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PASS-WORD

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FAREWELL TO HORSE-BACK, MULE-BACK, 'FOOT-BACK' AND PRAIRIE-SCHOONER: THE RAILROAD COMES TO TOWN

. . . . . *by Joseph Leach*

I

From the long view of history seventy-five years is only a jot on the tablets of time. Yet within that speck of history El Paso has hurdled centuries.

Man had established a dusty foothold here in the Pass nearly three hundred years before the first train, and modern times, came in puffing and chugging in 1881. That train, the Southern Pacific's first rolling stock through the Pass of the North, arrived an hour early on May 19, 1881. Before that date, El Paso was an adobe village dozing in the desert sun. After that date, she never knew slumber again.

Now, three-quarters of a century later, the changes effected by the coming of the railroad make it difficult to imagine the primitive community that hailed that first train. That sleepy little town still lives within the memory of many living El Pasoans. They recall it as a village far more Mexican than American. Numbering only about 200 people in 1850, and a little over 400 in 1860, El Paso still had fewer than 2000 people when the train arrived.

Life in the village was typical of the average frontier community of the period. Every man went armed, and every wife wondered, when she heard a shot fired, if she might be the new widow. Mrs. Warner Phillips, wife of one of El Paso's first aldermen, never heard a pistol shot without sending her young son, Ben, to check on his father's safety. Warner Phillips was no "wanted" man; he was simply an El Paso citizen trying to lead his own life in a village where life was often imperilled by the trigger-happy finger of one's neighbor.

Local streets were unpaved and uncurbed; throughout most of the year people trudged or rode about their business through deep dust and drifts of sand. In summer when the rains came, streets became thick rivers of mud. On many occasions teams had to be unhitched and linked together to rescue a heavily loaded wagon that had mired in the mud. For some reason, the intersection of El Paso and San Antonio streets became an especially treacherous bog during wet weather.

In addition to the usual horse and mule teams for hauling, El Pasoans utilized oxen. Several wagon yards offered ox teams for hire, the largest and best equipped yard standing at the corner of El Paso and San Francisco streets. Pictures now on display in the Pioneer's Room at the International Museum show several ox teams, their horns looking more hostile than their indolent eyes and placid mouths would indicate.

El Paso's only real hotel, the Central, stood on the present site of the White House. It was an adobe structure recognizable as a hostelry only from its sign. Otherwise, it blended unobtrusively with the other mud buildings nestled in the shade of the cottonwoods.

For its food El Paso depended entirely on local production. Vegetables and grain raised in the valley, as well as local beef, were the major items on El Paso tables. In the market, eggs were 30¢ a dozen, butter 35¢ a pound. A very superior wine was still produced here, as it had been since the first establishment of Spanish culture across the river.

For more elaborate drinking, the El Paso Brewery bar served a satisfactory glass of beer for 12½¢. Doyle's Saloon ("John Doyle, Propt.") offered the "finest brands of wines, liquors and cigars." Whiskey was 25¢ a drink. The house stayed open all night.

Hospitality across the river was a good deal less prodigal than it is today. Hacks to Paso Del Norte, the present Ciudad Juarez, did a thriving business, though the only river crossing was by means of a ferry which charged "two-bits" one way, and that ferry stopped operation at seven each evening. The Mexican government strictly forbade anyone's walking across on the new railroad bridge which was finished that summer. To discourage pedestrians, spikes had been driven into the timbers and then sharpened. Yet, expensive as it was for the average Paseño to visit across the river, at least one local citizen would have been entirely welcome. James Gillett, then a sergeant with the Ranger force stationed in El Paso County, was a very much wanted man in Mexico. In June a reward of from $500 to $3,500 was offered for his head.

Indians still menaced life here. The Apaches had not yet surrendered their claim to Dog Canyon near Alamogordo, and made occasional forays into the outskirts of El Paso. Sheepherders in the vicinity of the Guadalupe Mountains were finding things kept lively for them by Indians there.

In 1881 El Paso had no theater, no worthy school building, and only one church, an Episcopalian congregation organized by Joseph Tays. Catholics in the community worshipped either in Paso Del Norte or in one of the valley missions.

Yet, primitive as the village was in the spring and summer of 1881, there were those living here who dreamed of a finer, more cultivated way of life. Apparently, the editor of the *Herald* had been badgered many times to work more actively for civic refinements. In September, he finally exploded: "It is said we ought to have a theater. Yes, we ought to have a fine school building, churches of different kinds, waterworks, street cars, an ice factory, a building association, and many other adjuncts of modern life and progressive civilization. For that matter, we ought to be in heaven, but we are not."[1]

[1]El Paso *Herald*, May 12, 1923, quoting El Paso *Herald*, September 14, 1881.

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EL PASO'S FIRST RAILROAD

Celebration of the Important Event, and a General Welcome to the Officials of the S. P. R. R.,

Followed by a Grand Ball in the Evening at Schutz' Hall.

Hundreds of People from Paso del Norte, Mexico, and Neighboring Towns Join with us

And Help to Enliven the Affair, Which to El Paso, is the Beginning of her "Boom"

The Ball in the Evening [illegible] Success, [illegible] Persons being Present.

At an early [illegible] on Thursday [illegible] the [illegible] when the train was to arrive, which bore the Southern Pacific officials, hundreds flocked to the depot grounds in the vicinity of the grand stand, to await the incoming train. Many citizens from Paso del Norte, Ysleta and neighboring towns were present, and entered into the affair with as much spirit as if the celebration was their own. Many of our business houses were decked out in [illegible] United States and Mexico, and up our streets were displayed as "streamers," but the most prominent of all was the "lone star," which stood sentinel on the top of Mundy's meat market, at the head of El Paso street.

A GENERAL GOOD FEELING

was manifest on the part of all, and it was plainly visible that every El Pasoan present was alive to the importance of the great event, which will henceforth to [illegible] more closely with the outer world. Isolated as El Paso has been in years past, the celebration was thoroughly in order, and our citizens entered into the affair with a will which did them honor and credit and which the Southern Pacific officials cannot but admire and applaud. [illegible]

[illegible]

Whether our town in 1956 is more nearly heaven than she was in 1881 is a moot question, but life changed so drastically in the direction of greater ease and comfort after May of that year that most local citizens figured they were on the right track.

II

The right route for the first trans-continental railroad had been a serious subject for government consideration and private speculation ever since the discovery of gold in California. Three possible routes for the railroad were eventually located: the line which the Union Pacific finally chose, another along the 35th degree of latitude, and the third near the 32nd degree of latitude through El Paso and the Mesilla Pass. Under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848 the boundary between Mexico and the United States had been set as the Rio Grande north to the 32nd parallel, then west along that line to the Pacific. John Russell Bartlett was appointed head of a U.S. Boundary Commission and sent west to establish the exact location of that line.

According to Bartlett's report, the correct line lay somewhat north of Mesilla Pass. Since this would make it impossible to build an American railroad to the West Coast except partly over Mexican territory, President Pierce ordered General James Gadsden to Mexico City to have the U.S. boundary line changed. Cadsden announced to President Santa Anna: "The projected railroad from New York to California must be built by way of the Messila [sic] Valley because there is no other possible route. The Mexican Government will be splendidly indemnified. The Valley must belong to the United States by an indemnity or we will take it."[2]

As a result of further negotiation and a payment of $10,000,000 Mexico ceded the necessary territory to the United States and the way lay open for a trans-continental railroad via El Paso. In all probability this would have been the first cross-country line completed had not sectional politics interfered. Southerners strongly favored this route to California; Northerners vigorously opposed it. 1861 and Fort Sumter arrived before the project was begun, and the territory again fell into disputing hands. The Union Pacific along the northernmost route was consequently the first line completed from East to West.

A modern hobo song, "The Gila Monster Route," opens with the lines: "The lingering sunset across the plain / Kissed the end of an eastbound train."[3] An item of general surprise to most people is the fact that the first train into El Paso came not from the settled, civilized East but highballed straight in from California. Thereby hangs a tale.

[2]General Santa Anna's report of the interview quoted in S. G. Reed, *A History of the Texas Railroads* (Houston, Texas, 1941), 96.

[3]Quoted in Stewart H. Holbrook, *The Story of American Railroads* (New York, 1947), 438.

The Big Four in western railroad history loom large in the story of El Paso's modern development. Charles Crocker, Collis P. Huntington, Leland Stanford, and Mark Hopkins were the guiding geniuses and titanic powers behind the dispersal of rails eastward from San Francisco Bay. If rugged individualism and initiative have ever been illustrated in any Americans, surely these four men stand as perfect examples. It was their vision, their passionate faith in the economic future of the American West, their personal determination to share in its profits that resulted first in the establishment of a company to bridge the vast miles between the Barbary Coast and the Hudson River.

The exploits of these four individualists are proof of what youth, red blood, and determination can accomplish under the American free-enterprise system. Charles Crocker was thirty-eight, Huntington thirty-nine, Mark Hopkins forty-seven and Leland Stanford thirty-six when they banded together to build that road. They were not railroad men, and perhaps never did really become so. As the SP's best historian puts it, "they were not too much concerned with theories of public service, either. They were four hairy-chested individuals out to get theirs and making very sure they got it."[4]

After the passage of the Pacific Railroad Act in 1862, under which two companies were to build that road, one westward from the Missouri, the other east from the Pacific, the laying of the rails actually began. Road building crews of the Central Pacific (the Big Four's company) and the Union Pacific Company met at last at Promontory Point in Utah on May 10, 1869. Leland Stanford drove "the last spike" and officially declared the first trans-continental railroad an accomplished fact.

Excitement, of course, ran high throughout the western world. Bret Harte, who was present on that occasion, wrote a poem expressing the importance of the feat.

> "What was it the Engines said,
> Pilots touching,—head to head
> Facing on the single track,
> Half a world behind each back?"[5]

But great as the excitement was, it did not surpass El Paso's tremendous elation when she welcomed her own first train eleven years later.

The record of the financial arrangements, if not shenanigans, which characterized the early years of the Central Pacific's operation is not important here in detail. But in a larger picture the formation of the Southern Pacific Company would be seen to spring mainly from the desire of the Big Four to profit from their heavy investments of money and energy in the Central Pacific. As both builders and owners of the Central Pacific, they shared in the tremendous

[4]Neill C. Wilson and Frank J. Taylor, *Southern Pacific: The Roaring Story of a Fighting Railroad* (New York, 1952), 30.

[5]Quoted in *Southern Pacific's First Century* (San Francisco, August, 1955), 5.

debts incurred in the venture. Primarily to regain a sound financial footing for themselves, they organized another railroad company, the Southern Pacific, to construct and operate a line through the Southwest, via El Paso, toward New Orleans. That their appetite for private profit resulted in enormous public good cannot be questioned today.

III

As the grading of the road bed and the laying of the Southern Pacific rails proceeded southward and eastward from San Francisco Bay, a storm of excitement swept through the area to be affected. Newspapers eagerly reported the progress in terms of so many ties laid, so many rails spiked into place, so many miles completed. In many places the finished line advanced at the rate of two miles a day. Chinese laborers by the hundreds supplied the real muscle and manpower that constructed the line, and history should afford them great credit along with the Big Four in the job of building the road.

