

A TRIP TO REMEMBER

By Serge Noirsain and Gerald Hawkins

Arriving in Los Angeles on the evening of March 16, 2001, our trip really began two days later in Yuma, Arizona, a legendary name in the saga of the Old West. A visit of the notorious penitentiary, the Quartermaster Depot and historic downtown revealed a remarkable state of preservation of these sites. Yuma was also the departing point of the California column that would recapture Arizona and New Mexico from the Confederates in 1862. Unfortunately, nothing remains of Fort Yuma on the California bank of the Colorado River. A small marker and museum however briefly recount the history of the post.

The following morning, we discovered Picacho Pass on the interstate leading to Tucson. This large opening in the Picacho Mountains is much more than beautiful scenery, it is the site of the most western battle of the Civil War. An engagement, or rather a skirmish, took place here between a detachment of Colonel Carleton's California column and a patrol of Sherod Hunter's Arizona Rangers. A large marker describing the event has been erected by the Sons of Confederate Veterans and a small bronze plaque nearby lists the Federal casualties. Until 1862, the Butterfield Overland Mail drove through the pass on its journey to San Francisco, after having established numerous stage stations and supply depots along the way. By-passing Tucson, we paused at the mission of San Xavier Del Bac, an amazing piece of architecture in the middle of the desert, founded in 1692 by Father Francisco Kino. Progressing south, we arrived at Tubac to discover the remains of a Spanish Presidio built in the 17th century, a variety of art shops and a few old dwellings dating back to the 1800's. On the verge of leaving the town, our curiosity led us to the Tubac Historical Association & Library where an amicable representative showed us the society's incredible library that includes hundreds of books on the West, the Southwest and the Civil War. While Serge was browsing through this gold mine, Gerald briefly introduced our association to the staff and handed them a copy of our latest quarterly. Our next stop was the famous town of Nogales on the Arizona-Mexico border. This old nest of desperados, before and after the Civil War, is split in two by an international boundary. Meeting point of two civilisations, the town offers a stunning contrast of cultures. A brief look at the filthy and run-down buildings on the Mexican side and the American rigor on the other renders the presence of customs superfluous to pinpoint the demarcation line between the two countries. This did not prevent us from spending an agreeable evening in a nice Mexican restaurant filled with a distinctive atmosphere.

March 19 was an exciting day spent journeying through the Patagonia Mountains in search of Mowry's mine. Sylvester Mowry was an ex-army officer who played an important role during the Confederate occupation of Tucson in 1861, while at the same time operating a profitable silver mine in the heart of the Patagonia Mountains. The photographs show the difficulty and abruptness of the terrain, more suitable to a four-wheel drive than our rented limousine. Driving through beautiful canyons and valleys under a torrid sun, we met some local ranchers who were unable to help us with directions since they had never heard of Mowry. It is true that over the past 140 years, nature has reclaimed the land once cleared by the Arizona miners. But patience paid off and we finally located the remains of Mowry's settlement. Following the Coronado trail, we then pushed on towards the Chiricahua Mountains, home of Cochise. The trail to the summit of the mountain range winds through spectacular scenery while the Coronado peak offers a breathtaking view of the San Raphael

and San Pedro Valleys. One can easily appreciate the enormous difficulties encountered by the soldiers of the US army when hunting down Apaches warriors on such broken ground! The descent of the Chiricahua Mountains proved as tricky as their ascent, the ABS braking system of our car being useless on such steep and narrow dirt tracks. We finally made it safely to Sierra Vista at dawn.

The following morning was spent visiting nearby Fort Huachuca and its interesting museum that recreates the post's frontier life during the Apache wars. The fort was built in 1877 and still in activity today. It played a major role in checking the Apaches in the Southwest and contributed to the capture of Pancho Villa by organising raids against his partisans. A short drive then took us to the Dragoon Mountains near Benson, where we hoped to find the spot where the Chiricahua Apaches attacked the Confederate column of Sherod Hunter shortly after the evacuation of Tucson in April 1862. As it happened, we spotted the area exactly 139 years after the skirmish took place. Since we could not get clear indications from locals who were astonished at our odd queries, we hiked for several miles in the bush but failed to find the historical marker at Dragoon Spring. It was then getting dark, and we abandoned our search knowing too well the dangers of treading on ground that the eye cannot see. We made it back to our car and pushed on to Tombstone where we had dinner in the only restaurant still open.

