

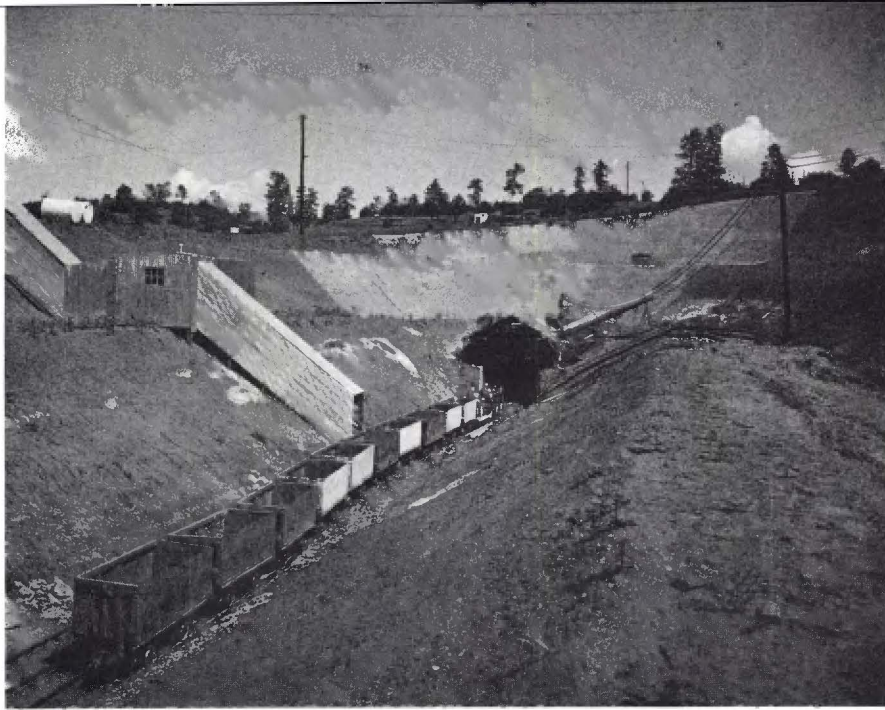


RALPH LOONEY

The ghost of Elizabethtown sleeps beneath the wide blue sky of northern New Mexico. In the background is Mount Baldy, from which much gold was taken during boom days. Elizabethtown was once one of the largest towns in N. M.

BY CLEE WOODS

MEMORIES OF E'TOWN



A TRAIN OF EMPTY CARS HEADS INTO THE MOUNTAIN TUNNEL. PIPES NEAR THE OPENING ARE FOR VENTILATION. THE TUNNEL WILL BE NEARLY 13 MILES LONG.

feet of additional water it will dump into the Rio Grande, Albuquerque will receive 53,200 acre feet of water per year. This should be enough to provide for a 600,000 population.

Supplemental water will be provided for irrigation in the 81,610-acre Middle Rio Grande Conservancy District. Also benefiting will be the upper Rio Grande Valley, although this area will not receive any San Juan water *directly*. The additional water will, however, allow far-reaching improvements to irrigation facilities in the northern valley. San Juan water will replace water in the middle basin that is withheld for use in the northern valley. The northern valley improvements will furnish a firm supply of water to 39,330 acres of land.

Not the least of these improvements will be several new lakes. All are part of the San Juan project and will be completed by 1971.

Northernmost is the Cerro Unit, adjacent to Red River about 27 miles north of Taos. Upstream on the Red River the 156-foot high earthfill Zwergle Dam will create a lake of 5,700 acre feet. Four new diversion dams and two canals are planned. The Taos Unit will provide water for 20,550 acres of irrigable land, 6,750 acres of that total never before irrigated. The remaining acreage now has an inadequate and uncertain irrigation supply.

This unit calls for two dams. Valdez Dam will rise 200 feet from the bed of the Rio Hondo about eight miles above its juncture with the Rio Grande. Indian Camp Dam will rise 144 feet above the Rio Grande del Rancho bed. Capacity of Valdez Reservoir will be 15,500 acre feet. Capacity of the other, 12,000. Nine new diversion dams and 30 miles of main and connecting canals are also planned.