Today one can still sense the tingling anticipation which the progress reports aroused. By March 20, 1880, the SP had already reached Tucson, by June it had arrived in Benson. Mid-October saw it into Lordsburg, December 15, Deming. Everywhere along the line, crowds welcomed the new marvel with the same enthusiasm that characterized the arrival in Tucson. Elated at the great occasion, Mayor Leatherwood of Tucson sent off telegrams to the President of the U. S., the Governor of Arizona, the mayors of San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Yuma. Then someone suggested a similar message to the Pope. Since nobody knew the Pope's address, a hasty query was circulated and the Mexican wife of one Pete Kitchen, an old settler, finally supplied the information: "His Holiness lives in Rome, Italy."

Leatherwood's wire to the Pope read: "The Mayor of Tucson begs the honor of reminding His Holiness that this ancient and honorable pueblo was founded by the Spaniards under the sanction of the Church more than three hundred years ago and to inform Your Holiness that a railroad from San Francisco, California, now connects us with the Christian world. Asking your benediction."

When an answer proved slow in coming, someone slipped into the railroad station to assist a speedy reply. In due course it came. "Am glad railroad has reached Tucson, but where in hell is Tucson. The Pope."[6]

On April 20, 1881, more than 1600 Chinese shovel men were at work on the roadbed between Las Cruces and El Paso. Functioning as an efficient machine, they laid the ties and spiked home the rails with a speedy precision that many old timers who rode out to watch their progress still remember. Dependable as they were as workers, at night in their camp they carried on a "general fusillade." An El Paso paper reported: "Hundreds of shots are fired nightly and our merchants are reaping a harvest on the sale of ammunition."

[6]Wilson and Taylor, *Southern Pacific*, 76.

On the great day of the arrival in El Paso, even the shots of the Chinese were silenced in the general din of cannon salutes. Due in at 10 a.m., the train actually arrived a little after nine, so the cannons which were to boom out the welcome had not yet been brought in from Fort Bliss. But after a short delay, the guns roared and the hundreds of people from Ysleta, Paso Del Norte, and neighboring towns who had gathered at the Depot Grounds cheered.

Many of the business houses had been decked out in evergreens, bunting and flags (red-white-and-green as well as red-white-and-blue), and mottoes and banners decorated the streets. Interestingly enough, the most prominent displayed flag flew above Mundy's Meat Market; it was the "Lone Star."

All El Paso and the valley area were alive to the drama of the great occasion; they knew full well that they were present at the end of one era and the beginning of another. As the editor of the El Paso *Herald* expressed it on June 1, 1881, "This was the eventful day when El Paso bade goodbye and a long farewell to horse-back, mule-back, 'foot-back' and 'prairie-schooner' transportation."

Behind them now were the aches and perils of stage-coach travel, the long dusty marches over the rocky trails, the sleepless nights and the dry camps. No longer would one have to spend an entire winter in making a trip to the West Coast. Now at last freight rates would be low, merchandise would come in quickly and arrive undamaged. Soon, with the eastward extension of the line, one could go to San Antonio in a matter of three or four days. Heretofore, by ox wagon train, the trip had taken a hundred. Even the Indian's bullets and the flint-tipped points of his arrows could now be safely ignored. Compared with the flimsy duck sidings of the wagons, the train car with its steel and wood walls and its thick window glass was a veritable fortress on wheels.

All groups and interests in El Paso were represented at the celebration: "the solid and substantial merchant," soldiers and officers from Fort Bliss, "the bronzed and gallant sons of the western plains," many Mexicans from across the Rio Grande, and, of course, the families, young and old, who were that day to have their first sight of coal-and-steam locomotion.

After the cannons had fired salutes in honor of Texas, Mexico, and California, a welcoming committee of local dignitaries[7] boarded the train where they joined officials of the Southern Pacific Company in the Superintendent's car. At the end of a short ride to the area where a specially-constructed pavillion stood, the committee and the railroad officials dismonuted an took their places in the pavillion.

B. D. Phillips remembers that he and his brother, J. N., were so frightened when the engine let forth a loud whistle that they ran all the way home. That

[7]The welcoming committee included:
Joseph Magoffin, J. P. Hague, Warner Phillips, Joseph Schutz, C. R. Morehead, Juan Ochoa, O. T. Bassett, J. R. Currie, M. W. Carrico, William S. Hills, T. A. Falvey, Judge Cook, S. C. Slade, Captain Thomas.

engine was probably a Baldwin sporting a bell-shaped funnel which belched forth clouds of black smoke and steam. In general outline and size it resembled Old Number One, which now stands in the park beside the Southern Pacific Building. The passenger cars were typical of that period. Their seats were straight-backed and thinly cushioned. Open platforms at each end of the cars served as vestibules. Their exteriors were brightly painted, with carved wood decorations and gold-leaf trimmings.

Ed Bryant, who was deputy sheriff in 1936, recalled that an old Mexican man standing beside him when the first train rolled in expressed complete amazement, especially when the train stopped and then backed a few feet. "How can a wagon pull a horse?" he asked.

When the guests and the welcoming group had assembled in the pavillion, Judge Allan Blacker stepped forward and delivered the first address of the day. He expressed for the whole crowd the pleasure he felt in the significance of the first train's arrival. He assured the Southern Pacific officials that not only all El Pasoans, but the people of Mexico and the citizens of Ysleta, San Elizario, and Socorro, joined him "heart and hand, in welcoming you to this distant frontier. You are more than thrice welcome."

The speaker went on to say that "you have brought with you the iron bands which shall bring us together in the material interests in the pleasantest place in which God in his providence has cast our lots . . . here, surrounded by these lonely mountains; in this beautiful valley, . . . emulating cities may spring up on this side and the other side of the river; which, together with the railroads, will distribute, export, import and handle, to some considerable extent, the commerce of the world."

Judge Blacker declared that only the winter before, the Governor of Texas had remarked to him that if "he was a young man he would settle in the valley of El Paso, with the firm belief that it would be within his power to become a millionaire—that it was the best and the last place in the United States to make a fortune in a single lifetime." With the arrival of the railroads, Judge Blacker was certain, El Paso would now have ample markets for its table grapes, its alfalfa, and "the finest onions on this continent."[8]

"The wining, dining, and speechifying," said Judge Blacker, "which we propose on this beautiful day of welcome, while it might be criticized as rural and old fashioned, is not a mere formality, but it is an earnest of our firm belief in the great probabilities and grand possibilities which you [the SP officials] and others will bring within our easy grasp."

Following Judge Blacker's address, Don Espiridon Provencio made a brief speech on behalf of the people of Paso Del Norte. "Blessed by ingenuity, labor and constancy, the three motors of science, that never gets tired, you have

[8]El Paso *Herald,* June 1, 1881. This publication is the major source of information relative to the celebration.

triumphed once more, and your harvest of laurels is not over. Mexico—my country—salutes and congratulates you today. Be welcome."

In reply to Judge Blacker and Don Espiridon, one of the Big Four, Charles Crocker (who was then President of the Southern Pacific Company) rose and made appropriate remarks of appreciation for the welcome extended to him and his associates. The man responsible for importing Chinese labor to build the road, Crocker looked every inch the financial and intellectual giant that he was. Weighing over 250 pounds, with a face adorned with a magnificent beard, he graced the happy occasion with his presence as well as his words. No one present could doubt his fitness to occupy one of the most splendid palaces on San Francisco's Nob Hill.

After this trio of speeches the party adjourned to a tent nearby where wine was served, the party then forming itself into a procession for the march to Schutz's Hall where the remainder of the ceremony took place.

Decorated with foliage and flowers presented by the men of Fort Bliss, the Hall was soon thronged, "the front seats . . . being conspicuous by the presence of very many of our most beautiful and refined ladies and their families." When all were seated and the honored guests had taken their places on the platform, J. D. Stevens, chairman of the arrangements committee, introduced Judge J. P. Hague, who delivered the major address of the day.

After expressing his great personal satisfaction in seeing the realization of a dream he had long worked toward and cherished for his city, Judge Hague declared: "The Lone Star, in the splendor of her course, shall now enter the portals of the Golden Gate; the Nereid of the Pacific shall now add to the wealth of her dominion the chief jewel that once adorned the diadem of the Montezumas."

"California and Texas have struck hands," Judge Hague continued, "and today stand united. For the cargoes of the distant East, Texas will pay in her commodities . . . an adequate compensation; from both these, Mexico, keeping watch by the wayside, . . . will make her choice in the manner of an umpire, and yield up her treasures. A railroad built, is the establishment of power; a controlling factor of that power is commerce; and the relations of commerce are ever those of friendship."

"The coming of the railroad," said Judge Hague, "has today spread out a prospect before us, beautiful as a landscape, . . . has given vigor to our daily occupations, and enlivened our business; it has gladdened our hearts and given our homes a cheer, for even the little ones are eager to know its meaning."

The El Paso *Herald,* in reporting the event, declared that Judge Hague's speech was heartily applauded, "and it was evident from the marked attention he received and the hearty expressions of indorsement, that he was speaking the sentiment of every El Pasoan in the hall."

That evening following a formal banquet at the Central Hotel, El Paso's most prominent citizens, officers from Fort Bliss, Mexican officials from Paso Del Norte and many visitors attended a Grand Ball at Schutz's Hall.[9] Both in decorations and in the costumes of the ladies, it was a brilliant spectacle. Mrs. Hague wore a very elegant dress of "checkered silk trimmed with thread lace" and diamond ornaments. Mrs. James Gillett, "a bride from Ysleta," wore her wedding dress of "white tule, trimmed with blue satin." Mrs. Warner Phillips wore "elegant black silk." Mrs. Judge Falvey wore a "very stylish changeable silk, trimmed with old gold satin." Mrs. Juan Ochoa was gowned in purple silk. Mrs. Sam Schutz wore "black silk, point lace, and diamonds." The Texas Rangers, "up from camp," took in the celebration, and, as the *Herald* editor noted, "the 'steam cars' nor anything else didn't scare them."

Refreshments consisted of "seventeen gallons of fine wine, one dozen bottles of champagne, four hundred glasses of lemonade and three and one-half gallons of other bottled refreshments. With the music furnished by a band from Paso Del Norte, the dance list included waltzes, quadrilles, schottisches, gallops, polkas, varsouvienes, and an Old Virginia reel. Dancing continued until midnight.

About eleven p.m. Charles Crocker and his party excused themselves and began the 1200-mile train trip back to San Francisco. "Many of the Ysleta visitors remained all night and started home on Friday."

That same week, Mr. M. Ullman arrived from San Francisco. To Mr. Ullman goes the credit for being the first local citizen to make the entire train trip from San Francisco to El Paso. Having been gone nearly a month, he announced that "two fine stocks of goods" would soon follow him, to be opened up in the new building opposite the Overland Block. Already, the commerce of the Indies and the sophisticated tastes of the wide world had begun making their way into the community. Modern times had arrived on the train.

IV

In short order, within the next few months, El Paso became a railroad center. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe completed its line in to town on June 11, 1881. The Mexican Central to the capital of Mexico reached Paso Del Norte in 1882. On June 11, 1882, the first regular passenger train left El Paso for St. Louis over the Texas and Pacific Lines. January 12, 1883, saw the final spike driven in the Galveston, Harrisburg, and San Antonio line near Langtry, Texas.

[9]Among the guests were J. A. Buckler, W. Coffman, Henry F. Wulff, B. Schuster, J. Calisher, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Austin, James Campbell, W. M. Caldwell, Z. F. White, John B. Henderson, Miss Katherine Hague, T. Pryor, Ed Copeland, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Brown, Miss A. Deus, Miss Zoe Gillett, Dr. and Mrs. Cummings, Col. and Mrs. Conkling, Mr. and Mrs. J. De Mars, Mr. and Mrs. M. Flores, Dr. T. King Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Al Cogswell, Joseph Magoffin and his daughter, Josephine.

