



*Summer - 1962*







*Tyrone's two-story, block-long mercantile building occupied a place of prominence on the town's plaza, located just to the north of the fabulous railroad station.*



*Years of neglect have resulted in a rank growth of trees and weeds in the courtyard of Tyrone's picturesque railroad station, patterned after one in San Diego.*

*D. L. Jackson, below, 92-year-old resident of White Oak since 1897, stands before Hoyle's Folly, a \$40,000 house the owner's intended bride refused because she didn't want to live in such an out-of-the-way place.*



# GHOST TOWNS:

Mountain mining towns, hastily spawned by burning lusts for fast fortunes, often died as suddenly as they were born. Some simply faded from the scene, leaving scarcely a trace of their existence. Others still cling tenaciously to life, nurturing an eternal hope of their own resurrection.

But all of them, regardless of their span of life or the manner of their demise, left their marks on society.

Southwestern New Mexico has many such communities. Known today as ghost towns, some boast only eroded ruins; a few point to still-intact structures as reminders of their past.

One of the most glamorous of New Mexico's ghost towns is Tyrone, thirteen miles south of Silver City. Steel and brick skeletons of its once-fabulous buildings stand as monuments to a dream that became a brief reality. Crumbling walls and decaying timbers offer mute evidence of its once-proud splendor.

Shortly after the turn of the century, Mrs. Dodge and Mrs. Douglas, wives of Phelps-Dodge officials, conceived building "an ideal mining town" at Tyrone. They engaged the designer of the San Diego Exposition and with his help formulated the plans for the town.

Buildings were arranged around a plaza in the center of town. The railroad station, modeled after the San Diego depot, featured a marble drinking fountain, hand-made benches, and outlandishly elaborate chandeliers. The ceiling beams of hand-hewn timbers fit precisely into place. The cost was purported to be well over \$100,000.

About the same amount of money went into the construction of the company's office building across the plaza from the station. Still in use today, it is one of the few intact buildings in town.

If Tyrone was an architect's marvel, its hospital was a medical man's dream. Phelps-Dodge officials spared no cost in equipping the two-story structure



# REMNANTS OF RICHES

SOUTHWEST COLLECTION  
Texas Tech University  
LUBBOCK, TEXAS 79409

with the finest and most up-to-date equipment available. In addition to private telephones, an intercommunications system for personnel, and sunken bathtubs, the hospital boasted two operating rooms — one for emergency cases and another for routine surgery.

There was nothing routine about the equipment installed, however. A no-shadow operating lamp, considered as modern-day equipment, predated its time by several years.

Only the shell remains of what was once Tyrone's proud mercantile store. Impressive in its grandeur that once included an elevator, an overhead water tank and automatic sprinklers for fire control, the two-story building was the largest in town.

In less than a score years, Tyrone knew a glory unequalled by any other mining town. The population soared to 5,000 and the future looked bright indeed. But as suddenly as it all started, the rich copper vein gave out in 1921 and a mass exodus began. A million dollars worth of buildings were of no value to miners with nothing to mine.

Phelps-Dodge still occupies a part of the office building and a few residences house area workers. But the glory that was once Tyrone's now lies in slumber, the dreams of two women having become a million dollar nightmare.

The magic cry of "silver!" spawned the birth of three towns, now only dots on the map of Sierra county in southwestern New Mexico — Kingston, Hillsboro and Lake Valley. Each expired as their silver supply was exhausted.

Within a year after Kingston was founded in 1882, lots on the main street of town sold for \$500 each. Permanent buildings replaced temporary tent dwellings and roads hacked out of the wilderness led to 27 paying properties.

Among the most noted mines in the area were the Iron King, Grey Eagle, Brush Heap, Calamity Jane, Miner's Dream and the Little Jimmie. Among

the noted raiders in the area were Geronimo and Victorio, Apache chiefs who constantly harassed the city's 7,000 residents.

Hillsboro is not a ghost town in the fullest sense of the term. Though parts of the town are occupied, a deserted section attests to the "boom and the bust" of the silver mining era.

Dan Dugan and Dave Sitzel discovered high-assay ore on the east slope of the Black Range in 1877. Sitzel staked a claim to the Opportunity and Ready Pay mines and received \$400 for the first five tons of ore he sold. The mines in the Hillsboro area paid off to the tune of more than \$6 million, despite frequent Apache raids on the settlers.

Lake Valley, 17 miles south of Hillsboro and Kingston. The town also knew its share of boom times, beginning with the discovery of the fabulous Bridal Chamber mine in 1878 that produced millions of dollars worth of nearly pure silver.

Mogollon (pronounced "Muggy Own") is one of the most colorful ghost towns in New Mexico. Developed in 1876 by James C. Cooney, a former U. S. Army sergeant who explored the region during the Civil War, the town shipped out more than \$15 million in gold and silver.

Now virtually isolated, the town is being reclaimed by the evergreen forest that surrounds it.

Kelly, two miles southeast of Magdalena in Socorro county, actually knew two boom periods. Lead-zinc ore was discovered in 1862 by J. S. Hutchason, a prospector. Andy Kelly, for whom the town was named, operated the mine for awhile, but lost it back to Hutchason in a claim-jumping dispute.

The town's first actual boom came in the early 1880's. As the population grew, so did the animosity between the towns of Kelly and Magdalena. Violent fights broke out nearly every Saturday night

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Buried in the Texas papers of August 22, 1958, with a Mexico City dateline was an obscure item of historical significance, indicating that the "vast American-owned Cananea Ranch" had been taken over by Presidential decree. According to the story, its 648,853-acre range was "one of the few remaining tracts of this size not broken into smaller holdings by agrarian law." And therein hangs a tale of individual initiative as well as an indication of the growth of collective confiscation by governments during the last half century.

Back of that brief newspaper note is the fantastic story of a hard-rock miner who worked, fought, gambled and dreamed his way into the control and development of one of the finest mineral deposits in the Western World—the fabulous mountain of Cananea Copper.

