

AYER Y HOY en Taos

Yesterday and Today in Taos County and
Northern New Mexico



TAOS AND THE BATAAN CAMPAIGN

Jack Boyer's story of the fighting men of
Taos and their defense of the Philippines page 3

FALL 1988

\$1.00

A publication of the Taos County Historical Society

EDITOR'S PAGE

by David L. Caffey

NEW MEXICO IS a good place to learn about Memorial Day. Most of the men in my family have come of prime age for soldiering between wars; I've not lost a close relative in war, and only one friend that I can think of. I have lived most of my life in places where Memorial Day was, for most of us, just a welcome day off from school or work. I'm sure there were observances taking place under the auspices of veterans' groups, but they were easily missed by those who had other things to do.

In northern New Mexico, it is not quite like that. To drive by the national cemetery in Santa Fe on Memorial Day, and to see families scattered among the headstones on that neatly manicured hillside, is to know that those markers stand for real men who really died, who are remembered and missed by people who really loved them.

Likewise, a pleasant drive through the Moreno Valley on Memorial Day can get you snarled in traffic unlike anything this side of the Big Orange--vets with hardships, costly sacrifices, and lost friends to remember, and lots and lots of war mothers, all of them headed to or from the DAV Memorial at Angel Fire. People with reasons to remember.

Jack Boyer's story of the Bataan Campaign and its aftermath, and of the men of Taos and "Battery H," shows why many New Mexicans have reason to take such observances personally. The Taos Valley often seems deceptively isolated from the military-industrial affairs of the world, but Jack's memoir shows just how much Taos and northern New Mexico have contributed, in the basic human commodity of war, to the country's defense. It is a story of unbelievable hardship and seemingly unbearable sacrifice, and it is no wonder that the men of the 200th Coast Artillery have been remembered in the state's Bataan Building in Santa Fe, in the Bataan Recreational Center of the Town of Taos, and in numerous other monuments and memorials around the state.

Jack has had occasion to recall the events of 1941-45 when called upon to speak for various dedicatory ceremonies. It is easy to believe him when he says that such remembering is hard.

There were others from Taos in the area, of course. Helen Blumenschein was a mail censor with the Women's Army Corps in the south Pacific. Ted Egri, who soon moved to Taos, was a map maker aboard the U.S.S. Blue Ridge, an amphibious command ship that led MacArthur's invasion to liberate the Philippines. Ted helped decorate shipboard editions of *Time* and *Collier's*--thus the art for this issue's cover.

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Cover: *OVER THE SIDE! Shipboard NEWSWEEK COVER illustration by Ted Egri, USS Blue Ridge, 1945.*

ISSUE NO. 7: FALL 1988

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Published semi-annually by the Taos County Historical Society. AYER Y HOY publishes materials of historical interest in Taos County and the northern New Mexico area, including articles of a scholarly nature and informal narratives judged to be of general interest. Editorial contributions are welcome.

AYER Y HOY is mailed to all members of the Taos County Historical Society as a benefit of membership:

Individual or subscription	\$5
Family membership	\$10
Sustaining membership	\$25

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TAOS AND THE BATAAN CAMPAIGN

by Jack Boyer

IT IS AN HONOR to tell the story of the men of the 200th Coast Artillery (Antiaircraft), who fought in defense of the Philippines and were Japanese Prisoners of War during World War II. It is also difficult to recall the horrors--the ill treatment by the Japanese guards, the deaths of so many friends, the dysentery, diarrhea, malaria, dengue, pellagra, the wet and dry beriberi that we suffered without any medical treatment; the starvation diet and always being hungry; the cold, miserable weather in Japan without adequate clothing, blankets, or fuel; the slave work demanded by the Japanese; the "Bataan Death March," and later the "Hell Ships" to Japan; the lack of communication with our families back home; and the uncertainty of trying to live just one day at a time. The story may not be pretty, but it is true.

NEW MEXICO'S 200th COAST ARTILLERY

BY 1938, horse cavalry was one of the branches of service in the U.S. Army deemed obsolete by the War Department. Though the 11th Cavalry, New Mexico National Guard, had served our state and nation well, it was selected to be converted to Antiaircraft Artillery. I joined in April 1938, as a buck Private in Troop K of the 11th, earning \$1.00 per drill night or \$15.00 per month. The U.S. was in a deep depression, so this seemed a lot of money, and I hoped that with the training and experience, I could advance.

The new Battery "H" in Taos was to be an automatic weapons battery, using the latest 37 millimeter guns. Though we lost our cavalry horses in 1938, it was September 1941 before we received all of our guns, trucks and equipment. So for the time being, we read and studied Army training and technical manuals and kept our 30.06 Springfield rifles and .45 Colt automatics clean and shining.

In the spring of 1940, all officers and 100 non-commissioned officers attended a training school at Socorro under supervision of the 62nd Coast Artillery (Antiaircraft) from Fort MacArthur, California. At the conclusion of the school, each trainee took an examination which was used to select new officers for the 200th. I received my commission as a 2nd lieutenant and was assigned to Battery "H." My pay was now \$75.00 per month.

By 1940, the war in Europe was going very badly for the Allied Forces, and much of our surplus, and even new equipment, was being shipped to them. Training for all U.S. units was stepped up. National Guard units were ordered into federal service for one year of training. On January 6, 1941, men of the 200th reported to their armories for examination and induction. By January 15, all units had reported to Fort Bliss and were stationed on Logan Heights. Soon there were four other antiaircraft regiments there with us. We had reported with 750 officers and men. With additional volunteers and selectees, the regiment grew to about 2,300 officers and men. Battery "H" left Taos with 60 men and 4 officers, and grew to a strength of 186 enlisted personnel.