Thereafter, passenger trains could go all the way from New Orleans to San Francisco by way of The Pass.

The Judges' predictions in their welcoming speeches on May 19, 1881, proved thoroughly accurate. Progress and a new way of life and the enrichments of civilization poured into town from that date on. By October the editor of the *Lone Star* was stating that he saw no reason why in another year, with civic and utility improvements, El Paso could not number 5000 people. As a matter of record, the population did more than double in the first two years. And El Paso's wealth increased at the same rate.

Corner lots which had been worth at the most only a few hundred dollars before the SP's arrival, soon were going for as many thousands. By 1883, El Paso's flat, one-storied sky-line was giving way to the gleaming new second and third floors of the Pierson Hotel (which sported a novel pitched roof), the Pacific Hotel, and the spire of the new First Baptist Church. By 1886 El Paso could boast of a gas company, an electric light company, a water company, a telephone company, a stock yard, two planing mills, four newspapers, a smelter, three brick yards, an ice factory, two banks, and stores and shops too numerous to mention.[10]

Mrs. Paca Alarcon, who was 87 years old in 1923 and who had lived in El Paso for 67 years following her arrival from Mexico in 1856 declared that of all the local events she had witnessed here, the coming of the Southern Pacific in 1881 was undoubtedly the biggest.[11] Mrs. Alarcon echoed the sentiments of every eye-witness to that epoch-marking occasion. Few residents of our peaceful valley in 1881 regretted the new ways and new attitudes that arrived on that early summer morning. Mrs. Alarcon was right. In all the decades of El Paso's life, our city has not experienced a greater event—thus far.

[10]Nancy Lee Hammons, *A History of El Paso County, Texas to 1900* (Unpublished Masters Thesis, Texas Western College, September, 1942), 117.

[11]El Paso *Herald*. May 12, 1923.

HE BROUGHT THE RAILROADS TO EL PASO — THE STORY OF JUDGE JAMES P. HAGUE

. . . . . *by Lillian Hague Corcoran*

Incidents make history and as history repeats itself, I go back three quarters of a century, extracting material I have gathered that tells the story of two courageous people, my father and mother, James and Flora Hague. I am one of eight children who survived them, and at their request I am writing this sketch, not as an eulogy, but to bring our parents back to life in the glory of their youth and usefulness; back to the life they lived and loved, when the stagecoach supplanted the covered wagon, when the buffalo roamed the plains and the Indians were on the warpath—600 miles from civilization.

FLORA HAGUE

To tell the history of El Paso is to give a personal account of my father's activities in that locale, from the time he arrived there by stage in 1871 until his untimely death in 1895.

JAMES PRICE HAGUE

James Price Hague was born March 8, 1848, in Cassville, Cass County, Missouri. He was one of three children born to William and Sara Hague. His father, a physician by profession, died when James was eight years old. Two years later his mother remarried, and it was then that young James left home, rebellious and unhappy. Through his devotion to his sister Mary, who had married a prosperous planter of Greyrock County, Texas, by the name of Benjamin Griffin, we find Jim arriving at their door. Much of young James' experiences overland from Missouri to Texas have never been revealed, but one thing is certain; the frail, blonde-haired lad arrived

safe and sound, wrapped in a buffalo robe on the driver's seat of the stagecoach. James remained at his sister and bother-in-law's home happy and contented until he was 15 years old, working on the farm and attending a county school at the same time. By hard work and study, he was able to realize his ambition to attend Kenny College, Collen County, near Austin, Texas, as there was no University of Texas at that time.[1] At the age of 18 he was graduated with honors. He then entered Senator Culberson's law office in Jefferson, Texas, as an apprentice. The following year when James was 19 he became clerk of the state senate in Austin. He attended his duties by day and studied law at night in order to complete his law course in three years. He was admitted to the bar at Austin at the age of 21 and through Senator Culberson's recommendation to the Reconstruction Governor of Texas, E. J. Davis, in 1871, James was appointed as first District Attorney of El Paso, Texas.

This action was taken after Texas had gone back into the Union as the Lone Star State.[2] At that time civil authority was being transferred to officers elected by the people, for law and order was necessary on the Mexican border to safeguard the citizens against any infringement upon their new made claims on property and person. And upon an urgent request by citizens of El Paso County, a committee was sent to Austin to present a petition for judicial protection as a personal appeal to Governor Davis, which resulted in the appointments of S. B. Newcomb[3] and J. P. Hague to the new posts of district judge and district attorney of the County of El Paso in May, 1871.

Time, place and people change and in the course of human events and relations, boy and girl meet, fall in love and marry. This happened to Flora Brinck and James Price Hague, my mother and father.

Upon Flora's return to Jefferson from the convent of the Holy Cross in Shreveport, La., she met my father. After a short courtship (it was a case of love at first sight) the couple eloped to Minden, La., coincidentally her birthplace and former home, where they were married by a Catholic priest in May, 1869. Following the precepts of her mother and the early training she received at the convent she attended in Shreveport as a child, Flora became a devout Catholic. From her diary which is dated 1867, we read:

"I shall keep my beautiful rosewood secretary all my life because my papa gave it to me. It will hold my secrets, my keepsakes, my prayer book and beads. I blush and cross my heart and ask God to forgive me when I become engaged to marry a nice young man someday—Mama says I must—I'll keep his letters, his Valentines, his poems, and in my gold locket I will keep a lock of his hair, which I hope will be jet black and curly."

[1]The University of Texas was founded in 1881. (Editor's note)
[2]Texas formally returned to the Union on March 30, 1870, when President Grant signed the act of Congress admitting Texas senators and representatives. (Editor's note)
[3]Judge Newcomb was the father of Mrs. George M. Brunner of 908 Winter Avenue, El Paso. (Editor's note)

All this and more too was found in this rosewood secretary which was not opened until after my mother's death in 1908. We found letters, dates, important documents and other material which were used as ground-work for this story.

The story proceeds through correspondence by way of the San Antonio trail into El Paso from Austin, Texas, during 1871.

Excerpts from my father's letters:

Overland on the San Antonio Trail: Ft. Concho, Texas,
April 23, 1871

Written to my Darling Wife, Flora,

At last we arrived here after 48 hours without sleep. Once inside the barracks within sound of a bugle call there came to us who had traveled into the wilderness, with one hand holding on to our scalps, and the other holding on to a gun, a feeling of security. "Thank God" we are safe at last. With two hundred and twelve miles behind us, the distance from Austin to Ft. Concho, we shall sleep tonight I hope, and resume our ride into the blasted Indian country with our escort, 6 brave soldiers and an Indian scout, to lead us on our way to Ft. Quitman before night-fall tomorrow. So far, so good,—on to

ALL MY LOVE,
J. P. H.

Between Quitman and Pecos; April 25

There has been scarcely a day that the wind has not blown whirlwinds of solid sand that has blinded us. One storm nearly blew off my britches. Once when I got out of the stage to run after my hat, I got my hat but dropped my watch —strange to say it never lost a minute's time which I took for a good omen. Because of a recent massacre in this vicinity where several hundred Apaches were on the warpath, we lost a whole day and the Mills party by changing our course of travel. By so doing we saved our scalps.

On the Trail: April, 1871

In a slow moving vehicle as a stagecoach, one has to jump up to get in, jump down to get out, and keep on jumping to stay in. The speed of a coach depends upon how frightened the horses are, or how drunk the driver is, and how many Indians we hope to never meet. Take those little things into consideration for it is by the grace of God that we arrived with our scalps on.

Pecos:

As we were traveling at night we could see the Indian fires on the hills of Ft. Stockton as if to warn us off or else. Fire is a God to the Indians and a protection against the white man. Their superstition is that fire and smoke will keep the white man away, and so as we push through the trail of danger it is well to remember our prayers and make a wish on every star, being comforted by the howl of a coyote, for he too has lost his way. By the skin of our teeth we got to Pecos and joined the Mills party there.

Ft. Davis:

We arrived at Ft. Davis after a most exhausting experience and were glad to rest for the night. With a new relay we proceed on tomorrow morning to San Elizario, the county seat of El Paso—just 25 miles from our destination.

After reaching El Paso: May 2, 1871

In front of Ben Dowell's saloon, a combination of mayor's office, post-office and home, there gathered a group of townspeople to watch the unloading of the stagecoach and mail bags just in from Austin, Texas. The weekly bulletin posted on the trunk of an old chinaberry tree contained a list of passengers arrived from the East consisting of S. B. Newcomb, District Judge, James P. Hague, District Attorney, Col. Zabriskie, attorney, and Collector of Customs, W. W. Mills, wife and small son. After the last lap of a 9-day journey over-land there settled upon me the stern realization of an accomplishment, the embryo of a new life, and for my barely 22 years I felt the importance of a position and a responsibility which my college and law books have not taught me. I was fearful of my undertaking and future. Perhaps it was the scarcity of people that I saw, rather than a motley crowd that I expected to see that gave me the utter loneliness which possessed me and I prayed very hard that night! I realized more than anything that I needed tact and persuasion and the grasp of two languages in this peculiar situation, and in this dingy room that I now occupy, with the use of a coal-oil lamp, my only means of light on the subject, a chair, and a wooden table, I sit myself down, with a book in hand, a piece of paper, a pencil, and I'll work.

To My Beloved Wife: El Paso, May, 1871

As I write you with this poor quill in the month of May, in a cold damp room on the ground floor, with one window and one door, a place meant for insects such as those that devoured me last night, and it didn't seem fair treatment after the stagecoach experience, which left me with sore spots all over my body. It feels like I have been transplanted and carried away against my own will when I had really planned it all; and as an excursion or a dream of a kingdom like Don Quijote created, and destroyed. People are needed badly here. There are none. At present there is no one around but Mrs. Gillock, a creature that resembles a crocodile even as to a long tail that sweeps the ground when she walks. Mrs. Gillock is a species that never goes near the water and never undressed in her life. She is the owner of the Rohman house where I am living at present.

J. A. H.

Written to my wife: El Paso, May, 1871

I am glad our honeymoon was spent on a ferryboat and not on a stagecoach like Mr. and Mrs. Mills. They seem lots older than we and when I think of your age and mine, 16 and 20, when we were married, and told the priest how old we were, you blushed and showed your dimples. Within a few days we'll have been married one year and already separated by several hundred miles, and as much as I love you and miss you, you are better off in Jefferson with your mother's sisters and brothers, than to be here with me at this time.

J. A. H.

El Paso, May, 1871

In a few days I will write about our future home, not much to offer you but sunshine and sandstorms like we encountered on the trail, they are more frightening than Indians. When we got here a pony messenger had brought news of an uprising on the San Antonio trail, the one we came over a few days ago. Fortunately none of our party was scalped or robbed.

The population here consists of a handful of whites, no negroes, and one Chinaman, the rest Mexican, illiterate, unclean, who squat most of the day in the sun (even when employed). Their pay is small and their needs are meager

and their small jacals, which are erected over-night, sometimes frail as bird's nests, others are more substantial, made of tin cans and adobe mixed with hay. But there is something homey about those places and when you enter you find hospitality, even if it is "just a tortilla."