It is just half a century since William C. Greene was killed in a runaway scrape with a team of his fine horses—a team grown fat and frisky on the strong grama grass of northern Sonora. But the tales Greene left from Tucson and Tombstone south are still fresh and verdant in that land of copper and grass.

Bill Greene was born August 26, 1851, in the state of New York of a line that is said to have traced back to the American General Nathanael Greene of Revolutionary fame. But there was nothing in Bill's career to suggest distinction until, with the Cananea treasures in hand, he left the primitive Mexican border, bulled his way into the sophisticated financial dens of Wall Street, and began slapping the bears there about with a heavy hand until—but that is ahead of the story.

William Cornell Greene was eighteen years old when he left for the frontier. By uncertain record he is said to have worked in Kansas and Montana, punched cattle on the western edge of Texas, and drifted to Arizona in 1880 to try his luck in the mines. For years he "polished a drill" as a hard-rock miner, gambling and working his way from the Prescott area to that lode-star of lusty men, the silver mines at Tombstone.

There and round about for years, he polished his drills upon the hard rock while Tombstone flamed and waned and Bisbee, born in terrific labor, spread up the sides of its reddish hills in a sort of crimson glory. In town and camp Bill's vagrant dollars chased the will o' the wisps that turned on the face of a card or spun on the roulette's wheel of chance while the fortunes in metal seemed to be meant for others.

The late eighties found him and a hapless partner, Jim Burnett, killing beeves and peddling them out from a butcher shop at Fort Huachyca, adjacent to the Mexican border. But Bill had a love of the land and after marrying the widow Moson who had some property, he acquired a little ranch on the San Pedro River south of Tombstone. Burnett settled on the stream below him and, with fees always calculated for profit, became justice of the peace at the mining town of Charleston that boomed for awhile still farther below them.

Bill was a genial cuss with warm eyes and a disarming smile. But water was a contentious subject in that arid world, and they fell into dispute when Greene built a dam of earth and brush to divert the flow of the San Pedro. It seems that a sudden flood washed the dam away. Bill suspected that Burnett had blown it up and bad blood brewed between them. Sometime



## BILL GREENE OF CANANEA COPPER ☆☆☆☆

*By J. Evetts Haley*

later Greene's stepdaughter, while playing along the stream, slipped and drowned in a hole left when the dam washed out. Greene adored the child and when the little body was brought to him, his grief and rage were uncontrollable. He strapped on his six-shooter and rode toward Tombstone on the trail of "Judge" Burnett.

Greene met him at the gate of the OK Corral July 7, 1897, and pulled his gun while quoting scripture: "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," and shot Burnett dead in his tracks.

Greene had his friends, including Scott White, the sheriff of Tombstone. A case of self-defense was suggested, the jury was generous and amenable, and Bill went free. He went back to his ranch and again took to prospecting, and again in Mexico.

In 1898 he rode across that great cattle range that stretched for forty-odd miles between his place and the Mexican village of Ronquillo at the base of Cananea Mountain. For miles along the north side of the mountain he studied the telltale red and brown stain—the same sort of stain that marked the hills around Bisbee. For years he had heard of the ancient workings around Cananea. He knew this hard land and its soft-voiced people.

Big handsome Bill, with his friendly blue eyes, brown hair and sweeping mustache, got along well with the Mexicans. He reined his horse up before a neat, white-washed adobe and was met at the door by the widow



of General Ygnacio Pesquiera, a veteran of the Indian wars who had come to northern Sonora in 1865 to fight the Apaches. While Pesquiera was camped near Cananea Mountain, the grateful natives brought him some copper ore that was virtually pure metal which they had found in the prospect holes dug by the Spaniards, possibly two centuries before.

The General located at Ronquillo and when not engaged in chasing Apaches, put his soldiers to digging ore from the prospect holes. He built a small adobe furnace and began smelting out the copper, packing it three hundred miles to Guaymas by mule and shipping it around Cape Horn to Swansea, Wales. After fifteen years the General died. But the distance, the hazards, and the dangers lived on, and the mining venture died with him.

Bill Greene heard the story, sampled the claims and the widow's mescal, and took an option on the properties — by report for \$47,000 with a down payment of promises. Then he mounted his horse and headed for Tombstone, while his imagination raced with him.

He took in Jim Kirk, "the best miner in Tombstone," and Ed Massie as partners, rustled some Mexican labor and started work at Cananea. Promotion was now what they needed and that proved to be Bill's special field. After thirty years of mining from the Bradshaws to Bisbee and beyond, he knew the high-sounding technical terms and sat down with pencil and paper to write a prospectus that would charm the cash from the pockets of the skeptical financiers on Wall Street.

The story is told that Bill scratched his head, pulled his mustache and scribbled all day at top speed. In the evening his practical partners dropped in to hear the results. Bill threw down the script, thanked the Lord it was finished, and admitted that it was "a daisy." With proper pride he picked it up to read it again to himself. As he read he began to fidget in his chair, he bit off a healthy chew of tobacco, he ran his hand through his hair, and grew more nervous by the minute. At last he tore the script in two and threw it upon the floor while his partners gaped and wanted to know if he was crazy.

"No, by God," Bill shouted. "That mine's too good to sell. I'm going to keep her."

Somewhat sobered next morning by the stern necessity for cash, he wrote another prospectus, organized the Cobre Grande Company, grub-staked his way toward the lodes of finance, and headed east to sell stock. Kirk held on to his job at Tombstone to buy beans for their Mexican hands while Massie went back to Cananea to keep them happily expectant of payday as they sunk prospect holes along the reddish stains.

In 1899, a few months after getting his option, Greene sold the Cobre Grande Company to J. H. Costello of Philadelphia and George Mitchell of Jerome for the promised payment of \$250,000 in cash, along with a big stock interest. Mitchell moved down to take over the properties and the construction of a two-hundred-ton smelter. Firmly in possession, they failed to show up with the cash while letting it be known to Bill that he was definitely in the way. It looked for awhile as if he would be frozen out. But Bill, the canny gambler, still had an ace in the hole.

