PASSWORD

THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

VOL. XXII, NO. 4 EL PASO, TEXAS WINTER, 1977

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PASSWORD

Published quarterly by THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Entered as Second Class mail at
El Paso, Texas.

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Published quarterly by The El Paso County Historical Society
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Correspondence regarding back numbers of Password should be addressed to Corresponding Secretary, El Paso County Historical Society, Post Office Box 28, El Paso, Texas 79940.

Membership is $10.00 per year, which includes subscription to Password. Make checks payable to El Paso County Historical Society, Post Office Box 28, El Paso, Texas 79940.

HALL OF HONOR BANQUET

The seventeenth annual Hall of Honor Banquet of the El Paso County Historical Society was held Sunday evening, November 20, at the El Paso Country Club. Those formally admitted to the El Paso Hall of Honor were the late Cleofas Calleros and Monsignor Henry D. Buchanan. The Plaque honoring Mr. Calleros was accepted by his daughter, Margarita Blanco. The address honoring Mr. Calleros was made by Jesus B. Ochoa. Father Francis J. Smith paid tribute to Msgr. Buchanan, who was present for the ceremonies honoring him.

The distinguished El Paso artist, Manuel G. Acosta, volunteered his services to provide suitable decorations for the occasion. Mrs. Hans E. Brockmoller and Mrs. Albert R. Haag were co-chairmen for the banquet. Chairmen of Printing and Programs were Col. (Ret.) and Mrs. Donald V. Schafbuch; Reservations Chairmen were Brigadier Gen. (Ret.) and Mrs. Lloyd L. Leech, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. George Staten, Jr. were Hospitality Chairmen, with husbands and wives of Historical Society board members serving as hosts and hostesses; Judge and Mrs. William E. Ward were in charge of the Social Hour. Mrs. Barry Coleman was in charge of guestbooks, assisted by Mrs. J. Burges Perrenot, Mrs. Phillip Bethune, Mrs. F. Cathcart Melby and Mrs. Charles Dodson. Chairman of publicity was Mrs. Leroy L. Mathis. Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Leach were in charge of place cards.

Invocation was by Most Rev. Sidney M. Metzger, Bishop of El Paso Diocese and benediction by Rev. H. Eugene Myrick, Rector of St. Francis on the Hill. The Hall of Honor Address by President James M. Peak and the tributes to the honorees follow.

HALL OF HONOR ADDRESS
THE PRICE IS RIGHT

James M. Peak, President
El Paso County Historical Society

Being an optimist by nature, I have long wanted to speak with you about optimism. This is a subject well known to many Chinese. It is said that when the Chinese want to build a tunnel, 10,000 diggers start from one side and 10,000 from the other. If they meet in the middle, they have a tunnel. But if they miss, they have two tunnels — so they can't lose either way. That's optimism!

In the Society year coming to a close, excitement has returned to the El Paso County Historical Society, first instituted by Mrs. Willard Schuessler, our founding President, on March 18, 1954. For the first time in my recollection, since becoming a member, our Society members as well as officers and directors are expressing a refreshing optimism about the growth and purpose of the Society.

It still galls me, of course, to read more and more headlines announcing that "historical preservation is dead" or "historical societies are back" after the big bicentennial year. To tell you the truth, I never knew we were gone! Admittedly, Society membership declined as most of this past year's members were caught up in a variety of political flurries, questioning the relevance of everything from historical preservation to signing an agreement with the City of El Paso, to sponsoring a tour of historical homes. This caused many of our best minds to be hampered by organizational apathy, and spawned a humorless Society where "having fun" was considered the unpardonable sin, and pervasive cynicism shriveled everyone else's optimism.

For those of us who work with the Society on a daily basis, this past year may have been frustrated by growing pains, but it also served as a challenge. The El Paso County Historical Society does not give up easily, nor do we passively accept the "status quo." The difficult period we have all experienced brought forth some of the most creative thinking the Society has seen since its earliest days, and resulted in innovative programs that have captured the imagination of a growing number of new as well as established members.

During the past year, your officers and directors have worked hard on your behalf. We have tried to increase membership by dedicating ourselves *first* to the study and research of Southwestern and Mexican history, *second,* to the acquisition and preservation of historically significant materials, *third* to developing public awareness of the values of our his-

toric heritage, and *fourth* to instituting a project for a museum in which to house our important artifacts.

You, as the members, have also responded enthusiastically by providing the resources and manpower to help with our many programs this year. It required an awful lot of dedication by Society members simply to complete the 27 working committees in your organization.

Indeed, there is every reason to be optimistic about the new year that we are entering. But we cannot be lulled into a feeling of complacency. We're still a long way from the membership levels which appear to be commonplace as well as enjoyable for our sister cities throughout the West such as San Diego, San Antonio, Galveston, and Austin, cities where historical societies, through their thousands of members, challenge new problems daily and enjoy the awareness of what a historical society can actually do. The agreement I signed with the City of El Paso this spring, which was voted on and approved by the membership, to become the supportive agency for the Cavalry Museum is moving along well, but we all know that an agreement of this magnitude cannot be processed overnight. It will take many long hours of hard work and an active, vibrant, energetic membership to back it up.

Tonight, we celebrate one of the great traditions of our society in honoring both outstanding living and deceased citizens from our community who have touched the lives of our fellow citizens and the members of this Society. In my opinion, these men exemplify the leadership ability that creates optimism.

Since beginning my term as President, I have tried to instill the theme "Together We Can Make It" into our membership. The members, officers, and directors of the El Paso County Historical Society, working together, can indeed make anything happen. I call on you to share in our efforts, enthusiastically, and to share in our optimism. We need the support of every segment of the community and the membership. It's a great time to be involved in this exciting growing adventure! It's now time for us to pay the price because "the price is right" for membership!

TRIBUTE TO CLEOFAS CALLEROS

by JESUS B. OCHOA

The people of the village of Rio Florido in the State of Chihuahua were, in 1896, tillers of the soil. The river which gave its name to the village is one of the loveliest rivers of northern Mexico: the village proper is situated hard by the confluence of the Río Florido with the Río Conchos.

Ismael Calleros and his wife, María del Refugio Perales de Calleros, my maternal grandparents, were residents of Río Florido, which many of you now know as Ciudad Camargo, at the time my uncle Cleofas Calleros was born in 1896. Shortly thereafter, my grandfather acquired a mule-drawn cart and entered into business for himself. It was a measure of his success that by 1902, he had established himself to the point that he obtained a contract to haul glass to be used in the construction of the Municipal Palace in Chihuahua City. While making a delivery a powerful state politician ordered him to take the load of glass to the politician's house for his personal use. My grandfather refused.

In December of 1891, the village of Tomochi was razed by Mexican troops under the Command of General Rangel, Chief of the Military Zone of the State of Chihuahua. Guided by a charismatic individual known as Cruz Chávez, the villagers of Tomochi had rebelled because the Governor of Chihuahua had taken for his own certain religious paintings from the village church. Tomochi is located alongside of Longitude 107, known in Mexican history as "The Longitude of War." It was here, high in the Sierra Madre Occidental, that the seeds of revolt were germinating.

The spirit of rebellion had not reached Río Florido when my grandfather refused to deliver the load of glass to the politician. Aware of the futility of resistance, he accepted exile in the United States when the politician used his authority in order to have him expelled, after having confiscated his mule-drawn cart.

He came to El Paso in 1902. In 1903 he sent for his wife and son, telling her that if she crossed into the United States at night and did not use the bridge she could save the cost of being "immigrated" — which was then 50¢ in American money. It was in these circumstances that my uncle Cleofas Calleros arrived in this country.

He was enrolled in Alamo Grammar School without knowing a word of English. When the economics of the family permitted it, he was transferred to Sacred Heart Parochial School. His formal education ended when he was graduated from a local business college.

Life in South El Paso then was much the same as it is now, with one important difference. The parish church was the hub around which the activities and family life of the parishioners revolved — with an emphasis on the preservation of cultural and religious values — a tradition

Cleofas Calleros in 1954, wearing the insignia of "Knight of Isabella" after his investiture by the government of Spain. The award was for Calleros' efforts for recognition of Spain's contribution to the settlement of North America, and the presentation was made by the Spanish Ambassador to Mexico. *(Casasola Studio)*

which, in El Paso, continues to be honored largely at Our Lady of the Light Church under the most able direction of Father Jesse Muñoz.

Mexican-Americans of that era were exceptionally patriotic, as their children were to prove to be during World War II, Korea and Vietnam, and my uncle was no exception.

When hostilities broke out in Europe, my grandmother falsified his birth certificate, conferring on my uncle, at one stroke, both American Citizenship and sufficient years so that he could join the Army. The fraud was discovered in San Antonio. Cleofas used his considerable charm on the authorities and was allowed to become a naturalized American citizen in San Antonio and then he was sent to Europe. He saw action in France where he was wounded.

In 1918 he returned to El Paso and married Benita Blanco de Calleros. His membership in the American Legion and in "40 Hommes et 8 Chevaux" attest to his interest in Americanism. He was commissioned an officer in 1922, 1924 and again in 1926. After having worked for the Santa Fe Railroad as General Agent and Chief Passenger Agent, he was made Mexican Border Representative for Immigration and Naturalization for the then National Catholic Welfare Conference.

While he was in Europe, my uncle had somehow managed to take a motorcycle trip to Spain. No typical tourist, his interest lay in exploring the archives of the University of Salamanca. The experience of reading the Codices of the Indies en la Patria Madre had a profound effect on him. He had realized for the first time in his life that historians often wrote with a less than accurate perception or knowledge of the facts: he had come face to face with the de-hispanization of history — and his interest in setting the record straight was to remain, as his avocation, his prime concern for the remainder of his life.

My uncle, who was a deeply religious man, would have claimed that it was God who visited him with a position from which he could indulge his passion for the history of the southwest. Of necessity, he had to deal with Mexicans who came to his office for assistance, and as he on more than one occasion expressed to me, "it is physically impossible to write about the history of the southwest without including the Spanish and Mexican influence on that history." For example, in his pamphlet *San Elizario Presidio-Mission,* he wrote that "Fray Agustín Rodríguez, O.F.M. and his two companions, Fray Juan de Santa María, O.F.M. and Fray Francisco López, O.F.M. conducted the first religious services in these parts (San Elizario). It is a documented fact that the holy sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated here more than thirty years prior to any religious services held in the eastern shores of the present United States."

In a similar vein, and writing about the first American drama to be performed in the Continental United States, my uncle wrote that "the

play was composed by Captain Farfán de Los Gódos right at the camp and took for its theme the coming of the Franciscans to evangelize the natives and the success of their labors. The play was presented in the area of Socorro and San Elizario. Sixty women participated with all the finery of European and Mexican paraphernalia.

The play my uncle wrote about was performed in 1598, some years prior to the landing of the Pilgrims in the United States in the year 1620.

His position with the National Catholic Welfare Conference also gave him a vantage point from which he observed the evil of racism. Some months before he died I visited my uncle and we shared a drink and some conversation. During the course of the conversation, he mentioned to me that he was working on the manuscript of a book which was to be entitled *Let's Get Rid of the Mexicans.* I asked why he picked such a provocative title, and in his fashion, he told me he was going to teach me a little history.

He asked me if I remembered "Operation Wetback" and its workings in the middle 50s. I replied that I did and that I was aware how Attorney General Herbert Brownell, under President Eisenhower, had instituted a policy of deporting Mexicans in the United States to Mexico with little regard for mitigating circumstances. My uncle then asked me if I knew anything about the roots of prejudice in El Paso, and for that matter, in the whole southwest as far as California during the Depression. Without giving me a chance to answer, he then showed me some of his records which he kept and from which I now quote:

"In 1931, the Public Health Service assigned a new physician to the El Paso bridge and immediately upon arrival the new physician instituted an active campaign against what he termed venereal diseases. One week after he had taken charge of the local station, he was taking an average of 50 passports per day of local residents of El Paso claiming that such persons were afflicted with syphillis or adenitis. He went so far as to make a statement to me that he had proof that Mexican people or people of Mexican ancestry were afflicted with such diseases and that the average ran up to ninety-five per cent . . . His actions brought about great indignation both in El Paso and in Ciudad Juárez, and as a result of such the El Paso Chamber of Commerce and Juárez Chamber of Commerce joined our appeal to the District Director and the local Public Health Inspector to alleviate such conditions and to prove his insinuations."

And again: "During the past year the Border Patrol Service has instituted an intensive campaign in rounding up illegal entries and alleged illegal entries. Frequently our attention has been called by aliens to the harshness and brutal methods in questioning and making arrests. Such cases as have come to our attention have been duly protested to the Inspector in charge of the Border Patrol Service. The charges have

been proven that the arresting officer has exceeded his authority or has not conducted an impartial primary inspection . . . People have been literally dragged from homes or place of employment or from the street and hauled to the local detention quarters, thereby causing much anxiety on the part of the relative and embarrassment and humiliation to the person detained."

In writing of the mass deportation which occurred during the Depression, my uncle noted that "Exact figures are not available. The U. S. Immigration Service failed to keep an accurate record: the Mexican Migration Service did likewise. An exact record is now being kept by both Services." he continued:

"I have made a close study of repatriates and I can honestly state that a conservative estimate can be placed at 600,000 Mexicans returning to Mexico as repatriates or as voluntary returns."

