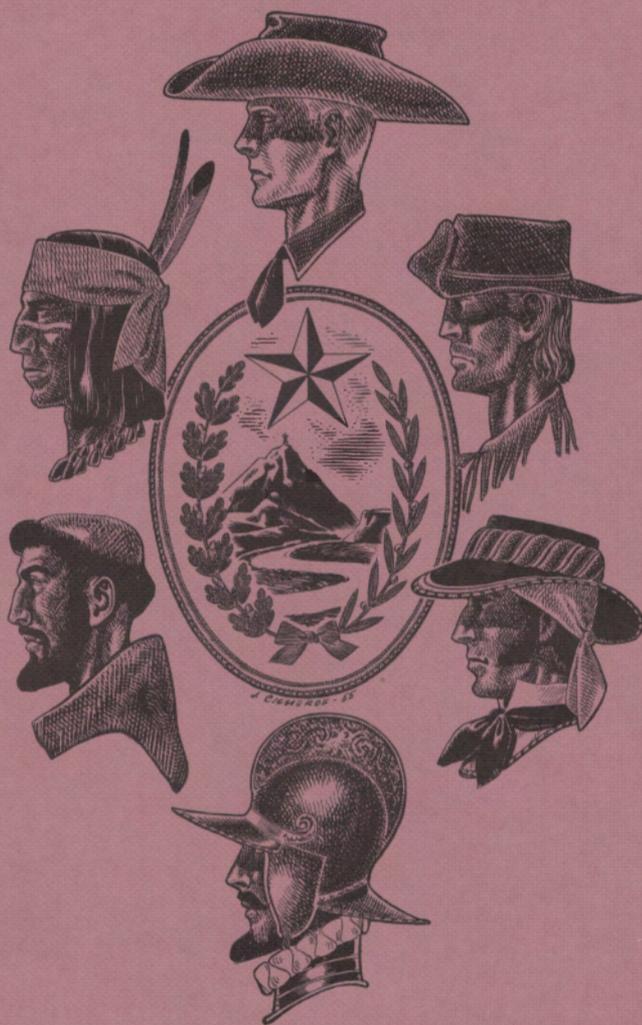


PASSWORD



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PASSWORD

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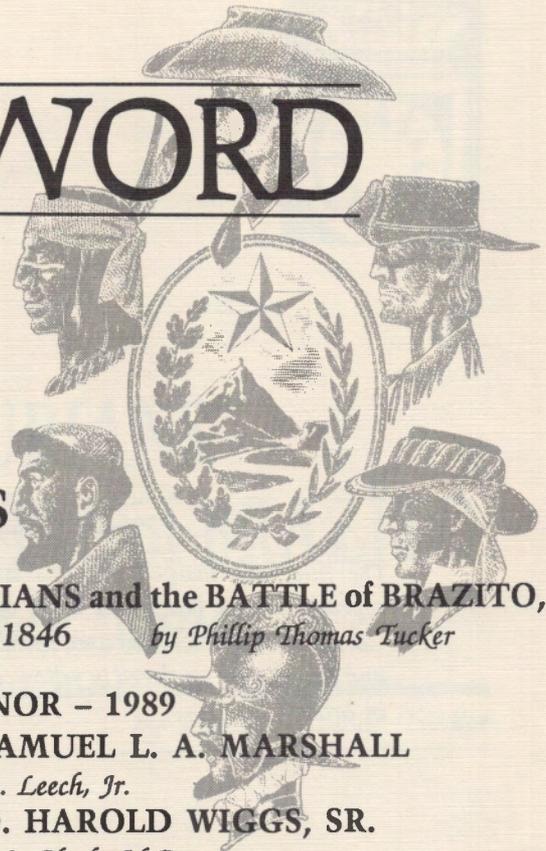
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The MISSOURIANS and the BATTLE of BRAZITO *Christmas Day, 1846*

by Phillip Thomas Tucker



ELDOM IN AMERICAN HISTORY HAD SUCH AN undisciplined regiment made a greater contribution to expanding the republic's boundaries than Colonel Alexander William Doniphan's First Missouri Mounted Volunteers. And seldom had an American military unit seemed more destined for disaster. After being dispatched from General Stephen Watts Kearny's Army of the West at Santa Fe in the fall of 1846, the 800-man regiment trekked southward into enemy territory on its own. Even the people back home feared that their boys would meet with defeat. One St. Louisan, for instance, predicted: "I would not be at all surprised to learn of Doniphan's capture...."¹ And another citizen likewise expected the worst, warning in a letter: "I have some forebodings that when he [Doniphan] meets with an opportunity to have [a battle], he will be out numbered and whiped [sic]."² A fiasco seemed in the making.

But Doniphan's farm boys, mostly Southern-born, felt quite the opposite. The young volunteers from the wooded hills and grasslands of Missouri were highly motivated. Inspired by the fledgling republic's first

flexing of its muscle and believing that their national experience represented the world's greatest democratic experiment, they pushed southward to spread their institutions to those allegedly less fortunate.³ Trudging through the dreaded *Jornado del Muerto* (a ninety-mile stretch of desert located north of El Paso del Norte), Doniphan's soldiers made their way deeper into Mexico. One of them later described the march as "at times almost disheartening to any mortal of sensation," but declared that he and his comrades felt rejuvenated in spirit "when we looked upon our colours of Freedom."⁴ Another volunteer, Private John T. Hughes, expressed a religious-like zeal in a letter: "Our bosoms swelled with the same quenchless love of freedom which animated the breasts of our ancestors in '76 and caught inspiration from the memory of their achievements."⁵

Clad in ragged buckskin and cotton homespun, these Americans felt it their God-given duty to spread democracy across the continent—and the world if possible. They had left their Missouri River country to spread freedom by conquest. They were convinced that the taking of El Paso del Norte would be a blessing to the native peoples, liberating them from tyrannical Mexican rule.⁶

Success had first come in mid-August with the "liberating" of Santa Fe in a bloodless coup by the Army of the West. Capturing the Southwest's greatest mercantile center had further heightened the sense of special destiny in store for the American soldiery. This destiny was extolled by one of the liberators, who described for those back home how the United States flag "now floats high in the mountain breezes—over the heads of the sons, & daughters of misfortune...we have broke the Chains of Tyranny, & set them free from the hands of their oppressors [sic]."⁷ The Nineteenth Century package of Manifest Destiny neatly combined morality, nationalism, and idealism. It encouraged simple yeomen to dream that the impossible could be probable, and it stimulated them to toil hundreds of miles over greasewood-covered hills to fight battles in a foreign land they had never seen before and against a foe promising no mercy.

Seldom had soldiers looked more unlike what they were than Doniphan's volunteers. Since leaving home in the spring of 1846, not a man had cut his hair or beard. The treaties with the Navajo Indians in November of 1846 had enabled the Missourians to obtain extra clothing by trade, and by now the volunteers "dressed...pretty nearly in the Indian

Phillip Thomas Tucker, a doctoral candidate in American History at St. Louis University, is the author of a number of scholarly articles which have appeared in such publications as the *Tennessee Historical Quarterly*, the *Journal of Mississippi History*, the *Alabama Review* and the *Journal of Confederate History*.

style.”⁸ Sunburned nearly black, lean and lithe, Doniphan’s followers looked more like Mexicans and Indians than the farm boys who had tended cornfields barely six months earlier.

As undisciplined as their appearance was the soldiers’ conduct. They addressed their commanding officer as “Bill,” “Colonel,” or “Doniphan.”⁹ One observer wrote that they could be seen “swearing and cursing, even at the officers if they interfered to stop [card playing]. These very men, however, were as full of fight as gamecocks....”¹⁰

Doniphan himself fitted this force perfectly. He looked, acted, and



COLONEL ALEXANDER WILLIAM DONIPHAN

(Photo from a painting in the Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis, Missouri; reproduced by James W. Ward from Doniphan’s Expedition and the Conquest of New Mexico by William Elsey Connelly [Topeka, Kansas: 1907], courtesy Judge and Mrs. Herb Marsh, Jr., El Paso)

dressed like the individualists he commanded. The thirty-eight-year-old colonel, a native of Kentucky, had been lately an attorney of Liberty, Missouri, where he had made a name for himself "as an able and eloquent lawyer."¹¹ Later in his capacity as a state militia general, his wisdom and diplomacy had helped avert bloodshed during the Mormon troubles of 1838. So fair had Doniphan been to the persecuted minority that his reputation reached legendary proportions in the Mormon Battalion, which had joined General Kearny's march to California.¹² Following his service in the state militia, Doniphan had been elected to the state legislature. But the peaceful life had abruptly ended when news of war with Mexico swept the land. Taking the initiative, Doniphan toured the upper Missouri counties, imploring farm boys to perform their patriotic obligations. After rallying many of the young populace, he himself signed up as a private in his brother-in-law's company of Clay County lads. In short order, the natural leader was elected colonel of the new regiment that formed at Fort Leavenworth during the summer of 1846.¹³ Clearly, Doniphan was just the man to lead the First Missouri Mounted Volunteers on one of the most stirring epics in the annals of military history.

With North Americans descending upon them, the Mexicans rallied to their country's defense. Word had spread among them that the wild frontiersmen were pushing southward to pillage and plunder. Even worse, "besides abusing the women, these ruffians would brand them on the cheek as mules were branded."¹⁴ Militia bands, therefore, emerged like magic from the high mountains and desert valleys. Angel Trias, the governor of Chihuahua, penned frantic appeals to marshal against the northern "pirates." He begged his nation's defenders to "Go to reestablish the Character of the Mexicans & to chastise the enemy if he should have the audacity to set foot upon the soil of this state."¹⁵ Additional volunteers rushed forth to meet the Yankee invaders.

By mid-December nearly 1,200 troops had assembled to defend El Paso del Norte. Thrown together at the last minute, this force consisted of 400 regulars, presidial troops, tough Vera Cruz lancers, and local militia hardened by years of fighting Apaches on the Apaches' terms. Led by Lieutenant Colonel Luis Vidal, this contingent felt as confident of success as the Missourians. Vidal, after learning that Doniphan's column stretched for miles, expected no trouble in routing the gringo rabble which had foolishly marched all the way from the Missouri River country. He accepted the stereotype of North Americans as cowards, and he bragged to his cocky soldiers that Doniphan and his amateurs would soon be

"lanced like rabbits" by the Vera Cruz Dragoons.¹⁶

Descending on El Paso del Norte, three Missouri columns converged on December 23 at Doña Ana, a village located about 40 miles north of the sprawling community at the pass.¹⁷ Luckily for the Americans, Vidal had elected not to strike each divided force. Instead, he had remained motionless at El Paso del Norte. But Doniphan's forces were nevertheless in danger. They were not alert to the possibility of imminent battle. El Paso was still some forty miles southward, and Doña Ana was overflowing with mescal, which tasted better than corn whiskey. The Missouri troopers "encamped in the bottom, all noisy and drinking," wrote one horseman.¹⁸ They bought corn, dried fruit, and pumpkins from the villagers; and they heard talk of a sizable Mexican force gathering at El Paso—a force reportedly larger than anything ever seen in this parched, hauntingly picturesque land.¹⁹ But still no one, especially the Colonel, felt particularly alarmed. No doubt this was just another rumor. Doniphan took no precautions, sending not a single scout out to investigate. Later, in a newspaper article, an editor denounced Doniphan for having "received notice of the probable approach of the Mexicans, yet did he suffer himself, through sheer carelessness," to ignore such reports.²⁰

Christmas day dawned clear and bright. The Missourians fired flintlocks into the air to celebrate and swung jauntily down the Rio Grande's Mesilla Valley with choruses of "Yankee Doodle." Not the best way to approach an army of 1,200 Mexicans.²¹ The festive spirit continued all day, despite the fact that "some spies were seen, but no suspicions of a battle were excited."²² The Americans straggled badly while in their Christmas mood: the column soon extended for miles over the dry hills and bottoms. Throughout most of the day a Mexican cavalry officer marveled at the seemingly crazed Americans, who acted as if they were mustering for a militia gathering on a Sunday afternoon. He easily "reconnoitre[d] them to his satisfaction, and unobserved." Reporting to his commander, the horseman excitedly told of the incredible news—the North Americans "without a single piece of artillery, had encamped...taking no precautions."²³ Indeed, the red-haired Doniphan had bivouacked amid the open river bottoms on the eastern arm of the Rio Grande known as Brazito. After a 14-mile march, the Missourians prepared to encamp only 25 miles north of El Paso del Norte in the early afternoon as if they were in the Boone's Lick country of middle Missouri.²⁴

However, as they neared the city at the Pass, the prospect of their first action sobered some of the liberators. All along, many of the Missourians had complained about facing the foe without a single cannon, Colonel

Sterling Price having kept the Army's artillery at Santa Fe against a possible uprising there by the vanquished Mexicans.²⁵

Doniphan and his vanguard started setting up camp along a brushy bend called "Los Temascalitos" by the locals.²⁶ Only a handful of troopers had arrived, for "the men and wagons were scattered along the road for many miles, but a few marching in the ranks, as it was not expected to meet the enemy this side [east] of the crossing, nine miles above El Paso."²⁷ Around two o'clock, bone-tired Missourians stacked muskets in the sunshine and unsaddled mounts. Horses were sent out to graze and forage for themselves. Soldiers collected firewood for supper fires and water from the muddy "little arm" (*brazito*) of the Rio Bravo del Norte.²⁸ Doniphan's command could not have been more exposed than now.