Llano Unit will provide adequate water for 4,520 acres. A diversion dam and 19 miles of main canal will be built near Española. Last of the tributary projects is Pojoaque Unit, about 16 miles north of Santa Fe, designed to provide adequate water for 2,440 acres. Big

feature is 120-foot high Nambé Falls Dam across Nambé Creek to create a lake of 1,500 acre feet.

The recreational potential of the various projects is obvious. The National Park Service is already planning to develop that potential. Most elaborate of the facilities will be at the giant Heron Reservoir, high in the pine-covered mountains around Willow Creek. Other work is planned at Nambé Falls Reservoir, Indian Camp Reservoir and Valdez Reservoir. Development at Zwergle Reservoir is up to the Forest Service, since the lake will lie on Forest Service land.

Still another permanent lake will result from the San Juan Project, although the dam that will make it possible is not a part of the big job. Near Cochiti Pueblo, a giant earthfill dam has been authorized across the main stem of the Rio Grande. Albuquerque has already agreed to give up 5,000 acre feet of its annual allotment of San Juan water to create a permanent pool there. This will create another lake within easy driving distance of Santa Fe and Albuquerque.

Much of the cost of the San Juan Project will be repaid by water users. Albuquerque, for example, will repay \$30,926,000 of the cost over a 50-year period for its new water supply. The Middle Rio Grande Conservancy will pay \$3,400,000.

For fishermen, the benefits will be enormous.

Experts figure that some 208 miles of streams, most of them suitable for trout, will be affected. They say that without the project the area would provide a 100-year average of 36,000 man-fishing days a year. With it, the figure jumps to 75,300 man-fishing days annually. Cochiti Reservoir is expected to push the figure past 100,000 man-fishing days!

Another by-product will be expected increases in wild waterfowl available for hunters. Not to speak of the fun in store for boating and swimming enthusiasts, water skiers and campers.

—Ralph Looney

● Elizabethtown today is a waste of hills, old scars of streets, foundations and cellars. And a graveyard. But when Mrs. Hannah Jackson looks at the land she sees people, many people, and homes and stores and a hotel lighted for a big Saturday night dance. For she was born here in 1888 and lived a full young life here as Hannah Gallagher.

In Mrs. Jackson's memory the barren old stone walls of what remains of the Mutz Hotel again wear a good roof. Magically, painted doors and windows and a huge wide porch are there again. Over at the hitchrack, booted young men, strong under the stamp of mines and ranches, help long-skirted girls, flush with excitement, down from sidesaddles and out of buggies.

Mrs. Jackson's father, John Gallagher, had been one of the early miners of the era. He'd panned gold up and down Willow Creek until he saved enough money to buy a ranch just above where the Cimarron River cuts into a rugged canyon. That is where nearly 50 years later, just after World War I, they built the dam that impounded Eagle

Nest Lake. In John Gallagher's mind this ranch was something more enduring than the ephemeral promises of placer gold.