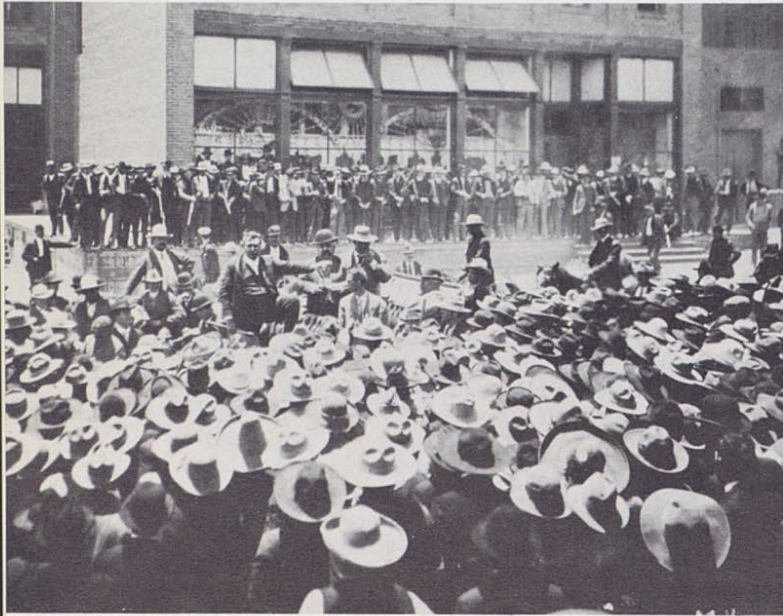
He had "neglected" to record the transfer of his personal option on the Cananea claims to the Cobre Grande in the district office at Arizpe — a legal detail which invalidated the trade. Besides, the Mexican officials were warm friends of "Meester" Greene and friendship counts for much in Mexico. They were charmed to throw the buccaneering rascals out and return to their open-handed friend, the smiling William Greene, the unencumbered Cananea claims with great, fresh piles of ore upon the ground and a two-hundred-ton smelter ready to run.

Now the pattern of Bill's future, founded upon the monumental reddish stains, was reflected of an evening in Cananea's roseate skies. Bill had never been a piker when fickle fortune spun her wheel. He had always dared to venture, to drink a little, and to dream. He had his start, but now he needed a bigger smelter, a giant mill, shops to match, and a railroad to tie this mountain of copper to the Southern Pacific and the outside world.

*This band of rurales, led by Captain Emilio Kosterlitzky, rode into Cananea and forcibly put down the riot that erupted when copper miners went out on strike.*







*While his armed gunmen stood guard in the background, Bill Greene attempted to calm his striking miners by talking to them as he stands in his open car.*

*A range foreman, below, takes time out to roll his own as a herd of cattle grazes over the vast expanse of northern Sonora rangeland owned by Bill Greene.*



He washed off the desert dusts, formed the Cananea Consolidated Copper Company, and headed for New York City to raise a million. He hit the Waldorf like a western breeze, took a sumptuous suite, registered with a flourish as "Colonel" Greene, rigged himself out in a black frock coat and a big black hat, strewed five dollar tips about the place, kept the passing brokers entertained at the bar, and within one month's time actually was "Colonel" William C. Greene, "the great and new copper magnate."

Never of a timorous nature, he walked in on Henry H. Rogers and William Rockefeller, those dominant figures in Standard Oil and finance generally who had already moved into Amalgamated Copper, to sell them on his own consuming ambition — the development of the riches of Cananea. His story was too good to be true and these tough customers threw him out.

Meanwhile the expenses soared far beyond what Kirk and the Mexican hands were able to squeeze from the smelter and the mines, and Bill, still rebuffed by the brokers, was down to his last hundred dollar bill. His luck just had to turn. He walked into Canfield's where his fair-weather friends gambled of an evening, and, as the cards turned his way, pushed his luck to the limit. He walked back to the Waldorf \$20,000 to the good.

Thus fortified he cut another swath among the financiers until Tom Lawson, a gambler-promoter of similar dimensions, fell under his spell and agreed to back him to the tune of a million on short-term notes, plus an option on 600,000 shares of Cananea Copper at just one-third of its ten dollar par. So late in 1899, Bill Greene, who for thirty years rarely had a dollar to his name, went back to blow a million hard and fast on the building of Cananea.

He put fifty big mule teams to snaking supplies and machinery from the railroad at Naco on the Arizona border. He hired all the mechanics, carpenters and miners he could find at fancy wages, rolled in wagon trains of machinery, and began work on a thousand-ton smelter and a big concentrator for the leaner ore — while the town of Cananea boomed and spread with the games, drink and lush flesh that follow loose money.

Jim Kirk kept sinking his prospect holes, turning up more rich ore — the Oversight and Capote indicating between four and five million tons of eight per cent ore, and the Veta Grande, a fantastic body of six to ten per cent copper such as had not been discovered "since the bonanza days of Butte."

Yet Greene's expenditures, both wise and wasteful, flowed like a flood down Cananea's rocky slopes. With creditors everywhere the mighty project was soon in hock to the hilt. Just at this juncture the calculating Tom Lawson, whose articles on "Frenzied Finance" in *Everybody's* magazine shocked the country, shut off Bill's credit and started foreclosure on the short-term notes. Again it looked like Bill Greene and Cananea Consolidated were gone.

But Greene hurried back to New York, opened an office and began to sell stock. He enlisted the interest of another great plunger, "Bet-a-Million" Gates, and his friends Hawley and Huntington who helped him peddle the stock at ten dollars par — stock that he had originally pledged but not signed over to Lawson at a third of that price. Thus again the sheer audacity of



his gambling nature, backed by the roaring works at Cananea, pulled the old hard-rock miner out of another bad hole.

By the end of 1903, three scant years since he had started, this man who had begged grubstakes of his friends to the limit, had spent six million dollars on Cananea and barely got started. He projected and built a railroad from Naco to the mines while E. H. Harriman, the noted railroad financier, watched with interest and bided his time to take him. Still Greene's enterprises roared on. In passing, Harriman had his private car set off at Naco and sent word for Bill to meet him.