THE 200th SHIPS OUT

IN EARLY AUGUST, 1941, the 200th Regiment was notified of its selection for overseas assignment, because of the highly satisfactory state of training it had attained. The 200th was designated as the best Antiaircraft artillery regiment available in the U.S. armed forces for use in an area of critical military importance--regular army or otherwise. Our chests swelled with pride, though we did not know where we were going, nor could we know what we would experience before returning to the United States. Our destination was a highly guarded secret; in fact, none of us could tell our families where we were going, because we didn't know ourselves. We only knew that we would be shipping out of San Francisco. When we arrived at Pier 45 to board ship, there on the dock were all of our equipment, guns, and trucks, all stamped in bold white letters, "200th CA(AA), Manila, P.I." Some secret!

By mid-September 1941, both Battalions had arrived at Fort Stotsenberg, Luzon, with orders to provide air defense for nearby Clark Army Airfield, our main air base in the Philippines. So this was the area of "critical military importance." It was that. Reconnaissance flights from Clark Field revealed that the Japanese forces were building up for a major operation, which we knew had to have as its objective the Philippine Islands. The Japanese had already bypassed us, and were working their way down to Singapore and Java. General MacArthur, our Supreme Commander, requested permission to bomb this build-up before it left Formosa, but he was told that the enemy must make the first overt act of war. Japan did, of course, and really clobbered us.

WAR COMES TO THE PHILIPPINES

AS THE 200th NOW HAD all of its equipment and weapons, we set up our batteries for the first time in combat positions. These positions were around Clark Field. At 3 a.m. on December 8, 1941, Manila time, we were alerted that Pearl Harbor had been bombed by Japanese aircraft at 8:30 a.m., Hawaii time. Japanese planes were soon reported over northern Luzon, and at 12:35, we received the first of many enemy air attacks. One of our two casualties that day was Corporal Martin Trujillo, the first Taos National Guardsman to give his life for his country. That day the Japanese pilots learned that our three inch guns were ineffective above 10,000 feet, and we learned that only one round out of eight fired would burst. We were using World War I ammunition and guns.

Because Manila was without anti-aircraft protection, the 200th was ordered to send 500 men and about 15 officers to Manila to form a new anti-aircraft regiment, which became the 515th. Expected reinforcements from the U.S. would bring both regiments up to full strength. At 6:00 p.m. on December 8, I took 70 men from Battery "C," 200th Coast Artillery (Anti-aircraft), and proceeded to Fort Santiago, Manila. We were issued full equipment and guns for the new Battery "C," 515th CA(AA). By daybreak, I was in position near Nichols field, a short distance south of Manila. We were just in time to be strafed by Japanese fighter planes.

As we were setting up, 97 others with 50 trucks were detached from the 200th and sent to Manila to man fifty 75 millimeter guns which had arrived with our 2nd Battalion. The original personnel for this unit made it as far as Australia, but never arrived in the Philippine Islands. Many of our men were transferred to other units, so that the 200th regiment was soon down to about 1,000 officers and men.

Landing on both the northern and southern tips of Luzon Island, the Japanese began a drive toward Manila, pushing back our infantry, cavalry, and tank units. As the situation grew more serious, War Plan 3 was activated, requiring all units to withdraw into the Bataan Peninsula. On Christmas Eve, 1941, I was ordered to evacuate Manila and set up anti-aircraft defense for the big bridge at Calumpit, a bridge our southern Luzon forces would cross to reach Bataan. As soon as our last tank crossed the bridge, I crossed with my battery. Then our engineers blew the bridge. After leaving Calumpit Bridge, I moved Battery "C" to the Balanga Strip, located near the head of Bataan Peninsula. We suffered our only casualty when Staff Sergeant Felipe Trejo, Taos Guardsman, was killed by a muzzle burst from one of the three-inch guns.

By mid-January, 1942, several non-commissioned officers received battlefield promotions to help fill vacancies in the 200th and 515th regiments. Along with other 1st Lieutenants who were commanding batteries,

I was promoted to Captain. I was then transferred to Regimental Headquarters as Plans and Operations Officer. I served in that capacity until our surrender.

THE HELP THAT NEVER CAME

WE WERE NOW ALL TRAPPED on Bataan, still waiting for reinforcements to break through from the U.S. We soon realized that none were coming. The war in Europe was more important than rescuing a few American troops trapped in the Philippines. In spite of that, our morale remained high. We were determined to make the Japanese pay a high price to defeat us.

In the early months of 1942, our situation deteriorated. Constant air and ground attacks slowly pushed our front lines backward; but starvation and disease took a higher toll on us than did the Japanese. Every soldier on Bataan was sick, some more than others. Only those wounded who could not be patched up by their medics were sent to our two rear hospitals. The supply of Quinine exhausted, our only remaining P-40 plane was used to make flights to Cebu and Mindanao for medical supplies. Food supplies were also being depleted. By February all units were placed on half rations, and in March, this was cut to 1/3 ration. We had eaten all the horses of the 26th Cavalry, the mules of the Quartermaster pack trains, and nearly exhausted all the water buffalo and edible wild animals on Bataan. We were not sure who would win--the Japanese, or starvation and disease.