After a late breakfast the next day, we spent some time in Main Street, Tombstone, browsing through some interesting libraries and shops while enjoying the Helldorado cowboy atmosphere recreated for the benefit of the tourists. Our thirst well quenched at the Big Nose Kate saloon, we moved on to Bisbee, an old mining town of the late 1880's and previous capital of Cochise County. A splendid room was waiting for us at the Copper Queen Hotel, a landmark that once hosted such personalities as John Wayne and General Pershing. After a glimpse at the Lavender pit, at one time the largest open copper mine in the world, we slipped into respectable clothes before enjoying a European style dinner. The night was still young, so we ended up for drinks in the hotel bar ... we had no guns to hand over to the barmaid!

March 22 was one of the high tides of our trip: the exploration of Apache Pass and Fort Bowie. This vast and wild area, now a national park, does not attract large crowds and has thus retained its original and unspoilt character. Advancing through the shrub, we managed to identify the sites associated with the Bascom Affair and examine the remains of the Butterfield Overland stage depot. Progressing with care towards the ruins of Fort Bowie (signs indicated "*beware of rattlesnakes*"), we arrived in the heart of the impressive Apache Pass. Here in July 1862, the Chiricahua Apaches of Cochise, allied to the Mimbrenos of Mangas Coloradas, ambushed the vanguard of the Federal California column bound for New Mexico. The outcome of the battle can be described in a few words: a lot of noise, much smoke, but only one soldier killed. We then came across the vestiges of first Fort Bowie built in 1862 and a little further, the ruins of second Fort Bowie erected in 1868 and abandoned by the military in 1894.

The next day started with a visit of the Chiricahua National Monument located a few miles from Fort Bowie. This beautiful mountainous area with stunning volcanic rock formations was once the home of Geronimo and his Apache followers. From Fort Yuma, our route had coincided with the Overland Mail Road to Mesilla, NM, on the Rio Grande River. The Federal soldiers from Carleton's column followed this route in 1862 and so did we. At first, we thought that nothing interesting would be found in Mesilla where Lieutenant Colonel John R. Baylor installed his headquarters and was proclaimed Governor of the Confederate Territory of New Mexico. We were mistaken. The old historic quarter of this small town has been remarkably well preserved and integrated into the larger city complex of Las Cruces. Since it was getting dark, we moved on to El Paso, Texas, city that

has a twin in Mexico called Ciudad Juarez. After checking in a nice motel, we decided to cross the Mexican border for dinner and drinks.

We went back to Mesilla early next morning. The town and a vast tract of land in Southern New Mexico and Arizona fell under US jurisdiction after the Gadsden Purchase concluded in 1853. Turmoil with the Apache tribes living in those areas ensued. Most of the town's ancient buildings have been fully restored, and if there hadn't been cars around, the setting would have been ideal for a Western movie. After browsing through bookstores and other shops, we visited the Gadsden Museum, the private home of the descendants of Colonel Albert J. Fountain, a member of the California column that camped in the area. Two charming ladies, Mary V. Alexander and her daughter Tancy Bird, curators of the museum, gave us a warm welcome and toured us around their ancestor's house. The vast collection of artefacts and souvenirs from the Southwest, Indian Wars, Civil War, American-Hispanic War and even the First World War is truly astonishing. In huge showcases are displayed authentic Indian arrows with tips in bone and iron, scalps, baskets, pieces of clothes, pelts, china, boxes filled with multicolour pearls, handguns, rifles and other weapons that would have impressed any professional collector. Three relics drew our attention: a jacket belonging to Sam Houston, the Federal flag that once flew over Fort Fillmore when it surrendered to the Texans of Colonel Baylor (1861) and an unpublished photograph of the latter. Leaving behind us the area that was once under Chiricahua Apache influence, we progressed north with on our left, the peaks of the Mogollon Mountains, once the home of the Mimbreno Apaches and on our right, east of the Rio Grande, the huge prairies where the Mescalero Apaches once roamed.

The next day was devoted to the visit of Fort Craig and the battlefield of Valverde located at the foot of the Mesa Del Contedara, on the west bank of the Rio Grande. Here on February 21, 1862, Sibley's brigade defeated Canby's Federal troops sent out of Fort Craig, before pushing on to Santa Fe. The sky was rich blue, but the wind was fierce. The fort, now a national monument, is in ruins but it is quite easy to picture its original layout from the various remaining building foundations and earthworks. Near the mesa, we tried to make our way to the riverbank, but a railway track located between the main road and the river blocked our approach. During our search, we discovered an interesting monument erected by the United Daughters of the Confederacy in the area where the wounded and dead Texans were gathered after the battle.

