

PASSWORD



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Confederate Short Sword

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Major Teel's Cannons

By Nancy Hamilton



*Pastel of Trevanion
Theodore Teel, circa 1856*



A prominent nineteenth-century El Paso lawyer is being honored this year with a ceremony in Albuquerque commemorating the 118th anniversary of one of his remarkable achievements: the unearthing of eight cannons that had been used in the New Mexico Campaign of

the Civil War.

Trevanion Theodore Teel was captain (later major) with Light Company B of the 1st Regiment of Artillery, part of General Henry H. Sibley's invading forces in 1861-62. They fought at Cañada Alamosa, Valverde, Apache Canyon, and Peralta. The Union army drove the Confederates south after the Battle of Glorieta, and Teel decided to bury various cannon barrels at Santa Fe, Albuquerque, and, farther down the road, near San Miguel, to keep them out of enemy hands. The carriages were retained for use in transporting equipment.¹

Years later, in 1889, during a chance encounter with Captain Jack Crawford, a Union veteran, Teel mentioned the cannons he had buried at Albuquerque. Crawford challenged Teel to find them and he did, an action that drew considerable attention from the residents of the area and from the press. The event occurred on August 19, the day after Teel's sixty-fifth birthday, and is being marked in 2007 with a ceremony dedicating a plaque near the burial site. Members of the Teel extended family and friends donated funds for restoring the two cannons on display and for the casting of the plaque.

This year's celebration schedule included a dinner on August 17th. The ceremony at 10 a.m. the next day on the Plaza of Old Town was to include historians as speakers and music by the Territorial Band of New Mexico.²



Trevanion Theodore Teel

Major Teel doubtless would relish this attention. He was, after all, a wounded veteran of two wars, having known his first serious combat in the Battle of Buena Vista in late February 1847 during the War with Mexico. He was wounded twice at the Battle of Valverde. Yet he also enjoyed his success as an attorney in the western outreaches of Texas, where he was recognized as among the best at his profession.

He was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, on August 18, 1824, to Dr. Benjamin van der Mark and Ann Gilmore (West) Teel. Four years later, they moved to Illinois for his mother's health, then in 1830 to Lexington, Kentucky, and in 1833 back to Rushville, Illinois, where the boy attended school. He began reading law there as a teenager until the family moved again, in 1839, to Weston, Missouri. After continuing his studies, he was licensed to practice law in 1841 and established a practice in St. Joseph.

While performing legal services for the American Fur Company, Teel traveled to the Rocky Mountains in 1843. He was taken prisoner briefly by the Yankton Lakota. He then moved to Evansville, Indiana, but was unable to continue his law practice because he was not yet twenty-one. He worked as a merchant until June 8, 1846, when he enlisted for service in the war with Mexico in Captain William Walker's Company K of the Second Indiana Infantry regiment commanded by Colonel William A. Bowles. Elected first sergeant of the company, he later was promoted to first lieutenant. During General Zachary Taylor's campaign in northern Mexico, Teel received two wounds in the Battle of Buena Vista. He was discharged on June 28, 1847.

His father had been working as a surgeon in Saltillo, Coahuila, where Teel joined him briefly. After the war, they moved to San Antonio and then to Lockhart, Texas, where the young veteran was admitted to the bar in October 1848. In 1856 he married Emily F. Winans in Bastrop and they established their home in

San Antonio where his acumen as a criminal attorney earned him increasing recognition.³

In 1861 and 1862, Confederate courts operated in El Paso County, which had been organized in 1850 with San Elizario as county seat. The county took in a vast area of the far western end of the state, including what later became Culberson and Huds-peth counties. Its identity with the rest of Texas had not been clear until the boundary definitions of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. Teel was among the lawyers listed as appearing in those courts. He also was admitted to practice law in the courts of Doña Ana County, New Mexico Territory, in 1861. Then, as now, the legal business of the region often transcended geographic lines.⁴

As war clouds loomed over Texas, Teel on February 16, 1861, entered Light Company B, an artillery unit, at San Antonio. It later became part of the command of Colonel John R. Baylor as he invaded New Mexico Territory, which sided with the Confederacy in March. The troops reached Fort Bliss on July 10. Baylor took Fort Fillmore below Mesilla without a fight on July 26 and headed north.⁵

Brigadier General Henry Hopkins Sibley had been authorized in July by the Confederate government to raise a force in Texas with the goal of eliminating the Union army presence in the New Mexico Territory. He was among Union officers who changed sides; he resigned his commission in April 1861, after having served as interim commander of Fort Union. His knowledge of the area was a factor in his ability to persuade Jefferson Davis to undertake the New Mexico campaign.⁶ With about 2,500 poorly equipped men, Baylor's among them, Sibley approached Fort Craig south of Socorro, where Colonel Edward R.S. Canby was commander of Union forces.

