrong. An article or, possibly, book could probably be written about almost every picture we used. And hundreds of pictures are out there that we didn't use. More than a lifetime of work exists for anyone interested in Hillsboro history.

A crying need also exists also in taking oral histories of the true old-timers in our area. A couple of months ago, Steve Dobrott, Richard Spellman, and I, thanks to the efforts of Gloria Spellman, "deposed" as it were, Manuelita "Micky" Chavez, who spent much of her childhood living with her grandparents at the now-tumbled-down Padilla farm in the bottom of Las Animas Canyon, upstream from Ladder Ranch Headquarters. Micky is 96, and we were a little concerned that she might find our

questions intrusive. Fact is we hardly had a chance to ask questions. She figured us out right away and spent well over an hour telling us delightful and humorous stories of her family. Her parting shot at the end of the interview was, "I'm 96 years old and I can still do anything I want to." I have no doubt she can.

My point is that someone needs to focus in on oral histories for our area. Some of these could become part of the newsletter. We've accumulated a few as opportunities have presented themselves, but we've also seen a few "old timers" slip away. I won't try to list those we missed, but I truly believe someone—someone with history and roots of their own here—needs to take on gathering tales from those who are still alive. This doesn't mean just non-agenarians. Anyone whose roots are multiple generations deep has stories of their own and stories passed down by their parents and grandparents. Doing such oral histories adequately requires not only taping the interviews but also transcribing them into hard copies and seeing that they are archived safely. There is work for more than one person here.

I could go on, but perhaps there's no need. Hillsboro Historical Society is planning to shift from a board-only to a paid membership organization, and its going from quarterly to monthly meetings. This is a natural progression, I believe. A few people get things up and running, but the workload outgrows them. Creating a membership structure will, we hope, encourage wider participation in HHS by more people in the community, and meeting more often will shorten individual meetings yet help sustain the energy of the group. For the foreseeable future, the newsletter will remain quarterly, and I want to encourage everyone who reads it to

submit criticisms, ideas, and maybe even a few articles. This will relieve this self-appointed editor from periodic anxieties facing a blank page.

LOCAL HISTORY

Diary of the Hunt²

By Edward D. Tittmann³

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 led over the Snake mine down to the Bonanza and from there past the cold springs and then the Warm Springs along the road to Hermosa 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 full tilt and with marvelous speed considering his ordinary travel for some other burro that he had discovered in the distance. Maybe our conversation was too intellectual to be understood by him though on the part of Stevens⁴ speech consisted mainly of cuss-words 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 Stevens' 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 then the end of the canvass or "tarp" was drawn up 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 Stevens' 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 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.

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 tracks, 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 hilly side. 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. 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 sea-shore 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 the musical coyote family might give us some more entertainment. But we were disappointed. We slept through without an adventure of any kind until 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 the water hole 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 water hole 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. We 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 afoot 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 crippled 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 four miles and camped for the night near an abandoned goat ranch. Here lived some five years ago a goat rancher named Sanders⁵ 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 Kelsey 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 never failing and good. The place is easy of access and can be reached by wagon road from Hillsboro in about two hours.⁶ 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 a 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.

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 Fork⁷ and camped in a lovely spot, where the brook murmured nearby while stately pines and balsam firs⁸ 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 into 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.

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 had found such good mineral indications. A "park" in this country is flat place up in the mountains where there is plenty of timber and generally water.⁹ So there is Magnus (Magner) 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 a lone a man could get up without using a flying machine. Here the old chief was killed¹⁰ 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 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 campfire 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.¹¹

¹ Since the meeting Rancher Pat Jones also passed away.

² Published with the permission of E. D. Tittmann's grandson, John Tittmann, of Albuquerque.

³ Edward D. Tittmann was born in 1873. He served as a Sierra County delegate to the New Mexico state constitutional convention in 1910. He came to New Mexico in 1908 from New York, where he had practiced law and served as assistant to the financial editor on the New York Times and Wall Street Journal. A native of St. Louis, Tittmann attended school in Germany and received his law degree from George Washington Law School at Washington, D. C. From 1913 to 1915 he served as district attorney of New Mexico's seventh judicial district, and during 1917 and 1918 was an attorney for the Pueblo Indians in New Mexico. Tittmann contributed many articles to newspapers and magazines in all parts of the country. He was a member of the Civil Liberties Union and served on its national committee. He also served several years as a member of the Sierra County Board of Education. He fought successfully against an early attempt to move the Sierra County seat from Hillsboro to Cutter, and lost a later fight against moving the county seat to Hot Springs, now Truth or Consequences. Surviving are his widow; two sons, Edward, president of the Southern Peru Copper Co. of Lima, Peru, and John B. Tittmann, Albuquerque attorney; a daughter, Mrs. Sandy T. Greene of Prescott, Ariz., and seven grandchildren. He died in 1957 at age of 84. NM Historical Review 32(273).

⁴ Probably Roscoe C. Stevens who lived in Hillsboro and is shown in the 1910 census as 33 and single with occupation of electrician.

⁵ Sanders' death figured in the later death of an Apache that many thought was the so-called Apache Kid. A posse from Chloride trailed this Indian to a wickiup near the top of the San Mateo Mountains and shot him. Sander's watch was found among the Indian's possessions, thereby clearing Mills of the murder. Sanders may have been Walter Sanders, who was married and had two children in 1900. His occupation was shown as miner.

⁶ This seems to be an unrealistic estimate of time to travel between Hillsboro and Kelsey. An old stage road connecting Hillsboro with Hermosa crossed Animas several miles below the Kelsey place, but I truly doubt that the trip from Kelsey cabin to Hillsboro could have been done in less than the better part of a day.

⁷ Seemingly they turned up Water or Sand Canyon, although Holden Prong would have been the primary live stream above this fork.

⁸ Probably Douglas fir.

⁹ Most of these "parks" have become overgrown with trees during the past 100 years. While they still show on early maps, they are hardly discernable from the surrounding forest on the ground. Why they existed as openings prior to Anglo settlement would be an interesting subject of research.

¹⁰ Tittmann is wrong about Victorio dying at this spot. The battle of Massacre Canyon described earlier in this book occurred near here, but Victorio was ultimately killed in Mexico.

¹¹ Edward Tittmann's grandson, John Tittmann of Albuquerque repeated his grandfather's trip in 2009. He has video-taped this trip and plans to produce a movie.