Following Sibley's footsteps 139 years later, but at the same time of the year, we arrived at Santa Fe. When entering the city, we had no idea which direction to follow to get to the historical centre. An 1862 picture of the Palacio del Gobernador flashed in Serge's memory when he suddenly saw the building from a side street. The palace museum was closed that day, so we decided to drive to Taos. At one point in time, the local native Indians and the Athapascans (Apache, Navahos and Jicarillas) freely mixed in this town. We had in mind a typical Indian pueblo with adobe houses and their ladders. They probably still exist, but not in Taos. Under a bright blue but cold sky, we discovered an ordinary tourist town with its cohort of shops and restaurants. Some historical buildings remain here and there, such as the birthplace of Kit Carson. This house is located between two large Western style shops but has kept its authenticity. Those who have transformed it into a museum, which contains documents, arms, furniture and personal belongings of the famous American scout, should be congratulated.

The next day was totally committed to the "high tide" of Sibley's brigade in New Mexico: the battle of Glorietta Pass (27-28 March 1862). The battlefield located between Santa Fe and Fort Union revealed its key sites one after the other, just as they were probably some 139 years ago. Again, a blue sky but bitter cold wind. The accounts of some of the Texans who participated in this battle describe the sufferings caused by the cold weather and the wind due to the lack of adequate clothing. Glorietta Pass is not a short and narrow

passage between two mountains, it is a small valley that spreads over an area several miles wide and about 10 miles long. The pass and the mountains are covered with thick pine forests. Entering Apache Canyon, we immediately recognised the place where the Johnson Ranch once stood. On the right of the canyon, the heights overlook a flat area on which the Confederates had set up their supply train. It is from these summits that Major Chivington's Coloradoans fell on the Texan's wagons while the main battle was taking place a few miles away, near Pigeon's Ranch. Locating the remains of this ranch proved difficult and we would have never found it without a bit of luck. For a while we followed the road that winds through the hills and then, ignoring our exact position on the battlefield, we drove back and forth until suddenly the scenery that appeared in front of us faithfully matched a picture taken in 1880. This picture was in a book that we had just opened by coincidence at the right page. Two photographs of Pigeon's Ranch, then and now, are printed for comparison. It was 3 p.m. and Fort Union was some 70 miles away to the east. We did not want to miss this significant bastion of the New Mexico campaign since out of this post marched the Federal column that fought against the Texans at Glorietta Pass. We arrived at this superb national monument an hour before closing time. The visit of the fort's remains was carried out at a swift pace, not because of the lack of time but since the cold was truly unbearable. Speaking of cold weather, the Rocky Mountains awaited us covered with a layer of snow. We passed through Raton Pass, which separates the States of New Mexico and Colorado, and pushed on to Denver. While a modern highway has replaced the old road of 1862, the harsh mountain climate has not changed since the past century. Switching on the heating system of our vehicle, our thoughts went to those Colorado volunteers who marched on the same frozen road in the direction of Fort Union. The weather worsened and upon our arrival in Denver, we learned that a plane full of young American skiers had crashed nearby due to the lack of visibility and sudden atmospheric changes. What a contrast with Apache Pass and the hot nights of Nogales!

Staying overnight in Denver, we flew to Atlanta the next day where a rental car was waiting for us. We then drove to Charleston, following the route that Sherman's army had taken during its famous march to the sea. Charleston is a real city. After checking in our hotel, we met with Ethel Nepveux and her husband, Felix who were impatiently waiting for us. After a superb dinner at their home, Serge handed over to Ethel, on behalf of our association, the official diploma of Honorary President of the CHAB as well as a congratulation message from our president Daniel Frankignoul. We talked for the rest of the evening about our trip and things to see in Charleston. Ethel and her husband Felix, a retired officer of the Medical Department of the US Navy (veteran of the Pacific and Korean wars) insisted that we stay with them the forthcoming days. We had no other choice than to move out of our hotel!