Meanwhile, over 1,000 Mexicans raced toward Los Temascalitos to teach "a lesson to these pirates," who had come from so far away.²⁹ Finally, Vidal had taken the initiative. Lieutenant Colonel Antonio Ponce de Leon, commanding the strike force in Vidal's absence due to sickness, led his masses off the main road leading from Paso del Norte.³⁰ Doniphan had not even picketed the strategic avenue, nor—as usual—had he sent out any scouts. In fact, the Missourians encamped on the road—the expected approach route of the foe! And, of course, the thought of fortifying the bottoms remained as foreign a concept to them as the belief that they might get whipped in the upcoming battle for El Paso del Norte.

As the Mexican troops advanced, the Americans filled the valley with shouts and laughter. About two hundred of the soldiers ambled off on their own in every direction, leaving flintlocks unloaded in camp.³¹ Hardly could a force have been more dispersed. Far in the column's rear, for instance, Captain Oliver P. Moss's Company C rounded up half-starved and broken-down animals.³² Everyone expected "a dull Christmas."³³ It appeared that the disaster so long expected back in Missouri would shortly befall the careless mob masquerading as United States soldiers.

Doniphan himself seemed even more carefree than usual. Proving his Kentucky lineage and love of horses, the Colonel became obsessed with only one thought on this balmy Christmas afternoon in northern Mexico—a splendid Mexican horse that he had to have. Captain John W. Reid and his Saline County horsemen of Company D had captured the prize after a trooper shot an enemy off the mount. Here, among the mesquite and cactus along the "little arm," Doniphan and a few officers gambled to see who would claim the handsome beast.

Someone noticed a rising dust cloud in the mesas to the south. Despite the Colonel's absorbed interest in his card game, an enlisted man thought

it significant enough to tell Doniphan. But still the Colonel felt no alarm. He preferred to continue playing "Three-trick Loo." Many of those who had first arrived at the encampment were now as far as a mile away.³⁴

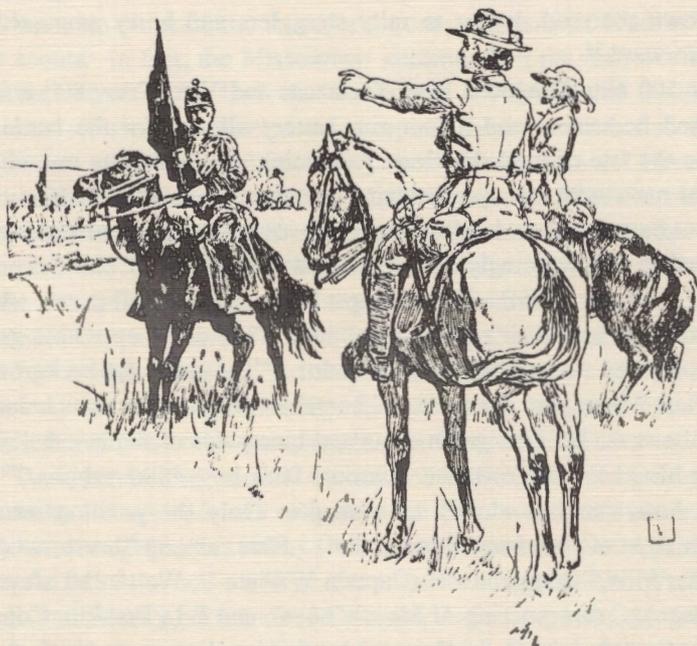
The Colonel finally reacted when seemingly endless formations of Mexicans suddenly appeared. Leaping to his feet and drawing his saber, Doniphan yelled to the officers that the game would have to be finished later, "but remember that I am ahead."³⁵ Just at this point, Ponce de Leon made a crucial mistake. He wasted precious time by deploying a half mile distant along a rise. A quick attack surely would have destroyed Doniphan's command.³⁶ Amid the Brazito bottoms, American bugles and drums sounded the call to form for action. "I was a mile [away] when I heard the alarm," one of the Missourians later wrote. "I doubted the truth of it but I ran to camp with my wood...."³⁷ Indeed, many volunteers remained skeptical, thinking it an officer's trick to gather the boys for drill. While the foe remained in neat lines, the whole flood plain churned with activity. Hundreds of Americans "came running from all quarters & fell into line under whatever flag was most convenient."³⁸ Officers galloped wildly down the road, trying to rally stragglers and hurry ammunition wagons forward.³⁹

Over 500 elite Dragoons from Zacatecas and Vera Cruz, 800 infantrymen and horsemen, and a four-gun battery aligned for the battle to determine the fate of Paso del Norte.⁴⁰ Doniphan's battle line resembled a jumbled mass with troopers running into formation, officers shouting orders, soldiers trying to load muskets, horses whinnying and rearing in the confusion, and seemingly each man acting as general. Color Sergeant Thomas I. Edwards held the United States banner aloft for all to see, while "pretty soon we saw their red coats shining. They came up with a great deal of pomp and show as they generally do...."⁴¹ Against the background of the White Mountains, the foe's tall horsehair plumes and brass helmets bobbed above the brilliant green coats and blue pants of the lancers, who had long lusted to cut down the Missouri farm boys "like rabbits."⁴²

The American line slowly took shape. Only the position on the American right afforded some protection. Here, among "brush, weeds, and gopher hills," Companies B (Captain William P. Walton's Lafayette County men), C (a scattering of Moss's boys), and E (a Franklin County unit under Captain John D. Stephenson) hustled into line, respectively from right to left.⁴³ And in the center aligned Companies D (Reid's troopers), H (Captain Charles B. Rodger's Callaway County volunteers), and G (the Howard County company under Captain Horatio Hughes). Completing deployment on the left flank were Companies F (Captain Mosby Monroe

Parsons' Cole County horsemen) and A (soldiers from Jackson County under Captain David Waldo). Clearly, the left flank was vulnerable: the area was brush-free and more open.⁴⁴ Doniphan ascertained the weakness, ordering Captain David D. Mitchell's mounted troopers to anchor the line's flank. And fearing that the much more lengthy Mexican formations would outflank both ends of his line, Doniphan threw Company B and Mitchell's horsemen forward a short distance⁴⁵

Wasting more time, Lieutenant Colonel Ponce de Leon tried a psychological ploy. He sent a rider forward with a black "no-quarter" banner fluttering in the breezes sweeping off the Rio Grande. Colonel Mitchell and an interpreter met the Mexican lieutenant before the lines.⁴⁶ Proposing the Americans lay down arms, the lieutenant threatened "that there was no mercy for us and we would receive none and not one of us should be spared and waving his black flag as if in triumph he dashed off to join his command."⁴⁷ Many of the Missourians felt like blasting the officer off his horse. Apparently even Doniphan briefly contemplated such an act.



An artist's conception of a Mexican rider presenting the black "no quarter" banner to Colonel Doniphan's representatives at Brazito on Christmas Day, 1846 (Sketch from *Stories of Missouri* by John R. Musik [New York: American Book Company, 1897], courtesy Phillip Thomas Tucker)

"With my permission a hundred balls would have pierced the insolent bearer of the pirate flag; but I deemed it most proper for the honor of our country to restrain them."⁴⁸

The stage was set. Barely 500 Missouri boys stood ready to meet the attack of over twice their number.⁴⁹ Doniphan stabilized uneasiness by riding down the lines. He "appeared as calm and collected as when on drill and in the most spirited manner encouraged" his troops to stand firm and "to cherish no other thought than victory."⁵⁰ As for the soldiers themselves, "coolness and self-confidence pervaded our ranks. Laughing, talking, and jesting, each seemed to vie with his neighbor in telling the best yarn or using the most witty expression."⁵¹ Further, their determination had been reinforced by the enemy's no-quarter policy. Color Sergeant Edwards, for example, swore: "never shall the Flag which was presented to the Saline Volunteers by the ladies of Marshall [Missouri] be disgraced while the warm blood flows through our veins."⁵²

Finally, the moment of truth came. Enemy bugles opened their harsh notes on the Mexican right, and a military band started playing martial music for the attack to redeem Mexico's honor.⁵³ Hundreds of Dragoons thundered toward the American left. Mexican cannon began booming, hurling projectiles into the Missourians' right and center.⁵⁴ Rolling forward like a tidal wave, over 500 Dragoons galloped onward as if to ride over the Americans fighting on foot: "their best dragoons all in uniform with their high roached caps and red jackets each having his carbine sabre and a lance with a small flag on it one half black[,] the other red...indeed their appearance was beautiful as they came abreast[,] their horses prancing and tossing their heads to the sound of their music."⁵⁵

Simultaneously with the cavalry's attack, densely packed ranks of Mexican infantry advanced toward Doniphan's right and center while artillery hammered away.⁵⁶ As the foe's masses swarmed nearer with bayonets and lances sparkling in the sunlight, Doniphan galloped down the line, imploring his volunteers not to fire.⁵⁷ After deploying among the greasewood and mesquite, the Mexican footsoldiers unleashed a volley, then continued onward⁵⁸ and fired again, sending bullets whizzing too high over the American ranks.⁵⁹ Surprisingly, the Missourians listened to their colonel for the first time, obeying orders to hold their fire. The Saline County volunteers' flag was now "riddled with holes,"⁶⁰ but the rookie soldiers in buckskin did not pull one trigger.

As if fighting Indians back in Missouri, Doniphan yelled, "prepare to squat."⁶¹ Ponce de Leon's infantry charged closer to within "pistol shot" to let loose another storm of lead. Some of the Missourians dropped to

the ground with wounds.⁶² A bullet rang off the belt of Private David Swan (Company F).⁶³ The Mexican charge continued "at full speed; in martial splendour, to take us all prisoners, as they thought."⁶⁴ While enemy's balls "whistled about us quite briskly on all sides," the Colonel ordered his boys to lie on the ground and hold their fire until the foe was within sixty feet. Charging Mexicans could now be heard shouting, "Bueno, bueno."⁶⁵

With the enemy a stone's throw away, Doniphan roared, "Let them have it!"⁶⁶ Over 500 American muskets belched fire as one, toppling scores of attackers. "One loud peal of thunder was heard from our Missouri rifles," declared one of the participants.⁶⁷ The enemy's riddled ranks wavered and recoiled from the punishment. Resplendent Dragoons went down in bunches, "tumbling from their horses or their horses from under them."⁶⁸ Those who remained astride veered away, angling to envelop Doniphan's left wing. Mexican troopers swarmed on the baggage and ammunition train, but were repulsed by guards and gun-carrying teamsters.⁶⁹ To deliver the coup-de-grace, Captain Reid with fifteen of his troopers—the only Missourians who had kept their horses—attacked "as though he had 1,000 men."⁷⁰ Tough horsemen from mid-Missouri's prairie lands, they rode down their adversaries and "hewd them beautifully with their Sabres."⁷¹ The enemy's ranks broke all along the line.