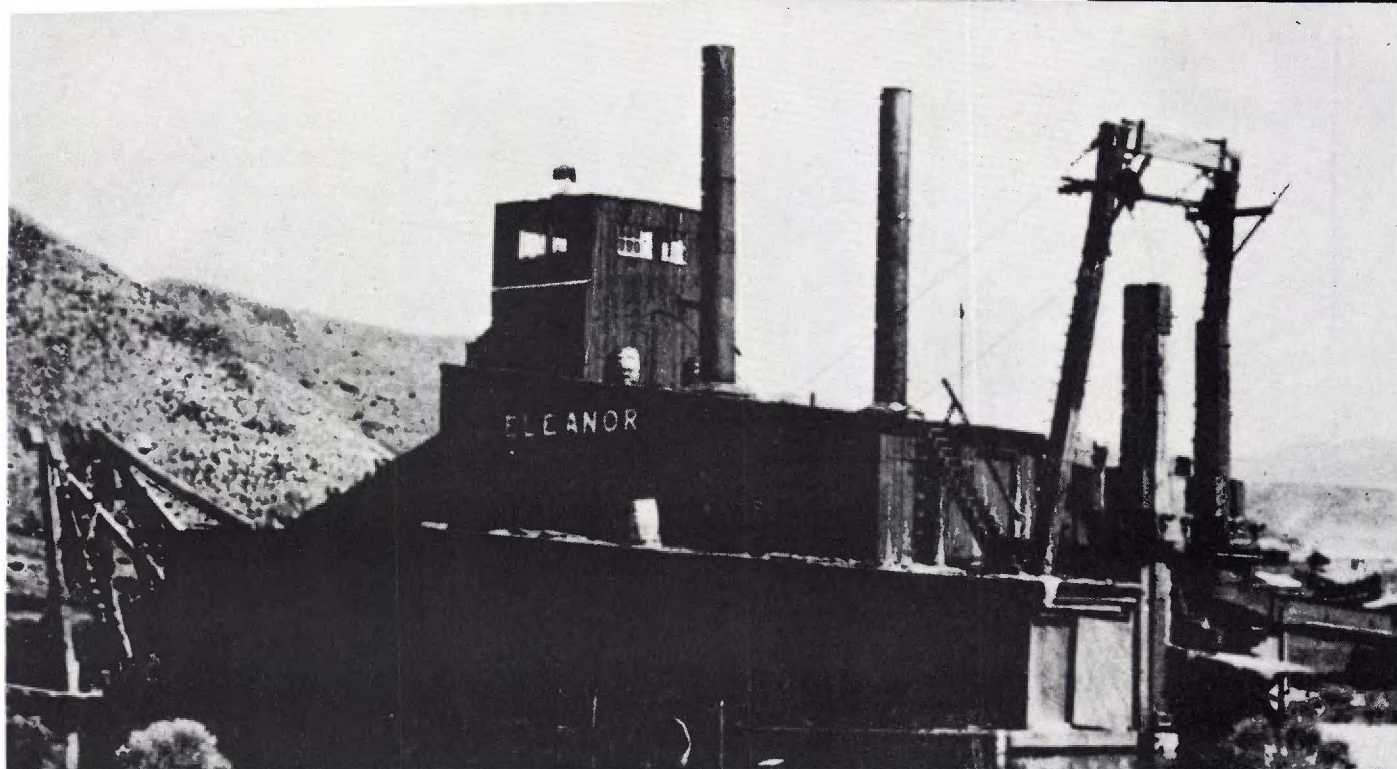
But Gallagher kept some of the large nuggets he'd panned, and had them mounted for brooches and pins. His daughter Hannah, now 75 years later, has two of the pins and her son, Bill Jackson, prominent Colorado rancher, has a heavy nugget mounted for a tie pin—and try to buy these pieces of jewelry at any price!

John Gallagher first reached America in 1865, from Ireland. In leaving Old Erin he kissed teenage Mary McGarvey goodbye and promised her that he would be coming back for her—just as soon as he got some of those riches in America. It was over five years before John got back to Ireland, and then he had little more than travel expenses for a return to America after the wedding. He found Mary still waiting for him.

Later, in their crude log cabin up on Willow Creek, perhaps Mary wished at times that they'd sought a new life almost anywhere else in the world. She told her

Like these walls, the old Mutz Hotel was a substantial part of the community for many years. Old timers recall the turkey dinners at midnight and the community dances that lasted all night. (Photograph by the Author)





(PHOTO, COURTESY WALLACE CHEETHAM.)

The Eleanor of E'Town was the famous gold dredge that operated in Moreno Creek.

children in later years that she nearly died of loneliness and fear. Her husband had to be away from home on his mining and freighting work. The Jicarilla Apache Indians and the Utes were on the loose in the country, here and there daring to raid and burn in isolated instances. Once Mary and her two small children stayed for days inside their cabin, windows boarded up and door barred while Indians prowled in the canyon.

Within a few years, however, the Indian situation had been remedied and the Gallaghers enjoyed a degree of prosperity. John bought the ranch and settled his family out where they had close neighbors and security. Here identical twin sisters, Hannah and Maggie, arrived near the end of a large Gallagher family. The twins were a generation behind Elizabeth Moore, the first child born in Elizabethtown and for whom the embryo settlement was named.