The simple mention of the name Ethel Nepveux seems to open all doors in Charleston and there is no need to look for a guide to explore the town. On March 30th, we started with the visit of the Alston-Edmonton house, which is located on the waterfront called the "Battery". It is an old gentleman's house that contains a prestigious collection of furniture, paintings, china and other period objects. It was once used by P.G.T. Beauregard as his headquarter during the bombardment of Fort Sumter. Among the paintings on the wall, we recognised the *Economist*, the blockade runner owned by George Trenholm, on which Ethel has written in a previous CHAB News article.

Those who like New Orleans will love Charleston. In the first, the historical area is limited to the Old French Quarter while in the second, half of the city is history. Several days or more are necessary for an exhaustive visit, but since our time was limited, we were happy to accept the invitation from one of Ethel's friends to a guided horse and carriage tour through the old town. We then boarded the USS *Yorktown*, an aircraft carrier that played a major role at the battle of Midway during World War II. The *Yorktown*, now a permanent

museum, is really a floating city consisting of several decks, endless corridors and an incredible number of rooms and storage facilities, with the typical atmosphere found in countless war movies. This visit did not really fit in with traditional Civil War history, but it would have been a pity to miss such a unique opportunity. We then pushed on to Fort Moultrie that was occupied by the Confederates from 1861 onwards and where are displayed several guns that opened fire on Fort Sumter. During the evening, after an excellent dinner prepared by our hosts, we spent some time admiring the impressive collection of books and documents that Ethel possesses on the Civil War, on the history of Charleston and on George Trenholm, her prestigious ancestor.

On March 31st, Ethel and Felix invited us to a breakfast get-together organised by their church community where we met many interesting people. We then went to the old Charleston cemetery. Besides the numerous monuments erected in the memory of famous Confederate regiments and the headstones of soldiers who died in the area during the Civil War, we found the grave of Horace Hunley who was buried here with his entire crew after the dramatic sinking of his submarine in 1863. In the meantime, we had learned from the local press and television that it was possible to follow live on a large screen the actual excavation work carried out on the CSS *Hunley*. Unfortunately, this facility was temporarily interrupted since human remains of the sailors who died in the submarine had just been discovered. Out of respect for the deceased, the transfer of the bones to a cold room is not shown to the public. Were we about to miss this exceptional opportunity while in Charleston? Later in the morning, Ethel and Felix took us to a large shopping mall where we were introduced to Glenn McConnel, Senator of South Carolina, who owns and runs an antique and art shop with a department specialised in Civil War books. Glenn McConnel is closely involved with the *Hunley* restoration project and while Gerald interviewed him on the latest news, Serge was busy browsing through the history books. Glenn gave us two good pieces of news: first, the excavations on the *Hunley* would be back live on screen the next day at the Warren Lasch Conservation Laboratory and second, we would be able to meet Dr. Charles Peery, the notorious collector of naval artefacts of the Civil War. In the afternoon we took a boat across Charleston harbour to visit Fort Sumter. Upon arrival at the fort, we immediately moved away from the tourists who regrouped on the parade ground to listen to the explanations given by a park ranger. In this way, we managed to visit the lower casemates and take numerous photographs of the fort before the arrival of the crowds. We were probably the only Belgians to climb on Fort Sumter's ramparts on the precise day when, 140 years earlier, the fate of the fort was to be sealed. Indeed, on March 31st 1861, Secretary of State Seward tried in vain to convince Lincoln to evacuate Fort Sumter and to concentrate the Federal forces at Fort Pickens (Florida) that he thought could be better defended. Lincoln did not follow this advice and stuck to his original plan, that of reinforcing Fort Sumter.

The next day, April fool's day, will remain deeply engraved in our memory and in the history of our association. It began with a superb lunch offered by Ethel and Felix at Middleton Place, a huge plantation in the outskirts of Charleston, dating from the 18th century. Sherman's army burned the main part of it at the end of the war but what remains today gives an excellent idea of the glorious past of these grounds. The Nepveux are friends of the actual descendants of this plantation's notorious family of South Carolina, who have transformed the property into a major tourist attraction and restored some of the buildings in a prestigious way.