Four barking six-pound howitzers caused one of Captain Rodger's homespun boys to muse, "What the hell you reckon that is?" A worldly-wise private of Company G replied, "A cannon, I believe." Another soldier yelled, "Then let's go and get it."⁷² The Howard County frontiersmen, led by a sergeant, instantly charged forward to capture one artillery piece.⁷³ With over 1,000 Mexicans running for their lives from the Missouri demons, "the shouts, & huzza's were echoed from one end of our line to the other...[and] each wayward soldier shouted victory."⁷⁴

Nothing in the world could stop the enemy's flight, "which perhaps has not yet ended," reflected one Missourian in 1847. The Americans surged forward en masse to Doniphan's battle cry of "Every man for his turkey," pursuing with abandon and wild cheers.⁷⁵ Some of the Mexicans were shown quarter, with fifteen being taken captive. A few wounded were carried to Surgeon Thomas M. Morton's field hospital.⁷⁶ Other less fortunate enemy soldiers received no mercy on this bloody Christmas Day along the coffee-colored Brazito. The thirty-minute Battle of Brazito fought for El Paso del Norte was a sparkling success at the price of only five Americans wounded.⁷⁷ Ponce de Leon's forces, which included women volunteers in the ranks, were not so lucky. After the smoke had cleared and the chase ended, "we found 41 of them [dead] on the field [.]

we took two prisoners [...] there is no doubt a great many died in the thorn bushes which were never found and their trail was marked with blood so we can safely put their loss at one hundred.”⁷⁸

Scouring the battleground, the Missourians now enjoyed the spoils of war and “after all had a merry Christmas frolic.”⁷⁹ They gathered ammunition, wagons, horses, camp furniture, the brass cannon and muskets. Bottles of wine taken from the captured enemy commissary made the night festive. Beans and bread completed the holiday feast.⁸⁰ And, as if nothing much had happened that afternoon, Doniphan “and the officers finished their game for the horse.”⁸¹

A few days after the Battle of Brazito, the jaunty Missourians entered El Paso del Norte, and raised the “Stars and Stripes.” The country boys from Missouri had won for the United States a commercially important city and the gateway to all of Mexico.

The Missourians’ epic had only begun. After a march farther southward, Doniphan would win an even more impressive victory on the Sacramento River in February, 1847. He and his “rabble” would later capture Chihuahua City, an important mercantile center. Then, another push would take them to Saltillo, where they finally linked with the principal American army in northern Mexico. From there, a long march took them to the Gulf of Mexico for passage to New Orleans. Upon arriving in St. Louis, Doniphan’s long-haired and bearded conquerors were welcomed as heroes by a grateful populace.

Traveling 3,500 miles, winning two battles, and occupying two important Mexican cities during its one-year term of service, the First Missouri Mounted Volunteer Regiment played a significant role in the westward expansion of the United States. Seldom in American history had so few men made such a dramatic impact on their nation’s destiny as Colonel Doniphan’s undisciplined warriors. ☆



NOTES

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5. Quoted in Bernard DeVoto, *The Year of Decision 1846* (Boston, 1943), 259-260.
6. Reginald Horsemann, *Race and Manifest Destiny: The Origins of American Racial Anglo-Saxonism* (Cambridge, 1981), 229-260.
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9. James Hobbs, *Wildlife in the Far West: Personal Adventures of a Border Mountain Man* (Hartford, 1872), 157.
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13. Connelley, 32.
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15. Angel Trias, "November 9, 1846 Proclamation," Robert H. Miller Papers, *loc. cit.*, 1.
16. Sonnichsen, 112, 113.
17. Robinson, 65.
18. Ralph P. Bieber, *A Soldier Under Kearny and Doniphan: The Journal of George Rutledge Gibson* (The Southwest Historical Series, Vol. III, 1934), 298.
19. Robinson, 64.
20. *The Saint Louis Daily Reveille*, February 27, 1847.
21. Hughes, 131; See also George Ruhlen, "Brazito—The Only Battle in the Southwest Between American and Foreign Troops," *Pass-Word* [sic], II, 1 (February, 1957), 6.
22. Robinson, 65.
23. R. Alcaraz, *The Other Side: Notes for the History of the War Between Mexico and the United States* (New York, 1850), 169.
24. Marcellus Ball Edwards, letter to Father, January 5, 1847, Mexican War Envelope, Missouri Historical Society.
25. Robinson, 65.
26. Alcaraz, 169; see also Ruhlen, "The Battle of Brazito—Where Was It Fought?" *Pass-Word* [sic], II, 2 (May, 1957), 57.
27. Bieber, 300.
28. *The Saint Louis Daily Reveille*, February 26, 1847; Marcellus Ball Edwards letter; Thomas I. Edwards, letter to Father, January 21, 1847, Mexican War Envelope, *loc. cit.*
29. Trias.
30. Alcaraz, 169.
31. Bieber, 303.
32. Hughes, 131.
33. Thomas I. Edwards letter.
34. Connelley, 370; Thomas I. Edwards letter.
35. Sonnichsen, 114.
36. *Ibid.*; Andrew Armstrong, "The Brazito Battlefield," *New Mexico Historical Review*, XXXV (January, 1960), 64.
37. Robinson, 65; Thomas I. Edwards letter.
38. Franklin letter, 3.
39. Frank S. Edwards, *A Campaign in New Mexico* (Philadelphia, 1847), 83; Thomas I. Edwards letter.
40. Hughes, 132; *The Saint Louis Daily Reveille*, February 28, 1847.
41. Thomas I. Edwards letter.
42. Sonnichsen, 113.
43. Connelley, 377; William H. Richardson Diary, 1846-1847, Collection 899, State Historical Society of Missouri, Columbia, Missouri, 24.
44. Richardson Diary, 24.
45. Connelley, 377.
46. Richardson Diary, 24.

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Tribute to SAMUEL L. A. MARSHALL

by Lloyd L. Leech, Jr.

HIS FULL NAME WAS SAMUEL LYMAN Atwood Marshall, and he was a soldier, journalist, historian, author, and lecturer. He was also my neighbor—and my friend. Sam Marshall did not have the good fortune to be born in El Paso, but from his writings and from conversations with him I like to think that, given a choice, he would have selected this city as his birthplace. He was born in Catskill, New York, shortly after the turn of the century—on July 18, 1900. He considered himself lucky to have 1900 as his birthyear, remarking later that “it made [the dates of] all following events, whether cataclysmic or trivial, simple to remember.” He came to El Paso with his parents in 1915 when he was, of course, 15 years of age. His last book, *Bringing Up the Rear*, contains this description of our city: “...one small piece of America—a community apart, a little kingdom on its own. Simple geography keeps it uniquely blessed, a city without rival-.”

As a teenager, Sam worked at the International Brick Plant and

attended El Paso High School. He was not a good student and admitted that his record in history courses was deplorable. But later in life he acknowledged a debt to his teacher, a Mr. Brown, who emphasized that the object of studying history was not to remember names, places, and dates, but to learn from its processes. During his early years in El Paso, the Mexican Revolution raged across the border; Pancho Villa raided Columbus, New Mexico; and Fort Bliss became a base for Pershing's expedition into Mexico. Young Sam Marshall developed his interest in all things military at this time.

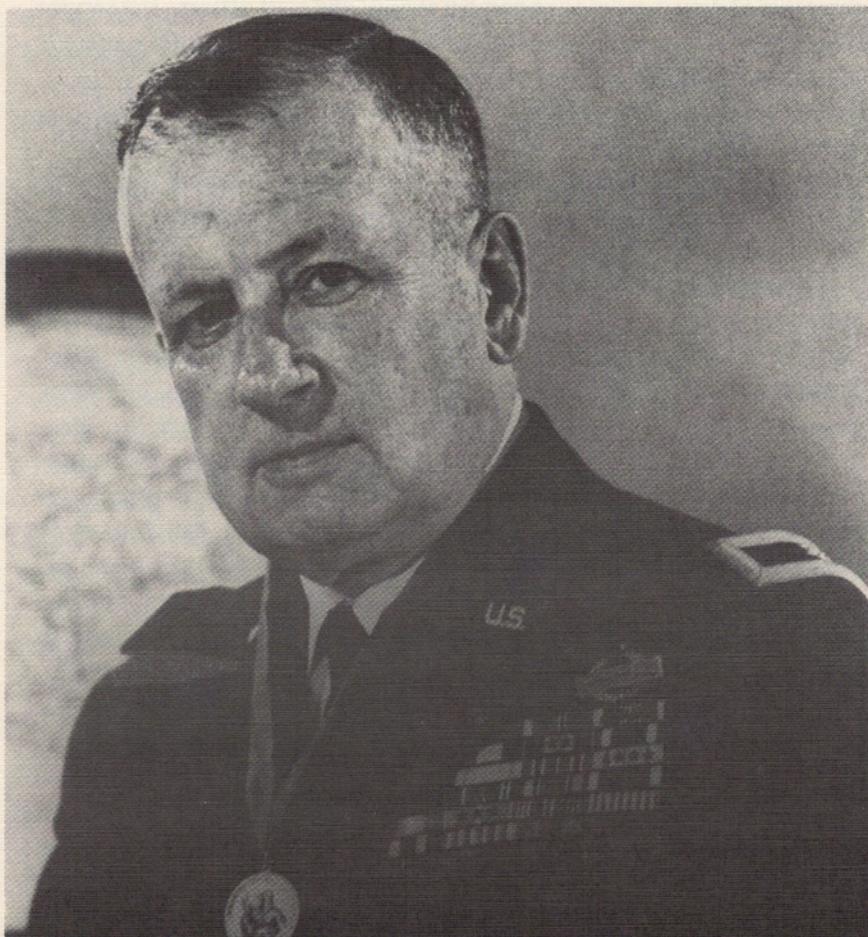
With the United States' entry into the World War in April, 1917, he joined the Army, stating in later years that he took personally the James Montgomery Flagg poster of Uncle Sam pointing and the words "I want *you* for the U. S. Army." He served in France and Belgium, and by the end of the war he was a lieutenant of Infantry. He was reported to be the youngest officer in the American Expeditionary Force when he was commissioned from enlisted rank prior to his eighteenth birthday.

In 1919 Sam Marshall returned to El Paso and civilian life. He attended the Texas College of Mines (now The University of Texas at El Paso) and drifted from job to job until November, 1922. Then, while watching the Armistice Day parade, he noticed that he was standing in front of the *El Paso Herald* newspaper office. He immediately entered the office, applied for a job as a reporter, and was convincing enough to land the job even though he had had no newspaper experience. He started as a sports reporter but went on to become city editor of the paper. He also authored a front-page humor and light-verse column which came to be quoted in other newspapers across the country. This exposure brought him a job offer from the *Detroit News* in 1927. For the next 35 years, except for periods of military service, he was a foreign correspondent and a military analyst for this newspaper. In the years prior to World War II he paid frequent visits to El Paso and Fort Bliss and traveled extensively throughout Mexico. He went to Spain in 1936 to cover the Spanish Civil War for the *Detroit News* and soon afterward began writing a column on military affairs which was syndicated by the *Los Angeles Times* and the *Washington Post*.

His studies of German military successes during the initial months of World War II led to his first book, *Blitzkrieg*, published in 1940. A second

Brigadier General (Ret.) Lloyd L. Leech, Jr., is a graduate of *The Virginia Military Institute* with a B. S. degree in *Electrical Engineering*. He also holds an M. S. degree in *Electrical Engineering* from the *University of Illinois*. He retired from the *United States Army* in 1972 after more than 30 years of active service. He and Mrs. Leech make their home in El Paso.

book, *Armies on Wheels*, followed one year later. These were to be the forerunners of over 30 books on military history and military topics. In 1942 he was called to active duty with the Army, served as a consultant to the Secretary of War, and established the Army News Service. While on the War Department staff, he authored a definitive analysis of Doolittle's historic bombing raid on Tokyo. In 1943 he was sent to the Pacific to develop methods of battlefield research and was attached to the 27th Division for the invasion of the Gilbert Islands and the battles for Kwajalein and Eniwetok.



SAMUEL LYMAN ATWOOD MARSHALL
(1900-1977)

He went to England prior to the Normandy Invasion to cover the D-Day operation and the advance into France, and in the following months he participated in the major campaigns leading to the German surrender in May, 1945. In July of that year he was named Theater Historian for the European Theater of Operations. His experiences in Europe resulted in a number of books, including *Men Against Fire*, a study of the foot soldier in close combat, which is generally regarded as a classic. In 1946 he returned to civilian life as a colonel in the Army Reserve and rejoined the *Detroit News*.