It is perhaps ironic that many of these "repatriates or voluntary returns" were to occupy much of my uncle's time and energies, for among the many people deported to Mexico through the tender mercies of the Immigration Service were literally thousands of American Citizens of Mexican descent. It fell to my uncle to help many of these people reenter the United States by making valid their claim to American Citizenship.

I point these things out in order to lay a basis for an observation made by Thucydides in the Year of Our Lord 116: "The principal office of history I take to be this: to prevent virtuous actions from being forgotten and that evil words and deeds should fear an infamous reputation with posterity." I shared Thucydides' observation with my uncle during the visit I spoke of above, and his reply to me was, "Of course: that is why we place so much importance on our Church history, our family history and our cultural history as transmitted to us from our viejitos. There is a continuity there. There is truth. We hand down our lore through generations because, to a certain degree our contributions and our very reality are not acknowledged by Anglo historians."

Cleofas was not a gentle man. He was afflicted, as many of us are, with the pride of the Spaniard, the stoicism of the Indian, and the Mestizo temperament which results from both. A man who had been self-taught, who had been befriended by humble folk, businessmen, generals and at least one Pope, he was punctilious in dress and in manner. It would do neither him nor our family honor to set down before you the titles of the various books and pamphlets he authored. They are well-known and deserve no promotion on my part.

I would be remiss, however, were I not to point out the admirable degree to which my uncle possessed both the critical mind of the scholar and the flexibility of a humorist. For example, while he was initially repelled by the excesses in dress and manners of the more vocal pro-

ponents of the Chicano movement in the late 60s and early 70s, he was acutely aware that the search by young Chicanos for cultural roots and values touched on life-long interests of his.

On one occasion, and at a time when he had made one such youth privy to some of his personal correspondence wherein his friend Angel Alcazar de Valesco had written of El Paso that "this is a desert, a geographical and spiritual desert," the youth asked my uncle whether or not he agreed with the observation. My uncle said "Yes, I do." He was then asked why he didn't, with his talents, go to work in a city such as Washington where perhaps he might enjoy more influence. My uncle replied: "I don't do that because I love the southwest. This is my home. And I remind you, young man, that at a time while Europe was still foundering in the Dark Ages, some of our ancestors had perfected an astronomy so precise that our calendar of today has little improvement upon their calendar. Do you understand that some of our roots and cultural values predate the conquests of México and the New World.?"

I think many of us, Anglo as well as Chicano, are today becoming aware that a proper recounting of history is of more value than sociological studies and studies rooted in economics both as regards the direction our society will take and the degree of unity we as a people will enjoy.

Indeed, were I to be asked to appraise his loss as felt by others than our family, I would say that Chicano youth were also greatly affected. He was one of the few men I have known who, with a fine sense of the ironic, could quote to Chicanos the poem recited by an Aztec Chieftain as set out in Lesley Byrd Simpson's *Many Mexicos,* in order to teach Chicanos to have faith in themselves, in the spirit, in the movement, and to keep on progressing:

> Grant me, Lord, a little light,
> Be it no more than the glowworm giveth
> Which goeth about by night,
> To guide me through this life,
> This dream which lasteth but a day,
> Wherein are things on which to stumble,
> And many things at which to laugh,
> And others like unto a stony path
> Along which one goeth leaping.

In his later years, Cleofas was made the recipient of various honors. He was made a Knight of the Order of Isabela la Católica by Spain. The Holy See conferred on him the title of Knight Commander of St. Gregory. The Archbishop of México awarded him the Rose of Our Lady of Guadalupe. The American Academy of Achievement inducted him into its membership. And, of course, he had the complement of honorary degrees that come to a man of letters.

Now that you have honored one of your founding fathers, on behalf of our family, I thank you.

TRIBUTE TO MONSIGNOR HENRY D. BUCHANAN

by FATHER FRANCIS J. SMITH

Mr. President, Honored Guests, Ladies and Gentlemen;

To pay tribute to anyone in this life is always inadequate because of our limited intellects and modes of expression; we must relinquish this privilege to God in our eternity, Who will reward an individual for their speck of contribution to mankind in this life. With Rev. Msgr. Henry Donnelly Buchanan there have been many contributions, many influences upon others.

Henry Buchanan was born in Socorro, New Mexico on December 30th 1887 and later moved to El Paso by his father Francis, a lawyer and Territorial Judge of New Mexico. "Father Buck," as he is affectionately known, left school at the fifth grade because this was all the school offered and continued his education at home having been encouraged to read and continue his learning experience, a habit which is with him to this day.

Monsignor Buchanan, prior to his decision to become a priest, worked as a clerk, assayer, chemist, smelter worker and salesman, all of which further contributed to his acceptance of all men, regardless of race, creed or nationality. It was during the episcopacy of Bishop A. J. Schuler, S. J., first Bishop of El Paso, that he applied for studies toward the priesthood. He began his studies at St. John's Seminary in San Antonio, completed them in St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore and was ordained in New York City in June of 1921 as the first native El Pasoan to obtain this distinction.

Father Buck's first assignment was as an assistant at St. Patrick's Cathedral. It was here that we witness his civic-minded approach in all of his work for he established a Community Center with the accent on family membership which at this time was quite novel. He was later assigned to St. Genevieve's Parish in Las Cruces, where he again distinguished himself for the inauguration of "self-help" programs during the depression. He joined the New Mexico National Guard, became active in Rotary, founded a theatrical group, all of which were added to his daily burden as Pastor, teacher, counselor and spiritual leader of his community. When World War II broke out he left his parish and was called to full time duty at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma, where he became Chaplain for the 45th Division. He eventually found himself in England prior to the great invasion of Europe. His career was spent in Oran, North Africa; it was here he was injured, sent home to the States and finally discharged with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

In each of the parishes Msgr. Buchanan has served there has been

(photo, El Paso Times)

a school and youth. He not only taught religion, but civic loyalty, American History, and logic as well, with many a student expressing gratitude later for this academic discipline. Many a young man and woman received an education through his personal charity, sacrifice, and often money. Many were saved from lives in correctional institu-

tions because of his intercession and realignment of their values. His influence upon their lives will stand for years.

After his return from the Army, Father Buck established Our Lady of the Valley Church from a converted dance hall and from this humble beginning came a school, church, rectory and convent. Again it was time to move on for Bishop Metzger transferred Monsignor to St. Joseph's at Hueco and Travis Streets. Here was conducted an extensive building program and here again the office door was open to all no matter what race, creed or nationality. From St. Joseph's he encouraged and built other churches in our city, St. Pius, Blessed Sacrament, Our Lady of Assumption and ninety miles away, St. Isidro in Dell City. In 1949, Pope Pius XII recognized his outstanding service to his church and community by raising him to the dignity of Domestic Prelate.

Msgr. Buchanan is now closing in on his ninetieth year; his devotion, patriotism, civic-mindedness, dedication to others and personal piety have always been his hallmark. This present honor is your approval of a humanitarian's work here in El Paso, it is your applause for a task well done for a community, it is an accolade for a warm, generous, and humble human being with no concern for the material, but only for God and all of the needs of His creatures. On behalf of Msgr. Buchanan we all thank you for so honoring in your human way, one of God's creatures.

The eighteen-sixties, seventies and eighties were the dark decades in the history of Texas. The Civil War left our state poor, disorganized, and torn by bitter hatreds. Carpetbag rule began it. Indians and outlaws made it worse. Men took the law into their own hands and there was lynching, bushwhacking and feuding at many a crossroads.

—C. L. SONNICHSEN, *The El Paso Salt War of 1877.*

The tradition of the Lost Padre Mine was hoary long before guides became the chief functionaries of the church at Juarez. By standing either at the front portal of the church or else in the tower — authorities differ — exactly at sunrise, and looking to the northeast, one should be able to see the black opening of a tunnel in Franklin Mountain across the Rio Grande in Texas — the entrance to La Mina del Padre.

—J.FRANK DOBIE, *Coronado's Children.*

GENE RHODES — GOOD MAN AND TRUE

by William Neil Tidwell

Far West Texas and Southern New Mexico, with El Paso at the epicenter, has had many chroniclers of its tumultous frontier phase, a period of time extending roughly from the end of the Civil War to the turn of the century. One of these writers—Eugene Manlove Rhodes—stands above the others in many important respects, in telling the true story of the life and times of those memorable days. He chose fiction as his medium to tell the story of his beloved Little World, as he called it, and, in so doing, set literary standards for the western novel that few writers have been able to equal and none to surpass. His successful formula was quite simple — he merely told stories about actual events and real people from his past experience.

A biographical sketch will aid in understanding the times and the people that inspired his writing. Rhodes, oldest of three children, was born in Nebraska in 1869, less than four years after the Civil War ended. His mother's family, the Manloves, were recruited in Wales by William Penn's agents and emigrated to Maryland in 1665. They moved on west, first to North Carolina, and finally settled in Schuyler County, Illinois in 1826. Rhodes' father's family emigrated from Darbyshire to Massachusetts in 1660, then migrated west to Delaware, Kentucky, and finally settled in Illinois in 1840.[1] Rhodes was proud of this pioneering heritage, once writing to a friend, "My family have worked at the map-making trade through seventeen states — from Massachusetts west to the Pacific."[2]

Gene's father, Hinman Rhodes, served in the Mexican War with a volunteer company from Illinois, then claimed by the California Gold Rush of '49, spent a decade in Nevada, building roads and engaged in mining. He returned to "the States" and completed his formal education, graduating from Jones Commercial College in St. Louis. At the outbreak of the civil war, he raised a company of infantry that was mustered in as Company H, Twenty-Eighth Illinois Volunteer Infantry. He served for nearly five years, fought through some major battles, notably Shiloh, and was mustered out with the rank of Colonel in 1866.

Colonel Rhodes settled in Nebraska after the war, failed in a business venture, started out trying to dry farm, tried his hand in the lumber business and as a traveling sewing machine salesman in Kansas and finally, in 1881, moved his family to Engle, New Mexico, on the *Jornada del Muerto* east of present-day Truth or Consequences. He homesteaded and ranched in the Engle area until 1890, when he was appointed as Indian Agent of the Mescalero Apache tribe. He was a strong, kindly man with a keen sense of humor, and a master story

teller.[3] Gene greatly admired his father and later used his character and personality in several of his stories.

Gene's mother was a college-educated woman, a rarity on the frontier, having attended Lombard College (Carl Sandburg's alma mater) at Galesburg, Illinois.[4] She was a strong willed, independent woman, and was a profound influence during Gene's formative years. Gene grew up in and around Engle and the San Andrés, and seems to have enjoyed a normal boyhood for those times. His formal schooling ended when he was ten years old. Thereafter, his mother taught him at home, and Gene was heavily exposed to the Bible and the classics. He drew extensively from the scriptures and such authors as Cooper, Burns, Scott, Byron, and Shakespeare in his later writing as a result of this early exposure. Later in life he fell under the spell of Lewis Carroll and often worked quotes from Alice in Wonderland into his stories.

Boyhood wasn't all bookwork, though. Adolescent pranks were a part of that time, too, and some of those for which we have a record sound suspiciously like what we call juvenile delinquency today.[5] Like most boyhoods in the 1880's, Gene's came to an early end. He later claimed to have been self-supporting from the time he was thirteen years old, a not unusual situation on the frontier. He began his working career as a horse wrangler, using a saddle he had bought with soap coupons.[6] New Mexico was growing up during those days, too, and there was plenty of work to be done in building a settled country from a wilderness. Colonel Rhodes was often gone from home on mining and prospecting jobs, leaving Gene in fact as the man of the house during those absences. When jobs came closer to home, Gene helped his father and learned much about mining. Life on the *Jornada* was, in a word, hardscrabble. Gene worked digging wells, wrangling horses, building roads (in later years he was credited with building three hundred miles of roads, including the first direct road from Engle to Tularosa) and serving as a non-enlisted guide for the Army during the Geronimo uprising in 1885. W. H. Hutchinson, Rhodes' biographer and bibliographer, sums up Gene's early years as " . . . work: physical work, hard work, dangerous, sweaty, dirty work. He learned that work was a sovereign purge for vapors of the mind and spirit, and this knowledge stayed with him — the hard core of the importunate spirit with which he confronted life."[7] During these years, Gene formulated two guiding principles that he often referred to throughout his life: "My money doesn't cost me anything — I work for it" and "I pay for what I break."

During his early working years, Rhodes read everything he could get his hand on, including the classics that could be obtained free with

Bull Durham coupons. Why did Bull Durham give away classics? They were cheaper, copyrights having expired, thus there were no royalty payments to authors. Later, in one of his stories, Gene gave full credit to Bull Durham tobacco for the classic education of his cowboy friends, saying that one of man's most basic instincts is the desire to get something for nothing, so the boys cashed in the coupons and got the books and, in the desperate boredom of a long, cold winter, or in being put afoot after a good rain until the water holes dried up and a horse could once again be caught in the water pen, they read those books and discussed them and improved their vocabularies with them.[8] In later years, when critics disbelieved his cowboys' dialogue in his stories and said that they really didn't talk that way at all, Gene claimed otherwise and quoted his Bull Durham theory. He said that the boys were always eager to learn and would read anything at hand, even the labels on canned goods from the chuck box. He told of a heated discussion about whether a can label abbreviation was pronounced ounces or ozzes. He himself claimed to be partial to the labels on bottles of Worcestershire Sauce, professing a liking for the flowery printing.