Arriving early in the afternoon at the Warren Lasch Conservation Center where the CSS *Hunley* is being restored, we finally met Dr. Charles Peery holding in his hands a copy of Serge's book and waiting for an autograph from the author. In a corner of the laboratory's visitor's centre are two large projection screens on which the public can watch live the work carried out on the *Hunley* by the scientists. Nearby is a mock-up of the submarine that was

built to produce the TV film on the subject. Minutes later, we were introduced to Dr. Warren Lasch in person, the man responsible for the *Hunley* restoration project in the laboratories belonging to his foundation. At the same time appeared Paul Mardikian and Philippe de Vivies, two French experts in the conservation of wrecks and metal artefacts who we had previously met in France. Both are also working on the preservation of several objects recovered from the CSS Alabama in the spring of 2000 at Cherbourg, France. Our friend Ulane Bonnel, president of the CSS Alabama Association, had previously informed them of our visit without being specific on the date. The unexpected concurrence of circumstances, the recommendation of Ulane Bonnel and the publication of Serge's book suddenly made wonders. At the insistence of Paul Mardikian, Dr. Lasch somewhat infringed his own strict access policy to his laboratory and opened the door of his sanctuary. To enter, we had to sign a confidentiality paper stating that we would not publicly reveal the information given to us or gathered during the private tour. The reason for this is to avoid erroneous statements to the press before Dr. Lasch and his team have had the time necessary to study, analyse and examine their findings. We then were allowed to approach the *Hunley* and examine the submarine from a distance of a few feet. Among the technicians sieving the mud extracted from inside the sub, we recognised Senator Glenn McConnel who Gerald had interviewed the previous day. The CSS *Hunley* resembles very closely the one painted by Conrad Chapman, but Paul Mardikian pointed out that its real dimensions are much bigger and out of proportion with the man that Chapman painted next to it. The only major difference seems to be the spar that held the torpedo. It is fixed at the bottom of the craft by a hinge bolt and not at the top as shown on some historical drawings. Standing on a mezzanine full of sophisticated measuring equipment, we could clearly see the interior of the submersible where feverish specialists were busy working. To access the inside of the craft, the rivets holding three boiler plates were removed as well as the plates themselves. The submarine is constantly sprayed with water to maintain a constant degree of humidity. This is monitored by a computer to avoid irreversible damage through contact with oxygen. Most of the remains of the bodies of the crew have been recovered including those of lieutenant Dixon who was the commander of the CSS *Hunley* on her fateful voyage. These will probably be interred in the Charleston cemetery next to Horace Hunley's grave. Paul Mardikian then guided us through the other parts of the laboratory where research and conservation takes place with the aid of sophisticated equipment such as a unique computerised x-ray machine. He pointed out the complexity of the various preservation steps and explained the techniques that are currently used. While looking around, we discovered some of the artefacts that were recovered from the CSS Alabama during the 2000 diving campaign on the wreck: a 30-pounder gun, a porthole, English bone china, pieces of rigging and a fused cannon ball enclosed in a wooden box. When the inside of the submarine has been totally cleared, it will be completely stripped apart. All the components previously catalogued and photographed, will be appropriately cleaned by electrolysis or other suitable means before being treated for conservation. The *Hunley* will then be reassembled piece by piece and finally transferred to a permanent display facility yet to be determined. This will take time, five years or more.

Our visit to the Warren Lash Conservation Centre constitutes the highlight of our trip and we are proud to have been among the fortunate few to see the CSS *Hunley* as she lay on the muddy bottom of the Bay of Charleston. On behalf of our association, we wish to express our deepest gratitude to Dr. Warren Lasch, Paul Mardikian and the entire project team for their warm welcome and memorable tour of the *Hunley* conservation facilities.

We spent our last evening at the Nepveux's home. After dinner, we talked for hours about the day's fantastic event and the good times spent together. All those exciting days in the company of Ethel and Felix are forever fixed in our memory. There are no words

powerful enough to thank our wonderful hosts for their exceptional generosity that transformed our planned stopover in Charleston into a unique and unforgettable experience.

The next day was uneventful. We left Charleston in the morning and drove to Atlanta where we caught our flight back to Brussels.



In the Nepveux home in Charleston, a portrait of George Trenholm hanging in the background, Serge Noirsain and Gerald Hawkins pose in company of Ethel Seabrook Nepveux who proudly displays her diploma of Honorary President of the Confederate Historical Association of Belgium.





The territorial prison of Yuma on the Arizona side of the Colorado River. Built in 1876, it was in use until 1909.



The double iron gate at the entrance of Yuma penitentiary through which passed hundreds of convicts.



The imposing Yuma penitentiary watchtower offered the guards a wide view of the surrounding grounds.



Group of cells where were locked up many outlaws, gunfighters, thieves and other more common prisoners.