El Paso, May, 1871

In a small community like this which seems like a congregation without a preacher, "one learns to know thy neighbor as thyself"—To love him is another thing. Being my age and yours, we shall have to grow up fast to appreciate these splendid people, highly educated, of good families, with backgrounds like our own. The ladies I have met, Mesdames: Marsh, Slade, Magoffin, Zabriskie, Joseph and Sam Schutz, are "good neighbors," and I am sure will take you under their wings and angel's wings they are. I am indebted to them for their hospitality, their delicious meals, and the wonderful parties you will enjoy at Hart's Mills right on the river.

El Paso, 1871

I am to be sent back to Austin in a few months I hope, and it will be on my return trip that I will pick you up in Jefferson. By that time you will have regained your strength and the little one we are expecting will join the party. I can scarcely wait for that happy occasion!

Our first home in El Paso, bought from Don Luis Cardiz in 1873, was a showplace and a rendezvous for the young and old of El Paso. It was a house of many rooms and occupied a square block on Santa Fe and San Francisco streets.[4] The rambling old adobe place seemed to suit my mother and father's purpose for a happy family life, for many years, with a beautiful orchard, cotton-wood and china-berry trees and a brown muddy stream of water called an "aceque" running down the road right in front of the place. It was completely enclosed by high adobe walls that gave us a feeling of protection when the gates were locked at night and as my mother said, "there was nothing to be afraid of but Indians."

The house was originally built in 1859 and it was used for military purposes during the Civil War as headquarters for a small garrison of Cavalry troops. In the southeast corner of this spacious home, my father established his first

[4]The Hague home occupied the present site of the International Club. Judge Hague bought the place from Don Luis Cardis who was killed in 1877 by Judge Charles H. Howard, during the Salt War. For the circumstances surrounding the murder, see Albion Smith, "The Salt War of San Elizario," PASS-WORD, V. 1, No. 1, February, 1956. (Editor's note)

law office, yet this did not alter the atmosphere of our home where there was always music, song and laughter.

In 1878 news spread over the town that "Mrs. Hague had a piano," the first one in El Paso, and it took two months overland by oxen-team to accomplish this perilous journey.

There are few residents living now who know why the railroads of the Southern Pacific laid their tracks down through the center of the most valuable piece of property in El Paso. The removal of those tracks in 1947 tells the story of the city's progress and recalls why they were placed there in the first place in 1881. It was a dream of a very young man by the name of James Price Hague, and that dream was kept in the form of a diagram or blue-print pigeonholed in the desk of his law office on the corner of San Francisco and Santa Fe streets, eight years prior to the actual bringing of the Southern Pacific railroad into El Paso.

During the first decade of my father's life in El Paso he had acquired a great deal of land. For his legal services as an attorney, he was paid by acres in lieu of currency and therefore he was in the position to offer the railroad company as a gift, a tract of land consisting of 30 acres[5] running east and west through the downtown section of El Paso which became the most valuable and important piece of property in the county. After much negotiation and delay, my father deeded said property to the Southern Pacific R. R. Co. in 1873[6] under contract which included a stipulation signed and agreed upon by both parties.

This stipulation provided a clause that should the Southern Pacific Railroad at any time move their tracks, and cease to use the depot for railroad operations, then said property should revert to the original owner and upon his death to the heirs of his estate.

But upon the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court,[7] the Hague heirs lost the Southern Pacific Railroad property by the Law of Limitation.

This case, known as the Hague Heirs versus Southern Pacific Railroad Company case, was in litigation for 30 years and is in the files of the El Paso County Court House.

Circumstances dominate our lives
Indecisions wreck us
And procrastination is a wolf at our door.

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[5]Ruth Ann Redman, *The Railroad Race For The Sierra Blanca Pass,* an unpublished MS. at Texas Western College, states that " W. W. Mills and J. P. Hague deeded 21.4 acres of land to the Southern Pacific for the location of their depot." (Editor's note.)

[6]The deeds were dated January 25 and June 8, 1881. See *Southwest Reporter, 1919,* 641. Quoted by *ibid.,* 40 (Editor's note.)

[7]It was the Texas State Supreme Court which handed down the decision. See *ibid.,* 40, quoted from the *Southwest Reporter, 1919,* 641. (Editor's note.)

And so when the Southern Pacific tracks were laid on my father's property and when the first whistle blew from that wood-fired engine bringing in carloads of merchandise and humanity in 1881, then it was my father said, "I will have contributed far more than any other citizen in El Paso toward the beginning and future of El Paso and the Southwest."

Excerpt from my father's speech of welcome to the Railroad:

> "We are justly proud people who live in El Paso and today on this auspicious occasion we are here assembled to do honor to the officials of the Southern Pacific Railroad who have come all the way by special train over the new oiled rails to participate in our great celebration of the coming of the railroad."

On the night of June 10 there was a reception and ball held in the Schutz Opera House on San Francisco Street to honor the distinguished guests with more oratory and "hot air" as the ladies were fainting from the crowd and the excessive heat.

By the year 1885, there were four railroads running into El Paso using the Southern Pacific depot, round house and freight yards. Thus, the Southern Pacific depot became an important factor in railroad transportation at the crossroads of the Southwest.

During his term of office as District Attorney in El Paso, James P. Hague received recognition as a brilliant attorney and he gained a large legal practice afterwards. Before he was thirty years old, he had filled the posts of County Attorney, District Attorney, County Judge, and District Judge, and as a lawyer he had risen to the caliber of a nominee for Attorney General of the State of Texas. Because of his Republican tendencies, he was not elected to that office. Again his name was put up for Congress in 1887 in recognition of the shrewd manner in which he attacked the case of the "County Court-house Steal" whereby he exposed the perpetrators, Britton and Long, two supposedly reputable architects of Ft. Worth, who had been employed to build the County Court-house in El Paso.

It was discovered during the construction of the County Court-house that Britton and Long were undermining the safety of the building by using inferior material and pocketing the difference to their personal advantage. James P. Hague, representing the County of El Paso, exposed them by accepting their bribe as hush money equivalent to the amount of the steal in the presence of witnesses who were hidden within earshot in his home, and in a public speech at San Jacinto Plaza, he returned the money to the County. As a result of this exposure, Britton and Long were sent to the penitentiary for 10 years each, which established James P. Hague's reputation of being one of the ablest lawyers in the Southwest.

OATH OF OFFICE:

1. James P. Hague

do solemnly swear, (or affirm), that I will faithfully and impartially discharge and perform all the duties incumbent upon me as Judge of the Twentieth (20th) Judicial District of the State of Texas.

according to the best of my skill and ability, agreeably to the Constitution and laws of the United States and of this State: and I do further solemnly swear, (or affirm), that since the adoption of the Constitution of this State, I, being a citizen of this State, have not fought a duel with deadly weapons, within this State nor out of it, nor have I sent or accepted a challenge to fight a duel with deadly weapons, nor have I acted as second in carrying a challenge, or aided, advised or assisted any person thus offending. And I furthermore solemnly swear, (or affirm), that I have not directly, nor indirectly paid, offered or promised to pay, contributed, nor promised to contribute any money, or valuable thing, or promised any public office or employment, as a reward for the giving or withholding a vote at the election at which I was elected. So help me God.

(Sign here.) James P. Hague

Sworn to and subscribed before me this Eighteenth *day of* April A.D. 1876

Jos Magdfin
County Judge
~~El Paso~~ County
Texas

My father successfully continued his law practice until a few years before his death, and he was called in consultation with some of the most famous cases in the West.

El Paso has always done honor to its benefactors by naming its streets, schools and buildings after them, and as a small tribute to the man who brought the railroads through, Hague Street is named.

In my father's later years, his home, his wife and his children became his greatest source of happiness and comfort. After a lingering illness he died in 1895, leaving a vast estate which included the railroad property.

My mother survived my father by twelve years with the same courage and fortitude which had characterized her whole life, always a devoted wife and mother, and a devoted friend.

THE EL PASO AND SOUTHWESTERN RAILROAD

by Gerald B. Brown

The El Paso and Southwestern Railroad was not the product of any great road building agent, but was the fruition of the necessity of a great company to enlarge its output and effectiveness by reducing expense and increasing convenience.

The El Paso and Southwestern Railroad stemmed from two smaller lines, begun under completely different circumstances, common only in the determination of their founders to build track!

The first of these railroads was founded by the Phelps Dodge Corporation as a means of hauling copper ore from mine to smelter. Phelps Dodge had shown signs of originality in the field of transportation early in its development. An example of this may be found in the purchase of a Fowler steam traction engine, similar to the "locomotive" still seen on occasion on the English roads. This engine, christened "Geronimo" after the famous Apache chief, worked passably well so long as the roads were dry. However, when they became muddy or the engine encountered sand, its shortcomings were readily to be seen. Also, as Dr. James S. Douglas of Phelps Dodge stated, "It was wise to operate the engine close to a machine shop."[1] With the failure of this engine, it became apparent that only rail connections would prove satisfactory.

At the outset of this rail-building endeavor, it was planned only to bridge the gap between Bisbee and Fairbanks, Arizona, in order to solve the transportation problem of the Copper Queen Mine in Bisbee. A line was constructed, thirty miles in length, a tremendous feat in the hearts of its builders. The road, officially named the Arizona and Southeastern Railroad, was completed in 1889 at a cost of about four hundred thousand dollars, which was twice the original estimate. Yet this reduced the former freight rate of six dollars per ton to an even dollar per ton between Bisbee and Fairbanks.

Several years elapsed with this line serving quite successfully. However, a dispute with the Santa Fe Railroad led to the building of a second segment of the line by the Arizona and Southeastern. A large mine such as the Copper Queen naturally used a great quantity of timber. This timber cost Phelps Dodge tens of thousands of dollars annually. Phelps Dodge was in the habit of dividing the business between the Southern Pacific Railroad Company and the Santa Fe. However, in the midst of the negotiations, a hot-tempered Santa Fe agent flared at the Phelps Dodge representative, stating that he did not propose running the

[1]Robert Glass Cleland, *A History of Phelps Dodge* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf Co., 1952), 141.

railroad for "the benefit of the Copper Queen."[2] With this, the next project was the building of a short but costly line from Morenci, Arizona, to the Arizona Copper Company's Arizona and New Mexico Railroad at Guthrie, Arizona. This road was finished in 1901.

The Arizona and Southeastern was by no means through with its expansion after these accomplishments. In time, many other short lines were constructed. After the erection of the smelter at Douglas, the increased production of this giant plant made it necessary for a line to be constructed between the Phelps Dodge line and a point close to Benson, Arizona. This was effected that a closer junction might be obtained with the Southern Pacific than was previously offered. Walter Douglas, son of Dr. James Douglas, mentioned above, who had succeeded Ben Williams as superintendent of the Arizona and Southeastern Railroad in 1899, presented the matter to the Southern Pacific officers in San Francisco, urging a connection with the Southern Pacific at a point more convenient for the Copper Queen mine and smelter at Douglas. But, affairs of the Southern Pacific were badly confused at that time, following the death of Collis P. Huntington, and the railroad officials declined to act on Douglas' proposal. They also refused to build a line from Douglas to Lordsburg, a point from which Phelps Dodge would have an alternative routing for their products; either by way of the Santa Fe or the Southern Pacific. With this rebuff, the Arizona and Southeastern, under the guiding hand of Phelps Dodge, prepared an ambitious plan. They would span the distance between Douglas, Arizona, and El Paso, Texas, a project well within their reach, as they were financially quite sound.