It was mentioned earlier that the main Japanese force had bypassed the Philippines in their conquest of the south Pacific. But it was annoying to the Imperial High Command to have such a small force in the Philippines holding out against them. A large contingent of Japanese army units was sent back from the south Pacific to extinguish this small fire. Mounting major attacks along our front line, the Japanese were able to penetrate our front lines by April 7, 1942, and no organized infantry or tank units were left to face them. The two roads of retreat on Bataan were choked with fleeing soldiers. The 200th and 515th were ordered to destroy their equipment and form what became the last line of resistance to the Japanese. General Edward King hoped to reorganize behind our line and try to stop the Japanese. Our line held until April 9, when General King realized the futility of further resistance and surrendered our forces on Bataan. This left General Wainwright trapped with about 8,000 men on Corregidor Island. Since all forces in the Philippines were not surrendered by General King, the men on Bataan were considered by the Japanese as Captive War Criminals, rather than Prisoners of War. We were not accorded the protection of the Geneva Convention. It was over two years before we were acknowledged as Japanese Prisoners of War, and word was sent to our families that we were still alive.

PRISONERS OF WAR

THE BATTLE OF BATAAN was now over. The American survivors could feel justly proud of our accomplishment, as we had held the Japanese off for three months, only to be overwhelmed by starvation and disease. General Jonathan Wainwright later said of our efforts, "On December 7, 1941, when the Japanese unexpectedly attacked the Philippine Islands, the 200th CA(AA) was the first to fire on the enemy and to go into action defending our flag in the Pacific and the last unit on Bataan to lay down arms."

Though the fighting was over, the battle to survive as Japanese Prisoners of War was just beginning. It is difficult for me or any other POW to express the ordeal we endured over the next 3½ years: the pain, lack of food and medicine, the beatings and inhuman treatment, and the humiliation practiced by the Japanese. Our small group had dared to stand up and defy the mighty Imperial Japanese forces and His Imperial Majesty, Emperor Hirohito. The Japanese were determined that we should pay for that defiance, and we did. My own experience may give you some indication of what other POWs were suffering.

On April 9, 1942, the day of our surrender, we were assembled in an open area near Cabacaben. A Japanese field artillery unit was positioned behind us, using us as a shield against counter-fire from Corregidor. Several rounds fell among us, causing some casualties before we could flee. Forming a column, we began walking toward San Fernando. We had walked perhaps four or five miles when some of us, including me, were picked up by a convoy of Japanese trucks returning to the rear. Late that night we arrived in San Fernando, where we spent the night in a pen used by Japanese cavalry. Exhausted and hungry, we lay down to rest in the mud and manure. In the morning we were packed into small steel box cars for the trip to Camp O'Donnell. We were so tightly packed that everybody had to stand. The doors were closed and locked. The heat and stench were overwhelming, and we all had dysentery. As we had no water for several days, we became dehydrated. Those who died, died standing up. Detraining at Capas, we walked the remaining miles to Camp O'Donnell, a Philippine Army training camp. After a thorough search, in which such highly valuable military items as Parker pens, Elgin watches, and other personal effects were confiscated, we were forced to sit in the hot Philippine sun while the Japanese officers decided what to do with us. Another group of POWs, including members of the 200th and 515th, entered the area--the last of the captives to be picked up by trucks on Bataan. From this group, five of our officers, including Captain Reynaldo Gonzales, and five non-commissioned officers were taken away. They were never seen again, nor did we ever learn the reason for their deaths.

Camp O'Donnell--what a Hell hole! We had hardly finished building a double fence

around ourselves when the men who walked the Bataan Death March began to straggle in. When all the men captured on Bataan had arrived in Camp O'Donnell, we tallied about 6,000 prisoners, but about 3,500 men had died on the infamous march. Our meals consisted of a small cup of cooked rice and a bowl of watery soup made from vegetable tops. Long pit latrines soon became breeding grounds for millions of flies. I can still hear the roar, not the hum, of those flies. We ate with one hand, while trying to keep flies off our food with the other. Those fortunate enough not to have dysentery, diarrhea, or malaria before coming to Camp O'Donnell, soon had it. We were soon burying from 50 to 100 men a day, while deaths in the Filipino camp nearby approached 1,000 per day. Trying to bring some order out of this chaos, we reorganized our units, putting officers with their men. I was assigned a barracks of 200 sick men, and I worked with our four medical officers in trying to save some of them. Work details out of camp brought back some quinine and sulfathiazol, but it was never enough to cure--only enough to ease the pain. I came down with severe dysentery and would have died if Sergeant Youngblood of Battery "G" had not given me enough sulfa to pull me through. Sergeant Youngblood died later in camp. In spite of our efforts, conditions at O'Donnell grew worse. In June 1942, all remaining POWs, except 500 of the sickest men, were transferred to Camp Cabanatuan. Some 2,200 men died and were buried at Camp O'Donnell. These, plus the 3,500 lost on the Death March, brought our losses to about 5,700 men.

Though living conditions were better at Cabanatuan, it took some time before it had much effect on the Bataan survivors. Our losses remained high--about thirty men a day. Burial details were a heartbreaking and gruesome task for us. Though our men became scattered in this big camp, buddies still managed to stay together, and all continued helping the other members of the 200th and 515th. Because of this feeling and help, we lost fewer men, proportionately, than other units in the camps. Given the conditions at Camp O'Donnell and Camp Cabanatuan, the morale of the New Mexicans remained high.

On October 8, 1942, 1,202 POWs sailed from Manila to Japan. The transports were old freighters carrying war loot--steel, rubber, rice, scrap--to Japan. The bottoms of the holds were used to carry prisoners. This was the first of eleven "Hell ships" to leave Manila for Japan, Manchuria, and Korea. On November 1, 1942, Dow Bond and I sailed on the *Nagata Maru* with 1,700 POWs. We arrived in Japan on November 25, after losing 157 men en route. We were confined on the bottom level, which had previously been used for stabling cavalry horses. We had just enough space to stretch out, but could not sit up, nor were we allowed on deck for the entire 25 day voyage. The stench when we went down was nothing compared to that when we arrived in Japan. Still, our losses

were nothing compared to those of later "Hell ships." When the last ship arrived in Japan, over 10,800 POWs had sailed from Manila, but only 5,518 arrived alive in Japan--a loss of 5,582 men. This brought our losses to about 14,500 men since our surrender--a loss of over half our American Prisoners of War.

