Joseph and Maud Tietjen
and some equally wild neighbors

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Joseph Engebret Tietjen (1875 - 1918) was a cattle rancher operating from Prewitt and Bluewater, NM northward to Chaco Canyon and southward to Ramah and Quemado. This little book is a history of him and his wife Maud S Hunt, and their six children: Josephine Maud Elkins, Embert Tietjen, Volton S Tietjen (nicknamed "Fat"), Ina Elkins, Thomas Jefferson Tietjen (who was called "Jeff"), and Gladdus Berryhill. It is intended as a family history. It is meant to inform and entertain the great grandchildren with the events and people that were swirling around the Tietjen family. This book is dedicated to my son, Garth Tietjen who designed the cover and did all the formatting.


Joseph was the son of Ernst Albert Tietjen, a German, and Emma O Erickson, a Norwegian.

The Tietjens Meet the Mormons

We briefly mention how the Tietjen family came to America from Sweden. As his father drove the wagon through the marketplace in Arrape, Sweden, eight-year-old Ernst Tietjen sighted the uproar down the street. *"What is happening, Daddy?"* His father, August Heinrich Tietjen, was equally curious about the yelling, milling crowd. Driving his wagon as close as he could to the circle of people, he stood up in the wagon to see what was going on. He was sickened by the sight. Two young men in suits were backed against a wall, their hands raised to protect their faces against the stones being hurled by the mob. Fiercely sympathetic to any underdog, August thundered out to them: *"Run! Run toward the river!"* This one friendly voice revived their courage, and with a desperate struggle, they broke through the circle and fled in the direction of his pointing arm. A little while later August had circled the square and picked up the young men who had been hiding in the underbrush. From their speech and clothing, he identified them at once as Americans.

Taking them to his home, August queried them about the attack. They did not answer at once, not wishing to excite the prejudices of a man who had been so kind to them. After being treated for their injuries, they wished to return to the town, but August insisted they stay with him for a few days: they would not be safe in the village. They accepted his offer and paid for his kindness with chores. Impressed with their deportment, he finally got

from them a simple answer: *"We are Mormons"*. For most of the Lutheran Swedes, that was enough to end the relationship. While it was impossible to have lived in Scandinavia in that era and not to have heard about Mormons, August knew almost nothing at first hand.

Gathering his family around, August listened to their incredible tale of a fourteen-year-old boy, Joseph Smith, who had both seen and talked to Jesus Christ and to God, the Father. He had seen that they had physical bodies as real and tangible as his own. From them he had learned that none of the existing churches had their full approval and that if he were faithful, he might be the instrument in restoring the primitive church. He was given the Aaronic Priesthood by the resurrected John the Baptist, the Melchizedek Priesthood by Peter, James, and John, and the keys of previous dispensations by no less than Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses and Elijah.

Still another angel, Moroni, told the boy about a history of Jewish emigrants to America. They had arrived on these shores about 600 B.C. and split into two groups, Nephites and Lamanites, who were often at war with one another. They were visited by the resurrected Christ. The Lamanites, August learned, were ancestors of many of the American Indians. Little did Ernst realize that he would spend his life trying to convert "the Lamanites." It was a strange and fascinating account that lasted two weeks and ended with August and Ernst becoming converts. It took Ida a little longer, but being shunned by their neighbors caused her, too to join the Church. In those days converts to the Church migrated to Utah as soon as possible. At that time, U.S. President Johnson had sent an army to invade Utah and quell a "rebellion" which was entirely fictitious. As soon as that was resolved the Tietjens migrated in April, 1859.

After *"a stormy voyage over the North Sea"*, they landed at Grimsby, England. Ernst never forgot how seasick he was on that voyage. After receiving a patriarchal blessing which stated that *"thou shalt travel much for the gospel's sake and go again to thy native land and gather out from bondage many of the honest in heart"*, Ernst wrote:

> *"When we came to Zion, we were quite awhile at sea and I became so seasick that I almost died of it. Only by the faith of the Saints and my parents was my life saved. So when I received this blessing telling me I would go back to my native land as a missionary, I prayed to my Heavenly Father not to send me back across the ocean again. If He would not, I would be willing to go anywhere he would call me as a missionary. So when they sent me to the Indian Mission, I felt that the Lord had heard and answered my prayer."*

The Tietjen family came in an ox train of 56 wagons, organized at Florence (now Omaha, Nebraska) for 380 Scandinavian Saints, with five divisions and a captain over each. They left on June 26th and arrived in Salt Lake on September 15th. The Church had purchased oxen for the travelers, but they had to be broken and they did not take to it kindly. One ox bellowed so loudly that it stampeded all the oxen in the camp and one man was killed in the melee. The owner of the ox felt so badly that he ran down to the Platte River to drown himself, but there was not enough water to accomplish his design.

Ernst wrote that they did not suffer for food as both he and his father were good shots and his mother was a good cook. Wild game in the form of sage hens and rabbits was plentiful. Six deaths and three births attended them. We have no record of their reception as they entered the Valley, but the custom was to meet each wagon train at the mouth of Emigration Canyon and escort them to Emigration Square where they were greeted by President Young or another Church leader, then treated to a feast. They could then stay with another family or on the campgrounds until permanently located. A group of bishops then appeared, each one to say how many men he could put to work at what tasks. Soon the Tietjen family was relocated to Santaquin, Utah.

We now tell a little about Joseph Tietjen's mother, Emma O. Erickson. Of Ernst's first trip across the plains, he writes that

"We had many things on our trips that were not very comfortable. One of the men had the misfortune to lose one of the burrs off his wagon wheel, so we had to travel slowly on account of his wheel kept coming off. We also had a very sick little baby, about a year old. He was so sick he could not stand the jolt of the wagon, so his mother walked each day and carried him on a pillow. At night I would go out and hunt a rabbit and bring it in for his mother to make a stew for her baby as that was all that he would take. He lived, though, and when grown became one of Utah's famous judges, Judge Erik [Joseph Hyrum Erickson, judge of the 6th Judicial District for eight years]."

What Ernst does not tell us was that this mother became, in due time, his mother-in-law. The daughter of *"Judge Erik"*, Ivy Gentry, gave further detail on the Erickson family.

"My father was the youngest of seven children born to Engebret and Olena Olsen Erickson. Not much is known of his father except that he was a hard-working man and was baptized into the Mormon Church a few years before he died. Grandma Erickson's grief was deepened by the drowning of one of her little boys. When father was about two years old his mother decided to join a company of emigrants coming to Utah which she had been told was a land of milk and honey. She wished to bring her children to Zion to mingle with the members of the Church which she had embraced so she sold her home and what jewelry and silver she had to get the means for the long journey. When they reached Denmark, where they were to embark, she found to her dismay that she had not enough money for all of them, so she was obliged to leave her two oldest daughters (Emma and Albertina), twelve and fourteen years of age, behind until she could earn enough in her new habitation to send for them. They went back to Norway and stayed with neighbors and friends and worked for a living until the time came [eight] years later, for them to come to Utah. From New York, after a long and arduous trip on the ocean, they traveled by train westward to Council Bluffs. Here they were met by wagons from Salt Lake to take them to their destination."

"My father, who was a baby, was desperately ill and could not endure the jolt and rumble of the wagon, so grandma had to carry him. She walked all the way, sometimes holding an old black umbrella over him to keep off the blazing sun, for it was summer now and the heat on the plains was almost unbearable. When her arms ached, she would suspend him from her back in an old shawl much like the Indians do. She trudged along, day after day, and sometimes became so tired she lagged far behind. The captain reproved her and urged her to let the child die because no one felt he could possibly get well. She was told she was only retarding progress by hanging onto him. She refused, of course, and assured them that she would make out all right if they cared to go on without her."

"When the company arrived in Salt Lake, Grandma and her children were sent south to Provo to make their home. Father was better and recovering fast. Their first home was in an old deserted school house. Grandma hung old pieces of rugs over the broken windows to keep out the cold, for it was early fall. Before long they moved south to Santaquin where they had a more comfortable home. Grandmother worked from daylight until late at night weaving carpets for she had brought her loom from Norway and also her spinning wheel. She took in washings and sewing to earn enough to support her small children and save to send for her daughters as she had promised."

It was not until Solomon Peterson of Santaquin went to Norway on a mission eight years later that he met and married Albertina Erickson and brought back with him her sister, Emma Olena, who married Ernst Tietjen in

1873.
In 1875 Joseph Tietjen was born in Santaquin, Utah, son of Emma O. Recall now that Ernst had promised the Lord that if he would not call upon him to cross the North Sea again, he would go anywhere. In October 1875 Ernst was called by Brigham Young to be a missionary to the Indians. The letter which Brigham Young wrote to Ernest Tietjen was paraphrased by Sam Young as follows:

"Locate as near as you can in the heart of the Navajo Indian country, learn their language, their habits, customs, and ways. Teach them the gospel and a better way to live."

Ernst was called to go to Tuba City, Arizona and he gladly accepted. He left his family in Santaquin. In December of that year he was called to go to Savoia, New Mexico, a few miles north of Ramah, New Mexico, to take charge of 116 Zunis and 16 Navajos who had been converted to the Church by Ammon Tenney and Robert H Smith. The local Navajo leader, Jose Pino, pointed out a favorable place to settle, at the spring at Savoia (the Spanish word for onion: cebolla) and on the 7th of January 1877, Hatch, Tietjen, and Burnham began building the first cabin in Savoia. It was 10x25 feet with two rooms and would serve as a home for Luther Burnham. Tietjen and Burnham hauled logs to Ft. Wingate where they were sawn into lumber. Just before coming on his mission, Ernst had married Emma Christiansen, chosen for him by his first wife. They were known as Emma O and Emma C. The next summer (1877) Ernst returned to Utah for his families, and took them to Ramah by wagon and team. He recorded the scene in briefest terms:

"Emma O., my first wife, was a good woman. She left our little home in Santaquin and our beautiful orchard. It was all paid for and we had a good chance to have become well off in worldly things, the same as my father and brother had. But she closed the door to our little home, brushed away a few tears, climbed into the wagon, and we left. But we left behind one little grave, our first son ."

For the second wife, Emma C, it was written that the trip

"was a great disappointment to the little lady who had worked in nice homes and dreamed of her lovely city home. All this and the dreams of culture and refinement she had for her children were left behind. Emma put on a pair of Indian moccasins and rode the pony most of the way into the desert Indian country. Sometimes she helped Ernst drive the teams and despite her disappointment, enjoyed carrying her step-son, 'Little Joe', as she called him, on her pony with her."

The Tietjens Meet the Navajos

Ernst Tietjen came to Savoia in 1876 in answer to the call of duty from the "prophet", Brigham Young, and he took that call very seriously. Navajos were the biggest thing in his life from then on. Young was not some distant figure in Salt Lake City; he knew each of the missionaries personally, and he traveled extensively among the settlements in Utah. Every moment that Ernst could spare from the task of making a living was spent in missionary work. Although Ernst spent some time among the Zunis and some at Isleta, most of his work was concerned with the Navajos. Foremost among them was his close friend, Jose Pino. (Ernst and his wives pronounced his name Gosepino, perhaps because the Navajos said it that way. Jose's son, Bidaga, recalled many years later: *"My father used to go everywhere with this Mormon named Tietjen. They were constantly together."* His Navajo name was Many Beads.

Ernst found Jose rolling his cigarettes with greenbacks, ignorant of their value. The greenbacks came from wagons that Jose had waylaid. Pino's daughter tells us that "My father would always be smoking ... he used corn husk for paper ... he smoked mountain tobacco, he didn't smoke those store-bought tobaccos. He got his tobacco from the mountain and he would dry it in the sun. That was his tobacco, not the modern ones which contain harmful substances." In their long conversations, Ernst heard Jose's story.

Jose Pino lived six years *"on the mountain side opposite Ft. Wingate ... At the close of this period [about 1874] my father started back with us to the place called Onions. There is a place over here where a spring comes out of the mountain; this is the place originally called Onions*." [In Navajo the place is called Thloh Chin, or stinking grass; in Spanish, it is called Cebolla, pronounced and written Savoia (or Savoya) by the Mormon Pioneers]. Jose was joined at Savoia by a Navajo who had accidentally shot himself in the knee while mounting his horse; in Navajo he was called The Man Who Shot Himself; he became known by the Spanish name, Baltasar Cojo

Baltazar Cojo

Jose Pino

or Coho, The Crippled One. Hastin Coho owned a large herd of cattle that he had obtained by raiding, and he ran them in Ramah Lake Canyon. Marvin Lewis says of him: *"They called him Crippled Joe"*. I think he lived above the Lake.

Yanabah, daughter of Jose Pino, tells us that

"We used to move with our sheep and [my father] would know where there was more grass for the sheep. We camped where the grazing was good a couple of days and then moved on. He never stayed home; he was always out doing something ... My father used to harvest a lot of crops, even watermelon. I guess he got the seeds from Albuquerque. He had some friends from the Rio Grande Pueblos and he would go visit them. He had Mexican friends too, the ones that used to herd sheep around here or from San Rafael ... We moved up to where the wild onions grow. They would grow about two feet high with tassels. They looked like the kind they sell at the trading post. They ate them with their meals ... Then we moved from that region towards the Zuni Mountains."

"That area was a beautiful place with rivers running from the mountains. Then we moved again into the upper Ramah valley ... I don't know how tall I was. I noticed that there was a log cabin built there, made out of pine trees with a chimney built on the side of the house. I thought some Anglos were living there, but it turned out to be a family of Mormons [The Navajos made a distinction between the Mormons (Gamali) and a generic White Man (Bilagani)] and we were living a little ways from the house ... The Mormon man would come and visit us. He had a beard that came down to his chest and he was very tall. The Mormon family had two big horses and one covered wagon. They also had one cow and her calf. They had six children. I remember that the man could understand and talk Navajo very well. We called him Diichin [Tietjen]."

"Back then, Navajo women didn't know about commercial dyes. They would give that man's wife their wool, and she would dye it for them and then give the wool back. Back then, there was no other Mormon family living in the Ramah Valley ... We lived next to them and my father used to be with that Mormon man. Sometimes my father would let him borrow one of our horses to ride on, and they would go riding around. My father, Many Beads, and that Mormon man became good friends. I guess he showed the Mormon the canyon behind our house, and he fell in love with that canyon. He said he was going to live in it. He picked a place against the side of a cliff there. He told my father he could move down lower in the canyon floor. I guess they both agreed on it, and the Mormon man moved into [Savoietta] canyon. He built another log cabin there."

There was not always peace and harmony between the Mormons and their Navajo neighbors. Occasionally there were serious difficulties with the Indians, particularly when stock got into gardens or fields. These caused trouble because raising food for wintertime was so critical: starvation was the alternative. S.C. Young relates an instance involving Emma C. Tietjen.

"She was oftentimes called upon to act as peace maker between the white people and the Indians. The Indians seemed to never fail to call upon her when they were in need of a friend, and she always responded and acted without fear or hesitation, as the following affair will show."
"In those early days the fields of the white man had no fences around them, and oftentimes animals feeding on the range would get into these fields, and of course eat a great deal of the growing crop, and in other ways do much damage."

"One day the Ramah men found some horses, which belonged to the Indians, in their fields. This had happened many times before, and the white men decided it was time to teach the Indians the lesson of keeping their horses out of the white man's fields, so the horses were taken and put in a corral and held for damages. This led up to a

heated argument between the white men and the Indians. The Indians refused to pay the damages that the white men were asking, and the white men were firm and would not give the horses up without the damages being paid."

"In anger the Indians took the two white men prisoners and left for the Indian camps. Upon this word reaching Ramah, the white men decided it was time to devise some way to stop further trouble, and to meet the Indians with a peace party, so the Ramah men hitched a team of horses to a wagon, and several men, with Emma C. (she always took her little girls with her) as peacemaker, went to meet the Indians."

"Out about one and one half miles from town was a trail, a short cut, which led from the Indian camps up a hill or bluff which was about one half mile from the Indian camps ... The Indians, on leaving their camps to go to Ramah, took the trail leading over the hill. When they came to the top of the hill they discovered that the men from Ramah were coming. The Indians, being in doubt as to the purpose of the white men's coming, took advantage of the bluff for their protection, by hiding in the rocks, and made ready to fight."

"The wagon came to the nearest point of the road to the trail at the top of the hill ... and stopped. Emma C. with her three little girls got out of the wagon (while the men waited in the wagon) and walked over to the top of the hill to where they felt sure the Indians were hiding and waiting for the white men to come."

We conclude the story with Emma C's account:

> *"So the Navajo Indians were about to kill the men, a Brother Harris and Will Bond. [They] took the men and left, taking them back to their camp. Bro. Tietjen, or Hans as we called him, was away in Arizona preaching to the Indians. Some of Hans' Indian friends came back to Ramah for him to help these two white men that the Indians the Indians had taken before they killed them, as they were bad Indians. Since Hans was not home, I told them I would go back with them and try and make peace. I had learned the Navajo language and could speak it well. I had also been a friend to the Indians. So they took me to their hogan where they had these prisoners. They all sat around with their guns loaded waiting for the signal from the chief to kill these two white men. I walked up to the Indians and said, 'You won't shoot ME, will you? When I have always been such a good friend to all of you, to your women and children. I have fed you and warmed you when you were hungry and cold. I have taken care of your women and children when they were sick.' I talked and reasoned with them for a long while. Finally I convinced them of their wrong in taking these two white men who were the Indian's friends, so that at last they let them go."*

S.C. Young continues the narrative:

> *"After she had talked with the Indians for some time, she succeeded in persuading the Indians to send their guns back to their homes and she sent a note by a friendly Indian to the men in the wagon, telling them to come on up to where she was and meet the Indians, which they did, and after a good deal of talking, it was agreed that the Indians should come and get their horses without paying for the damages they had done to the crops. The Indians were to try and keep their horses from getting into the white man's fields, and the white men promised to not shut the Indians' horses up in the corral any more. Peace and good will once more prevailed and all went to their homes feeling good."*

We recite here one story of the unusual relationship between the Navajo people and the Mormon settlers, taken from the journal of Paris Ashcroft. The old missionary, Ira Hatch, had settled in Ramah with his family by his late Indian wife, Sarah Dyson, and his new family by Nancy Pipkin. Lafenti Pipkin was Nancy's daughter by a prior marriage, and was Paris' mother. Paris writes that

> *"Jose Pino (the chief) was friendly to the Hatch people and a very frequent visitor. He decided to ask Ira*

Hatch for Lafenti to be his wife. He had several wives already, but that was the custom. It was also their custom to make this proposal of marriage through the parents of the girl, instead of making the proposal directly to the girl. Ira Hatch told him it wasn't our custom to sell our girls to make a deal of this kind, but that if he could get the girl's consent that was the white man's way ... At this time Lafenti was keeping company with Josiah Emer Ashcroft, although both of them were quite young. The chief did not waste much time in asking her to marry him. He said he would give her lots of jewelry and nice clothes. He would give her lots of sheep and horses, and she would be looked up to by all the other wives and Indians."

"Of course Lafenti answered and told him she appreciated his friendship, but that she already had a sweetheart and would have to refuse the great chief ... He left quite angry ... One day Lafenti was alone at the ranch ... Jose Pino must have known she was alone, because he came to the house dressed in his finest clothes. He told Lafenti he had come again to ask her to marry him; that he wasn't used to having women refuse him, and would she have him without waiting any longer? She told him again that she already had her lover, and had promised to marry him, and for him to go away now and not bother her any more as she had made up her mind."

"The chief jumped and grabbed Lafenti, and told her he would kill her unless she consented to marry him. He forced her to sit in a chair and taking his hunting knife in his right hand, told her if she still refused, he would cut her throat. Lafenti was very frightened, but she knew good and well she had better not show it. She looked him square in the eye and said, 'Go ahead and kill me if you dare; I am not afraid of you ...' This bravery of Lafenti's was too much for Jose and he released her and said, 'I can't kill you; you are too brave a squaw to be killed. I am sorry I acted this way. I will bother you no more.' He made good his word. He was still friendly to their family and in a few years he was baptized."

S.C. Young has commented on the poverty of the Tietjen family. He was not exaggerating: Yanabah noted with astonishment that

"His children did not even have any shoes and their clothes were all torn and ragged. That is how we first saw them when they moved next to us. I don't know what they ate to keep alive, but I saw them eat bread they made from wheat meal. They would make bread out of that and eat it. [The Navajos did not make bread. Kee Yazzie Pino stated that 'Our main source of food was corn ... We didn't have flour then.'] They were poor and I don't know where they came from before they moved close to us."

Before the Ft. Sumner days, Many Beads had been an active participant in the raids. He told Ernst about ambushing wagon trains traveling westward from Albuquerque.

Ernst's children were in close contact with their Indian neighbors. Louis Kirk claimed that when Ernst would whip Joe, he would run off and stay with Jose Pino's family for a week or two at a time and that they would hide him. Joe was a close friend of Biggs. *"The cabin Ernst lived in at Ramah was small, and Joe slept outside in the wagon bed with Biggs."* Joe Tietjen learned about rolling in the snow and running long distances from his Indian friends and followed the custom most of his life.

Growing up with this Navajo boy gave Joe a fluency in the Navajo language that was legendary. Atheling Bond told the author a story that made the rounds among the Indian traders:

"If Wilford Ashcroft were inside a hogan talking Navajo, a white man with a trained ear might have known that a white man was on the inside talking to Navajos. If Joe Tanner were in the hogan, only a Navajo on the outside would have known that a white man was talking to Navajos. If Joe Tietjen were on the inside, even a Navajo listening on the outside would have said that only Navajos were inside."

Old George Barbone told the author that Joe Tietjen knew some Navajo words whose meaning he sometimes had to explain to the other Navajos. Marvin Lewis tells us that *"Haskie Pino was Bidaga's son. He lived with the Tietjens and I think Joe Tietjen lived with his family also."* Baltasar Coho was another close friend of Joe's. They ran cattle together. Yanabah says that

> *"Chavez Coho's father ... lived over by Sierra Alto, and he made this Mormon's son his friend also. They called him Diichin's son. They both went traveling all over the place ... Chavez Coho's father was the first to have cattle and also the first to have big workhorses like Clydesdales. He got them from Diichin's (Tietjen's) son by helping him with his cattle. Diichin's son gave him cattle as payment."*

The Navajo-Apache threat to Savoia in 1880 is a story in itself. There were seven or eight bands of Apaches, and Victorio's band occasionally came into the area where the Tietjens lived. It was a constant topic of conversation around the Tietjen dinner table and it totally disrupted their lives for three months. The Navajo leader, Jose Pino, was remembered with deep gratitude for his part in warning Ernst when Apaches were in the neighborhood. Had Victorio not taken a hand, Savoia would not have disappeared and Ramah would never have existed.

On the 19th of May, 1880, Jesse N. Smith, the Stake President, wrote from St. Johns, Arizona the following:

> *"The following day two brethren arrived, after which we proceeded on our way. Camped a little before reaching the Zuni village. Next day arrived at Savoia and were entertained by Bro. Tietjen who had a little stock of goods with which he bought wool of the Navajos for Bro. Young. On account of the Indian war we advised Bro. Burnham and all the settlers to move their families to St. Johns. Made a start the following day [for Albuquerque], having secured the company of an old friendly Navajo named Francisco, whose presence it was thought would prevent trouble, should we meet any hostile Apaches. He followed on horseback. We called at Little Savoia and urged the families of N.C. Tenney who was on a mission and Samuel, his son, to move into St. Johns."*

Ernst Tietjen was not one to disregard counsel, so he sent or took his families as far south as Ammon Tenney's Windmill Ranch (halfway) then later moved to St. Johns. When the threat was over he moved back to Savoia while his missionary companion, Luther Burnham, was called upon to preside at Kirtland, NM. Not long afterward, the colony of Sunset, AZ, near Winslow, broke up over the tough leadership style of Lot Smith. Smith had called several families to come to Savoia as Indian Missionaries (Nielson, Pipkin, Bond, Johnston, Ashcroft, McNeil) and others followed them in sympathy until well over half of the colony was at Savoia. These settlers lived briefly at Savoya, then moved down to where Ramah is now. By the time Joseph Tietjen was seven, these people had arrived. Ernst had, before then, moved down the road (Forest Road 157) to the junction Savoietta Canyon (called Togeye Canyon on the maps) and settled there, about two miles from Ramah. His old friend, Jose Pino, settled right near him. A church/school was quickly built in Ramah and by 1883 school was being held. We have to guess what schooling Joseph had from this lifestory by his younger sister, Ernestine:

> *Ernestine Olena, the second (living) child of Ernst Tietjen and Emma O Erickson, was born March 9, 1878, at Savoia, New Mexico. She was born in the one-room log cabin built while Ernst was at Savoia on his first visit. The family lived at Savoia a few years, then moved to Savoietta Canyon, several miles south and east of Ramah. Their nearest neighbor was Jose Pino, the Navajo leader in that area. Ernestine says he was "very hospitable, and kind and good." She remembers one occasion when she was six years old. Her father was away from her home and her mother had to go to Ramah, leaving the children at home. Jose Pino came to them and said, "I want you girls not to be afraid, don't be nalset (that's afraid in Navajo), because nobody will hurt you, and I'll watch over you and I'll take care of you."*

In the canyon there was barely enough water for a garden, and it was at the bottom of a fairly deep arroya. Sam Young wrote that

"To get water for the house and the animals that were used on the farm, Ernst had dug an open well in the bottom of the draw ... about one hundred yards from the house. This well was about ten feet deep and four feet across ... he built a tower and put a windmill over the well so that it would pump water out of the well to irrigate the garden with. This windmill was built stationary, that is, it would not turn to the different directions of the wind. [It] ... was built by setting four posts in the ground in the bottom of the well so that they were at one side of the center of the well ... A heavy pole was placed across the frame at the top of the posts, to be used as an axel. On one end of this axel a wheel windmill was built ... At the opasate end of the axel ... a handle was atached at the top of the frame. This handle ... was attached to an ... axel lower down ... At one end of the second axel was the frame of a wheel ... one the rim of this second wheel was a number of tin cans nailed to the rim ... When the wind turned ... it would ... turn the wheel with the tin cans [which] would be filled with water and carried to the top of the wheel ... [and] emptied into a flume which would carry the water a few feet to a ditch which would take the water to the garden. By the aid of this tin can pump, the family was able to grow a garden which covered an acre or more of land."

Ernst's Dutch Windmill had sails on it and when not pulling water out of the arroya it was used for grinding wheat. Ernst got a rock mason, Chapman, to chisel him a couple of grindstones. The bottom was stationary, the top rotated.

In 1883 Emma C Tietjen had a dream. She saw an Indian woman coming to their house and asking to borrow a tub. She saw also that Ernst would marry this woman. Ira Hatch, the closest neighbor, had married a Paiute woman and had several children by him. The oldest child, Amanda, came over to borrow a tub. Emma C was startled and told her husband about the dream and its consequences. He was not overjoyed, but told Emma that if she felt that strongly about it, she should go over to Ira Hatch and discuss the matter. The outcome was that Ernst and Amanda Hatch were married later that year in Salt Lake City. Ernst had not chosen the second or third wife: it had been done for him and he became a reluctant polygamist. Amanda took her place as a peacemaker between the two wives.

We now try to reconstruct Joe Tietjen's early life through the eyes of his sister and companions. In April, 1886, Ernestine Tietjen, Joe's sister, was eight, the age at which Mormon children *"reach the age of accountability"* and are baptized. Testimony that Mormon parents are reluctant to delay this important ordinance was Ernestine's recollection, on her 80th birthday, that

"when I was baptized, I can remember that my father broke the ice, and we got in there and we about froze ... My father confirmed me I think, right there on the ice."

Ernestine was two years younger than Joseph Tietjen. She says that

"When quite young, being the oldest girl, it became my duty to take the oversight of my mother's children in her absence. [As a result], my schooling opportunities were very limited and the family grew up more in ranch life than in any other way. The school I did attend was a tuition school and I paid my tuition by janitor service at the schoolhouse. It lasted for four or five months of the year."

"When we would go from this ranch to school and church in Ramah, most of the time [we would go] on foot through snow and among the Indian neighbors who had learned to appreciate Father and his family for the friendly spirit he always manifested to them. They were very dependable in times of need. I attended school from the time I was 10 years old to about 14 years old ... we children could have but one pair of shoes at a time, which in order to care for them and make them last longer, would take them off and walk barefoot

nearly to town when we would put them on again to go into town and to school."

The George family were the nearest neighbors of the Tietjen family in Savoietta canyon. Dick George bears out her experience exactly:

"We did not live in town but in a canyon about two miles above the town. We walked every day through the long, harsh, cold winters to attend school, and on Sundays we walked to Church. Our neighbors were Indians. They were friendly to our family and the Tietjen family, who lived in the canyon at that time also."

Dick was also deeply concerned about Apaches: *"This was during the time Geronimo was on the warpath and led hostile raids against the white settlers in New Mexico and Arizona. Also, AZ and NM were hideouts and refuge for all kinds of criminals, renegades and outlaws. Many of these types of men lived around us and we knew some of them. Although we were never harmed or bothered, these conditions were extremely hard for my mother and father to raise a family there. Indian neighbors were Ghosea Spena (Jose Pino) and Lame Joe (Baltasar Cojo). They had families, and we used to play with the Indian children. I remember well one of Ghosa Spenea's boys was called Shingle Head, and Lame Joe had a boy we called Bush Head. Ghos Spena would warn us whenever Geronimo was in the vicinity. And at other times Lame Joe would warn us. At such times we were more careful and on the look-out for any sign or warning that might mean Geronimo would attack.*

Geronimo was, regardless of the popularity he has attained on TV as a Great Indian Chief, he was a desperate savage, cunning, cruel and murderous. He was fighting, of course, for his right to remain and live where he, and his people before him had lived, before the white man came."

[**Author's note: Geronimo never came close to Ramah; instead it was Victorio, a strategist who made complete fools of the Army, and old Nana who made one raid to Mt. Taylor. Victorio was a good friend of the Navajo headman Manuelito**]

A big thing in life was whether there would be enough food. Dick George's sister, Aunt Mary McNeil, says that

"Sometimes the winter hung on too long. Once when there was no food left but one loaf of bread, Father gathered us all around and asked us if we were willing to save that one loaf for the baby. We all said we were. He went out then and managed to find and kill a porcupine. We cooked it all one day and couldn't eat it, it was so tough. So we cooked it another whole day and it would still pull your teeth out to try and eat it."

Dick remembered the same thing:

"All my life I will remember that for three days our family had no food and how my father took us by some that for three days our family had no food, and how my father took us by some high red cliffs where cactus grew, and made a small camp fire and cut pieces of cactus, removed the thorns with his knife and roasted the cactus over the fire for us to eat. That is all we had to eat. The next day a man called Poke [Polk] Pipkin, who we knew to be a bad and dangerous man, a murderer, even, came riding his horse and in front of his saddle he carried a sack of flour to give to us. He had heard we were starving, he said, and thought the flour might help us. It did. Nothing ever tasted so good in all our lives as the bread and scones my mother made of that sack of flour. We were forever grateful to Poke Pipkin for that act of mercy, and it seemed to bare out the belief "No matter how bad a man may be, there is always a spark of good, in some way."

Ernestine tells us what life was like for the children:

"When I was between eight and nine years old [I would go with] my brother Joe up the canyon 3 miles to do the plowing and planting with a yoke of oxen named Sam and Jeff, and was accompanied by Eda and Manda [my sister and my Father's third wife] to help what we could in the planting and hoeing. We would

help yoke up the oxen as Joe was between 11 and 12 years old and too small to yoke them up without help. Father was gone so much of the time ... when he was doing missionary work ... that we had to all work together to make ends meet, as we were very hard run."

"Beginning when I was ten years old ... I stayed with Manda a good deal of my life, and from her I learned ... to do all kinds of housework for a family. From Manda I learned to knit and braid straw for hats and make them for the family [and] I became quite artistic. I also learned the arts of spinning and carding and needlework [and] I assisted in the maintenance of the family in our remote location to good advantage."

"After Manda's house burned, she became very ill and moved to the canyon with mother. Previous to this time mother and Manda lived in Ramah. During this period I, being the oldest girl, was trying to get a little country schooling and assist in the housework and help Manda all possible. She being so ill, she had to have someone with her all the time ... and [as a result] my schooling was limited to about the fourth grade. When I was 15 we moved from the canyon to Ramah. Manda and I put in her garden and in the Fall mother moved from the canyon to Ramah. Manda died December 30th."

The loyalty of Ernestine's father to the Church and his uncompromising commitment to serve became a significant trait in Ernestine's life. In an interview a few years before her death, Ernestine said of her father's missionary call:

"[My father was] a very good man. I used to say, 'Father, why did you come out in this country among the Indians?' and he said, 'Because I had a call, and I wouldn't turn down a call for nothing in the world.' I said, 'Well, now, father, if we had lived in Salt Lake City, we would have had a good education, but out here among the Indians that is not possible.', and Father said, 'Well, I was called on a mission, and I will fulfill that to the very end.'" Partly in jest, but with a grain of truth, she stated, "Father was always on a mission."

Joe's sister Laura attended school whenever it was offered in the one-room log house that doubled as church meetinghouse, dance hall, and school room.

"The teacher often received as much as thirty or thirty five dollars a month, and besides teaching school, the teacher saw that the wood which the men hauled was chopped [by the older boys] and the fire kept burning, the floor swept [by the girls] and anything that was for the interest of the school was looked after by the teacher. Oftentimes the parents complained because the teacher got up a school program, claiming that the minds of the children, while learning the parts for these programs, were taken from their schoolwork of reading, spelling, and arithmetic."

"To raise the money to pay the teacher for her work, each student of the school was charged a fee for attending the school, which often amounted to three dollars and fifty cents a month and when the parents of a student could not pay the monthly fee, the child could not go to school."

At times *"these schools were kept going by some member of the ward teaching the school for a month" and occasionally "one of the larger or most advanced students" would have to assume the teacher's duties, but without the pay."*

There is a hint in these remarks that there were times when Laura's parents were unable to afford schooling, but she did complete the sixth grade. Even that much school required sacrifices, and

"her mother, in her determination to see that her children had the advantage of these schools would go,

when she could get the chance, and do a week's washing for a large family and mop the floor after the washing had been done, for a whole fifty cent piece."

Ernestine mentioned Amanda's house burning. It occurred in 1888 when Joseph Tietjen was 13 years old: Ernst was totally devastated by the death of his and Amanda's little daughter, Sarah. He recorded in his journal that

"She was light complected and had rosy cheeks. While plowing in the lot [in Ramah] I saw Sarah coming acrost the plowed land, hopping and running. She was so buteful and I said to myself, if anything should ever hapen to her, I don't believe I could stand it. She came up, telling me her mother had dinner ready. Taking my hand, she chatted to me as we walked back to the house." On the evening of May 2, 1888, the Mayday dance was being held a block down the street from Amanda's home. Since everything was quiet and peaceful, she stepped out to look in on the dance for a moment. A spark from the fireplace ignited some quilting scraps near the fireplace. Not many minutes later her heart nearly failed her when someone outside saw the blaze from her burning cabin.

Ernst wrote in his journal,

"I was reading my paper at Emma O's place, just a short distance from Amanda's, when I heard someone cry 'FIRE!!!' I ran out, only to see Amanda's place all afire and Sarah in it. I wanted to run in to get Sarah, but 3 men held me back. They formed a chane line with buckets; they passed the buckets of water in that way from one to the other until they had put out the fire ... She was burned just a small spot on her forehead, but the smoke had strangled her to death. This was my greatest trial, for oh, how I love this little girl. Amanda, it seamed, could not get over this great shock and on December 30, 1894, she died."

Amanda had left three children: Permelia, Amos, and Ivy (just nine months old). If the shock of losing her daughter was not enough for Amanda, one more event was to shake the foundations of the family. That event involved the tempestuous misfortunes of the Pipkin family. In October 1884, John Pipkin was found by his father Polk Pipkin after several days of searching, an apparent suicide. Ten men preached at his funeral and "all spoke upon the grievous crime John Pipkin had committed in taking his own life." There were a few who suspected, however, that John was the victim of foul play rather than a suicide. In 1887, Polk Pipkin was disfellowshipped for defrauding the postoffice at Savoia. In the 1890s, Dan (Red) Pipkin joined Bronco Bill's gang and was involved in a number of train robberies and holdups. In 1902 Emmet Pipkin, working at the Box-S ranch, had borrowed money to buy wool. While there, he was robbed and murdered. None of these misfortunes, however, came so close to the Tietjen family circle or surpassed in tragedy (in purest Shakespeare tradition) the conflict with the Lewis family.

Vira Lewis was married to Polk Pipkin who was much older than she. She had been in love with his son, John Pipkin, before the marriage and after it both she and the son were, according to Nielson, *"excommunicated for adultery."* Vira said her husband abused her and threatened her life, so she decided to leave him. She took her son from the ranch near Savoia without her husband's knowledge and left Ramah with her younger brother, Joseph Lewis, 21 years of age. As soon as her husband discovered the fact, he set out in pursuit in company with Joe Hatch. Joe Hatch was the son of Ira Hatch and a brother of Amanda Hatch who had married Ernst Tietjen in 1883. Ira Hatch was married to a sister of Pipkin, hence Joe was a nephew of Pipkin's by marriage. An older brother of Vira's, S.E. Lewis, noticed the pursuing party (very early in the morning) and got Ernst Tietjen and Will Bond to accompany him in pursuit of the pursuers. The date was Sunday, October 26, 1890.

Near the Arizona line the first party camped for the night. In the falling darkness they realized they were being followed and Joe Lewis hid in a gully with his rifle. Just after darkness the third party arrived and dismounted. Bond called out to Joe Lewis. The latter, thinking help had arrived, stood up and was shot fatally. As the latest

arrivals were walking, they heard a voice from the darkness: *"Halt, drop your guns and put up your hands!"* Complying with the command, a shot was fired at them and Mr. Lewis' horse, which had a white spot in its forehead, fell dead. The flash revealed Pipkin and Hatch lying flat on the ground a few feet away. Another shot was fired at Tietjen. At this, Lewis drew his pistol and returned the shot and Tietjen dived for his pistol and started shooting. Bond's pistol would not fire and he could not get his Winchester loose from the saddle. One of Hatch's shots hit the stirrup of Tietjen's horse, Pick, then lodged in the animal's side. Pipkin and Hatch then ran for their horses with shots being fired after them.

"Brother Lewis ran to where they had heard the scream and found his brother, Joseph, lying fatally wounded only two rods from the wagon, camped in the wash, in which were his mother and sister. Brother Tietjen immediately followed, but Brother Bond had not been seen or heard during the shooting."

During the battle, Bond thought all was lost and went to St. Johns for help. Tietjen and Lewis returned with the body to Ramah and as people were gathering for the funeral, news was received that the trigger-happy sheriff from St. Johns had taken his posse into the Zuni Mountains to look for Joe Hatch and had shot and killed his brother, Ira Starns Hatch, by mistake.

For months afterward the families in Ramah were at such enmity with each other that the opposing sides wore guns constantly, even to church. Ernst's wife, Amanda, was a sister of Joe Hatch, and Joe Tietjen was very close to Louis Kirk, a stepchild of Ira Hatch. Ernst had been profoundly grateful for Ira's presence in Ramah as a missionary. Ira, of course, defended his son, and for this both he and his son were disfellowshipped, unjustly in Ira's case. One man, much younger than Ira, took it upon himself to give the old man a thrashing despite his crippled arm. One day Amanda saw her brother Joe and crossed the field to ask him why he wanted to kill her husband. Joe Tietjen's best friend was Louis Kirk, stepson of Ira Hatch. The teenagers were now forbidden to play with each other. Of grief and sorrow there seemed no end. With some bitterness, Ira Hatch and his family moved to Fruitland as did the Pipkin family.

Frihoff Nielson kept a diary faithfully for most of his life. He wrote little in the way of commentary but much about commonplace events such as chores, his newspaper, speakers at church, and haircuts. Nielson and Tietjen became lifelong friends and business partners, hence their daily lives were quite similar, so much so that what Frihoff was doing was about what Ernst was doing. We soon learn from his journal that pioneer life provided plenty of work for everyone in the family.