Hannah and Maggie went to a one-room school located about two miles east of present Eagle Nest. Youthful social life centered at the school and in the home. But as they became teenagers, the girls found their big social events up at Elizabethtown.

The Gallaghers bought their supplies in great part at E'Town. Here there were

several good general merchandise establishments, all following the American general store pattern: granulated and brown sugar loose in wooden barrels, green coffee which housewives roasted in ovens or in skillets atop the stove, flour by the barrel, chewing tobacco in plugs, bacon cut to order from large slabs. And sometimes there was home-made butter in fancy pound molds, brought in by ranch women.

Then there were the drygoods counters in front of many shelves filled with bolt goods for the making of dresses, shirts, overalls, aprons, drawers and nightgowns. In the hardware department were miners shovels and picks, gold pans, horseshoes, harness, nails, building tools, wheelbarrows, saddles, bridles, cowbells. They had guns and ammunition, including loose black powder and caps for the older type guns.

The Gallagher twins made quite an occasion of a dance at E'Town. With members of their family and neighboring young people, they would start on the 10-mile wagon ride in late afternoon. They reached the Mutz Hotel in time for the first dance, danced all night and started the return hayride after daylight next morning. At midnight Mrs. Herman Mutz—Teenie, as she was known—served turkey dinner for a dol-

lar. The Mutz family has been a substantial element in the E'Town community for several generations. Herman and Teenie Mutz had seven boys and two girls. One of their younger sons, John Mutz, has been an engineer on the current Chama Diversion Dam project. Hannah Gallagher, now Mrs. Jackson, "stood up" for him at his christening.

During these young years the identical twins took mischievous delight in confusing young swains. Nor did the boys always have to be newcomers to be fooled by Hannah and Maggie. They kept some young fellows in constant dread of making serious breaks. Once a newcomer, who had tried unsuccessfully to get a date with Maggie, bet companions that he would dance with her that night at the Mutz Hotel. After two dances he went to collect his bet.

"But that's Hannah, not Maggie," companions laughed. "Maggie's not even here tonight."

But when it came time to fall in love, the pranks were over. Hannah married Tom Jackson, a man of the same frontier hardihood as her father. Maggie married Emil Mutz, one of Teenie's sons. Tom Jackson was rancher, miner and freighter in the manner of other enterprising pioneers of that day. But he was first a miner.

Bill Jackson, eldest son of Hannah and Tom Jackson, vividly recalls as one of his earliest memories the sight of elephants pulling a circus truck past his ranch home by present-day Eagle Nest Lake. The circus unloaded at Ute Park rail head, over through the Pass on the road to Cimarron. From Ute Park the elephants pulled the big trucks that held the lions, tigers and circus paraphernalia, over the pass and on to E'Town. This indicates that even around 1914 Elizabethtown and vicinity had enough people to attract a circus.

But the end was in sight by the time Eagle Nest dam was built, and the town of Eagle Nest had its beginning around 1919. Mining claims were playing out. No longer was the *Eleanor*, a big barge for dredging along the Moreno River, able to make



Mrs. Hannah Jackson and her son Bill look at the tie pin made from a large nugget that was panned from Willow Creek by her father about 1873.

dredging profitable. One of the Mutz boys, Frank, was drowned in the shallow pond built to float the *Eleanor* during dredging operations. The dam was allowed to drain. For years the old barge lay cocked at a wry angle on the creek bank. But even remnants of the old barge are gone today. So are most of the thousands of fish, mostly suckers and crappie, that made the Moreno a boy's paradise.

The Jacksons decided that it was too high and cold here for a lifetime of ranching. They'd seen the cattle of Bill Miller, down near the southern end of Eagle Nest Lake, starve to death in one field across the road while there (Continued on Page 37)