Gene said that his most important and self-satisfying work during his early manhood was his employment with the Bar Cross, an eastern syndicate that operated a cattle ranch on the *Jornada.* Hutchinson reports that the closest Rhodes ever came to making a working hand was with the Bar Cross. "His greatest total employment, noncontinuous even so, was with them. Essentially lonely and set apart, living in a lonesome land, Rhodes identified himself with the Bar Cross in his youth. In his later life and in his writings, the Bar Cross stood for the best that he had known, the epitome of the free range days when he, himself, was free."[9] Summing up his experience with the Bar Cross, Rhodes wrote, "It is a singular thing that with the Bar Cross were found the top ropers, crack riders, sure shots — not only the slickest cowmen, but also the wisest cow ponies. Our foremen were 'cowmen right,' our wranglers held the horses, our cooks would fry anything once. But you know how it is — your own organization — firm, farm or factory — is doubtless the best of its kind. No? You surprise me. You have missed much — faith in others, hope for others, comradeship."[10]

Money was a scarce commodity for Rhodes, an affliction that lasted all his life, but in 1888 he was able to scrape together and borrow enough to enter the University of the Pacific at San Jose, now located at Stockton, California. He left his small ranch that he had homesteaded in the San Andrés in his father's care and went West to satisfy his desire for a formal education to complement his learning from endless reading.[11] He pursued an academic course and was heavily involved in literary societies and in writing for the college newspaper.

He attended college for two years, working as a harvest hand during the summer and as a janitor during the school session. At the end of the second year he returned to New Mexico, his funds completely exhausted, at about the time his father was appointed as Indian Agent, a presidential appointment that was opposed by the Santa Fe Ring, the ruling faction in New Mexico politics. The Ring finally succeeded in having Colonel Rhodes discredited and removed in 1892.[12]

A great deal of hard feelings were generated by his father's firing, and Gene developed an extreme distaste for people who twisted the law to their own ends — scheming bankers, crooked lawmen, grasping officials — those that did not work with their hands, but far worse in Rhodes' view, who profited from the honest toil of others. Rhodes called them The Tumble Bug People, and they were the true villains in the stories and novels he later wrote.[13]

During the 1890's, Rhodes continued to try to scrape out a living raising horses on his small ranch in the San Andrés. He worked round-ups, usually as a horse wrangler because that gave him more time for reading than did herding cows. He taught school for a few months, dug wells, built roads, anything he could do to tide himself over when drought, which was the normal situation, made the cow business impossible.

One of his friends from those days remembers him this way, "Gene never claimed to be a top hand but he was an all-around good hand. I never knew him to carry a pistol. Next to cowboying and reading, he liked poker and a fight. He was not a trouble-maker, far from it, but no one stepped on his toes or rode his pet horse. I never knew any man to throw Gene in a wrestling match. He was a real good rough bronc rider. Send him anywhere to be gone from the roundup wagon for a day or two and he made no fuss about bed or food. He simply went, did the job and came back smiling.[14]

By now the reader has probably formed a mental picture of Rhodes that resembles a cross between Gary Cooper and Matt Dillon, a big bad *hombre*. Not so; he was five feet eight inches tall, weighed about 145 pounds, had a weak eye, a cleft palate and a speech impediment that caused him to lisp. And he couldn't abide liquor — said that it was the cause of more misery on the frontier than any other single thing.

Commencing in the middle 1890's, Rhodes tried his hand at writing. His earliest recorded published item was a poem that appeared in *Land of Sunshine* magazine in 1896. As a matter of fact, his first six items that we have a publication record for were poems. That's strange behavior for 'the locoed cowpuncher from Engle', as one of his friends called him in later years. Charles Fletcher Lummis was the editor of *Land of Sunshine,* later renamed *Out West* magazine, and his

early encouragement and acceptance of Rhodes' writings was invaluable assistance to the fledgling writer. In 1902, *Out West* published Rhodes' first work of fiction, a story entitled The Hour and the Man. W. H. Hutchinson, Rhodes' chief biographer, describes the story as "Godawful frontier -Gothic." Rhodes received ten dollars for the story.[15]

By the time he was thirty years old, Rhodes had done and seen plenty of things, had established firm ideas and values, and had developed a social awareness that convinced him that the West and its people were exploited by the eastern industrial society. This theme was developed in many of his stories. One story, taken from his own experience, told of his having heard that there was a horse buyer in El Paso purchasing in large quantities, so he rounded up a herd of horses from his ranch and drove them down to El Paso. He then refused to sell at a good offered price when he discovered that the horses were to be used by the British Army in the Boer War, because his sympathies were with the Boers. His stand on principles came at a time when he could have paid off his ranch and settled his debts with the sale.[16]

Money difficulties played a large role all through Gene's life, a lack of cash being a chronic ailment. Hutchinson devotes a large part of his biography to letters that Gene wrote (and received) concerning money matters. In her biography, his wife, May Davison Rhodes, says that Gene wrote best and most diligently when a note was coming due or some other financial crisis loomed. A previously unpublished story related to me by Carl Hertzog tells of Rhodes riding his horse into the front yard of W. A. Hawkins in La Luz. He got down and said, "Judge, sit in the grass with me. Move up a little closer, Judge, and look me in the eye. I want to see the look of disgust on your face when I ask for the loan of a hundred dollars."[17]

In 1899, Gene journeyed to New York State and married a young widow with whom he had been corresponding. He brought his bride back to Tularosa and continued to try to run his ranch and scratch out a living. His wife stayed in New Mexico until 1902, then returned to New York to care for her aging parents. Gene stayed to run the ranch, but a flood in 1904 destroyed his house, corrals and water system. He went to work for day wages, washing dishes in an Alamogordo restaurant, digging wells, swamping in a saloon, and working in a flour mill. [18] In 1906, he returned east to rejoin his wife and settled down in Western New York State to work his father-in-law's farm and later purchased his own farm. Gene served an exile of twenty homesick years among people he didn't understand before he could return to his beloved New Mexico, his Little World.

The New York years brought a measure of financial stability and were Gene's most productive writing years. His exile sharpened his

perception and recall of the people and events that he wrote about. He developed a fictional geography that gave him the artist's license to rearrange well-remembered landmarks of his Little World to fit his stories. His rich descriptions of the country (mountains, deserts and *malpaís*) enhance his stories. He assigned imaginative fictional names to mountains, rivers and towns. On his map, Alamogordo became Arcadia, La Luz was Rainbow's End and Tularosa was transferred to Oasis. Through the middle of his country, from north to south, passed the Meridian of Mesilla — "There are those who count all miles and hours from here."[19] He sometimes changed his characters' names but little from real life. *Jeff Bransford, a friend from the early days, carried* his real name as the hero in two novels. Johnny Dines, Pete Johnson and Emil James all made major appearances with their names unchanged. But some characters created from composites of his acquaintances bore fanciful names: Lithpin' Tham Clark (Rhodes himself, with the cleft palate?), Spinal Maginnis, Aforesaid Bates and John Wesley Pringle, to name a few.

At about the time that Rhodes was hitting his stride as a writer and reaping some modest financial rewards with his pen, the so-called "western story" separated from the larger body of outdoor action writing that it had belonged to until that time. Clarence E. Mulford invented Hopalong Cassidy in 1910, the same year that Rhodes' first major novel, *Good Men and True,* appeared in print. Zane Grey's milestone novel, *Riders of the Purple Sage,* was published in 1912 and, in a short time, Rhodes and a few others who were writing fiction about real people and real events and real places were engulfed in what Hutchinson calls, "a rising tide of chili con carnage."[20] Any chance that the western story ever had to become an art form was doomed from that point.

By 1915, Rhodes was enjoying modest success in selling stories to national magazines, but his irregular appearances in print did not produce a steady income. His earnings barely kept up with the bills, thus he depended on his New York farm for a livelihood. He became a more or less regular contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post,* with most of his novels being serialized there and then being published later in book form. His publications followed this pattern until his death. He did have a moderate degree of financial success with his *Post* serials in later years, selling one story for $3,000 in 1930 and a novel for $7,500 in 1931. But he always borrowed heavily against his future earnings, so he ended up paying off old debts with the windfalls. His writing came by fits and starts; sometimes he allowed several years to elapse between appearances in print. This, of course, had an adverse effect on his popularity and following, and sent more than one editor

into despair over his irregular production. The illness or death of a friend or family member would dry up his writing for months on end.

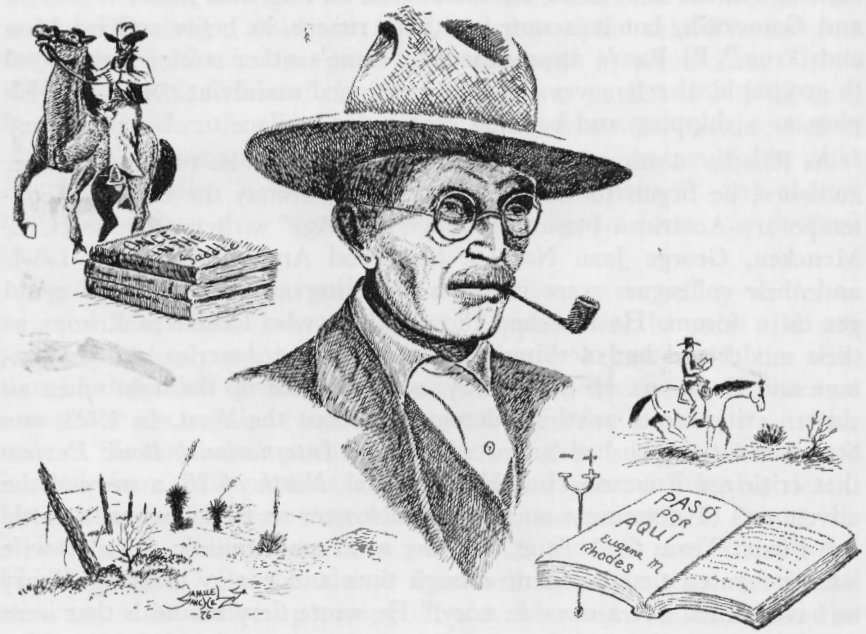
El Paso receives modest and mixed notice in Rhodes' stories. His first novel, *Good Men and True,* is set in El Paso and Juarez. It has a typical Rhodesian plot, hero and villain. Jeff Bransford, foreman of the Rainbow ranch near Tularosa, comes to El Paso to make the Rainbow's absentee owner, a prominent El Paso lawyer, an offer to purchase the ranch. The owner is out of town on business, so Jeff waits a few days for his return and strikes up a friendship with the lawyer's clerk, who shows Jeff the sights and incidentally teaches him touch typing, using the well-known exercise, "Now is the time for all good men and true . . .", thus the story's title. While enroute to his quarters late one night, Jeff unexpectedly witnesses a politically motivated murder, committed for hire at the direction of the villain, one Judge Thorpe, a local political boss. Jeff is waylaid, kidnapped and held incommunicado in Juarez pending the trial, conviction and hanging of an innocent victim of a frame-up. Jeff outwits the judge and his captors and gets word to his partners at Rainbow, the genuine Good Men and True, and they turn the tables on the city slickers, rescue Jeff and expose the villain, who receives his just deserts. There is a fleeting reference in the story to the resemblance of El Paso and Juarez to Sodom and Gomorrah, but it is stated without rancor, as befits a Good Man and True.[21] El Paso's appearances in Gene's other stories are limited to geographical references and it is mentioned mainly at the edge of his plots as a shipping and banking center and a place to change trains.

As Rhodes' writing gained more acceptance and he reached a larger audience, he began to view with increasing dismay the trends in contemporary American literature. The "Jazz Age" writers such as H. L. Mencken, George Jean Nathan, Sherwood Anderson, Sinclair Lewis and their colleagues were in for a blistering any time Rhodes could get on a forum. He scorched those writers who looked to Europe as their model and had nothing good to say about America and its heritage and traditions. He was always ready to take up the fight when an eastern critic wrote anything derogatory about the West. In 1923, one Stuart Henry published an article in the *International Book Review* that criticized Emerson Hough's last novel, *North of 36,* a story of the adventures of a young woman who took over as trail boss on a cattle drive from Texas to Abilene, as being a bit too romantic. Rhodes' wife later estimated that he spent enough time and energy assailing Henry to have turned out a sizeable story.[22] He wrote fiery rebuttals that were printed here and there in magazines and newspapers and carried on an extensive correspondence with fellow writers in an effort to get them to join him in flaying Mr. Henry.

By 1925, Gene's wife's parents had passed on and their children were grown, so he was able to fulfill his dream of selling out in New York and returning to New Mexico. But by that time his health was failing and he was beset with chronic respiratory trouble and heart disease. Gene and May moved to Santa Fe and found the climate too cold, so they tried living in the Tularosa and Three Rivers area, but the spring dust storms were too much to bear. They reluctantly moved on to California with the hope of spending summers in New Mexico. Gene's health continued to worsen so they were not able to travel much. Thus, Gene was exiled once again far from where his memories lay. He kept up a heavy correspondence with his friends and finished three major novels before his death in 1934 at age sixty-five.

May brought Gene back to New Mexico and buried him in Rhodes Canyon high in the San Andrés, where he had homesteaded his ranch. The gravesite and a bronze plaque bearing the inscription

Pasó por Aquí
Eugene Manlove Rhodes
Jan. 19, 1869 - June 27, 1934



After the author made a talk to the El Paso Corral of the Westerners, concerning Eugene Manlove Rhodes, artist Samuel Sanchez Sr., a member of the Corral, came up with this sketch of Rhodes and his work.

were dedicated in 1941, with the Board of Regents of the New Mexico College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts being designated by the New Mexico state legislature as custodian of the grave. At the same time Eugene Manlove Rhodes Hall was dedicated on the college campus at Las Cruces. Annual pilgrimages, now discontinued, were made to the grave for many years through cooperation with U. S. Army authorities at White Sands Missile Range, as the grave lies within the range's boundaries.