Sibley, wanting to move around Fort Craig instead of attacking it, was confronted by Canby's troops at the Valverde river crossing on February 21, 1862. Although the Confederates were outnumbered by a ratio of 3,800 infantry, cavalry, and artillery to their 2,000 cavalry and some artillery, they forced Canby to withdraw. Losses were heavy on both sides.⁷

Captain Teel's battery of six-pounders took a position on the east bank of the river, using two guns to shell the Federals nearby and also across the river. The Federals responded with heavy fire from eight heavier guns, killing many of Teel's men. With only five men left to work his two cannons, and in the midst of a grass fire

ignited by the shelling, Teel seized a ramrod and helped his men in their work. Two more guns of Teel's battery then arrived and another officer sent some men to help them. Finally, in the afternoon, the small arms fire of the Rebels and the bombardment by Teel's guns broke the line of the Union men who retreated.⁸

One of the soldiers wrote of the battle:

... they brought back one of Teel's artillery men severely wounded. At almost the same time another was shot dead, but in the hail of bullets Teel stood bravely to his post, and his battery returned the fire of the enemy with great spirit. Presently, the battery across the river ceased playing upon us and opened fire to our left again, and Teel limbered up and moved down to the left.

About this time, six pieces of artillery ran out and planted in point-blank range of us and began to play grape and shell upon us. In a moment or two, up came Teel with the guns and planted them within ten yards of where I was lying and opened fire upon the enemy.

.... Teel ... came on with two pieces and poured a deadly fire in upon their retreating columns fast making for the fort Thus, after fighting nine hours did we win the Battle of Valverde on a day which we will all recollect.⁹

After that battle, Sibley proceeded north but, finding that the Union had cut off his supply lines, he was forced to retreat to Texas after losing an engagement at Glorieta. Teel wrote a critical account of the experience, "Sibley's New Mexico Campaign: The Objects and the Causes of Its Failure." In it he observed that "General Sibley was not a good administrative officer. He did not husband his resources, and was too prone to let the morrow take care of itself." Also because of the lack of "supplies, ammunition, discipline, and confidence," said Teel, "failure was inevitable." He felt that had Colonel Baylor been in command, "the result might have been different."¹⁰

On February 21, 1862, Teel was promoted to major, the title by which he was known the rest of his life. During the summer of that year, his company, serving with Colonel William Steele's rear guard, was among the last to leave the Mesilla Valley and West Texas. He had been replaced as battery commander. Assigned



Teel's matched Colt revolvers.

to Earl Van Dorn's Army of the West, the battery was active in Arkansas, Missouri, and Mississippi.¹¹

After his military service ended, Teel returned to San Antonio and resumed his law practice, also serving in courts in the sparsely settled western part of the state.

El Paso County had been organized in 1850, as part of the Trans-Pecos region served by the Eleventh Judicial District, including Presidio and Worth counties. A custom district was created by Congress which served far west Texas and southern New Mexico, with cases heard in Mesilla by the federal Third Judicial District Court. Thus, attorneys in that area were often required to practice in both states. El Paso's civil government was inactive during the war, with no attorneys left in the community.¹²

Legislation in 1874 created the Twenty-fifth Judicial District Court which met alternately in El Paso, Pecos County, and Tom Green counties, with Presidio County also covered for judicial purposes. When that court first met in Tom Green County on May 12, 1875, the



Engraving on Teel's pistol.