During the Korean War he returned to active Army service and served two tours of duty in Korea as a combat analyst and staff officer. His service in Korea led to his most publicized book, *Pork Chop Hill*, which was made into a major motion picture starring Gregory Peck.

Between the Korean War and Vietnam, Sam Marshall—now an Army Reserve Brigadier General—covered the Sinai War of 1956, the Lebanon Crisis in 1958, and the 1961 civil war in the Congo. During this period he was honored (in 1960) by being selected as the first Outstanding Ex-Student by The University of Texas at El Paso.

Although he was placed on the Army Reserve Retired List in 1960, the Army asked him to go to Vietnam in 1966, and he spent four short tours of duty there as a combat analyst and historian. In 1967 he stirred media criticism by a harsh attack on the American press corps in Saigon, accusing the corps members of cynicism, laziness, cowardice, and ideological disorientation. Six books resulted from his Vietnam experiences.

Sam Marshall's service in four wars and his involvement as a war correspondent in a number of other conflicts brought him into close personal contact with the national and military leaders of his time—Eisenhower, George C. Marshall, Patton, Montgomery, MacArthur, David Ben-Gurion, Moshe Dayan, Westmoreland, and a multitude of others. He also was an associate of such literary figures as Carl Sandburg, Ernest Hemingway, and Leon Uris, as well as British military historians Liddell Hart and J. F. C. Fuller and cartoonist Bill Mauldin.

Early in his newspaper career he stopped using his given names in his bylines and began using the three initials instead. The byline "S. L. A. Marshall" led to the nickname "Slam," and many associates, including President Eisenhower, called him by this name. However, another military historian and friend, Forrest Pogue, was quoted in the *Washington Post* as saying that General Marshall's best friends called him "Sam." I met General Marshall only once while I was on active duty. This meeting took place in Korea in early 1953 during a visit he paid to my unit. At that

time I called him neither "Sam" nor "Slam," but by one of two titles: "Colonel" or "Sir." It wouldn't become "Sam" for another 20 years.

As he entered his seventies, Sam Marshall's thoughts again returned to his boyhood home, the "little kingdom on its own," El Paso. He decided to give his personal library to his Alma Mater, The University of Texas at El Paso, although no fewer than fourteen libraries had sought his donation of the valuable collection. He and his wife, Cate, also decided to make their home in El Paso. Imagine my surprise to learn in 1974 that the famed military historian, General S. L. A. Marshall, had purchased a home just three doors away from mine. Our association and friendship did not stem from the fact that we were neighbors, however. It came about because upon my retirement from the Army I became Director of Development at The University of Texas at El Paso and in this capacity was involved in the acquisition of gifts to the University. Frequent meetings to discuss the transfer of books and documents led to a close association and friendship and to the final privilege—to call him "Sam."

The S. L. A. Marshall Military History Collection is now located on the sixth floor of the University Library. The original donation, which consisted of over 3,000 books, 70 linear feet of papers, and numerous items of memorabilia, has been augmented by many gifts from benefactors and from the expenditure of funds donated expressly for the purpose of adding to the collection. The collection has now grown to almost 10,000 volumes and is regarded as one of the finest of its kind in our country. Each year it attracts visits by historians, scholars, and military buffs.

General Marshall died in December, 1977, and is buried at Fort Bliss National Cemetery. His legacy will live on as long as there are students of military history. The stated purpose of the El Paso County Historical Society Hall of Honor is "to honor outstanding men and women of character, vision, courage and creative spirit...who have consistently done the unusual which deserves to be read, heard or seen, and who have made El Paso County better for having lived in it." Unquestionably, General Samuel Lyman Atwood Marshall earned this recognition.☆

"This interest in history.... is the effort of responsible citizens who recognize the importance of history in the world today...and who sense the need of preserving a significant evidence of our heritage, hopeful that it may enrich our lives and guide us properly in the future."

—Stephen W. Kent
Hall of Honor Address, 1979



D. HAROLD WIGGS, Sr.



Tribute to **D. HAROLD WIGGS, SR.**

by Gordon L. Black, M.D.

IT IS A PLEASURE TO PARTICIPATE IN THIS ANNUAL ceremony which recognizes "Outstanding Men and Women...who have made El Paso County better for having lived in it." And it is an honor to pay tribute to D. Harold Wiggs, Sr., whose outstanding service to this community has indeed "made El Paso County better."

Harold Wiggs was born in Cowan, Tennessee, on September 6, 1919, and he arrived in El Paso at the age of seven. He attended the old Lamar Grade School and then El Paso High School, where he combined studies with a vigorous program of athletics. After he graduated in 1938, he attended New Mexico State University on a football and basketball scholarship. In 1942, he received from that institution a B. A. degree in business and an R. O. T. C. commission. A few months later, he landed with the invasion troops on D-Day after his troopship had been sunk by a mine in the English Channel. During his tour of duty in the European Theater, he received a Purple Heart with Three Clusters for wounds in action, the

Silver Star, the Bronze Star, the Distinguished Service Cross with Cluster for bravery in action, and a battlefield promotion to Captain under General Patton. When he was honorably discharged in 1945, he was El Paso's most decorated World War II hero.

In 1945, he established the Wiggs Appliance Company, and while he was working hard to succeed in business he also worked hard to improve the quality of life for his fellow El Pasoans. He was active in leadership roles in the Kiwanis Club, Better Business Bureau, Chamber of Commerce, and Mutual Savings (now Mera Bank). He served as Chairman of the United Fund Drive, was President of the Sun Carnival Association, and served as Deacon of the First Christian Church. He was honored by the El Paso Jaycees as The Outstanding Young Man of 1953, and in 1979 he received a YMCA Achievement Award and was honored as Citizen of the Year by the El Paso Board of Realtors. New Mexico State University, his Alma Mater, honored him as the 1977 Distinguished Alumnus in Business Administration and Economics. He received his second Conquistador Award from the City of El Paso in 1985, and in that same year he was a recipient of the Humanitarian Award from the National Conference of Christians and Jews.

In 1966 Harold Wiggs was elected to the Board of the El Paso Independent School District, and it was in this service that he made perhaps his greatest contribution to the quality of life in El Paso. He served as President of the Board for fourteen years until he resigned in 1984. At that time, School Superintendent McLeod wrote these comments about Wiggs' achievements: "During his long tenure, the El Paso Independent School District became stronger in every area—curriculum improvement, new programs to help minority and disadvantaged students, and policy changes to bring improved benefits and working conditions to the employees."

Harold Wiggs always shunned the spotlight and characteristically he passed the credit to others, but those who have worked with him recognize his contributions and his powers of leadership. "Now that's a *great* idea!" he would declare. No wonder the Board was willing to follow him. With his affirming enthusiasm he just brought us along.

Harold and his wife (nee MaryLou Armstrong) have been married for 46 years and have three children: Toni Lynn (Mrs. Chris Paul), owner and

Gordon L. Black, M.D., has practiced medicine in El Paso since 1949. He is currently Chief of the Radiology Department at Providence Memorial Hospital and also Medical Director at the El Paso Cancer Treatment Center. He was a member of the El Paso Independent School District Board from 1964 to 1970.

manager of the Lady Oxford Dress Shop; David Harold Wiggs, Jr., who is Chairman of the Board of the El Paso Electric Company; and Susan (Mrs. Robert George), a pediatric nurse living in Dallas. These three families have provided Harold and MaryLou with seven grandchildren.

My research into Harold Wiggs' many accomplishments brought forth a question: How did he manage through all those years to run a business, serve his community in numerous civic affairs, inspire so many Public School improvements in his capacity as a long-time President of the Board, devote himself wholeheartedly to his family...and still find time to play handball and golf? I put this question to some of his friends, and they gave me the inside scoop. They declare that he has managed all these activities because of his remarkable ability to budget his time. For example, one of his handball friends told me that as soon as his game was over, Harold would run off the handball court to the locker room. By the time the others had arrived, Harold was long gone. Some of these players are still wondering whether Harold ever took a shower. It was also pointed out that Harold did not waste time walking around the golf course. He always played golf on the run. Finally his knees rebelled and he faced surgery. He acquiesced to the surgery only after being assured that he would be able to continue playing the game. Some of his friends thought this to be somewhat humorous because (so they attest) he did not play well to begin with. However, they readily admit that he was a great competitor. He just hated to lose.

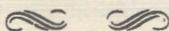
As for his School Board meetings, they were a model of parliamentary efficiency and a superb management of time. The meetings were called to order promptly. The agenda items were taken up in orderly fashion. Discussions were never allowed to ramble into irrelevancies. As Superintendent McLoed put it, "Wiggs was a man with a quick gavel."

An image of Harold Wiggs as a family man is revealed in a story that Dr. H. D. Garrett, Harold's neighbor, likes to tell. Years ago, relates Dr. Garrett, when the Wiggs' son and the Garretts' son were teenagers, the two boys gave a party in the Garretts' backyard. Soon after the party commenced, the young people formed a "band." It consisted of a bass-type instrument created by a tin tub, a broom handle and a heavy cord; also several percussion instruments originally designed as pots and pans; and all this accompanied a guitar with a wonderfully powerful electric amplifier. (Young David started having trouble with electricity early in life!) This band made up for its lack of musical expertise with its great enthusiasm. With a solid beat, the members played all of the current hits. And where was Harold all this time? Forty feet away in his bedroom trying

to get some sleep. When asked the next morning how he liked the music, Harold replied: "It was just fine, but why did they just play that one song all the time?"

There is a tradition that no school board member can be honored by the board while still serving, but as soon as Harold Wiggs had resigned as President, the El Paso Independent School District Board members accorded him their greatest honor by naming a school for him: The Harold Wiggs Middle School, a most fitting monument to his many years of outstanding service.

The El Paso County Historical Society has done well to inscribe in its Hall of Honor the name D. Harold Wiggs, Sr. ☆



THE BATTLE OF BRAZITO...continued from page 170

47. Marcellus Ball Edwards letter.
48. Alexander Doniphan March 4, 1847 Report, Executive Documents of the Senate of the United States, First Session of the Thirtieth Congress, December 6, 1847, Vol. I, 497.
49. Franklin letter, 3.
50. Hughes, 132.
51. Ralph P. Bieber, *Marching with the Army of the West: Journal of Marcellus Ball Edwards* (The Southwest Historical Series, Vol. IV, 1934), 300.
52. Thomas I. Edwards letter.
53. Marcellus Ball Edwards letter.
54. Thomas I. Edwards letter.
55. Marcellus Ball Edwards letter.
56. Thomas I. Edwards letter.
57. Franklin letter, 3-4.
58. Hughes, 132.
59. Doniphan Report in the Thirtieth Congress, 498.
60. Marcellus Ball Edwards letter.
61. Susan Magoffin, *Down the Santa Fe Trail: The Diary of Susan Shelby Magoffin* (Yale University Press, 1962), 181.
62. Frank S. Edwards, 84.
63. Connelley, 67.
64. Franklin letter, 3.
65. Robinson, 66; Hughes, 133.
66. Bieber, *A Soldier Under Kearny and Doniphan*, 305.
67. Richardson Diary, 24.
68. Marcellus Ball Edwards letter.
69. Robinson, 66; Doniphan Report in the Thirtieth Congress, 498.
70. Marcellus Ball Edwards letter.
71. John T. Hughes, letter to editor, January 4, 1847, Robert H. Miller Papers, *loc., cit.*, 4.
72. Connelley, 371.
73. Hughes, *Doniphan's Expedition*, 134.
74. Franklin letter, 3.
75. George Creel, "Doniphan's Volunteers," *Collier's*, September 9, 1933.
76. Frank S. Edwards, 86; Richardson Diary, 24.
77. Marcellus Ball Edwards letter.
78. Frank S. Edwards, 88; Marcellus Ball Edwards letter.
79. Robinson, 67.
80. Marcellus Ball Edwards letter; Robinson, 67.
81. Thomas I. Edwards letter.



My LOVE AFFAIR with the SUN CARNIVAL

by William I. Latham

As one who scans an album in the evening all alone,
And gazes on the faces of the friends that he has known,
So I turn the leaves of fancy till in shadowy design
I see the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine!

—James Whitcomb Riley



THE LAST WEEK OF DECEMBER, 1934, WAS A quiet week—sportswise. College football had ended on Thanksgiving Day, and college basketball would not begin until after the holiday season at the earliest. Nothing slopped over. On January 1 you could tune in your radio and listen to the Rose Bowl. That was all. In El Paso, the Thanksgiving Day game between Austin and El Paso High Schools always wound up the local gridiron season.