Landing at Moji, my group crossed by ferry to Shimonoseki to entrain for Osaka, where 200 of us were sent to the Tanagawa POW camp. Our enlisted men worked in the yards some four miles from camp, building submarines. We arrived from the Philippines with tropical clothing--khaki shirts, shorts, and sandals. The winter weather and crude living conditions continued to take their toll. We no longer had burial details, but trips carrying bodies to a crematory about five miles from camp. We celebrated our first Christmas in Japan with a prayer service, after which the Japanese issued American Red Cross boxes. The guards each took a box and gave us one box for ten men. Have you ever tried to divide a can of corned beef or a one-ounce can of jelly into ten equal servings? Since Tanagawa was a work camp, the surplus officers were transferred to the Zentsuji camp, near Takamatsu, early in 1943.

Upon our arrival at Zentsuji, we found American officers from Wake and Guam, as well as British, Canadian, Australian, New Zealand, Dutch, and Javanese officers captured in the south Pacific. About 200 enlisted personnel, mostly U.S. Marines, made up details working on the docks at Takamatsu. What a sight we skeletons from Bataan were to these well groomed, well clothed, well fed men. We thought on seeing them that we had arrived in Paradise, and that the rest of the war would be a lark. We were issued British Army woolen clothing and another blanket. For the first time since leaving the Philippines, we were warm and had a full stomach. There was even a library of books to read. But our luck caught up with us again. As the war began to go against Japan in the south Pacific and MacArthur's forces began their long trip back to the Philippines, conditions changed for the worse at Zentsuji. Rice rations were cut drastically, and the soup got more watery. We became farmers, with a promise that we could eat all we raised; but most of our crops went to the Japanese. Still, our morale remained high. On work details outside the camp, we managed to steal newspapers, which were translated by our Naval attache. So we were able to keep up with the war. We knew when the Philippines were retaken and when Okinawa fell to the Marines. These losses sent the Japanese into a frenzy; we were treated worse, and food issues were cut again. In June 1945, Camp Zentsuji was closed, and the POWs were scattered to other camps on the main island of Honshu. Our Bataan veterans were sent to Camp Roku Roshi, about 200 miles north of Kyoto, the old capital of Japan.

Detraining at Fukui, we walked about ten miles into the nearby mountains, which re-

minded us of our hills in the Taos Valley. The lice that we worked so hard to get rid of in Zentsuji caught up with us again. Rations hit bottom--we were getting less than a tea cup of cooked rice or millet, and watery soup made of lilies. We knew that with no heat, no food, and with the heavy snows in this area, there was no way we could survive until spring. Still, we made preparations as if we could; we gathered and dried more lilies and began to clear a hillside of stumps, rocks and grass for our next year's sweet potato patch. Our morale and hopes stayed high, because we could see our B-29 bombers on their bombing flights over our area, and we saw the flames and smoke of Fukui following a series of air raids. Then, about August 10, the Japanese commandant called in five American officers to ask us what new weapon the U.S. Air Force was using--as if after 3½ years as POWs, we would know what weapons our forces were now using! So we knew that the U.S. had a devastating new weapon. We later learned of the atomic bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. None of us would have survived another winter or the landing of our troops on Japan, as we were to be killed before the invasion.

Early on September 2, we heard over a stolen radio that the war was over. All POWs were to stay in their camps awaiting Army rescue teams. We were instructed to paint "PW" in large letters on the roofs of our buildings. A team of five officers left our camp to go to Kyoto, hoping to secure some food for us. Some of the POWs there asked if any officers of the 200th or 515th were at Roku Roshi. When told that there were fourteen such officers there, our enlisted men sent part of their food to us. When the five officers returned, each carrying a blanket full of food, everybody was elated until the leader said, "Those New Mexicans are still taking care of one another. This food was sent by enlisted men to their officers and not for the rest of us." Needless to say, we shared the food with the other officers, but this incident shows the bond that existed between the officers and men of the 200th and the 515th. Many times in the camps, officers would sit and talk about their units and brag on their enlisted men. It always ended with one of them saying, "Our men were good; still, when I had to select men for a work detail, I always tried to get men from the 200th and the 515th, because no matter how distasteful and arduous the detail was, the work had to be done and they did it without a lot of griping and sloughing off. They still had respect for officers, regardless of the situation." You know how good that made us New Mexicans feel. We didn't have to brag on our men; we let the other officers do it for us.

FREE AT LAST

WHILE IN KYOTO, our officers had the International Red Cross contact Saipan with the location of our camp. The next day, a B-29 came over and bombed us with food and cloth-

ing. They dropped 55 gallon drums of food right down through the roofs of our barracks and large bundles of clothing and shoes. What a feast we had! In a few days, a rescue team of doctors, nurses and corpsmen came to check us over and get us on a train for Yokahama. At Yokahama, those of us able to travel by ship were sent on to Manila. Those too sick were sent to an Army hospital and later flown to Manila. Because we were so thin and underweight--I weighed a little over 90 pounds--we were kept in Manila for a month or so in order to gain some weight and flesh.

Upon arriving at San Francisco, we cleared through Letterman Army General Hospital before being sent on to Bruns Army Hospital in Santa Fe, or to William Beaumont Hospital at Fort Bliss, whichever was closer to our homes. After hospitalization at Bruns Hospital, I decided to make a career of the Army. After attending orientation courses at Fort Bliss, Fort Sill, Oklahoma; Fort Riley, Kansas; Fort Knox, Kentucky; and Fort Benning, Georgia, I reported to Fort Bliss for duty. After two years of service, during which my health continued to deteriorate, I was retired for physical disabilities at Fort Sam Houston in 1948.

