

This is supplementary material for Kelli Lycke Donate's webtext "Shaping Narratives: Exploring A Hybrid Documentary Methodology" published in *Kairos: Rhetoric, Technology, Pedagogy*, 31(1), available at <http://kairos.technorhetoric.net/31.1/inventio/donate>.

(0:01)[Sounds of Traffic on a Road]

(0:18)[Music] Santa Rita some 15 miles east of Silver City is in a region of greasewood flatlands of yuca patches and carpets of cre-soaked brush, hazy mountains humpback on all horizons. Abrupt arroyos cut into the hard desert earth. But in spite of the wilderness, the loneliness, the feeling of things far away from everywhere, the air is sharp with industry, for in its midst the Kennecott enterprise is ever digging, loading, hauling, and sweltering the precious substance--ripping out the Santa Rita as mining men have done for all but 16 years of the last two centuries. But where is the town of Santa Rita?

You won't find its location on any up-to-date map because it isn't there anymore.

(1:20) [Sound of Airhorn]

(1:26) Operations now reached a point where another program for the removal of houses and buildings from the Santa Rita town site is necessary. The company is planning ahead in such a way as to cause the Santa Rita residents as little hardship as possible.

(1:42)But there was a town of Santa Rita, once upon a time, a typical southwestern mining community that held its frontier flavor to the end [Music]

(2:30) Santa Rita is the place in southwest New Mexico where my birthplace was. The town is now gone, gobbled up by the copper mine. That is why I am writing this book to let you know about the town that was there.

(2:47) I managed to get right into the action very shortly after we arrived in town. Our house was on the east end of the first row above the road, and the children going to and from school traveled a path passing right in front. I had never seen any Mexican Americans, and most of the children that passed by were of Mexican descent. From our house perched high on Santa Rita Hill--and I mean perched literally, for it was we had an excellent view of both pits, there were once two separate pits at Santa Rita. I can only liken it to a seat high in the grandstand and the third baseline at a baseball game

(3:29) Sweet memories of Santa Rita and growing up in a company town setting warms my heart. The neighborhood was safe and fun. Parents knew everybody in town, and they knew we kids were having fun, whoever we were with. Our parents didn't need to worry about us. One summer, Johnny Scott, Nancy, and I hiked to the legendary Kneeling Nun. Several times, Katie Bean, knowingly had plans to hike up the famous mountain, kept a careful eye through a pair of binoculars. Katie worked at the Santa Rita company store, and from there she kept her constant watch.

(4:05) I shall never forget my time working at the Santa Rita store. I learned a great deal, had a lot of fun, and worked with some of the finest people I have ever had the pleasure to know. The company store was a general store in every sense of the word. It carried almost everything imaginable: pharmaceuticals, guns, ran a mortuary, and often acted as a bank, cashing payroll

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checks for employees. All Chino employees were eligible for a charge account, and when an employee drew his pay, his bills at the store was deducted, leaving him only the balance. Therefore, one's credit was good and at no risk to the store.

(4:46) If you worked for the company, you were expected to patronize the company's store. It was the Santa Rita Store Company. If a man with a family worked there and didn't have a bill held out of his paycheck from the store, he was fired and told to leave town. The company owned everything there; they owned the mine, the houses, the store, the hospital, and the workers. The Mexican American workers were discriminated against. The Anglo workers were paid more for the same job than the Mexican workers. At this time, their pay was about two dollars a day. There were a few businesses that the company let into town. Mr. Ralph Keiner had a bakery, there was a confectionery with the post office, and the Martinez cafe, and a small store in the Mexican part of town.

(5:39) Although Santa Rita was a pretty free-wheeling town, there were limits as to what one could get away with. The company had absolute and iron-clad control over who lived in town, and if one exceeded the limits of company-defined decorum, he was politely but firmly invited to leave. I am personally aware of only one instance in which such a judgment was invoked.

(6:05) In 1956, they sold the houses to the employees and gave everyone a nine-year lease on the ground. When the lease was up, all the houses had to be moved. The houses are all over the country today.

(6:24) Metaphorically, I envision that we have all been part of a similar struggle. I once wrote a poem about the Kneeling Nun Mountain, about her history and legend. My professor said my poem was meaningless. I was incensed! She did have a history. She was a legend! What I didn't include in that poem was that I had buried his son at her feet--a son and many loved ones. I didn't tell of my deep hurt at seeing her streams polluted with copper sulfate, her slopes covered with waste, her silence shattered by the sounds of trucks coming. Nor did I mention the joy of dancing with beloved friends at her very feet or the sensuousness of making love in her bedroom. The poem didn't include the death of a town, a father, a school, and the sorrow at their demise.

(7:30)[Music]

(7:36) to those of us who live there and learn to work and play, the memory of Santa Rita is in our minds to stay.