Thus, in 1902, the Arizona and Southeastern title was virtually abandoned and the name El Paso and Southwestern substituted. This was the beginning of a great leg of a great railroad. However, all was not complete happiness, as the Southern Pacific officials, who realized they would lose a great amount of business with this new plan, decided to fight the issue. Their great opportunity presented itself when the newly organized El Paso and Southwestern had to face the problem of crossing the tracks of the SP in order to continue their drive towards Deming, New Mexico. This move was necessitated when the Southern Pacific hiked prices on all material used in the construction of the new trackage to fourteen cents per ton mile. Consequently, the E.P. & S.W. decided to cross to Deming, where they would meet the Santa Fe, thus ridding themselves of any dependence on the Southern Pacific while completing their road to El Paso. However, one great handicap presented itself to the brave little company. In order to reach Deming, track belonging to the Southern Pacific had to be crossed. A construction engineer named Darbyshire was ordered to the proposed crossing to survey the matter, and inform the officials of the E.P.&S.W. of their next move. Upon arriving at the scene, and considering all aspects, Darbyshire wrote,

[2] *Ibid.*, 142.

"Am afraid that we cannot get any of our material over tonight unless we use some force, and lock the SP crew in a box car. They have two watchmen on the crossing day and night, and their switch engine has been standing on the crossing at night and is there now. . . . We wait our opportunity if any is presented . . . but we do not want to make a failure of what we attempt."[3]

The opportunity did present itself, with men of the El Paso and Southwestern Railroad simply flagging down all Southern Pacific trains, totally without authority, while the crossing was constructed. All this, taking place before the Southern Pacific was able to round up sufficient forces to put the attempt down, constituted a great moral victory for the little Phelps Dodge-owned railroad. Douglas, and the partners of Phelps Dodge, expressed their disapproval of the actions of Darbyshire, but there are no records of Darbyshire or anyone else losing his job.

Defeated in this endeavor, the Southern Pacific attempted to stop the Phelps Dodge line just before it reached El Paso by obtaining a court injuction against the use of a desirable right of way which had been surveyed by engineers of the El Paso and Southwestern. Phelps Dodge was forced to find another right of way for their road, which was done at the additional cost of a million and a half dollars.

The road was completed to El Paso on June 20, 1903. With the entrance of the El Paso and Southwestern Railroad into El Paso, Phelps Dodge was ready to stop building railroads for some time. But, a new opportunity was discovered by the Phelps Dodge Corporation, which changed the picture considerably.

Earlier, a small railroad company had been organized by a promoter named Charles B. Eddy. This company, under the name of El Paso and Northeastern, was built to carry fuel, both lumber and coal, to El Paso from New Mexico fields. From a small line known as the Kansas City, El Paso and Mexican Railway Company of Texas, which had been chartered in 1888 and had built nine miles of track, the El Paso and Northeastern purchased their track, thus giving them nine miles of track with which to start operations. This line in time was extended to Alamogordo, which served as its center of operations and head office. From Alamogordo the line pushed into the rugged mountains that the lumber industry might be exploited to best advantage. Upon reaching the mountains it was realized that the grade encountered was too great for an engine to accomplish, consequently a "switchback" was constructed. To those persons unacquainted with this term, it indicates a course taken by the railroad which would be comparable to a course in sailing known as "tacking." By this ingenious method, it was possible to reach far into the mountains. Many trestles constructed by this company are still visible on the route to Cloudcroft.

The El Paso and Northeastern also constructed a line to Russia, New Mexico, that logs could be carried to Alamogordo, and a line to Capitan, New Mexico,

[3] *Ibid.*, 146.

that the coal deposits might be exploited and carried *via* Alamogordo. This road also extended northward to the flourishing town of Dawson, New Mexico. In and around Dawson were numerous and extensive deposits of coal of a high grade.

After this railroad had been built at great expense because of the great mountain barriers, the Phelps Dodge Corporation was able to purchase through the El Paso and Southwestern Railroad this nearly bankrupt line from Dawson to El Paso. However, the sale turned out to be virtually forced as Phelps Dodge had purchased the coal fields prior to buying the railroad and consequently had to have transportation for their coke.

The El Paso and Southwestern, in 1910, extended its line from Fairbanks to Tucson, thereby making that city its western boundary. By this time, the El Paso and Southwestern owned 1139 miles of trackage. It was considered by most authorities to be no mean undertaking for a company primarily interested in mining to obtain and operate a railway of this size.

With the passing of time, the Southern Pacific grew stronger until in 1924 the entire stock of the El Paso and Southwestern Railroad was purchased by this great railroad. This brought about the consolidation of these two systems, giving the Southern Pacific the right to use what is known as the South Line, extending from El Paso, through Douglas, Arizona, and on to Tucson, Arizona.

Although the actual line has passed from El Paso, it has not passed from memory, for today there still exists by the side of the Southern Pacific building in El Paso old engine Number One—built in 1857. It is no longer capable of propelling itself as it once did, but it remains a sentimental reminder of days past but not forgotten.

The popularity of the "little engine" was clearly shown in 1938, when it was rented to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for use in a movie entitled "Let Freedom Ring." Townspeople of El Paso, seeing the engine gone from its normal resting place, became disturbed. Public sentiment ran high until the reason for the engine's disappearance was explained by local officials. This sentiment was well summarized upon the return of the engine on December 24, 1938, by the El Paso *Times:* "An El Paso celebrity who hasn't missed a Christmas in the city in thirty years arrived in town Friday night just in time for the holiday season—old 'Number One' is back from the movies."[4]

Thus, through time, weather, and a changing public, "Old Number One" keeps alive to thousands of El Pasoans a history as live and remarkable as is to be found in the chronicles of the history of the Southwest, a proud chapter in the history of El Paso, the story of the railroad known as El Paso & Southwestern.[5]

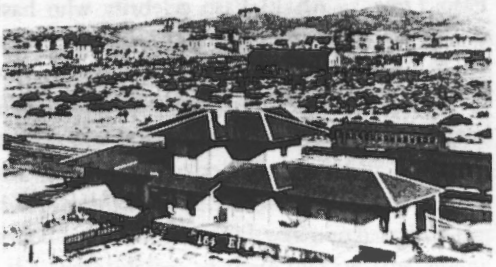
[4]December 24, 1938.

[5]As this article is based largely on documents in the file of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, I want to express my indebtedness to Mr. E. O. Williams for making the files available.

EL PASO'S UNION PASSENGER STATION

by Addie Jo Sharp

This year 1956 marks the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the Union Passenger Station. Through its doors pass the travelers, baggage and the mails of trains operated by four railroad systems — the Southern Pacific, Texas and Pacific, Santa Fe, and the National Railways of Mexico.



Southern Pacific's Old Stanton Street Station
Circa 1885

One of El Paso's early struggles for progress was centered around the construction of the Union Station. The controversy began on December 3, 1898, when the El Paso *Herald* editorially asserted that "The Santa Fe and G. H. Depot needs repair." No doubt this was true, for it had been constructed as four railroads raced toward the Pass of the North from four points on the compass. The Southern Pacific had won the race, pulling into El Paso on May 19, 1881. Within a month the Santa Fe arrived, followed closely by the Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio, the Mexico Central and the Texas Pacific.[1]

Santa Fe Depot in 1881 at W. 5th and South Santa Fe Streets.

During the ensuing years the railroad men were too busy keeping the trains rolling to bother about a union station. Business men were content with things as they were because waiting between trains and changing from one downtown depot to another gave the travelers time to shop and to see the city. The Southern Pacific station, sometimes called the Stanton Street Depot, was

[1]Owen P. White, *Out of the Desert* (El Paso, Texas: The McMath Co., 1923), 151-6

located on Main Street midway between North Kansas and North Stanton[2] Streets, and the Santa Fe was on the corner of S. Santa Fe and West Fifth Streets.

With its reputation as the toughest town in the Southwest, El Paso, by the turn of the century, was ready for reform and progress. For seven years, however, the city seethed over the question of building a union station. The conflict, according to old copies of the *Herald,* an aggressive campaigner for the proposed station, centered around the citizens who inflated the price of land for a site, and the tax assessment of property owners "who will be benefitted by the execution of the depot." Consequently a furor was raised over the question of where the station should be located. The problem was finally solved when the city donated the tract of land at San Francisco and Crosby streets.

As early as 1899 Mr. C. B. Rogers started a building fund for a new station with a cash donation of $500.00; but it was not until April, 1901, that the Terminal Association was formed to create the Union Depot Corporation, capitalized at $300,000. The first directors were Ernest Kohlberg, A. Courchesne, U. S. Stewart, C. R. Morehead, Frank Powers, R. Caples, J. T. Dieter, and Messrs. Mills, Douglas and Wombaugh.[3] From this pioneer association evolved the present El Paso Union Passenger Depot Corporation, the stock of which is owned by the Southern Pacific, Santa Fe, Texas Pacific and the National Railways of Mexico. The presidency of the corporation is rotated annually among the railroad owners. This year Mr. L. C. Porter of the Texas Pacific Railroad is president. Next year the president will come from the Santa Fe.

The controversy over the construction of the Union Station played a large and important part in the mayoralty campaign of 1903. There were accusations by the reform element that Mr. C. R. Morehead, candidate for mayor, and his friends had done "everything they possibly could to bring disgrace and ruin upon the city of El Paso." Mr. James H. White was the opposition candidate. Mr. Morehead won the election and he gave El Paso "as good government as she had ever had up to that time," and "paved the way for the coming of the most progressive administration the town had enjoyed since 1882."[4] It was during Mr. Morehead's administration that Fort Bliss began to expand, the first automobile appeared on the city streets, and the Union Station was plotted on the thirteen-acre tract donated by the city.

So many conflicting stories have been told about the construction of the Union Station that it is difficult to say which are true and which are fiction. This much, however, is true, that in 1903 the stockholders of the Union Passenger Depot Corporation authorized the directors to issue bonds in the amount of $240,000 for the station's construction and that Senator W. W. Turney was sent to Austin to obtain a charter. It has also been said that the contract was let

[2]See *City Directory,* 1892.

[3]Betty Luther, "El Paso's Union Station," El Paso *Herald Post,* April 21, 1941.

[4]White, *op. cit.,* 205-12.

to a Houston firm and Chicago architects on September 21, 1904. Be that as it may, the records show that in October, 1904, Mr. Frank Powers was given the contract with expenditures fixed at $268,000 for the building and grounds.

Some El Pasoans who lived here when the red brick depot was built, claim that Stanford White, famed architect, drew the original plans. Copies of old newspapers state that D. H. Bernheim and Company was the architectural firm. On the other hand, Mr. Powers, the builder, has been quoted as saying that the architect's name was spelled Burnham and that his firm was the first to use reinforced concrete piling instead of wooden construction.[5]

The Union Passenger Station was formally opened on February 27, 1906, completed at a cost of $260,000. To celebrate the event its doors were thrown open to the general public and nearly 10,000 persons inspected the building, danced on the main floor, and listened to the band music. Time-table No. 1 had among its listings the Golden State Limited and the Sunset Limited. Modern namesakes of these trains are still running into El Paso, according to the time-table No. 214 issued in October, 1955.

Shortly before the Second World War the Women's Department of the Chamber of Commerce, headed by Mrs. K. D. Lynch, started a campaign to remodel the station. The women felt that travelers should be treated to the full flavor of the Southwest as they entered the city. When, however, the proposal for remodeling was announced, a storm of protest arose from pioneer El Pasoans who wished to keep the depot as it was, objecting especially to the removal of the steeple.