Though we had been doomed to defeat since October 1941, and written off as expendable, our efforts and losses in the Philippines and later in the POW camps were not all in vain. All through this campaign, our morale remained high, and we fought such a good fight that the Japanese felt it necessary to crush our gallant troops once and for all. To do this, though, they had to weaken their south Pacific forces. This so delayed their southern campaign that they were unable to recover fast enough to invade Australia. The Aussies will tell you that we, the "Battling Bastards of Bataan," saved them from invasion. So you can readily see my pride in having served with these fine brave men of Taos.

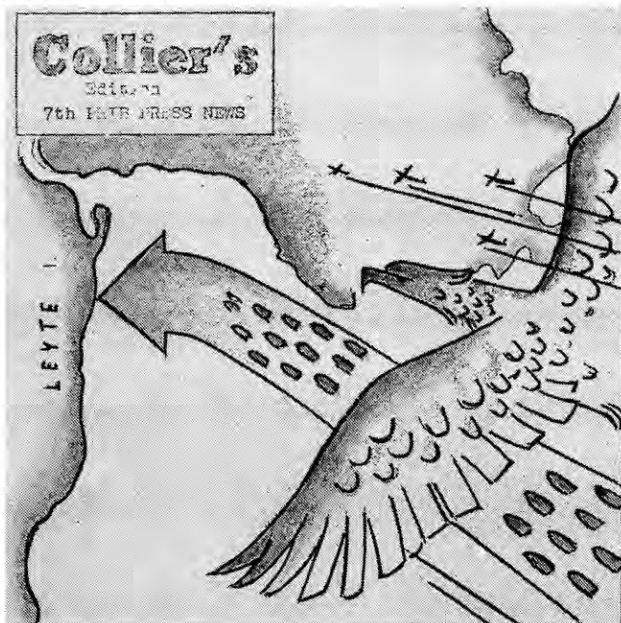


Illustration for shipboard edition of COLLIER'S magazine, by Ted Egri, 1944.

Taos Men in the Bataan Campaign

Original Battery "H" of Taos, New Mexico

Cecil Clemmons
 Jim Lujan, died at Fukuoka POW camp, 1945
 Earl Harris
 Charles Mares, died at Camp O'Donnell, 1942
 Alfred Brink, died at Camp O'Donnell, 1942
 Paul Trujillo
 John Vickery
 Jimmie K. Lujan
 Louis Leroux
 Onofre Montoya
 Robert Boggs
 Ray Burch
 Antonio Martinez, died in POW camp
 Teodoro Montoya
 Horacio Montoya
 Phillip F. Rivera
 Arthur Sandoval, died Camp Cabanatuan, 1942
 Richard G. Romero, died in POW camp
 Thomas Santistevan, died in POW camp
 Felix Aragon, died at Camp O'Donnell, 1942
 Joe L. Coca, died in POW camp
 Jose Cordova, died in POW camp
 Joe A. Medina
 Ernesto N. Garcia
 Filadelfio Cordova, died in POW camp
 Telesfor Gonzales, died Camp O'Donnell, 1942
 James Hopkins, died on Bataan, 1942
 Joe I. Lujan, died at Camp O'Donnell, 1942
 Gustavo Lucero, died in POW camp, 1942
 George Mares
 Robert Medina
 Maclovio Gonzales, died Camp O'Donnell, 1942
 Lupe Lucero, died en route to Japan, 1944
 Juan J. Martinez
 Joe A. Segura
 Manuel J. Garcia, died in service
 Martin Trujillo, died Fort Stotsenberg, 1941
 Ambrosio Sandoval, died in POW camp
 Jerry Lucero, died in POW camp
 Ben Montoya
 Charles A. Trujillo, died in POW camp
 Ruben Laforette, died, Cabcaben, 1942
 Moises Miera, died in POW camp
 Jose M. Romero
 Miguel Tafoya
 Fernando Concha, died Camp O'Donnell, 1942
 Stephen Sanchez
 Gustavo Santistevan
 Armando Trujillo
 Santana Romero
 Adonis N. Cordova, died at Cabcaben, 1942
 Luciano S. Martinez, died in POW camp
 Jake J. Padilla, died Camp Cabanatuan, 1942
 Thomas Cook
 Henry Lujan
 Gilbert Medina
 Elizardo Romero
 Albert Montoya
 Esaguas Vargas
 William Woods

Original Battery "H" Officers:

Captain Dallas P. Vinette
 1 Lt. Reynaldo Gonzales, died in Camp O'Donnell, 1942
 1 Lt. Dow G. Bond
 1 Lt. Jack K. Boyer

Taos men with other units:

Tony Reyna
 Tomas Garcia
 Moises Sanchez
 Valdemar de Herrera

BOOK REVIEWS

A Writer's Eye: Field Notes and Watercolors by Paul Horgan. Introduction by David McCullough. New York: Harry N. Abrams, Inc., 1988. Pp. 95. Illustrated.

IN ADDITION to plowing through dusty archives, Paul Horgan has used painting as an important part of his historical research. Horgan saw his art work as a means of capturing the mood of a place and recalling his feelings to memory when writing about that place. A crisp summary biography by David McCullough emphasizes Horgan's connection to New Mexico beginning in 1915 (when he was twelve). In examining the art, McCullough concludes that Horgan "isn't just doing research, he is entering heart and mind into the spirit of setting." McCullough's lively prose sets an appropriate tone for the highly quotable passages that follow.