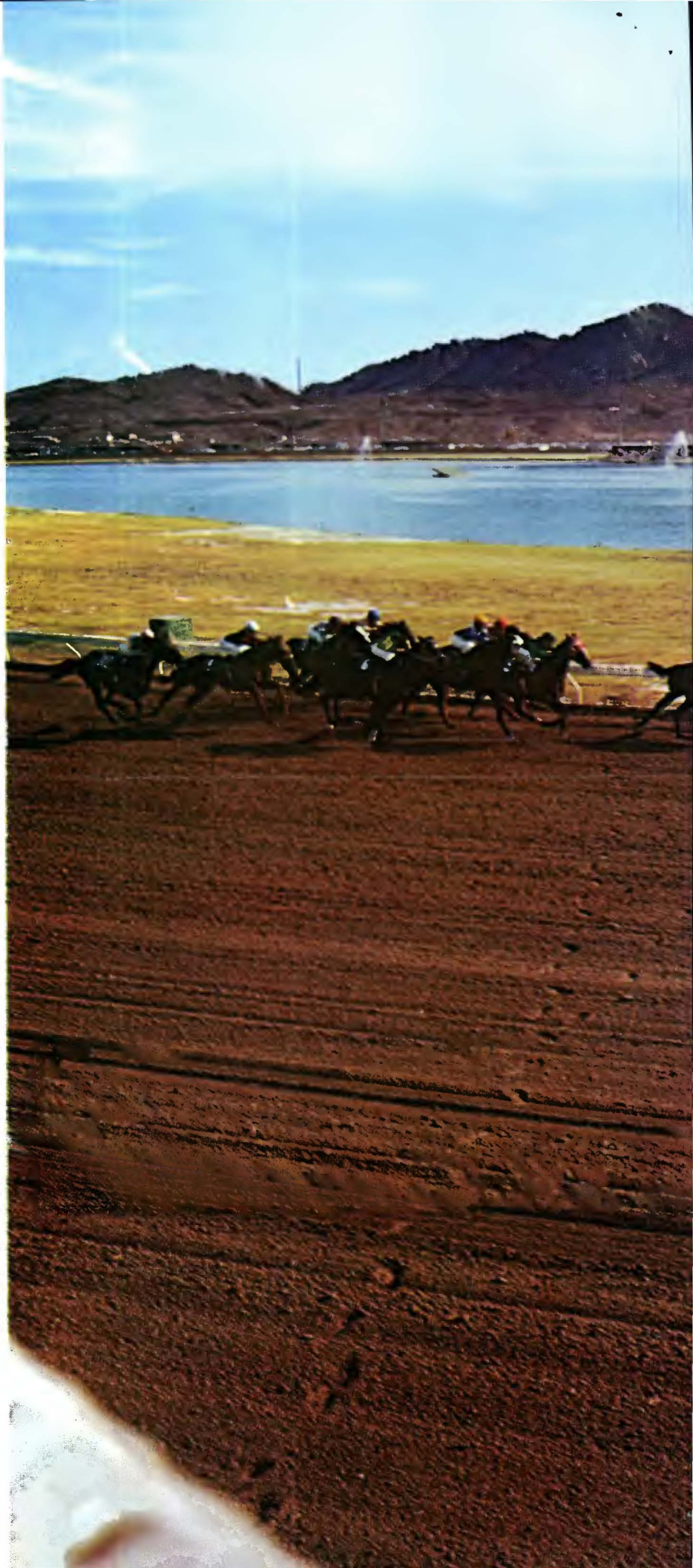
VALLEY OF THE WINTER SUN

• *Sunland Park occupies a unique location on a finger of New Mexico land between the Rio Grande and the border of Old Mexico, touching the outskirts of El Paso, Texas.*

Here is located the Sunland Park race track in an attractive setting of handsomely landscaped grounds, including a lake where water-skiing shows are a daily event during the winter racing season. Week-end and holiday racing is featured from October to April. This section of New Mexico, which enjoys a mild winter climate is growing in popularity both as a vacation and a retirement location.

The rich Mesilla Valley irrigated farm district extends from Sunland north along the Rio Grande, encompassing one of the most productive agricultural districts in the Southwest.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARVEY CAPLIN FOR SUNLAND PARK



BOOK reviews

SOUTHWESTERN

PARKAS A GO GO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

BOOK STORE

*A book store is a most exciting place
Where great men wait
To be invited home with me.*

*Row on row upon the shelves they stand,
With covers folded modestly
Around their minds and hearts,
'Til someone comes asking
What they have to say.*

*I visit just a bit
With this one and with that,
And leave with one or two or three—
Regretful that with a purse too lean
And time too short
I cannot take them all
Back home with me.*

—Martha Downer Ellis.