The Quartermaster Depot at Yuma Crossing, used by the US Army until 1883 to supply the forts of the area.



Gerald in front of a stagecoach of the Butterfield Overland Mail, displayed in the Yuma Crossing Historical State Park.



Picacho Pass on the road from Yuma to Tuscon. Here took place the most southern engagement of the Civil War.



Picacho Peak seen from the east of the Pass. The 1862 skirmish occurred on this hilly and rocky terrain.



Gerald poses next to the Picacho Pass historical marker erected by the Sons of Confederate Veterans.



Another view of the west side of Picacho Pass, shot from the historical marker of the previous photograph.



Monument erected to the memory of the three US troopers killed during the Picacho Pass skirmish, on 15 April 1862.



The San Xavier Del Bac mission, located 10 km south of Tucson, was founded in 1692 by Father Francisco Kino.



The first Arizona printing press is displayed in the museum of the Tubac Presidio.



First edition of the "Weekly Arizonian" printed in Tubac on 3 March 1854, on the press of the previous photograph.



The border between the sister towns of Nogales, Arizona and Nogales, Sonora, Mexico, a contrast of civilizations.



Serge enjoys a coffee and a cigar in a Nogales bar, on the Mexican border.



Under a scorching sun, a brief halt on the rocky road track that meanders through the Patagonia Mountains.



Spectacular view of the Patagonia Mountains that range from the Mexican border to the towns of Patagonia and Sonoita.



Ruins of Mowry's estate. In 1860, Sylvester Mowry, an ex-US army officer, operated here a rich silver mine.



To the east, the Patagonia Mountains join the San Raphael Valley that borders the Chiricahua Mountains.



The Chiricahua Mountains culminate at Coronado Peak, 6,864 ft. high, which offers a splendid view of the San Pedro Valley.



From Coronado Peak, view of the San Raphaël Valley and Mexico. Nogales is situated in the distant center.



Gerald at the entrance of Fort Huachuca museum. This fort was built in 1877 and is still in use today.



The Dragoon Mountains near Benson, Az. It is here that the Apaches fell on Sherod Hunter's troops in 1862.



General view of Apache Pass separating the Chiricahua and Dos Cabezas Mountains.



Ruins of the Butterfield Overland Mail depot at Apache Pass. This stage line connected St. Louis to San Francisco.



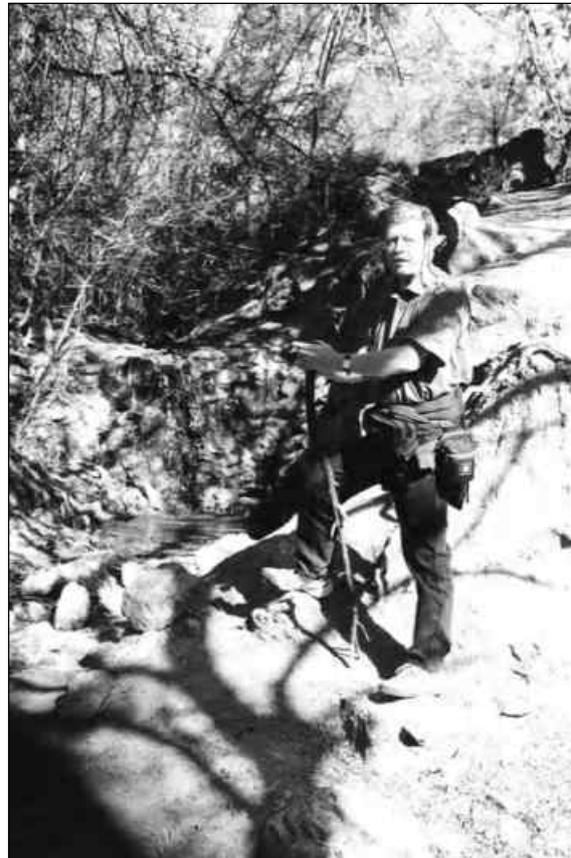
Apache Pass seen from the stage depot. Until 1862, Apaches and emigrants fought for this mountain passage.



Siphon Canyon seen from the stage depot. This is the site of the "Bascom affair" of 1861, which started the Apache wars.



Serge, outfitted for the circumstances, heads towards Apache Pass and Fort Bowie under a scorching sun.



Gerald at Apache Spring. This water source was vital to the Apaches, emigrants and soldiers venturing in Apache Pass.