Twice before, El Paso had tried to capitalize on its sunshine and beautiful winter weather by sponsoring midwinter celebrations. One, O-Sap-Le, had lasted from 1910 until 1912; and a previous one, hailed as the Mid-Winter Celebration (1901-1903), had lasted only until a heavy snowstorm blew down the carnival which was its principal feature.

In the fall of 1934, I became associated with the establishment of El

Paso's third midwinter celebration. As the sports editor representing *El Paso World-News*, I attended an organizational meeting held one afternoon in the Hotel Paso del Norte, sponsored by the Kiwanis Club. The presiding officer, if memory serves, was Sheriff of El Paso County Chris P. Fox. Also present were sports writers Paxton Dent of *The El Paso Times* and Bob Ingram of the *El Paso Herald-Post*, as well as Douglas Butler, president of the Kiwanis Club, and Dr. Bryce Schuller, a dentist who was the originator of the idea—this time a high school football game. Actually, he hoped only to bring some life to El Paso in that “dead week” between Christmas Day and New Year's Day. Dr. Schuller envisioned a football game between an all-star team from El Paso and a strong West Texas high school team. It would be played on New Year's Day in the R. R. Jones Stadium at El Paso High School, and profits that first year, if any, would go to erect a small press box on the south side of the field.

The outcome of that meeting was that such a game would be played and that the local all-star squad was to be named by the three sports writers, aided by pressuring of coaches from Austin, Bowie, El Paso, and Cathedral High Schools. The game, played on New Year's Day, 1935, saw the local all-stars defeat Ranger High School, 25-21. Profits were used to build the press box, and the game and its publicity were such a success that sponsors planned for a college game the next year.

A contest to name the newest “Bowl” was held, and Dr. C. M. Hendricks was the winner with the “Sun Bowl.” Also, a formal organization, the Southwestern Sun Carnival Association, was established, and Dr. Hendricks was elected its director general. Four local service clubs were invited to participate in staging the four events which would make up the program in 1936—a coronation and coronation ball, the football game and a parade.

So began my love affair with the Southwestern Sun Carnival.

The first Sun Queen was Ruth Staten, and the first coronation was held in Liberty Hall, the only place in El Paso large enough for such an event. Sun Carnival President Harris Walthall invited the governor of Texas, James Allred, to come to El Paso and crown the queen. The governor accepted, and the ceremony took place on December 30, 1935. The page who carried the royal crown was an El Paso lad—Larry Nickey (now city-county health officer), the flower girl was Betty Ruth Williams, and the

William I. Latham, a retired editor of the El Paso Times and a longtime civic leader, was inducted into the El Paso County Historical Society Hall of Honor in 1985. Among many other honors, he has received the Conquistador Award from the City of El Paso, and in 1983 he was named Outstanding Citizen of the Year.

train bearers were Frances Zork and Anne Schwartz.

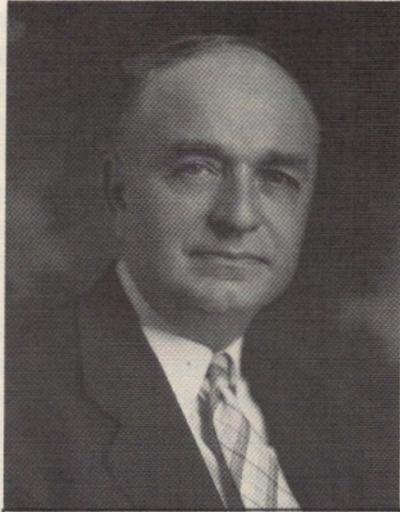
The second coronation was held in the Plaza Theater, when Gretchen Reinemund was crowned, also by Governor Allred. The coronation ball that year was held in the Hotel Paso del Norte. The next year, when Charlene Watkins was crowned Sun Queen, the event was held in the El Paso Country Club. The next year it was moved back to Liberty Hall, where it stayed until 1945-1946. Then it was moved to the Coliseum. The Sun Carnival was by now an established feature of the holiday season, and its four events were becoming more popular each year.

During the World War II years, two of the events were suspended—the coronation ball and the parade.

The football games continued to be held, all of them on New Year's Day, and the coronations were splendid social affairs which reflected the spirit of the times. Queen Barbara Bassett, for example, set her theme as "Victory in 1943," and that year all profits of the football game were donated to Armed Services charities.

When the war ended in 1945, El Pasoans returned to work for the Sun Carnival. The parade, whose sponsors had hoped would one day rival the Rose Parade in Pasadena, was handled by a service club—the Lions. The coronation and the ball were usually held on December 30 or 31, and the parade and football game on January 1 or 2. In 1938, the game had been moved from Jones Stadium to Kidd Field, on the campus of the Texas College of Mines and Metallurgy. The new location had 15,000 seats. Since 1945, records have been kept of the payoffs to the two teams participating, and that year each college received \$6,511. College teams from across the nation were being invited and, in those days, before so many bowls were established and television helped sweeten the pot, it was easy to attract teams.

An elaborate scheme had been worked out by Allan (Cap) Falby, executive director, to assist in the selection of a queen. All participating



Dr. C. M. Hendricks, first director general of the Southwestern Carnival Association. (Photo courtesy Mrs. George Broderson)

service clubs sent representatives to a meeting where a drawing was held. The person who drew that marked counter kept his identity secret. Sometime later, he revealed his name to the executive director of the Sun Carnival, who then placed him in touch with the Association president. These two conferred with women representatives from the board about which young women could be considered and which dads might be willing to pay for the honor. The name of the queen-to-be was announced in the newspapers the week after Thanksgiving Day, the announcement appearing one year in the *Times* and the next in the *Herald-Post*. Being managing editor of the *Times* during those years (1946-1970) meant that I was in the middle of everything.

Until the formal announcement, the name of the queen-to-be was kept strictly secret—except, of course, from the newspaper which would “break” the story. Weeks prior to the announcement, that paper would start planning its coverage, which would include a photo session of the young woman and her court. Immediately after the announcement, the Sun Carnival was “in”—and El Paso became a whirl of dinners, receptions, teas, and luncheons held in honor of the queen-to-be and her royal entourage.

Sometime in the late 1940s, the evolution of the newspapers’ “Sun Carnival Editions” began. It started with a few photos of the parade floats which had won prizes. Then photos of out-of-town marching bands were used. From there, it was an easy step to publishing photos of the coronation and the pre-coronation parties. In a short time, photos of the games were used. Suddenly, each newspaper had a full-fledged photo section covering the entire program. If you were an El Pasoan, you could buy one of these editions and mail it to Podunk or Peoria and show your folks there what El Paso did during the week between Christmas and New Year’s, ending with the Sun Bowl game.

In those days I became Lions Club representative in charge of the Sun Parade, a position I held for three years. Each New Year’s Day at about 8 a. m., I reported to the parade’s starting point and checked in with Warren (Pappy) Hoyt, who managed the parade. At 10 a. m., Pappy blew his whistle and the Fort Bliss Color Guard, the 82nd Army Band, and several hundred marching troopers moved off after the law enforcement units which, with lights flashing and sirens sounding, meant to the spectators along the route that the parade was coming. Initially, the parade moved from downtown at the Toltec Building to Montana, then east to Five Points. Later the route was reversed, starting at Five Points and ending downtown. In recent years, it moved from east of Copia west along Montana to break up before it reached the downtown business section.

THE SUN CARNIVAL

Most years the parades and games have been held in El Paso's beautiful winter sunshine, but at least three times, maybe more, the weather behaved traitorously. During one of the Sun Parades, snow was packed along the curbs, and the bands and drum majorettes marched to quick time to stay warm. In 1974, a freak winter storm left frost on the playing field of the Sun Bowl. During the telecast of the game, mist was rising from the field. Sports writers, no respecters of anything sacred, promptly dubbed it the "Fog Bowl." In 1982, during the first Sun Bowl ever played in the present bowl with its 51,000 seats, snow fell steadily throughout the Christmas Day game between North Carolina and Texas.

In earlier years, two reporters on the *Times*—Granville Mott and Bob Reid—had left the newspaper and opened a public relations agency. They obtained the contract to publicize the Sun Carnival and came up with some great ideas. I think they were the originators of Sons of the Sun, a membership group which drew widespread support from El Pasoans in general and the city's service clubs in particular. The money raised all went to the Sun Carnival. Bob Reid conceived the idea of having an Olympic-type torch in San Jacinto Plaza, and one year he had Tarahumara



El Paso's first Sun Queen, Ruth Staten, as she appeared at her coronation, December 30, 1935. Also shown are crown bearer Larry Nickey, flower girl Betty Ruth Williams, and train bearers Frances Zork and Anne Schwartz. (Photo from the archives of the El Paso County Historical Society)

Indians run from Chihuahua City to El Paso to light the torch. Polly Harris, later a leading El Paso politician, handled publicity for the court and the coronation over a period of many years.

One afternoon late in 1960, while I was working for the *Times*, Dr. Judson Williams and two other men who were active in the Sun Carnival asked me to serve as president for the next year. After obtaining permission from Dorrance Roderick and W. J. Hooten, publisher and editor respectively of the paper (and therefore my bosses), I accepted the nomination. Thus, I became president of the Southwestern Sun Carnival in its 27th year, 1961-1962. I took office in February, as I recall, and so began one of the most enjoyable years I have ever had in civic work.

I had an excellent board: Jack Chapman (Lions), secretary and public relations; Leonard A. Goodman, Jr. (Kiwanis), treasurer; Carl W. Connors (Rotary), immediate past president and administration; and the following vice presidents—Bob Kolliner (Kiwanis), game; H. B. "Barney" Barneburg (Lions), parade; G. P. Angell (Five Points Lions), jamborees; James P. Wallace (Optimists), program; Charles L. Orndorff (20-30), coronation ball; William C. Newman (Jaycees), special events; Karl O. Wyler, Jr. (Rotary), membership; and Mrs. Ellis O. Mayfield and Mrs. Robert H. Given, queen's court. Bruce Brooks was manager; today his title would be executive director.

The theme of the Carnival that year was "Our American Heritage." Susan Mayfield and Marian Given did an outstanding job of implementing that theme in their presentation of the coronation. Can you imagine turning the interior of the Coliseum, a place built to house rodeos, into a street in Old Williamsburg? Sam Cohen, in charge of constructing sets in Liberty Hall and the Coliseum, and his crew constructed replicas of four buildings from Old Williamsburg with walls of "shim," a material so transparent that if a light were placed behind it you could see the interior.

Through the good offices of Major General Marshall S. (Pat) Carter, the commanding general at Fort Bliss, Susan and Marian managed to obtain the services of the Third Infantry, the main ceremonial outfit at Washington, D. C. In colorful, historically accurate colonial uniforms, the Third made El Paso's Old Williamsburg come alive. The El Paso Natural Gas Company Choraliers, a 45-voice musical group in El Paso at that time, were seated in the Raleigh Tavern replica and sang Colonial-era songs. A special number, "Prayer for Peace," written for the occasion by Alan Friedman and Alan D'War, also was sung. El Paso Civic Ballet dancers performed, and the music for the coronation was furnished by the El Paso Symphony Orchestra, with Abraham Chavez conducting.

Edita White was incoming Sun Queen, and the coronation was spectacular, as was also the coronation ball, put on by the 20-30 club, in the magnificent setting of Old Williamsburg.

Don't ever make the mistake of asking me which coronation, to my thinking, was the most beautiful. Jim Kriegbaum, a later president, asked me that after his coronation was held.

"Second best I've seen," I told him.

He bristled. "Which do you rate as the most beautiful?"

"Old Williamsburg in 1961, the year I was president."

Susan and Marian also introduced a new feature that year. They had a gold medallion of the Sun Carnival logo made, about two inches in length, which hung on a ribbon. It was handed from president to president, to be worn by each during his tenure in office. Somewhere along the line, though, it was cast aside.

Until my year and the one immediately following, the organization had been headed by the "old guard," men who had participated in the formation and the development of the Sun Carnival. In 1963, younger people rose



Queen Edita White presides over the Sun Court at her coronation, held on December 28, 1961, in the "Old Williamsburg" setting at the El Paso Coliseum. Second to her left (reader's right) is William I. Latham, 1961-62 Sun Carnival President, wearing the Sun Carnival gold medallion. (Photo from the the El Paso County Historical Society archives)

to positions of responsibility and began to introduce changes.