First and always, there was milking. This involved feeding the cows morning and night and hunting them every evening, a task that might take minutes or hours. After the milking, the milk had to be cared for: strained and put in a cool place in the cellar or perhaps in a screened window on the north side of the house or in a cool well or stream if one was available. There was no problem in keeping the milk cool during the winter; in the summer, feed sacks were dipped in water and draped around the milk crocks or bottles. After the milk had set a day or so, the cream had to be skimmed off the top and made into butter which found a ready market at Ft. Wingate. Thus there was constant churning to occupy the time in the evening when there was not light enough to work outside. Any excess milk was made into cheese, a process well understood by Ernst and his wives.
There was also a constant market at the Fort for chickens and eggs. Butter sold for 35 cents a pound, eggs brought 34 cents a dozen and a chicken sold for 56 cents. McNeill had a little store in which he exchanged eggs and butter for groceries and took them twice a week to Wingate. Children sometimes exchanged an egg for a bit of candy. Chickens required constant feeding and watering and eggs had to be gathered daily. A constant vigilance had to be maintained to keep skunks and coyotes from getting the chickens. At the market place it was necessary to buy rice, sugar, vinegar, bacon, raisins, brooms, wool cards, and soda. These items were in short

supply in the Tietjen home.

To satisfy the yearning of his children for sweets—a yearning that sometimes verged on tears—Ernst

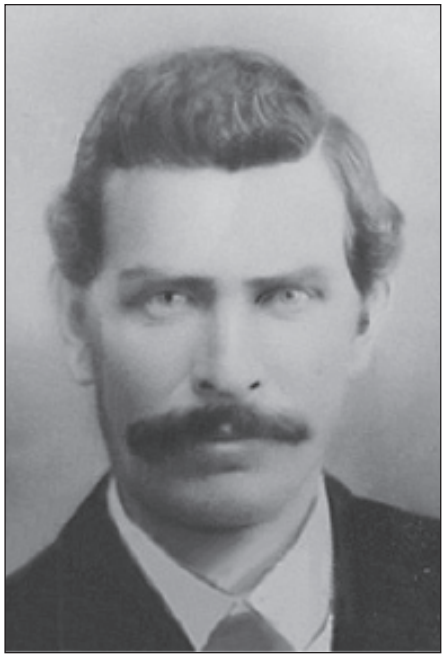
> *"planted some sugar cain, and during the summer while the cain was growing he made a rude molasses mill so he could work this cain up and make molasses out of the juce of the cain. This mill was made by taking two ... peaces of a large pole, about ten inches in diamater and two feet long. He bored a hole through each of these blocks and in these holes he put a large rod. To keep the ... rollers ... from splitting, he took four iron bands of the right size off from the hubs of an old wagon and put a band on each end of the rollers. He then took two large posts and bored two holes in each post so as to fit, in distance apart, the rods in the rollers. The posts were set firmly in the ground. He put the rollers in place in the posts. The end of one of these rods he bent so he could use that bolt for a crank to turn the rollers. The rollers [were] placed near enough to gather so that they would not quite touch each other, then the stalks of cain would be run ... between the rollers and the juce in the cain would be pressed out. While pressing the juice out of the cane, Ernst would turn the rollers and one of the children would put the cain, one stalk at the time, into the mill ... The juice would be caught by a peace of tin that was placed under the rollers and run into a bucket which was set under the tin. The juice was then put into a kettle and placed over a slow burning fire and boiled untill the juice was cooked and brought to a suitable thickness, and then it would be put away and called good molasses, and sure enough it was good, and they were the only ones in the town that had any of this good cain molasses."*

Wagon beds were *"small"*: perhaps 4 ft by 8 ft. The pioneer brought along a plow, a barrel for water, his tools, his cooking utensils, his clothing, his bedding, and food. This left precious little room for passengers and most of them would rather walk than sit in the jolting wagon. A number of people riding on the driver's seat fell out of the wagon and were run over. The pioneers coming from Utah to Arizona usually left in midwinter after the crops were up and it took several months to travel. Thus the driver, at least, spent the entire winter out on the seat, completely unprotected from the cold and wind. All travel into Arizona or New Mexico had to be by way of Lee's Ferry, near Glen Canyon Dam. The ferry itself could also be quite dangerous. Large floating trees could ram the ferry.

Joseph Tietjen married Maud Hunt in 1898 in Gallup which was then in Bernalillo County. We shall now tell a little of her story. Her grandfather, Charles Jefferson Hunt, was Captain of Company A of the Mormon Battalion. They marched from Ft. Leavenworth Kansas to San Diego California. It was the longest military march in the history of the world. Its purpose was to win the war with Mexico and thus secure to America the territories of Utah, New Mexico, Arizona and California. Jefferson helped settle the colony of San Bernardino, California. He had two wives and Maud descends from his second wife, Matilda Nease. Her father was Thomas Jefferson Hunt who was born in San Bernardino. When Johnson's Army invaded Utah, Brigham Young called all the outlying colonies home, and San Bernardino was one of those. Jefferson Hunt then settled in Utah (Huntsville was named for him) near Ogden where Thomas grew up in the horse and cattle business. Perhaps on a trip to Payson, Utah he married Martha Marinda Manwill (Gladdus Tietjen was named after her). Jeff Tietjen remembered Martha Marinda. She always wore a six-shooter in her belt and had a small dog she took for walks. Everyone knew not to mess with Marinda.

Maud tells her own story here:

> *"We lived out in Idaho. It was kind of desert. There was a caravan of gypsies came by who wanted to name one baby girl. None of the people would consent because they were Mormons, but Mother consented, and they named me Maud S. Hunt. Until I grew up, I had lots of the dresses these gypsies gave me. In fact, Josephine wore two of those dresses when she was a baby. I was born in Payson, Utah, in the fall of 1880. My*




Joseph and Maud Tietjen

earliest recollections of my mother are that she rode a lot and lived an outdoor life. She was born October 23, 1860. My father was born in Sacramento, California. The last time I saw my father was when we lived in Idaho. He was on his way to Tucson, Arizona and it wasn't long until he was supposed to have been killed by Apaches. I couldn't have been more than three and a half. He stood in the doorway and had a black, bald-faced horse with white stocking feet. He said, "Baby, I'm comin back to get you." Mother's name was Martha Marinda Manwill and Father's name was Thomas Jefferson Hunt. I remember once seeing great-grandmother Shumway. I had one sister, Matilda and a brother Thomas Jefferson Hunt. Mother was married the second time to William Noble Miller at Bood River, Idaho. The oldest girl was Susan. The oldest boy was George Macon, and the second was William Alonzo. They were just five years apart from us. I more or less raised these half brothers. After we left Dixie, Utah where we lived, we went to Showlow and lived a year, then we went to Pinetop and I really learned what life was there. I was eight years old. Mother took in washings and nursed. My brothers and I lived way out in the mountains alone, where we milked cows and sold the butter, but not the milk."

While at Pinetop, Maud tells of tending cows when she was nine years old and of seeing a herd of cattle running over a nearby hill. She hid between two logs and none too soon, as a party of raiding Apaches drove her cattle away with the others. While going to school at Pinetop, Arizona, she remembers the capture of Geronimo. Heavily guarded and chained hand and foot, the Marauding Apache whose name struck terror to the heart of every white settler in the South West was being taken to Oklahoma. Despite his chains, he raised himself out of the wagon and snarled at the children. Bert Whetten was living at Holbrook at that time and says this: *"During this time, one of my recollections was living among the Apache Indians on the White Mountains Reservation. There were different Indians, some friendly, and some were not. I remember when the notorious Geronimo roamed the country and when he was captured. The soldiers had him in a government wagon with four mules pulling it. He was chained to the floor of the wagon box. They stopped at the station for lunch, and remained there for two or three hours. John and I got up in the wagon to see him. He didn't look much different than any other Indian, only that we thought it was quite funny they had him chained. We were around him quite a bit. The old fellow would laugh and try to talk English to us."*


Thomas Jefferson Hunt and Marinda Manwill

Continuing her story, Maud says, "about this time the family decided to go to Utah with a bunch of other people, but when we got to Farmington their teams gave out and Miller took his teams and helped the others on to Moab. The next year we went to Hesperus when I was about sixteen. Mother didn't have very good health then, and work was scarce. We just camped there and a man named John Brown came down and said to me, "Well Bud, do you want work?" He thought I was a boy. I said, "what do you want me to do?" "Pick up potatoes," he said, "Have you ever done that?" "No, I never saw many potatoes, but I can sure do it." When he found out I was a girl, he said, "I'll give you $2.50 a week." I told him, "No, I prefer to work outdoors" and they put me with one of the best potato pickers they had. I stayed with him two days, and he said, "I couldn't keep up with her," and from that time on they called me Bud. After digging potatoes I went with the threshers that fall. My brother Tom didn't like that work, but I did. I made as much money picking up potatoes as my step father did. We went back and forth there until I came to this country."

"We were having a drought and mother went up on the La Plata and bought a stack of hay. We had a family council and it fell to me to go up on the river and feed this herd of milk cows. We had 96 head. That was the first I ever heard of Mormonism. I had been around Mormon people before, but that was where I was really converted. They sent two missionaries in there. I was staying at the Bishops, who was named John Biggs. The girls asked me if I loved to read, and I said yes. When I came back to my tent, they had left some cheap yellow backed novels. I told them I wouldn't read those, that my stepfather had taught me not to read trash. When I came back from feeding, Sister Biggs, who was President of the Relief Society, said "I've got you some good books. I guess you're not too good to read our mutual book." I had a most enjoyable time that winter. At that time they had what was called the traveling library of the Mutual, and we read and discussed those books. Then they brought in the two missionaries who called me Sister Hunt. They thought I was a convert. The second time they called me that, I said, "I never did go under a false impression, and I'm not a Mormon." So they decided to convert me."

"We had what we called a "slide" and I rode it and fed 96 head of cattle. When the oldest elder came up to the slide I said, "Do you want to help pitch hay?" He said he guessed so and climbed up. I told him the best place was in the middle of the slide. We hollered and the cows came running. I was driving a brown

team and when I yelled, they began to run, and we were really scattering hay. I looked back and saw the elder crawling out of a snowdrift. After my second load of hay was put out, I came back to the house, and the oldest girl, Eva Biggs, said to me, "Didn't you know better than to throw that missionary in the snow?" But from then on, they tried a different approach. They saw that I went to Mutual, to Sunday School, and to Primary. I was converted, but not baptized until Joe and I had been married about a year."

"As we got ready to leave the San Juan, with our 96 head of milk cows, there was a Tom Bryan who had 160 head of big long horned steers and we came with him and Tom Herrington, his partner. It was so dry and hard for the cattle. When we got to the divide, the cattle were thirsty and wanted to go back to a water hole. That evening the kids were going to play a joke on Tom Bryant. There was a horse in the bunch called old "Jim Tietjen" which had belonged to Joe Tietjen. The kids turned all the other horses loose except old "Jim Tietjen." They took him up the canyon and tied him up, making it look like his rope had been broken. He was a mean horse and no one dared to ride him. The kids were going to see if Tom Bryant would ride him after the other horses. Next morning when we woke up, all the horses and the cattle were gone. We climbed a high bluff and with some strong glasses I had, we saw the cattle stringing along."

"The Herrington kid said to me, "We didn't know we were pullin' such a trick." I said to the kid, "you drag my saddle up the canyon." He drug my saddle up there and saddled the horse. He gave me two biscuits with a piece of bacon, and I was on my way after the cattle. No one else knew I was following the herd. About noon some Navajos came by, and Tom Bryan and Herrington tried to hire them, but they wanted $100 to follow that herd. Paul hummed and hawed and finally told them that "Sis" (as I was called) had gone. They wanted to know how she went, and he told them that I had ridden old "Jim Tietjen." I followed the cattle. Old Jim Tietjen was a fast traveler and I caught up with the herd about dark. Then I had to trail them back to the divide and got in about midnight by driving the cattle fast. I had a dog called Cute that would ride on the saddle behind me. She was better than three men at driving cattle. She never barked but bit their heels. When I got back, everyone was excited. I guess I was the first one that had ever ridden him, but I had grown up on a horse and had ridden since I was three years old. I was 17 then."

"We camped at the mouth of Bluewater Canyon. Joe Tietjen was supposed to come up and take over the Bryan herd. When he got there, I was the cowboy of the outfit because our horses were poor and give out and I rode Old Jim every day. When I came into camp there was Joe Tietjen and his brother Almy. The next day I had to help gather the cattle. I thought that when he got the cattle that I would never see him again, but we moved back up to Thoreau and camped there. While we were there, I was sent over to the Medler Ranch to buy hay. I was scared to death of dogs. I walked up to knock on the front door and out came a bulldog. I didn't even knock, but just ran in and slammed the door. It was always a joke, and Mrs. Medler used to laugh and say "That woman doesn't even knock. She just walks in, slams the door, and stands with her back to the door." We then moved to the mountain where Joe had taken Bryan's cattle at Dan Valley. We had been there about a week when Joe came over and asked Mother if he could board with us. She said she guessed he could. Edy Tietjen [Joe's sister] came over to see Joe, but he wouldn't get up to see her, so she had to stay overnight. She was so scared to be staying with a bunch of "outsiders" but I remember hearing her tell her mother that "they had their beds covered with tarps but when they rolled them out, there were the nicest white sheets, and she gave me a nightgown that was embroidered. She was so surprised that folks that lived like that had things decent. My stepfather was determined that I was going to be a "lady" and insisted that I learn to sew, to knit, and do all that fancy work, so I had embroidered the night gown."

Actually what Maud said above is an understatement. What she does not tell us here (but shared with a granddaughter) is that even after her marriage to Joe, she felt like an "outsider" in the family. Divided

Joe Tietjen on a Bronc, probably a Mustang

or split skirts were devised so that women could ride bicycles, then extended so that women could ride horseback. Maud wore them. They were pants full enough that they looked like a skirt when the lady was walking. I quote an article on the subject: *"Though a cowgirl can now dress anyway she wants, that wasn't always the case. In fact back in the days when the sidesaddle ruled the female equestrian world, if a cowgirl showed up in town wearing her brother's pants, or even a split skirt, she would have been arrested for indecent exposure. That's what happened to Evelyn Cameron in 1895 when the English photographer, turned Montana rancher, cantered into Miles City one fine August day. Because Evelyn had dared to come to town wearing a split riding skirt she had made herself, the sheriff, backed by the town's outraged women, threatened the foreigner with arrest if she didn't leave town".*

The alternative for a woman was to ride sidesaddle. A cowboy absolutely depends on being astride to keep his seat for riding. Riding sideways was unthinkable because it was dangerous (I have tried one and it is somewhat like riding on the cab of a pickup; nothing to hold onto.) A sidesaddle required a tight cinch since all the

Maud Tietjen rode astride like this

Agnes Morley Cleaveland rode sidesaddle like this

weight was on one side of the horse and they were hard to mount because the stirrups were so high. When Maud came into the family she rode horses a lot (astride) because there was a job that had to be done. She even appeared in the streets of Bluewater with a split skirt and that undoubtedly caused some gossip, but Maud enjoyed shocking people. Countering the gossip was the fact that she was a very pretty girl, petite, with long black hair and blue eyes, whereas most of Joe's family were a little on the heavy side. She kept herself looking very nice ("prissy" was the word Ina used; it meant prim and proper).

[Let me interrupt this narrative to tell of Maud's meeting with Joe from the angle of the Lambson camp in the Zuni Mountains. Eugene wrote: *"One day a widow with two boys came into camp with two four-horse outfits. Joe Tietjen met this lady, Maude Miller, and they were later married."* –- Eugene evidently assumed Maud was a widow from the fact that she had two boys, but they were her half-brothers, not her children. Since her step father was Wm. Miller, Maud went by the name of Miller . You do not drive a *"four horse outfit"*, as Maud did, unless you are a pretty competent teamster.]

Continuing Maud's story,

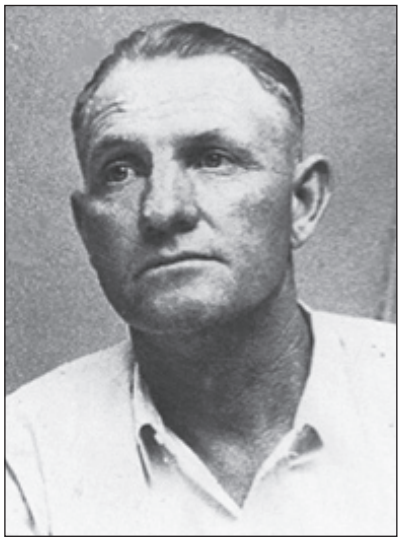
> *"When I had first met Almy Tietjen, he was just a little feller and had a big cut on his head, so that he wore a red handkerchief over it. After we lived at Dan Valley, Grandfather Tietjen came up and stayed a week with his son, but I imagine he had really come to look me over. Then Tom McNeil came along and stayed nearly a month with Joe. Joe and I were married the 4th of July 1898. We had six children. Josephine the first baby was kind of a pet. I was determined that none of my children would carry a nickname, and although Joe had an aunt Josephine whom they called "Phine." I wouldn't consent to that, so they called her Josephine. The second one was Embert Lehi. He was sick from the time he was born, and was the only small one in the bunch. When he was three he had spinal meningitis and never grew until he was eleven. It left him crippled and his hearing was affected. He never learned to talk. I got a correspondence course in lip reading and taught him to read lips. He lived until he was nearly 22 when he was killed. The next one was Volton Shelton. Joe nicknamed him "Fat" because he was so fat when he was two years old that he couldn't run and would fall down. Ina wasn't like the rest and didn't like riding, and all she wanted to do was play the organ. I had bought an organ and when we moved out to Pintada I had arranged for Bertha Elkins to teach. I thought if she learned how, the rest could learn with her, but the others wouldn't take lessons unless*

Josephine Tietjen Elkins

Embert Tietjen

Volton (Fat) Tietjen

Ina Tietjen Elkins



Jeff Tietjen

Gladdus Tietjen Berryhill

they could take them individually. It cost me something like a $100 a month. Fat learned to play the Organ. Ina was good and took right to it. Jeff learned to play the mandolin. All but Gladdus got a musical education. Embert played the violin. When Bertha came down, I asked her to teach Embert. She said she couldn't teach him because she didn't know sign language, but that she wouldn't charge a penny if she could teach him anything. She gave him organ lessons since we had no pianos then. Finally she said she thought Embert ought to have a violin. She would come down early in the morning and stay all day. Embert took right to the violin and Bertha said that I ought to send him away to study."

"The next one was Jeff, and he was the fighter of the family. He played the mandolin. All my kids were good at music, and they gave a music recital in Bluewater. The baby was Gladdus, and she was such a little puny thing. Gladdus never seemed to like music, but I had May Childers as a private teacher, and Gladdus learned to read at four years like an eight year-old, and could spell as well. Fat claimed May Childers tried to pound things in through the top of his head. May was just Gladdus' ideal."

"Josephine spent three years in Snowflake in school. All the kids but Josephine got their education in Bluewater. Of course I moved to Snowflake two winters so that they would get better schooling. It was kind of a church school. Then they boarded with the Ballard family in Snowflake when I wasn't there."
"Josephine married Tom Elkins and they had 10 children. She was never very well or very strong, but raised a big family. They lived right on my home place and lived with me most of the time. Fat married Tess Childs and they had two girls. Ina married Mark Elkins and they had seven children. Jeff married Edna Berryhill and they had six children. Gladdus married Adrian Berryhill and they had two girls."

"Our "home ranch" was Pintada. We summered in the Zuni mountains. We lived everywhere."
"When Gladdus was just a baby, Joe was deputized to bring in a Navajo Criminal. After about four hours, Joe sent a Navajo back and sent for me to come to Chavez in the wagon, although I didn't understand quite why. There were 1500 Navajos there. We sat against the side of the pump house for a long time. I had brought something to eat for Josephine. The children were all huddled against me and the Navajos were so thick we could hardly see through them. They didn't believe we could call the government (whom they called Uncle Sam) in. Finally the Chief sent a Navajo boy with me over to the telegraph office, and he whipped a trail for us through the Indians. The operator was hid under the table. I told him to get up and call the captain at Wingate, since they always had troops there. When we contacted the captain, he knew there was trouble and said, "What do you want?" I called the Captain "Washington", and told him there were six white people and nine children surrounded by Indians and we wanted to know if we couldn't get some help. "Yes," he said, "go back and tell the Navajos I have got four box flats and 780 Negro troops and we're coming." He yelled that a dozen times on the phone. If there was anything the Navvies were afraid of, it was the Negro troops. The interpreter ran back yelling to the Indians. Old Biscente, the chief, jerked me up and put me on a barrel in front of the Indians and told me to talk. I told them what "Washington" had said. Joe interpreted for me. I told them that the first train would not have the Negroes on it, but that the second one would. When the first train came, the Indians hit the Navajo and pushed him and pulled him and threw him in the caboose. By the time the caboose was out of sight, not a Navajo was to be seen, not one. That was the first Navajo to be arrested in this country."

"The ranch was at what was called the "Red House." Then we moved to Baca because water was easier to get there. When Joe passed away, we had lots of cattle, but that winter was an awful winter and we lost 1500 JET cattle. Snow was a foot and a half deep all the way to Pueblo Bonito."

"I have a 35-year certificate as a Sunday School teacher. I served 14 years without a break as a Relief Society President, but what I really loved was the Primary. I worked as President of the Mutual. Most of the time I held two positions."

"Joe Tietjen was a man who labored a great deal among the Indians. His work and his interests and everything were with the Indians. When the first World War broke out, the government wanted to draft the Indians, but they refused."

"Joe went and held what the Indians called a "powwow". They talked for two days and nights to see whether the Indians should be loyal to the United States. Joe told them, "You're Americans, you belong here and you don't want the Germans to come in and take over." The next morning 160 Indian boys volunteered to go into the service."

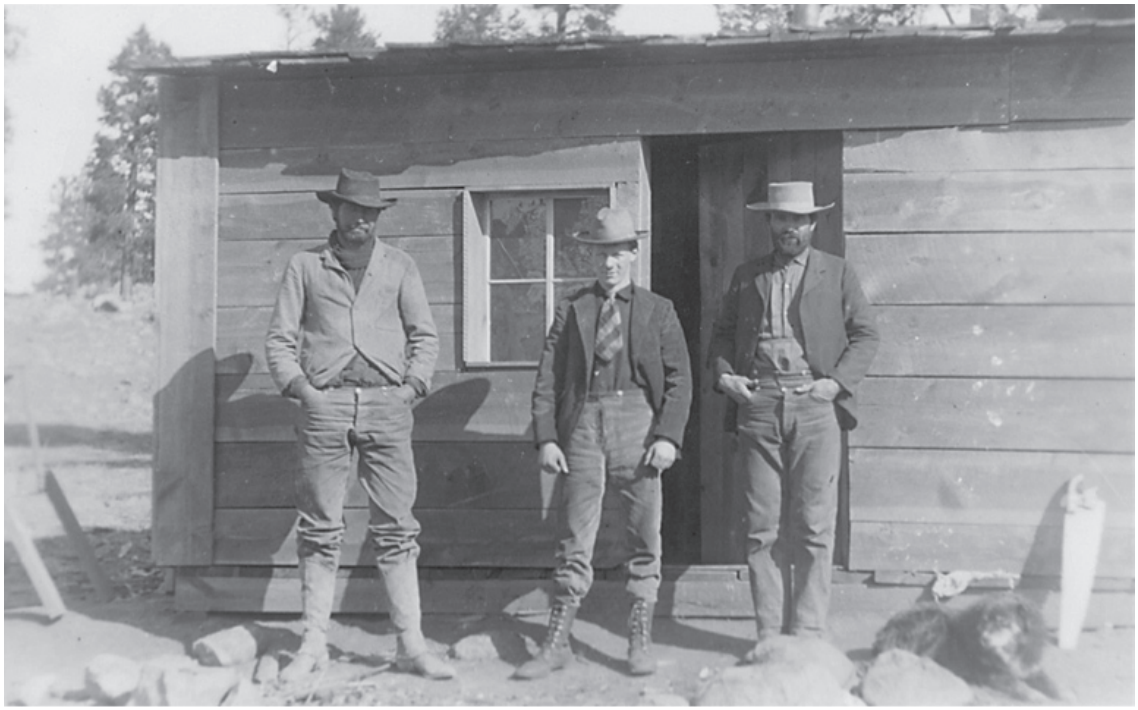
"Joe stood 6' 7 1/2 inches in his stocking feet. When we were married, he weighed 187 lbs. When he died, he weighed 215. He had light brown curly hair and blue grey eyes. He was neither light nor dark. He was

a very serious man. He was very kind. Ina was the only one he ever spatted. She sassed him and he slapped her on the seat. He was a cattle man, and never farmed. I don't think he could have planted a hill of corn. He went on a mission to Mexico. Gladdus was born after he came home. He was on the mission nine months before he came home, and was never well after that, and everything seemed to go wrong. He died of internal injuries received while lifting a car."

"When we moved to Bluewater, Emma C still lived in Ramah although part of the Tietjen family lived in Bluewater. Emma O was short and fat and was a "Muddy-Blond" complexion. Grandpa Tietjen was tall and rawboned and dark. All his life, Ernst was a missionary and miner. He was a natural born miner."
"Ernst Albert Tietjen got into the cattle business by buying the remnant of the Box S Cattle Co., the American Cattle Co., and the Acoma Land and Cattle Co. Joe and Tom McNeil were helping him gather and the gathering went so slow that Joe took the deal over from his father."

"After Joe passed away, we had lots of trouble, and my oldest boy Embert was sick. I felt so blue and was sitting at the breakfast table after everyone left. All at once a little short, heavy set man, rather greyed, stepped in. No matter who they were, we always asked people, "Will you have something to eat?" He sat down and just waited. I said, "Oh, this food has been blessed." Then he ate a very hearty meal. We didn't have much, but we did have eggs and bacon and milk. He drank three glasses of milk. When he got through, he said, "Thank you. Thank you Sister." Then he startled me when he laid his hands on my head and gave me a blessing. That was when I realized he was something more than ordinary. He said to me, "Your son Embert will be better." After that I had the idea of teaching him to read lips."

"One stormy day before this, a Navajo was at Prewitt. A horse had knocked him down and stomped him and



Joe Tietjen with friends Cy Mangum and and Josiah Ashcroft, Zuni Mountains

broke three ribs. He was laying on the floor moaning and this man came in, put his hands on the Indian and blessed him. He then told the Navajo to get up, that he would be all right. This Navvie didn't think he could, but he did get up and walked around. Of course it created much excitement. Mrs. Prewitt was very religious and was a Methodist Minister although she was a lady. After this man talked to the Indians, he just stepped out. The Indians were very excited and put an Indian boy on a horse to find where he had gone. They followed him over to my house, and the man came out and disappeared. He did a lot of visiting among the Indians. Up at the mouth of the canyon, an Indian boy had been bitten by a rattlesnake. The man blessed him and he got well."

"I know the gospel is true. Many times I've knelt by the bedside of my children and others when there were no elders and they were healed."

The Tietjens Move to Bluewater

In March 1895, Frihoff Nielson and Ernst Tietjen worked the entire month at Bluewater. They were constructing the Bluewater Dam, nine miles away from the village. This was a joint enterprise with Van Doren and others. Tietjen and Nielson would furnish the labor and Van Doren would provide financial help. A letter from Ernst to Emma C. indicates that he and Joe and their teams were being paid $15 per day working on the dam. Tradition in the Tietjen family has it that Joe Tietjen furnished the horses and broke the teams which Ernst was providing for work on the dam and in turn he secured the "remnant" of the 7HL cattle which Ernst had purchased. The remnant existed only because the cattle were too wild to be brought in by the regular cowhands; gathering these cattle was a process that took more time and skill than Ernst or Frihoff could offer. Allan Nielson wrote that: *"When the final papers were signed, it also included the scattered horses and cattle. As Joe matured, he later began to cover the range to find these strays that had not been gathered by the former owners. He fixed himself up with an outfit and covered the broad range to brand and locate these strays. It is not clear exactly what the deal was concerning the increase and sale of the cattle was with Joe, but this time he began to get his herd together. These cattle were of the Texas Longhorn variety and the horses wild with the mustangs. Not too long after this he married Maud Hunt and then later homestead in the Pintada Area."* **[Note:Frank Childers said that Joe Tietjen worked for the 7HL ranch for years].**

Actually, **it is rather clear** how Joe Tietjen got into the ranching business. The LDS Biographical Encyclopedia (p.542) says that *"later his family moved to Bluewater, NM and purchased a stock ranch and farm in company with others and as Joseph E had previously had experience in handling stock at Ramah he was placed in charge of the stock purchased by his father and made a success of that particular enterprise. He purchased his father's stock and remained in this business the remainder of his life."*

Maud Tietjen was more specific: *"Ernst Albert Tietjen got into the cattle business by buying the remnant of the Box S Cattle Co., the American Cattle Co., and the Acoma Land and Cattle Co. Joe and Tom McNeil were helping him gather and the gathering went so slow that Joe took the deal over from his father."*

We do have two records of these transactions. General Carr of Wingate and other officers had bought 65 sections of railroad land and set up the Cebolla or Box S Cattle Company. In October 1894 E.A. Carr sold what was left of his cattle to Ernst Tietjen, J.E. Ashcroft, and J.B. Ashcroft for $4500. How did Ernst pay the money back? Part of it came from mining claims he had in the Zuni Mountains. All his life he was prospecting. We can also imagine that part of it came from cattle gathered and sold. From the Box S purchase in the Zuni Mountains

we have an example, in the Lambson family history. They write that "in the fall Cloah O'Fallon persuaded their father to let Eugene go with them on a cattle drive to the Joe Kearns ranch about twenty-five miles south of Zuni. They drove 250 head of cattle as the feed was short in the Zunis and Joe Tietjen had leased grazing land from Kearns. This same fall Joe Tietjen accumulated about 100 head of cattle by roping and branding what he called maverick calves. Eugene remembers helping to brand these calves. They stayed at this ranch for the winter and returned by way of St. Johns." Brands were the mark of ownership in the cattle country. It was the law of the range that you could claim unbranded stock unless it could be shown that they belonged to someone else, i.e. they were following a branded cow.

In March 1896 Ernst Tietjen borrowed money from E. A. Carr (post Commander at Wingate, owner of Box S Ranch) and gave him a mortgage. Apparently Ernst was borrowing the $4600 to finance the purchase of the 7HL ranching property in Bluewater. Mortgages consisted of a deed to the property in case they were not paid off. Ernst mortgages all cattle with the 7HL brand (about 20 head) and *"all his right, title and interest in the 7HL brand of cattle wherever found, and also all the cattle in the ET [Ernst Tietjen] brand, being in number about 60 head being the milch cows and gentle stock raised by the party of the first part,... together with the 7HL [Hulvey and Latta] cattle and all young stock and increase in both and either of said brands of cattle."* The mortgage Ernst had was co-signed by Jim and Emer Ashcroft who had bought half of the Box S and +Triangle stock. (Joe used the Box S brand but could not register it.). He would not sell his part of the cattle and since he made all the payments on the Box S herd, he got all the cattle.

By buying the 7HL brand, Ernst Tietjen was buying the remnant of their cattle, and it was from these remnants that Joe Tietjen got his start. The remnant consisted of cattle too wild to be gathered and sold, and this was something Joe was good at. In 1891 Hulvey had moved to Goshen, Indiana and was trying to retire. He sold the Zuni Cattle Company to the Millet Brothers (Eugene, Alonzo, and Hyrum) from Kansas for $60,000 At that time the ALBUQUERQUE DAILY CITIZEN reported that *"the well known Bluewater Ranch of J. M. Latta, one of the finest properties in New Mexico and one that controls the water on about 200,000 acres was sold...to a Kansas City Company. There are about 20,000 animals on the place which go with the ranch (Oct 10, 1891)."*

Tom McNeil said the Acoma Land and Cattle Company had 27,000 head on their books. E.A. Carr of the Cebolla Cattle Company/ Box S started with 6500 head of cattle but rounded up only 1178 head. These herds probably left a sizeable remnant.

At Pintada, the red bluffs (streaked with white) north of Prewitt, NM, Harry Coddington had built what was called the "Old Red House". It is due east of the Plains Electric generating plant, just south of the railroad which hauls coal to the generating plant. It was probably Joe that dug by hand a 60 foot well with the aid of a Navajo. It was lined with limestone rock and had a ladder constructed of oak poles so that one could get to the bottom of the well. Joe Tietjen bought the ranch from the 7HL, homesteaded on Section 30 and lived in the house for several years until they moved two and a half miles south, just north of the Baca Section house where Ernst and Amos Tietjen drilled a well, found good water and Maud homesteaded Section 6. Joe put in a little store at Chavez and ran it until 1907.

Jeff Tietjen remembers that before Joe died, they sold 1000-1500 head of steers. Alma Tietjen probably accompanied them to Kansas City, since the LDS Biographical Encyclopedia says of Alma that *"he was engaged in the cattle business and shipped great quantities of cattle to Kansas City."* When Joe died shortly after that, Jeff wrote that *"About that time, mother (Maud) decided she couldn't run a cow outfit and sold the cattle with the exception of 25 milk cows, six saddle horses, and the Pueblo Bonito Ranch."* Mark Elkins gave more de-

tails: *"Maud sold 1500 head of cattle, most of it from the Pueblo Bonito Ranch, to a Mr. Woods. She also sold 560 head of horses to Bill Miller and another 172 head to the OIO cattle company. She kept 25 head of milk cows and a few horses, then bought 100 head of polled Herefords."* Disaster dogged her footsteps. Mark wrote that*" Following this great catastrophe of 1918 we had one of the worst winters the whole country had had in many years and everybody lost lots of livestock on the big open ranges where it was about impossible to gather and take care of the cattle by trying to feed them as the snow got deep and crusted over and stayed that way for ninety days with subzero temperatures. Many sheep men lost about all the sheep they had very bad."* Maud said she lost 1500 head of JET cattle.**[this accounts for 4500 head of Joe Tietjen's herd**]. She tried to salvage the hides that were worth $10 but without much success. In 1921 economic conditions left nearly all the cattlemen in bankruptcy and while the Tietjen family came off better than most, they were nearly broke. They gathered a few remnants, however, and managed to stay in the business. Maud settled her husband's estate in May, 1920. Since Joe Tietjen did not leave a will, Maud became the administrator. The value of the estate at that time was $45,953. The administrator was entitled to receive 10% of the first $3000 and 5% of the rest, so Maud got $2447 to start with. Maud was entitled to 5/8 of the remaining estate and the children to each receive 1/16. Besides the money, there was the home ranch of 160 acres in Sec 30, T14NR11W and a certain lot at Bluewater. The estate amounted to $4200 for each child. That would make the estate worth $781,000 in today's dollars. There was probably much more that Maud did not know about. Joe Tietjen had made all his agreements for cattle on shares verbally. With no record, Maud could not collect and people did not come forward.

Besides the home ranch near Prewitt, NM, Joe had a substantial number of cattle in Chaco Canyon (he was running at least 1500 head of cattle and 700 head of horses on it), sixty miles to the north. We do not know whether he owned land there, but leases of railroad land were cheap. They had a ranchhouse there that Jeff and Fat were staying in when Doonan was shot in 1918. It was probably a typical cow outfit. Jeff says that *"Our family lived in a two-room shack and an adjoining tent. Bruno, a Navajo, and Almy lived in a bunkhouse there."* Jeff implies that they had cattle at Ojo Alamo, north of Chaco, since his Dad went there on their trip to the San Juan. Both Mark Elkins and Jeff Tietjen speak of moving some of Joe's cattle from Prewitt to the Rio Puerco [20 miles west of Albuquerque] for better grass. As a youngster, Al Tietjen went on a cattle drive from Bluewater to Mexico. About 200 head of Joe Tietjen's cattle were driven down to the Mormon settlers some 75 miles south of the border. Good breeding stock were brought back to improve Joe's herds

In the meantime, Ernst Tietjen had turned all his attention to irrigating his Desert Homestead in Bluewater (it was part of the Desert Homestead act that every inch of it had to be under irrigation). Originally Ernst Tietjen and Frihoff Nielson owned half the stock in the Bluewater Land and Irrigation Company. Apparently Ernst made the same settlement on his water right with Van Doren as Frihoff had made (170 acre feet of water per year), but the agreement was to result in difficulties lasting the rest of Ernst's life. During the first year following its organization, the Bluewater Land and Irrigation Company (BLIC) strung 21 miles of fence, dug 31 miles of ditches, plowed 2600 acres and planted 2000 of these in oats, barley, wheat, corn, alfalfa, onions, carrots, sugar beets, melons, cabbages, and orchards. A new steam tractor made the work easier and operated a thresher and power bailer. Hay and grain were shipped to Ft. Wingate where they brought a good price. Great efforts were made to get people to buy into the company with as little as 10 acres. The promotional flyer said that *"the soil is very rich, chocolate colored loam from five to twenty feet in depth. Its fertility can never be exhausted as the valley is surrounded by limestone hills – the wash from which supplies magnesia salts; and lava beds from which it derives oxide of iron, giving it the color and continual fertilization. the soil will not bake or blow and retains moisture to a remarkable degree... the climate is delightful, almost perpetual sunshine; the invigorating mountain air; the surrounding peaks wrapped in mystic blue; the pine covered foothills and pure water make the Bluewater Valley a pleasant as well as healthy place to live...**all the settlers are white and of superior intelligence."***

Freda Walker was one of those whose family was recruited from Albuquerque. She said, *"Some members of this company took my father 'with all expenses paid'* to Bluewater to see it all first hand. He came home bubbling over with enthusiasm. It seemed wonderful to him. Walker became foreman and his wife the company cook. Freda was impressed that Grandpa Tietjen had two wives from Norway, *"whom we called Mrs. Tietjen #1 and Mrs. Tietjen #2"* and that *"after all these years they still did not pronounce a W: instead it was a V, thus Ve and Vhy and Vunderful... My mother often said that during these days she learned more from those Mormon women than from any other women in all her life... the many ways they used vinegar and olive oil, parched grain, or whatever they had, hammered it fine and made a hot drink."**** Emma O got a little too venturesome with drinks when she experimented with hops. It angered Ernst that she was making something close to **beer**! Things were off to a good start, and relations within the BLIC were harmonious until the water got short. Then there began a long struggle between Van Doren and Norton on the one hand and the Mormon settlers on the other over the water that had been granted to Nielson and Tietjen as their part. The following is the Mormon perspective of the part played by Divine Providence in these struggles. It was written by Hyrum D. Chapman in 1933.

> *"Time rolled smoothly on with all parties concerned when on finding a shortage of water, Norton and Van Doren decided to cut water from L.D.S. settlers. Only those who had land rented from them could use water. The L.D.S. people stood on their rights, all of them, which caused the other side to become just a little rambunctious. So a quick thought and rush was made. Mr. Van Doren took a big trip west to Fort Wingate and picked up a big negro soldier, who had just got a furlough for leave of absence for 90 days, to come to Bluewater and act as hired man for that length of time for the Bluewater Irrigation Company, as they were known. Mr. Van Doren, known here as manager for Bluewater Land and Cattle Company, told the colored man these L.D.S. people had become pests and he, Mr. Van Doren, wanted to get rid of them."*
>
> *"Just a few days after this conversation, on a cool, snowy afternoon, the colored man was seen cleaning his gun, and as he cleaned the gun nicely, he slipped a cartridge in the breech and told another hired man who was working for Van Doren, that things were now ready to pop. Just at that moment he, the colored man, had a hold of the gun barrel with his left hand, picked it up, and set it down good and heavy with the breech on the floor and the thing went off and the bullet went right up through the middle of his chin and up through the top of his head."*
>
> *"We rolled smoothly on until spring of 1902 when we had another shortage of water. Mr. Van Doren decided again that the L.D.S. people must leave, so he whispered it into the ears of his outside hired man, Charley Stage, who thought it an easy job to scare or drive the L.D.S. people out and just when he got ready to make his big drive, the poor boy took down with a bad case of quick consumption and died and was laid alongside of the poor colored man on that little hill by W.O. Chapman's corral. Well, By this time Mr. Van Doren was just a little concerned; he now thought it very dangerous trying to run the Mormon people out of Bluewater Valley, so he chose to rent his and Mr. Norton's holding to a couple of Gallup merchants for $1,000 a year. They held the ranch for three years and failed."*

In 1902 the fight to keep their water flowing culminated in a lawsuit by Nielson and Tietjen. The opposition stalled until June 9, 1903 when the case came to trial in Albuquerque. The jury awarded Ernst $4697 in damages. Nielson then entered his case and was awarded $3072. Tom McNeill proved to be a valuable witness; Ernst could be badgered on the stand until he was flustered, but Tom was steady and cool. They had won a victory, but they never got their money; the other side appealed the case and it simply got lost in the legal shuffle. The case is still open but the statutes of limitation have taken effect. They had, however, established their legal right to the 340 acre-feet of water.