THE WHITE PATH, by W. E. S. Folsom-Dickerson; The Naylor Co., San Antonio, Texas. \$3.95—This is the story of Alabama-Koasaki Indians of East Texas who have lived in a state of peaceful co-existence with the white man for the last 400 years. They are the only nation of Indians living within the borders of Texas (Polk County).

A SURVEY AND EXCAVATION OF CAVES IN HIDALGO COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, by Marjorie F. Lambert and J. Richard Ambler; School of American Research, Santa Fe, \$4.80—One of the unique archaeological finds in Hidalgo County was a human hair bundle that turned out to be a hunting net made of human hair. The net measures 151 feet long by 5.15 feet wide, spanning an area of approximately 777 square feet. This is regarded as being the largest hunting net of human hair discovered in the Americas, and possibly in the world. This new monograph by the School of American Research discusses the cave investigations in the Alamo Hueco Mountains in the southeastern corner of Hidalgo County.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT ORGANIZATION MANUAL 1965-66, Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C., \$1.75—This is the official guide to functions of the Federal Government, 798 pages of information about the Organization function activities of the agencies in the legislative, judicial, executive branches.

ARE BRIDGE PLAYERS PEOPLE?, by Betty Lind, Rydal Press, Santa Fe, \$1.50—Betty Lind is an expert on Bridge, but this book is written for those who are not experts, but would like to learn. It is so written that any reader can learn on his own.

CROSS-FIRE, Cliff Farrell, Doubleday & Co., Inc., New York. \$3.50—Action western in the days after the Civil War. An ex-Union soldier seeks revenge in the Northwest Territory.

THE WILD BUNCH OF ROBBER'S ROOST, by Pearl Baker, Westernlore Press, Los Angeles, \$7.50—Pearl Baker grew up in the Robber's Roost country of southeastern Utah and heard innumerable stories about Butch Cassidy and his gang of outlaws, known as the Wild Bunch. When she graduated from high school she decided to keep notes on the many stories she had heard about the outlaws. Later she wrote some articles, and now in this book has filled out the story of Butch Cassidy's gang to present a most readable account of a wild and woolly period. Some of the Butch Cassidy gang worked in New Mexico, at Alma. And one of them, Will McGinnis, or Elzy Lay (his real name), became a member of Black Jack Ketchum's gang and was arrested and served a term in the penitentiary in Santa Fe.

MEMORIES OF E' TOWN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

was plenty of hay on the opposite side of the road—but with the prolonged snow just too deep to get hay to cows in the bitter cold.

Mrs. Jackson and her family moved to Cimarron just before World War I. She has made Cimarron her home the rest of her full life. Beginning about 1924 she had one son after another on the Cimarron High School basketball team for almost twenty years. Widowed for almost a quarter of a century, she has kept her interest keen in Elizabethtown, for she always has had numerous family ties here. Sister Maggie and husband Emil Mutz still live on a ranch a few miles out of Elizabethtown.

It is the old E'Town, however, that holds Hannah Jackson's great love. Here were the good days of an exciting epoch in New Mexico. Here a hundred times she saw stalwart frontiersmen and courageous frontier women, after the fashion of her own father and mother, meet the challenges of the primitive advance of a civilization. Here she was young and filled with a zest for living that discounted all hardships and dangers. No dream of a desolate Elizabethtown ever came into her mind in those good early days. Today Hannah Jackson is still filled with enthusiasm, good humor and a zest for living. To her these are the good old days, right today.—Clee Woods.

This handsome setting presents a serene exterior to the world that belies the frenetic activity that goes on within. The parka business, which started modestly, has flowed through the house like the boiling pot that no one could stop, invading almost every room. The garage has been turned into a cutting-room, the office is Major's former studio, and even a pantry off the kitchen has a long counter holding jars of dye for matching zippers to fabrics.

A design starts with a rough sketch from Elita who often gets inspiration from the fabric she intends to use. Then Major will translate it into a recognizable drawing, and it is sent to Fern Buckner who makes a pattern. Fern, now living in Santa Fe, used to be "Fern and Her Violin," soloing with *Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians* in the era of big bands. She gave up show business to become an expert in pattern-making.