"You know and I know you haven't got money enough to finish this railroad," Harriman countered, speaking from a knowledge of the facts.

"I'll bet you a hundred thousand dollars I have," said Bill, still full of bluff as he flashed ten, ten-thousand dollar bills in Harriman's face. The bluff worked, and the Southern Pacific paid, but not at a sacrificial price.

But Cananea Copper was a mighty prize and the wolves of Wall Street were out to take him. From having bailed him out, Gates and Hawley are said to have turned on him next. In 1903 they threw their Cananea stock upon the market, breaking its value ten dollars a share, and Bill, caught short on security, again seemed headed for the rocks. His only recourse was the recovery of a million dollars worth of Cananea stock held under option agreement by one of his associates. Bill called on him and asked for the stock back. The holder laughed in his face. Bill whipped his six-shooter from his waistband beneath his coat, repossessed the stock somewhat by force, and backed out to bolster his loans and the Cananea market.

Some months earlier the conservative Phelps-Dodge people, after looking over the Cananea works, had taken 20,000 shares from Bill as an investment. With his big block of shares back in hand, Bill immediately let the news "leak out" that they had paid fifteen dollars a share for Cananea. He tipped the reporters off that this strong, respectable company "was one of his biggest stockholders." The Street grabbed the news, the market again ran Cananea way above par, and Gates and Hawley had taken a licking.

Then Tom Lawson, that high-powered promoter making his millions by manipulating the market while shocking the country with his written disclosures on "Frenzied Finance," decided he would freeze Greene out. Apparently with the backing of Amalgamated Copper—that is Rogers and Rockefeller—he put out reports that the mines of Cananea were worthless and that the company was desperate for funds while he flooded the market with selling orders.

Again Greene hurried back to the City, called a press conference, denounced Lawson, released a public letter calling him a liar, and announced that next day, December 13, 1904, he was going to Boston to whip him. Greene caught the train with reporters fogging at his heels. But Bill, if a fighter, was not a fool, and on the way he decided that a Boston jury might take a less tolerant view of a premeditated shooting than had his friends at Tombstone. After the first fiery verbal encounter, the principals locked themselves in and composed their differences over a mellow bottle.

When they came out arm in arm, the assault on Cananea was over.

By the middle of the ensuing year Greene had put twelve million dollars into Cananea; he had paid lush dividends, but out of capital funds; he had spread into the cattle business upon a colossal scale; he had organized a lumber venture reaching deep into the Sierra Madres; he had initiated an extensive but ill-fated irrigation project at Casa Grande; he was trying to corner the gold and silver deposits of northern Mexico; and he was producing millions of pounds of copper from the fabulous mountain of Cananea—but always at a price above the market.

Aside from the richest lodes at Cananea, he had developed 40,000,000 tons of four per cent ore, four thousand tons of which were daily pouring through his mill and smelter. Thousands of men were on his payrolls. Tens of thousands of cattle grazed over his vast, adjacent ranges, and his stocks on the market continued to soar to a book value of a hundred million—half of which were in Bill's name.

Then the agitators of labor found a fertile field at Cananea. Americans held the best jobs over thousands of Mexicans with a big disparity in pay between. A regular riot of humanity swarmed in the mines of a day, and fought, five and six deep, to reach their drinks at Frank Proctor's seventy-five-foot bar at night. It was nothing unusual for two to three drunks to be robbed and beaten to death in the streets of a night, usually with rocks.

In 1906 Greene's swarming hordes of Mexicans went on strike. Killings started and a mob marched on the American end of town, ready to wipe it out. Again Greene showed his hard-rock nature; again proved that he was a man of mettle. With his hired gunmen in the background, he mounted his big, red, open automobile and met the advancing mob in the middle of town. He stood up in the seat to talk to them while they roared at him in wrath.

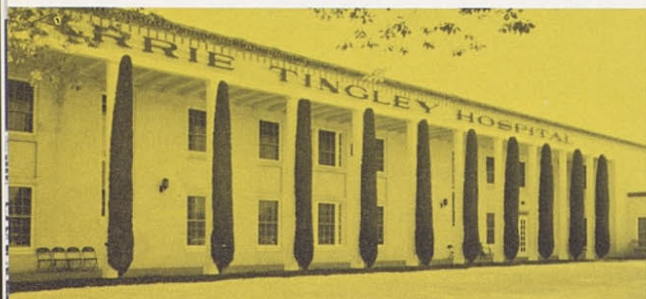
He confidently stood and at last waved them to silence and tried to reason them out of their violent design. Yet the fighting again broke out and raged until that iron captain of the rurales, Emilio Kostelitzky, rode in and put down the violence with a swift and heavy hand.

With his fantastic gambler's gall and luck, Greene could fight off the wolves of Wall Street, but he could not indefinitely escape the exacting demands of the balance sheets. The mines at Cananea were still among the best. But nature's richest bounties, like everything else, yield inevitably to nature's laws. At last Bill Greene's magnificent enterprises were upon the financial rocks. Amalgamated Copper, and the men with money who could manipulate and wait, moved in to take them over.

Greene continued to live at Cananea, a figurehead in copper, but still a mighty cowman on his own until he was killed in the runaway accident early in August, 1911.

The copperish smoke still pours from the great stacks at Cananea. And the revolutionary virus that toppled this friend, President Diaz, from power and bathed Mexico in blood, still runs on to confiscate properties throughout the world, even as it took the last holdings from Greene's heirs in the name of agrarian reform.





# *Carrie Tingley cures with loving care*

In an age of advanced medical technology and miracle drugs, plain old-fashioned loving care still is one of the best medicines. At least that is the belief of authorities at Carrie Tingley Hospital for Crippled Children.

Unusual thinking from men who deal in the stark realities of life and human suffering? Perhaps. But Carrie Tingley Hospital is an unusual place.

An almost-tangible aura of joy filters through the spacious halls and wards of the state-owned hospital at Truth or Consequences, New Mexico. Pain, sorrow and fear usually associated with hospitals have been dispelled through a steady diet of love, affection, acceptance and companionship.