Chapman continues his narrative:

"Mr. Tom Bryan from Fruitland, San Juan Co., New Mexico, came along, saw [the Van Doren] holdings and bought them out. He chose another way of trying to drive out the Mormons. He wanted the whole place for a big cattle ranch, so he goes up and blows a big hole in the dam with blasting powder, and the Mormons talked to him so hard with big threats, the poor fellow got up and left us. So when Mr. Van Doren heard of Tom Bryan leaving, he goes East and finds a real estate company and gets them to take over the old Bluewater Land and Water right holdings. Of course they paid no attention to any of our Mormon holdings."

Amos Tietjen filled in the details. He related that the dam washed out in 1904 after heavy rains had filled the dam. He and Tom McNeill said that Tom Bryan paid the watchman at the dam to dynamite it. At any rate, Joe Tietjen, on his ranch above the dam, heard three blasts when the dam went out. The raging flood that followed cleared the canyon of a majestic stand of ponderosa pine. McNeill and others confronted the watchman in a field and the man left the country in a hurry rather than face the threats of a hanging party. Dick George, Amos Tietjen, and Ernst put up a sawmill that operated for some time on the timber which had washed down the canyon. The railroad tracks were washed out and the railroad was quite reluctant to see another dam built in the canyon; to avoid another such catastrophe they constructed a dike to protect the tracks. Chapman said that the new company.

"Organized and bonded the land for money enough to build a new reservoir dam. We, the L.D.S. settlers, went in conference with them, trying to make them understand we had an established water right and after a long and tight struggle, they, the new company, failed to acknowledge any of our rights. The new company finished the building on their new dirt dam in the winter and early spring of 1908 in time to catch the early spring snow run off. The reservoir filled so fast their new manager became frightened and he opened wide their big gates and the water came down in great quantities and their head man told Bro. Tietjen to have all of us take water while it runs. The next year of 1909 water in the spring was short. The new company had no water for sale and none for the Mormons. Well, summer rains came in very early, so we didn't suffer and the rain kept coming until the reservoir filled full and overflowed and burst; it had lasted only two years. The Mormons were not badly hurt, but the poor new company and about a dozen new settlers they had brought in and the Railroad Co. were all just simply washed out." Those washed out included C.B. Spooner, H.W. Walker, and Will Nitchie."

"This new company had broken up and it all fell into the hands of one man, Sidney W. Worthy, a young lawyer of Chicago, who placed a man, John Havard, in charge over their land, water, fences and everything they had interest in. Now you must remember as the waters running down the Bluewater valley were flood waters, that flood waters in the valley were filed on by all the Mormon people, and Mr. Havard of the new company of Mr. Worthy, overseer, paid no attention to our water rights as we had been granted. Our Bishop thought that rather than go to law or have any trouble with Worthy or Havard, we Mormons should rent all the land they had to offer for farming purposes so they might become easy with us and let all of us have water on our own farms so long as we were farming with them. This ran nicely for three years when Mr. Havard became jealous. He proposed to stop us from using water on our land. Well, we worked it somehow to slide by him one year."

"But the next year big flood waters were on good and early in the spring, so Mr. Havard, according to orders, goes and meets Mr. Worthy in Albuquerque and they fixed and got out warrants for the arrest of any of us people running water on our own land for irrigation purposes. On coming home with all these papers in an inside pocket of a big overcoat Mr. Havard was wearing when he got off the train, he started for the old ranch. He got to a big log which lay across the Bluewater Creek just as the sun was rising and started

walking across that log. He became dazed from the sunlight on the water shining up in his face and fell into the water and was drowned. The same day about 10:00 A.M. Joe Tietjen and Sam Lewis found Mr. Havard lying on the rocks northwest or straight towards the old ranch house from the Elman Childs building. Tietjen and Lewis found all these papers in Havard's pocket which they had a right to see because of finding him ..."

Allen Nielson provided some further details of the story. Havard, he said,

"flexed his muscles and gave the Mormons a hard time for awhile. There is no doubt that they considered shooting him, but their religious sense prevailed. President Udall promised them if they would live their religion that the Lord would fight their battles... [Havard arrived on the midnight train] but he insisted on going home. As he crossed the log bridge, he fell in. The water was swift, his senses being dulled, he drowned."

This occurred in the Spring of 1911, and Joe Tietjen found him at ten o'clock the next morning, half a mile downstream. He had been such a sore vexation to the settlers that when someone suggested giving him artificial respiration, Joe did not feel to resist the hand of Providence and interjected quickly: ***"Don't do that, the old son-of-a-gun might come to life and that would be hell."***

"It was during Lesuer's time [as Bishop] that Mr. Gross was placed here to run the ranch after Mr. Havard. Things ran smoothly with Mr. Gross for two years and finally he became jealous of our crop raising and decided to cut off our water, so Gross, poor fellow, had a string of bad luck. He had a bad case of flu and was just getting well when he had trouble getting badly hurt with a runaway team and wagon and was very nigh killed. He got well and started looking after water and was somehow thrown or dragged into Bluewater Creek. Bro. Tietjen found him caught in some barbed wire fencing lying across the Bluewater Creek. He had quite a time getting Mr. Gross out and Mr. Gross was almost frozen to death besides being nearly drowned. Mr. Gross told Bro. Tietjen then and there by a solemn promise he would not stay here any longer to fight and quarrel with the Mormons over a little dribble of flood water for Sidney Worthy or anyone else. So poor Mr. Gross rounded his family together and moved back to Albuquerque. He left all of us in good feelings ..."

"It was during J.F. Nielson's time as Bishop that Mr. Gross went out. Mr. W.A. Jolley came in as ranch foreman on the Bluewater ranch under the management of Sidney W. Worthy. Mr. Jolley seemed friendly and fine. The next year he became just a little nasty. On one occasion when Bishop Nielson and Bro.Ernst Tietjen called on him as neighbors to have a friendly talk about water and how it might be divided most conveniently to parties farming in Bluewater, Mr. Jolley, as soon as water was mentioned, flew into a mad rage. A pitch fork was laying close by and Mr. Jolley picked it up and started right after our Bishop and Bro. Tietjen, making vicious threats of how he would run that pitch fork plumb through them and others of the Mormons who came to him about water." Allen Nielson added that Jolley had "his pitchfork within just a few inches of the Bishop's nose, talking loudly [and] telling him to get out of there or violence would take place ..."

There was nothing to do but retreat. After discussing the situation, Nielson says, *"they were counseled to not take the law into their own hands and the Lord would still fight their battles if they would do what was right. It took a little time for the Lord to remember them."*

Jeff Tietjen recalled another attempt by the Jolley family to strong-arm another neighbor which backfired. Old man Deafy Wells had for some time been using water from the one well in the valley, but one which the Jolleys considered theirs. They decided to stop him from getting water, buckled on their guns, and confronted him. Somewhat like the Buckshot Roberts affair in Lincoln County, the old man jerked out his shotgun and started shooting, and this time it was the Jolleys who ran for their lives, jumping for cover into the nearest irrigation ditch. While they outnumbered the old man, they were no match for his nerve. Every time the tip of a hat

showed, it was met with a blast from the shotgun. After an hour or two in the ditch, the Jolley gunslingers abandoned their objective and sneaked home on their hands and knees. Continuing Chapman's narrative:

"We had no more trouble with Jolley that year, his heart softened, and he let us have water as long as it ran that spring. Well, good heavy rains came early and the Mormon people raised good crops. Mr. Jolley saw our good crops and how we had taken care of them, and he became jealous so that his jealously made him crazy mad. Mormons' days were numbered in Bluewater. Jolley made his special big talk to a Mr. Miller right in the middle of winter. Mr. Miller was our principal and schoolteacher here in Bluewater. Mr. Miller was a friend to us Mormon people and he met my father Hyrum Chapman and told him. Mr. Miller asked my father to please tell all the Mormon people to be careful and keep clear of Jolley's way, as Jolley was a bad man and had sworn to him from a vicious and wicked heart that he would surely clear the valley of the Mormons if any one of them was found using water or any of them ever came to him asking for any, and Jolley didn't see any Mormons running, so he goes to his friends again."

"In early spring Mr. Miller saw my father and told my father the same story, only Jolley told all his friends he would think no more of shooting down a Mormon than he would a wolf. Mr. Miller asked, as he could stand it no longer, for my father to tell our Bishop and have our people carefully protected, guarded and watched. My father then opened his mouth to Professor Miller saying, 'Mr. Miller, I want you to please watch Mr. Jolley; if he has made those threats, please watch him, as the God of Heaven, He, whom we serve and worship and trust for our protection and care, we don't think He will leave us this time.' Father said again, 'So, Mr. Miller, please watch Mr. Jolley."

"Just about one month and a half after that father talked with Mr. Miller. Jolley was seen talking to two young men out east to show them where they could take up land where they could improve and make a cattle ranch. This was a beautiful morning about the first of May in 1920, if my memory serves me right, and everybody was watching Mr. Jolley and Mr. Miller was watching him. He came back and got to the railroad crossing at Bluewater station at 11:45 A.M. when No.2, a passenger train, was just coming by on a new time schedule. Mr. Jolley ran right in front of that swift train. One of the young men of the two riding with Mr. Jolley had just jumped from the Jolley car to open the west gate. He heard the train whistle, turned and saw the Jolley car hit, saw his brother thrown and killed instantly, saw Jolley thrown 75 feet. Jolley was picked up with a broken back and a broken neck and bleeding badly from several bad cuts on the head. Jolley lived in an unconscious condition until the train almost reached Albuquerque. Both of the young men were taken in the baggage car with Mr. Jolley so you see he never killed or hurt a Mormon. This great tragedy set all of our poor outside friends to thinking, even Mr. Worthy never raised a hand or foot to knock our poor people after that"

Allen Nielson attributed the accident to natural causes: it was the blowing dust which obscured Jolley's vision. He reminds us, however, that

"It would not be historically true if it was suggested that the Mormons always behaved in a Christian way during this time of shortage of water. There was plenty of evidence that they surely needed to be reminded of their Christian beliefs and to practice what they had been taught." Chapman says,

"It was about two years after Elder Roundy came to be our Branch leader that Capt. W.C. Reed, an attorney for the Santa Fe Railroad Co. in and over the state of New Mexico, happened to see the real beauty of the Bluewater valley and he, Capt. Reed, soon effected an organization which tied everybody into it who held any farming land here in the Bluewater Valley. All of us old land owners signed over our land rights for the making up of a bond and the bond was sold for cash and the cash paid for the building of the present Bluewater reservoir and all the ditches as they now lay. It was during the building or just after it was finished a young foreman on the dam, whose name was Porter Brock, told all of [us] who were there that it would

Joe Tietjen, the Hunter

not be long until the new company would drive all of the Mormons from Bluewater. Well, the new company never drove us out. They have tried to treat us right. The new company paid cash to all of us for our old water rights and is now selling us water as reasonable as they know how."

Joseph Tietjen was born in 1875 in Santaquin, Utah. He was nineteen when Ernst moved to Bluewater. He had grown up with Navajo boys as his closest friends. His wife wrote that "He was a cattleman and never farmed. I don't think he could have planted a hill of corn." We have seen previously that he got a start in ranching by gathering the remnant of the 7HL herds which Ernst had purchased. Within a few years he had built his herd to over 4500 head. Perhaps he was the only one who knew how many he had; he was not a record-keeper and not even his wife knew just what his business deals were. The Cattle Kings preceding him did not own a lot of the land they grazed on, but they "controlled" it, either with a Winchester in the hands of hired gunslingers (e.g. the V+T outfit to the south and the Hash Knife outfit to the west) or by virtue of owning the water or the adjoining land. The really large cattle outfits disappeared in the 1890's, driven out by drouth. Joe was operating towards the end of the "open range" era, and he preferred the Texas longhorns which were then on their way out, soon to be replaced by Herefords.

Much of Joe's cattle operation was the system of "shares" in which he let other small ranchers or "poquiteros" take some of his cattle on "partidos." The leasers were called "partidarios" He visited these people from time to time during the year. Among them were Ed Sargent, John Tucker, Whettenburg, and several Navajos. Chink Chapman explains: *"In those days there were no fences to separate them and they all got along just fine. John Tucker came into that part of the country when a mere boy. He left home and joined a band of desperados, and went into Mexico. There he became a very good shot with a six shooter, but he decided that life was not for him, so he left, came up into New Mexico, and ran into Uncle Joe. Uncle Joe gave him a few head of heifers, and*

started him into the stock business. He just lived in and around the Tietjen boys with his cattle, and seemed at home with them. The Tietjen boys also started others in the stock business. One that I know of was John Day. I believe Uncle Joe cut out fifty head of two year old heifers to John Day with the understanding that John got half of the increase whenever John wanted to turn the fifty heifers back to him." In consequence of his close friendship with the Navajos, Joe enlisted their natural vigilance to keep him informed of what was going on in his country when he was not in the area. His headquarters were in the red sandstone cliffs which parallel Route 66 beginning at Haystack Mountain. From there he ranged 60 miles north to Chaco Canyon. Using his Ramah connections, he ran cattle south of Ramah nearly to Quemado. He entertained at his table a long string of friends: bankers, doctors, lawyers, county agents, Spanish neighbors, and Navajos.

The relaxed way in which Joe, and many other ranchers, did business is illustrated by a story related by his son, Jeff: *"That was the first year I remember selling any cattle. We had 1000 to 1500 big steers. We kids and Navajos herded them in the day and penned them at night. There were coal black ones, spotted, and everything you can think of. McNurny bought them for thirty dollars apiece. He was a special friend of Dad's. There was no forfeit. His word was as good as his bond. In October we started with the steers to Bluewater. About the county line Doc Cantrell, L.R. Goehring, and Bill Turner came by in a car. Dad asked them where they were going, and they said, 'Hell Joe, don't you know hunting season opens tomorrow?' Dad unsaddled, hid his saddle in the rocks, and told us to pick it up on the way back. He told us to go on, that he'd send Almy to help us. My brothers and I and the Navajos went on while Dad talked. Hunting wasn't so good on Mt. Taylor for deer, so they came back and caught a train to Old Mexico. McNurney hadn't settled up with my uncle [Almy], so when Dad got back, he went up to Montana to collect the $30,000. Probably McNurney wanted to force him to visit."*

Joe's stature was impressive—a very solid six foot seven inches. His sister June called him *"a true Viking"*, but his height became a matter for joking. Fred Martin stole a horse from him and years later related the matter to Joe's son, Jeff: *"I was riding along when a fellow rode up beside me. He was the biggest man I ever saw. He said, ' That is my horse you are riding. Get off.' Without another word he took the horse and left me out there on the range to walk home." Another cowhand, small but cocky, opened his eyes wide in disbelief when he saw Joe: "Good hell almighty", he exclaimed, "Ten feet of timber without limb nor woodpecker hole!"*

Joe was not only tall, but he was athletic. He loved horse racing and foot racing with the Navajos, who were very competitive physically. His daughter Gladdus told of a challenge by a certain Navajo. A number of Indians lined up to race with them and removed their moccasins. To their chagrin he gathered up the moccasins and won the race carrying them. An exhilarating winter sport he shared with the Navajos and with his Scandinavian ancestors was taking a sweat bath in a little sweathouse, then running in the snow, stripped to the waist. They would run about a mile and a half, rolling in the snow every hundred yards or so. An old Navajo, Kee Yazzie Pino, verified the rigorous training with the snow: *"My father threw me in the snow during the winter when the snow got deep. He would take my clothes off and roll me in the snow. Then he would drag me to the fire and the water would drip down from my body. From there on I started to take snow baths ... You would almost choke when you shoveled the snow over your body ... If you do these things, it makes you tough ... You can survive anything if you take snow baths when you are young."*

Nevertheless, Joe had a streak of deviltry. Ernst was frugal to the extreme because he had been near starvation several times. This explains Ernst's serious feelings about a joke his son Joe played on him one Halloween. Ernst had a jet-black pony. Joe and his friends took flour and rubbed it into the pony's hair until he was a mouse-grey in color. Next morning Bishop Tietjen found the pony in his feed lot and tried repeatedly to drive the "stray" away, but the pony had been a pet and would be back in a matter of minutes. In exasperation the bishop tried to set his dog on the horse, but the dog would do nothing. At this the youngsters were "losing it".

The bishop was furious when he discovered what they had done: *"Wasteful, wasteful, wasteful!"*, he yelled. He even talked of having Joe confess his wrongdoing in church. Inasmuch as that would have involved a recital of his own antics, he thought better of it.

The Indians had a game of which they were particularly fond: rabbit chasing. This was done on the great open flat north of Prewitt, New Mexico. Jeff Tietjen, six years old at the time, described it:

> *"We chased jackrabbits on Sunday. There were 300 or 400 Indians after one rabbit, each with a cedar club about two feet long. It was supposed to make it rain. They would all holler like dogs when they got after a rabbit. If your horse fell down, you might be run over. By then I was a good rider and mounted on a good enough horse I could often head the rabbit and turn him into the crowd if he was too fast for the Navajos."*

Horseracing was something the Navajos, as well as white men, lived for: It took place whenever riders got together—in their first spare moment. In general, gambling on the races was irresistible to Indian and White Man alike. Joe had lots of horses and he ran them in herds separated by colors: bays, blacks, grays, duns, and sorrels. Chink Chapman wrote that *"the Indians had some pretty fast horses, and they tried real hard to outrun the Tietjen boys, but never could do it. Even though they lost, they remained our good friends. After the horse races, we usually had foot races matching us white kids against the Indian kids, but even then we beat them in the foot races too."* Like most cattlemen, Joe Tietjen was a good roper. Allen Nielson said he practiced on Freddie Nielson and on the chickens and turkeys until he got very good at it. At that time the roping contest involved branding the calf as well. He won one such contest in 45 seconds on his horse Floss.

A description of Joe Tietjen was related by L.R. Goehring, Gallup Banker and hunting partner.
"I first met Joe Tietjen right after I came to Gallup in 1915. I was an officer in the bank and often consulted him about loans in his section and he always gave me information that could be absolutely relied upon. He was a good friend of mine. I always considered Joe a successful cattleman even though there were no pasture fences and he had to run his cattle on the open range where he was bound to have some losses. Of course his cattle strayed and at roundups he sometimes brought in steers that were five, six, or seven years old. He was the strongest man I ever saw. I have seen him take hold of the rear bumper of a Ford car and raise it up out of the mud so that brush could be placed under the hind wheels. Once on a hunting trip we got stuck in a mud hole near Bluewater. Joe hitched a rope to the car but couldn't budge it with his horse, so he went to Bluewater and got a block and tackle. We sank a post in front of the car and hitched a rope to it and three of us pulled on the rope but couldn't budge it. Joe took hold of the rope by himself and jerked the car forward about two feet so we got out without further trouble. Joe was the best sort of hunting partner and I went hunting with him several times on Mt. Taylor. He was always congenial in camp and was a good shot ... Joe killed a nice big buck about a mile from camp and brought it in on his shoulder without dressing it first, whistling as he walked along."
Lorena Cluff, a refugee from the 1912 Revolution in Mexico who later became his sister-in-law related another side of Joe:

> *"It was there in our Sacrament Meeting that I saw Uncle Joe Tietjen, and he played a great part in my life. He was a real tall man, almost 7 feet tall, and he was a cattleman, but he was really a very nice man and very interested in young folks ... He gave a wonderful talk ..."*

Joe's interest and influence with young people was related to Ina Elkins by Frihoff Peter Nielson. While Frihoff was growing up in Bluewater, he was somewhat alienated from his father, a common occurrence in a day when fathers were stern disciplinarians, more particularly those from the old countries. He said that Joe would come every week to help him hitch up his team to drive his mother to San Rafael where she sold milk, butter, and vegetables. When Frihoff was about 12, he and Al Tietjen were uncontrollable. Allen Nielson has recorded one incident: Frihoff's parents

"went up to worship with Joe and Maud Tietjen in Pintada. [After awhile Frihoff] had heard all he wanted to hear, and was anxious to get home, but his folks seemed to be enjoying visiting too long. He waited in the wagon for a while and then decided to take action. They had a good fire going in the stove and he climbed on the roof and put a bucket over the stovepipe and then ran back to the wagon. Soon the door flew open and smoke poured out of the house. He got away with it then, but when they discovered the bucket over the stove pipe, they knew the guilty kid!"

Frihoff told Ina that Joe would take him and Al up to his cattle camp, have them gather cattle, run mustangs, make jerky, and learn to cook. He nicknamed Frihoff "Frijoles", taught him the gospel and not to hate his father. He made him really work.

Joe was strict about how they treated their horses and would not allow cursing. When Joe got really mad he would say *"Jimmy Cly, Christmas Eve!"* Then you had better watch out. With the others, Frihoff learned to get up at four a.m. and feed the horses. His biggest fear was that he would find a rattlesnake in the gunnysack "morrals" he had to fill with oats and put over the horses' heads. Frihoff wanted to go to school in St. Johns, Arizona, but his father would not send him. He earned enough working to go and Joe paid him the rest in cattle that he kept for him and gave back to him when Frihoff returned. He told him he had better make good and that he wanted to see his certificate when he got back and that he'd better not hear of any little tricks. When Joe died, Frihoff said that a part of him was buried with him; he felt like the end of the world had come.

Lorena Cluff Tietjen related that

"Uncle Joe and Aunt Maud invited me to go with them ... up to Crownpoint to a big Indian pow-wow they had up there ... They had their big Indian dinner, dancing, horse racing, and things ... we had three days of it ... But Uncle Joe, never once did he ever come and join in with us nor we ever seen him. And I said to Aunt Maud, 'Where is Uncle Joe?' and she said, 'Well, come here and I'll show ya.' I went down with her, and down in a little wickiup they had built out of brush, there sat Uncle Joe with all these Indian men talking to him. They were telling him all the trouble they were having with the government because the government men; when they would want to buy their cattle or their horses or their sheep, they would always try to cheat them out of it. The government men didn't play fair with them at all. And they was wanting to know what they could do about it and how they could work it. Uncle Joe was just like a father to them, to all the Indian tribe. And when he died they said, 'We lost our father and our best friend."

"At one time when I was to Uncle Joe's ... they had been having trouble with some of the Indians. There was one of the Indian men that had an exceptionally large herd of sheep and goats. They had just come in on Uncle Joe's land because it had been an awful dry spring and there wasn't any feed outside for the sheep and so they just opened up and put them on the pasture land. When your Uncle Joe came home (he had been gone about two or three weeks) ... and saw the sheep in there, he sent for this old man and his wife to come down; he told the little kids to come down and help him drive the sheep up and put them in the corral. Then he told the little boy and girl that was herding these sheep to go down and tell their mother and father to come up, he wanted to see them. And so they came up there. He told Aunt Maud before this, 'Now you fix dinner because I'm going to give them something to eat.' Aunt Maud says, 'You mean you're going to feed them after they ate up all your pasture land like that?', and he says, 'Oh, sure, that's what I'm going to do.'

"So when this man and his wife come and his two little children and he'd taken the sheep—they didn't know just what to expect. They acted kind of timid cause they knew they hadn't done right because Joe had always been very good to them. He went out and met them at the gate and shook hands with them and told them to come in. They came in and sat down at the table and he talked with them about doing that and how that isn't what a good neighbor and a good friend would do that way. If people are good to you, then you be good to them ... he talked to them ... just like a father to his children would talk. This old man and this woman sat

there and listened. They didn't say anything."

"Then he told Aunt Maud to bring some dinner in ... So when they got through eating, this man came over to Uncle Joe and took his hand and put his arm up onto his shoulder. Uncle Joe was such a big old tall man and he was such a little man, and he said to him 'You know you're just like a father to all us Indians. You're trying to help us to find the ways of the white people and not to be wanting to steal ... I want to thank you and to tell you that I love and appreciate you being such a good father to me and to my children ... That was the way Uncle Joe did all the time. He never became angry with them ... he just tried to show them how they could live a better life ... There's good white people and bad white people and he wanted them to be like the good white people. And when Uncle Joe died all the Indian people had a funeral their own selves and they wept because of Uncle Joe's kindness and love that he had for the Indian people."

"There was one time when I was working away from home because we had no one to support our family but just me and my older sister, and at nights I would stay at Aunt Maud's place. When Uncle Joe would come home from being out with his cattle, he always brought his bedroll and put it on the floor because he was so long that there was no bed big enough for him; she slept up on the bed there. I could hear him and her laughing and talking and making their plans: what he was going to do, how he was working the cattle, and what he thought he ought to do, and Aunt Maud would tell him what she thought she ought to do and how the children was getting along and how she should meet these problems of hers too, and they were very congenial together. I never seen a man and wife that was so congenial together as those two were ... to me they were a wonderful couple. And Aunt Maud was a very nice woman, always willing to help everyone, I don't care who it was. The Indians would come for her to go help them with their children, the white people would come and get her to go help with theirs, and when I had children she was really good to come help me too. She was a woman who was never too busy that she couldn't help other people."
"[My husband, Amos Tietjen] had to go to the service, he got his call during World War I, he had to go. We had two children. Uncle Joe, when he would come into town, with his cattle right close so he could leave them, [would] always come down and visit with Amos and I ... This morning he told us, 'Amos, you've got your call and you've got to go to the service?' And he said, 'Yes, I have.' He said, 'Well, that's too bad, Amos, but I want to tell you something. I want you and Irena to come and look out of the window ... 'Do you see that big cloud there? It's covering up the sun; it's going to rain. Big old black cloud.' Amos said, 'Yes sir, I see it. I've got to get some work done before it rains.' He said, 'Well, I'm going to tell you, that's just like this Army ... It looks awful dark and cloudy and misty to both of you, but just remember it won't be long until that sun will be shining ... That's the way it will be with your life. If you try to live the gospel like you ought to ... the Lord will bless you. Terrible cloud ... You have to be separated to go into the Service; why, it'll soon pass over."

A vital part of life for Joe and Maud was the annual fall trip to the San Juan country to can fruit. Two wagons and teams were taken. Jeff Tietjen described it from the viewpoint of a six-year-old boy:
"Dad went as far as Ojo Alamo, 40 miles from the river, then Mom drove one four horse team and Josephine drove the other two-horse team. Embert and I herded the workhorses. The Indians were all our friends. Mom would send Embert and I ahead to some point and we would build up some coals for cooking. Part of our job was to pour water on the oak wheels in the morning so the wood would swell up again. At night we greased the wheels after we hobbled the horses. There was just a certain distance you could pull the wheels off by the top, then smear the axle with grease on a stick. We kept one horse staked and the others hobbled. The rule was to drive through every hard-bottomed mud hole along the way" [to keep the wood in the wheels swollen tight].

"Mom worked us like saddle horses bringing in fruit. Dad brought back another team, but Mom had put up too much fruit and honey and barrels of cider, so Dad had to buy another wagon and team from the discontinued mail route. When we got into sandy country Dad took one of the four horse teams but Embert drove otherwise. Dad scouted for cattle and visited along. Everything was rosy as long as Dad was there and everybody sang and shouted and it was a picnic on the way back. When we met anybody or any Indians, we stopped and talked."

Around the campfire in those times the conversation would sooner or later turn to the subject of who had seen the latest ghost. It was partly in fun but for the most part the men were in dead earnest; as his son remembered it, Joe was a ringleader in the stories. One such story involved an earlier day in a Canyon near Ramah. Jeff said that "Joe Tietjen and Tom McNeil were riding double up Savoya draw when this feller in a buckboard passed them. My Dad tried to push Tom McNeil off so he could catch up with this guy, but Tom wouldn't get off. He was scareder than my Dad was. Just about the time they'd get to this guy, he would evaporate." On another occasion "Dad said he was riding by the old Red House one evening when here come a feller on a bicycle, just going like everything. Dad got past him, then the guy would pass Dad again. He told that for Bill Collister and Chalk Lewis' benefit. Chalk really took all that in."

There were also serious times. Two men came from Texas who were said to be "on the dodge." One of them, in typical western movie style, later became the sheriff of McKinley County; he hired one of the Grants train robbers for a deputy. Prior to this, the two of them were overheard in a saloon in San Rafael, discussing plans to kill Joe Tietjen that night. Word was sent to Joe, who was working in Bluewater Canyon. Joe met the pair near Milton Harding's place and called their hand. He took their guns and told them to leave the country. They did not leave, and six months later Maud got word of another plot. She sent word to Joe who saddled up and went to find them. This time Joe was more convincing and they did not stop that night until they were across the Arizona line nor did they return until after he was dead. They were Bob and Dee Roberts, later sheriffs of McKinley County.

On another occasion a prominent sheep man tried to appropriate a part of Joe's range. He would not listen to reason, so Joe roped him and drug him across the waist-deep Casamira Lake; by then he saw things in a different light.

The close friendship that Joe Tietjen had developed with Amanda, his father's third wife, often caused him to think of her after she died at Ramah. It was Lorena who recorded an incident Joe told her about during a time when Amanda's youngest daughter was desperately ill and the whole family was praying for her:

"One day when Joseph Tietjen was up in the Pintada Valley riding, he saw Aunt Amanda and her two daughters, Sarah and Permelia [who were also dead]. Sarah was very light complected with her hair hanging over her shoulders; she was short and quite plump. Permelia was tall and had an olive complexion. When he saw them, he said he immediately dismounted and stood waiting for them. Aunt Amanda came up and said: 'Joe, you go and tell your mother that Ivy will get well.' [Ivy had gotten poisoned on candy and had been having convulsions and altogether she had sixty two of them. She talked to me quite awhile, and among other things she told me that I must be a better man. 'Joe', she said, 'your time is short here and you must make good use of your time; you must be more attentive to your meetings and paying your tithing."

"As soon as she left, I mounted my horse and rode a distance of twelve miles to Bluewater to tell my mother what Aunt Amanda had said. That evening Ernst was sitting up with Ivy, for she was having one of her worst spells. When she rallied to she raised up and said, "It didn't hurt me a bit Pa, it didn't hurt me a bit." After that, Ivy commenced rapidly to get well and has lived to become a mother in Israel. I went on a mission to

Old Mexico and was counselor in the Bishopric for six years. I have done the best that I can in my weak way to make good use of my time. I have always done all in my power to befriend the widows, orphans, and the homeless, and help all in need. My motto is, "No matter how dark the sky is there is always a bright spot." The LDS Biographical Encyclopedia points out that Joe *"was enabled to render financial aid to many and to aid his father in his missionary work among the Indians."* One of those instances of Joe's help was to his sister Laura, having a hard time existing while her husband was on a mission. Her husband wrote that "*Laura said that her half brother, Joe Tietjen, was a big help to her during this time. Sam had left his livestock in the care of another person who did not take good care of them; it was a case of mismanagement and not dishonesty. Joe would come to visit Laura to see how she was doing and how Sam was getting along. Then he would say: "I found one of your calves on my range that hasn't been branded yet and I would like to pay you for this calf and put my brand on him." Laura thought that in some cases they really weren't hers, but Joe used this as an excuse to help her. He would then pay her for the calf or cow, usually around $15, which was a lot in those days. Laura appreciated his help very much."*

Joe was called on a mission to Mexico in December 1909, having five children at home. Many younger men with families were being called at the time. He contracted malaria after six months on the mission. He was then honorably released. The LDS Biographical Encyclopedia points out that *"after being confined to a hospital for some time he returned to Bluewater."* He was never really well after that. When you're bitten by a malaria-infected mosquito, the parasites that cause malaria are released into your blood and infect your liver cells. The parasite reproduces in the liver cells, which then burst open, allowing thousands of new parasites to enter the bloodstream and infect red blood cells. The parasites reproduce again in the blood cells, kill the blood cells, and then move to other uninfected blood cells. Symptoms can appear in 7 days. Sometimes, the time between exposure and signs of illness may be as long as 8 to 10 months with P. vivax and P. ovale, because these parasites can survive in the human liver for a long time. Common malaria symptoms include: fever and chills and a rapidly rising temperature, headaches, nausea, and extreme sweating. Symptoms may appear in cycles. Episodes of symptoms may occur every 48 hours if you are infected with P. vivax or P. ovale and every 72 hours if you are infected with P. malariae. After the early stages, life-threatening complications may develop rapidly with P. falciparum and P. knowlesi. If the infected person is not treated, serious complications or death can occur. But you may recover in a week to a month (or longer) after being infected with P. vivax, P. malariae, or P. ovale, even without treatment.

While in Mexico, Joe was influential with the people because he would first help them with their cattle, then sit down with them and talk about the gospel.

During World War I there were three registrations. The first, on June 5, 1917, was for all men between the ages of 21 and 31. The second, on June 5, 1918, registered those who attained age 21 after June 5, 1917. (A supplemental registration was held on August 24, 1918, for those becoming 21 years old after June 5, 1918. This was included in the second registration.) The third registration was held on September 12, 1918, for men age 18 through 45. While at Chaco Canyon, Joe Tietjen received word that he had to register in that third time slot and that if he didn't, someone in Bluewater was ready to turn him in. He would have to go to Crownpoint to register. He and his driver made the trip. On the way, they got stuck and saw a flash flood coming. To get the car out in time, he lifted the back end of the car out of the mud and in doing so, he twisted an intestine. I have a copy of his registration. On the way home, he got sicker and was sent to Albuquerque by train where he was operated on for locked bowels but continued to sink. He died on September 20th of gangrene. The Berryhill family came to New Mexico the day of his funeral and ever afterward remembered the great crowds of Navajos who were mourning his death.

Mark Elkins wrote that *"[Joe and Alma Tietjen] were two of the finest men in the whole country. They never had an enemy; everybody loved them. The Navajos loved them like a brother as they both talked the language fluently and were always closely associated with the Navajos."*

Maud struggled on, but without Joe life seemed empty. She no longer cared how she looked and neglected her appearance. She had always disciplined herself and others to face up to whatever adversity had in store. Alma took over the ranch, but the winter was a severe one with deep snow. The Latter Day Saint Biographical Encyclopedia says that *"On another occasion (October 25, 1918) Alma was taken very ill and being a long way from medical skill he was again miraculously healed, through fasting and prayer on the part of his brother's wife and her children, with whom he was living."* That would refer to Maud and her children. It would seem that Alma Tietjen's time had also arrived, and he was killed in January in an accident. They could not get the Navajos to work when there had been two deaths so close together. When the snow melted in March, 1919, the whole country was a bog with the cattle in bad shape.

Joe had operated his ranches with very few hired hands; it was mostly a family affair. Mark Elkins put it this way:

"Mrs. Tietjen had offered me a job to come help her and her children run her ranch as her three sons...were teenage boys... They had lots of good saddle horses. Mrs. Tietjen rode some good horses. She did lots of riding also as she and the children had run the ranch since the death of her husband a few years before in 1918."

Embert, the oldest son, had been born deaf and was sick quite a bit. Maud got a correspondence course and taught him to read lips. When Embert was 22 he was kicked by a mule. His sister, Ina, tells a touching story:

"I was in Prewitt for a week in November in 1925 while all ranchers were delivering cattle to the railroad for shipping. It was a cold winter day, my mother, two brothers, Fat and Embert and brother-in-law Tom Elkins were delivering their calves to Grants railroad stock yards. There were some other ranchers who were through shipping and were on their way back from delivering. They met my mother's herd and asked her to let them help. So she could go home. She was so glad, as she felt she needed to have more wood hauled in so she and Embert went back home. Embert had just got his first new saddle. He was so proud of it. Mama and he noticed some of the cows had broken down the fence as the cows were trying to follow their calves. They put the calves back and mama said she could fix the fence. Embert was to go to the house and get the mule team and wagon, so they could get a load of wood. Embert insisted mama take his horse and new saddle to try it out. He would ride her saddle on home.

He came in so cold and hungry, so Josephine and I started to fix him dinner. He said he would hitch the mule to the wagon, so he could leave right after he ate. In just a matter of minutes, he limped back into the house, hurt. One of the mules had kicked him and hurt him badly inside. Oh, he was suffering so much I had to get on his horse and go after mama. Josephine went to a little store that had a telephone to call a doctor from Gallup. The Doctor had to wait for the train which was three or four hours before he got to the house. When he got to the house, he said Embert was so bad and hemorrhaging. Also, his gall bladder was busted, that he just wouldn't live to get to Gallup as another train wasn't due until after midnight. Embert lived until 3:00 or 4:00am in the morning. Mama and I sat up trying to help him anyway we could. He was so bruised and tried not to show us how much he was suffering. He got us to try and rest a little all during the night. One time Nelda woke up. She was six months old. He loved her so he asked me to let him hold her for a minute. He was so weak I had to hold his arms so he could. I'll never forget this scene. She looked up at him and he looked down at her with such a loving smile. She went right back to sleep. He loved his little nephew and two nieces so much, and they in return. These were Lawrence, Mildred and

Nelda. This was a sad day for us. The weather was so cold and everyone were driving cattle to ship. We could not leave mothers cows long as they would get out of the corral and the calves had to be weighed and loaded onto the train. When I see how easy it is now with pickups, cattle trucks, scales in back yards and the buyer coming to you, I just can't believe this could have happened just a few years back. It is a wonderment just how you pick up where you left off, as life must go on doing the same things you were doing when tragedy hit. This was the fourth death in our family in seven years, my father and uncle, grandfather and now a brother."

Maud had been very competent in business affairs and the banks had complete confidence in her word. After Embert's death, Maud more or less gave up on being a businesswoman, but she was to stay in the ranching business a while longer. Mark Elkins writes in 1927 that:

"While living on the Rinconada Ranch the Reeds had been looking after a remnant of cattle they had foreclosed on Mt. Taylor. At this time the bank sold these cattle to Tom, my brother, and Fat Tietjen, delivery at so much money. Tom and Josephine had moved to the Rinconada Ranch to live there that summer while Fat and Tom gathered these cattle and cleaned them up off this ranch. The boys did real well in this transaction by that fall. After we had leased the ranch, the Gallup State Bank went into the hands of a receiver, broke, doors closed. Mr. Gregory Page, owner of this Gallup bank was forced into bankruptcy and the courts appointed Mr. Cy Rouse of Gallup as receiver of this broke bank and its assets. That fall when Tom and Fat got the bank cattle they had bought and gathered off this range. Tom and Josephine and family moved back to Baca to Mrs. Tietjens ranch. Later that fall Tom, Fat, and Mrs. Tietjen bought the Chavez Ranch from the receiver of the Gallup State Bank, Mr. Cy Rouse. The bank had foreclosed on the Chavez ranch earlier that year. Mr. Hood McCamant , the sheriff of Gallup, had taken care of it for them. The ranch adjoined Mrs. Tietjen's ranch very nicely on the west and these three formed a partnership for many years in the ranch and cattle business again doing well. After we were located at our new home at Rinconada my mother and father again lived with us there awhile that fall. We had three rooms and a big cellar. We had gotten up a few steps from the one room cow camps we had all lived in that year. We were well pleased with all this room we had; we liked it. When Mrs. Tietjen closed the deal on the Chavez Ranch with the receiver of the broke bank Mr. Rouse he told her they were going to sell the Rinconada ranch next. She told him that she thought Ina and I would be interested in buying it and ask him the price on it. He told her and she came home and next day came on down to Rinconada and told us about this ranch for sale and the price was $10,000. She thought we should buy it and we thought so too. She said that she would go back to Gallup with us the next day to meet Mr. Rouse as he had told her he wouldn't sell it until he heard from her. We went into Gallup the next day with Mrs. Tietjen, my mother-in-law. She made us acquainted with Mr. Rouse. We told him we didn't have the money right at that time but could pay him when we de¬livered our steer herd the first of December. He told us he would have to have one thousand dollars down on the transaction as forfeit money till the deal was closed December second after we had delivered the steers. Mrs. Tietjen loaned us the money for the down payment till we sold our steers. This was when we bought our first ranch December 1927. . In nineteen twenty-nine my brother and Fat Tietjen, my brother-in-law, and Mrs. Tietjen, my mother-in-law, leased 23,000 acres [a township] of summer range adjoining our range to the east on Mt. Taylor and Mr. Floyd Lee on the north to run sheep and cattle with headquarters at San Mateo, N. M. Mr. Lee Evans was on the east and run cattle with their headquarters near Marquez, N. M. These were both large ranches. They summered their stock on the north and north¬east ranges of Mt Taylor and took them to the lower flat country for the winters, as we all did.