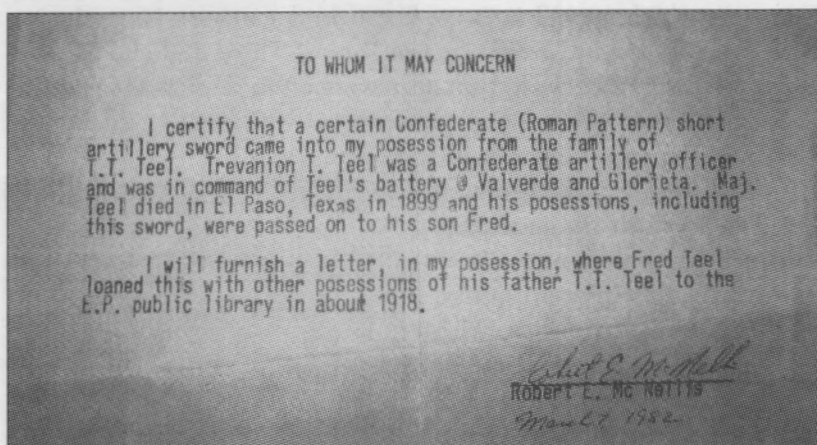
presiding judge was Charles H. Howard, soon to become a controversial figure in the El Paso Salt War of 1877, and Teel was among attorneys appearing before the court. The next session was twelve days later in Ysleta, a trip of some three hundred miles. Ysleta had succeeded San Elizario as county seat in 1867 and would continue in that role until 1883.¹³

Attorneys in far west Texas during the 1870s spent a lot of their time riding horseback from one courthouse to another. The Twenty-fifth Judicial District covered an area roughly equal in size to the states of Ohio and Indiana. Because of hazards to travelers in those times, among them potential attack by roving parties of Indians, the families of attorneys and judges did not accompany them.¹⁴

By the time the railroads reached El Paso County in 1881, Teel had relocated to Ysleta where he continued his law practice. According to his *Handbook of Texas* biography, he "claimed to have defended more than 700 clients charged with capital offenses and to have saved them all from execution."¹⁵

One of Teel's celebrated clients was John King Fisher, who as a young man gained a reputation in the Eagle Pass area as the leader of a group of cattle and horse rustlers. They would fatten the stolen cattle on other people's ranges and openly sell the stolen herds to buyers along the international border marked by the Rio Grande. Fisher's headquarters was on Pendencia Creek near present Carrizo Springs.

In May of 1875 a visiting judge, Edward Dougherty, was presiding at court in Eagle Pass where a grand jury considered a case



Letter of certification.

brought against Fisher and James Vivion. They were charged with assault with intent to murder. Teel appeared on Fisher's behalf and the case was indefinitely postponed. Texas Rangers, bent on prosecuting Fisher and his group, returned a year later and jailed him in San Antonio. Teel again represented him, asking the court how the man could be accused of murder without the *corpus delicti*, without witnesses, and without a definite location for the alleged murder. Fisher was confined for nine months, but his troubles with the law were to continue for several years, although he was able to win favorable juries in each case that went to trial.

By 1878 Fisher, then only in his late twenties, had become a prosperous cattleman. After the dismissal in 1881 of the last of the series of indictments against him for illegalities, Fisher changed his course. He became a lawman, won the respect of his fellow citizens, and was killed at age thirty-one, the innocent bystander in a shootout.¹⁶

Another case involving noted West Texas clients was brought in the early 1880s by the only living child of Ben and Juana Pedraza Leaton and others of that family. Ben Leaton, whose home at Presidio became a state historic site in 1967, had established a trading post there in 1848. His wife, Juana, when she was single and twenty-one in 1833, had acquired a 2,500-square-mile tract covering about two-thirds of present Presidio County; it later became known as Leaton's Grant in the state's General Land Office in Austin, but earlier had been called the José Ygnacio Ronquillo Grant. Ownership of the property came into question after silver ore was discovered near Presidio in the early 1880s.

Teel was contacted about the title question by John R. Randolph, who had a ranch near Ysleta and speculated in land matters in the region. The Leatons' daughter granted power of attorney to Teel in 1887 and, had he been able to secure clear title for her, he would have received half interest in the grant. Unknown to Teel, Mexican documents about the grant had been located, destroyed, and replaced by forgeries. A descendant of the original owner, also named Ronquillo, claimed the land and sold it. Unable to prove their claim, Teel was dismissed by the Leaton heirs in 1889. Another speculator, Ernest Dale Owen, also sought legal rights to the grant but failed in his pursuit.¹⁷

Interest in this legal matter was eclipsed, however, by Teel's involvement in digging up the cannons in 1889. Captain Jack Crawford, at whose insistence he undertook the task, was assembling displays and performers for the New Era Exposition to be produced in St. Joseph, Missouri, and wanted to take a cannon or two along. Near the Old Town Plaza in Albuquerque, Teel showed him the spot where the guns had rested for the past twenty-seven years.