Another employee is Josie, who came to the household to clean, and with Major's tutelage stayed on to learn the art of cutting. She now assists him at the long worktable, guiding a power tool through fabrics seven inches high, a tense job in which errors can be catastrophic. Five other women do piece work under the guidance of head seamstress Kay Dorman of Santa Fe. The garments are then fur-trimmed by Elita herself.

In season, the workrooms are rainbow-hued with parkas on racks, parts on cutting-boards, bolts of material on shelves: Elita says her true love is fabrics. Sometimes an appreciative manufacturer will send her a length of material not available to any other designer. She searches the big showrooms on Santee Street in Los Angeles and explores under counters and climbs up ladders if need be to find just what she wants.

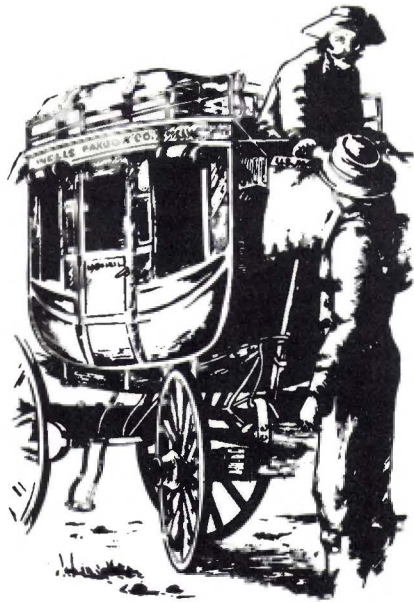
Every yard is sent off to be Scotch-guarded, made water-repellant, and many fabrics like velveteen are also quilted. This adds to the price and for this reason, Elita makes no children's line; they would have to be too expensive to be practical.

Ski apparel is shown in the spring and manufactured during the summer, for all orders have to be in by July 1 for delivery October 25. Parkas Unlimited belongs to Ski Industries of America, an association of affiliated companies. At their big show in New York, more than 5,000 buyers will converge on the Hotel New Yorker or the New York Trade Building down the street to see the products of as many as 500 manufacturers. Producers of ski movies and people who make skis and boots and poles, all attend this huge show which raises the curtain on the newest ideas for next year's consumption. Elita models, along with the other girls, and says the days often stretch into ten at night, with only time for a quick cup of coffee between changes.

Sometimes a manufacturer will hire an artist to "knock off," that is, copy another designer's work, or pay a famous skier for the use of his name to lend prestige to his line. Big-reputation couturiers will add luster to sagging sales, but often the designer, though top-notch in women's fashions, doesn't ski himself, and his clothes

(Continued on Page 40)

THE MAIL BAG



POEMS

Dear Sir: Find enclosed check for \$3.50 renewing my subscription to New Mexico Magazine. I would like to correct you on the story of Logan to Wagon Mound. You said Roy was founded in 1916. The railroad went through there in 1903 and Roy was five miles west of there and moved over to the railroad. I landed there on July 18, 1909 and lived 9 miles south of Roy until I was grown. When we went there there was a depot, two hotels, 2 stores, 1 drug-store, a post office, a dance hall and several saloons, and a school and three or four churches.

I certainly enjoy the Magazine, so keep it coming.

—Mrs. Everett L. Norris
1107 E. Clark St.
Warsaw, Indiana

Dear Sir: In your August edition I read an item that brought back memories that might be of interest. The item is on page 40, lower center column and reads as follows: "Pancho Villa State Park. Located at Columbus, 32 miles south of Deming on State Road 11. It was here that Pancho Villa made his historical raid into American territory on March 9, 1916, etc."

We were there on that road between the Fort and Columbus on that fateful morning after the U. S. cavalry ran Villa across the border and back into Mexico after a very bloody battle with the renegade and his some five hundred bandit followers.