Maud struggled to give her children a musical education and was fortunate to find Bertha Elkins, a neighboring ranch woman, who taught all of the children to play some kind of instrument. By providing room and board, she

hired a teacher to teach the children occasionally. A little later she moved to Snowflake during the winter to put the children in the Snowflake Academy or sent them there to board. She was a woman of considerable fortitude. Her life running a ranch as a young widow took guts. This author can testify that working on windmills and fixing fence can be very demanding physically. The fact that some people took advantage of her situation made her somewhat like a desert cactus: no one walked on Maud without hearing about it. She knew that discipline in life was key to survival and she grimly tried to discipline her grandchildren but she received very little thanks for those lessons. She and the older people kept repeating the refrain: "*Idle hands are the devil's workshop"*. We knew what that meant: there was to be no playing. She was a gifted practical nurse and was the first one to offer help during illness. She was always willing to come and stay at the home, do the chores and whatever was necessary until the sick person recovered. A couple of examples will serve. Pauline Rowley Dolezal wrote the following about her sister Louise Elkins Eby:

"Louise was about two years old, as I remember when this happened. Mama always made bread twice a week for our big family, always 6 loaves and a big pan of hot rolls for the evening meal that day. She would always place the loaf pans in a row on the kitchen counter. In the first one she would put a big chunk of lard in it and melt it in the oven. As she would mold the dough into loaves she would take the pan with the hot melted lard and make sure all sides were coated with lard and then pour the remaining lard into the next pan. Mama had just taken the loaf pan out of the oven with the melted lard in it, turned her back and Louise walked over to the kitchen counter, reached up and on her tiptoes, tipped the pan toward her to see what was in it. The hot lard poured down her face and she immediately put both hands up to her face bringing them down over her face trying to wipe it off. As she did this, all the skin came off her face, stuck to her hands and big blisters popped up all over her face. Papa hurried down and got Maud Tietjen and brought her up to the house. Sister Tietjen, with her skill and knowledge of pioneer medicine, had her little medical bag with sterilized scissors etc., and after prayer, mixed up one of her own pioneer medication formulas; a salve that was bright yellow. She proceeded to cut the blisters open and plastered this bright yellow salve all over her face. By this time her eyes were swollen shut –Sister Tietjen asked Mama if she had some old garments that she could cut up. She cut the garment material to fit Louise's face, cutting only two little holes at the nose for her to breathe through and a hole to the mouth – brought it down under her chin and tied it. I can remember Mama sitting in the rocking chair, day and night, holding Louise so she wouldn't try to turn over or anything to disturb the mask. Sister Tietjen stayed with us all the first day and then came back to the house often to check and see if everything was okay. After three days, Sister Tietjen removed the cloth mask very carefully and applied more salve but left the cloth off. She would use a syringe to drop water into Louise's mouth and in a few days other liquids. After about a week Mama would put little pieces of Hershey candy bar in her mouth. She liked that. Things progressed slowly but each day you could tell it was healing. It is a miracle that Louise didn't have a scarred up face; instead she has always had a beautiful, fair, very clear complexion. She has one little tiny scar under her chin where the knot was tied in the cloth mask. Indeed, Sister Maud Tietjen was a miracle worker, an angel of divine blessings, never charging for any of her services."

Iris Tietjen, daughter of Amos, was severely burned on her back when her dress caught fire. Maud was first called, then they rushed Iris to Gallup to the doctor. He taught Maud how to debride the dead skin daily from the wound so that healthy skin could replace it. The debridement was done with white gasoline. Maud was there day and night with Iris until she successfully recovered.

Allen Nielson wrote of her:

"For those, as Longfellow wrote, who 'left footprints in the sands of time', Maud would certainly qualify. The spirit of survival was very strong ... If there was any one within the area that could assess and diagnose an illness, Maud was highest on the list. She also was one to give not only medical knowledge but determi-

nation to face up to life's problems."

Maud had been given the gift of healing by the President of the Salt Lake Temple, Joseph F Smith, later president of the Church. After she left the ranch and moved to Bluewater she taught Primary for 35 years and was Relief Society President for 14 years. Those jobs meant that Maud was a real **workhorse.**

Maud in her later years

Jeff Tietjen's story provides valuable glimpses into many aspects of a cattle ranch in the early 1900s. Jeff was born in Bluewater, New Mexico, on Christmas Day, 1908, the fifth child of Joseph Engebret Tietjen and Maud S Hunt. Jeff says,

"The first thing I can remember is my Dad coming off a mission in Old Mexico. He was very thin and brought me a Mexican Maguey rope. He was there with Bishop Smith of Snowflake. I was possibly four years old. I don't know whether he ever got over the malaria, and came down with it when he got wet and cold."

"My next memory was moving out to the old adobe house the next year. It was Roundy's old place across the road from Henry Elkin's place [near Ambrosia Lake]. My mother had taken out a desert claim on the place while Dad was on a mission. We called it the Lower Ranch. Fat and Embert were already there when I went there. I told them I could ride any calf on the ranch. They took me out to the corral and tied a red handkerchief around my neck and put me on. The calf threw me and cut a big gash in my head and Mama whipped Fat and Embert for putting me on."

"They had a severe drouth and Dad had some cows over on the Rio Puerco this side of Albuquerque. When they brought the cows back, there was Bill Collister, John Tucker, Almy [Joseph's brother] and a Negro, and when they got there, Dad went to Grants and brought them a keg of beer. They had it wrapped in sacks sitting in the shade. Then they had a rodeo. The Negro got on a blue horse, which ran away with him."

"Next year [1912] we moved to Bluewater. I didn't go to school. The wagon loads of people coming from Mexico put up their tents down by Roundy's house. There were the Whettens, Merrills, Maritineau, etc. [Mormon exiles from the 1912 Revolution]. We got advance notice of how hungry they were. Cal Hakes was Bishop. Dad killed some beeves and brought them in, then went to San Rafael to get some flour and groceries. San Rafael was a lot bigger than Grants then. Someone had met them [the exiles] between Los Lunas

and Bluewater. All everybody talked about was whether Pancho Villa or Carranza (who had charge of the government troops) was winning. When that subject ended, they wanted to know who had seen the last ghost in the country. That's the only thing I can remember where Dad might have stretched the truth. He was a ringleader in it."

"The next spring the people from Mexico decided to build a dam just above Andrews' (2 miles north of Prewitt, NM) where the sand dikes went across." ***[The Bluewater record shows that on Dec 18, 1912 about noon the following Brethren met at the Rock Falls on Sec18 ?T14N R11W. Stake President Davis K. Udall and Connie W. Wrencher, J. T. Whetten, E. A. Tietjen, L. B. Farnsworth, T. J. McNeill, James E. Whetten, E. L. Farnsworth, Stephen A. Farnsworth, Chas. H. Martineau, Josiah A. Ashcroft and Chas. W. Whetten. President David K. Udall made the following motion. That we sustain our Brethren, who may wish to engage in the building of a reservoir here and taking up of lands in the valley below for agricultural purposes with our faith and prayers and that they have our confidence and blessing in the above undertaking. This motion was unanimously approved. The following brethren were chosen to take charge of the work to be done until such time as others may be chosen to take charge of the work: E.A. Tietjen, Jos. E. Tietjen, L. B. Farnsworth, E. L. Farnsworth and Carl E. Nielson, Jr. Unanimous motion to be recorded in Bluewater Ward Ledger by Chas G. Martineau.]***

"Dad was financing it and the Old Mexico People were to farm that valley with the water. That was known as the old Chadwick place. I watched the dam go out before it was finished. Mother was feeding the men who were rushing back and forth with little slips trying to hold the dam. We saw a hole break in the bottom of the arroyo. All shouted, "She's gone fellers!" I remember Embert starting to run across the dam, and Dad running to stop him because a horse might have broken thru. It was about the 5th of April. The Lillies and Snowballs were all in bloom. They must have had earlier springs then. When the dam washed out, some of the settlers left that spring, and some the next. During the winter some of the Colonists went back to Mexico. The war must have been over."

"I know we ran lots of races. That was my second year I was on a ranch. I don't remember riding much when I was four but when I was five I wrangled horses every morning as far as Casamero Lake, which was our horse pasture. There was a spring up above there where we got water. We had a barrel we filled with water and plugged. It had 2x6's mounted on the flat ends of the barrel and a bale that hooked into holes in the two by sixes. A horse pulled the barrel and it rolled. On washdays, Dad left a man there to haul water. He would bring in one load, dump it and was back after another. On the other days, we kids hauled it."

"We branded over at Berryhill's ranch one day. We called it Phil's Lake Country. [It had been built by Phil Neglar.] Evidently we moved back to Bluewater for school again. I went to school that year and Deborah Nielson was my teacher. "They had school in an old two room log house that was the church house. I remember seven or eight inches of snow on Easter Day. The next summer we moved to Tuck Spring. The Berryhills used to spend all day over at Tuck Springs washing. I can remember hunting arrowheads and turquoise in those old ruins. By then Dad had a bunch of sheep, about 25. If we hit our horse over the head or didn't do just right, we got so many days herding sheep. I was six then. We chased jackrabbits on Sunday. There were 300 or 400 Indians after one rabbit, each with a cedar club about two feet long. It was supposed to make it rain. They would all holler like dogs when they got after a rabbit. If your horse fell down, you might be run over. By then I was good enough rider and mounted on good enough horse I could often head the rabbit and turn him into the crowd if the rabbit was too fast for the Navajos."

"They had built the old schoolhouse in Bluewater by then and in the 2nd grade Lena Harding, Milton's

oldest sister, was my teacher. That year saw the Texas people start coming. The Jollys came and there was talk of the drouth in Texas. Dad was kind of like a Navajo and didn't like to stay in one place very long, so we spent the next year on the west of a red knoll about two miles from Prewitt. Dad's sister, May, had homesteaded there and we helped her live it out."

"That year I made my first trip to [the] San Juan [river] for fruit. We had two wagons and teams. All the kids except Fat went to help put up fruit. We went over in August and came back in late September. Dad went as far as Ojo Alamo, 40 miles from the river, then Mom drove one four horse team and Josephine drove the other two horse team. Embert and I herded the workhorses. The Indians were all our friends. Our one worry was fording the river at the junction of the Gallegos and San Juan and we had talked about it for days. Mom would send Embert and I ahead to some point and we would build up some coals. Part of our job was to pour water on the oak wheels in the morning so they would swell up again and at night we greased the wheels after we hobbled the horses. There was just a certain distance you could pull the wheels off by the top, then smear the axle with grease on a stick. We kept one horse staked and the others hobbled. One of us watered the wheel and the other got the horses in the morning. The rule was to drive through every hard-bottomed mud hole along the way."
"Mom worked us like saddle horses bringing in fruit.. The first peach I saw I ran and grabbed it and downed it. It was hard as a rock. In thirty minutes I had an awful bellyache. We saw some funny boxes, which, Mom said, were bees. We couldn't see any harm in turning one over so Ina and I ventured it and ran. I got stung all over the fingers. Mosquitoes ate me up in spite of the peach resin I rubbed on my face. Dad brought back another team, but Mom had put up too much fruit, honey and barrels of cider, so Dad had to buy another wagon and team, Dick and Fred, the black and white team, from the discontinued mail route and we headed back with three wagons. When we got into sandy country, Dad took one of the four horse teams, but Embert drove otherwise. Dad scouted for his cattle and visited along. Everything was rosy as long as Dad was there and everybody sang and shouted, and it was a picnic on the way back. When we met anybody or Indians we stopped and talked."

"We finished the winter on the flat and Dad had his Dad and Amos drill a well over at the Elkins ranch [a mile north of Prewitt] and we built a shack there. We stayed at home and with the occasional assistance of some old girl we got a little schooling. This was to be the headquarters and we were going to settle down and stop moving around. We got up two rooms and moved over there the next spring. It was the first well in that country. We hauled water over to May's homestead and got it as near the house as possible and siphoned it into the house. It was the next thing to running water and it was very up-to-date. We plugged it with a stick when not in use. I remember getting a wagonload of provisions and merchandise we had ordered from Montgomery Ward. There was baking powder, coffee, clothes, etc. I wanted to feel of it and smell everything. There was a whole case of shells."

"We still had the sheep. A Navajo herded them when we behaved and we ate them when we were out of beef. That was the first year I remember selling any cattle. We had 1,000 to 1,500 big steers. We kids and Navajos herded them in the day and penned them at night. There were coal black ones, spotted ones, and everything you can think of. McNurny bought them for thirty dollars apiece. He was a special friend of Dad's. There was no forfeit. His word was as good as his bond. In October we started with the steers to Bluewater. About the county line Doc Cantrell, L.R. Goehring, and Bill Turner came by in a car and Fat, Embert, and I and the Navajos went on while Dad talked. He asked them where they were going, and they said, "Hell, Joe, don't you know hunting season opens tomorrow?" Dad unsaddled, hid his saddle in the rocks and told us to pick it up on the way back. He told us to go on, that he'd send Almy [his brother] to help us. Hunting wasn't so good on Mt. Taylor for deer, so they came back and caught a train to Old Mexico. McNurney hadn't

settled up with my Uncle, so when Dad got back, he went to Montana to collect the $30,000. Probably McNurney wanted to force him into a visit. Dad died the next year when I was eight."

"Dad hired someone to teach part time again that winter and we lived in the shack he had built there at the Elkins Ranch. Dad was hauling lumber on the Pueblo Bonito ranch [near Chaco Canyon] where we were building a house also. Paul Herrington was helping with the house. It was about a 65-mile trip north of Prewitt. When spring came, we were pumping a lot of water at Prewitt. Fat was staying at Pueblo Bonito and seeing about his share cattle. I made one trip with Dad out to Pueblo Bonito on a horse named Snowball in one day. Dad led him part of the way." [Fat tells a story here: "One night we were out there feedin' these cows and Embert was drivin' the wagon and me and Jeff was throwin' hay off the wagon to these cows. One old cow took after Jeff and ran him around the wagon about 7 or 8 times and when he came around, he says to me, 'Now you run, I'm tired." I just stood there and the old cow ran up to me and shook her head and that was all. A cow just darned sure won't hook me."]

"That fall the family went back to the river. Dad told Fat and I that he wanted us to have the ranch. He wanted us to work hard and have high moral standards and he wanted me to be baptized. Josephine stayed with us while the others had gone over to the river. This was in 1918. Dad went to get his physical at Crownpoint. Paul Harrington and some other fellow was with him. On the way back they saw a lot of water coming and knew they'd have to hurry. Dad lifted the back end of the car out of the mud while the other two put rocks under it and they got out. He got sick the next day and lay in bed that day. The next day they brought him back to Thoreau and put him on a train for Albuquerque to the Lovelace Clinic. Paul Harrington called Bill Collister to meet him at the train in Albuquerque but he didn't get the wire in time and Bill found Dad about an hour later wandering around delirious. He took him to the hospital and they operated on him for locked bowels. He died three days later of gangrene. He was brought back to Bluewater and was buried."

"From there on, [my uncle] Alma took over the operation of the ranch. We had a drouth and moved our cattle out to Pueblo Bonito in the fall of 1918, a winter everybody can recall because of the deep snow. Our

Alma Tietjen

family lived in a two-room shack and an adjoining tent. Bruno, a Navajo, and Almy lived in a bunkhouse there. Almy went back to Bluewater after a load of grain and a well machine. He returned with Amos and Wilford Young. They camped at Borrego Pass as Satan's Pass was snow and ice.

[We need to understand a little about wagons here. They were dangerous. When going down a steep grade, the wagon was likely to roll faster than the horses were travelling. It would then roll up on the horses. Horses panic very easily and a runaway would be the inevitable result with fatalities likely. To slow the wagon down, the wheels were "roughlocked" by tying the rear spokes to the axle with a chain so that it would slide or skid rather than roll. Roughlocking could also be accomplished by putting a piece of wood in the spokes so that it wedged against the wagon bed and prevented any further rolling. On a very steep slope the teamster might find a dead tree to drag along behind.to slow the wagon down]

"The next morning they talked about rough-locking the wheels, but Almy argued it would be better not to rough-lock, but to just keep the horses out of the way of the wagon. Amos and Wilford wanted to drag a tree. When Almy reached the pass, he whipped the horses. He made the first curve, then the wheel hit a pinyon knot and broke the wheel and turned the 3000 lb. of grain over on him. Wilford and Almy drove up behind, saw the wagon wheel up in the air. Almy had his back and neck broke and was dead. They loaded him in the wagon, had an Indian watch the grain, and headed back to Bluewater. That was about the 19th of January. They phoned Crownpoint and got Barbers to come tell us. All but Embert, Fat and I went to Bluewater."

"Several hundred people in Gallup died of the flu that year, the first outbreak in the country. People were dying so fast that they had to get tractors to dig the graves. Fat was 13, I was 8 and Embert was 15. We had about 3,000 cattle we were looking after, part of which were Bill Tucker's. We had 182 herd of saddle horses. One of us herded the horses, since we had no horse feed, while the other two rode. We ate chicken feed, made of boiled wheat and round lumps of corn sugar, which resembled tapioca. We had no milk or salt but finally got the chickens to lay and ate the eggs without salt. The Indians quit working for us since there had been two deaths in the family. All we had to play with were chico brush stick horses. Why we did that when we had all the horses I don't know. We claimed we passed another grade that year. Once I was chopping ice eight miles from home and fell in. I rode home at a jog trot in the foot deep snow. When I got home, Fat had to take me off my horse. I ran pus down my legs from being frozen."

"Along with the 0I0 Cattle Co., Coog Pits, and John Tucker, we were each responsible for cutting sign and watching certain parts of the open range. Fat and Embert found the tracks where about 1,000 cattle had been taken out of the country. They followed the tracks two days then came back to notify the other cattle companies. They told Fat and Embert to forget it until the next spring since they were so short handed and there was so much snow. Incidentally some of the cattle were recovered the next spring through the deputy U.S. Marshall, Charlie Hagar. Claire Hassell and men from 0I0 company, Alton Livestock, etc. went with the Marshall. They went into Colorado, north of Chama, New Mexico, to recover them. Peg-Leg Carter and Hinksley had stolen the cattle. They tried them, but the crooks disowned the burnt cattle and were acquitted. The cattle were returned."

"Old Man Charley Doonan's stepson came by about ten o'clock one day to tell us that his father, who owned the Pueblo Bonito store, had been murdered by Indians. He gave us a key and wanted us to go stay in the store with the body until he could get the law. Embert stayed and watched the horses while Fat and I went to the store. It was two days before the law got there. Since Doonan had been shot through a window, we dared not pass an open window and crawled on hands and knees under the windows. It was better than getting out of jail when the law got there."

"We had a March thaw that left the ground bottomless with our cattle poor. We pulled as many as 50 cows a day out of the bog. We teamed up together and used two horses to pull with. On the 15th of April my folks returned with Rowdy Hakes, the first man they could get. They cooked salt pork with gravy and biscuits that night and they had brown sugar. After three or four months of wheat diet it was a real feast."
"We then hired Chalk Lewis, who had been working for the 0I0, to manage our outfit. We hired another man, Louis McKemick, whose father had an interest in the ranch. We were still pulling bog. About that time, mother decided she couldn't run a cow outfit and sold the cattle with the exception of 25 milk cows, six saddle horses, and the Pueblo Bonito Ranch. We moved back to Prewitt where I first met the Berryhill family, who lived on an adjoining ranch. Sam Lewis quit before we got there. There were dead cattle everywhere. We must have lost half our cattle. We tried to salvage the hides, which were bringing nine and ten dollars apiece. Mother sold 1072 head to Frank Woods who had a ranch south of Farmington. We sold 560 head of stock mares and geldings to Bill Miller of Snyder, Texas, and the 172 head of saddle horses went to the 0I0 cattle company. That kind of ended that deal. Mother bought 100 head of polled Herefords and put us to milking the 25 milk cows. The most any of them gave was a gallon and a half a day since they were all Herefords. They were pretty sorry. We peddled milk to the highway and railway crews, which I hated."

An old Dutchman, Whettenburg, whom Dad had financed in the cattle business, died. He had never paid Dad back. There was some kind of a little hearing and we went after the cattle. John Tucker had them on shares from the Dutchman. After we paid John Tucker, there were around 250 head of cattle. That kind of put us back in the cattle business. About that time Mark Elkins came into the country and he and Mother went into the steer business together, and he was to get 1/2 the profit for managing the Prewitt Ranch. It got dry and the price of cattle went down and Mark went back to Texas. I took over at 11 years of age. Fat was working for Chalk Lewis at Pueblo Bonito. Chalk and McKemick had bought that ranch. I ran two gas engines and stayed at the old Joe Padilla Ranch (now known as the Mark Elkins Ranch at Rinconada). I cared for about 250 steers and 250 cows. 1919 and 1920 were both really good years. We mowed hay everywhere for our saddle horses. It was the spring of 1921 when we went into the steer business and the fall of 1920 when we got the Cows."

"The fall of 1921 Mother made a deal with Chalk Lewis to take over the outfit again and we moved to Snowflake, Arizona to go to school. The War Finance had a mortgage on everyone's cattle but ours. War Finance leased a lot of land in California and demanded that everyone send their cattle out there to save them. Mother sent ours too, though W.F. paid the freight on our cattle. In California the Foot and Mouth disease broke out in the spring. When we paid the freight and got $13-14 a head, we were all but broke. Mother was about the only rancher who didn't take out bankruptcy." [The War Finance Corporation was a government corporation in the United States created to give financial support to industries essential for World War I, and to banking institutions that aided such industries. It continued to give support to various efforts during the interwar period. The corporation was created by a Congressional act of April 5, 1918, and abolished on July 1, 1939].

"When we got out of school that spring, we began looking for a few remnant cattle. We finally collected about 50 head. Some of our pet saddle horses had died. The next year I ran off and went to horse wrangling for the 0I0 cattle company. I worked there in the summer and went to Snowflake in the winter until I was 17 when I quit in my junior year. I bought a few cattle, and shortly after that Edna Berryhill and I were married. In 1930 the estate was divided and I got out with $4200. I bought 1/4 interest with W.A. Berryhill in the MAY company. Adrian [Berryhill] had a 1/4 interest and Grandpa and Grandma each had 1/4 interest. We bought 720 acres from Branson and leased the balance of the Ambrosia Lake Ranch. There were about 720

cows in the company. We had the McGaffey [forest] permit for 500 head. Adrian and Grandpa decided to run the cattle and after we moved the cattle to McGaffey I went to work for the Highway Department driving a caterpillar and pulling a grader."
"The Big Snow fell the 19th of November [the worst storm in memory]. I worked about a week longer, helping clear roads when Grandpa sent word that I had better come home. They were going to have to start feeding cattle. Joe was born that fall. Edna, I and Joe moved out to the Buck [Willcoxson] homestead house. Jack Cooper, Jabe Smith, and a Hobo called Ioway, all stayed in that one [12 x 16] room that winter. Edna cooked for all of them on one of those little cast iron cook stoves. It wouldn't cook on the bottom. We couldn't haul water and Edna melted snow for all the cooking and washing. I took over the job of relaying a ton a day of feed with a four-horse sled from the trucks at Red Rock point four miles from the ranch. It took me until seven and eight at night to do this. The others fed the cattle, pulling smaller sleds, which carried four sacks of feed behind a saddle horse. That went on until the 6th of February. The nights ranged from 10° to 30° below zero during that whole time. On the 6th we got a warm wind and rain. We tried to feed them 2 lb a day. When the thaw came, the cattle started dying in the bog and we rode the bog, which lasted until about the 1st of April."

"We had lost half our cattle and the early calf crop, and were $17,000 more in debt. Then the Great Depression hit. All we had to sell were the late calves. That fall we sold our calves to Henry Jameson for $3.75 a hundred or about $9.50 a head. The Depression was on in a good way then. All the wells went dry and I stayed long enough at the ranch to build two big dirt tanks, the one above the windmill by myself and the one about a mile to the south of the ranch on the way to Ambrosia. I put most of the summer in on that. It didn't rain that year. I went to Bluewater Lake to skid logs. The others helped skid and load props and Adrian looked out for the cattle between loading props for the mines in Gallup. The balance of the summer I worked for Jonie Payne who had the contract under Breece Lumber Co. I was gyppoing under him.[A gyppo logger is a lumberjack who runs or works for a small scale logging operation that is independent from an established sawmill or lumber company]. Payne got the money and went to old Mexico when they scaled the logs and paid him. All I had to show were the feed bills on the teams. Edna was staying over at McGaffey with her family. I went back to McGaffey to help skid props. The Bureau of Biological Survey moved into McGaffey to kill porcupines and I got a job with them about the 15th of December. They paid $125 a month, a really good job in that day. As an ordinary hand I killed as high as 22 porcupines a day, more than anyone else. The 1st of April I got a foremanship killing prairie dogs on the Navajo reservation, running Indian crews. That lasted until 1936. I got an appointment as district supervisor in the Kimbito area near Farmington. I didn't like it because all you did was tell lies and didn't do any work so I only stayed five months. They wrote letters to tell you not to do this or that but say you did. You were supposed to be telling Indians how to take care of their stock with daily reports."

"The next year I decided to sell my interest in the ranch and cattle to the Berryhills and buy the store at Mexican Hat, Utah. The family lived in Bluff and I lived at the store. We operated that about a year and a half but a minor depression hurt the Indian and sheep business. I got sick and had blackout spells and couldn't drive a car over the bad roads so decided to give it up. We lost everything we had and moved back to Thoreau in the fall of 1938. Elvin Lewis, Duane Berryhill, and I took on a job skidding props for Tex Hargus at Long Park. The snow got four and five feet deep there and the only way we could cut timber was to shovel out around the trees and they were so frozen that they were hard to cut so we didn't make any money there. Duane and Elvin kept logging but I went back to work with the Biological Survey on the 1st of April. We had signed an agreement we would be responsible for fires. Some logger started a fire and we lost what we had made. Duane and Elvin were also skidding and loading under Johnny Redosovich. It took all we had coming and everything we could rake up. That ended the deal. The winter of 40-41 Chalk Lewis, Frank

Childers, and I prospected and staked claims on what is now the Navajo Fluorspar Mine."

The Tietjens Meet (and Marry) the Mexicans

The Mormon Colonies in Mexico were to have a deep and lasting effect upon nearly every member of the Tietjen family. The colonies were established as a place of refuge for polygamous men fleeing the wrath of the U.S. Government. There were nine Mormon colonies in Mexico. We shall be concerned in this narrative with just two of them, Colonia Garcia and Colonia Pacheco, up in the mountains, eight miles apart. These were in the Sierra Madre Mountains, a last refuge for another group, about 100 Apache Indians, also fleeing the wrath of the U.S. Government. The Mormon men lived by logging and raising cattle. In 1892 on a ranch four miles from Pacheco lived the Hans Thompson family. One Sunday evening Hans left his wife and children at the ranch and went to Pacheco to start threshing. After doing the chores Monday morning, the children, Hyrum (17) and Elmer (14), had just taken the whey from the cheese they had made that morning to feed the pigs. Annie (6), went along with them to bring the tub back. Halfway back to the house, she saw an Indian aiming his rifle at the boys in the pigpen. She screamed, and Hyrum was hit. Another shot and he fell dead. Other Indians came around the haystacks as Elmer ran toward the house for his gun, but he was shot by another Indian, the bullet going in his left side and coming out a shoulder blade. He fell and pretended he was dead. Hearing the commotion, Karen, the mother, came to the kitchen door just as an Indian entered. She spoke to him and he answered in English. She told him to take anything he wanted but not to shed blood. He said they liked to shed blood and shot her. The squaws then crushed her skull with rocks. They then started to plunder the house, intending to take Annie with them, but she had slipped out the door. When the Indians found she was gone, they left in a hurry. Elmer had revived enough to crawl into the chicken pen and Annie joined him. They hid until the Indians went away. They then tried to catch a horse, but Elmer was too weak from loss of blood. Elmer then told little Annie to go up to Cave Valley (several miles away) as fast as she could, and warn the people. Despite gripping fear, she did as she was told.

Three families of interest to us lived in Colonia Garcia: the John Whetten family, the Hyrum Cluff family, and the Alonzo Farnsworth family. First there was Ida Henrietta Tietjen. She was a sister of Ernst Tietjen. She married Alonzo Farnsworth as a third wife and they lived at Tuba City Arizona until he had to go into Mexico because of the polygamy persecution. She went with him down there in 1893. She tells her story thus: *Ida was six years old when she left her home in Sweden . She left behind her beautiful home, furnishings and nice clothes. When the family accepted the Gospel, the church leaders admonished them to sell their belongings and to help the poor gather to Zion . They did this willingly. She arrived in the Salt Lake Valley in 1859, settling first in Salt Lake, then later in Santaquin , Utah . After arriving in Utah, the family was forced at times to sell some of their fine clothes to get bread. Ida met a fine young man in Santaquin and there were prospects of a marriage. Before it could be consummated, he was accidentally killed. Later she was courted by Alonzo Lafayette Farnsworth, who already had two wives, Mame (Mary Ann) and Annie. Alonzo invited her to be his third wife and gave her six months in which to decide.*

Ida and Alonzo were married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City on April 5, 1875. Ida was twenty-two years old. It took unselfishness, patience, faith, understanding, and a strong determination to succeed in living plural marriage. The hardest test was related by her daughter, Sarah Ellis Farnsworth:
"It was said that Aunt Mame [one of the other wives] was not given the blessings of motherhood as Aunt Annie and Mother had been, so, true to the grand and glorious nobility of these two mothers, each of them offered to share: Aunt Annie to give her second son to Aunt Mame and my Mother to give her second daughter to the childless sister, Aunt Mame, and like Abraham of old, these faithful sisters put their trust in God, to give them strength to do this. But it was not God who called them to suffer this great sacrifice, nor was it their husband.

It was they who did it, on their own, to show their love for this sister, regardless of the anguish and suffering it would cost them. In due time, when her second son Lester was born, Aunt Annie gave him to Aunt Mame for her very own. Oh, what a sacrifice! At that time my mother was living in Tuba City, Arizona, and Aunt Mame was in Colonia Garcia, Mexico. When the little daughter was born, Aunt Mame sent the name of one of her kindred she wanted to honor, so the baby was given the name of Sara Ellis Farnsworth. By the time father was ready to take Mother to Mexico, I was three years old, but true to her promise, Mother had told me from the time I could understand just what was to be done. As soon as she arrived in the little mountain colony of Garcia, she gathered up all of my clothing and belongings and with a stout heart, heavy as lead, and trembling and tearful, she took me by the hand and went to the home of Aunt Mame and laid her sacrifice on the altar of love. But good, kind-hearted Aunt Mame, who loved and appreciated Mother, could not see her and the little child suffer, for I clung to Mother and wept bitterly, fully sensing the great sorrow of this supreme test of faith. Could anything be sweeter or more God-like, or more sisterly, than for Aunt Mame to relieve Mother of the promise she had made and was determined to keep? Truly the Lord loves such souls."

Ida was blessed with nine children, six boys and three girls. She lost one little son, Jesse, through an accident. She had placed the child in his little rocking chair and placed him near the fireplace to keep him warm while she went out to do the milking. She left an older daughter to watch the baby. The older sister forgot for a moment and the baby, rocking back and forth, fell forward into the fire and was badly burned. After two weeks of intense suffering, Jesse died. This was a time of excruciating sorrow in Ida's life. Only with the help of Heavenly Father was she able to endure this trial.

Ida was tall, graceful and cultured. She had long, dark hair and soft, brown eyes. She was frugal--doing all of her own work. She taught her children the blessing of work and the importance of earning what one received. The family always had a vegetable garden that furnished food not only for them, but for the neighbors as well. Ida believed in following the leaders of the Church and she worked all her life for the blessing of having children faithful in the Gospel. To obtain the blessings promised, Ida had the family read scriptures and sing a hymn each morning and night before prayers were said. She instilled into the hearts of her children a deep and abiding love for the restored Gospel, and a desire to keep the Lord's commandments. All of her children were married in the temple.

At times Ida would faint with weakness, but she never failed to fast. When blessings for which she prayed and fasted were received, she constantly thanked the Lord, thus setting a fine example for her children. Ida was a faithful church worker all of her life. She taught Sunday School, Primary and was a Relief Society Visiting Teacher. She had the privilege of caring for the sick and the dead. She washed and dressed the dead for burial--all a great labor of love and devotion.

Ida was an excellent seamstress, having learned this art from her mother. She not only made dresses, coats, and other clothing for her daughters, but also made suits for her husband and sons. She loved having her family look nice. Ida was very artistic. She did beautiful handwork. She adorned her home with the work of her own hands. She also made men's gloves out of tanned buckskin, often trimming them with lovely embroidery work. Ida loved the soil and under her expert care it produced food for her family and flowers to feed her soul. She had a beautiful flower garden. Most of the flowers came from the starts she had received from friends and neighbors. Lest we picture her always in this feminine role, remember that it was she who went with Charley Tietjen when he was invited to go outside for a fight and she had traded blow for blow with the Clemons boys and their friends.

Ida loved and appreciated the pigs, chickens, and cows which supplied her family with eggs, meat, milk, butter, and cheese; and also horses that helped with the work of providing for her large family. Two grey mares,

Kit and Fan, were her special favorites. She would hitch them to a wagon filled with produce from the garden and field, and along with one of her older children, travel to the lower valley where this produce was traded for fruit, molasses, and other commodities not available at the little mountain home. Ida wept in sorrow whenever one of the animals died; it was as parting with a loved and trusted friend.

One test of Ida's faith was when she sent two of her young boys out into the tall pines to look for some cows that had strayed. Her boys did not return. All night she watched and waited for them, praying for help. At daylight she went to the Bishop for help. He alerted the men of the town and with prearranged signals, the men fanned out in search of the missing boys. Soon three shots rang out which meant that the boys had been found, and that they were alright. The boys had run into some hunters who had invited them to spend the night. Ida's prayers were answered.

Ida took her youngest daughter, Jennie, who was about eight years old, to Salt Lake City to visit with family there. They had not been there long when Ida contracted pneumonia. The doctors did not know then how to deal with it and in spite of everything that could be done, Ida continued to get worse. She died on May 1, 1906.
Following the exodus of the Mormons from Mexico, Bert Whetten wrote that *"We decided to look around and do something else. We took the families to Bluewater, New Mexico and took a contract in the mountains above Bluewater shipping lumber and logs to Albuquerque. We had a few teams we'd taken out as riding horses. Since we turned our horses out at Hachita when we came out with the exodus, John, Frank, Charlie Martineau, Charl and I went down to round them up and bring them to work on the contract. It was a long, hard trip and the horses got poor on the way, but we finally arrived there. After a short time we got rigged up and went up on the Zuni Mountain to log. It was a very stormy winter that year. The snow was deep all winter. Mornings and evenings we had to chop the ice a foot deep to let our horses drink. We did well on the job and the bosses were well pleased with our work."*

The next project was to build a dam north of Prewitt. Jeff Tietjen tells the story: *"The next spring the people from Mexico decided to build a dam just above Andrew's [two miles north of Prewitt, NM] where the sand dikes went across. Dad was financing it and the Old Mexico People were to farm that valley with the water. That was known as the old Chadwick place. I watched the dam go out before it was finished. Mother was feeding the men who were rushing back and forth with little slips trying to hold the dam. We saw a hole break in the bottom of the arroyo. All shouted, "She's gone fellers!" I remember Embert starting to run across the dam, and Dad running to stop him because a horse might have broken thru. It was about the 5th of April. The Lillies and Snowballs were all in bloom. They must have had earlier springs then. When the dam washed out, some of the settlers left that spring, and some the next. During the winter some of the Colonists went back to Mexico. The war must have been over."*
Another story of Mexico affected Joe Tietjen's sister Annie deeply. Annie was born at Savoia, August 22, 1878, the first child of Ernest and Emma C. Her daughter Amy described her mother's personality:

> *"Mama drew people to her. Friends and relatives would come from miles by horse and buggy to spend the weekends. Mama was full of fun and humor. She inherited this characteristic from her Norwegian mother and the Norwegians are a very witty, happy and jolly people. Mama loved to be with a crowd. Grandma has told me Mama would hurry with her work so she could go visit friends. If ever she would try to miss a dance, a crowd would come to their home and insist on her coming, saying, 'We can't have a dance without Ann' as she was sometimes called. She was witty, humorous and freehearted."*
>
> *"One of her friends told me years ago that 'It doesn't matter what time of the day you saw Annie, she always looked as if she had just stepped out of a bandbox.' Mama cried easily and was kind and forgiving. Grandma Tietjen said Papa told Mama once to give all she wanted to because that made her the happiest. Besides*

being generous, she was industrious and always kept her house clean and orderly. As a little girl I think the thing that I remembered the most about her was her consistency in the things she did and most of all in keeping her word. Whenever she said she would do something, she'd always do it. She never let us down."

The Stevens brothers (Joshua, Alma, and Ed) had originally settled in Bluff, Utah, with the Hole-in-the-Rock company. There was not enough land there to support them, so they came up the river to Fruitland, New Mexico, some of the first settlers in that area. In 1886 Joshua Stevens had homesteaded some land on the La Plata River in Colorado. He sold his property to a Mr. Bigler, but his claim was jumped by the some outlaws the moment he vacated in favor of Bigler. Joshua and Alma Stevens asserted their rights and a physical struggle was followed by a gunfight in which John Deluche and Sherman Hilton were killed and Alma was wounded in three places. The Stevens brothers were arrested for murder. The judge, however, found him not-guilty, stating that the evidence showed the fatal bullet came from the gun of one of the dead man's friends. Because of possible retaliation and because Joshua was a polygamist under threat of arrest, Joshua went to Mexico. His brothers, Alma and Ed, helped him move his cattle and possessions. On the way, they passed through Bluewater and stopped to rest the cattle. All three brothers took a liking to Annie Tietjen, but they had to move on. When Ed returned, he came by Bluewater, courted Annie and married her, then moved to Fruitland, New Mexico.

When the Mormons were driven out of Mexico, Joshua was at Colonia Pacheco. They were advised that all the women and children be sent by train to El Paso on Tuesday. When Tuesday came, the Stevens women were all packed and ready to go, despite torrential rains that threatened to inhibit their escape. But at the last minute Elizabeth refused to leave Joshua and her boys. She had had a dream of leaving and in it, Joshua never followed after her. So strong was her feeling of foreboding because of the dream, she simply told Joshua she could not leave him. So the family decided to hide out in a three-room dugout near their home. They thought it would only be a matter of weeks before they could safely move back home and their other neighbors would return. However, shortly after they moved into the dugout, word came that church leaders were urging all the men and boys to leave Pacheco as well. But again, the Stevens family decided to just wait things out rather than leave. For three weeks the Stevens family lived in the dugout, then returned home. While there he was involved in a confrontation with two Mexicans and was stabbed to death. Within a matter of hours, some of their old neighbors arrived back in Pacheco, just as Joshua had expected they would within three weeks time. A few of them helped the Stevens family by building a coffin and preparing Joshua's body for the burial. The family, however, did not get to see him buried. They were shipped out of Pacheco early the next morning before a coroner's jury arrived to investigate what had happened.

Our next story is about Ivy Tietjen, youngest daughter of Ernst Albert and Amanda Hatch. She was born 11 September 1892 in Ramah. She had two older sisters, Sarah and Permelia, and one older brother, Amos. Her mother passed away when she was nine months old. Her story is told by Blanche Peterson:

"In November of 1912, the big Whetten Family arrived by train in Bluewater. The Whettens were refugees from a Mexican revolution, cold, hungry, and homeless. It was the dead of winter and very cold. They had been enroute for several months, in fact, the women and children left their homes in mid-July, along with some of the older men folk and had been living in some lumber yard sheds in El Paso, Texas. Grandpa Whetten (John Thomas Whetten) had been back to their homes trying to salvage their cattle and horses; anything to help sustain themselves in a foreign land. Blanche did not know why the Whettens went to Bluewater," [but Ernest Farnsworth did. His mother was Ida Tietjen and he went because his uncle, Ernst Tietjen, was in Bluewater.]

"Bluewater was a small ward. I believe they welcomed the Whetten family and the other people from Mex-

ico. They brought new blood and talent to an isolated little group of people. Grandpa Whetten was a very good musician. He sang beautifully and played the fiddle like no one else. His family consisted of John A, his wife Ida and 5 children, Bert and Lillie, and their baby girl, Agnes (who died in Bluewater), Martha and 4 children, who had gone to Utah with her parents. Charles W., Clarinda, Hazel, Warren, Clifford L., Henry A., Nathan L., Don C., Leonard D., and Georgia Owens, a foster daughter (she lived with Grandma about 5 or 6 years, her mother had passed away and left a large family, (non-LDS); Aunt Lydia and her 5 children and 4 foster grown children, Clair, Lyman, Lula, and Maynor Hassel. Also Aunt Florence and husband Charlie Martineau and two children. I can imagine the help this fine active LDS family would be to any ward. They were all good "singers", loved to dance, could furnish their own music anywhere, were also very talented in the theater. They also brought two large Cluff families of girls from their ward in Mexico. Lorena Cluff married Ivy's brother, Amos Tietjen.
No doubt they found talent there also that matched their own, and wonderful young people to associate with. They must have joined at once together in their social life. I remember when Christmas time came, John A. was the Santa Claus and Hyrum Cluff was dressed as Mrs. Santa, and they passed the bags of treats to the kids. (I heard as little kids do – that the treats were furnished by Chapmans and Lambs store.)