During their retreat, the Confederates had buried cannons for which they lacked ammunition at Albuquerque, Santa Fe, and near San Miguel down river. As Teel studied his surroundings, he decided that a corral of the Civil War period had been located where now grew a patch of chiles in the adobe-walled garden of Sofre Alexander, about five hundred feet northeast of the San Felipe de Neri church that faced the plaza. Teel said, "Dig here, and you ought to find them," as a crowd of curious onlookers stood by.

On Monday morning August 19, soon after daylight, a curious crowd turned out for the excavation, among them a group of Union veterans led by Major Harry S. Whiting, post commander of G.K. Warren Post No. 1, Grand Army of the Republic. A few Confederate veterans were there as well. When Alexander objected that his garden would be destroyed in the process, he was offered a hundred dollars by a mining man, George Lail, but refused the money and instead sought legal help to get an injunction against the trespass. In response, Lail staked out a mining claim, permissible under the law, and advised the volunteer diggers to start with mineral prospecting.

Alexander and his lawyer were refused an injunction by Judge William D. Lee, himself a veteran of the Union army. The judge felt the damages would not be irreparable, adding, "Sofre, I'm curious myself about those cannons. I'd like to see if those rebels really buried them there. I don't believe they ever captured any of our cannons at Valverde."

After many hours of work, the "miners" unearthed six 12-pounder cannons, all stamped "U.S." and manufactured by Charles Ames & Co. of Boston. Two had been cast in 1847, one each in 1849 and 1850, and four in 1853. Louis Hommel of Las Vegas, who had been a bugler in Company B of the 5th New Mexico Volunteers, identified them as part of Captain Alexander McRae's battery, captured at the Battle of Valverde.

Teel returned to El Paso before a custodial battle over the cannons erupted between the Grand Army of the Republic and the Confederate veterans. After being temporarily placed in the corral of Judge L. S. Trimble, which became the site of the Hilton Hotel, the guns were eventually divided between the Albuquerque city government and the Colorado Historical Society. In his history of Albuquerque, Marc Simmons determines that some reports indicate six, rather than eight cannons were recovered.¹⁸

In a letter published in the Albuquerque *Daily Citizen* on August 26, 1889, Teel responded to an inquiry about the burial of other cannons that had been taken from the Federals at Valverde. He said he did not know whether others remained in Albuquerque. Some 6-pounders and 12-pounders had been buried in the San Mateo mountains opposite Fort Craig below Socorro. He did not think he could locate others left near Santa Fe, buried during a snowstorm at night, perhaps a mile north of the government corral.

"All the guns we had were captured from the United States forces at one time or another, after hostilities had commenced," he recalled, "and at this day it would be impossible for me to state to you when and where they were captured; but this I can say, that the Valverde battery captured at the battle of that name was not left in New Mexico, but was taken by us to Louisiana, and at the close of the war was at Red River in that state."¹⁹

In his 1906 account of the New Mexico Campaign, Dr. William Clarke Whitford said four of the guns dug up in 1889 had remained in Albuquerque and the other four in 1898 had been transferred to Colorado, where they were displayed in the capitol at Denver. A Union veteran, Captain Cecil A. Deane of Denver, had been instrumental in obtaining the four that went to his state, according to Whitford. Deane had been custodian of a collection of war

In a letter published in the Albuquerque Daily Citizen on August 26, 1889, Teel responded to an inquiry about the burial of other cannons that had been taken from the Federals at Valverde. He said he did not know whether others remained in Albuquerque. Some 6-pounders and 12-pounders had been buried in the San Mateo mountains opposite Fort Craig below Socorro.

relics in the capitol and had spent six years, assisted by a congressman, in obtaining the guns from Albuquerque.

Shortly before his death, Teel had related to Deane an account of McRae's battery. It had four 12-pound and two 6-pound brass guns, used at Valverde first by the Union, then taken over by the Confederates. They were used against the Union in further fighting to the north, then were taken on the retreat into Texas. Five of the guns were used by General Dick Taylor until the close of the war; one of them, the axle weakened by a round shot, had been left at El Paso. Teel showed that one to Deane, pointing out discolorations on the upper surface at the breech and on the muzzle. "These," Teel told him, "were made by the blood of McRae and [Confederate Major S. A.] Lockridge, both of whose bodies sank and rested across this gun." Teel earlier had corrected a legend that held that the men had killed each other; instead, he said, they had had no personal encounter and McRae's revolver had been fully loaded at the time of his death.²⁰

As the Confederate troops were preparing to leave Albuquerque after burying the guns, General Sibley's aide-de-camp, Captain Tom Ochiltree, offered Teel a rolled-up canvas, a seven-foot-high painting of Napoleon Bonaparte, as security on a \$110 loan.