Bob Kolliner was placed in charge of a committee to seek a contract with a major television network. Also a tax bond program was proposed to build a new Sun Bowl Stadium west of Kidd Field—to be used solely for the game and Texas Western College games. The public approved the bond issue for \$1.75 million, and plans were made to build a stadium with 30,000 seats. An out-of-town firm won the contract but had to give it up during construction, and an El Paso firm completed the project.

In 1963 Harrison Kohl, from Omaha, Nebraska, was hired as executive director of the Sun Carnival. The Sun Bowl game, which had been a minor game with minor teams, began to change. The first Sun Bowl game in the new stadium, played on December 31, 1963, matched Southern Methodist University against the University of Oregon. A crowd of 18,464 watched the game, and each team was paid \$50,000. Kohl, Jimmy Rogers, and other young men started negotiations for a network contract and signed a three-year contract with NBC, which broadcast the games in 1965 and in 1967. The seekers-after-a-contract then turned to CBS, and that network finally signed a ten-year contract. CBS is still broadcasting the game.

In the next few years, the Sun Bowl drew such teams as Nebraska, Georgia Tech, Auburn, Alabama, Pittsburgh, Texas A & M, Stanford, Texas, Washington, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Oklahoma State, and others. The team share for each game went from \$60,000 in 1964 to \$750,000 in 1987. Also, some big-name athletes have played in the Sun Bowl—Ara Parseghian (1948), Merlin Olsen (1960), Bert Jones (1971), Tony Dorsett (1975). In 1955 a reserve back on the Florida State squad was named Buddy Reynolds; today he is movie star Burt Reynolds.

Many other changes have taken place. In 1961, a basketball tournament was added to the program of Sun Carnival events. It was tried once, then abandoned, then reinstated. In 1974, the Coronation and ball were moved to the El Paso Performing Arts and Convention Center downtown. Also that year, the All-American College Golf Tournament was added, usually held in late November. In 1978, the date of the parade was changed from New Year's Day to Thanksgiving Day. In 1982, the first game played in the enlarged Sun Bowl Stadium (51,000) seats took place.

Name changes have been interesting, too. From the Southwestern Sun Carnival Association it became the Southwestern Sun Carnival, then the Sun Bowl Association. In 1986 a corporate sponsor—John Hancock Financial Services—was obtained, and the name became the “John Hancock Sun Bowl.” This year the name was changed to the “John Hancock Bowl.”

Continued on page 194



The Disappearance of the HEBERER and the LORIUS Couples

by Art Leibson

EVERYBODY WITH ANY REAL INTEREST IN SOUTHWESTERN folklore knows of the disappearance and presumed murder of Albert Fountain and his nine-year-old son close to the edge of New Mexico's White Sands late in the 19th century. That story has been told over and over again.

But how many know of the same fate that hit two Illinois couples, also in New Mexico, and that brought out the National Guard to hunt for their bodies? For an entire month the state spent at least five hundred dollars a day keeping special investigators working on the case. Cavalrymen were searching the ground in five counties, where sheriffs and other peace officers massed their forces. A lone plane based at Fort Bliss was sent out to reconnoiter in the first aerial hunt ever staged in this area. That was 54 years ago. The bodies have never been found and supposedly are buried somewhere in the Southwestern desert wasteland.

The four victims were Illinois tourists, George M. Lorius and Albert Heberer and their respective wives. On May 22, 1935, they rose early, leaving Vaughn, east of Albuquerque, to get a good start on their travels. A parking lot owner placed them in Albuquerque the next day, and a Hot Springs (now Truth or Consequences) waitress was certain they had stopped in a cafe there, asking directions to Carlsbad Caverns.

Two cowboys found some of their luggage, partially burned, four miles east of downtown Albuquerque, and the search was on. Posses were organized to look into abandoned mines and mountain arroyos, "bottomless" lakes and desert sands. Divers plunged into Elephant Butte reservoir, and the Rio Grande was dredged for miles as part of the comprehensive search. Newspapers boiled with rumors of arrested suspects. Each day, Governor Clyde Tingley issued a statement assuring the public that the man believed to be the killer would be arrested soon and that the bodies would be recovered. Finally, however, the Governor had to admit that the trail had grown cold, and he called off the investigation.

While the trail was cooling down in New Mexico, it was heating up in West Texas. The suspect had driven away in the victims' car, as it was later learned, and had had two smash-ups, one seven miles south of Socorro, New Mexico, and another 44 miles below Socorro. He had stayed overnight in El Paso, leaving behind him a string of travelers checks forged in the name of one of the victims. They were part of \$400 in checks that Lorius had when he left his home in East St. Louis. Heberer, a barber, was known to have had \$150 in cash when he left DuQuoin, Illinois. Further, it was determined that both Mrs. Lorius and Mrs. Heberer were wearing diamond rings. Forged checks continued to mark the trail as the killer headed east—in Fort Hancock, Van Horn, Pecos, Odessa. All had been cashed between May 23, the date of the disappearance, and three days later. Other checks were recovered at Toyah, Abilene, Cisco, Hot Springs, and Dallas, where the car crashed again and was abandoned.

The FBI, then gaining a nationwide crime-doctor reputation, entered the case but could add nothing. The Bureau brought the car through El Paso on the way to New Mexico, where it was shown in many places in the hope that somebody would recognize it and be able to shed some light on the mystery.

The suspect was described by several businessmen, who all told of having noticed his nervousness in cashing the checks. He was said to be about 22 years old, standing slightly less than six feet and weighing about 150 pounds. He had an olive complexion and a tattoo on one arm. It seems strange that so many who were in contact with him and were stuck with his forged checks noted that he was "terribly nervous," yet did not hesitate to cash the checks.

Back in Illinois, Governor Henry Horner posted a \$500 reward in the case, matched by a Masonic Lodge. (In the Fountain case, the Masonic Grand Lodge of New Mexico had offered a \$10,000 reward.)

Evidently those in charge of the search gave little credence to the statement of the Hot Springs cafe owner and waitress who placed the foursome there, far south of Vaughn, where the hunt for the killer was focused.

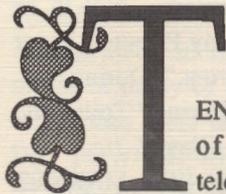
The second greatest manhunt and missing-persons search in New Mexico's history, topped only by the search for the Fountains and their murderer(s), was at an end. Today the killer of the Illinois couples, if still alive would be in his late 70s, his grisly secret well guarded. ☆

Art Leibson, an attorney-turned-journalist, is retired from the staff of the El Paso Times. This is the third in a series of his articles dealing with unsolved crimes in the El Paso region.



The NEWS at the PASS— ONE CENTURY AGO (October–December, 1889)

by Damon Garbern



TEN O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, THE FIRST DAY of October, 1989, and what should be on television—interspersed with talk show politicians in full oratory and TV evangelists hawking gifts and piety (with proper donation, of course)—but Bing Crosby singing “White Christmas”! While the El Pasoans of today are urged to acquire a recording of Bing Crosby (cassette, record, or compact disc), what did our counterparts of a hundred years ago endure from the mass media?

Fortunately for the El Pasoan of 1889, the media were not as massive; essentially there was only the newspaper. A review of the advertising in the *El Paso Herald*, October 1 through December 31, 1889, gives us an intriguing picture of life in old El Paso, “Queen City of the Southwest.” For the most part advertisers were content to let the same ad run for months at a time with perhaps a line added about the middle of December for “Holiday Gifts.” The CALIFORNIA STORE featured “Special Bargains in Boys Suits” in October but switched to more seasonal advertising in

November and December proclaiming in large display ads that "We are proud to protect you from the cold winter with our fine woolen underwear." LIGHTBODY AND JAMES offered "Korrect Shape" shoes and boots for Gents, Boys, and Youth. From A. W. SPENCER, one could buy coal, coke and wood at "full weight and measure with prompt delivery." Because of El Paso's unique location as a transportation hub in a mining and agricultural area, several merchants specialized in farming and mining supplies and equipment: KETELSEN & DEBETAU; KRAKAUER, ZORK, & MOYE; and the INTERNATIONAL SMELTING COMPANY.

W. G. WALZ offered an unusual assortment of items: Mexican Art Goods and Curiosities; Mason & Hamlin and Story & Clark pianos and organs; White and Domestic sewing machines; and A. G. Spalding baseball goods. Mr. Walz was one of the few merchants who promoted Christmas shopping. He ran daily reminders in one-line ads within the body of newspaper stories as well as in display advertising for his two stores, W. G. WALZ in El Paso and THE OTHER SIDE in Paso del Norte. At the latter store he featured "A Museum of Mexican Curiosities" and a "Depository of European Goods." He promised ladies' kid gloves from five different manufacturers, including the latest Parisian styles, as well as embroideries from China and Japanese silk handkerchiefs for ladies and gentlemen—"all styles and colors." In his El Paso store he had a large stock of holiday goods that he had personally bought in Europe. Not to be outdone, the W. A. IRVIN CO. claimed to have "holiday Presents—Nicer and Cheaper than Ever—An Endless Variety to Select From." During non-holiday periods, Irvin was a druggist and stationer offering "Toilet and Fancy articles, News Depot, and Paints and Window Glass."

The grocers also entered the holiday spirit. The UNION MARKET was pleased to offer ("In Ample time for Thanksgiving") turkeys, chickens, venison, oysters, fish, and Kansas City pork tenderloin and spareribs. The GEORGE AND COMPANY, "Well-known Fruit Seller and Grocer of San Antonio Street" had received by express in time for the holidays a "Splendid lot of turkeys, dressed and alive, luscious strawberries, celery, collie flower, parsley, oranges, pine apples, pears, red checked apples, and other fruit; shrimp, crab, salmon, smelt, live quail, and chickens."

The EL PASO ICE & REFRIGERATION CO. was the only advertiser to feature its telephone number (#41), implying the ease of ordering by phone, "Pure Ice and Distilled Water Furnished in All Parts of the City at the Shortest Notice." The STAR STABLES, its ad enlivened by a cut

Damon Garbern, a performer with EL PASO PRO MUSICA, serves the El Paso Independent School District as Consultant, Vocal Music-Theatre Arts.

of a black hearse, combined "Livery and Undertaking." THOMAS S. KERR, Cabinet maker, offered "wood turning, planing, and sawing" as well as fine picture frames. WM. K. VAN SCHROCK would tune pianos and organs, and GEORGE W. HICKOX & HIXON had "an elegant stock of fine diamonds which we will sell at less than eastern prices."

Patent medicine manufacturers offered perhaps the most lurid advertising of the period. HOBBS LITTLE VEGETABLE PILLS could cure

Sick Headache, dyspepsia, indigestion, and all diseases of the stomach and liver; constipation, headache, piles, heartburn, bad taste in mouth, nausea, sour stomach, coated tongue, yellowness of skin, and pain in the side.

No less effective was DR. PARDEE'S REMEDY, regulator of liver and kidneys, and guaranteed to cure

Rheumatism, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Neuralgia and All Other Blood and skin Diseases; taken daily keeps the blood cool, liver and kidneys active, and eradicates from the system all traces of any blood-related disease. UNIVERSAL SATISFACTION. \$1/BOTTLE.

ST. JACOBS OIL (featuring a cut of a baseball player in action) assured one that "All Athletes Use It" and offered prompt and permanent cures for "sprains, strains, bruises, and wounds." DR. BELL'S TONIC PILLS (available direct from New York) attacked "nervous debility, weakness, excesses, overwork of brain and nervous system brought on by youthful indiscretions." "Youthful indiscretions," if one judges by the various medications advertised, appeared to be a problem preying on the minds of many of El Paso's male population a hundred years ago. It is hoped that some of these men took comfort from a half-page ad run by DR. POWELL REEVES, PRIVATE DISPENSARY, ST. CHARLES HOTEL, FOR A FEW DAYS ONLY! His ad declared that "a permanent cure is PROMISED," that "All letters and interviews [are] held SACREDLY confidential," and that the "MEDICINE is packed so as not to excite curiosity."