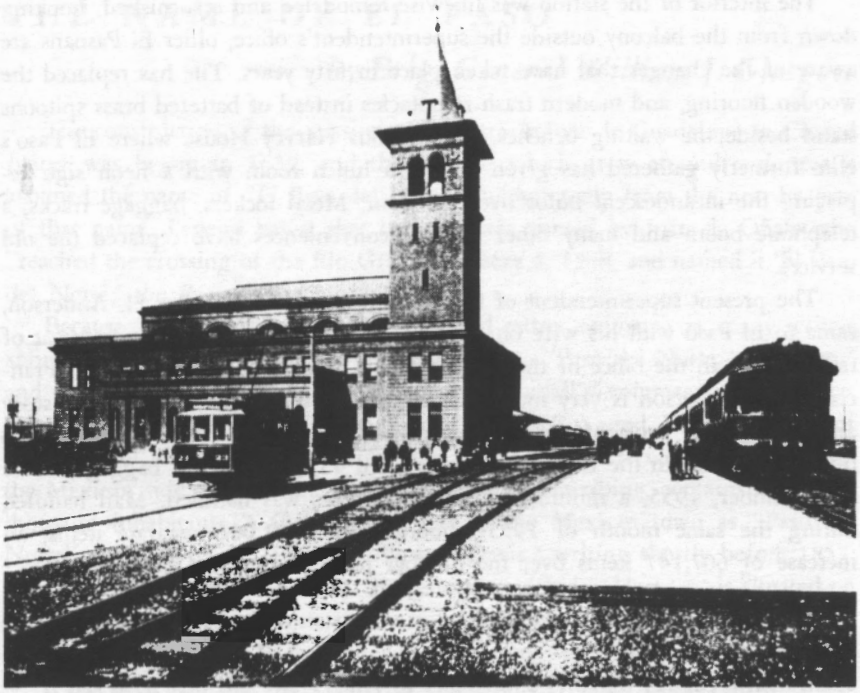
But despite the protests the women continued their campaign for remodeling and offered a prize of $25.00 for the best drawing of the proposed changes. Early in 1941 Mr. Louis Daeuble, Jr., El Paso architect, won the contest with a drawing which provided for a cream-colored, mission-styled building topped by a clock tower instead of the church steeple effect.

The women, following through with their demands, on February 4, 1941, mailed letters to the members of the Board of Directors of the Union Depot Corporation, asking that they give an answer to the request for remodeling. With the letters went a copy of Mr. Daeuble's drawing, newspaper clippings dealing with the women's campaign, and signatures of 150 El Paso shippers.[6]

Shortly afterward, at the expense of the Union Depot Corporation, the civic-minded women had the station remodeled and embellished with accessories which were meant to entrance the travelers. The old building was given a dress of stucco, cream-colored paint, and quaintly original mission styling. Some of the pioneers, however, still mourn the passing of a truly picturesque and distinctive landmark.

[5]Luther, *loc. cit.*

[6]El Paso *Herald Post*, January 10, 1941.



Union Station in 1906

The interior of the station was likewise remodeled and refurnished. Looking down from the balcony outside the superintendent's office, older El Pasoans are aware of the changes that have taken place in fifty years. Tile has replaced the wooden flooring, and modern trash receptacles instead of battered brass spitoons stand beside the waiting benches. The famous Harvey House where El Paso's elite formerly gathered has given way to a lunch room with a neon sign replacing the incandescent bulbs over the door. Metal lockers, baggage tracks, a telephone booth and many other modern conveniences have replaced the old services.

The present superintendent of the Union Station, Mr. Walter H. Anderson, came to El Paso with his wife on June 1, 1954. He was formerly supervisor of train service in the office of the vice president of passenger traffic in San Francisco. Mr. Anderson is very much interested in El Paso and its colorful history and speaks with pride of the progress that has been made since 1948. At that time, in one month the Union Station handled 45,716 pieces of baggage, while in December, 1955, a minimum of 73,355 pieces was handled. Mail handled during the same month of 1955 amounted to 8,891,006 separate items, an increase of 607,147 items over the number handled during December, 1954.[7]

[7]Statistics furnished this writer by Mr. Anderson.

ON THE CONFUSION CAUSED BY THE NAME OF EL PASO

. . . . . *by Brig. General William J. Glasgow*

The construction of the mission of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe in Ciudad Juárez was begun in 1659, and the pueblo[1] which grew around and near it assumed the name of "El Paso del Norte," undoubtedly from the near-by pass of that name. Legend has it that the pass was named by Juan de Oñate who "reached the crossing of the Rio Grande on May 4, 1598, and named it 'El Paso del Norte,' the Pass of the North."[2]

Because "El Paso del Norte" is long and rather cumbersome, many writers abbreviated the name in their books and maps to "Paso del Norte," "El Paso," and even "Paso." The map accompanying Kendall's volumes,[3] for instance, refers to "Paso" but in the text the name "El Paso" is used. Bartlett[4] speaks of "El Paso del Norte" but also contracts it to "El Paso." He writes, "El Paso, on the Mexican side of the river, which I have been describing, contains about five thousand inhabitants."[5] Connelley[6] refers to the Mexican town as "Paso del Norte" and also as "El Paso del Norte." Davis,[7] writing shortly before 1857, remarks: "*El Molino* (the Mill) the residence of Judge Hart . . . is situated on the east bank of the Del Norte,[8] three miles above the Mexican town of El Paso." Davis adds, "Here begins the somewhat celebrated valley of Paso del Norte."

It has been said that the Treatry of Guadalupe Hidalgo (1848) which made the Rio Grande the boundary between Texas and Mexico, "split the town in half," and that this caused the confusion in names. This is not true. All writers before, during and after the Mexican War are in agreement that there was no settlement on the Texas side of the river across from El Paso del Norte at the time of the treaty. Bartlett, for example, states in a footnote: "The town of El Paso del Norte so frequently alluded to is on the Mexican side of the river . . .

[1]The secularization of the mission of Guadalupe into a pueblo or town came in 1682.

[2]*American Guide Series - Texas* (New York: Hastings House), 3.

[3]Geo. Wilkins Kendall, *Narrative of the Texas Santa Fe Expedition* (London: David Bogue, 1845), 11, 28 *et seq.*

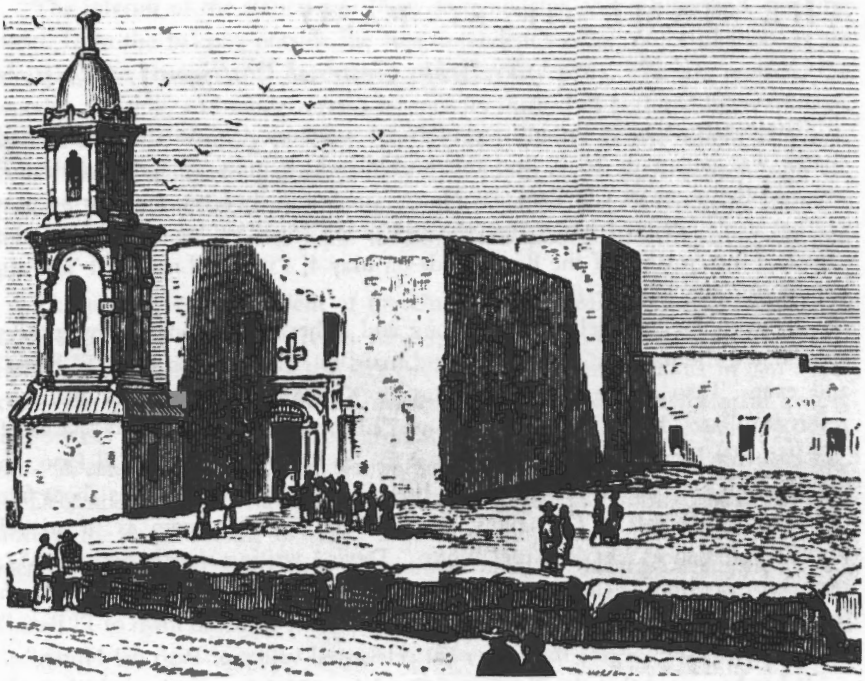
[4]John Russell Bartlett, *Personal Narrative or Explorations and Incidents in Texas, New Mexico, California, Sonora, and Chihuahua* (New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1854), 11, 402.

[5]*Ibid.*, 1, 361.

[6]William Elsey Connelley, *Doniphan's Expedition and the Conquest of New Mexico and California* (Kansas City, Mo., 1907), 590.

[7]W. W. H. Davis, *El Gringo* (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1857), 374-84.

[8]The Rio Grande River was originally called "Rio del Norte." Later it was called "Rio Bravo" and sometimes "Rio Bravo del Norte." Since 1848 it has been known as the Rio Grande to Americans and Rio Bravo to Mexicans.



Mission de Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe in Old El Paso Del Norte.

On the American side there was no settlement until after the war. At present (1854) there are three, Coons' ranch, Mr. Stephenson's ranch, and Magoffiinsville."[9]

According to the Conklings, "the first recorded grant of land on the United States side of the Rio Grande, on the present site of El Paso, thus far discovered, was issued . . . to one Juan Maria Ponce de Leon on August 13, 1827. This grant . . . consisted of five hundred and ninety-five acres of land."[10] The ranch house of Ponce de Leon, which was on or near the present site of the White House Department Store was probably built in 1827.[11]

Coons' ranch (Benjamin Franklin Coons) was probably built late in 1848 or early 1849 and was near the site of Ponce de Leon's ranch house. (Incidentally, part of Coons' ranch was rented in 1849 for the First United States troops to

[9]Bartlett, *op. cit.*, 11, 383.

[10]Roscoe and Margaret Conkling, *The Butterfield Overland Mail:* 1857-1869 (Glendale, California: The Arthur H. Vlark Co.), 11, 68-9.

[11]"The date of the death of Ponce de Leon has not been ascertained, but on March 25, 1854, his heirs conveyed the Ponce ranch or tract . . . to William T. Smith of El Paso, for the sum of $10,000." See *ibid.*, 11, 70. The Conklings cite as their authority the "Records in El Paso County Clerk's Office, Book A, 407-472."

be stationed in this area. They were under the command of Major Jefferson Van Horne.) The village which grew near the ranches of Coons and Ponce de Leon became known as "Franklin."[12] On January 3, 1850, El Paso County was created from part of Bexar County with the county seat at San Elizario. Two years later, on July 26, 1852, the post office of "El Paso, El Paso County" was established. Presumably the post office was located at Franklin because the Postmaster General in a letter dated September 10, 1858, stated: "the post office will be moved from the adobe hut near the stage station to more commodious quarters."

Thus it would seem that the town was known by two names—Franklin and El Paso; and this situation seems to have prevailed for several years.[13] Be that as it may, on June 18, 1873, the town was incorporated as "El Paso, El Paso County, Texas," by Joseph Magoffin, Allan Blacker, and Samuel Schutz. Nine years later, on September 16, 1882, "El Paso del Norte" was officially changed by the Chihuahua State Legislature to Ciudad Juarez.

[12]Franklin Coons came to El Paso from Franklin, Missouri. An "informed guess" would lead one to conclude that Coons named the local settlement after his birthplace and not after himself. Incidentally, Coons seems to have "just disappeared" from Franklin. There is no proof of the story once circulated that he was "run out of town." (Editor's note.)