Affectionate care is not administered because the youthful patients are little tin saints or Pollyannas who spend their days in quiet solitude. They are naughty and mischievous as any other children — and just as gay and curious, even though their physical world is bounded by beds, braces and casts. But the affection — as much a prescribed treatment as pills and poultices — helps them to know they are wanted and will someday be better.

Their dreams of eventual restoration to health would not have been possible without the visions years ago of a great number of humanitarians. Many in the state worked long and hard but none were more diligent in their efforts to secure the hospital than the state's governor, Clyde Tingley, and his wife, Carrie, for whom it was named.

The planning actually began in 1935, but an acute lack of funds slowed the project at every turn. With the creation of the federal Works Progress Administration, Gov. Tingley struck out for

Washington where his proposal caught the sympathetic eye of President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Himself a cripple as the results of polio and often a patient at a similar hospital in Warm Springs, Georgia, the President gave final approval and set the wheels in motion toward the construction of the building.

The architect of the Warm Springs hospital, engaged as a consultant, helped to prepare the plans and the town of Hot Springs (later re-named Truth or Consequences) donated a 160-acre tract atop a hill overlooking the Rio Grande valley. Inmates of New Mexico's State Penitentiary made the bricks and other building materials and WPA workers moved in to start construction.

The dream that had begun two years earlier reached fruition on Sept. 1, 1937, when Carrie Tingley Hospital opened its doors to admit its first patients.

Designers of the hospital selected the Spanish Colonial design in keeping with the state's general architectural pattern. Also, the design afforded an outside view for every room, giving a feeling of openness doctors say is essential to the welfare of the young patients. The design also made possible a large number of patios leading from wings where the children are housed.

Inside, 69,273 square feet or 1.59 acres of floor space are taken up in wards, spacious halls, offices, operating and therapy rooms, a 35,000-gallon swimming pool, a well-equipped brace shop, and one of the best equipped kitchens in the Southwest.

The indoor pool, filled with the city's famous hot mineral waters, plays a dual role in providing recreation as well as hydrotherapeutic treatment.





Children who cannot walk on land find they can move about in water. Even those who must be lowered into the pool on stretchers find they can achieve some degree of motion, and often relief from pain, in the water.

An outside pool of the same size is used in the summer to take advantage of the state's most publicized commodity — bright, warm sunshine.

Upon admission to Carrie Tingley Hospital, a child is observed for a period of time and his case is evaluated before a definite course of treatment is prescribed. Basic medical treatments and decisions lie solely within the jurisdiction of the medical staff, consisting of five doctors. But the ultimate decision lies in the hands of the chief surgeon.

Often, corrective surgery is prescribed. And herein lies another of the unusual aspects of Carrie Tingley Hospital. Surgery holds no fear for the young patients.

Hospital authorities say several factors attribute to this fortunate situation. They say frank discussions between the staff and patients are a great deterrent to fear. In addition, other children who have undergone surgery and are recovering satisfactorily are invaluable influences on those scheduled for operations. Also, the children seem to possess an innate sense that surgery will help them to get well and all are prepared to pay any price to attain that goal.

Some of the children even look forward to surgery. Doctors say it is not uncommon to hear one small patient remark to another, "Gosh, you've already had your surgery and I won't get mine until next Monday."

This eager anticipation is heightened by a game



*Phil Carter, administrator at Carrie Tingley Hospital, gets a hearty welcome from two patients as he makes an early-morning round of hospital facilities.*

*With a helping hand to steady her, this little girl is learning how to walk. Physical therapy is used extensively - to strengthen limbs at Carrie Tingley.*



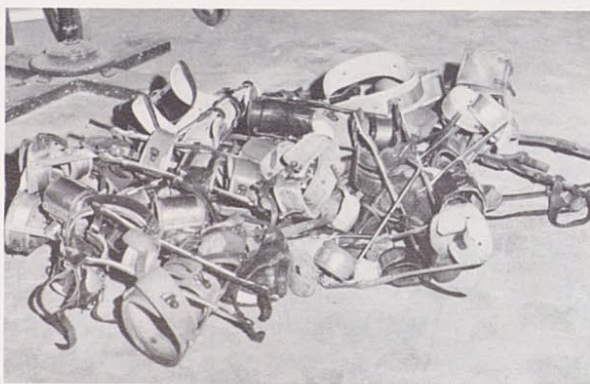




*The waters of natural hot springs are particularly beneficial in the treatment of crippled limbs. Actually, the springs prompted the location of the hospital.*



*School is not forgotten during a patient's stay at Carrie Tingley. Here, a qualified teacher looks on as a patient looks over her lesson for the day.*



*Known as "Magic Keys to Freedom," these braces, discarded by those who have been healed, are looked upon as signs of progress by the medical staff of the hospital.*

*This statue of mother and child, appropriately named "Tender Care," is prominently displayed in one of the many hallways at Carrie Tingley Hospital.*



in which the patient is permitted to play doctor or nurse. Dressed in the surgical green worn by the hospital doctors and aided by nurses and orderlies, the young patients "operate" on their dollies. If a little girl has a cast on her leg or arm, her dolly gets one just like it.

Surgery and periods of immobilization in a cast are relatively passive phases of the child's treatment. The next step toward rehabilitation is, in large measure, up to the child. He is never alone in this endeavor, having the entire staff of therapists to help him.

After being placed in a cast, a brace, a wheelchair or on crutches, the patient receives daily treatment in physical therapy. Treatment may be in the form of whirlpool baths, massages or in learning to walk with his new braces.

All braces fit to patients at Carrie Tingley are tailor-made in the hospital's own brace shop. A qualified brace maker turns out what Phil Carter, hospital administrator, calls "Magic Keys to Freedom." He also constructs artificial limbs as the needs arise.

The presence of braces or casts on the limbs of



a child qualify him for "social acceptance." It seems as though one just isn't in style without some type of corrective appliances.

"There are no strangers here," says Carter, "They're all among their contemporaries."

In addition to physical therapy, there is another vitally important facet in the rehabilitation program. Doctors call it occupational therapy. The patients call it fun.