El Pasoans did not have to depend entirely on pills and private dispensaries. HUDSON HOT SPRINGS, NEW MEXICO, a "quiet and shady resort," was available for those who could afford to spend \$2.00 to \$3.00 a day. "Invalids and pleasure seekers" were promised a "sure cure for rheumatism and blood & kidney diseases." And finally, those concerned could write to the ERIC MEDICAL COMPANY, Buffalo, New York, and get the testimonies of men from 47 states, territories and foreign countries who had "ROBUST, NOBLE MANHOOD, FULLY RESTORED!"

Nor was entertainment lacking in that long ago El Paso. In late

December, you could enjoy simple pleasures like seeing "KING WINTER pay his respects to SANTA CLAUS and the QUEEN OF SLUMBERLAND rendered by the pupils of THE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC and of MRS. O'FARRAL'S SCHOOL, or you could attend the GRAND ORIENTAL CIRCUS featuring such splendors as the ROYAL TYCOON JAPANESE TROUPE, WONDERFUL PERFORMING ELEPHANTS, and OUR FOUR GREAT CLOWNS.

A review of the offerings at the MYAR OPERA HOUSE indicates that El Paso had opportunities to see more touring productions than we do today. On October 10 appeared the troupe of MURRAY AND MURPHY:

Irish comedians in the laughable farce comedy
OUR IRISH VISITOR
Replete with COMMICALISTIC WITTICISMS

This was followed in November with ROYCE AND LANSING MUSICAL CO ("An array of talent equalled by NONE") and in early December by THE REIGNING FAVORITE OF THE COMEDY STAGE MISS VERONICA JARBEAU appearing in "STARLIGHT."

To close out the year, the MYAR OPERA HOUSE offered

THE UNION SQUARE THEATRE COMPANY in
"POSSIBLE CASE"

An amusing comedy by Sydney Rosenfeld

The citizens of late 1889 El Paso ("Queen City of the Southwest") didn't have the blessing of Bing Crosby's "White Christmas" (cassette, record, or compact disc), but they did have their "herald" which regularly blazoned the repertoire of goods, services, and (respectable) entertainment. ☆



THE SUN CARNIVAL...continued from page 188

and a sponsor for the parade—Skaggs Alpha Beta—was selected.

The game on December 24, 1983, marked the 50th Sun Bowl contest, as Alabama defeated Southern Methodist University, 28-7. Pre-game ceremonies honored living members of the 1935 El Paso All-Stars, the Ranger High School team, and Bob Ingram, former *Herald-Post* sports writer, and me for helping select the 1935 El Paso squad. It was very cold that day, and Mrs. Latham and I left at the half. That was the official ending of the Latham-Sun Carnival love affair, after 50 years. ☆



THAT MAGIC LAND

A Kern Place Boyhood

by David W. Tappan

IN 1923 THE CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE WAS IN Kern Place: 2701 North Kansas, to be precise. I was four years old, the third child of a doctor living in the large two-storied brick home that he had recently bought to house his growing family. My younger brother, Robert, was not quite yet born; and our family consisted of Mother and Father (Dr. and Mrs. John W. Tappan), older brother John, older sister Marion, Grandma Tappan, Aunt Daisy (Dad's sister), and Dad's Uncle Xavier. Completing the household were our good German nurse, Hilda, and our splendid cook, Margarita, who taught me Spanish before I learned English.

In those days we were at the lower edge of the Kern Place subdivision in one of the city's westernmost houses. On page 123 of Frank Mangan's fine book *El Paso in Pictures*, our house can be made out in the aerial photograph taken in 1930. Even then it was still among the westernmost residences. Next door to us was (and still is) a stone house, then being built by a Mr. and Mrs. Trevz. They had constructed one room, in which

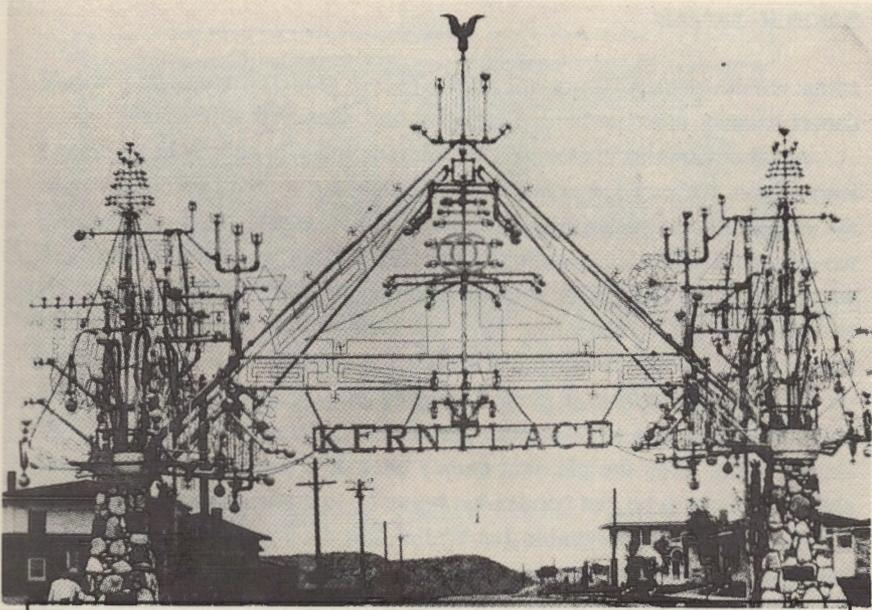
they lived while they labored mightily to complete the large two-storied home they had designed. Mr. Trevz would take his wheelbarrow northward on Kansas Street, which ended abruptly a half block away, and trek out into what was felicitously named Piedmont Heights, a veritable wilderness of ravines, rocks, cactus, and trails. He would gather rocks and bring them home, then repeat his trip over and over again until he had enough to start mixing mortar and building exterior walls. Sometimes he and I would explore far into Piedmont Heights, carrying a can of beans, and eat lunch with spoons fashioned from a nearby Spanish Dagger cactus. There were no buildings to the north or west—nor would there be any for many years to come.

Directly across Kansas Street from our house, at 401 Cincinnati, was a handsome two-storied white home, occupied by Jake and Grace Miller and their two sons, Dick and Bob, who were friendly playmates to me. Mr. Miller, who operated the White House Department Store, and his wife were wonderful neighbors. Warren and Greta Small and their son, Bill, lived at the upper corner of that same block. Bill and I later became kindergarten schoolmates at the new Dudley School, located a block away on Chicago Street (now Robinson Boulevard and named for the mayor). I remember a tree-planting ceremony at school on Arbor Day. Each child wrote his or her name on poster paper. Four or five of these papers were placed in the hole where a tree was then planted. Each tree thus “belonged” to those children whose names were planted with the tree, and we were asked to watch over and care for “our” tree as it grew.

Farther along on Cincinnati Street, toward the mountain, was Mayor Dudley’s beautiful home, now called Hoover House and serving as the residence of the president of The University of Texas at El Paso. And still farther up Cincinnati, just above Madeline Park, was the Paul Lucketts’ large house known as “The Castle,” one of the first homes in Kern Place and (just like the Trevz house) built of rock gathered in the area.

My route from school to home took me past the arch built of iron pipes at the intersection of Robinson and North Kansas. Most of the original Indian designs were unrecognizable, and there were no longer any lights, but the words “Kern Place” were still there, a tribute to Pete Kern, the onetime jeweler who had laid out the subdivision and promoted it a decade earlier. The arch rested on pillars built of “Kern Place stone,” one on each

David W. Tappan, a native of El Paso, is a graduate of El Paso High School and the Texas College of Mines and Metallurgy (now The University of Texas at El Paso). Recently retired from the insurance business, he resides in El Paso with his wife, Clarice.



Kern Symbolic Gate, located at Kansas and Robinson Streets, which marked the entrance to Kern Place. (Photo courtesy Southwest Collection, El Paso Public Library, and James W. Ward)

side of Kansas Street. Adventurous boys sometimes tried to climb up a few feet onto the arch, but they rarely succeeded. The east pillar stood in front of the home of Dr. and Mrs. Paul McChesney at 401 Robinson Boulevard.

Streets leading to Kern Place from downtown (which literally was located *down* the long hill from Kern Place) were few, Stanton being the only paved street connecting with Cincinnati. The block on Cincinnati between Stanton and Mesa was unpaved until my fourth year. Since this exciting event was taking place only one block from our house, I was allowed to watch. I sat on the curb as the mysterious large trucks and the hardworking pick-and-shovel men came and went. Lumbering old Liberty trucks with exterior chain-drive to the rear wheels were in use. One day, a rear wheel of one of the trucks came off and oil leaked through the axle and dripped onto the ground. I was horrified and ran home to tell Mother that one of the trucks was hurt and bleeding on the ground.

Friendly visitors made life interesting. On summer nights, especially when the moon was bright, strolling troubadors from Juarez with their guitars and mandolins would pass through the streets, singing softly to let the residents know they were there. When invited, they would come up on the front lawn for a brief concert. Their music was of Mexico, beautiful and mysterious, and greatly enjoyed by the Kern Place residents. Silver

coins would change hands after the concert, and the musicians would depart to seek other audiences, smiling and speaking softly.

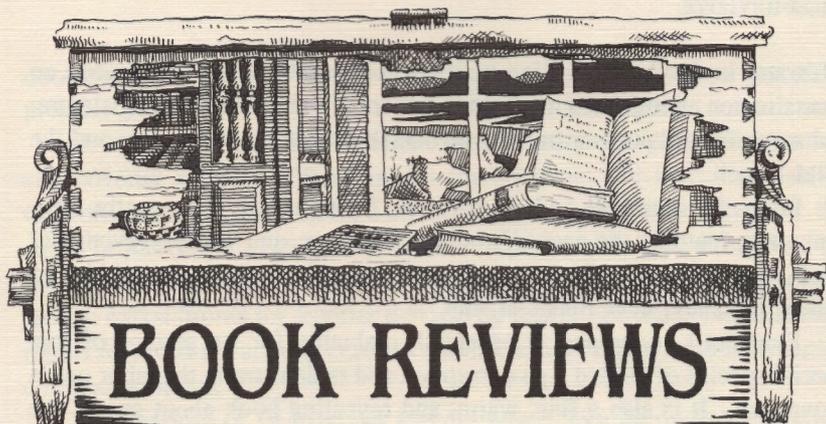
Another favorite visitor was Walter, the iceman. Many years later I learned that his name was not Walter, but at the time all the children in the neighborhood called him Walter. He was vastly good-natured and would chip slivers of ice for the youngsters who followed his wagon, which was pulled by a horse who knew the route and would stop automatically at certain homes. Those who have not followed an ice-wagon on a hot summer day have missed one of life's great experiences: the cold water on the sidewalk set up a most intriguing odor, and the interior of the covered wagon was so cool as to predict the pleasures of present-day air conditioning. Add the pleasant gamey odor of a sweating horse and the skill of a driver who can control his horse by voice commands for blocks at a time, and it was inevitable that Walter, like the Pied Piper, led dancing, laughing children through the streets.

Another intriguing visitor was the slender, elderly Chinese fellow who offered the neighborhood a moveable vegetable feast. His Model-T truck had its bed arranged in double rows of vegetables and fruits on each side, with burlap shades that could be raised or lowered as the situation demanded. The produce was always fresh and tasty, and the somewhat raucous sound of the horn predicted a pleasant visit and perhaps a delicious apricot or strawberry for attentive young admirers.

Mother's other grocery needs were met via telephone to the market downtown. Delivery in a matter of an hour or two made this the premier market in town. Automatic selection of best meat cuts and staples—and no supermarket crowds or lines.

Our father, a physician in the Public Health Service, was transferred to Fort Stanton, New Mexico, in 1926, and our romance with Kern Place was interrupted but not finished. Seven years later, we returned to El Paso to occupy the large white house where the Miller family had lived in those earlier years. It had become the home of Fabian Stolaroff and his family, who were on a trip to Europe. We stayed there a month while finding our own home and were able to view our "old homestead" directly across the street and to admire the rock house where Mr. and Mrs. Trevz had worked so hard—now, of course, nicely finished.