While he refers to himself as an amateur artist, and his art as field notes, Horgan's art works are evocative when placed (as is done here) together with snippets from his books. He observes that "landscape is so often character. It is so often joined with destiny." He traveled the length of the Rio Grande three times in the course of writing *Great River*, and visited certain sites on numerous occasions: "It was my compelling duty to travel five hundred miles for a proper sentence." He made about two hundred drawings and paintings of "places, objects, and atmospheres" for *Great River*, and still more for *Conquistadores* and *Lamy of Santa Fe*.

He perceives his journeys, however, not so much in miles as in time, and in explaining the scene and mood of his art work, he gives us also captured moments of the writer's life. Passages from Horgan's work often read like narrative painting. The art itself is appealing for being simple, unpretentious, and altogether pleasant to behold. This short book is a good sampler of both the thought and art of one of this country's fine historians.

David L. Witt
Taos

Mayordomo: Chronicle of an Acequia in Northern New Mexico. Stanley Crawford. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1988. Pp. xii, 231.

Mayordomo is an example of informative non-fiction writing at its best--somewhat in the tradition of John McPhee, John Graves, and George Plimpton. Moreover, it has been perceived as a fine piece of living archeology, as Crawford documents in personal, human terms, a social and economic system indigenous to northern New Mexico with roots that run deep in the soil and the history of the region.

Like the above named writers, Crawford got his information through first hand experience--in his case, on the business end of a shovel helping clean the ancient *acequia* that waters his property, and later as *mayordomo*, managing the ditch operation.

Crawford took his authentic experience as a *parciante*, or member having water rights in the ditch association, and applied his skill as a writer of smooth and sensitive prose. The result is a narrative of one year in the life of the *acequia*. Crawford explains the mechanics of the age-old system of water rights, first giving the reader a grasp of Spanish language terms central to the subject of the ditch and the human structure built around it.

Perhaps the most significant contribution is Crawford's account of the human organism of the ditch association. He shows the pervasive meaning of the ditch and water for the community of those who are bound together by their mutual dependence on the life-giving artery, and on each other. The structure of governance, with elected *mayordomo* and ditch commissioners, is rooted in longstanding tradition. So too are the obligations of each *parciante* in helping clean and repair the ditch each spring, and in following the instructions of the *mayordomo* as he supervises distribution of the all-important water. As *mayordomo*, Crawford administers the long-established duties of his office, at the same time dealing with the individual differences and difficulties that are bound to occur in any system involving humans.

Crawford first came to know the *acequia* system as an outsider and a newcomer to the area. Thus he did not accept it as a universal fact, but he saw it as a unique human institution, characteristic of a culture; he took note of phenomena that natives to the area might have taken for granted, and found them worthy of the attention of readers outside the culture of the Hispanic villages.

The value of Crawford's chronicle was recognized immediately by the University of New Mexico Press, and by the Western States Arts Federation, which awarded it the 1988 Western States Book Award for Creative Non-Fiction.

David L. Caffey
Taos

Yellow Sun, Bright Sky: The Indian Country Stories of Oliver La Farge. Edited and with an introduction by David L. Caffey. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1988. Pp. 212. \$22.50 cloth, \$12.95 paper.

THESE STORIES ARE SELECTED from Oliver La Farge's many works of short fiction published between 1927 and 1963, and they are truly "Indian country stories," although a significant number of them do not deal with Indians. Trained as an anthropologist, La Farge was interested in the interactions between cultures, and those interactions are the primary concern of these stories. The individual tales were chosen with an eye to showing the variety of situations La Farge portrayed.

Difficult relations between Indians and Anglos are La Farge's main interest. "Higher Education," probably the most bitter story in the book, tells of a young Navajo girl coming home from an Anglo college. Anglos have educated her to their ways, but have no place for her in their society, and the Navajo culture is now foreign to her. After a degrading affair with a white trader, she can think of no escape but suicide. In "Hard Winter," a young Apache temporarily abandons his family and flock to live off an older Anglo woman from (of all places!) Taos, with tragic results. In "The Happy Indian Laughter," an Apache veteran of the Air Force brings to his family a rich young white woman who seems to adapt, until the telling of a harsh story, funny to the Apaches but horrible to her, shows the gulf between their cultures.

There are variations on the central theme, of course. In a couple of the tales, there is communication and something like friendship between women of the two cultures. In "Policeman Follow Order," improbably, an Apache policeman uses his supposed ignorance of English to help an eloping Anglo couple escape her powerful father's wrath. In other stories the West is a means of showing differences among whites, with Indians involved only tangentially.

The two final stories, both dealing with the imaginary pueblo of San Leandro, define the limits which La Farge saw in the relations between Anglo and Indian. In "The Little Stone Man," a young Anglo loses the respect and friendship of the Indians when he gives away a secret they had allowed him to learn. In "The Ancient Strength," on the other hand, the archaeologist who narrates the tale grows and learns enough to be able to approve the decision of the pueblo elders to deny him access to their dump, even though they may lose financially and his career may suffer.

The stories in this volume hold up very well. La Farge was not much interested in landscape, but he knew the people well and he describes them and their actions with a sure hand; his prose is clean and direct. David L. Caffey selected the stories and provided a helpful introduction, and this collection

will be valuable to those who already know La Farge's work as well as to those for whom this will be an introduction to a writer they hadn't known before. UNM Press deserves high marks for publishing this interesting volume.

John M. Muste
Taos

The Short Stories of Fray Angelico Chavez. Edited by Genaro M. Padilla. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1987. Pp. xx, 139. Introduction, illustrations by Betsy James, notes.