They soon got work for their teams in the Zuni Mtns., where they made a large lumber camp. The young men all went up there and logged in the forest until late fall. There were Whettens, Cluffs, O'Donnals, Farnsworths, Tietjens, Lewis's, Bernums's, Hassels, etc., and etc. It was during this time that the young people met and began courting."

"One of the "fine families" of Bluewater was the Tietjens, Brother and Sister Ernst A. Tietjen, evidently a big family that had settled there around Bluewater. The older girls, Tina and Eddie married Chapman brothers. They already had families. Also one daughter was married to a Dick George. An older brother, Joe Tietjen and wife Maud had a family and his daughter Ina Tietjen was my age or a little older. There were two Tietjen boys in my school class. Alma was not married, Amos, Ivy, and Albert. I think Albert was barely in his teens. All were charming young people."

"Their sister Ivy was their pet, pride and joy. Her brothers adored her. Her older sisters depended on her every time they had a new baby. She sewed, cooked, and tended nieces and nephews.

Ivy was very reserved, pretty and neat in appearance. She had a wonderful ability to cut, sew, and fit dresses, coats, bonnets, etc. She sang alto, played the piano, danced, and was a very happy, genteel young woman."

Our next story of the Mexican Exiles and the Tietjens is about Joe Tietjen's younger brother, Alma Tietjen, beloved by the entire Tietjen family. We tell a little about him here: Alma Tietjen was the eighth of nine children born to Ernest Albert Tietjen and Emma Oleava Erickson. He was born on January 4, 1891, in Savoia. A nephew, Chink Chapman, was with him a great deal and writes most of our account:

"Uncle Alma stood at about six feet, four inches in his stocking feet, was light complected, with light, wavy hair, and was a real good looking young man. He had a very pleasant disposition, and in all the years that I was around him, I never saw him get out of patience with anyone or heard him speak a cross word."

"His close associates were Alma and Victor Burnham, who were about his own age, Frihoff Nielson, Chalk Lewis, and Uncle Amos Tietjen who were just a little younger ... In those days it was quite a fad to give people nicknames, and Uncle Alma carried the name of 'Chick.' He was a friend of everybody ... I remember

a couple of Navajos that he liked very well were ... Old Sideburns and Baltazar Cojo. A few of his Mexican friends were Amado Otero, Tony Chavez, Sylvester Mirabal, and Navor Mirabal. He could talk in Navajo as well as in Mexican."

"It was about 1910 or 1911 when there had been a very dry year on the cattle range in and around Bluewater, and it became necessary for Uncle Alma and Uncle Joe to move their cattle to the Rio Puerco River where the grass and water was more plentiful. Again, Uncle Alma came over to the house and persuaded mother to let me go with them on this trip. Uncle Alma got our gear together and put our bedrolls on a horse that he was breaking for the O'Fallon boys from over at Ramah. We got along real well until we arrived at the lake just north of the Baca Railway station. Instead of staying near the edge of the water, the sorrel horse that had our bedrolls on went out in the water to where it was about two feet deep, and lay down and tried to roll over in the water. Of course our bedrolls were covered with a good tarpaulin, but the water got in anyway. There was so much water in the bedrolls that the horse could hardly get back up. When we got to Uncle Joe's ranch, we had to take the packs all apart and put the bedding out on the bushes and the fence and dry it out."

"This was a delightful experience for me as it was my first one on the trail. It was a large drive and involved several hundred head of cattle. Those with us on this trail ride were Uncle Joe, his son Volton (Fat, as he was known), John Tucker, Bill Collister, and I believe a couple of Navajos. Uncle Joe had his team of black horses hitched to a chuck wagon [which carried] the cook as well as our beds and the chuck. I don't remember just who the cook was, but I do remember that the wagon was heavily loaded. When we climbed up the mountain out of San Mateo, Uncle Alma and I had to tie our ropes on the tongue of the wagon and help the team pull the wagon up the mountain."

"He (Uncle Alma) was just the type of a fellow that everybody wanted to be around, and in his company. He was always full of fun, always playing jokes on people, and if anybody played a joke on him, you just had to get up early in the morning to do it. When you did get a joke on him, he took it real good and never showed any spirit of anger."

"One time at a big dance, he had taken his girl to the dance, and had left his fancy buggy team hitched to the buggy and tied to the fence. He and his girl had gone into the dance and were having a real good time, as I believe it was Halloween. Victor and Alma Burnham, Uncle Al and I believe it was Chalk Lewis went over to Grandpa Tietjen's corral and got Grandpa's old team, (one was an old mule and the other was an old horse: Old Pick and Old Sanders), took them over and took Uncle Alma's fancy team off the buggy and hitched Old Pick and Old Sanders to his buggy. It being a dark night with no moon, he couldn't see when he untied them to get into the buggy. He clucked at his fancy team, and instead of them leaving with an instant start, they took it real slow as they were the worn-out U.S. team that Grandpa had bought from the Government. When he realized what had happened, he really got a kick out the fact that they had got a trick on him."

Some other nephews, Jeff and Fat Tietjen, recalled that Alma loved to see someone riding for his life on a bucking horse. If someone's horse didn't buck in the morning, he was sure to get a bucket thrown under him or a bandana thrown in his face to encourage him. Fat remembered that when he was twelve years old he had been assigned a little bay horse with a salty reputation for the next day. He was not at all sure that he could ride the horse if Alma was around, so he got up at 3 a.m., hoping to elude his tormenter. Sure that he was unseen, he was sneaking out the gate when here came a fast rolling tub, crackling like thunder. Another rodeo had been unwilling staged.

Clair Hassell remembered riding with Alma when he was just a boy. They came upon a bunch of roan mares. Clair was admiring one well built animal when Alma very generously offered to give her to Clair. *"She's an awful good saddle mare"*, he asserted, well knowing that she had never been ridden. The two of them managed to corner the bunch of mares in a crack in a bluff and Alma roped the mare, skillfully choking her down until the boy could saddle her and get on. Alma explained her wild actions away, saying she hadn't been ridden in quite a while, all of which sounded plausible enough. Once free, the old mare bucked and pitched all that day and all the next. Clair had to ride her, for he had turned his own horse loose. Every time the roan mockey *"broke in two"*, Alma would jeer: *"Now how do you like her? Now how do you like her?"*

Joe Tietjen did not escape his brother's practical jokes. Joe and his sons, Jeff, Fat, and Embert, were building fence at Pintada when Alma came along to lend a hand. Unknown to Joe, Alma parked the wagon over one of the postholes. He put a long straight crowbar into the hole so that it stood at an angle and just touched the bottom of the wagon. When Joe got in the wagon, the team started forward and this jerked the wagon straight up into the air about two feet and it came down with an awful thud!

Chink related an incident in which he was an unwilling player. Alma and Chalk Lewis were moving their cattle and passed near Bluewater when

> *"one calf went through the fence into one of the fields. Uncle Alma went into the field after him on his horse, and by the time he got the calf back on the road, it got on the prod, and he had to rope it to bring him back to the herd. I happened to be at Grandma Tietjen's home, and as he brought this calf up the street, I ran out to see what was going on. Uncle Alma hollered and said, 'Chink, come and take this rope off from this calf's neck.' I ran out to do it, and just as I came close to the calf, he snorted a couple of times and took after me. I turned tail and you talk about someone running, I really did. Uncle Alma held a tight rope on the calf, but still let him chase me. I could just feel the breath of that calf on the seat of my pants, and all the while Uncle Alma was just about to die from laughing. As I ran, I know that my shirt tail stuck straight out behind me."*
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> *"Uncle Alma was a very good natured man and was always whistling. He just couldn't have anyone around who was sulking or pouting. If anyone came around in a bad mood, he razzed and joked with them until he had them in a good mood. He was always well groomed, well shaved, his clothes fit him well, and he always wore shop-made boots. He was quite different from Uncle Joe who seldom wore boots and spurs. Uncle Alma had the best horses in the entire country, and the fastest ones on the race track. A few of his famous horses were Wig, Whiteman (commonly known as his girl's horse as he was very pretty palomino), Bay Billie and Cress E. These last two were his fancy team that he always hitched up to his buggy when he had a date with the girls. His choice horses that came into action later were Blaze, Cavalier, Strawberry, Star, and Streak. He loved to run race horses and was delighted to take first money in all of the races on the Fourth and Twenty-fourth of July. He taught me to be a race rider, and of course Old Wig and Old Blaze became the champions. It didn't make any difference who matched, we always won. About this time Frank Greer came into the country, and he was a horse racer also. He just knew that he could beat Uncle Alma with his Old Pomp, but it was just the same; we beat him too."*
>
> *"There was always a little rivalry between them [Alma and Joe] as to who had the fastest horses, and quite often they would match horses to see who was the winner. Volton, Uncle Joe's son, would ride his Dad's horse, and I would ride Uncle Alma's horse. Uncle Alma's was almost always the winner. Even when he would go to Grants for such events as the Fourth of July, Uncle Alma and Uncle Joe would put their horses in a free-for-all race. I would always ride Uncle Alma's horses and I don't ever remember losing a race for him in all the years I rode his horses. [Alma got Maud to be the jockey in one race and she won]*

"Later on Uncle Alma acquired possession of a ranch about ten miles east of Bluewater, and he moved aunt Clarinda and Valma out to this ranch. It had a couple of sections fenced, a windmill, and a little house on it. It also had several lakes on it, and his cattle roamed from that ranch back west to Bluewater and on up to the Bluewater Canyon. In the summer he would be riding among them every day."

When the Whetten family were exiled from Colonia Garcia in 1912, Clarinda Whetten wrote:
"I soon met Alma Tietjen. He courted me in a black top buggy pulled by a high spirited bay team. Alma was tall, light complected, a real good dancer, and a good mixer. I doubt if Alma ever saw a stranger. He rode lots of broncos and rode them well. His whole life was cattle and horses. We had lots of fun dating each other and attending the many parties and dances. We got along well and I accepted without hesitation, when he asked me to marry him. October 8th, 1912, we were married in the Salt Lake Temple."

"When we were first married, Alma and I lived with my family. My father, mother, brothers and families lived near Pintada, near Thoreau. Alma's father and brother, Amos, were also there. They had several teams of work horses and were building a reservoir. The work didn't last long."

"When they didn't find more work, father, mother and some of the boys and their wives decided to go back to Mexico. It was then that we moved to our first home, the cow camp at the ranch on San Mateo Road. We started out with a few head of cattle and of course we wanted to live close to them. It was exciting starting our own home. I remember we didn't have much but then we didn't need much either to be happy. We drove the team and buggy or a wagon in to Grants to get supplies. Grants was a one street town so it didn't take long to get what we needed which generally consisted of lard, sugar, flour, some kerosene and candles and matches, and a few other necessities. We had a cow and chickens and almost everything we needed to stay on the ranch."
"But having been raised in a large family with lots of noise and excitement and activities of every kind, it was extremely hard for me to adjust to ranch life. Alma was away from home so much with the cattle, I always had a lonely frightened feeling. It was with great anticipation I looked forward to the birth of our first child."

"Uncle Dick and Aunt Lydia George were up at their sawmill so we stayed in their home in Bluewater and it was there that Valma was born. Emma J. Nielsen, a trained nurse, delivered her. This was a very frightening experience for me since I was in hard labor all night. Emma sent for Laura and Sam Young who came and helped at the last, and finally Valma was born, healthy and strong. She was such a beautiful baby and what a joy it was to have such a sweet little girl in our home. We both just adored her. Best of all I wouldn't be alone any more when Alma was away with the cattle."

"Valma wasn't quite two, when Wesley Alma was born. I was attended by Aunt Mary McNiel. It was Sunday and Alma had brought some cowboys home for dinner. Before I finished cooking dinner, the first signs of labor appeared but I didn't insist that Alma stay. I didn't know how fast I would progress or if it was really labor. That night I went into hard labor and Wesley was born. Grandma Tietjen came to see me. He was three days old before his daddy saw him."

"Aunt Hazel had just given birth to their first son, Ferrill, at Grandma Tietjen's house. Valma and Wesley took much of my time and I didn't mind staying alone quite so much now. We found a lot of things to do and it was wonderful having two children of our very own to love and care for."
"I felt like we were actually pioneers in this somewhat untamed country. We would turn our milk cow out to

pasture and when we went to get her, it was nothing to find at least one rattlesnake and often more. At first they scared me so bad that I wondered if I could actually kill one, but when I found one I killed it instantly, then became frightened. We always kept a shovel or a hoe handy for that purpose. It got to where it was nothing to kill a few every day."

"We never stayed in one house very long at a time and I always dreamed of some day having a permanent home where we could settle down and never have to move again so we could have flowers and a garden."

"We went to church in Bluewater when we could. It was always hard to go since we were out so far, and Alma was gone so much. He was serving as second counselor to Bishop Collins Hakes, better known as Uncle Call. It always thrilled me to hitch up our team and go to the little log church and meet all our friends and renew our covenants."

"Very often those who lived out on ranches would go into Bluewater on Saturday night, attend a dance or community sing that night and go to church on Sunday. We had sacrament meeting at 2: 00 so people would have time to get home by dark. I looked forward to church and the social gatherings. These were the things that kept me going."

"In those days Bluewater was the recreational center of the whole area. Twice a year everyone would come from miles around and camp out in their wagons and work on the highway then known as the old Santa Fe Trail which ran in front of the Maurice Wengert home, and the Leany home. They graded the roads and had a general clean up of the whole community. Everyone took great pride in keeping their homes and property and community clean and in good repair. The women served dinner and the men did the work. On Saturday they wound up with a play day. The morning consisted of foot races for the children. The afternoon was filled with sports for the older folks, such as basketball, horseshoes, baseball, and sometimes even a rodeo. That evening they would serve a big dinner with all the trimmings followed by a dance. These were wonderful times; everyone looked forward to the next one. At times like these I really missed my daddy and mother and all my family."

"When Wesley was about a year and a half, I found that I was expecting our third child. An older man, M. Whittenburg, and a young boy were staying with us at the time. It was winter and snow was on the ground. Alma was away and Mr. Whittenburg had ridden off on the only horse, that morning. I don't remember where he went or when he intended to return. That night I realized I was in trouble. I had begun to hemorrhage quite heavily and our closest neighbors were Mr. and Mrs. Day, a mile away. I finally awoke the young boy and sent him to bring Mrs. Day but he couldn't find his way in the dark and came back. As soon as it was light enough to see he walked the mile and brought both Mr. and Mrs. Day. By this time Clair Hassell had happened by as he often did. He was a welcomed sight. I had lost so much blood that it was seeping through the mattress. They together were able to see to my needs and get help. I was so grateful the Lord blessed me and spared my life for the sake of my little children who were then about one and a half and three and a half years old."

"Joe Tietjen had died by this time and his wife, Aunt Maude, had moved to Pintada and was having her brother-in-law, Amos Tietjen, drill a well there. Wilford Young and Amos had taken the rig as far as Baca and had camped there that night. Alma was with them and was to haul the hay for the horses. He got up early and hitched a four-horse team to an extra big load of hay. The team was young and not well broke. He left before the others. No one knew for sure what happened but the others found the wagon at the bottom of the dug-way turned over and Alma was dead. It appeared that it had broken his neck and died instantly. It was on 30 January 1919."

"This unexpected news came as an overwhelming shock to me. Instantly I felt that everything we had hoped for was suddenly crushed. I gathered my little ones to me and wondered what we would do now. What was to become of us? For days I seemed to be in a state of shock not knowing or caring what was going on in our lives. My children, especially Valma, would find me holding Alma's picture crying and praying it was all a horrible dream and that if we waited long enough he would return as he always had before."

"After a time I felt there were no more tears to cry and that was when I decided we must try to go on and put things together as best we could. I soon realized what the Church and friends stand for as they came to my aid and helped me through those trying times. My testimony was greatly strengthened as I leaned more heavily on the Church and its members."

"Life at best on a ranch was not easy and for a widow and two children it was extremely hard, even with our good neighbors, Mrs. and Mrs. Day and Mr. and Mrs. Stiles. My step brother, Clair Hassell, was always dropping by to help also, but it was not enough. They had suggested that we move into town but I kept hanging on until our Bishop, Fred Nielson, advised us to move. It was then that I bought the home in Bluewater, on the corner across from Tom and Mary McNeill. I bought it for $800.00 from Frihoff and Marie Nielson and it was recorded on 25 May 1920. It seems one could buy quite a bit for $800.00. I lived as a widow in this house for five years."

"My whole life began to change one night when I attended a cottage meeting and met Elder Golden P. Roundy who was serving in the Western States Mission. He made a great impression on me that night. He had such a great love for people and showed so much concern and compassion for those around him. We both knew it was love from the start but we held those feelings back and just enjoyed the group fellowshipping - and there was lots of that."

Our next story is about Amos Tietjen who married Lorena Cluff, one of the exiles. His wife relates: Amos was born in 1890 in Savoyeta Canyon near Ramah, the only son of Amanda. He remembers that his father, Ernest, and Henry George, his nearest neighbor, raised onions which they would take to Ft. Wingate to trade for flour. They made it a point to stop at the Army dump on the way back because so many useful things could be found there, including clothing and dishes.

The life and company of cowboys had the disapproval of the Mormon pioneers despite the fact that they sometimes had to take employment in the cowcamps themselves and both Joseph and Alma Tietjen became cowboys. Cowboys were identified with being rowdy, profane, drinking to excess, and sometimes criminal. In that day there was some truth in their perception. Amos writes:

"I remember my mother bought me a little hammer. I went around hammering everything in sight. My mother never liked cowpokes and she didn't want me to be one, so she was glad I liked my little hammer. I broke rocks and glass. I cracked peach pits and I hammered on the house."

It was the beginning of considerable mechanical talent, and Amos might have been a successful inventor had he had a little cash to fund his inventions.

After Amanda's death, Ernest left Amos in Ramah in Emma C's care when he moved to Bluewater. Amos wrote that

"Emma C. was a very religious mother and she could tell the Bible—any story she knew of, by heart. She was a Sunday School teacher and she told us so many things. One thing she planted in my heart was a love for Father in Heaven and to have a good testimony. She told me whenever I had trouble to ask the Lord to help me. One day when I went down in the fields I lost my jackknife. I guess I looked ever place in the world for that knife. It was just right close; I'd seen where it lit. It come to my mind what she'd said: if you wanted something very bad to ask the Lord to help you. I knelt down and prayed to the Lord and just as quick as I opened up my eyes, there was the knife right in front of me."

Emma C. had lost three sons. She probably longed for a little boy to raise, but on a visit to Bluewater Amos liked it so much he begged to stay with Emma O. and her son Alma who was Amos' age. He said later that he had "served his time with Emma C." Ernest indulged him, and Emma O drove up, announcing that "I have come for Amanda's children." The several boys proved to be a handful. Emma O. had bought Albert a little red wagon for which she had paid twelve dollars. Amos pulled Albert in the wagon when they went after the cows. He got tired of pulling and hitched the wagon to one of the cow's tails. This worked well until he accidentally discharged an arrow from his bow and it hit this cow in the leg.

"She bawled and started running. This started all the cows stampeding. All I could see was dust. My heart

sure beat fast. I ran, calling Albert, Albert!"

Fortunately the wagon, bouncing over the sagebrush, came loose from the cow's tail and he found Albert unharmed, still in the wagon, still upright. Amos remembered their adventures as boys:

"We used to run with the Indian children. When the squaws would call the Indian children in to eat, we would go right along with them. The squaws would make a bread from green corn cut off the cob and put it in the fire to cook. When it was almost done Alma and I would gather around with the rest and open our mouths like little birds to be fed. The squaw would dip her fingers in and feed the children. We would be among them, squaw fingers and all."

"I and my brother Alma had to haul water down to what we called the Mormon Ranch, down where Emma C. lived. My brother was always a good teamster. When he had them running down that little hill, that rack slid right off and hit Old Pick, one of the horses, right in the hind leg, and Man, he began to run. As he ran, [the wagon] bounced harder and kept a jabbin' him in the leg. He kept goin' faster. [Alma] could see he couldn't stop them and he could see the best thing he could do was to jump off. When he went to jump off, he stepped on the front wheel and that threw his head right down and the hind wheels hit his head. I jumped off and it hadn't hurt me hardly any. The horses were just running away. I went back to my brother and there he was, rolling on the ground with a terrible big cut on his head—right in his head—oh it was terrible. He didn't act like he had any life left. I said, 'Oh, Alma, you've got to come with me, I can't let you go.' So I kneeled down and asked the Lord to help us and help Alma that he might get well, and he was able to get up. And you know, when I got through praying, he got hold of my hand, and I was surprised, and he got up, and we had quite a ways to walk to get home. When we got home, he went to bed and he was in bed for three months before he ever got up."

"When about twelve years old, we spent most of our time out in the flats, building big bonfires to sleep by. Sometimes we forgot to come home at night. Once Mother (Emma O.) got so angry because we did not come home. She had said she would whip us if we were not home on time. This time we were later than usual. When we arrived, we saw Mother through the window, preparing switches. We didn't have the courage to go in and face the music. It was winter. Alma climbed up by the chimney to stay warm, and I went to the wagon shed where I had made a play house with gunny sacks. Here I stayed until about two o'clock. Then it got so cold I found a window I could open and got into the clothes closet. By morning Mother's heart had melted. She had heard Alma whimpering up on the roof and had coaxed him down."

Amos fell in love with one of the Lamb girls. He enjoyed dating her during the Christmas holidays, but she asked Albert to be her date for the Leap Year's dance. Hurt and angry, Amos went back to his well drilling. He says,

"We soon finished the well and moved back home. Father hung the frying pan on one side of the wagon and his shoes on the other side. We had to go right by the Lamb's place, and I didn't like the way Father had decorated the wagon, so I urged the horses into a fast trot. Dad's shoes were bouncing and the pan jingling. Dad reached over and took the lines and slowed the horses to a walk. Then he turned to me and said, 'All of that is just false pride, my son."

"It was at Sunday School that I first met the Cluff girls who had just moved here from Old Mexico. I had a mare I called Nell, who was a fancy one I loved to ride with my hat on one side of my head. I had my chaps all spangled on the 24th of July [in commemoration of the entry of the Mormon Pioneers into Salt Lake Valley in 1847]. I asked Maria Cluff to go horseback riding with me. When I brought her home, her sister Rena was there, so I stayed to talk awhile with her. The next morning I met Maria and Rena on horseback, going down to Lamb's ranch to wash for her. I asked Rena to go riding that afternoon with me. All the crowd was going up to the falls in Bluewater Canyon. Well, I did not know there were four Cluff girls. They all looked alike, so I took Tillie for a ride that afternoon instead of Rena. That evening there was a big dance in the old Church house with gas lights. I did most of the dancing that evening with Rena. I thought it was her sister Tillie. Lorena was my choice, but it seemed that we had a hard time trying to get together. Lorena clerked up

at Chapman's store which was four miles from the Bluewater town. I used to take her up to work real often on horseback. My Ma thought it was very nice of me to help Albert's girls out. I guess they didn't know I was helping myself out."

"In February, on Valentine's evening, I asked her to be my wife. We set the time for June, as we would go up to Salt Lake in time for June Conference and the rates would be lower, as it was just half fare on the train at this time. I bought Lorena a gold wedding band which I gave $5 for. We went thru the temple. It was a grand feeling to know we would have each other for always, and also all our children would be ours ... We arrived home on the 1:30 train in the morning. We were very tired but happy, with $30 in my pockets. We started housekeeping in a tent. Father was working on the drill down at Toltec. It was hard work, but we were happy. My father lived with us. We had two wells to drill which brought us $800. My father hadn't wanted me to be a cowboy, as that was too rough a life, and he helped me get started in the drilling business."

It was Joe Tietjen who owned the drilling rig and after his death Maud gave it to Amos over the strong objection of some in-laws.

Our final word in this chapter takes us back to Mexico. Al Tietjen was the last of Ernst Tietjen's nine children by Emma O. Erickson. He was born in Bluewater on June 20, 1896. Being the baby of the family, he was naturally spoiled by doting sisters. As a young man he was dubbed "Shorty", "Runt", and "Shrimp" because he did not gain his full height, six feet four inches, until he was 25 years of age. Not as tall as Joe and Alma, he had a heavier build than they, and had such an imposing stature that he was known by everyone as "Big Al".

Allen Nielson wrote of him:

"It would not be right to forget about Albert Tietjen, 'Uncle Al.' He was not an uncle to all the kids in town, but every kid thought he was until they learned better. He was like his two older brothers, large in stature. Wherever he was, he appeared to be in command. He loved to play baseball and if the batter hit a fly ball when he was catcher, it seems that no matter how far he was from the 'fly', he made the call that he would take it. He didn't always make it with very amusing results. It was his intention to make a home run every time he went to bat. When George Rowley threw his 'crooked ball', Al would swing with great force and often struck out. Too many people went to see Al's actions instead of the ball game."

As a boy, Al worked on the cattle ranch owned by his brother Joe who was twenty one years older than he. Ernest had so many children that he was not around much. Al said that Joe took care of him and looked after him and was more of a father to him than Ernest was. As a fourteen-year-old he learned to ride the hard way: Joe and Alma put him on a bronc in the middle of a large patch of cactus. It was either ride the bronc or spend days picking the cactus spines out of himself. That bronc taught Al respect, but he rode him. A little later Al and Joe were breaking horses and Joe left for a few days. Al got so mad at one horse that he flew into him, beating and kicking him. When Joe returned and found what Al had done to the horse, he gave Al a whipping he never forgot.

With that lesson under his belt, Al learned to break horses with a gentle hand. He broke horses for many people in the country and he and Chalk Lewis became rather widely known for their skill. Al and Rowdy Hakes participated in many rodeos in what was called a wild-horse relay race. Their object was just to get enough money for a new pair of boots or pants. They won their share of the money.

As a youngster, Al went on a cattle drive from Bluewater to Mexico. About 200 head of Joe Tietjen's cattle were driven down to the Mormon settlers some 75 miles south of the border. Good breeding stock were brought back to improve Joe's herds. Being too young to take on all the duties of a driver, he had to spend quite a bit of his time with the Mexican cook. From him, Al learned to speak Spanish fairly well, a skill that was to stand him in good stead a few years later when he went to Mexico on a Mission for the Church. Every now and then on the trip he would get lice from sources unknown. To get rid of them, he learned to put all of his clothes on an ant bed for a few hours. Later he worked on several ranches, including the McMillan ranch near San Mateo.

At one time the rattlesnakes around Bluewater and Prewitt were very numerous. They bit so many cattle and horses that something had to be done. The Government stepped in to help. They gave each cowboy some white

cotton balls soaked in a chemical of some kind. The cowboys would squeeze the chemical over the snakes and they would go crazy. When they stopped writhing, Al claimed you could hit them with a stick and they would break in two—fall apart as if they were dry and brittle.

One guy came from "back East" to help brand, etc. Al reported that he was smart-mouthed, boastful, and a know-it-all. Alma, as always, took a hand. Running across a large rattlesnake, he killed it and put it in the man's bedroll, an easy thing to do because he never made his bed. That night everyone stayed up waiting for the guy to go to bed. Al almost went to sleep before the guy quit talking. When he got into bed and discovered the snake, he started screaming and "went crazy." He dared not go to bed that night and the next day he packed his things and left.

From Maud Tietjen, Ina Elkins learned that when Al was about [eighteen] years old, he was working for Joe on the ranch along with Bill Collister, Chalk Lewis, Frihoff Nielson, and Jack's Kid, a Navajo. Al and some other young men found out that there was a gang of outlaws operating nearby and discovered their hideout. They made plans to capture the gang. Joe found out about their plans just in time to intercept them. *"Why you danged kid", he said, "You knew you would have killed them or they would have killed you! You are going to the army or you are going on a mission to Mexico."* Joe then took him to St. Johns, Arizona, to see President Udall and arrange a call for Al to go on a mission. The call was to Mexico, the country in which Joe had served a few years previously. Joe took him to El Paso and told him, "You better make the best missionary!"

About that time Bert Whetten had returned to Mexico and had been appointed the Mission President. The stake president was Bentley. Bert tells the story:

"The next morning we started early and traveled to where the canyon boxes up. There were two pine trees, one on each side of the road. Two armed men stepped out from behind those trees and stopped us. There was a large rock which had been put in the middle of the road making it impassible. I tried to get them to identify themselves, but they would not. We were really in a fix then!"

"I told them we had no guns or ammunition and we were out teaching the people how to live better. They were not impressed. They said we would have to wait for word from their captain and wouldn't say who their captain was. I tried to get them to let us turn around and go home, and they wouldn't do that either. After several hours a runner came and told them to bring the prisoners in. They moved the big rock and we went up the canyon several miles where there was a small group of soldiers. They were all hungry as they had run out of food several days before. The only thing they had was a little pinole (parched ground corn) which they were eating dry because there was not even any water. The captain had the flu and was shivering over on a big rock."

"I tried to find out from him who they belonged to, but he told me I wouldn't want to know. I finally wiggled out of him the information that they were indeed [Pancho] Villa's soldiers and he was really mad at the gringos right now. He asked if we still wanted to see him. I told him we might as well get it over with, we were doing no good sitting there. They kept us there all afternoon, and in the evening a runner came saying, "Bring in the prisoners."

"The daylight hours were gone, there was no moon, it was the 7th of March, and the wind was blowing bloody murder. I told him there was no way we could get this buggy over that road now, with no light. I told him to go ahead, and in the morning they could come back and get us. He thought that was pre¬posterous, and no way would he let us stay there. I talked to him quite awhile and finally convinced him that I would stay there, and keep the other men with me, no matter what. They left reluctantly, saying, "If you are not here when we come back, we will be executed."

"I assured them we would be there. We hobbled the mules out so they could eat, fixed ourselves a little supper and got into our bedrolls to try to get some rest. In a couple of hours I could hear a single horse coming down the canyon. In a few minutes someone was whispering my name very quietly. It was one of my friends from the Colonies (Lugo), who begged me to get out of there. He said he had been captive for three months, and this was the first chance he had to get away, and he was taking it. He said, "He will execute you for

sure, because he is still mad because the U.S. government had double-crossed him at Aqua Prieta, where his troops had been riddled. When I told him there was no way I could leave because I had given the captain my word that I would stay, he gave his regrets, and said. "Well I will never see you again. What shall I tell your folks?" I told him that about all he could tell them is that he saw us. He took off in a hurry because he knew they would be after him."

"Another couple of hours passed and I could hear more horses coming up the canyon. As I suspected, it was our captain back. He was so tickled to find us there! He said they were furious to think that he was so simple that he thought prisoners left unguarded would still be there. By then it was 4:00 a.m. and we could see the first rays of dawn. He sent his men and got the mules, so we harnessed up and set out. He was shivering and had a fever, so I invited him to tie his horse to the buggy and climb up in the buggy with us. We fixed him a bed, and Brother Bentley put him in it. He really snuggled in, and became quite friendly and talkative."

"When we got to their headquarters we were taken to a little room about eight by ten with no windows in it. I was concerned about my mules, wagon and the provisions, as these men were a1 hungry. They assured me everything would be taken care of. When the guard went to shut the door, I put my foot in it so it couldn't shut. They argued with me over this issue, and I told them that Brother Bentley was old and asthmatic, and they might as well shoot us, as to leave us in that small room without any air, because we would all suffocate. After considerable discussion he allowed me to keep the door open if I would be responsible for the other men. I was anxious to see Villa and get it over with, but we were kept there all day. I kept asking to speak to Villa, and they assured me that I didn't want to see him. The next day they took us to him. He is usually considered a notorious outlaw, but when one comes to know the truth of the matter, I think you would change your mind. He told me his story:"

"He was born as a peon [Doroteo Arango] in the state of Durango and the Spaniards had obtained all the land by fraud, and were very cruel in their treatment of peons. An overseer raped Villa's sister, so Villa killed him. He was then a fugitive, and the order was to bring him in, dead or alive. Taking to the mountains, he hid until the Madero Revolution, when he joined Madero and became one of his Generals. He was recognized as a good General and the U.S. sent General Scott into Mexico to talk with Villa, and keep him on their side. He stayed on the side of the U.S. and they promised they would not recognize Carranza. They double-crossed Villa by letting Carranza troops cross over to El Paso, transporting them by U.S. rail to Aqua Prieta where they riddled Villa's army. He was very angry over this."

"I got a chance to tell him what we were trying to teach the people. We were invited to have breakfast with him and a light complexioned gentleman. During the meal the light complexioned man asked many questions about the Mormons. I answered since President Bentley did not understand Spanish."

"Finally the light complexioned man identified himself as Felipe Angeles, a noted and highly trained military officer."

"I always admired the Mormon people" Villa said. "They don't interfere. They are good people and mind their own business."

"General, for my part, I wish the whole Republic would turn Mormon."

"When this revolution is settled, I am going to join this Church if there is an opportunity for me to do it." Angeles declared."

"Why haven't any of your people explained these things to me before?" Villa asked. "This is the first time I have known anything about your teachings. If I had known these things when I was younger, my life would have been different. Is there a chance for a man like me to join the Mormon Church?"

"He said there were some things he had done that he was not proud of. I told him about repentance and that any man could leave what he was doing and do something better. He was impressed with the teachings of the church and wrote us out a Salvo Conducto and told us we could be on our way. I assured him we would just go back home, but he said, "You are doing good for my country, please continue."

Al Tietjen, as a missionary accompanying his president, was particularly impressed when Villa gave

them the history of his becoming a bandido. Some priests had gotten his sister in a family way and he killed a couple of them, and this put him "on the dodge." When he gained power, he hanged every priest he could find. Whenever he went to a Catholic convent, he blew it up. Some of the girls in the convent, he claimed, "had not seen the sun in seven years." He would make his people hear what the girls had been through, and how they had been servants. So vehement was his account that Al never forgot his words and took on some of those same feelings about the Catholic Church.

General Villa then showed them the mare which he had stolen in Texas and described his famous escape when he rode through "a cloud of bullets" at Hacienda Vavicary. Villa told them that when the war was over he wanted to be one with the Mormons. Al said he was never treated better by anyone in his life. Bert Whetten added more to the story:

"One night in the spring of (?) we were in Colonia Juarez and I had a very vivid dream. Pancho Villa was standing at the foot of my bed. He asked me if I knew him, and I assured him I did. He asked if I remembered our last conversation, which I did. He told me if he had heard about the gospel when he was young his life would have been different, and he said, "I still feel that way, and that is why I have come for your help. I can't get in because something has to be done, and you can help me out." I told him Brother Bentley was over there and could help him. He said, "Yes, I have seen him, but he can't do anything to help me, you are the only man who can, that's why I have come to see you." I assured him I would do all I could, and he disappeared. I sat up in bed and Lillie asked if I was having a nightmare. I told her the dream and we decided we must do what we could to get the information necessary to do his temple work. We wrote to Ernest Young, who was working in the translation office in Salt Lake City at the time and told him about it. They said, "If he can find the information, by all means submit it." Rey, Glen and I went to Chihuahua, found Dona Luz who had all the data recorded in her bible. We sent it to Salt Lake and it was cleared and sent to Mesa for me to do the work. The First Presidency wrote a letter to me authorizing it, in case the temple authorities should question it, which they did. But when I showed them the letter, they said, "Well, that is good enough for us," so on 25 February 1966 he was baptized by proxy and a few days later I performed the temple ordinances in the Arizona temple for Doroteo Arango, alias Pancho Villa. The temple work was also done for Felipe Angeles."

The Historical Encyclopedia of New Mexico said that Al Tietjen was *"one of the eminently successful businessmen of Gallup... He now owns several of these trading posts, a number of well improved farms and also has extensive mining and oil interests... He is President of the Mckinley Count Realty and Insurance Agency and Director of the First State Bank of Gallup"*

The Tietjens Meet Their Neighbors

The Elkins --Mark Elkins, from a long-time Texas ranching family, wrote that

"In May of 1917 we left on our journey of 600 miles... We had been on our journey about one week and one or two more days drive would get us onto Monument, New Mexico where we joined Tom, Henry and Bertha with their herd of fine Hereford cattle and horses. Henry had a loaded wagon with what he could haul and a calf wagon trailed on behind the chuck wagon. Henry had a boy by the name of Cecil Wolf working for him and he drove Henry's wagon, Bertha drove the model T car, and Henry, Tom and I drove the herd of cattle as we left Monument, New Mexico around May 25, 1917. We herded on west across the country to the Four Lakes Ranch. This belonged to Mr. Pitt, who later the next year bought a ranch at Crown Point, New Mexico. Mr. Pitt moved his son, Cug Pitt to the Crown Point ranch. From the Pitt Ranch we went to Mr. Dave Stiles, our dear friends ranch near Cap Rock, New Mexico. We stayed one day and visited and rested which was a great treat to us."

"Finally found us some land [in New Mexico] we could file homestead entry on. Some state land we could lease and railroad land they could bid on. This was about 20 miles northwest of the Day place (on the San Mateo Road). In what was known as the Phil's lake country. This lake was on the section filed on Section 10, T14NR11W [about seven miles north of Prewitt, NM]. My father filed on section 14, and Tom was to file on section 12. These three sections corned up with each other and some state sections they leased giving us a place to move to. To start us a new home as soon as we could come up with water on it where we could move our cattle to fresh range as so many cattle were watering at the Day well. The range was also getting grazed out. So now it was getting up to the first of July, the rainy season. The summer rains were supposed to be coming any time. So sure enough, the 4th of July put some water in the lake on Henry's homestead section (Phil's Lake). We were real happy people so we gathered our cattle, broke up camp at Days Place and headed for Phil's Lake a day and a half drive on the cattle to our new home or camp. So here we were in camp on our new place. It had a beautiful valley being surrounded on two sides with mesa's or mountains. It had plenty of good grass for our stock. Next we started in cutting posts and poles to build some corrals and fences. There was a little one room rock house near Phil's Lake, so here is where we made camp. Here we started to work, hauling lumber from Dick George's saw mill in the Zuni Mountains 30 miles away. We started to build Henry's house right away. Henry had gotten a well driller by the name of Joe Lewis. Henry and Bertha picked out their new home site one half mile west of Phil's Lake. Old man Winn, the locating agent that had located us on our homestead, was a water witch and also a jack of all trades. He located this well for Henry and that started drilling the well and he got us a well of water the first day he drilled at 23 feet deep. It was very bad water but ok for the cattle. We were very happy people. We built a two room lumber house for Henry and Bertha with a good fire place in it. We built some corrals so they were pretty well set up by August. We moved from the camp at Phil's lake to the new home. We were happy people inside of the house, out of the weather after being out in camp 90 days. I had to keep riding and looking after cattle locating them at the new well and the new strange country we had found for them. We kept hauling lumber from Dick George's saw mill to build my father's house. We built his home from slabs which we could get for one dollar per load. So, we built them a two room house. Walls of slabs, floor and roof from lumber at twenty dollars a thousand, and also made a good big fireplace for it as wood was plentiful right near the house. We didn't ever have to haul wood for a long time. By the middle of September we had a good comfortable home for them. Our first winter was beginning to get cooler as it always frosts by the 15 of September. We had to build some sheds and barns before winter got too bad. Some of us kept hauling lumber and slabs to build barns. We also had to keep cutting posts and poles for more corrals and posts for starting to build pastures. My father, then aged 85 years, sure was an artist with an axe."

"The Joe Tietjen Ranch was our nearest and only neighbors away seven miles away near Baca Station. Lots of Navajo Indians were to the north of us a few miles and did bring their goats, sheep and horses to water at Phil's Lake until we got the lake fenced and kept them out and other stray stock. This of course caused some friction as they had always used this water and range and when we fenced up some of the range this also caused confusion and resentment from the Indians. One of the new fence lines ran right by one of the Navajo Indians Hogan or their house and the squaw was very unhappy about it as she said the kids would run into the new barb wire fence and cut the their throats. We never heard of this happening. The fence did get cut at this Hogan. They did cut and tear down the fences in certain places also. This was a common practice when the first fences were built over the country for the first few years they were built. We had to watch our fences very closely."

"As I recall our first winter was pretty hard and cold lots of snow. My father had gone to Grants to get a load of feed with the wagon and team. We always went in the first day loaded our wagon and left Grants early to get back home by night of the second day if all went well. This day on the way home, my father ran into a big snow storm. Snow got deep to where the team had too much load as the snow continued to get deeper. The night caught him some seven miles from home. It was a pretty severe night so he had to leave

his wagon load of feed, unhook the team from the wagon and get on old Scott, one of the work horses, bare-back and lead the other horse Old Jim in the snowstorm and got home that night at eleven o'clock. At his age of 85 years of course we had been very uneasy about him. Tom went on horseback to look for him and found him a couple of miles from home riding on in home. This was really a hardship for a man of his age. He seemed to have a way of standing these hardships that came to him through his pioneer life."