During thirty-eight years of writing, Rhodes published sixty short stories, fourteen novels and novelettes, sixteen essays and articles and thirty-two poems.[23] This is light production when compared with some of his contemporaries. In the introduction to his collection of Rhodesian tales, *The Rhodes Reader*, Hutchinson reports that some riders of the typewriter range produced a million words a year, one successful writer kept two secretaries and a dictating machine busy, and one writer was rumored to compose his "western" directly for the press on a linotype.[24] Small wonder that the critics dismissed westerns in general as escape trash! But Gene's work endures, kept alive by the "faithful few" who spread the good news about his yarns written when he and the Little World were joyously young.

All Gene's books are now out of print and avidly sought by Rhodesians in second-hand stores, flea markets and rare book shops. Reprints of several of his novels are now available because of the efforts of the leader of the "faithful few", W. H. Hutchinson of Chico, California. From the collection of Gene's tales published under the title, *The Little World Waddies,* a collector's item designed and printed by El Paso's Carl Hertzog in 1946, to the six novels reprinted by the University of Oklahoma Press from 1968 through 1975, Hutchinson has been untiring in his labor of love to keep Rhodes' work available to the public.

There have been many assayers of the literary legacy that Rhodes left. Their reports have rated his work from pure gold to iron pyrite. There likewise have been many interpreters of his message. Long after his death, the *Daily Worker* dubbed him a "Cowboy Writer of Social Protest" when it reviewed *The Rhodes Reader.*[25] That certainly must have evoked a salty comment from somewhere in the Great Beyond! But it appears to me that Bernard DeVoto, who was certainly qualified to judge, captured the essential spirit when he said of Rhodes, "He lived in a hard country in a laborious time, loving that country and its people. In the fullness of his love he wrote about what he knew. That is the generalization about Gene Rhodes: That his books are the only embodiment on the level of art of one segment of American experience. They are the only body of fiction devoted to the cattle kingdom which is both true to it and written by an artist in prose. Surely that is a great

deal: to have given fiction its sole mature expression of one era in our past, one portion of the experience that has gone to make up America."[26]

FOOTNOTES

1. Edwin W. Gaston, Jr., *Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Cowboy Chronicler.* Southwest Writers Series No. 11. (Steck-Vaugh Company, Austin, Texas, 1967), p. 4.
2. W. H. Hutchinson, *A Bar Cross Man.* (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1956), p. 13.
3. Hutchinson, *A Bar Cross Man,* pp. 14-18.
4. Gaston, *Eugene Manlove Rhodes,* p. 5.
5. A notable episode involving the derailment of a passenger train at Engle appears on p. 21 of Hutchinson, *A Bar Cross Man,* op cit. No injuries involved, but Gene and friends walked the straight and narrow long after that event.
6. May Davison Rhodes, *The Hired Man on Horseback.* (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1938), p. 22.
7. Hutchinson, *A Bar Cross Man,* p. 31.
8. Eugene Manlove Rhodes, *Bransford in Arcadia.* (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1975), pp. 63-65.
9. Hutchinson, *A Bar Cross Man,* p. 28.
10. Eugene Manlove Rhodes, *Stepsons of Light.* (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1969), p. 17.
11. Rhodes, *The Hired Man on Horseback,* p. 24.
12. Hutchinson, *A Bar Cross Man,* p. 42.
13. *Ibid.,* p. 44.
14. *Ibid.,* p. 48.
15. W. H. Hutchinson, *A Bar Cross Liar.* (Redlands Press, Stillwater, Oklahoma, 1959), p. 3.
16. Eugene Manlove Rhodes, *Loved I Not Honor More.* (Out West magazine, 1903). Reprinted in W. H. Hutchinson, *The Rhodes Reader.* (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1957), pp. 3-13.
17. Personal interview, Carl Hertzog, El Paso, Texas, September 28, 1976. (Episode related by Jack Hawkins).
18. Hutchinson, *A Bar Cross Man,* p. 79.
19. Eugene Manlove Rhodes, *The Little World Waddies.* (Carl Hertzog, El Paso, 1946), endpaper.
20. Hutchinson, *A Bar Cross Man,* p. 102.
21. Eugene Manlove Rhodes, *Good Men and True.* (Grosset and Dunlap, New York, 1920), p. 122.
22. Hutchinson, *A Bar Cross Man,* p. 187.
23. *Ibid.,* p. xii.
24. Hutchinson, *The Rhodes Reader,* pp. xiii-xiv.
25. Eugene Manlove Rhodes, *Copper Streak Trail.* (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1970), p. xiv.
26. Hutchinson, *A Bar Cross Man,* p. xi.

ORAL HISTORY

The Boy from Hull House

by FRANK QUARTELL

(Editor's note: The Institute of Oral History, U.T. El Paso, through its Administrative Assistant, Sarah E. John, has provided this transcript of an interview broadcast on KTEP radio, March 15, 1977. [See "Southwest Archives" this issue.] The interviewer is Daisy Grunau of the West Texas Council on Aging. A few minor changes by this Editor have been approved by Mr. Quartell.)

G: Good morning. This is Daisy Grunau of the agency of the West Texas Council on Aging. As most of you know, this is a program for older people and those of you who are concerned or interested in the health and welfare of elderly relatives. It usually is an information program dealing with services and activities affecting older people, and we either have representatives of service agencies or senior citizens who are active in organizations. Today we are departing a bit from our usual format and we're going back to take a look at old El Paso and the life of a retired professional musician, still a member of the Musicians Union, who was a well-known jazz trumpeter and band leader, Frank Quartell. Good morning, Frank.

Q: Good morning, Daisy. How are you all out there?

G: I wanted Frank to tell us a little about his early days, because I know that during his professional career he met many famous people. Apparently as a youth, Frank, you were brought up in Chicago and went to Hull House, which is a very famous settlement house.

Q: Right.

G: Who was there when you were there?

Q: Mrs. Jane Addams and Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen.

G: I know the name Jane Addams will strike a spark in many listeners who have been in either social work or nursing, because she's one of the pioneers. Frank, tell us a little bit about yourself and how you went into music.

Q: Well, Hull House was supported by Mrs. Bowen and Jane Addams. It was for poor Jewish, Italian, and Irish boys—all nationalities. It was a settlement house, more or less. They had a gymnasium where they could play basketball, they had a room where they could play billiards, a band room, bowling alley, and a room where they could cast metal objects. Also they had the Bowen Hall for parties and dances.

G: This was unusual in those days, wasn't it?

Q: Well, yes, it was; but it brought up a lot of good people. Fellas like Paul Muni came out of there, and well-known professional people.

G: Is that where you started in music, Frank?

Q: Yes, I started when I was about 10 years old. They used to give us boys instruments that they had on hand. They started me off on a clarinet because my dad played a clarinet. But I didn't like the clarinet and after I had it a couple of weeks they gave me an old, dented cornet. As I went along I kept improving and I asked my bandleader, James Sylvester, if I could get a better cornet. We'd get lessons — we'd sit around and get about 10 minutes of instruction and they'd give us four or five bars to study at home. I brought my brother Anthony down and told him that Jimmy Sylvester had a nice silver plated gold-belled Lyon and Healy cornet and he wanted $25.00 for it. I asked my brother if he'd buy it for me. He and Jimmy Sylvester went to school together, so my brother arranged to give him a few dollars a week so that I could have this new cornet. That's how I started.

G: How old were you when you got into professional playing?

Q: I started to play professional when I got to be about 12 or 13 years of age. We organized kids' bands. At that time the schools around Chicago didn't have bands like they do today in the public schools. There was the Hull House Boys Band, and there was the Daily News Band that was run by the newspaper. Lane High School, a boys' school, had a band in those days. We could get together and on Wednesday nights they would have a dance at these public schools. We'd get about four or five boys and they'd give us four or five dollars apiece to play so the kids at school could dance. See, that's where I started. And as I kept improving I got better jobs on weekends. We'd play for dances, clubs, fraternities and sororities. That's the way I started in the band business.

G: Frank, didn't you tell me you worked at the Edgewater Beach Hotel? I'm leading Frank into telling us how he came to El Paso, but the story prior to that is interesting. You actually came because of somebody you met in Chicago.

Q: I met Mr. Severo G. González, owner of the Central Café in Juárez, when the Edgewater Beach Hotel Orchestra was going along with the guests to the Kentucky Derby in Louisville.

G: You mean they used to transport guests down there?

Q: Yes. They would run an Edgewater Beach Special every year. People like Mr. Matt Winn, owner of the Kentucky Downs who lived at the hotel, and people like the Bradleys that were interested

in the horse races down at the Kentucky Derby, took this train so the guests could go to the races and also to the gambling establishments in French Lick Springs, Indiana. For most of the wealthy people, that was quite a well-known resort. Mr. and Mrs. González were on a vacation in 1926 from El Paso, and one afternoon before we went to Louisville we played a concert in the lobby of the Brown Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. González were there and heard the concert. When I got through, Mr. González approached me and said, "Frank, I liked your concert. If you ever get a chance and want to come to El Paso, I have the Central Café. I have Mexican boys playing there but I'm allowed two Americans. I'd like to have you there as my leader because they need improvement on more modern music," as they were playing ragtime.

G: Frank, at this time were you leading the band when you played there?

Q: No. The Edgewater Beach Hotel Orchestra was composed of all-star musicians from Paul Whiteman's Orchestra, Isham Jones, and others throughout the United States. Mr. Dewey, the owner of the Edgewater Beach Hotel, organized the orchestra of all-stars during that era.

G: And yet Mr. González selected you as someone he'd like to use in his place of business in Juárez.

Q: Yes, after talking to him. The reason why I came here a number of years later (in 1929) was that my wife had tuberculosis. I found out about it when I was playing at the Winton Hotel in Cleveland from my doctor, and he advised me to either take her to Saranac Lake or come to El Paso. Now, I had an offer from Paul Whiteman in 1922. I went to New York, I made a recording with him, but he didn't offer me enough money to stay with his band. So Mr. Gus Hensen, recording manager for Brunswick Records, asked me if I would like to go back to the Edgewater Beach Hotel with Benny Kruger's Orchestra for more money, and I did. I didn't accept Mr. Whiteman's offer. I came into Chicago with Benny Kruger's Orchestra, I made several recordings for Brunswick, and I came back to the Edegwater Beach Hotel. After that I had my own band in 1926. I played at WMAQ Radio Station. I had a small five piece band with Joe Gallicchio, who was the leader at the Edgewater Beach. The station featured Amos and Andy. They would go on till about 11:45 at night, and then I would have a 15 minute program. They would tune in my little group in the North Pole for Admiral Byrd's expedition every evening for their listening pleasure.

G: That's interesting. Now you came down and worked in Galveston, didn't you?

Q: I played in Galveston for Sam Maceo to September 15, 1927. From Galveston I went to New Orleans later the same year at the Little Club. The job terminated on New Year's Eve. From New Orleans I went back to Chicago. Wayne King was starting his

Frankie Quartell when he was featured at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, Chicago, in 1926.

band at the Aragon Ballroom. I had five days to play there as a double band. Then I went into the Beaumont Club in Chicago. It was a gambling casino and it was raided by the DA's office—they chopped the place down. After the Beaumont Club closed, I started for El Paso in 1929.

G: Well, Frank, tell us about playing in Juárez.

Q: Well, when I played in Juárez we had a lot of fun. That was about the only entertainment here in El Paso at the time. Coming from Chicago, it seemed to be a small, western, Texas town. What I remember about El Paso in those days was the little Mexican women walking around with long, dark dresses, a dark shawl around their heads and a black veil, I guess to keep from inhaling dust when we'd have our windy days. And being a Catholic I thought they were nuns at first, but that's the way they dressed and walked around El Paso! And there was quite a lot of prominent people from El Paso that came to the Central Café in Juárez.

G: You say that this was the only entertainment spot in the area?

Q: The only place that was in El Paso was the Red Mill at the entrance to Washington Park, and it was a 10¢ a dance place run by Jack McDonald. Also there was the Rainbow Room run by John Hall upstairs from the Chocolate Shop across from the Popular Dry Goods Company in downtown El Paso. That was the only entertainment here. But of course if people wanted to stay at home, if they knew the night manager at Longwell's Garage on San Francisco Street, they could get a pint of bootleg whiskey for a dollar and a half. I called it "happy water!"

G: What you're telling us now is that this during Prohibition.

Q: Right.

G: And did you have to have a permit to work in Juárez?

Q: Yes, I had to have a permit for six months there as an American citizen.

G: And then you lived in El Paso.

Q: I lived in El Paso.

G: I know you can't go into detail, but who are some of the people that came over to the nightclub?