[13]Dr. Rex Strickland, Professor of History at Texas Western College, has in his possession a letter written in 1878 by a Texas Ranger in which he states he is going to "Franklin" to make an arrest. Dr. Strickland believes that both names continued in use until the 1880's when the name "El Paso" was finally fixed by the newspapers. (Editor's note.)

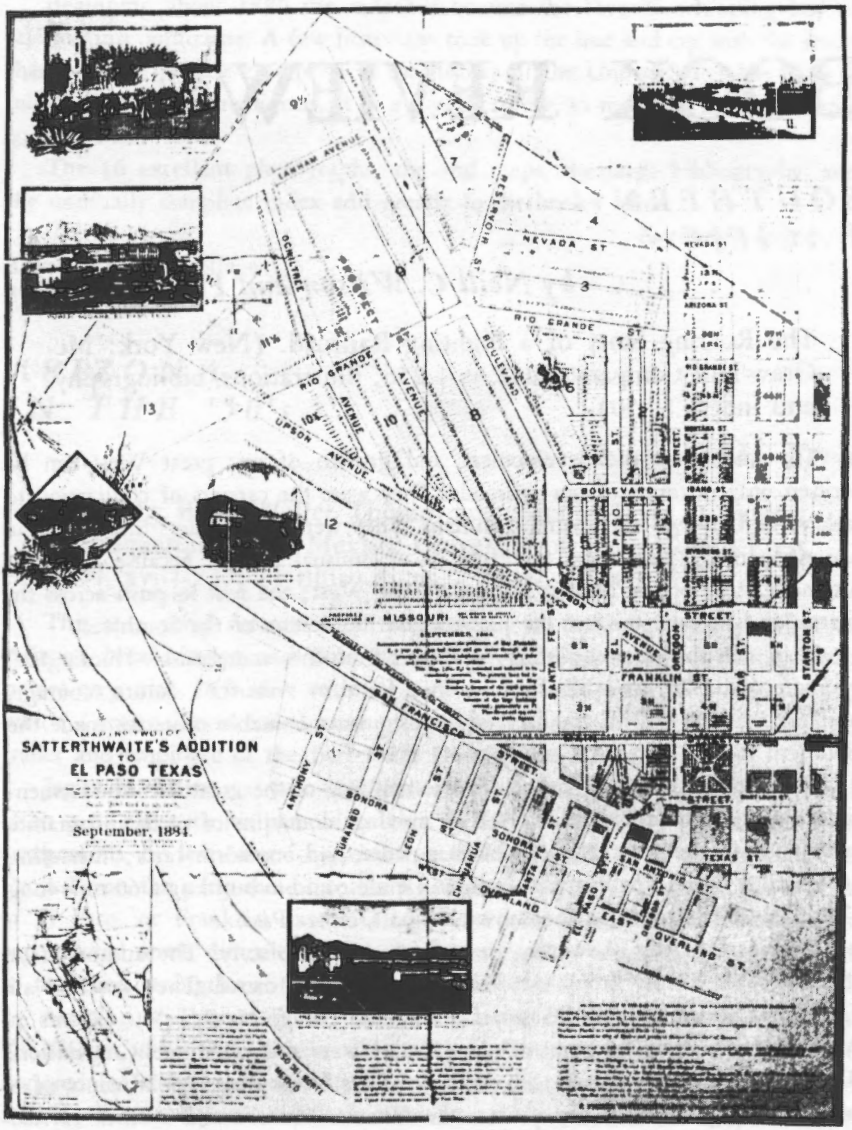
MAP No. TWO OF SATTERTHWAITE'S ADDITION TO EL PASO, 1884

. . . . . *by Eugene O. Porter*

The coming of the railroads in 1881 made El Paso a realtor's haven, and among the first to take advantage of the unusual opportunities offered by the border town was J. Fisher Satterthwaite, a New Yorker. Satterthwaite, with offices at 71 Broadway, New York, opened his "addition" in 1883. Kneeland & Co., with offices on San Antonio Street, acted as local agent.

The first map of the "addition" was published in 1883. "Map No. Two," of which the picture on the following page is a photograph, was published in September, 1884. The second map was necessary, according to Satterthwaite, "because of the rapid growth of the town within the past year, and because of the large buildings erected; particularly on El Paso Street and opposite the public square." The map also notes that "Satterthwaite's addition since the publication of MAP NUMBER 1, a year ago, has had water and gas mains through all the principal streets, besides telephones and electric light poles and wires for the use of residents."

Evidently the map was used to attract Easterners, as it goes into great detail in enumerating the many advantages of El Paso. It points out, for instance, that "El Paso today is the great railroad center of the Southwest, being the terminus and connection point of five great trunk railroads." The map further notes that "the late completion of the Mexican Central Railroad from the City of Mexico to this point, . . . will probably make this the only railroad frontier town and gateway to Mexico for some years, and this alone, it is reasonable to expect, will very materially aid in making El Paso the metropolis of the Southwest."



Satterthwaite's map of El Paso
September, 1884

BOOK REVIEWS

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

. . . . . *by Neill C. Wilson and Frank J. Taylor*

The Roaring Story of a Fighting Railroad. (New York: McGraw-Hill Company, 1952. ix+256; illustrations, bibliography, and index. $4.50)

The history of the development and growth of our great West can be written only in terms of our railroads. They were the carriers of civilization to a land of buffaloes and roaming Indians. They were the builders that made our country strong. This book, therefore, is of unusual interest because it "is the dramatic story of the biggest railroad in the West; the first to push across the Sierra, and the first to cross the prairies and the deserts of the Southwest."

It is also the inspiring story of four Sacramento merchants—Huntington, Hopkins, Crocker, and Stanford—whose faith in America's future, courage, and indomitable will in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles made the Southern Pacific Railroad a reality.

The authors discuss all aspects of the building of the great SP—the tremendous engineering problems involved in moving mountains of earth and granite with nothing but picks, shovels, black powder, and one-horse carts; in hauling locomotives on sleds with ropes, oxen and mules; and in building a 60-mile-long "barn" over the tracks at the snow-blocked Donner Pass.

Engineering feats, however, are only part of the story. The authors trace the railroad's history from wood-burner to modern diesel. They describe all facets of railroading from "Gandy Dancers and Bridge Monkeys" to "Gents in Masks"; from fights for right of ways to rate wars and government regulation. They describe the red-plush Silver Palace Cars "with the appointments of a home drawing room." They picture the famous "Zulu Trains" which carried families with their livestock and furniture at bargain rates.

There are, it should be noted, a few minor errors in the text. To mention only two, the authors state that "The government eventually turned over about 155,000,000 acres of land to the railroad builders." (p. 4). A more correct figure is about 133,000,000. The authors also state that the Republic of Texas chartered three railroads. (p. 234). Actually the Republic chartered four. But, as noted above, these are minor errors and in no way detract from the interest and over-all accuracy of the book.

Beginning about 1880 the railroads became the favorite whipping boy of self-seeking politicians. A few historians took up the hue and cry with the result that no other private enterprise in the history of the United States has been so misrepresented and maligned. It is a joy, therefore, to read an "honest" history such as this.

The 16 excellent photographs, the end maps, the large bibliography, and the unusually complete index add greatly to the book's value.

Eugene O. Porter
Texas Western College

ARIZONA IN THE '50's

. . . . . *by James H. Tevis*

Edited by Belle Waller Thumm and Minnie Tevis Davenport. (Albuquerque, New Mexico. University of New Mexico Press, 1954. xvi+237; 11 illustrations, 1 letter. $4.00)

This is a vivid account of a frontiersman in the rugged environment of Arizona, New Mexico, and West Texas, when those areas were little more than names on a map. It is alive with the excitement of the years 1857-1860, during which Captain Tevis toiled as a prospector, trapper, rancher, Indian fighter, trader and employee of the Butterfield Overland Mail.

James H. Tevis was born in West Virginia (then Virginia) but migrated at an early age with his parents to Iowa. In 1857, with twenty-four adventurous companions, he left Iowa for Arizona, traveling by way of Texas. Crossing the Pecos River, the party came into the Rio Grande Valley and camped for a week at El Paso, or Franklin, as the village was then called. At Mesilla the men encountered some difficulties when local desperadoes unsuccessfully attempted to test their strength on the outnumbered adventurers.

Arriving at Tucson Tevis met Mose Carson, brother of the more famous Kit Carson, who took him on a hunting and trapping expedition. Tevis felt honored in having such a well-known guide, trapper, and Indian fighter take a liking to him. On the expedition Tevis was introduced to the temperment of the Indians when he was forced to use his six-shooters to quell their desires.

As an employee of the Overland Mail station at Apache Pass, Tevis was placed in an area with little law and order and was subjected to a close relationship with the Indian tribes that camped around the station. When hostile tempers flared there were no peace officers to give protection, as Southern Arizona was under the jurisdiction of the Territory of New Mexico and few dared to

venture into the Indian country to keep the peace. Tevis made friends with the various Indian chiefs and learned their languages and ways of life, but he could never gain the confidence of Cochise who hated all white men.

After resigning his position at the mail station, Tevis and Anthony Elder started a ranch at Canutillo, about sixteen miles above Franklin and El Paso del Norte. He was barely settled in Canutillo, however, when the provisional governor of Arizona commissioned Tevis to raise a company of rangers to protect the settlers from the hostile Indians. He accepted the commission but was soon lured to Pinos Altos when news of a gold strike reached him. There he staked out a lucrative claim, but was often called away from his mining operations to fight the Indians.

Captain Tevis kept a diary of his wanderings but this was lost when he left Pinos Altos to join the Confederate Army. Years later, however, his family persuaded him to record his adventures. Naturally it was difficult for him to revive the long-past happenings with minute historical accuracy. Nevertheless, the historical errors are few. Be that as it may, the real contribution of the book is the vivid description of life in those remote areas of the Southwest, and the resurrection, so to speak, of places and personalities, many of which have been forgotten or neglected.

This is the most interesting and important book to be published on the Southwest in a long time. It appeals not only to local historians but to the general public as well. And the eleven excellent illustrations greatly add to the reader's interest.

Morgan Broaddus, Jr.

Texas Western College

MOUNTAINS OF THE MIND

. . . . . *by Horace Wilson Morelock*

(San Antonio: The Naylor Company, 1956. x+246; 22 photographs. $3.50)

Mountains of the Mind, the autobiography of Horace W. Morelock, for twenty-three years president of Sul Ross State College at Alpine, reveals objectively a man in his dauntless quest for an ideal. For, though he would be the last to advance the claim, much that the school is and hopes to become is due to his planning and action.

Mountains furnish the symbol for Horace Morelock's life. Born in Tennessee amidst mountains, chance or fate brought him to the mountains of the Big

Bend to guide the destinies of a young and struggling college. The obstacles were tremendous. Alpine was isolated, far distant from the state's centers of population; the great newspapers of the state derided the impracticability of building an institution of higher learning at such an unlikely place. But Morelock matched the last geographic frontier with a new frontier in education and made use of environment to demonstrate the value of a regional college.

School administrators, one feels, will read the book with understanding and sympathy. Dr. Morelock's expedients whereby he saved his college from extinction and then added to its facilities and equipment should arouse recollections of common problems and solutions.