"After the first year Tom and I had to go away to work in 1918. My mother and father would live on the homestead only through the summer months, and in Grants and Bluewater through the winter months, among the Mormon people, which were very nice to them. We never worried about them there as these people treated them nice and would do anything to help them when they needed anything. Tom and I didn't get to come in from far out on the ranches but two or three times during the winter to see them. After the three years when they (Kin Elkins) got the patent to their homestead, they would go back to Texas through the winters to live with and visit their daughters and would come back to New Mexico in the summer to visit us boys and live at their homestead part time as we had built another room and front porch which they enjoyed very much and gave them much needed room."

Sometime in the early 1920's Mark Elkins had worked up to the range boss for the OIO outfit when Uncle Jobe Sayre, the boss of the ranch, retired and moved to Kenton, Oklahoma. It was tough work: Mark said that "In the early spring of 1918, I went to work as a chore boy for the Tom Talle Ranch near Seven Lakes, milking the cows, feeding the horses, cutting wood for the ranch house. My salary was $30 per month. I learned a lot while I was there. I well learned how Ott Nance came to be the best calf flanker on earth after working through cattle work at Moss John's outfit. Boy, when they come leading out those old crossbreed calves out of the roundup, you better be good and know what you were doing, or they could flat eat you up, blowing hot snot all over you, kicking your shirt pockets off and chewing tobacco out of your mouth. They make you wonder why you ever wanted to be a cowboy? Those boogers were hard to meet with a smile!... Jeff Tietjen, a young school boy out of high school from Snowflake, Arizona, Mrs. Tietjen's son from the Tietjen Ranch, on his first job away from home with a cow outfit and my intended brother-in-law and was later. He was a young, eager, ambitious cowboy and could flank those big calves right alongside the men as he had had some lessons from Ott Nance the best calf flanker, I told you about earlier. Jeff also drew his part of the broncs Clint Jolly had broke. They were passed out to all the cowboys from the remuda. He had bought him a new N. Porter saddle from Phoenix, Arizona. Jeff found it wasn't too good of a bronc saddle as it seemed to be a self dumper as that seemed to be the trouble of most of the bronc saddles those days. You can guess what happened every day and two or three times a day when these young broke horses went to getting acquainted with the different cowboys."

"A new boss man was moving in from Silver City by the name of George Foster. He was from the LC outfit. Tom Talle had bought this ranch at Silver City, also. He was putting a new foreman there and moving Foster into to take Uncle Jobes place. Mrs. Joe Tietjen of the JET Ranch had offered me a job to come help her and her children run her ranch as her three sons Embert, Volton (Fat), and Jeff were teenage boys. Two of them and the older sisters Josephine and Ina were going to school in Snowflake, Arizona to the Mormon Academy. The other Tietjen children were going to school, at the Tietjen school, with some of the neighbor children. This pretty little school marm from Gallup, I had met there a year before was the teacher so I did a little romancing while doing the other work taking care of the cattle and horses also keeping up with the ranch, building a new barn and corrals at the ranch and doing some fencing. My nephew Rip Elkins took a job of building the fence on her range down in the Malpai country. It made him earn his money as those lava beds were hard to build fence in. His family lived at Bluewater Village at that time. Rip had a good team of mules and a wagon. He had some Navajos helping him cutting the post and digging the post holes. They finally got us a new pasture built in the malpai country. The range was good grammar grass and the cattle watered at some lakes when they had water. When they had to go to the six mile point well to water, they had to cross the railroad tracks. There were lots of trains on this mainline of the Santa Fe Railroad,

so we had cattle get killed quite often. The railroad tracks were not fenced all through the red flat country at that time and no fence on to Bluewater. We had cattle running on both sides of the track. The Tietjen family was good to me. The boys and I got along fine. They had lots of good saddle horses. The girls also had some nice horses. I made a special point to get along with the girls also. Mrs. Tietjen rode some good horses as she did lots of riding also as her and the children had run the ranch since the death of her husband a few years before in 1918. At the time of his death he was one of the bigger cattle and horse men of that part of the country. She made a deal and sold the surplus horses to Mr. Rich Miller from Bourden County near Gail, Texas. She made a deal with Frank Woods of the Woods Ranch in San Juan County near Aztec, New Mexico. They delivered the cattle to Mr. Woods from all over the country as he had many share cattle out on shares with Navajos and others. One of these ranches where they delivered most of the fifteen hundred cattle from was the ranch near Pueblo Bonito in Chaco Canyon. Mr. Chalk Lewis was delivering all these cattle and horses for her and after the livestock was all delivered off the Pueblo Bonito Ranch, Chalk leased the ranch and he and Mr. Hood McCamant who was the Sheriff of Gallup, New Mexico run cattle there on that ranch and that part of the country as they bought a thousand steers in the San Mateo Country to stock the Pueblo Bonito Ranch from Abelicio Pena family, and others, at their Tinaja Ranch. Pablo was just married at that time and that was the first time I had met these good people. Mrs. Tietjen has sent me along with Chalk to buy 250 steers for the new Malpai pasture. That winter there was a lot of good grass. They were to be partnership steers of Mrs. Tietjen and myself. We branded them a running M on the left shoulder. All went well there on the ranch that winter. We got along good with the steers we bought, and her own home cowherd. She also had a nice herd of registered cattle that she sold registered bulls from. The next summer got pretty dry and the cattle were having to cross the railroad to water at Six Mile Point Well. We were losing so many cattle by having them hit by trains that we leased the Rinconada Ranch down near the foot of Mr.Taylor from the Gallup State Bank. It was Joe Padillas Ranch the bank had foreclosed on it. We moved the steers and some of the cows onto this ranch for the summer. Mrs. Tietjen s oldest son, Embert and I moved down to this Rinconada Ranch to take care of these cattle. We had to pump water for them, look after them to keep them located. I'll never forget one thing that happened to Embert and me. We had caught a mule of his that he called Mule Jack. It was named after a Navajo cowboy that worked for the Tietjens by the name of Jacks Kid and he broke this mule for Embert. We tied this mule to a snubbing post in the middle of a big round corral up high on this snubbing post. We were to wrangle horses on him the next morning. When we went out the next morning to go after the horses we found Mule Jack had went round and round this snubbing post till he couldn't go around anymore and the rope got tight on his neck and he set back and choked himself to death. He was just still setting back the next morning as dead as a door nail. We hated this very badly, especially Embert, as Mule Jack belonged to him. He was a good little black mule, but we had to walk after the horses and catch us a couple of horses, we were to ride that day saddle them, take our saddle ropes tie them to Mule Jacks hind legs then drag him to a big ditch near the corral to his burial ground. So, we didn't have Mule jack anymore for a night horse. This was a big flat country down where Embert and I were camped in an adobe house."

Mark went back to work for the OIO and tells this story: "This meant we rounded them into the different corrals to go to the ground with every one of them. We had no crowding chutes or squeezers in that part of the range. This meant roping, heeling and tailing them down for the shot of vaccine. We had some of the best heelers with the lariat. Jeff Davis and Charlie Hyler were from the nearby Fernandez Ranch. Our boss Uncle Jobe was very good so these old heads did the artistic honors of roping and dragging the calves out for us by both heels. Us young cowhands tailed down and held them for their shot of vaccine. After a few days of hard work from daylight to dark we had this little job out of the way as we had what it took to do this emergency job in a hurry. I'll never forget this as it was the last day I was tailing down a big yearling with spike horns and as I tailed it down it slammed its head against the ground real hard when it fell to the ground and caught my foot with one of the spike horns. It drove it clear through my left foot, boot and

all clear through the boot sole into the ground. This put me on crutches after having to ride 75 miles into Crownpoint to the doctor and Indian hospital with my foot hanging down riding the riding horseback for a couple of days. It was really giving me trouble by the time I got there. It happened that it went through the back and between my two middle toes, and never broke any bones. After a day or two in the hospital with doctors care they turned me loose on crutches for about 30 days. I couldn't do much for a while and went home. I spent some time at my brother Henry and Bertha's place. It wasn't far on down to the Tietjen Ranch. Mrs. Tietjen has three good looking girls and a little school marm from Gallup, I like to got stuck on. She was teaching at the Tietjen School at the ranch. They were all especially good and kind to me so naturally time went by too fast. I was spending most of my cripple leave at the Tietjen Ranch instead of at home with my folks. I had no chance way out on this ranch out in the boondocks to see any girls so I didn't care much if I did get crippled or about getting back to the ranch to start on down the road to my fame and fortune. I had a real good time while I was crippled and had the opportunity to really get acquainted with the Tietjen family and the girls. That could have started a romance for me as I always felt whenever I was there. A few years later (1922) my brother Tom, married Josephine Tietjen. . School time was drawing near, my intended wife was to go back to Snowflake, Arizona to school for another nine months. Neither her

Ina Tietjen and Mark Elkins

nor I were certain what to do about it. The last time I had courted her before she was to leave for school her mother was still very insistent on her going back to school. I bid her goodbye at the Tietjen Ranch that night until she would return for Christmas. Mrs. Tietjen insisted that she go back to Snowflake by train. I could have taken her in my Ford coupe and how lovely a trip for us but Mrs. Tietjen could well tell it was getting serious romance. But I never had gotten up the courage to pop the question to her or her mother. I let her get away for a while on that old Santa Fe train going west to Holbrook, Arizona. So I went wondering around on back to the ranch. The love bug really had me, I didn't know if I was a foot or a horseback. I wasn't any good at anything I was trying to do. Again I was faced with m mother and father going back to Texas leaving me for the winter. I didn't have the courage to tell them how madly in love I was with this girl of my life Ina Tietjen. But I don't think I had to, they could well tell that I was well in love by the way I was acting. I never had this feeling or action for a girl before. I have seen it many times since a man not worth much before his marriage and for six months after when he is really in love. I didn't exactly know what to do about it only go ahead and marry and get it over as soon as you can get her consent. So that's just what happened about a month after she had gone back to Snowflake to school. My folks had left me and I was get-

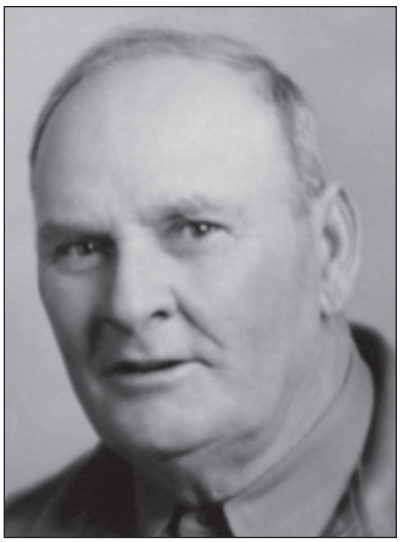
ting some juicy love letters and I was writing right back with all the love I knew how to write in a love letter. Then I got this one letter and I couldn't stand it any longer. It said for you my heart will break if you don't on me pity take. So I took off to Snowflake with only one thing in mind to pop the question to her to marry me. She took me up on it to marry right then and there and bring her back home with me and go tell her mother and the world. That,s just what we did. We were married at the courthouse in Holbrook, Arizona on 7 October, 1924. We were two happy little lovebirds. We never seemed to surprise anybody too bad. Her mother and family accepted it all very graciously as my brother Tom was married to her sister Josephine. So I guess there wasn't much else they could do about it as we were madly in love and now we had each other. Everybody congratulated us and hoped the best for us. Boy were we two happy kids. We went right on out to the Ruby Ranch and settled down right on the job acting like newly married people. You all know how these newlyweds act and just want one another."

To the north of the Tietjen ranch was the Seven Lakes area around Crownpoint, and north of that the Chaco area and beyond that the San Juan River with communities of Fruitland and Kirtland. Joe Tietjen ran cattle from Prewitt to Chaco Canyon and beyond that at Ojo Alamo. He also had cattle farmed out from Ramah to Quemado, according to Jeff Tietjen. Ina Elkins said Frihoff Nielson told her *"Joe Tietjen had over 2000 head of cattle on shares and ran them from St. Johns Arizona to the Rio Puerco near Albuquerque. People who had them on shares never knew when he would show up. The Indians always watched out for his cattle and told him when something went wrong."* For centuries in New Mexico the stock industry had been operated on the partido system in which the owners of cattle and sheep would loan them to the smaller ranchers (poquiteros) and collect 10-20% interest on the calf or lamb crop. Joe Tietjen used this system, but all his agreements were oral and when he died, his wife did not know how many cattle he had farmed out to whom. Lenora Carter at Thoreau was echoing idle talk of the country when she said Joe Tietjen had 100,000 head of cattle, but when he died, only 10,000 head were counted back to him. That seems greatly exaggerated but it was true that people who had his cattle on shares simply kept silent when he died. Mark Elkins saw some cattle on the Rio Puerco with his brand in later years and still others with his brand in Mexico. We now get acquainted with his neighbors on the north.

The Berryhills

Back in the 1600s the English had conquered Ireland and sent a large number of Presbyterian Scots to northern Ireland (Ulster) as tenant farmers on their estates, among them the Berryhills. Not long before the American Revolution the English landlords made steep hikes in their rents and the Ulster Scots started migrating to American en masse. They were called Scotch Irish but insisted they were in no sense Irish. They were Presbyterian and by request of one of their ministers settled in Lancaster and Dauphin counties in Pennsylvania. There was very little land available for them in Pennsylvania, so many thousands of them took the Great Wagon Trail down the Shenandoah Valley into Augusta County Virginia (where many stayed) and then on to the Carolinas in search of cheap land. The Joseph Berryhill family settled in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina in the 1760s. Among the many sons was a William Berryhill whose son was Thomas Price Berryhill. Thomas married a granddaughter of another William Berryhill, a Lieutenant in the Revolutionary War, brother of Joseph. [Lt. Berryhill's unit was defeated at the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, but fought the British to a standstill at Monmouth, NJ.] Thomas Price Berryhill moved down into Walker County Georgia, the heart of Cherokee country. From there he went to Tishomingo County, Mississippi then just across the line into Franklin County, Alabama. At this point the Civil War broke out and four of his boys joined the Confederacy and fought in the nearby Battle of Shiloh. This was the bloodiest battle of the war (in percentage of fatalities). The oldest son, John H.W., was badly wounded and sent home and died. His wife (Artilla Wilson) moved to Blount County,

May Martin Berryhill



Wallace Berryhill

Velma Berryhill Willcoxson

Adrian Berryhill

Edna Berryhill Tietjen

Duane Berryhill

Alabama where the only surviving son, George Berryhill, married into the Bynum family and moved to Ellis County, Texas with them in 1870. Wallace Berryhill was George's oldest son. Wallace was born in Zephyr, Brown County, Texas and married May Martin.

Jonathan Norman Martin (May's grandfather) came with his wife Sarah Minerva Jacobs from Pontotoc County Mississippi to Kaufman County Texas, then to Comanche County when May's father, Jefferson Davis Martin, was sixteen. While Jonathan was clearing land for farming, a tree fell on him and killed him. Sarah Jacobs was of Scotch-Irish descent and had a spoon which came from Ireland. She persuaded her grandchildren to take medicine by allowing them to use the Irish spoon. In those days, the children often had to wear a string around their neck with strong-smelling assefidity tied to it to ward off disease or illness. Sarah Jacobs was a "shouting Methodist" and any argument from her son, who was a fundamentalist, was enough to put her to shouting and walking on her tiptoes praising God. The bonnets then had tails as long as the skirts, and both drug the ground. Jonathan taught his grandchildren to read by memorizing the letters in the family Bible.

While in Kaufman County, Jefferson Davis Martin met and married Edwina Summers. She was not only beautiful, but was possessed of a gentle disposition which made everyone love and admire her. Edwina's father was

Charles Jona Summers II. He was a blacksmith by trade. As a young man he participated in one of the Indian Wars and was captured by Indians. Among his experiences while a prisoner is told the following: Once when he was exceptionally hungry, and the aroma from the big earthen pot filled with stew, smelled so good, he ate his fill and later learned that it was dog head stew. After a few days, one of the braves led him out into the forest, gave him an old broken gun, and pointing westward, told him to go. As Charles Jona walked away he could almost feel an arrow in his back but none came zipping through the air. Unknown to the Indians, he carried a message through the lines sewed in his moccasin sole.

During the war with Mexico, when Texas called for help, Charles Jona was sent to their rescue. At the close of the war in 1836, he drifted to Eastern Texas, and on June 12, 1849, was married to Mary Ann Coyle. After his marriage, Charles Jona Summers again took up his trade as a blacksmith in the town of Elysian Fields, Texas. In 1860, the Civil war broke out, and Charles Jona Summers and his blacksmith shop were conscripted to work for the Government. His wife and children resided on a farm near Cartage, in Panola County, Texas. Edwina tells that as a girl she helped drive a wagon with supplies for the soldiers. After the war, in 1869, they moved to Dallas county where they lived near Terrell, Texas, until the father died November 15, 1873.

May Martin was born in Comanche county, Texas. It is thickly wooded with brush and low trees. Possum and Raccoon hunting are still favorites there. Okra, black-eyed peas, corn bread and cracklins, ice tea, and fried chicken are the menu items. The people are most hospitable. May recalls seeing one boy hit another boy in school. The instructor piled ten books on the offender's head and made him stand in the corner an hour. When May was eighteen, the family moved to Barstow, Texas, where they rented a farm and raised cotton. She had a reputation as a fast cotton picker. They stayed almost three years at Barstow, then moved to Snyder in Scurry County, where they continued to raise cotton. [The Kindred Elkins family was also from Snyder. It was a favorite gathering place for Buffalo hunters] She met Wallace Berryhill there and says:

> *"He thought he was a cow-trader, but he raised cotton, too. Two years later we married and went to Seminole where we filed on some land and lived until 1912, when we moved to New Mexico. The year Edna was born we bought land in Tatum, New Mexico after selling eight sections at Seminole. We bought three or four homesteaders out. Wallace helped build the court house at Seminole which was a dugout. He was chairman of the county commissioners in Chavez County and signed the check to build the present day court house in Roswell. We came to Tatum in a hack, which was a two seated buggy, and drove the cattle up there."*

May does not tell us that in 1912 she was the cook for that cattle drive from Texas to New Mexico with a newborn, Edna Berryhill, and that she had to wander out on the plains to gather cow chips in her apron with which to start fires.

The Berryhill family had moved into southern New Mexico five years prior to the Elkins family, but came to McKinley county a year later than the Elkins. In the summer of 1917 they visited McKinley County, and an old friend,Dave Stiles, who had advised the Elkins family about land as well. Then in 1918 they shipped a sizeable herd of Hereford cattle to Bluewater and came to McKinley county when Duane was five months old. By that time the eight year old Adrian Berryhill had acquired an extraordinary gift: he knew every cow in their herd by its markings and knew which calf belonged to which cow, so with his help, they were able to "mother-up" the calves very quickly. If this is not done, the calves panic and run off, trying to return to the last place they sucked their mother.

The Berryhills bought the Kindred Elkins homestead and the homestead of Buck Willcoxson, a future son-in-law. They acquired about 22 sections. Then May's mother, Edwina Martin, homesteaded on Section 10. Edwina had to live so many days each month on her homestead, so she rode the train from Albuquerque to Baca and stayed there the last of one month and the first of the next. During this time Edna stayed with her. Her home was only 50 yards from her daughter May Berryhill. When she was finished, she sold the place to Wallace. Their closest neighbors were the Tietjen family, about seven miles south of them. The day the Berryhills arrived, Joe

Tietjen's funeral was being held and they recall seeing hundreds and hundreds of Navajos mourning the death of their best friend. May Berryhill was such a kind and compassionate woman that she had a never-ending stream of visitors who wanted to talk to her. She was always serving people and trying to make them more comfortable. Their first winter was a bad one for the cattle. Edna wrote that "Mother was going to teach us that winter... Adrian was gone all the time and didn't get any lessons – he didn't want any. The next winter Mother bought a hotel in Albuquerque on 3rd Street and ran it and she put us in school there. We had good friends named McGee who published the Albuquerque Tribune. The McGee kids went out to the ranch with us sometimes. We were there until 1920 and after that we moved to Bluewater to go to school. The Elkins kids went to school there. Our teachers came out to the ranch to visit us sometimes." Wallace had a good time with some of his visitors. He showed them a cave in which you had to stoop over to get into. When everybody was in place, he yelled at the top of his voice: "Snake, snake!!" It is very difficult to run when stooped over.

In the 1920s the Berryhills moved to Thoreau so the children could go to school. May tried to help out by taking in boarders, particularly oil drillers from Seven Lakes and school teachers. Another year she raised chickens. She sprouted wheat for them to keep them laying through the winter.

Mark Elkins tells us more about the Berryhills and ranching in the Zuni Mountains: *"When we were gathering this herd from the summer mountain range, to go to the flats it took us several days to gather these steers out of this brushy range and some of it is pretty rough over in the northwest part they called the hogbacks that run down through the country for miles and on down through to Gallup., N.M. There were some wild cattle in this part of this rugged brushy part of the range. Many of them grown with no brands and belonged to whoever could catch them and get them out. Whoever was the wildest best brush hand cowboy was the one that could catch one of these wild cows once in a while if everything broke in his favor in these roughs and brush. I believe here is where Adrian Berryhill got his start of cattle catching these wild cows as he was the best brush hand cowboy in the Zuni Mts. in his day that I knew about."*

The Pablo Peña family of San Mateo were close friends and neighbors of the Elkins, Berryhill and Tietjen families. Abe Peña provides a very gracious summary of their lives:.

Tom and Josephine Tietjen Elkins

Almost every rancher had a story that went like this:

"Yea, gathering crops whose worth no man might tell,
He staked his life on games of buy-and-sell
And turned each field into a gambler's hell.
Aye, as each year began,
My farmer to the neighboring city ran;
Passed with a mournful anxious face
Into the banker's inner place;
Parleyed, excused, pleaded for longer grace;
Railed at the drought, the worms, the rust, the grass;
Protested ne'er again 'twould come to pass;
With many an oh and if and but alas,
Parried or swallowed searching questions rude,
and kissed the dust to soften Dive's mood.
At last small loans by pledges great renewed,
He issues smiling from the fatal door
And buys with lavish hand his yearly store
Till his small borrowings will yield no more."

"Thomas Lawrence Elkins (Tom) and Josephine started their cattle ranch near present-day Prewitt, and added to the ranch and purchased another on the slopes of Mount Taylor, and also some properties on the north side of Milan and Grants. They raised a large family: Lawrence, Mildred, Kin, D. J., Hattie, Jack, Keith, Buddy, Dave, and Fred. Lawrence served his country in the Navy as a Seabee during the Second World War. He and my brother Bennie served in the same outfit in the South Pacific, where many Americans stubbornly fought and defeated the Japanese, who were on their way to Australia.

To be closer to school when the children were of school age, they moved from the ranch in 1947 to a large home they built in west Grants above where Kentucky Fried Chicken restaurant is now located."
"One summer, D. J. and I were tentmates at a 4-H summer camp near McGaffey in the Zuni Mountains. We learned to weave copper wire into decorative rope and stamp square copper sheets with pretty designs. We were both raised on ranches, and we knew how to build fires and pitch tents, and were asked to help train some of our friends from the city. We also learned to read a compass, which came in handy when we served in the Army during the Korean War.

Buddy, now Chairman of the Board of the First Bank of Grants, is still very active in the cattle business, producing, buying, and trading cattle. In the 1960s, he loaned the Peña ranch a heavy duty water pump to pump water up a steep slope on Oso Ridge in the Zuni Mountains. The practice of helping your neighbors and community has been Buddy's philosophy through the years."

"Their father Tom had an unfortunate accident on January 3, 1949. It was mid-winter, and, as ranchers do regardless of weather, he went to the ranch to check on a windmill to make sure the cattle had water. Somehow, he fell from the tall tower and died from the fall. It was a shock to the entire community, who admired and respected the quiet and soft-spoken neighbor and rancher." ***[Note: When Tom climbed the windmill, part of the platform at the top was rotten and gave way, causing his fall. Tom's death gave Josephine***

a good life insurance payment, but she could not make the payments on the 35 sections of Mt. Taylor property which they had purchased. The Albuquerque Production Company were about to foreclose on that property. When Kansas City Life made the insurance payment, they heard her story and offered to refinance that part of the ranch and that was a lifesaver for her.]

"Mark and Ina Tietjen started a ranch northeast of Grants, and later moved to a home on Mountain Road in Grants where the High School is today and the original Rodeo Grounds used to be. They raised a large family—Nelda, Bud, Bill, Jean, Henry, Sam, and Jim.

Nelda was the oldest and was one of the first girls from the area to go to college. She attended New Mexico A & M in Las Cruces, where we were both students. She got a degree in Home Economics and taught school. Nelda married rancher Duane Berryhill, younger brother of Adrian Berryhill, who married Gladdus Tietjen, a sister to Josephine and Ina Elkins." [Note: In 1949 when Guy Shepard was land commissioner. Fat Tietjen bought some land in Lobo Canyon from him along with a piece of land north and east of the Railroad tracks near Bluewater. Duane Berryhill bought the Bluewater piece of land from Fat Tietjen.]
"After his children entered school, Mark served on the School Board several terms, including President of the Board, and was proudest of the larger High School built in the 1950s when Adelino Sánchez was School Superintendent. Very appropriate, because there were a number of Elkins children in school."

"He was also an active member, as were his brothers, of the New Mexico Cattle Growers "Association. Henry developed a fine line of hardy Hereford cattle that thrived in this country, and sold commercial bulls from his herd to cattlemen in the southwest. Mark, along with I. K. Westbrook and Hamp Eaves, were founders of the Grants Rodeo Association about 1929."

"At Grants rodeos, the Elkinses provided most of the livestock, and, in the wild cow milking contest, popular in those days, the range cows had very little milk during the drouth, and the cowboys sometimes came running to the finish line with an empty bottle!"

"In 1954, when I returned home from Australia, I got a telephone call from Mark Elkins. He told me he was thinking of moving to Australia. I was surprised, because he was a very successful cattle rancher. My first question was, "Why, why do you want to move to Australia?" He said, "Because this country is becoming a socialized country and I don't like where we're headed."

"At that time, several successful American cattlemen moved or were moving their operations to Australia. Australia was a socialized country, and I tactfully suggested to Mark to go and spend a couple of months "down under" and see for himself."

"He never did move to Australia, but in 1964 he and some of the family went to Mississippi and started a pig and cattle operation. After several successful years, they returned, but Jim and his wife Nelda stayed in Mississippi for a total of twenty-six years and returned home in 1990."
"Mark, in partnership with rancher and historian Arthur (Artie) Bibo, organized the Kiowina Foundation, and started building a Museum on the Bibo ranch off Highway 117 near the Narrows south of Grants. The mission was a "Salute to Pioneers." The Acoma tribe later purchased the ranch, and the Museum now is in tribal hands."

"Henry Elkins, one of the sons of Mark Elkins, passed away in November 1997 from cancer, the dreadful killer. The funeral service was held appropriately at the Cow Palace at the Grants Rodeo Grounds. The

large building overflowed with the crowd paying their last respects to a well-liked friend and neighbor."

"He was buried at the Bluewater Memorial Park, where his parents and grandparents are also buried. Henry was a cattle rancher, and also inventor and manufacturer of an adobe machine. His wife Sue, always interested in community affairs, served several terms as a Trustee of the Village of Milan, and raised their family."
"Jerry, one of their sons, built a silver jewelry business into a successful enterprise, plowing his profits into an expanding business and into ranches in Cíbola and McKinley Counties in the tradition of his forebears. He recently completed a large pueblo-style multi-storied home in the Bluewater Valley near where his grandparents lived their golden years and passed away in the 1980s."

"The three Elkins brothers, Henry, Tom, and Mark, who came to this area almost a century ago, played an important role in its development. Their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren continue to make a contribution as we move to the 21st century and beyond."

"Ranchers Adrian Berryhill and his wife Gladdus Tietjen Berryhill were our neighbors in the Ambrosio Lake area north of Grants, New Mexico. They had two daughters, Linda and Ann Lee. They were primarily cattle ranchers, and also bred fine horses. We were sheep ranchers and raised some cattle."

Gladdus, Ann, Linda, and Adrian Berryhill

"The Ambrosio Lake country was excellent for wintering livestock, and the "mountains" were better for summer grazing. The Berryhills had a grazing permit from the Forest Service in the Zuni Mountains, where they summered some of their cattle, and we also had a permit further east in the Zunis, where we pastured some of our sheep and, later, some cattle."

"From the 1930 – 40s, when the Forest Service acquired forest lands in the area and permits were awarded to applicant ranchers, the Berryhills trailed their cattle to summer range some fifty miles, and trailed them back in the fall. We crossed some of the Berryhill land when we trekked our sheep and, later, cattle some sixty miles to the Zunis. In the late 1960s, we began to truck the cattle back and forth. Roads and cattle trucks had improved over time."

"Henry Andrews, a cattle rancher in the Prewitt area now retired and living in Grants, told me, "The Berryhills were hard workers. One time, Adrian moved over 100 mother cows and calves on foot from one ranch to another. [You can bet that he ran into the situation and did not have a horse with him] If there was a job to do, they just did it," adding, "and his brother Duane was one of the best cowboys in the country, especially when gathering cattle in brush and broken country."

"The Berryhills were and are beef cattle people through and through, and have a fine sense of humor. Duane had a bumper sticker on his bumper that said, "Support beef, run over a chicken!" They were members of the New Mexico Cattle Growers Association as well as the New Mexico Farm and Livestock Bureau."

"Adrian and Gladdus purchased a home and stables in Scottsdale, Arizona in the 1960s, where they raised quarter horses and lived part of the year. Adrian passed away in 1974 and Gladdus in 1987. Nelda passed away in 1974 at the young age of 49. Duane lives in Grants, where, until recently, he walked several miles a day to keep in condition. A year or so ago, he had his larynx removed and now speaks through an artificial larynx. He was always a man of action, and, in his golden years, wants to be outdoors. I see him walking on the prairie on the east side of Grants from time to time."

[Note:Adrian became famous for the cutting horses he raised and rode. In 1970 one article says that "The Futurity capped an amazing year for Freeman and Berryhill in which they won the National Cutting Horse Association Maturity (now known as the Derby) with Doc's Kitty, and the World Championship with King Skeet" The prize money from the World Championship was $14,646].

"During the uranium boom from the 1950s to the 1980s, Adrian staked a lot of claims in the ore-rich Ambrosio Lake area that became good producers. He, along with Maxie Anderson, Ellis McPhaul, B. C. Ringer, and others, were founders of Ranchers Exploration Company, which he served as president for several years."
"Adrian and Gladdus, who had worked so hard on their ranch over the years, made a lot of money from uranium leases and royalties. In the opinion of neighbors and those who knew them well, it couldn't have happened to a nicer couple. Nabor Márquez, their neighbor from San Mateo, once told me, "They're just fine, fine neighbors."
"I recall one time riding up to their ranchhouse to see Adrian. The house was up on a hillside overlooking the Ambrosio Lake plain. Gladdus was home and invited me in to show her remodeled kitchen and custom-made cupboards. I remember her excitedly saying, "Look at these drawers, Abe, they ride in and out on rollers that don't make any noise." She ran the drawer quietly in and out with her index finger, her face beaming with pleasure, concluding, "With the old cupboards, I sometimes had to use my knee to yank them open!"
"Gladdus, an attractive lady with hazel eyes and beautiful brown hair, had been a teacher in San Mateo when she first started working, and was being courted by Adrian, a tall, handsome man with slightly humped shoulders, always smiling, with a pleasant face. She played a big part in the life of my younger brother Fermín and the life of the Peña family. Fermín had a speech impediment and had been kept out of school. She came to my mother and father and suggested Fermín go to school, where she could give him special instruction. By the end of the school year, Fermín had learned to speak, and graduated with honors with the rest of the eighth grade class that spring. The Peña family has never forgotten "Miss Tietjen" and her love for Fermín and the rest of the people of San Mateo, especially the young people. ***[Note: Gladdus taught in New Mexico schools for 10 years]***

"Both of their daughters died in crushing automobile accidents. Linda missed a curve on highway 117 com-

ing to Grants from the ranch, and rolled over. Ann Lee was hit head-on by an ore truck on the dusty Ambrosio Lake road on her way to High School in Grants. Those were sad days for Adrian and Gladdus and for our entire community, who mourned them. Adrian's younger brother Duane, with fair skin, blue eyes, blond hair, standing tall and straight, ranched north of the village of Bluewater. Duane married Nelda Elkins, who was teaching home economics at Grants Union High School. Nelda and I were schoolmates at New Mexico A & M in Las Cruces in the 1940s."

"Nelda was one of the first girls in school to have a car of her own. It was Fleetline Chevy, and I rode to school with her from time to time. She got a degree in Home Economics and decided to become a teacher like Gladdus Tietjen Berryhill, her aunt."

Duane Berryhill, Nelda Ray, Ina May, Glenda Kay, Nelda Elkins Berryhill

"They raised four daughters and a son, Nelda Rae, Ina May, Glenda Kay, Duwana Gay, and Wallace Jay. The daughters have three children each, for a total of twelve grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. Wallace, who runs the ranch, is single at age 34 and the question is, "Is he the last to bear the name Berryhill?"

"The Berryhills' mother, Annie May, and their father, Wallace Berryhill, came from Seminole, Texas to Tatum, New Mexico, where Duane was born in 1918. They moved from Tatum to the Ambrosio Lake country that same year. They had three daughters, Edna, who married Jeff Tietjen; Velma, who married Buck Wilcoxson; and Thelma, who died at age 9.

"The Berryhills were the finest of neighbors. About 1968, my father got a call from Duane that they had penned a Peña ranch cow in the corral at his ranch near Bluewater. Dad told him he'd pick it up that same day, and loaded the portable stock rack on his pickup and took off to the Berryhill ranch. Duane and his ranch hands helped him load the cow, and he took off north towards the Peña Ranch on a little-used ranch road that crossed Navajo country. At a bend on the road, he had to climb a small hill, and, as the truck came almost to a stop, he shifted to low gear, released the clutch, pressed the accelerator, the truck jumped for-

ward, and he lost both the rack and the cow!

"When he stopped and looked back, he saw the cow and the rack standing smartly in the middle of the road, and his tailgate down! Apparently, when they loaded the cow at the loading chute, the tailgate hooks were left unhooked, and, when he lunged forward, the tailgate dropped down and the rack and cow both slid back as clean as a whistle!"

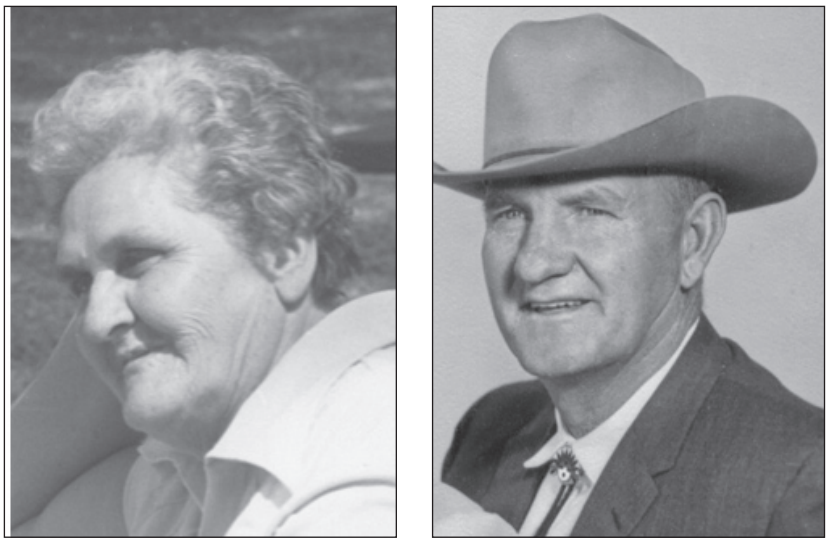
"He drove on to the Peña ranch to get some help. With a little smile, he said to me, "You're not going to believe this, son. I lost a cow and the cow rack at the Berryhill ranch," and he burst out laughing. "I came home because I was ashamed to go back to their ranch for help after the stupid thing I did!" Years later, we still laughed when we thought of the incident"

In the above we have heard little of the families of Volton and Jeff Tietjen. Volton married Teresa (Tess) Child on July 23, 1935. She was 18 and he was 30. He met her in Bluewater. He was in the ranching business with Tom Elkins and Maud briefly then ran his own ranch. For about five years Volton ran the trading post at Smith Lake for Al Tietjen. This was a very successful enterprise. He cosigned a note with Clair Hassell for a large amount which he had to pay that off. He tried to join the army in WWII but was too old. He ran a ranch on the Rio Puerco for New York Life Co. for two years, then worked for Harold Prewitt (along with Pistol Navarre and Jack Cooper) for several years. He bought the place at Rinconada from Jennie Boone after she had a bitter divorce. He then bought the Guy Mayes place which was nearby. They had two girls, Francis and Jean. Tess died of a heart attack at the early age of 47.

Fat Tietjen and Tess Child

Jeff Tietjen married Edna Berryhill in 1930. There were six children: Joe, Gary, Tom, Wallace, Jerry, and Sheryl Ann. For a brief period of time Jeff was partners with the Berryhills. He then worked for Biological Survey for several years (killing porcupines and prairie dogs), then for the Indian Service at Crownpoint and Kimbitoh. He then bought the trading post at Mexican Hat, Utah. He started having blackouts (on his trips to Gallup for supplies) and went to California where they scheduled brain surgery. At the last moment he backed out of that and

returned to New Mexico where he got over the blackouts. He took a job as livestock foreman for John Church, one of the large vegetable growers, then worked as a foreman for Indian crews at Stanley & Card. He was well qualified for that job because he could speak Navajo well. He put in 40 acres of carrots at Rinconada which was to be harvested by Stanley & Card, but that was a good pinyon year and the Navajos deserted them, so his crop had to go unharvested. He then went to Datil to manage the "Drag A" Ranch for seven years. This was Ray Morley's old ranch (210 sections) but part of it was poor cattle country. Added to that, the 1950s saw the worst drouth in 300 years, so it was not successful financially. It ended in the organization of Rancher's Exploration and Development Company which was a success. Jeff then bought the Lynch Ranch at St. Johns Arizona, but the family was so interested in Alaska they all went up there and homesteaded except Gary. They lost their sawmill in the Great Alaskan Earthquake: it sank into the depths of the sea. Eventually all except Tom came drifting back to New Mexico. After being in the construction business and losing a fortune, Jeff suffered severely from arthritis. He died at the age of 60. Edna lived to age 96.



Edna Berryhill and Jeff Tietjen

Edna Berryhill and Jeff Tietjen

Tom Talle – The Indian Agent, S.F. Stacher, wrote that in the early 1900s *"The area east of the Navajo Reservation in New Mexico ... was a grazing paradise... and the Indian stockmen occupied and used the area with but little interference until 1908 when Duncan McGillivray from Estancia Valley leased five townships of railroad land and moved in a band of some 1200 purebred sheep. Railroad owned lands consisted of the odd-numbered sections in all Townships. The Indians were induced to lease several townships for better protection; the annual rental at that time was one cent per acre, paid for by the Indians themselves [$115 per township]. One township was leased in the name of Etcitty Nez and for several years the lease payments were kept current, and in the meantime no more white stockmen came in this area. so at a meeting with the Indians, Etcitty Nez said to me: "Natani Yazzie, we think it is not necessary to continue leasing the township. We would use the land jusr the same if the railroad did not continue the lease." I advised that that they should keep on leasing the land; they said they would take a chance. In 1911, Tom Talle, then sheriff of McKinley County, leased a number of townships of railroad land, including the one formerly leased by Etcitty Nez... The next day the Navajo came to the agency and said "Natani Yazzie, we want to keep the lease for the railroad land." I said, "My friend, I am sorry."*

The Talle OIO ranch consisted of over 8 townships (340 sections) in the Seven Lakes area. We tell a little here of Tom Talle, the owner, and sheriff of McKinley County. Mark Elkins writes:

"I had said earlier that Mr. Tom Talle had started this ranch in 1910 and had stocked it with 1500 head of Mexico cows from the ranch of Don Luis Terrazas of state of Chihuahua. They were the corriente type of cattle as they were called in Mexico. Every color of the rainbow, long horned, ill shaped, but an ideal kind of cattle for this big outside open range country at that time, with wells and water holes a long ways apart. The old rugged kind of cattle could cover a lot of country and go ten miles or farther to water and raise a calf every year. Mr. Talle had kept good Hereford bulls, from the famous Ladder Ranch near Hillsboro, New Mexico and the OX brand, with these Mexican cows all through the years breeding the quality up and the numbers to four thousand head. This was done slowly as there were still lots of off color, ill shaped cattle in them after fourteen years with lots of good Hereford bulls with them. It took lots of bulls, he raised at his Circle Dot Ranch near Springer, New Mexico. Later he used the poll Hereford breed; the first muley bulls ever in this part of the country. These old cows would go so far back from the watering places it was hard on these Hereford bulls to keep up and cover the big ranges these old rugged cattle covered."