In those days the horse, wagon and cavalry were the vogue in the West. We were camped on this road in the location already mentioned when we heard gun shots, then we saw a cloud of dust, heard sounds of horses' hoofs and began to receive a hail of bullets ourselves. By this time we had our covered wagon hitched and had started to "get going." My father was afraid whoever the riders were would ambush the family, when my mother saw a huge dust cloud and riders to the rear of us. My father had a shotgun, rifle and side arm and plenty of ammunition so he was pre-

pared to put up a fight. We thought the horesmen behind us were probably part of the same unfriendly band that was shooting at us from the south.

All at once mother caught a glimpse of "Old Glory" waving in the breeze and dust. It was the U. S. cavalry; they had had a very severe battle at Columbus, their horse-drawn ambulances were laden with wounded soldiers. They said Villa and his men had attacked Columbus and had killed much of the population, so they placed us under "protective custody" and escorted us into the Fort. They furnished us with a tent, offered us food and lodging in their barracks which my folks graciously declined. They were wonderful. Being very young, I had the time of my life watching the soldiers, horses, listening to their bugler, etc. Living in a Fort with the U. S. cavalry was real fun! Later when it was safe they gave us a military escort to the next town. . . .

—Mrs. Sidney Bruce
4109 N. 12th Street
Phoenix, Arizona

Dear Sirs:

Leaving Highway 70, enroute to Cloudcroft, I drive exactly five miles in the morning sun and see the following on the side of the mountain to the southeast:

We were hunting,
My friends and I;

We only stopped to rest—
But I tarried.

I sit comfortably
And the view is good;

Through all these years
No motive to move.

I'm not like the suppliant
Who broods o'er the western range;

But maybe my calling is useful,
Though I follow a different role.

I've hinted the bowl is not water,
To the traveler approaching from east;

And nudged the concept of height,
To those who came from the west.

Mostly I just contemplate,
From watching events pass by;

But their meaning comes only
To those who, in fancy, sit with me.

Judgment has more fidelity
When leisurely made from volition.

—Noel E. Wray
1828 Solano Dr.,
Las Cruces, N. M.

Dear Sir: Just a note of thanks for the great pleasure New Mexico Magazine gives us. It's tops in our book. Keep it just like it is.

—Mr. and Mrs. James M. Evans
1316 S. 115
Tacoma, Washington

COCKEYED CHANTEY

I luff to sail the bonny drink,
And tack among the cactus,
My horse could comb a wave, I think,
With just a little practice!
I know a cove that's hard allee,
Another soft athwart,
Ti Yippee Yi! She waits for me,
Alas in every port!

I luff to ride the afterdeck,
Before I weigh the anchor,
Before I quaff a horse's neck,
Haul down the jib and spanker!
The barque before the shallow bight,
And then the boatswain's whistle
And then, Yo Ho! The starry night
Tied up abaft a thistle!

Alas for you! A lass for me!
A maid to man the dory,
A sailor on the mesa blue
Is such a salty story!
Oh splice the girth and furl the berth
And feed me stringy jerky,
To Yippee Yi! For what it's worth
Way down in Albuquerque!

—Carey Holbrook

PLACID WARM DAYS

Placid warm days to dream in content;
Vicious sand storms, their passions soon
spent;
Cumulus clouds silhouetting the plain,
Greasewood like incense when wet with the
rain;
Wide open skies of cerulean blue,
Brittle bright stars set in velvet for you;
Wand'ring arroyos with carpets of sand,
Grama grass thick on the prairie land;
Fabulous mountains, black-green with pine,
Checkering cliffs of holocaust time;
Wherever you look, wherever you go,
The contrasts of contrasts—
New Mexico!

—Merle Blinn Brown

AT SUNSET

The hills sleep beneath pink coverlets
So deftly woven from the sun's last glow.
The taller peaks wear purple epaulets
On smooth and shapely shoulders of snow.
The canyon snares a vagrant breeze
And fans it slyly through the vale
To drape the heads of virgin trees
With a blue and misty bridal veil.

—Aurora Hunt

AT SUNSET

At sunset horse and rider stand
Outlined against the desert sky
When all is quiet on the land
And no one else is riding by.
Here for a moment time stands still
Where mountains the horizon fill.

—Louise Darcy

DESERT WINTER

From sea and rain and forest
My roots are lately torn:
Snow lies on the cactus,
But cannot hide its thorn.
—Barbara C. Henderson.