Q: Some of my dear friends that I remember were Dorrance Roderick and his wife (they danced to my band) and Mr. Hooten — they were both with the *El Paso Times*. John Frierson was with the *Herald-Post*. Then there was Leo Momsen of Momsen, Dunnegan and Ryan. He was my close friend and would come over and see me every night. Lou Zork of the Zork Hardware Company. John Ford — he owned a sidewalk cafe in Juárez called The Ritz and he worked as a bartender at the Big Kid across the street from the

Central in Juárez. When beer came back, John Ford started a beer distributing company across from my music store at 816 Piedras Street called The Ritz Beer Distributors. He had two cases of beer when he started in business. His son, Jim, now is president of the Momsen, Dunnegan and Ryan Hardware Company. Also, Harry Hussman, Sr. and his son, Harry Jr., had a miniature golf course here. Now his son is head of the Montwood Bank — Tom Hussman. And when Mr. Hussman built his first apartments, he named them in honor of his wife—The Caroline Apartments—on about 3300 Pershing. I took an apartment there. When I first came to El Paso I was living at the Del Norte, and Mr. Hussman said, "Why don't you take an apartment here? I'm building a nice apartment house and I'm naming it for my wife."

G: And this was the first real commercial apartment house in the town?

Q: Well, I think it was — I mean, new at the time. When I opened my music store I moved to 918 Cedar Street, which was close to my place of business. Then there was Bill Tooley who owned the Knox Hotel. That was on San Francisco Street. It's torn down now because of the Civic Center. Later on he managed the Hotel Paso del Norte. When I was in Los Angeles managing the Stowaway Room in the Stowell Hotel, he was manager of the Hall Hotel on Hill St., and El Paso money bought the Roslyn East and Roslyn West Hotels on Main St. in Los Angeles. Also the Ambassador Hotel was operated by El Paso interests.

G: And he was one of the people you met when you were playing in Juárez.

Q: Right.

G: Tell us some more. It sounds as if you were going over a roster.

Q: Bob Hoover, Sr., of the Hoover family; Bob Hoover, Jr. and his brother Jimmy — they started the Cotton Exchange here. Jimmy died in 1929 — he was stabbed to death by a worker on their cotton plantation.

G: Frank, was this a big cotton town then?

Q: It absolutely was. We had a lot of textile industries around El Paso and in Juárez at that time.

G: But the cotton was raised here, is that right?

Q: Right. And the Hoover family had quite an interest in it.

G: Now, go back to your people. I didn't mean to take you away.

Q: There was Biagio Casciano, who is now President of the Musicians Union.

G: He was one of the early El Pasoans.

Q: Right. He's been in there for some time. He's about 86 years of

age. And there was Karl O. Wyler, head of KTSM. Fred Borland was the manager of the Lobby #2 in Juárez. The owner was Don Gómez, president of the DM Distillery Co., S. A. in Juárez. I could talk and carry on about a lot of beautiful people. There was Joe Oakies. He's the head of the Druggist Association in Texas now. Mr. Peyton and his wife Mary danced there — they used to call him "The Baby Beef King."

G: Frank, I want to go back to some of the people you've met in Juárez who perhaps were not local. When you were playing in Juárez you mentioned seeing and talking with Louella Parsons.

Q: Well, she and Dr. Martin spent their honeymoon here for two weeks and they'd come into the Central and have dinner each night because I had the only big band in this part of the country at that time. One night she sent a waiter up to the bandstand with a note telling me that she wanted to meet me. After our dance set I walked to their table and they introduced themselves and said, "We enjoy your music and we'd like to know if you'd be interested in coming to Los Angeles." Miss Parsons said, "My husband has an interest in a Hollywood Biltmore Hotel. We like your kind of music and the kind of costumes I have in mind that you would wear would be the Mexican-type, real bright and brilliant costumes. If you decide to come we'd like to have you organize a band in California."

G: Did you ever take her up on it?

Q: Well, after things got bad here in El Paso, I closed my music store after the first of the year. We played the New Year's Eve party at the El Paso Country Club, and then I decided to go to California. In the meantime, on this radio station I was broadcasting from the Del Norte Hotel, there was a young chap by the name of Al Benfield in Tucson. His folks were building the Pioneer Hotel there. He sent me a wire when I was still at the Central. He said, "If you happen to have a chance, I would like for you and your band to come down here." He was learning the hotel business when I was at the Edgewater Beach Hotel back in '25 or '26. He was a clerk. His folks built the Pioneer Hotel. I told him that on my way to California I would stop in to see him. I thought El Paso was a small town, but when I got to Tucson, it was very small — to me it seemed about two blocks long. The hotel was built and he asked me if I would stay there and take care of all his entertainment in the hotel. He gave me and my wife a suite of rooms for the night, a nice breakfast and lunch, with no charge. He pleaded with me to stay. I said, "Mr. Benfield, I thought El Paso was a small town, but this really is not too big either. Where do

your people come from?" He said, "Oh, we have wealthy people from all these ranches here. Frank, this is going to be a great resort someday." I said, "Well, I'm on my way to Los Angeles. I've got an invitation from Louella Parsons and Dr. Martin."

G: Did that turn out?

Q: No! I had a brand new Erskine car made by Studebaker in 1928 that I bought when I left Chicago, and after I got to Los Angeles, I sold it for $365.00 so I could get some employment. I went to New York and I organized a band, and Mr. Leo Fitzgerald put put me in the Ambassador Club on Broadway and 42nd Street in the Winter Garden Theatre building. It was run by Larry Faye and New York (Dutch Schultz) Flagenheim. When I found out who the people were that were running the club, I wanted to get out of there! Clara Bow was their star tap dancer in the N.T.G. Review. Mr. Leo Fitzgerald booked her and he also managed Nick Lucas, the "Crooning Troubador and his guitar."

G: Didn't I hear you mention that you were in contact with Perry Como in his early days?

Q: Yes. When I was in Dallas, just before I came to El Paso, Ted Weems and his band were playing at the Baker Hotel Roof Garden in Dallas, and Perry Como and the whistler, Elmo Tanner, were with his band. They were just starting out. Now, Ted Weems and his brother and the boys in the band, when they had time off they would come to the El-Tivoli and listen to my band. I remember when the Weems brothers just started in the business. Paul Speck who I worked for at the Alamac Hotel in New York had a booking agency, and he organized a band for them at the Rosemont Ballroom in Brooklyn. That's how they started in the music business.

G: And you said Perry Como was in Dallas?

Q: He was just starting to sing with the bands then. Before that he was a barber. He was with the Ted Weems band in Dallas. He wasn't too well-known.

G: If I recall correctly, you said something about knowing Phil Harris.

Q: Phil Harris followed me in Galveston maybe 10 or 12 years later; in fact; in '42 when he married Alice Faye. But I was brought back to Galveston by Sam Maceo when he rebuilt the Hollywood Club in 1934. I was at The Grotto in 1927. Now The Hollywood Club was rebuilt and Phil Harris came in later. Sam Maceo told me he was going to build a steel pier. You know, he brought that beauty pageant from Atlantic City to Galveston. The girl that won that year was from Chicago. Her name was Miss Van Dusen, and she was sponsored by Ethel Kendall, owner of the Merry

Garden Ballroom. My band played at the Merry Garden Ballroom in 1922.

During World War II, at age 41, Frankie Quartell enlisted as a private, and a musician, in the Army Air Corps. Here he conducts his own orchestra in a Parade of Service Bands at Chicago's Stevens Hotel.

G: Haven't I heard you mention meeting Conrad Hilton, Sr.?

Q: Right.

G: Was that here?

Q: Well, I lived at his Hilton Hotel while I was in Dallas working at El-Tivoli. He and his family were running the hotel on the American Plan.

G: You mean he was actually operating it?

Q: Right, and he lived there with his family. When he came to El Paso, the Sheldon Hotel had burned down just a short while before I came here (I had some old film on the hotel that I had taken.) He came to El Paso to try to get some help to build the Hilton Hotel, which is now the Plaza Hotel. He came in to see me because I lived in his hotel while I was in Dallas.

G: As I recall, he did get his financial backing here and really got started here.

Q: He did, yes ma'am. He's about 90 years old now. I knew him when he was a young man!

G: And he was actually working at hotel work.

Q: Right. He and his wife had an American Plan hotel and I lived there.

G: What about Benny Goodman, Frank? Tell us a little bit about that.

Q: He started out of Hull House just like I did.

G: I know what you mean now, talking about Paul Muni, Benny Goodman and yourself, that a great many people really started careers from there.

Q: Benny Goodman played in the Boys Band with my kid brothers Joe and Ernie, a clarinet player. One of my brothers, Joe, died here about a year ago. He was also a musician. He played in the Columbia Studios and he recorded a lot of background music for big pictures like "Duel in the Sun" He also played with the Woodie Herman band. He was a trombone player.

G: Was he playing when you got Benny Goodman to play with you?

Q: Well, my brothers were just coming up. Joe was about Benny's age, and Benny was about 13 years old. I needed a saxophone player. I had a band at the Montmarte Café where Helen Morgan was singing in her first floorshow appearance. Before that she was a show girl at Bouche's Villa Venice in Chicago in 1922.

G: You weren't much older than Benny Goodman, were you?

Q: Well, I would say I'm a bit older. Benny Goodman must be 69, and I'm 75. I was 75 on my last birthday.

G: I don't think people listening to you would believe that.

Q: Well, I'm 75 years young.

G: But Benny really got started with you?

Q: I needed a saxophone player. I went down to Hull House to see the boys in the band and Jimmy Slyvester. They were playing the Mignon Overture. I liked the way he executed that number. It's quite a difficult clarinet number. In the meantime I'd heard about him from my brothers Joe and Ernie and some of the boys that were playing in the Hull House band, that he was a good musician. So I had him come down and audition on a Saturday night for my band. I was just starting to record for OKAY Records. I heard him play, and he was 20 years ahead of everyone at that time, as far as jazz was concerned on clarinet. So I hired him.

G: How long was he with you, Frank?

Q: Just one night! The next night I went down to work and the boss laid me out for hiring a young kid that played so different. He said, "He's gonna spoil your band!" He insulted me in front of the customers in the Montmarte Café.

G: And this was over Benny Goodman?

Q: Over Benny Goodman. I went on the bandstand, packed my horn and left, and left the band there. They were fired and given their two weeks notice.

G: And yet you say Benny Goodman at that time was really 20 years ahead of his time.

Q: Why, sure. He was. He's the "King of Swing" right now. I worked with him and Glenn Miller at the Black Hawk Restaurant in Chicago in the Ben Pollick Orchestra. I made several recordings with them, "Memphis Blues" and "Waiting for Katy Dear" on Victor Records. But if you want to get back, I can't say too much about El Paso. I wish I could speak more.

G: Would you please tell us about the first radio station in El Paso, WDAH? In your historical sketch you mentioned that was called "The Voice of the Rio Grande." Where was it located?

Q: It was at the top of the Del Norte Hotel. They had no employees, just the people that ran the station. I used to have a girl piano player that worked there part time and a banjo player that worked at the Rainbow Room by the name of Johnson. We'd do a little program in the mornings and I would mention the names of all these businessmen over the radio station, all these wonderful people.

G: Was it sort of a disc jockey job?

Q: Well, maybe. I played my trumpet. I had to do my own announcing. They had a small studio. I did a tune called "The Bouncing Baby" and I introduced myself as "Frankie Quartell, El Paso's Midnight Son."

G: Why?

Q: Well, I worked at night. My music business always was between 10 and 4 in the morning. And I would sing this song "This Bouncing Baby" and I would say, "Let's call him Charley" or "Let's call him George" or John, or Harry; and I would mention some of the great names and say, "What about Harry Hussman?" and "What about Chris Fox, Mr. McAfee (president of the State National Bank) and Mr. Hoover and Bill Tooley?" They were big people here, and when they would come in at night, they would tell me about hearing me on radio. And they enjoyed that kind of entertainment.

G: It sounds like probably one of the first talk shows in a sense, in that you had to do the talking.

Q: They didn't pay much money. They paid me $15 a week, because they were just starting out then.

G: I was wondering what the salaries for musicians were.

Q: I was making a good salary on the other side. Mr. González paid

me $250 a week while the other musicians were getting $30.

G: In other words, you were carrying both jobs.

Q: Yes, ma'am. Before they used to work on tips. They had an old tin horn like they had on the old Victrola phonograph machine, with a box; and people would toss in coins for tips for the musicians. And that was their salary! Mayor R.E. Thomason dedicated a radio ball which was held in the Del Norte Hotel and featured the grand opening of El Paso's new radio station. On August 23, 1929, broadcasting started on KTSM from the Tri State Music Company! In 1930, among the first radio broadcasts from Juárez, México was station XEJ. The founder was young Don Pedro Meneses. He was called by many as Pete. He introduced the first audience programs from the old Teatro Zaragoza. His remote control music programs came from the dance floor of the Lobby #2 Cafe on Juárez Avenue. I, Frank Quartell, was the bandleader and MC, and commentator or announcer on XEJ during our broadcasts of the floorshow for the heavily populated El Paso clientele. Some entertainers who performed were Alberto Sergio, known as the "Great Mexican Tenor," an 11-year old Spanish dancer known as Marquita, and piano player Leo Rocco, who played American songs. I would play trumpet solos. It is possible that Severo González, owner of the El Tivoli in Juárez, financed Don Pedro when he began the first radio station in Juárez. I want to talk about one more man that's very interesting, by the name of Old Man Snyder. He used to raise Arabian horses here in El Paso and he used to sell them to the generals and all the officers in the Mexican Army for five thousand to six thousand dollars. He would come to the Central Café and he'd say, "Frank, I've got an Arabian horse picked out for you. Why don't you come over and get him?" I'de say, "I've got no place to keep him." But he was a real Texan. He would come in with his boots and his work clothes, and his wife and daughter would come in their evening gowns. And he kept telling me about this horse. Now, he'd get tight and he'd chew tobacco and spit on the side, and his wife would call him on it. He'd say, "Keep quiet. Frank, I want you to get four boys and come to my home."