A side-bar related to Teel's gun-burying days has to do with a painting, described in Howard Bryan's account of the retrieval of the cannons. As the Confederate troops were preparing to leave Albuquerque after burying the guns, General Sibley's aide-de-camp, Captain Tom Ochiltree, offered Teel a rolled-up canvas, a seven-foot-high painting of Napoleon Bonaparte, as security on a \$110 loan. Teel, who had previously seen the painting hanging in an Albuquerque home, estimated its value as \$500 to \$1,000, and went along with the request. He wrapped the treasure in oil cloth and secured it beneath the roof of his vehicle. Some miles down the road, west of Fort

Craig, he had to abandon the ambulance and forgot about the painting until too late to recover it.

Twenty-five years later, in 1887, he unexpectedly saw it again, in the office of an El Pasoan, Charles Longuemare, editor of *The Bullion*, a mining journal, at 318 San Antonio Street.²¹

Longuemare told Teel how he had encountered the painting in the San Miguel Church in Socorro. He had started his newspaper in Socorro in 1883 and lived there five years before relocating to El Paso. A local legend held that the painting had been found in the abandoned wagon by a parishioner and thought the subject was Saint Michael, his church's namesake. Longuemare, a well-educated man, persuaded the priest that, rather than being San Miguel, the painting was of Napoleon, and it was given to him. Teel, in recalling the incident several years later, noted that after his discussion with Longuemare, the painting disappeared from the office.

During the early 1890s, a period of turbulence in Ysleta's local politics, Teel was active in the Democratic Party. In 1894 he was unsuccessful as candidate for city attorney on one of three tickets (two of them named Citizens' Ticket). The following year he presided over his party's county convention.

In 1892 he advised a younger attorney that "the day of the successful lawyers in Texas was past, for murder cases had become the exception rather than the rule, and because cattle—and horse—theft was a lost art." He suggested that there was more opportunity for aspiring lawyers in Montana than in his home territory.²²

Teel died in El Paso on July 6, 1899, at the age of seventy-four, and was buried in the Odd Fellows Cemetery in San Antonio. His survivors were listed as his ex-wife, from whom he had been divorced in 1892, and sons Jimmie and Frederick. Mrs. M.S. Teel, nee Markley, later that July married Monroe Harper of Las Cruces.²³

For years afterward, questions would linger about the cannon in El Paso that he had identified as McRae's. Whitford's 1906 book had indicated that it was left there during the retreat. Historian Martin Hardwick Hall, author of the 1960 book *Sibley's New Mexico Campaign*, doubted that assumption. Responding to a journal article that had quoted Whitford, Hall said,

It does not seem likely that Sibley's men would have left that prized trophy behind in El Paso after having gone to such great effort to bring it back. Even if the carriage had been damaged, the Texans had confiscated enough wagons in the Mesilla and El Paso valleys to have at least carried the tube to San Antonio. If they had left it, surely they would have buried it as they had done those in Albuquerque.²⁴

Contemporary accounts indicated that the Rebels took the Valverde guns with them. Teel's letter, cited above, says all the Valverde pieces were taken to Louisiana. Cannons at that time were not identified by serial number in military records. Frank Jenkins' *Password* study, "The Guns of Valverde Revisited," puts to rest the contention that the cannon displayed at Eastwood High School, on loan from the Pioneers Association of El Paso County since 1967, is either from Valverde or known as "The Blue Whistler," as contended in some magazine articles. The latter cannon went to the World War II metal drive.²⁵

The Socorro newspaper, *El Defensor Chieftain*, in 2004 traced the history of a Civil War cannon that had been discovered in the early 1950s, buried by an arroyo that ran through La Jencia Ranch west of Socorro. Identified as a 12-pounder howitzer, it was in the hands of a series of private owners for several years, then disappeared in the late 1970s. The article indicates that, after serving prison time for stealing historical documents, a man had stolen the cannon barrel and made replicas, selling them as authentic. After his trial for that infraction, the gun was returned to its owner. The report speculates that it might be one of those Teel had described as buried "in the mountains west of Fort Craig."