THE INTRODUCTION by Genaro M. Padilla is 12 pages long and presents an interesting biography of Fray Angelico Chavez. It gives the names of Fray Angelico's previous publications and states that his historical writings on New Mexico are widely recognized. It was also interesting to learn that the retired Franciscan priest had used numerous pen names in his early publications. Among the names he used were F. Chalmers Ayers, Arthur Chapman, Monica Lloyd, and Ann Jellicoe--perhaps a pun on his own name. Nearly all of his earliest writings, as early as 1930, were published under his given name, Manuel E. Chavez. When he was ordained a priest, he took the name Fra Angelico, after the medieval Italian painter, Fra Angelico da Fiosole.

The stories published in this book are generally short and easy to read, and are presented much like the traditional Hispanic *cuentos*. Many are magical tales, and there is a Christian and moral vein throughout. They were written in his religious and ethical manner, and with his knowledge of the peoples of New Mexico and their struggles to cope.

I found the stories entertaining and enjoyed reading them because of their brevity enabling me to read one or two at a time, then go back later and read more without a break in continuity--as sometimes happens in reading a novel. Each story was a fascinating little gem. It made for a good bed-time table book. In all, there are 14 short stories, all written in an interesting and smooth flowing manner, presenting beautiful picture images of the locale in each tale.

Sadie Knight
Taos



INDIAN WOMEN BAKING BREAD, by Ila McAfee, cover illustration for *YELLOW SUN, BRIGHT SKY: THE INDIAN COUNTRY STORIES OF OLIVER LA FARGE*.

NEWS AND NOTES

SAN LORENZO ON THE RISE

After finding that they had to dismantle virtually the entire San Lorenzo church in order to correct structural problems caused by waterlogged walls, the people of Picuris Pueblo have begun re-construction of the church, using carefully preserved measurements and drawings to keep the work faithful to the traditional San Lorenzo structure.

Assisted by Herb Dick, the Picuris are rebuilding the church to withstand drainage problems better than the old one. Several thousand adobes have already been made and laid, and prospects for successful completion of the work are excellent.

BLUMENSCHHEIN TRUST TO FUEL IMPROVEMENTS

Kit Carson Foundation Director Neil Poese announced recently that Helen G. Blumenschein has released to the foundation the beneficial use of a trust designated for preservation and maintenance of her parents' home on Ledoux Street. The availability of the funds will make it possible for the foundation to restore the Blumenschein Home to its original mud plastered state and to make other needed improvements.

ART HISTORIANS MEET AGAIN

Under the direction of Harwood Curator David Witt, the Harwood Foundation hosted the third New Mexico Art History Conference October 27-29. The meeting drew participants from across the nation and featured presentations on Rebecca James, Catherine Critcher, and other artists of northern New Mexico. Ted Egri moderated a panel on Native American art and artists that left participants amazed and inspired. On Saturday, October 29, the art historians took the opportunity for some hands-on experience, visiting Picuris Pueblo and helping lay adobes at the San Lorenzo Church.

The top priority for the Taos County Historical Society's historic preservation effort, dormant for the past couple of years, is the *oratorio* structure in the Penas Negras Cemetery, on Lower Ranchitos Road just above the community of Los Cordovas.

The *oratorio* is a three sided structure, open on the east end. It is a traditional feature of many northern New Mexico *camposantos*, though few of the buildings survive. The one at Penas Negras measures 17½ feet by 15 feet in its outer dimensions--providing just enough room for a coffin, and for mourners to stand around the deceased in prayer before burial. A similar *oratorio* remains at the cemetery at Questa, but it is in an even greater state of disrepair than the one in Penas Negras.

Early in 1988 the Taos County Historical Society set restoration of the structure as the major preservation goal for the year. Corina Santistevan has led in making contact with community members who have relatives buried in the small cemetery, and in seeking estimates on needed work. Ernest Lyckman has helped assess the work needed to stabilize the building, which suffers from at least one major crack. It was hoped that, with some financial assistance from the historical society, the community might be able to complete the needed work in 1988, but it now appears it will not be possible to begin the restoration before Spring 1989.

Estimated cost of repairing the building is approximately \$5,000, and the historical society's historic preservation stands at something in the neighborhood of \$1,700.

The T.C.H.S. Board remains firm in its intention to extend assistance in the form of funds for materials and skilled work, should the community find it possible to proceed with the work.

Gifts for the project should be directed to the Historic Preservation Fund of the Taos County Historical Society, P.O. Box 2447, Taos 87571.

LATHAM HONORED

Long-time Taos resident Barbara Latham, now of Santa Fe, was honored recently with the Governor's Award in the Visual Arts. The awards are administered by the New Mexico Arts Commission, the agency of state government responsible for support of visual and performing arts.

In her long career as an artist and illustrator, Latham has drawn on the landscape of northern New Mexico for many of her colorful lithographs and egg tempera paintings. A fine example, *Decoration Day*, showing people and flowers in a village *camposanto*, is in the Harwood Foundation collection and was chosen for the major traveling exhibition of New Mexico works organized by the National Museum of American Art in 1985-86.

EIGHTEEN ENJOY RATON

Eighteen members and guests took part in a bus excursion to Raton Saturday, October 15. Several members had requested a field trip which the driving could be left to someone else, leaving participants free to enjoy scenic and historic features.

David Caffey provided narration along the way, as Society members saw where Charlie Kennedy's dirty deeds were done near Palo Flechado Pass, where mining once flourished at Elizabethtown and Baldy, and where Black Jack Ketchum and his gang fled up Turkey Canyon following a botched hold-up of a train near Clayton.

In Raton the group visited the Raton Historical Museum and saw the beautifully refurbished Schuyler Theater. With time to spare, the group also took in the historic features of Cimarron's old town, including the Aztec Mill, Swink's Gambling Hall, the old jail, and the St. James Hotel.