G: I was going to ask you where all these ranches were. You said the city itself was small.

Q: He had a big ranch here where he raised his horses, and he was always talking about saving this horse for me, when was I going to pick him up? I had no place to put him. I said, "I only live in an apartment." He said, "Why don't you rent yourself a stable so you can keep him? He's a beautiful horse." He was quite an individual. The reason I remember him, he would invite all his

friends that were at the Central to his home. He'd take us to his home and I'd bring four or five musicians. He'd say, "Frank, I'll give you $50.00 and $10.00 apiece for the musicians. Come to my house. I've got a lot of friends coming over." We'd go to his home; he lived on Mesa close by here. There wasn't very many houses there at that time. He'd get there and he'd go to bed and leave his wife to take care of the party. They had whiskey and a buffet lunch, all you could eat and drink.

G: It sounds like a real western party.

Q: He was a real Texan. He was enjoying himself and I can't forget him. I had to mention it. I would also like to mention Marsha Hunter, who is with the Peyton Foundation.

G: I think you did want to say thank you to Marsha Hunter for her help with you getting a trumpet and getting yourself started again. I think she will be very happy with that acknowledgement. Frank, I think we could go on and on. There's so many things I have to ask you that we didn't get into. Frank tells stories about not being able to cross the bridge after a certain hour from México.

Q: Right.

G: And many of the things in early El Paso when the University used to be School of Mines. But we will have to say, "Thank you Frankie Quartell, you've given us a great half hour here. This is Daisy Grunau. I thank you for listening; have a nice week.

Q: May I just add this? — How to deal with sin in your life. "Sorrow breaks up old habits and replaces them with new and better habits, a fact which suggests that sorrow is a device of nature by which she keeps man from becoming enslaved by complacency and self-satisfaction." This gave me freedom I would never have known without this experience, and paved the way for the writing of my book. In parting, I say, "Take care of yourself; and horn-blowers never die — they just blow away like a violent, wild, wild, wild, wind."

SOUTHWEST ARCHIVES

Institute of Oral History—U.T. El Paso

Many students of history fail to realize the strides made in the recording of history through sound — carefully researched tape-recorded interviews with those who are making history. The movement was launched auspiciously in 1948 when Allan Nevins founded the highly successful Oral History Research Office at Columbia University. Today, the Oral History Association, established in 1966, has over 1,000 institutions and members. In 1972, under the leadership of Dr. Wayne E. Fuller and Dr. John H. McNeely, the Institute of Oral History was founded at the University of Texas at El Paso with the aid of a grant from Josephine Clardy-Fox estate. Dr. McNeely served as its Director until 1975, when he was succeeded by the present Director, Dr. Oscar J. Martinez.

Recently, Dr. Martinez and his staff, acting under an advisory committee of leading faculty members in History, Political Science, English and graduate studies, issuing a catalog of more than 300 tapes, many of them with complete transcripts, on file in Room 339 of the Liberal Arts Building and available to the historical researcher. While a strong effort has been made to give special emphasis to a long neglected source, Mexican-American history, the catalog listing is broad, wide, and deep in its sources.

Just for starters, how about listening to a one hour interview with the late J. Frank Dobie, or spending a total of nine hours, in three separate interviews recorded by El Paso's own great military historian General S. L. A. Marshall? On two of these interviews, complete written transcripts are available. An index of subjects invites browsing to decide which tape or transcript to delve into next.

Both of this years El Paso Hall of Honor recipients, the late Cleofas Calleros and Monsignor Henry D. Buchanan are listed. An intriguing title is an interview with four Mexican-American winners of the Congressional Medal of Honor, recorded at a program presented by LULAC (the League of United Latin American Citizens.)

The Institute of Oral History microphones have been present at many public gatherings to record the featured speakers; for example, the speech of Commissioner Joseph F. Friedkin to the El Paso Historical Society on October 25, 1973, or the complete proceedings of a meeting held by El Paso businessmen, October 4, 1976, to discuss the devaluation of the peso. Many of the transcripts go back to years before the Institute was formed, but the tapes have been gathered and preserved. Indexed is John J. Middagh's speech to the El Paso Corral of the Westerners in 1968. His subject was early El Paso bordellos. A speech in 1970, to the Historical Society by Chris P. Fox bears the intriguing title "Why Are Things as They Are and by Whom?"

Most of the tapes and transcripts are immediately available — but some are temptingly restricted until a given date. Not until next January 1 will we be able to hear Dale Walker's series of interviews with Dr. C. L. Sonnichsen. Sonnichsen's speech before the University Forum, "Some Sacred Cows of the Academic World" is, however, available immediately.

Leon Metz interviews Carl Hertzog on the development and printing of books; Reyes Lopez Tijerina speaks at UTEP on the role of the mestizo in

the southwest and his own political activities and philosophy; Tony Bermudez and Rene Mascareñas, former Mayors of Juarez, have both recorded their memories, as has Dan Duke former Mayor of El Paso. Chester Chope, veteran El Paso news man; Sam Donaldson, ABC's White House Reporter; Eugene O. Porter, UTEP History Professor and founding editor of *Password;* Louis Krupp, El Paso artist and teacher — the list goes on and on, with new additions almost daily. For an example see Frank Quartell's memories in this issue of *Password,* and look for others in forthcoming issues.

SOUTHWESTERN BOOK NOTES

The recent Gran Quivira Conference, held at the Centennial Museum, University of Texas at El Paso, brought the announcement of two forthcoming historical works. An eagerly awaited volume will be Adolf F. Bandelier's monumental work, *History of the Civilizations and Missions of Sonora, Chihuahua, New Mexico and Arizona, to the year 1700.* Dr. Madeleine Rodack, who has been translating the work, told the Conference she anticipates publication about 1980. One of the demarkable features of the work will be 502 illustrations made by the author, one of the foremost chroniclers of southwestern antiquities. The work was never published during Bandelier's life. Upon its completion, it was presented by the Pope by bishop John Baptist Salpointe. (See "Bishop Salpointe's Visitation of 1877," by Francis J. Cox, in *Password,* XX, 59, Summer, 1975.) The work ended up in the Vatican library and was brought to light in recent years by Father Ernest J. Burris of the Jesuit Historical Institute. The plates of Bandelier's drawings were discovered in 1938.

As a feature of the Bi-Centenial Year, 1976, *Password* published the series "Bi-Centennial El Paso," edited by W. H. Timmons. The Summer issue contained a letter by Fray Atanasio Dominguez, writen from El Paso on November 4, 1775, with an accompanying map showing the location of various settlements along the Rio Grande in that year. The letter and map were from the book *The Missions of New Mexico, 1776,* edited by Eleanor Adams and Fray Angelico Chavez, published by the University of New Mexico Press in 1956, with a reprint in 1976 to celebrate the Bi-Centennial. John Kessell told the Gran Quivira Conference that a follow up volume, *Missions of New Mexico Since 1776,* is soon to be published. Unfortunately, the El Paso valley missions, which played an important part in the original work, are not included in the new volume.

Would you like to find 1,010 silver bars, and two large and one small caldrons filled with *pesos* and gold coins? Then listen closely, "Inquire in the City of El Paso where the old *presidio* is located. From the *presidio* you will see a small hill with four peaks. To the left of this hill is a valley called 'horses Valley.' In this valley you will find a round butte at the foot of which is a water spring which [is] covered with a large, blue stone. The stone bears a chiseled [sinsel] inscription which reads: 'This is the Todos Spring.' At a distance of 100 yards, directly west, you will find a small mine covered with oak wood and stones." Remove the cover and you will find the treasure.

—Eugene O. Porter, "El Chato's Buried Treasure," *Password* II, 125.

HERITAGE HOMES OF EL PASO

by HARRIOT HOWZE JONES

THE KOHLBERG HOUSE

(photograph by Ralph A. Guilliams)

The large house at 525 Corto Street was built by Trost and Trost in 1910 for Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Kohlberg. It is now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Francis Ainsa.

The house, which may be called Spanish-Mediterranean, has a tile roof, two stories and a full basement. It is of masonry construction, stuccoed. There is a good-sized loggia in the center of the house, at second story level. This covers the recessed entry way on the ground level. An open terrace extends around three sides of the house, and at each end of the house is a pergola, festooned with vines. There are extensive grounds.

The interior of the house shows Trost's love of wood. A staircase rises from the square hall. The wood of the stairs, wainscotting and beams in the ceiling are all oak, as are the beautiful floors throughout. At the foot of the stairs is a built-in bench with padded seat. A full-sized Grandfather Clock stands in the hall, the case of the same oak to match the rest of the wood.

To the right of the hall is a medium-size parlor or music room. The woodwork, beams and fireplace mantel are of mahogany, behind that is the large dining room. Here the wainscotting, beams and mantel are of golden oak. There is a built-in large buffet, with several drawers, and

it is flanked by cabinets, with leaded glass doors and shelves. Here the "best" china and crystals are kept. Trost houses almost always have many built-in features. Above the buffet is a stained glass window. There are sliding doors between all the rooms, and leading from them into the hallway.

To the left of the hall is the library, or family living room. There is a massive fireplace with oak mantel. The beams, woodwork, including the paneled wainscotting, is of oak. Flanking the fireplace are built-in book cases with glass doors. Other book cases are on two sides of the room. There is a butler's pantry, kitchen and maid's room and bath on this floor.

Upstairs there are five bedrooms and two baths, also a large sleeping porch, which was a feature in El Paso homes before the advent of air-conditioning.

Ernst Kohlberg emigrated from Germany when he was only seventeen. He came to El Paso in 1875 where he had a job at Schultz's Store, at the princely salary of $200 *a year*. In 1881 he went to Mexico where he could make a higher salary and in 1884 he returned to Germany to bring back his bride, Olga Bernstein. They settled in El Paso and he started a cigar factory in 1886. This business prospered and a branch was started in Philadelphia. Kohlberg took frequent trips to Cuba to bring back leaf tobacco. Havana cigars were considered the best. Four children were born to the Kohlbergs: Walter, Herbert, Else (later Mrs. Branch Craige) and Leo.

Olga Kohlberg, who was inducted into the Hall of Honor of The El Paso County Historical Society in 1972 (see Password, Vol. XVII, No. 4, Winter 1972) early began her remarkable work for the betterment of conditions in El Paso. In 1892 she led a group of women, under the name of The Ladies Benevolent Association, and opened our town's first hospital. A while later, when a county hospital was opened at old Fort Bliss, near the smelter, the ladies continued with their help. She was foremost in sponsoring charitable projects through the years, such as: The Charity Union, in 1903; The Health League in 1908; The Associated Charities in 1915. This continues to this day under the name of The Family Service of El Paso.

In 1892 Mrs. Kohlberg promoted the first kindergarten in the state. Under her guidance the restoration of the three city parks was undertaken. Mrs. Kohlberg helped Mary I. Stanton in 1895 in starting the first public library in the city. She was president of the El Paso Public Library Board for more than a quarter of a century. She was on the board of the Cloudcroft Baby Sanitarium.

In 1898 Olga Kohlberg joined with her husband and others in organizing the Mount Sinai Jewish Congregation, followed by the building

of Temple Mount Sinai at Yandell and Oregon Streets.

"All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures, great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord made them all."—and these were the things that concerned Olga Kohlberg all her life.

The house, in the fashionable Sunset Heights section of town was finished in 1910 and the family moved in. Tragically, Mr. Kohlberg only enjoyed his beautiful home for a brief time. He was killed that same year, in his store, by a demented debtor. Mrs. Kohlberg lived in the house for the rest of her life. The daughter, Else, lived in the house until her marriage to Dr. Branch Craige. Mrs. Kohlberg built a house for them on part of the property. Herbert became a mining engineer, and lived in New York. He never married. Leo never married, and lived with his mother. Walter, the oldest son, was married, and had a baby daughter, Eleanor (now Mrs. Leonard Goodman, Jr.). They lived in the east for a time, and then Walter was stricken with cancer, and was not able to work full time. He brought his wife and baby home, where they lived until Mrs. Kohlberg's death in 1935. With care and treatment Walter lived many more years.

After Mrs. Kohlberg's death the house was leased, by the estate, to Mr. and Mrs. William Blocker. In 1940 the house was bought by Mr. and Mrs. Lee Fraser.

Mr. Fraser was a mining engineer, and his business took him to Mexico and several South American countries. Their daughter, Evelyn, was born in Chile. The Frasers lived in the house for about twelve years. They made a few changes in the property. A tennis court was removed and in its place there is a two car garage and a cement parking place. A high wall was built along the back and one side of the property. The sleeping porch was glassed in.

Evelyn Fraser married Francis Ainsa, a native El Pasoan. He is an attorney. The Frasers decided to move to California when Mr. Fraser retired, and they deeded the house to their daughter. The Ainsas, with their four children took possession in 1952. Four more children were born to the Ainsas, their children are: Dorothy (now Mrs. John Schatzman) Francis, Junior, and Michael, who are both attorneys like their father; Mary, (now Mrs. Robert Bell); Richard, who is in law school; Kathleen (now Mrs. Wayne Abraham) and twins, Barbara and Stephen, who still live at home. The Ainsas have five grandchildren. There are two lively dogs in the house, and a Great Dane, to welcome friends and frighten foes, in the fenced in back yard.