"In the early spring of 1918, I also went out on a ranch job as a chore boy, at the Tom Talle Ranch milking the cows, feeding the saddle horses, keeping the wood out for the ranch and bunk house and helping the boss's wife Mrs. Jobe Sayre. Mr. Sayre was a great old early day open range boss as he had always been an open range boss all his life in Colorado with the famous JJ Outfit. It went from Colorado to the Pecos River open range days in New Mexico to western New Mexico in the Mogollon Mountains, Beaverhead country with the famous V+T and the GOS outfit at Silver City. He worked for Vic Culberson, Cole Railston and I.C. Lions outfit at Silver City in his later years before retirement at this famous Tom Talle Ranch at Seven Lakes with the OIO brand. I had always admired Mr. Talle, my boss, as I'd known him through the years. He was a doer and plunger, having accumulated many big ranching interests in New Mexico. He was first a state hide inspector at Gallup, New Mexico. Later at age thirty-five, he started the OIO Ranch at Crownpoint. That became one of the bigger cattle ranches of northwest New Mexico. The Governor Pankey Ranch south of Lamy, New Mexico he also owned... He also had the Park Springs Ranch at Las Vegas, New Mexico... He owned the famous Circle Dot Ranch, which he sold this great ranch to Joyce Land and Cattle Company of Witchita Falls, Texas. Ina and I ran this ranch also for Mr. Joyce in 1926. Mr. Joyce was a great man. I will have more to say about later about this. The biggest and greatest, ranch Talle owned, was the Vermejo Park Ranch. This place is west of Raton, New Mexico part in Colorado. It was a show place where many movie starts use to come and pictures were made there. His one and only son Tommy ran it and later owned it. He was also President of the New Mexico Cattle Growers Association and a member of the Cattle Sanitary Board. He had cattle interest in Old Mexico handling many thousands of those Mexican cattle over the borders to the United States. He was one of the heads of the War Finance Lending Agency on cattle after World War I that had to take over many of these cattle herds on account of the droughts of 1922 and 1923. They would send them to grass into the Republic of Old Mexico on many of the big Haciendas in the State of Chihuahua."

Mark Elkins worked as a cowboy and finally a foreman for the OIO for several years, then went back to Texas for a brief period of time. Returning to New Mexico in 1923, he says that:

"In February, I received a telegram from Mr. Tom Talle owner of the big OIO cattle outfit to the north in the Seven lakes area there I had worked several years before. He asked me to meet him in Thoreau, New Mexico the next day. I had a good idea of what he wanted to see me about. My brothers Henry and Tom did too. There had been another tragedy at the Continental Divide in Borrego Pass. The same identical treach-

erous hill that had claimed the life of Alma Tietjen, had claimed the life of Tom Talle's foreman of the OIO Ranch, Mr. George Foster, with a runaway truck load of cotton seed cake. I did meet with Mr. Talle and he told me of the tragedy that had happened to his foreman, Mr. Foster. He wanted me take over at OIO Ranch as the new boss and would pay me one hundred, $100.00, per month. This wage sounded OK to me as I had worked for them before for over three months to earn a hundred dollars at a dollar a day, to get right out on the job quick as I could. He felt confident that I could handle the job, as I had worked there a few years under Jobe Sayre. This sounded real good to me as he had expressed to me that he felt confident I could well handle the job. It gave me kind of a good feeling I never had before to have this job offered to me as I had been a boy kind of on the loose. It touched me to the bottom. I accepted this real man size job as a real challenge and responsibility." Tom and Josephine Elkins were also asked to take over a part of this large ranch..."

"Things progressed on the ranch that winter as usual. The next spring of 1926 I had a letter from Mr. Joyce saying they had a chance to sell the ranch to the Breece Prewitt sheep Company. Mr. Harold Prewitt and Tom Stribbling would look at the ranch and I was to show them the ranch from one end to the other. They were interested in it for a winter range for their sheep. I showed Harold and Tom the ranch. I had known them for several years and had known of their operation in the sheep business with Mr. Breece of the Breece Lumber Co. of Albuquerque, New Mexico. One of the biggest logging and milling lumber operations in the state of New Mexico. They also owned lots of timberland in the Zuni Mountains that Breece Prewitt Co. run these sheep on in the summer. The Zuni Mountains has some of the best summer range in NW New Mexico." [Prewitt formed a partnership with Breece in1922].The ranch sold.

In 1926 Mark went into business for himself. He says: "We had saved a little money and Ina had some money in her father's estate. Mrs. Tietjen said she would loan Ina the estate money and Emmons Bros. were the bankers in Gallup, we visited them with Mrs. Tietjen to ask if we could borrow the money we needed to get started on our own livestock business. We told them we had some range from Mr. Farris and Mr. Harold Prewitt at Seven Lakes and wanted to stock it with calves right away. On what we told the Emmons Bros. Mr. John Emmons gave me a commitment for $6,000 to buy cattle with. Ina's mother was always so willing to help any of her family, a great lady. You can imagine how good we did feel at this time, being our own bosses from now on. It was the first time I'd ever had this feeling. Knowing that we were set up with money and range the next thing was to buy us some cattle. We contacted Mr. W. A. Berryhill and my brother Henry and did contract their steer calves to be delivered in the next thirty days at thirty dollars per head. These were high quality Herefords."

While Sheriff Talle was out at the OIO ranch, Red Pipkin, a deputy in Gallup, received a complaint from someone that Talle had stolen some horses. Red deputized a small group of men and they headed out to Seven Lakes to arrest Talle and to kill him in the confusion. Word of this plot got to the mayor, AT Hannett, who was a strong political enemy of Talle, but this was too much. Hannett discreetly got word to Pat Dugan, the chief deputy sheriff, who quickly boarded a train for Thoreau, got a horse, and went to warn Talle. Talle got together a group of cowboys and ambushed Pipkin's forces and decommissioned them and sent them home. We have a lot more to say about Red Pipkin later.

Talle later sold the OIO ranch to Joyce Land and Cattle Company and in due time they sold the ranch to Breece-Prewitt Company which ran sheep. A sad ending for the Talle story is that Tommy Talle, the only son, murdered his wife out in California and the story was a sensation all over the nation.

George Breece – In 1917 long time lumberman George Breece of West Virginia bought the American Lumber Company consisting of 378 sections (10.5 townships) of land and included the railroad thereon. He was a colo-

nel in World War I. In 1919 he rebuilt the railroad from Thoreau to Sawyer. He kept buying timbered land and acquired 32 townships of state land with timber rights to another 4 townships. He sold 7.3 townships of land to Sylvester Mirabal, then bought the timber on Mirabal's land and 530,000 feet of timber in Cottonwood Canyon from the Forest Service. It was truly a massive empire, embracing most of the Zuni Mountains. About 1920 he moved the main logging camp from Sawyer to Las Tusas, south of Thoreau and called it Breece. Jeff and Fat Tietjen lived in old cabins there in the 1940's. Harold Prewitt went in pardners with Breece, running sheep on the land. Colonel Breece had a son Chalky who had a beautiful high-powered automobile which he drove up and down the streets of Bluewater and was the envy of all the young men. Mirabal himself was said to have been the largest landowner in the nation. Frank Childers said, *"He hired Mexicans to homestead the places he wanted. He would trade 160 acres of timbered land for 40 acres with water. They would trade him a spring for every 40 acres of timber. He done that about 1905. Sylvester was one of the best. When he died, they all missed him. He fed that San Rafael. You could always get a little grass from him if you were short – you didn't even have to ask him. you just moved on, then asked him. He had thousands of horses."*

By the time the lumber companies finished with the Zuni Mountains they had clear cut it (they did leave two trees per acre for reseeding purposes).

Cug Pitt -- Nearby was the Cug Pitt ranch with three townships and Kels Presley with a "mere" 20 sections, then to the west, I.K. Westbrook and Louis Kirk.

Cug Pitt was equally interesting. His father, Sidney Pitt was imprisoned at El Paso TX about 1895 (or 1900) for shooting a neighboring rancher according to his grandson TD Devenport who said he heard it from his mother Sarah Etta Pitt: Sidney had water disputes with his neighbors and repeatedly warned a Mexican sheepherder to not bring his sheep to water at this particular watering hole. One day he brought his rifle to the watering hole and hid up on a windmill behind the gearmotor and when the Mexican brought his sheep to water, shot him in the back. Other versions of this story heard mostly from Uncle Cug's side of the family state the shooting was in various forms of self defense. There are clearly two shootings involved here. The New York Times, July 24, 1900 gave this account

DUEL BETWEEN STOCKMEN
Pitt Kills One Assailant, Wounds Another and Is Unhurt
Special to the New York Times
BARSTOW, Texas, July 23, 1900 – Sid Pitt, H.B. Hill, and Alexander Burchfield, prominent stockmen, who have been on bad terms lately, met at Monahan's Sunday and at once proceeded to settle matters. A fierce battle with pistols ensued with Pitt on one side and the others against him. Hill was shot six times and killed. Burchfield, his step-father, was wounded in the arm, which he will lose. Pitt was not touched.

After getting out of jail Sidney had to leave Texas and started the 3 Circle ranch near Lovington NM. Sid sold this ranch about 1910, supposedly around 20,000 acres, for a dollar an acre. The entire area is now covered with oil wells. This amount of money, however, in 1910, made him a man of some means. He later ranched near Fort Sumner, then ranched in the Crownpoint area, then went bankrupt in the 1929 crash. He started a chicken ranching operation in Albuquerque NM. His Crownpoint ranch went to the banks who later approached his son "Cug" Pitt to operate it for them, and Cug eventually wound up owning the entire ranch.

Sidney was a womanizer and lived in Albuquerque and is said to have kept a mistress upstairs in the same house his wife and children lived in. Jennie C. eventually divorced him and moved in with her son Cug at the Crownpoint ranch. On the 1930 census, Edna Berryhill is boarding with Jenny Pitt in Albuquerque. She was attending

a business school. Sidney was always quite wealthy and according to his daughter Lou the children were not fond of him though they never lacked for material things in life.

Gene Pitt tells us more: *"Cug Pitt's real name was William Felix Pitt, born 30 July 1893, in Odessa, Texas, He was married in 1912 to Susie Bell Kennedy, born in 1892 in Winfield Kansas. Their children were Silver Sadie, Audrey Iola, and Una Belle. When Cug was an infant his mother called him "Sugar". His two-year-old sister (Sadie) called him "Cugar" or Cug and the name stuck. Even as a grown man, everyone knew him as Cug."*

> *" Cug and Susie had a very large ranch, consisting of three townships, stacked from south to north, the main ranch house being on the southernmost township. As we were getting out of our station wagon, Cug pulled into the drive behind us. He climbed out of his dilapidated pickup truck wearing a Stetson, blue jeans, and muddy boots, a picture that could have been right out of an old western movie. It had rained earlier in the day, and he had been out checking on the ranch. He escorted us into the ranch house which, again, could have been right out of an old western movie, very plain and unimposing on the outside, scrupulously clean and neat on the inside, furnished with sturdy, well-worn, heavy oak furniture. The next morning we were treated to a tasty stick-to-your-ribs working-ranch breakfast. They sold the ranch in 1967 and moved to Albuquerque, NM. In 1974."*
>
> *"Cug was living with his daughter, Silver, who took him to church on Sundays, out to dinner on Thursdays and fishing in the mountains once a week in the summertime. Silver offers the following recollections of her papa: "When I think of Papa when he was young, I think of him and his dogs, especially the smile he would try to hide when he came in from riding and the dogs had caught a coyote. Even his horses liked to chase coyotes. Once his horse stepped in a prairie dog hole and fell. When he got up, he didn't wait for Papa but continued running after the dogs to the point of kill, leaving Papa to walk. I remember seeing a bucking horse step in a ditch and fall with him, breaking his collar bone. Years later, when he was in his eighties, I was taking him for a walk. I mentioned 'When that horse threw you and broke your collarbone.....' He stopped right in his tracks, looked me straight in the eye and said "That horse fell on me. I was never thrown!" He was right. I saw a mean little horse rear straight up with him. He just stepped off before the horse would fall over backward on him."*

Silver also relates the favorite story of her sister Audrey about their papa: *"Cug had a disagreement with one of his cowboys. It was customary for a man looking for a job to ride his own horse into an outfit. The boss would cut him out a string of horses from the ranch remuda to use for as long as he worked there. Out on a roundup, Cug and Jack came to a sharp difference of opinion on a certain matter. The cowboy said "I'm going to quit you right now!" Papa said, 'That's all right, Jack, but remember that's my horse you are riding. Take your saddle off him right here.' It was five miles to the ranch, a long way to walk in high heeled boots carrying a saddle. Jack changed his mind."*

> *"Every fall, the cattle that had been sold were driven to the Santa Fe railroad station at Thoreau, NM, a two-day, forty mile drive through rough terrain, over the continental divide, at 7,000 feet elevation. At one point, the easiest route for the cattle crossed a Navajo's allotment (something like a homestead). The old Indian wouldn't let him cross. Papa lived by the Ten Commandments. I never heard him curse (He was fond of "... I Doooo Declare!") -- not even at a mule. But this time, he let go of every bad word he knew. The old Indian held up his hand and said "Everything you call me, you are two." It tickled Papa so much that he took the long way around. 'Unless the ox was in the ditch, he took Sunday off and let the hired man take the day off, too. That was the day he caught up on his bookkeeping. He was a meticulous bookkeeper. He said his father taught him. Every pair of gloves, every spool of thread, every sack of potatoes were in that book.*

Each hired hand had a separate account. Sunday night we often went to church at the Indian Agency at Crownpoint, NM. The service was for the little Indian Schoolchildren with the boys on one side and the girls on the other side. Quite a few of their parents would be in the back, dressed in their long skirts and wrapped in their colorful blankets. The white employees would be there, too. Some Sundays, we just sang hymns around the piano. Mama couldn't play popular music, but she surely could pound out those hymns! Sometimes, the teachers from the Agency would come, and we would have a real song-fest."

Cug Pitt had a well-deserved reputation as a bronc rider. Some of his cowboys complained that if a horse wouldn't buck, Cug would not keep him around. Mark Elkins describes a rodeo at Thoreau: "*At the rodeo we had bull riding, Luther Mullins from the Pitt ranch won first money in it. Cug Pitt had never rode bulls before so his old bull bucked him off. That was against Cug's religion to get bucked off. He said, I'll declare I don't believe he can do it again, so we put him back in the bucking chute. Cug tried him again and he rode him that time. If he hadn't we would have kept trying until he did ride him."*

Jerry Anderson tells a final story about Cug: *"There was a new school-teacher assigned in the area (I would guess for the school at Seven Lakes). Cug saddled up a couple horses & was going to show her the country side. Any sight-seeing trip of either the Pitt or Presley/Jacobs ranch had to include a trip to the Kiminola Wash. The Kiminola is a major water-way starting up near the Chaco. There are always waterholes, sandstone basins, areas of quicksand and walls from 6' to 20' high. They rode down into one of the sandstone basins to give the horses a drink & stretch their legs. Cug suddenly grabbed the school-teacher and kissed her. The lady was properly outraged and she immediately got on her horse and headed back to the ranch. Cug beat her back to the house to confess to Aunt Susie, exclaiming over and over "I declare Susie, I just DON'T know what came over me!" The phrase "I declare, I just DON'T know what came over me" is firmly planted in the family lexicon!"*

One of Cug Pitt's sisters, Sadie, had married **Kelsey Presley**. When the Pitt family moved to the large ranch north of Crownpoint, NM, Sadie and Kelsey moved with them and lived at the North Ranch. Hard times came in the 1920's and finances were exceedingly tight. Sadie and Kelsey had to sell their PITT & Co. shares and move to Crownpoint to put the children in school. Kelsey was driving a truck and freighting supplies to the trading stores in the Crownpoint area. A piece of land came up for entry. It had a small house and a well on it and adjoined the PITT ranch. Kelsey entered a homestead file on the land and got it. They continued living at Crownpoint.

They would go to the ranch weekends and summers. They gradually were building a house, barn, and fences on the ranch. Finally, there was a school at Seven Lakes, six to eight miles east of the ranch. The children were able to go to school there riding their horses to school every day. Sadie and the children moved to Farmington, NM for school in 1929. About 1931, they moved back to the ranch. Kelsey was still driving a truck, freighting. The winter of 1931-1932 was cold and windy with very deep snow. Sadie and children moved to Seven Lakes for the school year. About 1933, Kelsey got a job with the police force in Gallup, NM. The family moved there to be with him. Kelsey and Sadie had a bunch of ""Steel Dust" mares, a famous quarter horse breed. They bred the mares from thoroughbred stallions from the US Army remount Service. One stallion was Royal Jester, a very large and fast animal that many people were afraid of. Virginia, Sadie and Kelsey's oldest daughter, broke her arm, and there was no vehicle at the ranch to take her into Crownpoint to the doctor. There was a car at the Pitt Ranch which was over three miles away. Another daughter, Ruthie, jumped on Royal Jester and rode to the Pitt Ranch in ten minutes, opening three gates on the way.

A niece of Cug Pitt was **Melva Devenport.** She found work teaching Mark Elkins' children at his ranch. One of his ranchhands was Wesley Tietjen, only son of Alma Tietjen. They got together and were married.

Alfred Hutton -- One of the eccentrics of the Seven Lakes area was an old cowboy and prospector, Alfred Hutton. Mark Elkins tells us a little about him: "This old cowboy, Mr. Hutton, always kept a few chickens around. In later years when uranium was discovered in the Grants, New Mexico area this old cowboy was really the one that first did discover it. Fat Tietjen, my brother-in-law, hauled some of the samples in his pickup to Durango, Colorado and had it run or essayed to find out that it was real uranium. This was found on Santa Fe Railroad Land, near Haystack Mountain. Mr. Hemmingway, the Santa Fe Land Commissioner at that time, knew that these two cowboys Fat Tietjen and Alfred Hutton had first found it and did tell them he would see that they got a percentage and royalty out of it for their discovery. Right after this Mr. Hemmingway became ill and died. Those boys never had anything in writing to show for their agreement, only verbal promise from Mr. Hemmingway. The Santa Fe Railroad Company never did compensate these two boys for this great find on their company land that proved to be so rich. Instead the reward went to Paddy Martinez, a Navajo Indian. A lot of haulla balu was made about it, a big write up for many magazines and newspapers that Paddy Martinez discovered this great billion dollar mining industry. Mr. Martinez did receive a great lifetime reward from the Santa Fe Railroad Company, which should have gone to these two cowboys. If Mr. Hemmingway had lived I am sure they would have been rewarded as his worked was as good as gold. The Grants area claims 72 percent of the uranium in the United States. The last I knew of Alfred Hutton was living in the Belen, New Mexico area on relief. I do hope enough to take care of him. As it is the only thing he is getting that I know of out of finding this great billions of dollars industry and wealth that came to this area. Alfred Hutton was a strange witty character. He said one day he was riding along in those back canyons and in that old tall lush grass warm and out of the wind lay sleeping a coyote. The old coyote jumped straight up and went to having fits and howling trying to get away. This was about 10:00 am, so Alfred got down his saddle rope and roped this sleeping coyote causing it to jump up. Finally, the old coyote said to Alfred, "*It's alright coyote sleep too late*." Alfred had land near Chaco Canyon adjoining Navajo land and he asserted his rights with his rifle. Mark Elkins wrote that "The Indian agent Mr. Stacher was after Alfred for shooting a Navajo for trespassing on his homestead. So, he told Mr. Stacher, *"No, I didn't shoot at him, I just shot where he was going to put his foot down next time and I guess the Indian got scared and ran away and never trespassed on my place again."* That was way out in the back country where the owls roosted with the chickens.

Throughout the ranching country rodeos and dances were the only recreation. Mark Elkins describes good times at Seven Lakes:

> *"When old Seven Lakes was frozen over in the winter time we had skating parties. This was at the Jerry Farris Ranch everybody was welcome. Wazles Smith was tops in this skating sport. Come Christmas time we got together at the Ruby Ranch, some of the girlfriends and relatives from Thoreau; Evelyn and Dutch Elkins and the Berryhill girls and friends from all over the country. We would have all night dances or go on down the Chaco Canyon to the Coy's Place and do some more dancing as the Pointers and Westbrook's would join in also the Presley's and Jacobs. We had some of our fourth of July get togethers at Pueblo Bonito in Chaco Canyon. The Gus Griffin family and Frank Lovelady were the hosts. We would dance till sun came up the next morning, as it was too far to go home that night. Ma and Pa Jordan would make the music, fiddle and guitar. We cowboys use to have a ball team. We use to go around playing ball. One time the cowboys were playing the Laguna Indians in Grants, boy they were a tough, hard team to beat. Al Tietjen was the catcher and I was pitcher for the cowboys. We had to play them fourteen innings before we beat them I went all the way in that game as pitcher. I had a good arm and could throw them balls so hard them Indians couldn't see them. Old Al's had was swelled up b y the time the game was over from catching them hard balls for fourteen innings. We would also have horse races at Pueblo Bonito with the Indians on the Fourth of July, most of the time they would beat us. The Burnham boys were pretty tough competition. Lude Kirk, dear Mrs. Kirk and family all loved horse racing end were the best. Gallagher boys were always*

around; the Hatch's from Regina had good race horses. Clawson's from Ramah, Jolly boys from Bluewater any of that crowd would run you a horse race. Tabby Brimhall and Jim from Farmington and Wilford, Alford and Jimmie Ashcroft were race horse lovers and had good horses. Jimmie was one of the top jockeys in the United States from all the major race tracks at one time. It was just whoever got off the score first that would win in that group of race horse folks. Louie Kirk you bet your money on also Pearl Gallagher. Made no difference which horse those boys rode they usually got over the finish line first. You could bet your bottom dollar they would get away from the score line first; nobody could pass them fair or any other way. Some of the Navajos, Jesus's, Arviso's and Becente's were also tough competition and were especially good at relay racing. They never could beat Rowdy Hakes at the quick change relay. I use to help Rowdy with his relay sting, training and in running them. I used to hold for him. He was among the best, he beat the champion of Arizona one time in Gallup, New Mexico. The famous Doc Pardee. Those old relay races used to be the feature event of all the shows. But the roughest, toughest of all the races was the Navajo chicken pull. You better stay out of that one for sure unless you were shore enough tough. The Indian and all that cared to get in it would line up a horse back. They would bury a chicken all but his head sticking out. They would run by the chicken and learn down from their horse running and try to pull the gallo or the rooster out of the hole by his head. Someone that was running the race or managing it would stand by the chicken with a whip or double rope to keep their horse running as they came by. It was hard to reach down and pull the "gallo" out of the ground and keep your horse running. Finally somebody would pull him out, usually Jim Largo. The big mad scramble race was on they were to run down around a marker a quarter of a mile away a horse back then throw the chicken in a wagon where the judges would be standing where they were safe not to get run over. The one that brought the "gallo" or chicken back first and got it into the wagon was the winner. That chicken pull usually wound up in a big fight. Usually it would take an hour or more to get this chicken pull over. If you don't think this one was rough you just ask Jim largo from San Anton Springs. He used to win most of those chicken pulls. It was a good place for the American or Bilicanos to stay out of. They used to usually not let the Americans and Indians pull together as they usually ended up in something hard to stop. That was a real Indian sport the chicken pull."

Only the discovery of oil at Seven Lakes broke the silence and the loneliness of that vast stretch of empty prairie. On July 28, 1911, the McKinley County Republican reported this stirring news:

"Just after we had gone to press last week a messenger reached town with news that created the biggest rush ever recorded in the history of Gallup. The message was to the effect that Tom Talle in digging for water on his range about 30 miles north of Gallup had struck a large gusher of oil... The men were working away with no thought of hidden treasure... when one man stopped to light his pipe... He tossed the match carelessly to the ground. It passed the opening to the well and immediately there was an ignition and slight explosion... The news spread like wild fire over the town and an hour later several groups were busy assembling their efforts and effects in harried excitement in an attempt to organize a company of overland freighters and packers to start for the new oil fields to stake out claims...At ten o'clock that night the first party was organized and ready to start... All were armed, determined to fight their way to a suitable location if necessary...

Another party was organized during the night and started for the oil fields about daybreak... The oil field is the liveliest place in the whole territory at present. The location is only 70 miles from Gallup. Sunday night it was nothing but a quiet grazing spot for a herd of cattle; by Monday morning it had been turned into what would appear to be a thriving little village... William Hartman left Gallup with a law library and his sheepskin and opened a law office on the ground..."

The author is not aware of what became of this first discovery. By June 21, 1919, however, the Gallup

Herald called it one of the most promising oil fields in the entire Southwest and reported the sinking of 30 wells at Seven Lakes. The oil was piped to Prewitt where a refinery was set up.

Floyd Lee – One of the most prominent neighbors at Ambrosia Lake and San Mateo. Floyd W. Lee came to the Fernandez Ranch after World War I, and, in his own words, "To work as a cowboy." Mr. Lee was a hard worker and, in time, became the manger of the ranch. He married Frances Marron, who came from a prominent family in Albuquerque, and they had twins born in 1928—Harry and Harriet, called by their parents Bito and Bita. In the 1930s, the Lees bought the ranch.

Mr. Lee was active in the New Mexico Wool Growers Association, Inc., and served as its President for about thirty-two years. He was also active in the Cattle Growers Association and the New Mexico Farm and Livestock Bureau Association. He served twelve years as state senator from Valencia County, and was active in the Republican Party. His foreman was Hamp Eaves. The Berryhills and Elkins saw a lot of these two. Mark Elkins wrote: *"Over the years, Mr. and Mrs. Lee received many honors for their service to their community, their state, and their country. They both spoke fluent Spanish, as did their two children, Harry and Harriet. He was an innovator. For example, he fenced his sheep pastures with net wire to allow turning the sheep loose when sheep herders began to get scarce after the Second World War. He installed solar panels on water tanks to keep the drinking water from freezing for the livestock. He was one of the first wool growers to use Professor Neale's squeeze machine. The machine recorded the percentage of clean wool in a fleece, an important factor in classifying and selecting sheep for increased production."* Abe Pena wrote: *"I recall one time Mr. Lee joining a conversation on the subject of rain and how the rains were, and he said, "The best thing to do is to have a big ranch, then it will rain somewhere!"* Another time, the subject of water came up and he said, *"Water in New Mexico is as popular as a spigot in hell!" I*n the late 1970s, the ranch switched from a sheep and cattle enterprise to cattle only. When the U. S. Congress prohibited the use of poison to control coyotes, it spelled an end to the commercial sheep industry in the Grants area.

Gilson Tucker -- In 1930 a real tragedy occurred in the Ambrosia-Seven Lakes area. It was tragic because it involved two bosom friends and local families. Gilson Tucker killed his best friend and threw his body into an arroyo where it was not discovered for 42 days. Gilson had a head injury as a lad and it was thought by some to have caused spells of temporary insanity. His friend, Sonny Eaves, had worked for Floyd Lee and spent much of his time in the Ambrosia Lake country. Clair Hassell, who told me the story, was running a trading post at Rincon Marquez at the time. He said that the two young men often stayed at his store and used it as headquarters. Several times the boys had "stolen stuff from the Navajos and hid it out just for meanness", and it was Clair who had helped them out of those messes. They kept saying that they were going to hit the jackpot someday. One day Gilson attempted to hold up the Gallup Bank, but was foiled in the attempt. Because his family was an influential one, no publicity was given the matter. Apparently Gilson had tried without success to get Sonny to help him in that holdup. Believing that his best friend had gone "yellow" on him, he tried to talk him into another holdup, but without success. About this time Sonny Eaves had gotten a job working for Cug Pitt at Seven Lakes, and was to report there for duty. The two friends rode off in that direction together. A Navajo, hunting horses, saw the murder from a distance. He communicated it to a friend and much later it came back to Hassell. The Navajo had seen the two men ride up on a high place. "The fellow on the smaller horse was in front. Just as they got on top -- bang! -- the horse lunged and he fellow in front fell off. The guy on the big horse rode up and got off and shot him twice more. Then the fellow caught the horse and put the other man on it and started back." Eaves fell off and the horse then started running around wildly.

The Navajo hid and watched while Gilson dumped the body in a part of an arroyo where it was undermined. Gilson then took the horse with him for a way and turned him loose. When Sonny Eaves failed to show up for work, a search was begun. It was only after 42 days that the body was found. After every particle of

evidence had been evaluated, Navajo trackers were hired to trail the couple from the place they were last seen. Navajos have an incredible skill at tracking, but their task was only possible because there had been no other stock in that area, and because there had been no rain since the event. Clair believed further that those Navajos knew the approximate location of the body. At any rate, they did find it -- mutilated by coyotes. Gilson Tucker served a life sentence for the crime. Extremely handsome and possessed of a pleasant personality, he might have gone far in the world if he had not started down the wrong road. Just prior to the crime Gilson had ridden from Albuquerque with Jeff and Edna Tietjen. The greatest sorrow came to the Eaves family, for they loved both of the boys as their own. "We lost two sons", they said.

Louis Kirk -- We turn now to some recollections of stockmen in the Seven Lakes county as Louis Kirk remembered them. Louis was a long-time bosom buddy of Joe Tietjen from their years at Ramah. Louis' wife was Amelia Gallagher, also from Ramah. Their children were Nas and Louie. The Kirks got deeply interested in raising race horses, and Amelia and her son, Louie, were fanatics about this sport. A little story by Jerry Anderson illustrates the point:

"I remember Amelia Kirk had a stroke about 1953 and the doctors didn't expect her to last too long, and called the family to come quickly if they wanted to say goodbye. All of her children (I only remember Nas & Thelma – maybe Louie) gathered around her hospital bed, and were discussing what arrangements needed to be made. The question of what to do with her race horses was discussed at length, and it decided that it would be best if they were sold & the $$ added to her estate. They left that evening with Amelia still comatose, with no reaction to anyone. The next morning when her family went to the hospital, Amelia was sitting up ramrod straight, fire in her eye, and mad as a wet hen. "You sons-a-bitches!!! You thought I couldn't hear you! I heard every damned word! I heard you planning to sell my race horses, and I made up my mind that you sons-a-bitches WEREN'T selling my race horses!" She lived several more years, possibly out-living some of her children." Louis Kirk himself became widely known as a quarter horse breeder and a jockey. Among the many race horses that he owned were such names as Jack Dempsey, Mamie Taylor, and Hard Twist. His knowledge and skill with race horses became legendary.

The Harrington family came in about 1907. They didn't like the Seven Lakes country so they bought the 6A ranch from Craig (it was near Ft. Wingate). Nas Kirk worked for the 6A ranch and tells about the typical roundup, or "cowworks" when all the neighbors showed up to check whether any of their cattle had been included in the roundup. He wrote about an unusual practice in which everybody was forced to chip in on the food:

"One time up in the Zuni Mountains I was traveling with a chuck wagon and the crew. I don't remember how many cowboys were in the crew but there were two wagons: one for cooking and one to haul the bedrolls. Mort Cox was doing the cooking on the chuck wagon. I don't know how old he was know he couldn't have been over sixteen or seventeen. The outfit was the 6A Ranch which at that time was the biggest cow outfit in that part of the country. My Father's was next in size. I don't know how they worked this I was too young to remember. Anyway, whoever was in charge would make everyone take turns furnishing the meat for those cow works. They never butchered anything but a sucking calf would ride into a herd of cows, rope a big calf or a yearling and pull it out to the wagon, knock it in the head with a single bit ax, cut its throat and skin it down to the legs and head. If there was a tree handy, they would pull it up into a tree. A cow outfit like this would use a lot of meat. Most of the time they made steak out of it. I have seen them cut up two quarters of meat for one meal. If there wasn't a tree handy, they butchered it on the hide. Some of the ranchers had hard feelings over the way they did things and were against putting any meat into the chuck wagon. They thought that Dad and the 6A should furnish everything and I guess they did furnish everything but the meat."

Harrington's had a good bunch of cattle. Joe Bond recalled that Harrington's bunch at the 6A made the Navajos understand that they were to keep north of the railroad tracks. They kept skulls in the windows at the ranch house to keep the superstitious Navajos away. A group of Easterners were once staying at the ranch when Jack Garrett and Roy Harrington told them about the many Indian raids they underwent. At the climax of the story shots were heard, and the two cowboys raced to take up their positions. The Easterners left quickly, unaware that one of their hosts had thrown bullets in the fireplace at the critical moment! Dave and Tass Harrington were noted for their skill at riding and roping. Joe Bond remembered seeing Tass on a cutting horse, holding his hand on the cow's back "no matter where she went." Dave was equally adept at roping and "hardly ever missed", claiming that they just ran into his rope "accidentally."

Salvador Chavez was a blue-eyed Spaniard who had a shootout with Dave Harrington. They hit each other twice. Salvador's son, Bony Chavez, worked for Joe Tietjen, along with Amado Otero, both of San Rafael. Along with Chalk Lewis, Al Tietjen, Almy Tietjen, and Jack Garret (one of their cowboys), the Harringtons were some of the best riders in the country. Al Tietjen and Chalk Lewis were breaking 400 broncs a year.

Jack Garrett shot up a "sheep outfit" and had to leave the country. On one occasion, though, this outfit had a challenge flung down to them which they did not accept. Old John Tucker, a mean old fellow, went over to their place and started throwing hides off their fence every which way, looking for one of his own. He did not find it, and neither did he pick up the hides as they suggested. As Kirk told it, Old John didn't' do anything he did not want to.

A story about the 6A ranch. The bank had to take it over in 1922 from Cox and got Wallace Berryhill to run it for them. The former owner then threatened to kill Berryhill and everyone else that had anything to do with the ranch. That night a group of cowboys at the ranch house slept with one eye open. Sometime in the night they heard footsteps outside. Whoever was there walked around the house twice, then came up on the doorstep and was trying to open the latch. By then everyone had their guns drawn. Someone inside called out, "Who is there?" When no answer came, a half dozen slugs were pumped through the door. There was a thud, an awful groan, and the sound of the convulsive throes of a dying man. When a lamp was lighted, a wild pig was found dead on the doorstep.*** Wallace Berryhill ran the ranch for three years with the help of cowboys Buck Willcoxson, Oscar Denton, Dean Johnson, Munroe Parson and Fred Thompson.

In the Zuni Mountains **Sylvestre Mirabal and George Breece** (with partner Harold Prewitt) were the big land owners. Sylvestre was one of the wealthiest men in the state, yet he was never affected by money. Those who worked for him said that he usually wore a worn-out pair of bib overalls, an old hat someone else had thrown away, and, in the wintertime a ragged serape. Once a crowd of "spiffy Jews" came from the East to buy cattle from Mirabal. At the stockyards they asked the foreman where they could find Mr. Mirabal. When the foreman pointed him out, they took one look and decided that the man perched on the fence was a hobo, and that the foreman was making fun of them. It was only after inquiring of several others that they became convinced.

Mirabal made his fortune in three ways: he was shrewd, he was a hard worker, and he was thrifty. He said himself that he spent money only for land and that he always got the land he bought at a bargain. The stories of his frugality have grown into a legend. On one occasion, Buck Moore, a longtime acquaintance, met him on a street in Albuquerque. Seeing his long whiskers, Buck began to scold the old man about not shaving. "No money", explained Mirabal. Moore pulled a quarter out of his pocket and offered it to him. Sylvestre promptly took it. "Now I can eat," he said, "I'm hungry!" This from the man claimed in Shepherd's Empire to be New Mexico's largest individual land owner. The authors of that chronicle estimated his holdings at 250,000 acres. Actually, some of the neighboring ranchers say that 600 sections (384,000 acres) would be a better estimate.

Mirabal wouldn't let his ranch hands kill a nice beef. They had to eat some poor old cow that might not live through the winter. **Clair Hassell**, who worked for Mirabal, described for me such an incident. Following the range custom, Hassell had an off-color, fat calf brought in to be slaughtered so that there would be meat

for the roundup. The cook who had worked for Sylvestre for a good many years, was an Old Mexican, a deaf mute call Mudo. Old Mudo used sign language and identified Sylvestre as he of the pot belly. The only signs the cook made were funny little cries, a sort of "waagh-waagh." When the fat calf was led in, the cook became visibly excited, running this way and that, shaking his head, making signs about Sylvestre and letting out his crying noises. He understood well enough that Hassell's signals meant he was to get the axe and kill the calf, but for a long time he refused to believe that policy had changed to this extent! At length kill the calf he did, but with many a headshake of disbelief. When Sylvestre showed up, he razzed Hassell about it: "My goodness, you ought to kill the ones we can't sell – but that is the way you Gringos act, you kill the best ones! Why don't you ever bring me some good meat?"

Among those who knew him, there was no hint of dishonesty in Sylvestre Mirabal. He was shrewd. A substantial amount of the tax money in Valencia County was from land he owned. He would withhhold taxes until the commissioners begged him to pay up. At that point he would make a "deal" with them to reduce his taxes, and they were glad to do it. He was known as a good man. It was said of him that he never turned anyone down who asked for a job and that he never fired anyone. He got labor as cheaply as possible, of course, and from time to time he hired marijuanas (dope addicts) to do general ranch work. If a man would not work, he was not discharged – he was put to work in the hog pens and after he got in the muck "up to his neck" he would quit of his own volition.

John Largo -- came out West for his health. He was a "lunger" (had TB) but he recovered sufficiently to live a very active life. Adrian Berryhill was fascinated by him. His family were wealthy Easterners, and they didn't think John had good sense. He "did not fit into their scheme of things", so they gladly gave him the money to come out West to be rid of him. John was a never-ending source of amazement to the local cowboys. He worked for IK Westbrook, Louis Kirk, and the Berryhills. He went without a shirt or hat, worked for $30 a month, and didn't spend a dime of it. John carried a pressure cooker with him on his saddle, and would sit down at dinner-time and cook a pot of beans. He got together 600-700 head of cattle. He didn't trust the banks; instead he buried here and there a can of money he had saved up. When some of the cowboys (Jabe and Lucius Smith) found this out, they cooked up a convincing story about how they had found some of his caches. Perhaps someone did find some of the money, for it was said that John dug up "a whole corral" over at the South Ranch in search of some of the money. He built a fine house but wouldn't live in it. With his savings he bought and paid for a ranch and now runs 600-700 head of fine cattle. While in Albuquerque buying the Cabene Ranch he found a place he could buy hamburgers for a nickel and lived off that.

More stories of Prewitt and Chavez:
Alma Tietjen became widely noted as a horseman. Six feet four, he weighed only 185 pounds, yet no horse he ever encountered was quite his match. It was perhaps his incredible strength that enabled him to master a horse so easily. Whenever an outlaw horse was heard of in the country, he would almost surely be given to Alma to break and the job usually took only a week. Near the "Old Red House" at Prewitt one day, Alma found himself looking down the business end of a revolver. Two local cowboys from Smith's Lake had turned outlaw and had robbed a store, They now demanded that Alma catch them two good fresh horses from the herd he had just brought into the corral. Alma got in the middle of the horse herd, roped a horse, leaped on its back, and stampeded the other horses over the gate. He disappeared in the cloud of dust and confusion. The thieves were apprehended the next day.

Maud Tietjen told this story of one of the first arrests of an Indian in that country. Her husband, Joe Tietjen, had been deputized to bring in a Navajo criminal, which he did. At Chavez, where the Indian was to be put on the train, the little group of six white adults and nine children found themselves surrounded by a crowd of Navajos which she estimated to be near 1500. While a number of the Indians were friendly, others were in a belligerent

mood and decidedly reluctant to turn over one of their own to the white men. Angry and threatening speeches were mixed with those who counseled peace. As the hours wore on, the mood of the crowd grew uglier. Chief Biscente [his given name was Chief], a firm friend of the Tietjens, sent a Navajo boy over to Maude with word to telegraph the Army Officers at Ft. Wingate for help. The boy whipped a path through the crowd, and they managed to reach the telegraph. Upon hearing of their plight, the captain asked to speak to the boy interpreter. He then announced that 780 Negro troops were being sent on the next train. The number was considerably exaggerated, but the message had the desired effect. The boy ran out, yelling the word to the assembled Indians. If there was anything the Navajos feared, it was Negro troops. The captive was shoved quickly on the train and within 15 minutes not a Navajo was in sight.