The book has one error. It speaks of Dr. R. L. Marquis, Dr. Morelock's predecessor as president of Sul Ross, as coming to that school from West Texas State Normal College, Canyon. I remember distinctly talking with "Bob" Marquis the morning after his election as president of Sul Ross. He was my teacher in sophomore biology at North Texas State Normal College and it was Denton not Canyon.

Those who know Horace Morelock personally will find much of him in *Mountains of the Mind*, his philosophy, his wit, his courage and his vision. Truly such men leave their mark upon their times. So this note of appreciation which is written in lieu of the formal critique is offered in the hope that others will read and learn that mountains of the mind have a true place in the geography of the human spirit.

Rex W. Strickland

Texas Western College

THE AMERICAN COWBOY

. . . . . *by Joe B. Frantz and Julian Ernest Choate, Jr.*

The Myth and the Reality. (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1955. xiv † 232. Illustrations, bibliography, $3.75)

For two reasons one is tempted to label this book "the last word." The first: Professors Frantz and Choate have written an excellent, probably the most comprehensive, report on the cowboy yet published. The second: the world and the profession of the cowboy are now a thing of the past. As such they are ready for a final, over-all examination.

Sub-titled "The Myth and the Reality," *The American Cowboy* is a vigorously written statement of the cowboy's place in American life, both as historical

hired-hand and as folk hero to a vast twentieth-century public. Like most historians of American folk heroes, the present authors are fascinated by the power of the cowboy myth. Where did it come from? How true is it? Why has it outlasted all other myths, those featuring the trapper, the pole-boatmen, the buffalo hunter, the Western immigrant, the gold seeker?

In twelve tightly written chapters, the authors present their facts and their theories by way of answer. Quite frankly their own imaginations are excited by the sweep, the vitality, the devil-may-care of the cowboy. And appropriately so, it seems to this reviewer, for nobody can write an adequate discussion of a hero who remains unmoved by heroism. Professors Choate and Frantz are at home in cowhand terminology; they write with a real feel for the dusty, sage-covered country that forms the setting for their study.

As literature, this newest book on the cowboy is especially pleasant. A wry humor, a gusto for life that the cowboy himself would have appreciated, permeate these pages. As scholarship, *The American Cowboy* is a valuable new round-up of the books and articles pertaining to the cowboy myth and history. Such chapters as "The Literature: Before 1900," "The Literature: After 1900," "The Critics," and "The Truthtellers" are wholly new and welcome.

The cowboy still rides as lustily as ever through the pages of American popular fiction. Television, the movies, even the ballet continue to feature his prowess and his escapades. The end of such treatments seems nowhere in sight. Yet, it now seems unlikely that anything significant remains for serious students to do with the cowboy as an American figure. Professors Choate and Frantz have put the period to a long and dramatic chapter in American historiography.

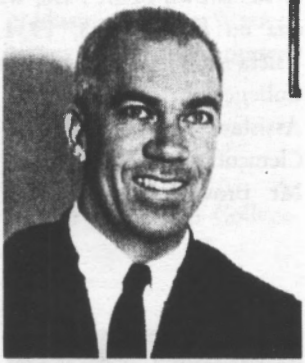
Joseph Leach

Texas Western College

CONTRIBUTORS

Joseph Leach, Professor of English at Texas Western College, is a native Texan. A graduate of Southern Methodist University with a Ph. D. in English from Yale University, Dr. Leach is the author of several articles in learned journals and of a book, *The Typical Texan*, a study of the folk reputation of Texans.

Dr. Leach has two hobbies: climbing mountains and pursuing the history of the El Paso area, "outside of the library." He has lived in El Paso since 1947.



DR. JOSEPH LEACH

★ ★ ★ ★

LILLIAN HAGUE CORCORAN

Lillian Hague Corcoran was born in El Paso and lived here "off and on" for more than fifty years. She was educated in private schools and at the Visitation Convent, Georgetown, D. C. She specialized in music and became an accomplished pianist and a composer.

Married to Thomas Michael Corcoran, a West Point graduate, "at the turn of the century," Mrs. Corcoran became a widow shortly after the First World War. At present she is living with her daughter who is married to Lieut. General Thomas W. Herren, commanding general of the 1st Army with headquarters at Governors Island, New York.

Mrs. Corcoran has two sisters living in El Paso—Miss Clara Hague of 1501 E. Nevada Street; and Aileen, wife of Colonel James R. Hill, U.S.A. (Ret.) of 4542 Alamogordo Street.

The accompanying photograph of Mrs. Corcoran, the only one available, was taken shortly after her marriage.

Gerald B. Brown, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Brown of El Paso, was born in Douglas, Arizona on December 3, 1934. After graduation from Ysleta High School he enrolled at Texas Western College where he is now a senior. He also serves as Assistant for Youth at the Episcopal Church of St. Clement in El Paso. Upon graduation from college Mr. Brown plans to attend an Episcopal seminary.

GERALD B. BROWN

★ ★ ★ ★

ADDIE JO SHARP

Mrs. Addie Jo Sharp, a native El Pasoan, is the granddaughter of the late R. B. Bias who came to El Paso with the first railroad in 1881. She was graduated from El Paso High School and from Texas College of Mines and Metallurgy. Later she taught in the El Paso public school system.

Mrs. Sharp is past chairman of the Writers' Group of the Woman's Club. In addition to being the News Notes Editor of PASS-WORD, Mrs. Sharp is a regular contributor of a column, "Between Us Girls," in *Baking Industry Magazine*. She also does free lance writing, having published in *Modern Mexico, Swing* and *Our Dumb Animals*.

Mrs. Sharp resides with her husband, Hugh Sharp, Jr., at 3136 Wheeling Street.

★ ★ ★ ★

Brig. General William J. Glasgow, U. S. A. (Ret.) was born in St. Louis, Missouri, on May 18, 1866. He was graduated from the West Point Military Academy in 1891. Five years later he married a native El Pasoan, Josephine Magoffin, daughter of Judge Joseph Magoffin. General Glasgow was retired from active duty in 1929. He resides with his wife in the old Magoffin homestead.

The accompanying photograph, the only one available, was taken about 1893 when General Glasgow was a Second Lieutenant.

2ND LT. W. J. GLASGOW

Dr. Eugene O. Porter is Professor of History at Texas Western College.

★ ★ ★ ★

Morgan Broaddus, Jr., a native El Pasoan, is a graduate of Texas Western College where he received both his A.B. and M.A. (history) degrees. At present he is an instructor in history and government at his Alma Mater.

★ ★ ★ ★

Dr. Rex W. Strickland is Professor of History at Texas Western College.

NEWS NOTES

Your editors believe that the membership of the society is interested in knowing what the critics are saying about PASS-WORD:

Dr. James H. Rodabaugh, editor of *The Ohio Historical Quarterly,* writes, "Congratulations on Vol. 1, No. 1 of the PASS-WORD. I think you did a fine job in all respects. It's a very nice looking magazine. I hope you'll be able to send me some other copies as they come out."

Dr. Rodabaugh adds, "I've been working on a Directory of Historical Societies and Agencies in the U. S. and Canada. I've checked to make sure your society is in."

Eileen M. Quinn, sales manager, University of New Mexico Press, writes, "Thank you so much for your very stunning the PASS-WORD. It is a magnificent job. So much so, in fact, I am wondering if we can have another copy, for I would like to circulate it around the campus. We shall certainly keep your name on our review mailing list, to receive titles in which we think you are interested."

Mrs. K. June Holmquist, assistant editor, *Minnesota History,* who gave your editors many helpful suggestions in organizing PASS-WORD, writes, "The first issue of your new El Paso Historical Quarterly reached me a few days ago, and I have read it with interest. Let me congratulate you on the quality for your first effort. The issue looks very well, the cover is handsome, and you need not apologize for it at all.

"I was astounded at the figures you gave me concerning your publishing costs. In comparison with the best we can do in this area, they are exceedingly reasonable. In fact, we can perhaps take lessons from you in this regard. How in the world do you do it? A 44-page issue of our magazine, 3300 copies without cuts, costs us about $1100.00. We'd be delighted to learn any trade secrets you have come upon to effect such a saving." (We thank you very much, Mr. Guynes.)

Mrs. Holmquist did have one "negative reaction" and that was "to the format of the book review section." We have changed the format in line with her suggestions.

Incidentally, just before going to press we received an application for membership in our society from the Minnesota Historical Society.

The Director of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Clifford L. Lord, writes: "Let me offer you my congratulations on an interesting publication produced at a very reasonable cost. (Again we thank you Mr. Guynes.) This should be a useful example to other county and local historical societies throughout the country and I appreciate your bringing it to my attention."

Continuing, Mr. Lord remarks, "With such a handsome first issue I'm sure you will be encouraged to maintain your standards. You certainly should attract many good contributions with this kind of outlet available for their publication."

Another letter of which the membership should be justly proud comes from Constance Lodge, Head, Preparation Department, the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery, San Marino, California. Miss Lodge writes, "Dr. C. L. Sonnichsen, former reader at the Library, has sent us a copy of PASS-WORD, Volume 1, and we find that the Library is interested in becoming an institutional member of the El Paso Historical Society, or whatever is necessary so that we may receive this magazine. We would be glad to know the annual fee for membership or subscription, so that we may send a formal order to you."

Our society treasurer, Mr. Chris Fox, informs us that the Huntington Library sent him its "order" and is now a full-fledged member our society.

A letter we believe should be mentioned because it shows the quality of the material we publish, was written by E. B. Mann, Director, University of New Mexico Press. Mr. Mann asks, "Could you tell us how to get in touch with Col. Ablion Smith, author of the article, 'The Salt War of San Elizario,' in the February, 1956, issue of PASS-WORD? We would like to write him concerning the 'unpublished manuscript on the History of the Southwest' mentioned on page 27 of that issue."

★ ★ ★

For his excellent cover design for PASS-WORD, Mr. Jose Cisneros was made an honorary life member of the El Paso Historical Society at its February meeting.

★ ★ ★

Your editors would like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Luis Perez, Director of Publicity, El Paso Chamber of Commerce, for his kind cooperation in helping to prepare many of the pictures for this issue. His photographic reproductions of the originals made it possible to print many of the pictures.

★ ★ ★

Major R. K. McMaster, editor of "Letters from Mexico," published in the February, 1956, issue of PASS-WORD, listed Lt. Simpson as "no information" (page 11, footnote 8). Major McMaster has since learned that Lt. W. H. Simpson retired as a four star general and now lives in San Antonio.

★ ★ ★

"There is not this side of heaven another like it, a fine progressive modern city, El Paso, 3785 feet above sea with beautiful high mountains around it." Arthur Brisbane, "Today," El Paso *Times*, December 1, 1933.

★ ★ ★

"Eye-brow Trail" in Dog Canyon, near Alamogordo, New Mexico, was the scene of five Indian battles in the '70's and '80's between Apache and United States soldiers.

ON BEHALF OF THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERSHIP OF THE EL PASO HISTORICAL SOCIETY, THE EDITORS WISH TO EXPRESS TO THE OFFICIALS OF THE

SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

THEIR GRATEFUL APPRECIATION FOR THE GENEROSITY AND COOPERATION WHICH MADE POSSIBLE THE ADDITIONAL PAGES AND EXTRA ENGRAVINGS CONTAINED IN THIS SPECIAL RAILROAD ISSUE OF PASS-WORD.

MAY THIS GREAT RAILROAD AND THE AREA IT SERVES SO WELL BOTH CONTINUE TO PROSPER.