This was certainly a wonderful house in which to rear a large family, and it has the atmosphere of a happy home.

ACTIVITIES OF YOUR SOCIETY

Annual memberships in the El Paso County Historical Society for 1978 are now due, and should be paid prior to January 1. Membership cost is $10 individual, man and wife, or organization. Life membership costs $150. New or renewal memberships should be mailed to Treasurer, El Paso County Historical Society, P. O. Box 28, El Paso, Texas 79940.

To launch the annual Membership Campaign, Membership Chairman William A. Burgett and his committee presented a tour of historic homes on Sunday, November 6. Homes visited were: The Magoffin Home, Texas State Historical Park, 1120 Magoffin Avenue; Turner Home, now the headquarters of El Paso County Medical Society, 1301 Montana; Bowen Home, 1101 Montana; Ainsa Home, 1101 North Mesa; Burges Home, 603 West Yandell Drive, and the Karr Home, 520 Prospect Street.

Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of the El Paso County Historical Society was held Sunday, October 23, in the Union Theatre of the University of Texas at El Paso. Nominating Committee Chairman Leonard A Goodman, Sr., presented the following nominations for officers for the year 1978, which were approved by the membership:

President	Patrick Rand
First Vice-President	Thomas D. Westfall
Second Vice-President	Gertrude Goodman
Third Vice-President	Cdr. (USN Ret.) Millard G. McKinney
Recording Secretary	Mrs. Freeman Harris
Corresponding Secretary	Mrs. Albert R. Haag
Membership Secretary	Capt. (Ret.) William A. Burgett
Treasurer	Brig. Gen. (Ret.) Lloyd L. Leech, Jr.
Curator	William I. Latham
Historian	Mrs. Barry Coleman
Director Ex-Oficio	Leonard Sipiora

Directors, 1978-1980

Colbert Coldwell	Rogelio Sanchez
Mrs. Charles H. Dodson	Robert E. Dymsza
Col. (Ret.) Edward J. Daley	Dr. James M. Day
Mrs. C. W. Wakefield	

The program for the annual meeting consisted of the presentation of the first C. L. Sonnichsen Publications Award by Texas Western Press to Conrey Bryson, author of *Down Went McGinty—El Paso in the Wonderful Nineties*. The $500 award was presented by Dr. Sonnichsen, who came from his home in Tucson, where he is now Senior Editor of Publications for the Arizona Historical Society. Dr. E. Haywood Antone, Director of Texas Western Press, was in charge of the program. Some 110 copies of "McGinty" were purchased by eager buyers at the recep-

An upper-deck view of the UTEP Conquistador Lounge, showing the long line of "McGinty" book buyers waiting to get their volumes signed by author, Conrey Bryson, lower right, and Dr. C. L. Sonnichsen, lower left, in dark coat. The books were also autographed by artist Bassel Wolf and picture editor M. G. McKinney.

(photo by McKinney)

tion in the Conquistador Lounge. The book is listed at $10 and has been added to the Society's Book sales list. It may be ordered from El Paso County Historical Society, Book Sales, P. O. Box 28, El Paso, Texas 79940, or by telephone from M. G. McKinney, 565-8784.

Historical Flagpole Dedicated

On September 6, officers of your Historical Society participated in the erection of a historic flagpole in Monument Park, west of the El Paso Federal Court House and on the site of the former El Paso City Hall. The flagpole stood atop City Hall from 1901 to 1960, when the old building was demolished and a friendly contest ensued between Judge Charles Windberg and Chris P. Fox. The Judge won, and for some 17 years the flagpole has stood at his home, 501 East Hague. Upon the death of both Judge and Mrs. Windberg, their children discussed with Mr. Fox the proposal to present the flagpole to the El Paso County Historical Society. The September 6 ceremonies were the result.

Society President James M. Peak presided, and introduced a long list of City, County, Military and Civic leaders present for the occasion. The ceremonies were co-ordinated by Chris P. Fox. Representing the Windberg family were the Windberg daughters and their families: Mr. and Mrs. Ruben F. Vela and their children, Bryan, Timothy, Charles, Jennifer, and Lisa; and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Cannon and their children, Charles Edward, Michael, and Kathryn. Following the invocation by Historical Society Vice President Patrick Rand and introduction of guests, William I. Latham, Curator and Past President of the El Paso County Historical Society, made the following address.

Remarks of William I. Latham
Curator, El Paso County Historical Society

Fellow El Pasoans:

Thank you for taking time to be with us — representatives of the family of the late Judge and Mrs. Charles Windberg, representatives of El Paso County Historical Society, representatives of El Paso City and County and interested citizens — as we dedicate a flagpole at this spot today.

We do far more than just dedicate this flagpole.

We reaffirm once again our belief in the American way of life, lift our voices in praise to the Creator who placed us at this historic pass where a great river flows peacefully between two great nations, stand amid monuments to the hallowed dead of World War I, World War II, Korea and Vietnam and say proudly, "Look at us, we are Americans."

In recent years we have read many instances of fellow citizens who have disgraced our Red, White and Blue flag. They have spit on it, worn it as clothing, trampled on it. Thank God — never in El Paso!

A year ago I was a visitor in Switzerland on that country's national independence day. In a small town, way up in the Alps, I watched a parade. There were bands, riders, yodelers, marchers and, on every hand, the Swiss flag prominently displayed. But not a man removed his headgear, not a man stood at attention as the Swiss flag went by.

It can't happen here, you tell me.

This year, in California, I stood by the side of a street as a parade marched by. There were bands, marchers, floats — and many American flags. Not a man removed his headgear as the flags went by, not a man stood at attention as the colors went by. In the reviewing stand, among elected officials and those honored, one woman — a state vice president of the American Legion Auxiliary — rose to her feet and stood at attention as the colors went by.

It can happen here.

We dedicate a flagpole today . . . to stand in this hallowed spot. Here the monuments to our war dead will vie for attention of the colors on a flagpole which has a strong historical tie with El Paso's past, because this flagpole stood for some 60 years at this very spot — at the top of the city hall building which once occupied this spot.

The cornerstone for the city hall building was laid on March 17, 1899 and a large crowd was on hand for the festivities. There was a big parade — then the speaking — with a terrific sandstorm to end it all. Mayor Joseph Magoffin presided. City Hall employes attending included Chief of Police C. H. Lockhart; City Clerk Ben Catlin, City Tax Assessor and Collector J. H. Smith; City Engineer George C. Wimberly; City Treasurer C. W. Fassett; City Recorder C. B. Patterson and the following aldermen — James Clifford, Ed Scott, J. B. Badger, J. B. W. Burton, D. E. McDuffie, A. M. Robinson, D. P. Stewart and John Brunner. The governor of Chihuahua, Miguel Ahumada, was here; Manuel Astiroz, ambassador from Mexico; collector of customs in Juarez, the Mexican consul general to the United States; the U. S. consul in Juarez, the postmaster of El Paso; the architects — May Dell and McClintock, and the contractors — F. B. Sexton, Frank Powers and S. H. Buchanan.

The property on which the city hall stood was sold for $5 and other valuable considerations on Nov. 17, 1898 by B. F. Hammett, Lucius M. Sheldon and Jeff and Josephine Crosby. It was fitting that at the dedication the speaker for the day was J. F.Crosby.

When the proposal to remodel the county building into the present city-county building was made, O. C. Coles, president of the Pioneer Association, appeared before the City Council to ask that the building be made into a museum. Federal Judge R. E. Thomason joined him in the request, he said. No action was taken.

In 1960 the city hall building was demolished and the first item taken down was this flagpole. Judge Windberg secured it and placed it in his yard at 501 Hague. Upon the death of Mrs. Windberg recently the daughters agreed to give it to the historical society and today's ceremony is the result.

On Flag Day in 1914 Franklin Knight Lane, secretary of the Interior gave an address on the flag — "Makers of the Flag" In it he imagined the flag was speaking. I don't think we can imagine a flagpole speaking but, with Lane, let us hear what the flag has to say.

Here is what Lane said:

"I am not the flag; not at all. I am but its shadow. I am whatever you make of me, nothing more. I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a people may become. I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heartbreak and tired muscles.

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do honest work. Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me. Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment. But always, I am all that you hope to be and have the courage to try for.

"I am song and fear, struggle and panic and ennobling hope. I am the day's work of the weakest man and the largest dream of the most daring. I am the clutch of an idea and the reasoned purpose of resolution. I am no more than what you believe me to be and I am all that you believe I can be. I am what you make of me, nothing more.

(photo: M. G. McKinney)

" I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith because you have made them so out of your heart. For you are the makers of the flag and it is well that you glory in the making."

Lane's words echo down the years to this moment. And so today we thank the Windberg family and dedicate *THAT* flagpole, which stood atop the old city hall for 60 years, to *THAT* flag which Secretary Lane said each of you would help make.

Following Mr. Latham's address, Pat Rand assisted Mrs. Vela and Mrs. Cannon in unveiling a bronze marker at the base of the flagstaff:

> This flagpole presented by the Judge and Mrs. Charles Windberg, Jr. family to the El Paso County Historical Society, stood atop City Hall from 1901 to 1960. It is placed here in living memory of the donors and the men honored here . . . each who, in his day saw Old Glory wave over El Paso from this flagpole. September 6, 1977.

Two of the grandsons, Tim Vela and Chuck Cannon then raised the nation's colors on the historic flagpole.

Four Centuries of History

Officers and Directors of the El Paso County Historical Society at their October board meeting gave their approval to plans outlined by W. H. Timmons, Chairman of the Historic Sites and Preservation Committee, to work toward a celebration of four centuries of history at the Pass of the North in 1981. Events to be celebrated in that year are: The four hundredth anniversary of the arrival of the first Spaniards at the Pass in 1581, a small party of Franciscans led by Fray Agustín de Rodríguez; the three hundredth anniversary of the arrival of refugees from the 1680 Pueblo Revolt in New Mexico and the consequent founding of valley misions, including Ysleta and Socorro; the two hundredth anniversary of the order by Spanish officialdom to establish the presidio of San Elizario at its present location; and the one hundredth anniversary of the coming of the railroads, the actual beginning of growth and development of modern El Paso.

Plans outlined by the committee included the establishment of new historic areas and historical parks, a display at the Civic Center reflecting the history of the El Paso southwest, the correction of misplaced historical markers and the placing of new ones, the conversion of the Union Depot into a Transportation Center and Museum, and co-operation with Mexico in establishing an appropriate international park. Under the plans, the Historical Society would ask the co-operation of appropriate local, state, and federal agencies to bring about the desired results.

Dr. Timmons also announced that his committee, in co-operation with the City Planning Department, will publish in book form pictures and descriptions of 500 historical structures in El Paso County. Other members of the Historic Sites and Preservation Committee are Harriot Jones, Duffy Stanley, Nadine Prestwood and Ralph Guilliam.

To implement the committee's recommendation on celebrating four centuries of history in 1981, President Peak appointed a committee consisting of Thomas D. Westfall, Chairman, with Gertrude Goodman and Millard G. McKinney as members.

Rotary Trade Fair

Thomas D. Westfall, President of the El Paso Downtown Rotary Club, advised the Historical Society that the annual Rotary Trade Fair, at the El Paso Civic Center March 10, 11, and 12, will have as its theme, "Past, Present and Future." Your Society was offered, and has accepted, the assignment to present a major display on "El Paso Past," in the Civic Center's El Paso room.

Wilderness Park Museum

Historical Society Officers and Directors were among the invited guests at the opening of the Wilderness Park Museum on Wednesday, October 12. El Paso Museum Director Leonard Sipiora, ex-oficio board-member of the Society, has announced that more museum personnel will not be available to prepare Historical Society exhibits at the Cavalry Museum, of which your Society is now the supportive agency.

Smelter Anniversary

A bronze tablet celebrating the 90th anniversary of the first smelter in Texas, the El Paso plant of ASARCO Incorporated, was unveiled Tuesday, October 11, on the oldest building of the smelter complex. Officers of the El Paso Historical Society and the El Paso Pioneer's Association participated in the brief ceremonies, highlighted by the following remarks by Master of Ceremonies Chris P. Fox.

El Paso Smelter Anniversary

by Chris P. Fox

It's a great pleasure for me to be here today, and for many reasons . . . for at least 70 years of my adult life I have lived in the shadow of these huge stacks or chimneys as they are called by some. During that time the welcoming and friendly blasts from that equally huge whistle have awakened me for school, and equally so, as the years moved on, to assume my daily and pleasant chores of making a living. My associations with Smelter folks have always been pleasant, and I am grateful to them, and all of them I've ever known, for their personal contributions to our community's life and for the great economic benefits that have come to our hometown because of this smelter pumping those

muchly needed dollars into the economic lifestreams of not only El Paso, but the Southwest in many places. We are here today to dedicate a building and in a way to memorialize an industry, so let me give you little something about not only the building, but this vast industrial complex that envelops us, as it properly should . . . because it was the *first smelter in Texas.*

This building with its two-foot thick walls of adobe was erected in 1887, the first structure of the El Paso Smelter of Kansas City Consolidated Smelting and Refining Company. The Smelter was founded by Robert Safford Towne on March 22, 1887. Originally a lead smelter, chiefly for Mexican ore, the plant was two miles from early-day El Paso. When it opened on August 29, 1887, it had 250 employees and equipment that included a chimney, 100 feet high, made of wood and lined with thin sheet iron. On April 4, 1899, the Kansas City company was merged into the American Smelting and Refining Company, now known as *ASARCO Incorporated.*

El Paso is indebted to Robert Safford Towne for this, that has become the largest custom smelter in the world. Towne became interested in El Paso and the surrounding area in 1881. He toured mining properties in Northern New Mexico which he thought would be naturally tributary to El Paso if a smelter were established here. Convinced that a smelter was needed, he built in 1883 a plant which was known as the Mexican Ore Co., primarily a facility for sampling and grading ore. By now Towne was certain that a smelter at El Paso would be successful as it would result in a considerable saving on freight. He went to Argentine, Kan., headquarters of Kansas City Consolidated Smelting and Refining Co., and interested the firm in the idea . . . he had already optioned 1,156 acres of land adjacent to the Rio Grande in the Upper Valley from Juan S. Hart . . . where we stand today . . . for $3,757.00. Towne deeded the land to the Kansas City company and the local smelter was incorporated March 22, 1887, with a paid-in capitalization of $3 million.