I have lived in other homes in El Paso, as well as in New Mexico and California, and I have adventured over the seas. But when the wind brings the fragrance of mesquite and greasewood in the night and the train whistle sounds in the distance, it is of Kern Place that I think—that magic land where I lived in the long ago and far away.☆



SIRINGO by Ben Pingenot. College Station: Texas A & M University Press, 1989, \$29.50

In two books of his wonderful memoirs, *A Texas Cowboy* or, *Fifteen Years on the Hurricane Deck of a Spanish Pony* (1885) and *Riata and Spurs* (1927), Charlie Siringo gave us stories about himself—as cowboy, rancher, Pinkerton detective, friend of everybody from Pat Garrett to Clarence Darrow to William S. Hart and Will Rogers—that left us wondering a bit about this self-proclaimed “stove up cowboy” out of Matagorda County: Did he? Could he? Was he?

In his careful, unbiased, meticulously researched *Siringo*, Ben Pingenot, a Bracketville, Texas, historian and bookseller, says, basically, yes he did, yes he could, yes he was. And in this seemingly endless era of debunking, it is a glorious thing to know that Charlie Siringo was who he said he was—maybe even more than he said he was.

Charles Angelo Siringo (1855-1928), born of an Italian father and an Irish mother, began his extraordinary career in his young teens as a cowboy for Jonathan and Abel (“Shanghai”) Pierce, driving longhorns up the Chisholm Trail to Dodge City and on north. He worked later for the LK spread in the Panhandle and by the time this early stage of his career ended, he was acquainted with the likes of “Bat” Masterson, the young LK waddie who called himself William Bonney, and the Lincoln County, New Mexico, sheriff Pat Garrett. Siringo’s first book, *A Texas Cowboy*, appeared about a year before the author, in Chicago at the precise time of the Haymarket Riot at the McCormick Reaper Works, went to work for the Pinkerton Detective Agency.

For 22 years, Siringo was a Pinkerton operative, in perilous work as a troubleshooter for the redoubtable James McParland (who broke up the renowned “Mollie Maguires” in the Pennsylvania coalfields); as undercover agent in the anarchistic mine labor union in Coeur d’Alene; as

infiltrator in the Santa Fe Ring troubles in New Mexico in 1891 when an assassination attempt was made on members of the Territorial Legislature; and as prolonged pursuer (mostly on horseback) of Butch Cassidy and the Wild Bunch.

From 1914 to the end of his life, Siringo was vehemently anti-Pinkerton, loathing the agency's misuse of power, and wrote a revengeful book, *Two Evil Isms: Pinkertonism and Anarchism*, which caused him no end of grief and near financial ruin.

Pingenot's biography is especially valuable for its picture of that special species of Gilded Age corruption and radicalism in the labor union movement. It is also a fine, warm, and revealing book about one of the essential characters of our not-too-long-ago Western frontier past.

DALE L. WALKER

Director, Texas Western Press, The University of Texas at El Paso



PEDRO DE RIVERA AND THE MILITARY REGULATIONS FOR NORTHERN NEW SPAIN 1724-1729 *edited by Thomas H. Naylor and Charles W. Polzer*, S. J. Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1989, \$50.00

This volume is the second in the Civil-Military Relations series of Documentary Relations of the Southwest, a research project which has been called "a landmark in Hispanic Borderlands studies." The project is headed by a group at the Arizona State Museum under the direction of Thomas H. Naylor and Charles W. Polzer. This volume maintains the superb scholarship and handsome format of the prize-winning previous one. Included here are the *Reglamento de Habana* of 1719, the Frontier Inspections of Pedro de Rivera, 1724-1728, the Maps and Descriptions of Alvarez Barreiro, and the important *Reglamento* of 1729, published in English for the first time.

In 1724 the Marqués de Casafuerte, Viceroy of New Spain, authorized and ordered Brigadier Pedro de Rivera to undertake a complete and detailed inspection of Spain's 29 northern frontier *presidios*—the major objectives being to eliminate waste, corruption, and duplication and to give the Spanish monarchy an effective system of frontier defense for the least possible expenditure of royal funds. Rivera left Mexico City in November of that year, accompanied by Francisco Alvarez Barreiro, an experienced engineer and cartographer; Francisco de Sanchez, a royal scribe; and two clerical assistants. He carried with him 2,500 folios of

documents to provide the necessary historical information for each presidio visited.

Rivera spent more than three and a half years on his tour of inspection and covered nearly 7,000 miles, his travels extending from the Gulf of California on the west, Santa Fe on the north, and the Sabine River on the east. In his final report, known as the *Proyecto*, which he completed on his return to Mexico City, he emphasized that his recommendations would reduce expenditures for frontier defense by nearly one-half. No doubt the report received the serious consideration of king, viceroy, and all Spanish colonial officials.

The presidio of El Paso del Rio del Norte, like all the other frontier presidios, was included in Rivera's *Proyecto*, which was composed of three *estados*, or stages. The first *estado* portrayed the status of the presidios as Rivera found them, the second described changes and reforms in need of immediate implementation, and the third outlined his long-range proposals. The recommendations listed in the third *estado* became the nucleus of the *Reglamento* of 1729, a much more significant document, the editors insist, than the academic community in the past has realized.

The Alvarez Barreiro maps are published here for the first time, and there is a useful Glossary, as well as a bibliography of archival sources and published works, and an index. In recent years, most Borderlands scholars have discovered that no study of the Spanish northern frontier in the 17th and 18th centuries would be complete without one or more of José Cisneros' incomparable sketches. Readers will find on the page facing the Introduction Cisneros' conception of Inspector Pedro de Rivera in the saddle presenting his credentials to the authorities.

W. H. TIMMONS

Professor Emeritus of History, The University of Texas at El Paso



ELMER KEATON AND WEST TEXAS: A LITERARY RELATIONSHIP by Judy Alter. Denton: University of North Texas Press, 1989, \$19.95

Elmer Keaton is the son and grandson of working cowboys. He grew up on West Texas ranches at places with names like Horse Camp and the McElroy Ranch Sand Camp. As a very young man, he attended the University of Texas, but his studies were interrupted by World War II. After the war, he returned from Europe to serve as livestock and farm writer for the *San Angelo Standard-Times*, then as editor of the *Sheep and*

Goat Raiser Magazine, and finally as associate editor of the *Livestock Weekly*, a post he still fills.

An authority on the livestock industry maintains that Kelton "knows more about ranching in this area than anyone can imagine, and he has an ability to communicate that vast storehouse of knowledge." But Elmer's real love was fiction.

After some thirty rejections, he broke into the pulp magazine market in 1947 with a sale to *Ranch Romances*, "There's Always a Second Chance," a short story in which the owner of a cafe nurses a wounded cowhand back to health and then rides off with him into the West Texas sunset to find a second chance in a better town than Greasewood.

More short stories and paperback novels followed. Then came *The Day the Cowboys Quit*, a novel based upon the time when syndicates moved into ranching operations in the Texas Panhandle to apply business principles to an "industry" which had its own unwritten rules. Kelton began to attract critical attention, quickly followed by acclaim. His works have won four Spur Awards from Western Writers of America and two Western Heritage Awards from the National Cowboy Hall of Fame. Additionally he has been honored by the Texas Institute of Letters and has received the Levi Strauss Saddleman Award from Western Writers of America for the contribution of his works to the general body of Western Literature.

Kelton's subject matter comes from the West Texas he knows so well: its land, its history, its livestock industry, and its people. He uses the country to mold and motivate his characters.

His many aficionados will stoutly maintain that all of his works are good, but Judy Alter has singled out six novels for special attention in this critical study: *The Day the Cowboys Quit*, *The Time It Never Rained*, *The Good Old Boys*, *The Wolf and the Buffalo*, *Stand Proud*, and *The Man Who Wrote Midnight*. She traces the qualities in these novels which have caused them to rise to the top in the field of Western Literature.

FRANCIS L. FUGATE

Professor Emeritus of English, The University of Texas at El Paso



FOR ALL THOSE PUPILS WHOSE LIVES TOUCHED MINE by *Stella Gipson Polk*. College Station: Texas A & M University Press, 1989, \$14.95

In the past two years, Texas A & M University Press has published two books relating to Texas country schools. The first, *Bringing the*

Children In: Texas Country Schools (1987), is a survey of the state's country schools drawn from a variety of sources. The second, Stella Polk's book, is an autobiographical account of what it was like to teach in a Texas country school between the two World Wars.

Upon completing high school, Polk passed the teacher's examination and at the age of sixteen began teaching in a two-room school in the Hilda community in Mason County. From there, she moved on, teaching in four other country schools until 1947, when the one-room schools in Mason County were no more. After that date, country children were bused into town schools. She, too, went to teach in a town school; and she compares it somewhat unfavorably to the country school.

Along the way, she had the usual experiences encountered by most country schoolteachers. There were the problem children, the irascible school trustees, and the irate parents. Once, an angry mother rode into the schoolground intent on horsewhipping her, and once she had to leave her school to take a child who had swallowed kerosene to the doctor. There was even the day, too, that "Cousin Audie" showed up at the school on a donkey, which every child in the school wanted to ride even at the risk of being thrown.

Because they were their own principals and superintendents, country teachers had a flexibility denied to urban teachers, and Polk used this freedom to great advantage. Her description of how she taught the history of the Oregon trail offers a good example of what an energetic and imaginative rural teacher could do.

For All Those Pupils Whose Lives Touched Mine is largely anecdotal, as is *Bringing the Children In*. Students interested in a more scholarly study of country schools will have to turn elsewhere. But for those who would like to know what it was like to teach in a one-room school or for those who simply want to take a nostalgic trip down memory lane, Stella Polk's book is first rate.

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THE HISPANIC ELITE OF THE SOUTHWEST by *Manuel G. Gonzales*. El Paso: Texas Western Press, 1989 (Southwestern Series No. 86), \$15.00/\$10.00

When the English-speaking immigrants began to appear in the Southwest in the nineteenth century, the local citizens greeted them, justifiably,

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with distrust and hostility. The aggressive Anglo culture was a challenge to the long-established social, economic, and political systems of the Mexicans. It began almost immediately to reduce their status to subservient laborers and their standard of living to precariousness, imposing alien customs and attitudes upon the *pobladores* and ranchers. Some of them resisted; some departed for more congenial climes; most resignedly fitted into the new structures as best they could.

A few of the elite among them, however, were able to meet their conquerors on their own terms and to take advantage of the opportunities for trade and advancement that came with those conquerors. The Hispanic aristocracy, armed with education and wealth, did in some cases actually welcome the influx of Americans into the territories that had been acquired after the war with Mexico in 1848. They worked out arrangements with their counterparts among the newcomers, often sealed by marriage alliances for their daughters. They managed to maintain their local economic and political power by cooperating in various ways with the new lords of the land.

The motives of the Spanish-speaking accommodationists seem, at first glance, to be blatantly self-interested. But they were, in fact, often mixed: sometimes partly concerned about the welfare of their neighbors, sometimes altruistically seeking protection for the lower classes. These *ricos* were, of course, primarily intending to preserve the power of their ruling class, whether for personal profit or communal benefit.

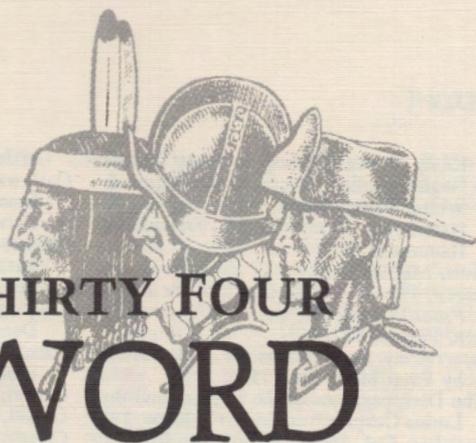
Manuel G. Gonzales, who has taught history at Diablo Valley College in California since 1971, examines this relationship of the Hispanic aristocrats to the Anglos by focusing on eight typical Spanish-speaking landowners: José Antonio Navarro and Juan Seguin of Texas; Mariano Vallejo and Pablo de la Guerra of California; Estevan Ochoa and Mariano Samaniego of Arizona; and Donaciano Vigil and Manuel Antonio Chaves of New Mexico. He follows their careers, speculating on their motives for accommodation—even assimilation for some—with their new compatriots. In the process of this outline we are also shown how the historical view of these *hacendados* has tended to shift—from one of extolling them as American patriots to, more recently, denigration as opportunists during the early years of the occupation. The study is carefully documented, compact with details of frontier life, and thought-provoking in its analysis.

FRANCES HERNANDEZ

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