UNIVERSITIES CELEBRATE

All three of New Mexico's major universities are celebrating centennials this year. UNM, New Mexico State University, and New Mexico Institute of Mining and Technology are all one hundred years old. Each school has scheduled a full slate of commemorative activities, including exhibits, performances, publications, and reenactments.

PILAR CHURCH HELPED

The church at Pilar was one of nine New Mexico churches to benefit from assistance through the New Mexico Community Foundation. Help came through the foundation's program, "Churches: Symbols of Community." Eight of the churches involved were assisted in developing preservation plans. New Mexico Community Foundation staff members will remain in contact to provide assistance as the communities implement the plans.

Benefitting in addition to Pilar were the communities of Canjilon, Canon Plaza, Chacon, Dona Ana, La Puebla, San Ignacio, Sapello, and Upper Rociada.

The New Mexico Community Foundation has also produced two videotapes, one dealing with the cultural aspects of local preservation and publicizing community success stories, the other addressing specifics of restoration and maintenance.

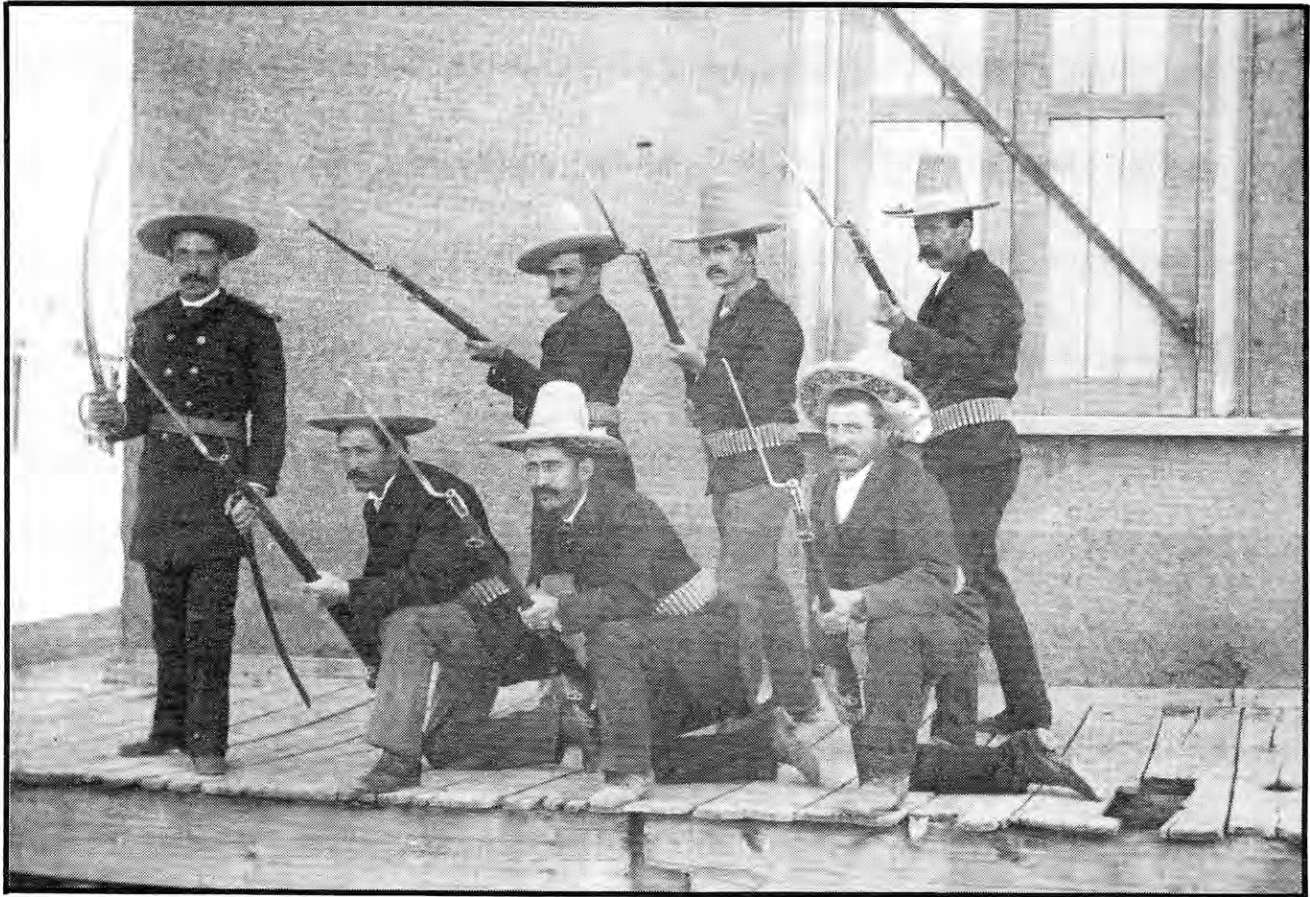
INSTITUTE OPENS TAOS OFFICE

The University of New Mexico's Southwest Hispanic Research Institute has established an office in Taos for the purpose of supporting field research in the area. The office will be headed by Dr. Sylvia Rodriguez, a native of Taos and an anthropologist on appointment with the Institute. SHRI is an interdisciplinary program of the University, headed by Dr. Jose Rivera.



STAGE STOP IN TAOS, 1884. Collection of the Taos County Historical Society.

THE TAOS MILITIA



THE TAOS MILITIA. Collection of the Kit Carson Foundation. Battery "H" was not Taos' first organized military unit, as this 1898 photo of the Taos Militia illustrates. In its issue of February 11, 1960, EL CREPUSCULO identified the man at left with sword as Fred Muller. Third from left, kneeling, is Inocencio Valdes. The standing rifleman in the middle is Albert Scheurich. No other members of the militia could be identified.