Work in painting, sculpturing, weaving, copper tooling and mosaics provide not only hours of joy, but invaluable training for poorly coordinated hands and weakened muscles.

As many patients remain at the hospital for six months or longer, the three R's are not forgotten. Pre-schoolers have morning kindergarten work, and first through twelfth grade students attend classes five days a week. Four approved teachers working under the supervision of the Department of Public Instruction conduct the classes. Special attention is given those patients who do not speak English.

Working under the theory that a healthy child is a well adjusted child, the hospital encourages free play and social activities. The city's annual Fiesta rodeo parade passes through the hospital grounds and Ralph Edwards, originator of the town's new name, pays an annual visit with a troupe of Hollywood entertainers. Birthdays are celebrated each month and "treat nights" are held twice a week with soda pop and candy. Cook-outs get the patients outside when weather permits.

The biggest celebration, of course, comes at Christmas. For a number of years, Governor and

Mrs. Tingley made every child's Christmas something to remember by the gifts they gave. Her death in November, 1961, prompted the Albuquerque Journal to inaugurate the "Carrie Tingley Memorial Christmas Party," an event that provided at least 10 gifts to each child last year.

Carrie Tingley Hospital is governed by a five-man board of directors, appointed by the governor of the state. Last year a new innovation was brought into being when a Medical Advisory Committee was organized to serve in an advisory capacity. Nine orthopedic surgeons from national, regional and local areas comprise the committee. They include past and present presidents of the American Academy of Orthopedic Surgeons, and professors at Northwestern, UCLA, Columbia and the University of Colorado.

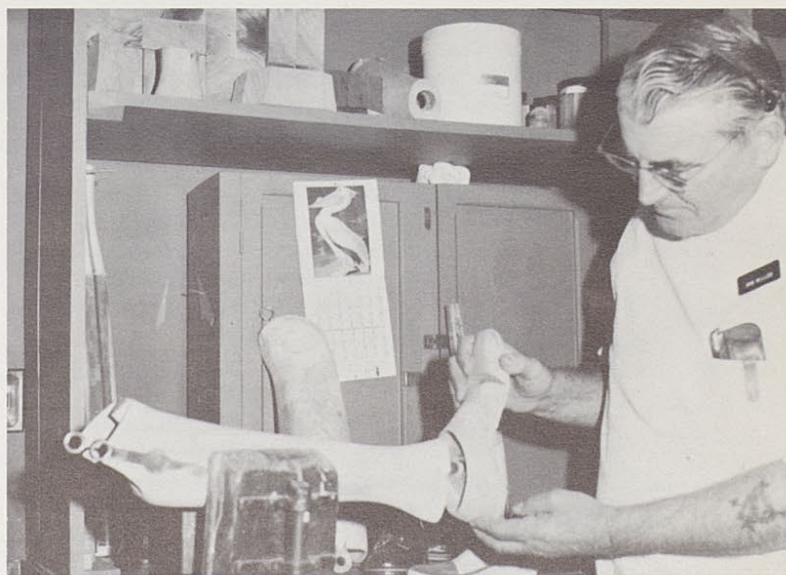
Prospective patients usually are referred by doctors or social agencies. Any child suffering from an orthopedic disability, who has been a resident of the state for at least three months, and who, in the opinion of the chief surgeon can be cured or substantially improved before his twenty-first birthday, will be admitted.

No child ever is refused admission for lack of funds. Patients are expected to pay as much as they are able; the state assumes the remainder of the cost.

"Children are admitted here on their needs and not on their financial conditions," Carter declares. "And our hospital is open to anyone with a need for its services."



Carrie Tingley's two swimming pools also are filled with natural hot springs water. They are used for both therapeutic treatment and recreational purposes.



Braces and artificial limbs, built to exacting specifications, are manufactured in the hospital's well-equipped brace shop by an expert craftsman.





## *Silver City, New Mexico:*

A piercing cry of "silver!" rang through the rugged hills of southwestern New Mexico in 1860, shattering the serenity of a small village and turning it overnight into a roaring mining camp.

Little San Vicente de La Cienaga died on that fateful day. Born in its wake was a new town, logically named Silver City.

The stampede for sudden wealth brought with it the usual sinfulness of frontier mining communities. It also brought an end to the serenity that was not to return for a number of years.

Unlike many mining towns that knew "boom and bust," Silver City experienced none of the latter. The gold and silver that shaped the early destiny of the town are gone, but abundant copper reserves, fortunately, prevented a collapse of the area economy.

Silver City had other assets working for it, too. An unexcelled climate and illimitable scenic attractions are regarded by 20,000 people in the area to be just as precious as glittering metals. Remaining, too, is the town's reputation as one of the larger shipping centers in the state.

Little was recorded of the area's early history. Documents attest that copper was discovered as early as 1800 at Santa Rita, a short distance from Silver City. San Vicente de La Cienaga was established by 1850.

Silver City in 1874 became the seat of Grant County, formerly a part of the territory acquired from Mexico by the United States under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848 and the Gadsden Purchase in 1854. The Territorial Legislature granted the town its charter of incorporation as a municipality in 1876, the first city of its kind to be incorporated in New Mexico.

Silver City still operates under this charter as its basic law.

Like most other western mining towns, Silver City can look back on its moments of notoriety. Some of the tales told of the early days doubtlessly are true; others probably are the result of over-active imaginations. But in spite of their lack of documented proof, many of the tales have become legends in the lore of the Southwest.

Almost constant harassment by the Apaches in the early days left the settlement of the town somewhat in doubt. Several broken promises from Spaniards resulted in their irreconcilable hostility toward all white men.

Settlers were pouring into the area after the cessation of Civil War hostilities and became easy prey for the marauding Indians. Attacking with vicious abandon, the Apaches drove off and killed cattle left to graze near the settlements. Frequent raids on the settlers' homes left many families dead.



The federal government established Ft. Bayard — now a Veterans Administration hospital — in 1867 to protect the settlers. But the Apaches gave the road to the fort special attention because of their hatred for white men, especially the “Long Knives.”