Gerald in Fort Bowie's cemetery, next to the tomb of "Little Robe", the son of Geronimo who died on September 10, 1885.



Site of the battle of Apache Pass where, on 15 July 1862, the Apaches attacked la Carleton's California column.



Another view of Apache Pass with Fort Bowie in the distance. The Apaches opened fire from the mountain tops.



The ruins of 2nd Fort Bowie. Built in 1868 to protect the area from Apache raids, it was abandoned in 1894.



The Dos Cabezas Mountains, "two heads" in Spanish, were the stronghold of Cochise's Chiracahua Apaches.



This monument was erected on the site where Geronimo surrendered to General George Crook in 1886.



The Chiricahua National Monument near Fort Bowie consists of extraordinary volcanic lava formations.



Spectacular view of the Chiricahua Mountains from Masai Point. These mountains were the home of Geronimo's Apaches.



The historical center of Mesilla, part of Las Cruces, NM. This charming town has changed little since the 1860's.



Historical marker in Mesilla indicating that the Butterfield Overland stagecoach stopped here on its voyage to San Francisco.



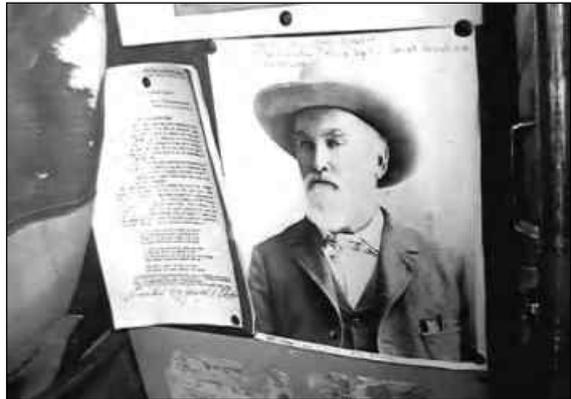
A typical café in the center of Mesilla. This old building could have been the residence of Governor John Baylor, CSA.



"La Posta" at Mesilla welcomed many personalities such as Billy the Kid, Kit Carson, Pancho Villa and Douglas Mac Arthur.



Mary Alexander and daughter Tancy Bird of the Gadsden Museum in Mesilla, the house of their ancestor, A.J. Fountain.



Rare photo of John R. Baylor in a showcase of the Gadsden Museum, next to the flag that once flew over Fort Fillmore.



Site of the Valverde battle (21 February 1862) seen from Fort Craig with the Mesa Del Contedara on the right.



Ruins of Fort Craig with the Mesa and the Rio Grande in the distance. The parade ground is located left of the flag.



Fort Craig seen from the north, with the ruins of the officer's quarters, parade ground and supply depôts.



Serge in front of the ruins of the fort command center that was occupied by Colonel Canby during the battle of Valverde.



Gerald poses between two impressive adobe walls of the fort's main building. The Mesa is in the distance.



The house of Kit Carson in Taos, NM. This famous scout was born here and his house has been transformed into a museum.



The Kit Carson Museum contains the furniture, weapons, personal effects and souvenirs from this famous scout.



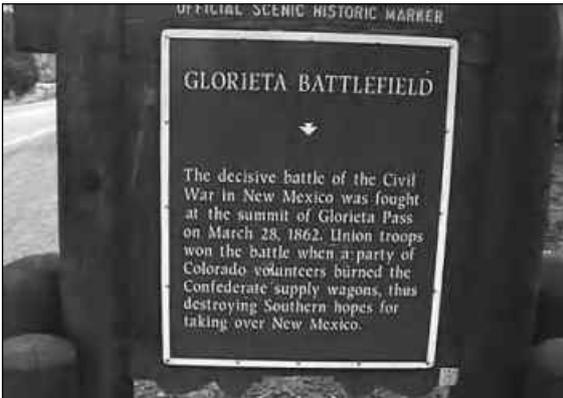
Gerald and Serge relax in a nice restaurant of Ciudad Juarez, the Mexican sister town of El Paso.



View of Apache Canyon at the entrance of Glorieta Pass, NM, from Interstate 75 North, near Johnson's Ranch.



East of Apache Canyon, the flat ground where Chivington's Coloradoans destroyed the baggage train of Sibley's army.



Located on a secondary road, some 20 km north of Santa Fe, an historic marker describes the battle of Glorieta Pass.