Work was commenced immediately and the plan was ready to open, with 250 employees, on August 29, 1887. It was a *big* operation from the beginning, though the hundred foot chimney was a far cry from the 829-foot concrete stack scraping the sky over the plant today. The El Paso Smelting Works (for many years its most commonly used name) originally was a lead smelter. Following Towne's plan, it smelted chiefly Mexican ore; but later from New Mexico and Arizona, and now world wide.

A fire in 1901 destroyed nearly all the original smelter plant and the loss was estimated at $100,000. The new plant was re-opened in 1902. Included in the new Smelter was El Paso's first copper smelter, that produced 3,250 tons of copper a month and seven lead furnaces. Pro-

duction capacity in the new plant was double that of the old one and the payroll had risen from the original 250 employees to about 900. The smelter *today* is the largest custom smelter in the United States and the largest producer of non-ferrous metals, copper, lead, zinc, and silver, among U. S. smelters. It has 1,000 employees with a total annual payroll of $9.5 million. In addition, a large number of people is employed here by companies serving the Smelter. The plant produces 60 percent of the lead bullion refined at ASARCO's Omaha plant, 40 percent of the anode copper refined at ASARCO's refinery and 5 percent of the nation's zinc supply.

About 1,000 tons of copper will make a household size wire long enough to go once around the earth. In 1876 the El Paso Plant produced 83,000 tons of blister copper, or 83 times around the world. An automobile battery contains about 20 lbs. of lead, so one ton of lead will make 100 batteries. In 1976 the El Paso plant produced 57,000 tons of lead bullion, enough to make 5,700,000 batteries. Just for fun one troy ounce of silver is used in the photosensitive coating on 2,670 feet

ASARCO plant manager William R. Kelly (r) and Enrique Arellano, the El Paso Smelter's oldest employee, from the bronze tablet commemorating the 90th anniversary of the oldest smelter in Texas.

(Bob Reid Associates)

of average 8 MM home movie film; and one ton of zinc is sufficient to produce a typical galvanized coating on 32,000 square feet of steel.

Enough of that—

Now I call upon Bill Kelly — Works Manager of this vast empire of stone and metal — to unveil the bronze marker on this venerable structure.

Salt War Anniversary

The El Paso Salt War of 1877 was commemorated by the El Paso Historical Society on the hundredth anniversary of the event, with ceremonies and special exhibits at the Cavalry Museum at 2 P.M., December 11. Board Member Minerva Sanchez was named Chairman of the observance.

The town hugs the river closely and nestles snugly in a fertile valley perhaps fifty miles long in which, where irrigating facilities are obtained, wheat and corn are produced in great abundance. Its altitude is about three thousand feet above sea level, and the climate bears a strong resemblance to that of the table lands of Mexico. The same irrigating ditches, lined on either side by stately cottonwood trees, are serving the same purpose as when first constructed by the Jesuit missionaries more than three hundred years ago. A circle of mountains to the north and east affords protection from the sharp, penetrating winds that sweep over Texas from the plains of Kansas.

—Chester Hall Chambers, El Paso as Seen by Fanny Chambers Gooch (1884-85)" *Password,* II, 61.

BOOK REVIEWS

MOGOLLON

by BILL RAKOCY AND ROSAMOND S. JONES
Rio Grande Press $10.00

A prodigious amount of research as well as "tramping about" by the authors has gone into the production of this unique book, for it demonstrates an extensive and intensive knowledge of Mogollon, New Mexico and the surrounding area.

Of particular interest and indicative of deep study by the authors, is the story of the Apache Indians and the tribes stemming therefrom, many descendants of whom still live in the rugged mountain retreat, just north of Silver City, New Mexico. The Mogollons, from which the little ghost town takes its name, is one of these "offshoot" tribes of the Apache.

There is a great deal of joy to be derived from learning — and the best way to learn is to read. Reading this unusual history of Mogollon, one learns almost everything about the ghost town — its past, the characters who lived there, its mines, even the foods they ate, the hardships they endured and the Indian raids that plagued them. And, learning this, one gains a joyous perspective of the past — the old, wild west.

One of the most fabulous characters of Mogollon was Ben Lilly, the "wilderness man who knew more about animals than anyone." Ben Lilly's story reads like a true "western" — a cross between "Wagon Train" and "Little House on the Prairie." Fascinating — truly fascinating to lovers of western lore.

The book is profusely illustrated by such illustrators as Acosta, Parra, Bill and Chester Kwiecinsky, Rakocy and Kolliker. There are 70 reproductions of photographs, circa 1800, nearly 100 illustrations, 19 early day maps, over 100 copper engravings and several plates in full color. Little doubt is left in the reader's mind as to what he is reading about. No "mind pictures" are necessary — it's all there before his eyes.

A criticism of this reviewer is that the book, a paperback, is unfortunately "put together." The size, 8½ by 11, precludes most persons from fitting it easily on the library shelves. Also, the print is unusually small and difficult to read. But it is a good and interesting story of Mogollon.

Bill Rakocy was born in Youngstown, Ohio, and has an interesting and varied career in various fields of art. Rosamond Shannon Jones, of Kansas, now teaches history and economics in McAlister, Texas. These two are an excellent pair for a study of this kind.

El Paso, Texas — MARY ELLEN B. PORTER

SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF A BUTTON

A Tale of the Southwest
by B. FRANKLIN JARRATT
(El Paso: Guynes Printing Co., $7.95)

Many an author struggles with the question of viewpoint. Through whose eyes are we seeing the story, or who is telling it? Many a writer fails in an effort to secure a truly omniscient viewpoint. Benjamin Franklin Jarratt turns a deft literacy trick in this homespun narrative by making the narrator

a button, sewed to the dress of a little four year old girl in Littlefield, Texas, taken off and sewed to many another dress through the years, and finally winding up in the family trinket box. The button thus goes through the generations. It witnesses the family's success and failures, and being a button it can always take an impartial viewpoint.

The button follows the adventures of Benjamin Franklin Jarratt, Senior, and his wife Martha, from their childhood, when the button was bought. Benjamin Franklin Jarratt, Junior, might be wary of taking too loving a viewpoint, or of failing to show proper affection toward his parents — but the button can tell it as it was. It can tell about Ben's first marriage, the loss of his wife in childbirth, and his second marriage to the black-haired, black-eyed little girl six years his junior — the owner of the button.

Through the eyes of the button, you follow the family on its long journey westward to El Paso, when a job was hard to come by and the flanks of Mount Franklin looked increasingly forbidding until the warmth of El Paso people changed their texture. Ben's first job was driving a water-wagon through the dusty streets, selling drinking water in the days when the product of the first city water system was clearly (no, muddily) undrinkable. Ben was a well driller and was hired by Mr. Kilbourne to drill wells at a spot which is still a prominent landmark in these parts, Kilbourne's Hole. Mr. Kilbourne is a man worth knowing.

The adventure continues into Las Cruces, just after the turn of the century, and it was here that Ben, Junior, later B. Franklin Jarratt, first saw the light of day and didn't get a name until he was a year and a half old, when the doctor told the reluctant parents it was high time they decided. This was the little boy who grew up to put into words the button's reminiscences.

Followers of southwestern history meet a lot of old friends in these pages. In one of its many crises, the Jarratt family was befriended and aided by a leading southwestern attorney named A. B. Fall. Pat Garrett comes often into these pages and through the eyes of the button we hear his own story of Billy the Kid and how Garrett brought an end to that brief and eventful life. Pat Garrett's own death also occupies some fascinating pages.

But mostly it's the successes and failures of the Jarratt family, Ben and Martha and all the kids. The youngest of the family, Anna Lee, will be familiar to many who recall the early days of radio and television here at the pass, when she was Red Brown's Anna Lee.

From cover to cover, the book is filled with choice little vignettes — such as the appearance of the Texas shrine we call the Alamo, after it had become little more than cow-barn, and before patriotic Texans took the time and trouble to restore it.

B. Franklin Jarratt is not a polished writer, but in his untrained narration he is a genuine literary craftsman. It is unfortunate that he chose to go his own way, neglect such things as proper typography, and merely have his patient typewriter efforts photographed and transferred to the pages of a book. The reader who is turned away by strange hyphenations and overcrowded pages will miss a thoroughly enchanting tale.

El Paso, Texas CONREY BRYSON

DOWN WENT McGINTY

by CONREY BRYSON

Texas Western Press, $10.00

Occasionally a book comes along which reflects "this is a story which needed to be told" as well as the fact that "this was a labor of love." Such a book is "Down Went McGinty" in which Conrey Bryson tells about the McGinty Club of El Paso in the 1890s, a social, civic, musical organization of which most of us have heard. Some of the members were still alive when Bryson arrived in El Paso in 1929, but not until now has the full story been told, and a lively one it is indeed. The McGinty Club was sort of a combination chamber of commerce, rotary club, and symphony orchestra in the West Texas town of El Paso at the turn of the century, when railroads had arrived and the city was emerging with a special identity. Hardly anything took place in which the McGintys were not involved, and Bryson uses the McGinty Club as his theme in depicting El Paso during this decade. He tells of the club's organization under Capt. Jack Crawford, Dan Reckhart, Otto Heckelmann, Peg Grandover, and dozens of others. Then he tells of the club's musical accomplishments, the McGinty cannon, the rainmaking experiments, Give a Dam Jones and his baseball teams, the fire department's organization, and the bicycle craze of that day. Bryson began gathering his material for this book in the 1930s and he spent months writing the book, which has been handsomely illustrated by Bassel Wolfe and, as an extra bonus, has been made complete with a picture section by Millard McKinney.

Proudly displayed on a front page is the statement: "This is a C. L. Sonnichsen Publication Award Book," and this adds a stamp of approval which few books can claim. Not only will you enjoy reading this book; it is one you can give with pride to anyone interested in El Paso and the Southwest.

University of Texas at El Paso EVAN HAYWOOD ANTONE

For long years there was bitterness, but no more dead men in the streets of San Elizario. Doña Teodora lived in her big house alone, as stately as ever, and oh, so courteous when she had an extra toddy, but her glory had departed, and the glory of her little town had departed also. The walls of her great house cracked and sank. Her neighbors died or left. The railroad came — and passed the village three miles away.

—C. L. SONNICHSEN, *The El Paso Salt War of 1877.*

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

JAMES M. PEAK, President of the El Paso County Historical Society, is Director of Development for the University of Texas at El Paso, his alma mater, where he had been active in student and alumni affairs. He has served the Society for many years as Director and Chairman of several committees.

JESUS B. OCHOA, a native El Pasoan, is the nephew of the honoree, Cleofas Calleros. A graduate of El Paso High School, the University of Notre Dame, and the Texas University Law School. He now manages the American Printing Company, operated for many years by his late father.

FATHER FRANCIS J. SMITH has lived in El Paso for the past twelve years and is Pastor of St. Pius X Church. He is a graduate of Christ the King Seminary of St. Bonaventure University, and was ordained in 1967 by Bishop Sidney M. Metzger of the El Paso Diocese.

WILLIAM NEIL TIDWELL has lived in El Paso for the past 28 years, and is Assistant Business Manager of the University of Texas at El Paso. He is a graduate of Austin High School and holds the BA degree from the University of Texas at El Paso.

FRANK QUARTELL grew up in Chicago and began his musical career at Hull House. He came to El Paso in 1928 to perform for the late Severo G. Gonzalez at the Central Cafe in Juarez. He has performed in Chicago, New York and London with many of the great band leaders of America.

WILLIAM I. LATHAM is past president and curator of the El Paso County Historical Society. A career newspaper man, his retirement as Editor of the *El Paso Times* has enabled him to render invaluable service to the Society as well as other El Paso civic organizations.

CHRIS P. FOX is Vice President in charge of public relations for the State National Bank. He has served as El Paso County Sheriff and as President and General Manager of the El Paso Chamber of Commerce. Widely known as "Mr. El Paso" he has an active concern in the city's past, present, and future.

MARY ELLEN PORTER is a Director of the El Paso County Historical Society and member of *Password's* Editorial Board. Her husband, the late Dr. Eugene O. Porter was founding editor of this publication. A graduate of Ohio State University, she came to El Paso in 1940 with her husband.

EVAN HAYWOOD ANTONE is Director of Texas Western Press, a member of the *Password* Editorial Board and Director of the Society. His wide acquaintance with southwestern writers and their work have made him a valuable contributor to *Pasword*.

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