Not until the great Apache chief, Geronimo, was captured in 1887 did the uneasy conditions improve.

Tales of these raids still are told in Silver City. But the tale that comes to mind first there is one that gained nation-wide attention. It's the now-legendary story of Johnnie McComas.

An Indian raiding party on March 28, 1883, attacked a wagon containing Judge and Mrs. McComas and their son, Johnnie. The judge and his wife were killed, but the fate of the boy was unknown. Tales of his survival persist even today, based partly on a news story in May, 1938.

An archeological expedition into Mexico reported the discovery of a so-called “lost tribe of the Apaches.” The expedition leader advanced the



## *Treasure Chest of the Southwest*

theory that a part of the Apache tribe, fleeing at the time of Geronimo's capture, had made their way across the Rio Grande.

The red-haired and blue-eyed leader of the lost tribe was believed to be Johnnie McComas.

Another story familiar around Silver City tells of the demise of Captain John Bullard, one of the co-discoverers with Jim Bullard of the silver bonanza that gave the city its name. The story goes that following an early raid on the city in July, 1871, Captain Bullard took a company of civilian volunteers into the hills and defeated the warring Apache band.

While bending over a supposedly-dead Indian, so the story goes, the redskin suddenly grabbed the captain's gun and shot him through the heart. The incident allegedly occurred on the slope of the mountain peak that bears his name.

Early-day Silver City also had its share of notorious resorts. Soft-handed gamblers in their wide-brimmed black hats, frock coats and diamond-studded cravats frequented the saloons and gambling houses. And as in other frontier towns, cowboys and rugged miners swaggered up to bars and demanded shots of red-eye or bug juice. Slow reaction to the demands of such doughty characters often resulted in bullet-riddled bar mirrors and overturned roulette wheels.

Shipping played a large part in the early days of Silver City. Often, 12- and 14-horse teams drug wagonloads of ore and bullion into the city from mines in the Mogollon (pronounced “Muggy-Own”) mountain range. Occasional hangings tended to discourage attempts to steal the gold and silver bricks often stacked outside the shipping offices.

Silver City still is considered one of the largest shipping centers in Southwestern New Mexico. And as in the past, much of the shipping comes from area mines. Great quantities of copper are taken from the Santa Rita mine (the world's second largest open pit mine) and a considerable amount of molybdenum, a by-product of copper mining, has been shipped from Silver City. Other metals found in the resource-rich area are radium, uranium, vanadium, bismuth, cobalt and nickel.

The surrounding mountains that yield the precious metals also provide some of the finest cattle grazing in the Southwest. The grass, when converted to beef, becomes a \$2¼ million crop for area ranchers. Fertile valley lands totaling 9,768 acres, are irrigated to produce another \$1 million annual income from Grant county.



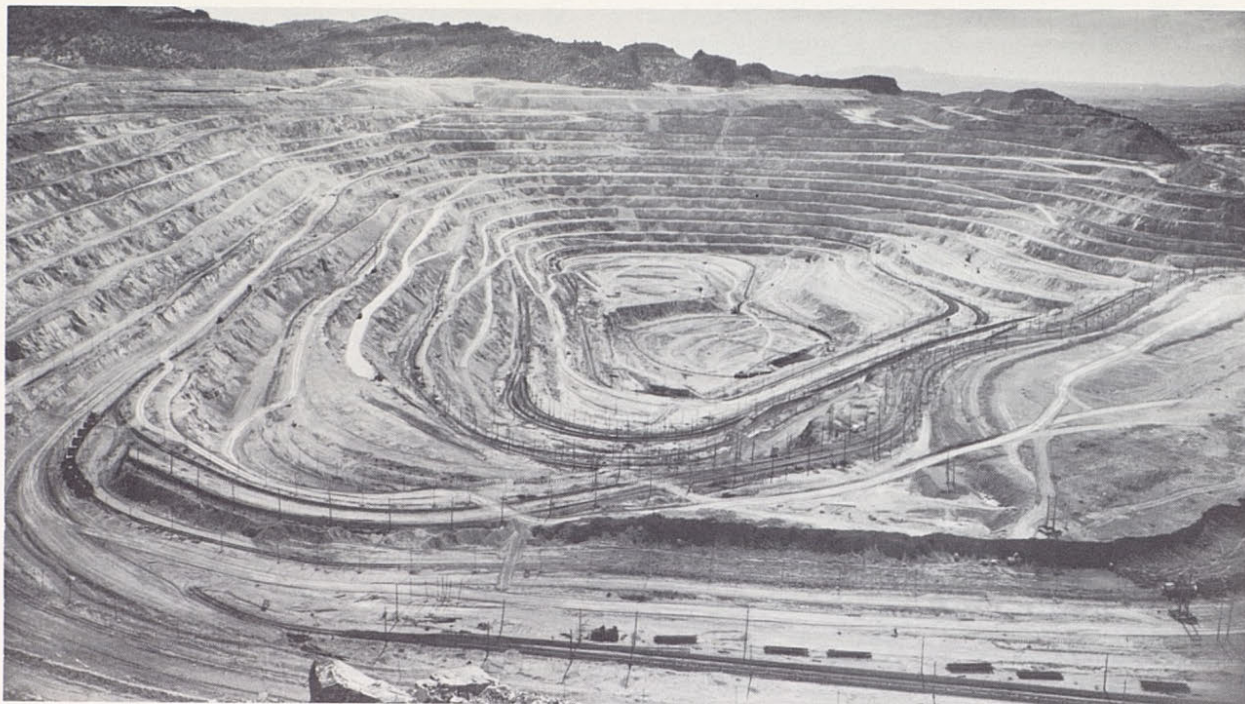
Silver City also realizes more from her mountains than minerals, metals and meat. Within the vast expanse of Southwestern New Mexico near Silver City lies the Gila Wilderness Area, the heart of the Gila National Forest. Nearly 500,000 acres astride the Mogollon and Diablo mountain ranges are managed by the U. S. Forest Service to preserve primitive conditions so present and future generations may see and enjoy the wilderness as it was in the days of the area's pioneers.