The battle of Glorieta Pass took place on a vast area covered with pine forests as seen above.



Left, Pigeon's Ranch photographed in 1880, (Museum of New Mexico).

At daybreak on March 28, 1862, some 800 Texans commanded by Lt. Colonel Scurry collided with 900 Federal soldiers under General Slough, coming from Koslowski's Ranch, some 8 km away. The battle lasted all day, punctuated by attacks and counterattacks causing enormous losses in both camps. Unable to count on Chivington's Coloradoans that he had planned to join, Slough finally had to give up the ground, leaving Pigeon's Ranch in the hands of the Confederates.

The photograph above shows Pidgeon's Ranch today. The old ranch has disappeared, only its foundations are still visible close to the barn. Except for the road that bisects the image, the site has changed very little since the battle of 1862. (Photo G. Hawkins)





Historical marker located at the entrance of Fort Union, on the Santa Fe Trail, about 100 km northeast of Glorieta Pass.



Founded in 1851, Fort Union was completely rebuilt in 1861 to defend the Santa Fe Trail from a Confederate invasion.



The Alston-Edmondston house was the headquarter of General Beauregard during the bombardment of Fort Sumter in 1861.



Gerald at the wheel of the aircraft carrier "Yorktown", which took part in the battle of Midway during the Second World War.



Serge poses on the flight deck of the "Yorktown", a floating museum permanently anchored in Charleston harbor.



Serge, Ethel Nepveux (holding a copy of the CHAB News!) and Gerald in the sunny harbor of Charleston.



Serge Noirsain and Felix Nepveux wave at the photographer, on the beach in front of Fort Moultrie.



View of Fort Sumter from Fort Moultrie. This Confederate fortress guarded the entrance of the bay of Charleston.



During the boat trip to Fort Sumter Gerald poses in front of the stairs leading to the upper deck of the ship.



View of Fort Sumter upon the boat's arrival at the island. The gun embrasures date from the Civil War.



Two huge Columbiads are displayed on the parade ground inside Fort Sumter.



Serge in front of a replica of the "CSS Hunley" located in front of the history museum of Charleston.



Senator G. McConnel of South Carolina shows a poster of the "CSS Hunley" that he has commissioned to a local artist.



Serge examines with a critical eye the history books in the store run by Senator G. McConnel and his brother.



Serge and Gerald coming out of Senator G. McConnel's store, located in a shopping mall near Charleston.



Gerald in front of a Civil War Dahlgren gun, located at White Point Garden, along the Charleston Battery.



Ethel and Felix Nepveux invited us for lunch at Middleton Place, a splendid 18th century plantation.



Ethel, Serge, Gerald and a Nepveux friend in the Middleton Place gardens, in the suburbs of Charleston.



Serge and Gerald in Charleston's Magnolia cemetery, in front of the graves of Horace Hunley and his crew, drowned in 1863.



Gerald and Serge in front of the Warren Lasch Conservation Center where the "Hunley" is kept for restoration.



C. Peery, a hostess, J. Hollman, G. Hawkins and S. Noirsain in the visitor's hall of the Warren Lasch Conservation Center.



Serge in conversation with Paul Mardikian, the chief conservation scientist working on the "Hunley".



Dr. Warren Lasch thanks Ethel Nepveux for the signed copy of her book on the life of George A. Trenholm.



G. Hawkins, P. de Vivies, P. Mardikian and S. Noirsain pose for the camera in the Warren Lasch Conservation Center.



J. Hollman, E. Nepveux, C. Peery, G. McConnel, S. Noirsain, G. Hawkins, W. Lasch and P. Mardikian inside the laboratory.



Gerald in conversation with Serge while Ethel Nepveux follows on two big screens the work done inside the "Hunley".



View of the Hunley's stern as she rests in the laboratory. One can distinguish the conning tower and the diving planes.



The "Hunley" fixed in an aluminum jig reveals its secrets. Left, a scientist examines the interior of the submarine.



To reach the inside of the submarine, some cover plates were removed. The rivet holes are clearly visible.



Serge rotates the propulsion crankshaft of the "Hunley" replica that was built for the TV film of the same name.



A final smile for the camera before saying goodbye to Ethel and Felix Nepveux, our wonderful hosts in Charleston.



Serge and Gerald leave the Nepveux home for Atlanta, Ga, where they will catch their flight for Brussels, Belgium.