Paddy Martinez -- Another attempted arrest near Chavez did not turn out so well. It involved Paddy Martinez, a Navajo (who later became famous for his discovery of Uranium at Haystack). Paddy had worked as a boy for Roman Baca at San Mateo. There he learned to speak English. Frank Childers described him thus:

> *"I first came to Grants in1896. My Dad was section foreman at Chavez. Paddy Martinez' first job was with Dad. I don't think he had ever had a pair of shoes or pants. He wore old flour sacks. He came up every day, wantin' a job and Dad keep runnin' him off. Finally Dad decided to give him a job. He gave him a bucket and told him to carry water for them Navvies. He said that kid never quit runnin' – just ran with that bucket all day long. When payday came Dad wouldn't pay him till all the rest of them Navvies was gone. Then he took Paddy down to the store and got him a pair of levis and blue shirt and some shoes and paid him. It wasn't much, just fifty cents a day, but he was sure proud of that. That was 1903. In 1906 we moved to the old Chadwick place at Pintada."*

Paddy Martinez, who was half Irish, was to become one of the most influential Navajos in the area. When he was twenty one, he went to work for C M Goodnight, the "Stockman" in that district. The Stockmen were sub-agents who took care of Indian troubles, helped them care for their stock, and in general looked after local Indian welfare. Two Navajo policemen, Tom Brown and Charley Largo, were stationed at San Antone Springs. They were sent after a Navajo who had raped an Indian girl. Having taken their captive (whom we shall call Begay for lack of his real name), the Policemen jested about hanging him. Begay took the talk in earnest, and that night he slipped out of his bed, took a gun from one of the sleeping policemen, shot both of them, and escaped. Frank and Paddy Martinez, brothers, were sent to trail him down. Near Chavez, Paddy closed in on the fugitive. When he was within earshot, he called out to Begay to stop. At this, Begay fired a shot at Martinez. Paddy then worked toward him until only 55 yards separated the two. Cedar bushes offered the only protection. The battle was now in dead earnest. After 26 shots were fired, Begay fell, down, started to talk, and died.

An amusing story developed in the area in about 1920. Local legend has it that I K Westbrook dressed as a bear and talked to Old Man Platero, telling him that a flood was going to take place on the 4th of July in that region which would last 10 days and nights. At any rate, Platero, who was a Navajo witch, was thoroughly convinced that the deluge was at hand, and spread the word near and far among his people. The superstitious Navajos did not dare disregard a warning when it came from that source. For days, caravans of Navajos made their way with their families and provisions to the top of 8600 ft Mt. Powell. Some corn crops were destroyed for fear the coyotes would eat them. When wagons broke down, they were chained to rocks so that they would not float away. Anxiously they waited through the allotted time period. When nothing happened, they very slowly began their return.

Chavez was a water stop for the Santa Fe Railroad. It was named for a family that kept a store there. Joe Tietjen kept the store there awhile and Paddy Martinez ran it for a period. Dan Rancal was operating the store there

when he was killed.

It is only fitting, in closing this narrative, to recall the circumstances under which Baca changed its name to Prewitt. The Prewitt brothers, Bob and Harold, came from Gunnison, Colorado in 1916. Harold worked for a time for Bond in Grants, then set up a trading post at Baca in a tent. On the side, he freighted with his span of little white mules. He began sheep ranching with 200 head, and leased a township of grazing land from G E Breece of Breece Lumber Co. When he went in to pay his lease, Breece suggested that they go in partners. Breece put up $11,000 for sheep (which were then selling for $7 a head) and together with York they formed the Breece Land and Sheep Company. The lambs alone brought $8,000 that year, and the wool brought a good price. With that first success, Harold managed to buy the 6A ranch from the bank when it foreclosed on the owner. The Talley OIO ranch was acquired in like manner, and both were extraordinary bargains. Eventually these holdings grew into a real empire. At his death, his worth was reckoned at over three million dollars.

Stories of Ambrosia Lake

Ambrosia Lake takes its name from Don Ambrosio Trujillo of San Mateo who applied for a homestead in the early 1870s. The lake was not there until Don Ambrosio ditched off several cañadas to form the lagoon or lake. At Ambrosia Lake Don Ambrosio and his wife, Sarafina Montaño of Cubero, raised seven children. Don Ambrosio, who raised sheep, had a second home in San Mateo. After his death, Doña Serafina sold the homestead to Doña Francisca Sarracino.

There were a number of settlers who came much later. In 1923 **Oscar Carter** and his wife Caroline homesteaded there and their place was called "the Carter Well". At the same time, some relatives of hers, the Boatman family, took up their residence there. These families came from Tucumcari. "Goat" Thomas came from Arkansas; it was reputed that he had killed a man there. He came to Ambrosia about 1930 and took his nickname from the herd of Angora goats he kept. Another settler was Vers Wilmeth who had been a well driller for Stella Dysart, and more about her later. When she left, Wilmeth homesteaded on Section 24. Finally there was Rooks who came in 1931 and stayed eight or ten years. Both of the latter earned part of their income by bootlegging or moonshining. Rooks had a still in his cellar, and a part of it remains today.

One of Ambrosia's unwanted but nevertheless colorful characters was "Red Whiskers", a tramp who appeared occasionally at one of the ranch houses – when the men were away – and demanded food of the woman of the house. Some said that he was "on the dodge" for killing a beef that was not his own. He wore one long braid of red hair down his back and usually presented a fierce, unshaven appearance. When he showed up once at the Carters, Mrs. Carter walked several miles with her children to a neighbor's home rather than stay there alone when he was around. One incident involved **Hurst Julian**, former custodian of the Chaco Canyon ruins turned cowboy. He let everyone know he was an atheist. Julian and Adrian Berryhill were disturbed by these visits of Red Whiskers and determined to follow him up and kill him. Julian would then profess self-defense, or so the talk went. Probably they only intended to frighten the man. Arriving at the ranch one day shortly after Red Whiskers had left, the two set out in pursuit. As they rode around the edge of a mesa they were startled by a command from the rocks above them: *"Throw up your hands!"* It was Red Whiskers, and he had a rifle leveled at them and did not take kindly to being followed. *"God help me!"*, exclaimed Julian, the atheist, expecting his end momentarily. After warning them not to follow him at the peril of their lives, the two were allowed to turn back to the ranch, but Julian was never allowed to live that statement down.

Ranch women had to be courageous. Another tramp once appeared at the Berryhill ranch. May Berryhill, was there alone. She had been in situations before where she had been ordered to cook dinner for a tramp, but there was something about this man that truly frightened her. She had a gift for appearing to be calm, and after

cooking something she went into her bedroom, got her .22 rifle, and quietly slipped out the bedroom window. She concealed herself in a nearby arroyo since she knew there was no help within 10 miles. Usually she had been grateful for her watchdog, but not that day. The dog thought she was playing some kind of game and he dashed this way and that way by the edge of the arroyo, betraying her hiding place. She finally was able to grab and hold him. After several hours the stranger left without further incident.

Ina Elkins had her nerve tested at Seven Lakes. She wrote: *"We had a nice afternoon, and upon arriving, to find a new work hand. I didn't like or trust him. All went well until the following Thursday. The boys were gathering cattle to ship all day from Thursday to Saturday. I felt guilty about the way I felt about this man. All the men folk kidded me over it, but they asked me if I was alright that day. I said sure, I'm fine. Deep down, I was sick, but went about my work. I washed and cooked but kept a close look out towards the foreman. I had just started to hang out my clothes when I saw this guy come in with the team. It was about eleven o'clock. I knew something was up. I said to myself: "now get a hold of yourself." He could have a breakdown. He went straight to the bunkhouse. I closed all the doors and locked them. I fed the baby about 11:30am and put her to bed upstairs. Then it was noon. I put the man's dinner out and went and rang the bell for dinner. I watched him walking slowly for the house. I had everything out on the table. I went into the hall between the dining room and the living room where I had my little .22 rifle. He came in and stood in the doorway between the kitchen and the dining room. He asked me when I expected the boys back. I said, "just anytime." He looked at me and said, "I think you are lying." He didn't think they would be back until dark. Oh, how scared I was. I didn't let him see it. I picked up the gun and said, I wasn't used to being called a liar. "You sit down and eat now." He did. He said "I don't like to eat by myself." I said, "Too bad." He tipped over his coffee and wanted me to get him another cup. I told him to get it himself, and cocked the gun and pointed it straight at him. He started apologizing fast by then, so he ate fast and left. I locked all the doors. I then went up stairs to wait to see what would happen next. I never saw the man again. It was about 4 o'clock when Mark had sent Tommy Crenshaw, age 17, back to see if everything was all right. Oh how glad I was to see this boy. I ran out to meet him. He asked me where the man was as he had come by the farm and no sign of the plow or the man. I told him all, he rode onto the corral, then on to the bunk house. I saw him running to the house. I knew something was wrong. He told me all the boys had been robbed, as at this time no one was trusting banks, as they were having a tough time staying open. Many banks were going broke. So, all the hands were hiding their wages in different places. All had told Tommy where they had hid their money. He was to look to be sure all was well, he had found no money. Tommy was crying when he got to the house and told me all he saw. He was saving his money to help his folks save their ranch. My heart broke for him. Now, I knew this man intended to rob us even if he had to hurt me. I went to the phone and called the Maxwell Railroad Station to see if a train had stopped. Tommy traced him that way and he was walking. Sure enough he had bought a ticket to Trinidad, Colorado. I called the police and told them what had happened and gave them a description. Sure enough they picked him up as he stepped off the train. He had all the money except the money he paid for the ticket. How grateful we all were no one was hurt and all the money was returned."*

A similar incident in Edna Tietjen's life will again illustrate the serious danger that ranch women sometimes faced, and their characteristic courage in dealing with that danger. One night Edna was staying alone at the ranch at Datil with only the two youngest children, eight and six years old respectively, to keep her company. Just at sundown in the midst of a snowstorm a strangely clad figure came walking up to the house. Now anyone walking in our country was regarded with suspicion but Edna, seeing how tired the man was, decided to fix the meal which he asked for and to let him sleep there that night. As the man sat down to the table to eat, he began relating the events that had happened in the last few days. He said that his horses had escaped and were somewhere in the Datil Mountains. Edna listened with a shadow of doubt beginning to form in her mind, for the Datils were all within our range and fenced off on all sides, thus making it extremely unlikely that someone's

horse should get away and go there. The man continued his story. He claimed he was hunting the horses then he came upon the ranch house. Anyone hunting horses on foot in midwinter is apt to be out of his head, for it is hard enough to catch a horse on horseback. Furthermore, this stranger did not have even a coat to protect him from the sub-zero temperatures of our nights. But Edna had recalled one other thing as the man had stood at the door, **he had neither rope nor bridle!**

Edna determined to dig further into what the visitor meant by these strange acts and asked him how he would catch the horses if he found them. This was easy enough. He had trained the horses he said, to come to him by offering them chewing tobacco and then slipping his belt around the neck of one horse. The tobacco idea was something unheard of in our country because no legitimate rancher had the time to train his horses to such nonsense. While it was true that we sometimes caught a horse with a belt in an emergency, it was impossible to ride a horse with only one's belt. This man was crazy! Edna's alarm grew with every wild and implausible escapade the man related. Carefully she concealed her thoughts and showed the man to his bed, whence he retired. When Edna went to bed, however, she took the precaution of loading her shotgun and standing it at her bedside. Perhaps half an hour later she awoke and heard the man fumbling around in the kitchen in the dark. What was he doing in there? What weapon might he find in the kitchen? What if he got outside and she would have to lay awake all night, listening, waiting? Quickly she made up her mind to put the man back in his bedroom and force him to stay there rather than to let him outside, not knowing where he was or what he might be doing. "Get back to bed, YOU, I have a shotgun on you," she commanded. "I'm not doin' nothing'," he complained. "That's all right, get back to bed like I said." "OK, lady, I'm goin" Few men would have disobeyed a desperate woman with a loaded shotgun, and this man was no exception. He promptly went back to bed.
There was nothing to do now except guard her prisoner, lest he be more cautious in his next attempt and not awaken her. The children were scared and kept begging her not to kill the man. So Edna sat there all night, with the shotgun across her knees. I am glad to say she did not have to bring the gun into play because Edna had never fired a shotgun. Next morning a trucker with a load of feed took the man back to Magdalena where it found that he was indeed an escapee from a mental institution.

Another kind of courage was forced upon ranchwomen when they had to deal with dangerous animals. Ina Elkins wrote about it thus: *"I had some experiences I'll never forget. I got stuck in mud so Mark sent a cowboy to help us. He brought two horses beside the one he was riding. Old Skeeter was our favorite kid pony which belonged to my sister Gladdus which she loaned us for our children to ride. We put Bill and Henry on Skeeter with some grocery bags. The cowboy loaded all he could on his horse leaving me with Jean and Sam. Jean was about three and a half years old. Sam was six months. My horse was Old Pointer, a big black horse. Old Painter had lots of Spirit. I looked at Old Painter and said to myself, "how does Mark expect me to ride him with two babies". I was afraid. We all mounted and started out for camp. I prayed for knowledge how to handle this horse so I began softly talking to him. He had babies on him, to be careful and not to hurt us. I would love him always. We got to camp safely. Another event, I had to go after the milk cows so I saddled up Old Pointer. Sam cried to go with me so I took him. We gathered the cows. Pointer stepped into some old telephone wire on the way back home. He was so afraid of wire he began to kick and buck. Again, I talked to him telling him I had the babies, please don't hurt us, so he quietly side stepped out of wire and onto home we went. I would wake up during the night and shake off what could have happened. He never did hurt me or the children. It broke my heart when it got time to sell him."*

A very similar situation was faced by Laura Young, Joseph's sister: Her husband wrote that *"Laura was prepared to face another challenge in 1923 when her son Wilford was called on a mission. They had no means, and a way would have to open up. They had "a small contract to carry the mail, on horseback, from Bluewater to Diener, going over the top of the Zuni Mountains, a distance of eighteen miles." Since every penny was vital,*

this task now fell to Laura. It was one of her most difficult challenges, for the horse used on this work, and often the only horse on the place, was known to be a bad bucker. When she first saw that conditions made it necessary for her to ride that horse and carry the mail, it scared her half to death, as she was a poor hand on a horse. But her son's remaining in the mission field depended upon the money received from the carrying of that mail. Her boy must not come home on the excuse of no money. Duty called and she must not fail. She did as she always did, she told the Lord of her condition, then she put the saddle on the horse and got on him and took the mail and away she went, returning in the evening safe and sound. The horse had not made an awkward move with her during the day, and during the many times she rode that horse and carried the mail while Wilford was away on this mission, that horse was never known to make a bad move with her. But let Clara or I get on that horse and before the day was gone we were almost sure to have a job of pulling leather."

May Berryhill faced sudden unexpected danger. Jeff Tietjen and Wallace Berryhill had gone into the sheep business for one year. When the sheep came, there was one ram who would fight people when he got a chance. Unaware that he was in the corral, May went to attend chores when he suddenly hit her in the back. A ram can feel like an attack with a baseball bat. Down she went, and each time she got up, he would hit her again. She then crawled slowly into the chicken pen and escaped him, but she had great black and blue bruises all over her body.

Edna Tietjen had her youngest son, Wallace, killed when the horse he was riding at McGaffey ran away with him. Wallace fell off but one foot caught in the stirrup and he was dragged to death. Edna's instinct was to not let her other children ride horses, but horses were the only living the family knew, so it was buck up.

I recite here a little of the Uranium Rush history to which I was a personal witness because it is interesting how quickly and how easily the gold and oil fever took possession of men in the 1950s. In the spring of 1956 the claim jumpers began a massive invasion. Rancher's Exploration, for example, hired Gus Raney to guard their claims. Gus not only presented a fierce appearance with his long black beard, but he knew how to use a rifle, and had the claim jumpers known that he had killed several men, they would have been more cautious. Slim Cox was another man hired to guard the claims. Several of the claim jumpers who resented the presence of these guards jumped the pair when they were ordered off the premises one day. Gus remarked later that Cox could have whipped four of them, but there were five, so he let Cox fight them a little before he got out his gun and stopped it.

Soon both sides were packing guns with intent to use them. Volton Tietjen captured one of the claim jumpers one evening as he attempted to drive his drilling rig through one of the locked gates under cover of darkness. This man was taken before a group of ranchers, questioned for a long period, threatened, and released. One morning as Gus rode up the canyon on his mule he was ambushed from the top of the mesa. One bullet tore through the fork of his saddle, and only by jerking the mule over the bank of a steep arroyo was his life saved. On another occasion a man and wife secretly drove a caterpillar across the fence and onto some claims where they intended to do assessment work. There was no access to their claims except a foot trail off the mesa, and the caterpillar had been taken into the land in violation of trespass laws. Their objective was to cloud the title of the original claimants, and they would later ask for money to release any claim they might have. They well realized that they could tie up the claims for years while the courts decided the issue and that the real owner would rather settle out of court than spend all the money required to fight each case separately. On the occasion alluded to, Gus came on the claim jumpers as they walked off the mesa where they had left their cat. Gus ordered them off at gunpoint. The claimjumper told Gus to go to hell, jerked out his hunting knife, and charged. Gus warned the man that he'd better kiss his wife goodbye, but it was only when his first shot tore part of the fellow's boot away that he decided to reconsider.

Law officials were sympathetic to legitimate land holders, but they could do little. New Mexico's laws

had not been revised since gold rush days, and there was no legal machinery with which ranchers could cope with the situation, so other means had to be resorted to. On one occasion papers were sworn out by a claim jumper for the arrest of a certain rancher. The sheriff, who knew the situation, conveniently lost the papers—they blew out of his car when he got out to open a gate. Another incident illustrates even better the circuitous route which the law was forced to take. I went out to the claims one morning with my father and found that Gus had captured two claimjumpers and had them handcuffed to a tree. Dad made a quick trip into Gallup to swear out papers. During the trial, the judge upheld "our side" on the grounds that the claim jumpers, in the act of pulling their trailer house onto the claims, had damaged the rangeland by getting so much dust on the grass! The judge ordered the men to remove their trailer house, under escort of one Charles Winstead (a long-time friend of Jeff Tietjen from the Drag A ranch) who was working for Ranchers Exploration. At the property gate Winstead, who was with Jeff Tietjen, got out to open the gate and the pair raced on through, intending to leave him far behind. Winstead was an old FBI agent, however, and it took him only a moment to shoot their tires off. Then Winstead, a tiny man barely over five feet tall, pulled the pair out of the jeep—perhaps a bit roughly to judge by the charges they later preferred against him, alleging that they were "maliciously, wantonly, and willfully attacked and beaten by the defendant with his fists and that the defendant fired shots into, upon and against the pickup truck in which the plaintiffs were riding, and that as a result they suffered severe and permanent fright, great mental and physical pain and anguish as well as embarrassment and harassment all to their damage in the sum of $1500." Had they known that Winstead had been the man who had gunned down John Dillinger, they might have been more frightened. They lost their case.

Separating fact from legend was hard when it came to **Gus Raney.** He was not always completely truthful when it came to his life story. He spent much of his life near Silver City. One story had it that he had killed his first man when he was twelve years old. He had lain down to take a drink out of a creek when a man came along, stepped on his head and held his head under until he very nearly drowned. When he could get up, he snatched the man's gun and shot him. Another story, related by Bud Criswell, himself a man hired to drive homesteaders out of the big cattle ranches, told us that a group of men went over to kill the Raney family and that young Gus managed to slip out the window, get behind the group and killed every one of them. In 1932 Gus found that two men, who had leased his ranch, had slaughtered a number of his goats. He shot both of them, then hauled them into town and turned himself in. One of them lived. He did time in the State Pen until pardoned by Governor Tingey in 1936. He then moved up to the Point of the Malpais. It was said that he worked for various law enforcement agencies including the FBI. He enjoyed telling people about the old white church in the malpais and about the gold bars hidden in the malpais. In 1939 he returned home and found his two teen aged sons drowned in the stock pond. Tongues began to wag that he had killed them but he had a good alibi. In 1973 he killed the notorious Max Atkinson, the bad man of Budville. Max had gotten a beef from Gus but Gus insisted he follow the law that if it were not branded, a cattle inspector had to see it before it was killed. Atkinson went ahead without the inspection. After an argument he charged Gus with a knife and Gus shot him. Again Gus did time for voluntary manslaughter. In 1983 a man and his son came out to Gus' place, intent on getting the gold bars and Gus killed both of them. He died in jail before trial. He may have been a scary guy to some, but he never impressed me as a mean guy. He was quiet and soft spoken.

Thoreau and the logging camps

Thoreau was first called **dloo yazzie** (little prairie dog) by the Navajos. The name came about as follows: There was a Mexican man there who lived underground, in a basement with no structure above ground. He had a large family of children, and they would climb out of their quarters and appear suddenly every morning in a fashion that reminded the Navajos very much of little prairie dogs popping out of their burrows.

In June, 1890, the Mitchell Brothers, Austin and William, bought 314,668 acres of land (492 sections) in the Zuni Mountains from the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad for $2 an acre. They were from Cadillac, Michigan and planned to provide lumber enough for the entire Southwest. A reservoir was built on Cottonweed Creek called the Rock Dam and a town site was laid out and called Mitchell. The brothers contracted with the railroad to ship twelve million feet of lumber a year. The Railroad further agreed to buy all their ties and lumber for their southwestern system. The brothers then negotiated with railroad executives and made an agreement whereby the railroad would construct a spur line into the mountains and the Mitchells would reimburse them. It became known as the Zuni Mountain Railway. In May, a narrow-gauge locomotive arrived. The spur line moved along rapidly at a half mile per day. A month later they started cutting lumber. Then their only locomotive derailed. This caused a shutdown until a replacement could be found and brought in. The new locomotive arrived in late August.

By early 1892 there were 150 people in the new settlement of Mitchell. F.W. Heyn started a general merchandise business. There were two saloons, a movie house, a soda fountain and a hotel. A restaurant called the Mitchell House was in operation as well as a short order cafe. In May the town had a young doctor and several other business houses were going up. The Railroad moved their station from Chavez. Mitchell did not get their own post office until 1898, the mail going to Chavez, several miles to the east. The Mitchells put in a narrow gauge railroad to Square Wells, cut only one section and folded, having been in operation only three months. Their land reverted to the Railroad in 1893. It has been suggested that the brothers became despondent over the economy (Panic of 1893) and they had deep differences with A&P over freight rates.

When the Mitchell Brothers abandoned their claims in 1893, there were only a few scattered sawmills in the mountains. In 1896 the Hyde Exploring Expedition was organized to excavate the Pueblo Bonito Ruins at Chaco Canyon. In time, the expedition developed into an extensive Indian Trading business. Hyde's created a market for Navajo rugs and jewelry and did a prosperous business in several stores. They put up three warehouses and stores at Mitchell and renamed the place Thoreau. In 1903 an Albuquerque firm, the American Lumber Company, bought the Mitchell property and operated until 1913. In 1910, the company sawed 60 million board feet at the Albuquerque sawmill. In most years they averaged 35 million board feet. They had 1500 people on the payroll, of which 700 were cutting logs in the Zuni Mountains. They built spur lines into every major canyon and had 55 miles of primary track. The lumber was sent to Albuquerque by rail. Gene Lambson said they shipped 100 carloads of logs a day out of the Zuni Mountains for twenty years. Kettner was headquarters for American Lumber and was called after a homesteader with that name; it was also known as the Spud Ranch. They had a roundhouse there and a two-story hotel with 40-50 rooms. A large cookhouse was built to feed 700 employees. In 1910 the headquarters were moved to Sawyer. Steve Redosovitch was the cook at Kettner, Sawyer, and then at McGaffey. Gene Lambson was a footracer. One match got up to $5000, but the other side "found a Mexican to outrun Gene".

Amasa B. McGaffey, born in Vermont, came West, tried his hand at cowpunching, found a position as a telegrapher in Holbrook and established a reputation as the most popular and prominent agent the company ever had there. He then entered business for himself in Albuquerque, and came with American Lumber to take over the old Hyde store in Thoreau. As the American Lumber star faded, McGaffey's arose. By 1912 he was in the lumber business on his own and had a lumber operation at Camp Ten and at the Notches. He also built the railroad spur from McGaffey (formerly Shuster Springs) to Perea where it joined the main railroad. He had just settled up his business in 1929 when he died in a plane crash on Mt. Taylor. Mark Elkins and Fat Tietjen were the first on the scene at the crash (having come from San Fidel) and Fat was sitting on an iron box which, unknown to him, contained $50,000 of McGaffey's money. The investigators were frantically combing every foot of ground for that box!

McGaffey had bought only the timber from the McFarland land. He shipped some 50-60,000 board feet a day.

Most of the houses at what is now McGaffey belonged to the lumber company. There was nothing at Shuster Springs until 1912 when he established his mill there. The American Lumber halted all operations and went into receivership when they defaulted on their mortgage bonds. In 1917, through a tangled path, their property went to McKinley Land and Lumber Company, then to West Virginia Timber Company in 1924 whose president was George E. Breece. He built a railroad spur through Zuni Canyon as far as Paxton Springs. Breece operated until 1931 when Prestridge and Seligman took over the company and operated it until 1940. They also hauled their lumber to Albuquerque to have it sawed. Breece later sold land to Ramah settlers.

In 1920 a town planner, **Josiah Branson**, was in Albuquerque. The town of Branson Colorado was named for him after he bought the townsite and developed it. Branson likewise bought all available land around Thoreau for a townsite and sold off lots. In 1926 he and his wife Ava moved to Thoreau and his family became fast friends with the Berryhills. Many ranchers from the outlying areas had to move into Thoreau for a place to send their kids to school. Branson died of botulism after opening some canned meat in Albuquerque.

Claude Bowlin and I K Westbrook came in with American Lumber Company. **W S Horabin** was a partner with McGaffey in the store at Thoreau and Kettner until 1913. In that year they bought the post and sawmill at Guam from Hans Neumann. L C Smith operated the commissary for McGaffey at Thoreau. He put up a trading post at Smith's Lake (it was named after him) in 1908. Later McGaffey, Smith, and Allan organized the Alton Livestock Company. They sold their holdings to Coog Pitts in 1917. Meanwhile, at the other end of the mountains, the Breece Lumber Company built the railroad spur from Grants through Zuni Canyon to Paxton Springs (named for the original homesteader) in 1918. For a brief period of time (1918-1920) the company was called the McKinley County Lumber Company . Breece operated until 1931. In 1933 William R Prestridge and Carl Seligman took over the company and operated it until 1940. Both Breece and the American Lumber Company hauled their timber to Albuquerque to have it sawed.

Frank Childers was ranching in the Smith Lake area. Those were lawless days. Violence seemed unrestrained. Frank related to me a series of killings that took place on the Zuni Mountains:

"Buck Moore was killed in the spring of 1923 at Rice Park. A Tom Mace was taking care of pigs, horses, and so forth for Breece. Mace had worked for Buck Moore previously and the two had had trouble. Buck had run Mace out of his camp because of his constant fighting. Mace had borrowed a Poland China boar from Buck and Buck had taken the pig back home, but he kept getting back out and going over to Mace's place. One day Mace shot the boar, went over to the office, and called out Buck Moore. 'I killed the pig', he shouted, 'What are you going to do about it?' They had a few hot words, then Mace pulled his gun and shot Buck in the eye." Thomas J Mace served five years in the State penitentiary for voluntary manslaughter."

"In 1928 an Old-Mexico Mexican killed Ed Hatley. Old Hatley had horse-whipped him with a rope two or three days before. Hatley didn't have a gun on him when that Mexican killed him. That was the first time I ever heard of him leavin' the house without a gun. He couldn't go get his horses or milk his cow without that gun. This Mexican was down at Grants the day before he killed Hatley. Him and Albert Today, Tony Galvadon and Tony's boy, Tacha. I met them in the road up above Breecetown. I knew all of them except this Mexican and talked to them. The Mexican had a gallon of wine. Next day he killed Old Hatley in his yard. The next day the Mexican ran off. Somebody said, 'If you'll just stick around here a little while, he'll come back. They all come back to where they killed a man.' They stayed there and the next night about midnight he came back and they arrested him. He was in prison two or three years and died."

"In 1918 Ben Wales was killed. I don't know for sure who killed him as I wasn't up there then. I was in

Crownpoint. It was in the wintertime. I don't know whether they called him out the door or not, but he came out of the house and evidently shut the door behind him. They shot him with a .22 caliber special, a pistol. They must have shot him in one hand, for he had to reach up and get that door open and he bled all over the door. He pushed that door in, got inside, shut the door, and pulled his bed over against the door and laid down and died. That was at the Spud Ranch, the other side of Kettner. Old Jim Kern went up there that night after dark to help old Ben bale some hay. He went to the door and hollered and nobody came and he tried to get in and thought the door was locked, so he went on down to Buck Moore's and they came back next day and saw the blood and looked in a window and there old Wales was layin' on the bed dead. I don't know what they killed him for, he never hurt nobody."

Among those who came to the Thoreau area very early was **George Schuster.** He probably located near the San Antone Springs in 1881, but moved about 1889 to the Cottonwood Creek area several miles southwest of Thoreau. Martin Bouvet relinquished his homestead near Bluewater and in 1883 moved to the same place. McClellan, Perea, and Juan Torres were located near there in 1881. In 1882 Charles Kennedy of Albuquerque began buying Railroad land around the town of Thoreau. With James Dimler and Alexander Conrad he formed Kennedy and Company which lasted three years. They sold out to the Tusas Valley Cattle Company. By that time Wiley Weaver of Gallup had joined Kennedy in his ventures.

We have mentioned previously that dancing was perhaps the principal recreation in early-day Thoreau. Considerable variety was shown by the inhabitants. There were the "weight" dances in which the price of admission was a penny for each pound the girl weighed, the "chalk and toe" dance during which the girls lined up behind a curtain, had a number marked on the shoe with chalk, then became that evening's date to the man whose number corresponded with hers. A young lady's evening was so filled with promise dances that regular printed programs were issued so that she might make no mistake.

Something of the spirit of that part of the frontier is revealed in the following incidents related by Frank Childers:

"Tex Casey was working for Old John Neglar at the time. John sent word for him to come get what money he had comin'. They decided that they would have a few drinks and play a little poker. In the drunken poker game, they got mad and Old John Neglar broke Tex Casey's leg with a 2 x 4. Tex got away in the darkness. Old John hunted for him all night and couldn't find him. Tex crawled about a mile out that road to San Antone and we picked him up and took him to the Chadwick place. Later they made up and after Tex's leg got all right he stayed with Old John for awhile."

Fred Murray was known by those around him as "a pretty tough hombre", and they were a breed of men given to understatement. Fred had formerly been one of Roosevelt's Rough Riders. Behind his back some of the cowboys called him "Don'tcha Know" because whenever the conversation turned to the moon as an indicator of the weather, Fred would always reply: *"Don'tcha know the same damn old moon comes up over the Sahara Desert and it never rains there?"* The Mormons in Ramah preferred to be isolated from their neighbors in order that they might be "in the world but not of it." It was against their religion to drink or smoke. An amusing incident occurred in 1913 when Emer Ashcroft was Bishop. The County Commissioners gave a license to Fred Murray to put up a saloon in Ramah. The Bishop counseled ward members not to take a drink even if it was free. **[Murray's saloon advertisement can still be seen on the rocks (low down) on the present highway east of town.]** Sad to say, Murray got some business from Church members. Most of the members were scandalized and loudly objected that they did not need a saloon in their midst and did not want one. They knew that it attracted bad company. Legally the townspeople and the Church could do nothing. Bishop Ashcroft did the only thing within his power: he bought the saloon out. That left a Mormon Bishop (of all people!) in possession of a wagon load of liquor. Emer's daughter Ida related that

"That evening a dance was scheduled and [my brother] Wilford made some boyish promises to "supply liquid refreshment." As Wilford was leaving the house, Emer called him over and told him how much he trusted him. He trusted him so much he said, would he, Wilford, look after the liquor so no boy in town would get in trouble? Wilford honored his father and guarded the tempting wagon all evening. A wise father with principles!!"

Carroll Gunderson first came to Albuquerque from his native Iowa in 1917. He lived awhile in Albuquerque (the old timers called it "Albakerk"), served a term in the Navy, then established a store in Bernalillo. In 1923 he set up a store at Laguna and was there until 1928 when he came to Grants. He went into partnership with a Mr. Bond and the two formed the Bond-Gunderson store. In 1934 a group of six Gallup men made an attempt to hold up the Bond-Gunderson store a few minutes before closing time. Fortunate for some and unfortunately for others, one of the group had revealed the plot to the Sheriff's office at Los Lunas. Word was telegraphed to Grants and a reception committee was hurriedly organized, headed by Fred Murray. Old Man Murray recalled the scene vividly: *"Don'tcha know"*, he said, *"when the first one came in I stood up and told the gentleman to reach for the sky. He wouldn't do it, so I blowed him down."* In the hail of bullets that followed, one other bandit was wounded and died three days later. The other four were captured. One of those dead was the one who had tipped off the sheriff.

Murray was a lawman at the time of our story, an experienced gunfighter. Frank Childers continues with this story:

"Fred Murray had a girl about 14 or 15 years old. There was a Mexican by the name of Joe Diaz who married this girl. Fred was a mounted policeman, so he went and got this girl and brought her home. Later Fred got a warrant for this Mexican, but never could find him. He hid somewhere, no tellin' where he was. Fred finally met this Mexican face to face in the road down there near Thoreau and arrested him. There is a high railroad fill up there. Fred was going to Thoreau and didn't want to fool with him and decided he would chain him to the rails, so he handcuffed him right to the rail and left him. He told this Mexican, 'I'm going to Thoreau. I'll be down there four or five hours. If a train comes by you can kiss this world goodbye.' Then he rode off and left him. It was Sunday and Fred knew there wouldn't be any trains by. When he got back, he told me that Mexican had dug a hole under that rack big enough to bury a horse in and that he was foamin' at the mouth. Fred took him up to Kettner, chained him up in a room for a night and a day, then compromised and turned him loose. I worked with this Mexican years later and he had epileptic fits. I asked someone why he had those fits and they said he'd had those since Old Fred Murray chained him to the railroad track." Another story that Childers told me was this:

"During the Breece Lumber Company times – it must have been 1924 – they had a bootlegger joint there in Thoreau. Three Mexicans and Whalen, (a lumberjack) and a gambler got in a poker game. Finally they got into this fight and this Mexican shot Old Whalen right in the neck, pretty near cut his jugular vein. He started bleedin' and got away. This gambler shot the Mexican; shot him down from across the table, then went around and got him by the hand and raised him up and shot him three times right here in the chest. He lived, though, right here in Grants until 2 or 3 years ago. That Whalen – I'm tellin' you it scared him – he got to be a pretty good man after that."

The Gallup Herald offered its readers some further details:

"Robert Early Wilson arrived with his two companions and Whalen at 7 o'clock Sunday evening... After several unfair deals, Whalen tried to hold his big friend against the wall. The first shot brought him

(Whalen) down. Policario Lopez who had quite a reputation in Thoreau as a bad man and who is mortally feared by Thoreau Mexicans (was) out under bond for cutting up another Mexican in Grants week before last... Wilson hit Lopez then Lopez shot Wilson through the fingers. Wilson ducked behind a table... The Lopez boys and strangers started shooting at each other in dead earnest. When the smoke cleared, the Mexican bad man lay on the floor with four or five bullet wounds in his body and his brother Justiano was also severely wounded in the shoulder. Wilson... ran to the street. Three shots were fired at him and his companions as they attempted to start their car. They made their way into the woods and spent the night."(Nov 29, Dec 13, 1924).

May Berryhill, my grandmother, lived just across the street and told me the rest of the story:

"We were awakened that night when we heard Whalen at the back door, cryin' "Let me in, let me in!" We lighted a lamp. He was bloody from head to foot. "My God, help me!", he said, "I'm killed. They shot me." I took him in and fixed him up after bandaging his wounds. "Put out the light", he kept begging me, "they'll come over here and kill me!", but we kept a light in the kitchen all night. In the morning I cut out the bullet with a butcher knife. It had entered his neck and gone down his back. He was well enough to ride back to the lumber camp that morning and didn't want to stay in town any longer."

Gene Lambson recalls some incidents about Thoreau in a lighter vein:

"There was one fellow came in supposed to be a preacher. He had a meeting two or three times a week and passed the plate. He was a fake preacher and used the money to buy shotgun shells. Then he would go out and shoot them up at target practice. We all wore six shooters in them days and we got together and said, 'How will we get rid of him?' So we decided to take the girls in and be good boys. When he started to pass the plate I got up. I had those big rowelled spurs on and I drug them up the aisle. That scared him, he jumped up and ran and never came back."

"Another time at Thoreau – it was Christmas – there was a bunch of Swedes come in to the dance from the lumber camps. They had gone into Gallup to get liquor. We saw a bunch of Swedes get off the train with whiskey in those five-gallon demijohns. We decided how we was goin' to get it. I was ridin' a buckskin mare. I asked this old boy to see it. He handed it to me and I just rode off with it. He sure squealed..."

"Another time there was a Swede come into a dance with a quart in his Mackinaw. I knocked him down when he came in the door and got his whiskey before he hit the ground."

Stories of Chaco Canyon

A tragedy occurred in 1926. Up Kimbito Wash lived Santiago Platero. The name Platero means silverworker in Spanish. He learned how to fashion the necessary parts of a homemade still. A Navajo neighbor was threatening to turn him into the stockman, Kimmel. Platero got quite angry and threatened to kill the neighbor and Kimmel if they should learn about his still. It was his livelihood. The next day, Kimmel, totally unaware of what had transpired, set out on a trip with his wife and interpreter on a journey that would take them by Platero's hogan. The interpreter wanted to stop and get a bracelet Platero was making for him. Platero hid in the back rooms, but had been seen. The interpreter insisted on seeing him, not explaining the reason for his visit to Platero's two wives. Kimmel walked around back and Platero panicked, firing through the window at him and killing him. The still was found and the search for Platero spread over the countryside. Platero was found hiding in the bad-

lands by relatives and persuaded to surrender. On the way in he was accosted by a group of 16 white men, according to the Farmington newspaper, and hanged. These were cowboys from the Seven Lakes country, highly sympathetic to Kimmel. Mark Elkins records the event; he does not mention that he was there personally, but it is clear he was. Jeff Tietjen, 17 years old, was there also.

Nas Kirk was a son of Louis Kirk and brother of Louie Kirk. Nas married Ruth Presley, daughter of Kels Presley. For many years Nas was the storekeeper in Jones' store in Thoreau, but he worked for both the 6A ranch and for Cug Pitt. "Colonel Springstead" was his brother-in-law and had the trading post at Chaco Canyon. This story by Nas is typical of the deviltry cowboys engaged in, some of dangerous.

"Colonel Springstead and I were ridng one time down on the Chaco Wash we found one of Dad's big bull calves that was on the yearling stage that wasn't branded. Colonel told me to try and catch the calf and we would brand him and get our dinner at the same time. Said I could eat one of his seeds and he would eat the other. It had been raining a lot in the country and the cattle were all fat. I used a hoolyann loop so I wouldn't run the calf. I knew we were going to have to bust him to ever get him down. I let him cross over the rope and Colonel got hold of him. I came with a pigin' string to tie him down with. We got him all tied and got us a fire started with a little bit of dry brush that was laying around. He was a big old thing had horns about an inch and a half long. Too long to do a good job of dehorning him so I just left them."

"Colonel was setting on the head all of this time. In that country, when you branded one on the outside like that you always tried to get near where the cattle bedded down so you could gather a few cow chips as they would make a good hot fire for you to brand with. While the iron was getting hot, I castrated the calf and marked him then put the T\ on him. Colonel had set on his head so long he got a little stiff. I got hold of the rope to untie the calf. Colonel was standing there stomping the circulation back into his feet and legs when I turned him loose. The calf's Mama had been standing around there stomping the ground and pawing up the dust and when I turned the steer loose I pointed him toward Colonel and hollered to him to run that the cow was after him. Well Colonel took off and that long legged boy could run! His spurs sorta hindered him some and the calf hit him one time then turned on me; I got behind my horse and Colonel kept running. I finally got him to stop and I think he must have run about fifty yards or so before he realized nothing was after him. I didn't dare laugh at him as he was three years older than I. I tried to hold a straight face but couldn't; I had to laugh at him some; I knew he would do the same thing to me if he got a chance."

The Tietjens Meet the Outlaws

– Stories of Billy the Kid, Bronco Bill, Henry Coleman, Buck Wilcoxson, and Gib Graham and others would not fit within this framework. They are available by e-mail from garytietjen1@msn.com.