Dozens of mountain streams provide unexcelled fishing with their ample stocks of rainbows, brooks and native trout. Mountain meadows, aspen glades and spruce thickets afford miles of scenic beauty for visiting campers.

Tourism hasn't become a major industry at Silver City, but the wheels are beginning to turn toward that goal. New roads to remote areas are being planned and when completed, are expected to trigger an explosion of tourist activity.

Visitors to Silver City will find only faint memories of its doughty past. They will find a city of





*This open pit mine of the Kennecott Copper Corporation at Santa Rita, more than a mile wide and nearly 900 feet deep, is one of the world's largest.*

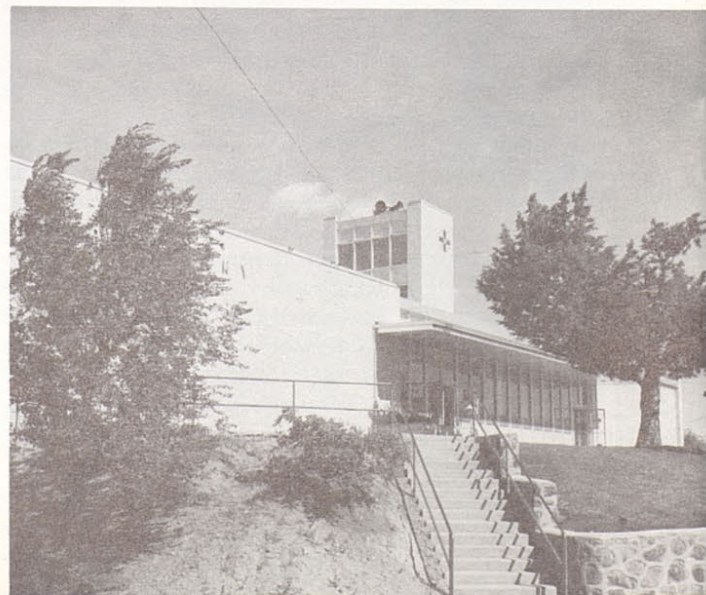


*Ore trains work their way up the steep steps or "benches" in the Santa Rita open pit copper mine. More than two billion pounds of copper have been taken from the pit.*

modern stores, hospitals and schools, including New Mexico Western College. They will find a city of many churches of most leading denominations and the usual number of active civic organizations.

The uninitiated also will find a pleasant surprise in the weather. Brilliant sunshine tempered by cool mountain breezes go to make up what the natives have termed "natural air conditioning." Insomnia is practically unheard of, thanks to cool summer nights.

Visitors will love Silver City — especially the 8,000 friendly people there.



*The campus of New Mexico Western College in Silver City is undergoing vast changes with new buildings. The state-supported institution was founded in 1893.*



Continued from Page 3

as each side defended their town's honor.

A second boom came to Kelly in the 1890's with the discovery of valuable Smithsonite. Several large companies constructed smelters at the town, but that ore, too, gave out and large-scale mining was halted in 1943.

Kelly is now almost deserted, reduced to a state of advance disrepair.

One of the greatest frauds in the state's history was perpetrated against a town now termed the "most authentic ghost town" in the Southwest — Shakespeare, two miles south of Lordsburg in Hidalgo county.

Silver brought the first boom to the town in 1872 and Ralston was adopted as a name in honor of William Ralston, a banker who promoted the mining operations. Several thousand people burst upon the town and began their frantic search for sudden wealth. Their aspirations were quickly dissipated, however, when improper claim filings resulted in court litigation that stopped all mining operations.

The litigation also stopped the growth of the town. The few who remained after the mines shut down had just settled back to normalcy when the big hoax was sprung late in the summer.

Cries of "silver" gave way to a new magic word — "diamonds!"

Two miners — Philip Arnold and John Slack — took a bag of the precious stones to California for deposit in a bank. While there, they sold their "mine" to Ralston, the town's founder. Ralston tried to keep his purchase a secret, but word leaked out.

Miners, with renewed hopes that they would yet get rich, surged back into camp. But again their hopes were short lived when it was discovered the "mine" had been "salted" with uncut gems from Africa.

No boom accompanied the third birth of the town in 1877. Silver had been discovered in a new area, helping greatly to erase the bitterness left by the diamond hoax. A change of name from Ralston to Shakespeare also helped.

The silver, too, eventually played out and the 1,000 who had moved back turned to mining copper. When the copper gave out, Shakespeare once again returned to its ghost town status.



*"Dedicated to the Progress  
of the Great Southwest  
and Rocky Mountain Area."*

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An attempt to escape pursuing law officers gave boom to another New Mexico town now with ghost town classification.

In 1880, George Wilson, a fugitive from the law, climbed a hill in Lincoln county to look for pursuers. Half-way up the hill he found what assayed to be high-grade ore. Wilson sold his share immediately to Jack Winters and Harry Baxter for \$40, a pair of boots and a bottle of whisky — and rode away from what was to become White Oaks, one of the liveliest towns around.

Winters and Baxter later sold their shares of the discovery for \$30,000 cash.

Between 1880 and 1905 when the gold ore finally gave out, White Oaks could boast 4,000 people, four weekly newspapers and more than the usual number of churches, saloons and hotels. Only a few families live in the town today and most of the buildings are in ruins.

New Mexico's mining towns have had their day. But the glory that briefly was theirs will not soon be forgotten. It will live as long as there are ghosts to tell their stories.

## COVER STORY

It takes more than crippled limbs to dim the spirits or halt the mobility of these youngsters. Patients at New Mexico's famous Carrie Tingley Hospital for Crippled Children at Truth or Consequences, they employ three different methods of locomotion to get into the warm sunshine. The bright-eyed missy at left gets about freely on crutches and the blond charmer in the center rides a Goff sled, a table-like cot on rollers that is propelled by the stick in her hand. The boy finds a wheel chair the best means of getting around, at least until that cast comes off his leg. In the meantime, he decides, he'll just take a siesta.





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AND THE TRAVELIN' IS EASY.

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