The Socorro writer, Paul Harden, learned from Deborah Slaney, curator of the Albuquerque Museum, that, of the cannons Teel dug up, one original cannon is on display there and a second is in storage, serial numbers 222 and 223. The two cannons in Old Town Plaza are replicas. Two others were sent to Santa Fe and were melted down for a World War I metal drive.

Those that went to Colorado include one at the Colorado History Museum and another displayed at the state capitol. Unfortunately, the confusion about the Blue Whistler is included in this article—but Teel no doubt would appreciate the embroidering of a good tale, since he was known to do it himself at times. Looking for McRae's bloodstains became a temptation for visitors to Eastwood High School (which faces McRae Boulevard) even though Teel revised his account of that drama after his first version of it.²⁶

Images courtesy of Dick Teel, the "great, great" nephew of Trevanion Teel, who is preparing his biography for publication. Dick Teel resides in Concan, Texas.

NANCY HAMILTON has filled her professional life with many interesting pursuits. She was a newspaper reporter for *El Paso Times* and was the first to head the media relations department for the El Paso Independent School District. She married Ralph Hamilton and became a stay-at-home mom for his two children. After she resumed her professional life, she returned to newspaper work with the *El Paso Herald Post*, then went on to the University in the news and information department then became associate director of Texas Western Press where she edited scholarly books. She also became the editor of *Password*, edited the book page for the *El Paso Times*, edited and wrote for *Nova*, the University's magazine, and for *Roundup*, the magazine of the Western Writers of America. She has edited approximately seventy books and has written *Ben Dowell: El Paso's First Mayor*, and *UTEP: A Pictorial History*. She has contributed chapters to many books and has written many articles for various publications.

Nancy is the recipient of the Eugene O. Porter award for her article on Alexander Daguerre which was published in *Password* in 2003. She has served as officer and board member of many professional and historical organizations.

ENDNOTES

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Who was Dale Resler?

By Bonnie Resler Karlsrud



Dale Resler



Miranda Leeneer wrote an article entitled, "Dale Resler made Life Better for El Pasoans" that was printed

in the May 2003 issue of *Borderlands*, produced by

El Paso Community College and published annually by the *El Paso Times*. This edition also had important stories about others who "left their mark on the city"; such as O.T. Bassett, who started the Bassett Lumber Company, Charles R. Morehead, the State National Bank, and Price's Dairy that was started by Bob Price and continued by his family.

But who was Dale Resler?

The fact that Miranda had difficulty finding information disturbed me because my mother had a wall full of plaques, proclamations, certificates, etc., and we had made scrapbooks of newspaper articles, and pictures of things that my Dad had done.

I began to think that a book about Dale Resler should be written. I mentioned the idea to Nancy Miller Hamilton, El Paso author and editor, who agreed that a book **should** be written. "Your dad was right in the middle of everything good that happened in this city. His story could fill a void in the history of the city of El Paso," added Frank Mangan.

I decided to write about El Paso as seen through the eyes of Dale Resler and told by the people who knew him. Dale Resler, who owned and developed much of what is now Upper Valley, had many good friends in El Paso.

This article is a small part of a book that is being written.

Dale has been described as an energetic, and usually smiling man, who could be very persuasive. It seems that he was a champion fundraiser, for whatever cause. He had a subtle way of convincing people that they should make a contribution or take an office.

Jack Guynes, owner of Guynes Printing, said of him, "an unassuming man, he quietly served El Paso, the city that he loved, with both his time and his generosity." Jim Scott, a big worker with the Boy Scouts, said, "How can you say 'no' to Dale Resler?" Robert W. "Pete" Lee, editor of the *El Paso Herald Post* wrote, "Dale Resler was a powerhouse of every movement of which he was a part. When he talked, others listened."

Granville "Bill" Green said, "Everybody knew Dale, and everybody loved him." According to "some people," there was a group of businessmen who seemed to have a lot of influence on what happened in the city of El Paso. Dale was one of those. They cared about El Paso and spent a great deal of time trying to bring about progress. As Jack Vowell, Jr. said, "They had a vision of what El Paso could become."

The thirties and forties represented a period when El Paso was a town still small enough for many people to know each other but was big enough to have people who were eager to help El Paso become a city that would be a great place to live. The fifties and sixties helped accomplish those dreams. Not everyone agreed all of the time; in fact, there was disagreement among the citizens before almost every major development in the city.

I would be willing to wager that a great number of El Pasoans will know people in Dale's story or will have at least heard of them. Some of them have streets named after them. Others like Carl Hertzog, Peter DeWetter, and Jack Vowell have buildings named after them at the University of Texas at El Paso. Judson Williams has the Civic Center named after him. It is surprising that some place that involves the El Paso Symphony is not named after Dorrance Roderick because if it were not for Dorrance, there might not even be an El Paso Symphony today.

Interestingly enough, the men behind five construction companies who built many of the landmarks in the city of El Paso were not just friends of Dale's but they were **good** friends. These companies may not have had their names on the buildings, but

there was probably a little bronze plaque somewhere on the building that said, "This building was built by C.L. Leavell & Company, or J.E. Morgan & Sons, or Ponsford Brothers Construction Company, or Robert E. McKee, General Contractor, or Vowell Construction Company."

There is no way to tell about all of the things that these men, and others like them did for the city of El Paso, Texas, but I can scratch the surface. While talking with many people, I heard all kinds of stories about the effect that Dale had on people's lives. When I asked, "What do you remember about Dale Resler," the response that I heard often was, "He was a most respected man." Dale Resler's story is one of what happened "behind the scene" as the history of El Paso unfolded between the years of 1932 and 1976.

One of his more productive associations was that with Jack Guynes who was only one of his many friends. Jack had started the Guynes Printing Company in 1932 and built it into one of the largest and finest printing companies in the area. After years of laboring diligently at his work, Jack began to tire of endless deadlines and the never-ending grind of one project after another. He admitted this to Resler who immediately thought of another friend, Carl Hertzog.

After some discussion, Dale and Carl both thought that having a printing company like Guynes would be a great opportunity to expand Carl's talent and experience with typography, book design, etc. Then Dale asked Charles A. (Charlie) Goodloe and Lyman Dutton, who had been working at Guynes, to "get together" with Hertzog who would "run" the business. The name was changed to Hertzog and Resler Printing Company.

A conversation with Roy Chapman disclosed that Carl Hertzog had often talked about his work. After the first couple of years working with Hertzog and Resler, Carl was getting frustrated about the printing business. Carl would say, "People don't want quality. They want everything tomorrow and for nothing. I don't understand that."

As a coincidence, toward the end of 1947 Jack Guynes was realizing that he missed working with the printing company. His daughter, Deane Guynes Miller, said that although her dad had enjoyed his freedom at first, he was miserable when he was not working.

Thus in 1947, when Dale talked it over with both men, it was decided that the printing business should be sold back to Jack Guynes. Jack was very familiar with the routine and the frustrations of the printing business, but he was ready to get back into it. Thus it became Guynes Printing again. According to Roy Chapman, "Jack Guynes was a pretty interesting character himself. He was a neat guy, and a good citizen. Jack knew the printing business well, and would get the job done."

Frank Mangan, a local writer and publisher, told me of an incident that happened while Jack was running Guynes Printing. Frank was a public relations man with the El Paso Natural Gas Company. When Frank took the material for the company's annual report to Jack for printing, the two men decided that this was to be a special job printed in full color and on slick paper.

When I picked up the report, I told Jack that it was absolutely beautiful, a real award winner, one of the best jobs ever done. I had the report in hand when Dale walked in. With great pride, I handed it to him. Dale hardly looked at the printing job but went immediately to see the figures inside.

Jack operated Guynes Printing Company for another ten years. When Jack decided that enough was enough, Dale bought it back from him in 1957. The name remained Guynes Printing Company, and Lymon Dutton and Manny Zabriski took over the management for Dale. When one of his best friends, Gilbert Johnson retired from his regular job, Dale hired him to help in the accounting department at Guynes.

In 1957, Guynes printed *The King Ranch*. Dale's copy has two volumes bound in saddle blanket covers. I have been told that every page was set by hand. According to Mary Jo Melby, who presented a class at the University of Texas at El Paso on Carl Herzog, said,

This was an incredible book by Tom Lea that was five years in production. It was first produced privately for the ranch owners, followed by a trade edition. This collaboration between Carl Hertzog and Tom Lea was a typographical masterpiece as well as one of Hertzog's sentimental favorites. They made the book one inch wider than the normal productions to convey the idea of bigness . . . very effective. It is rare that an author and

typographer ever meet, so the fact that Lea and Hertzog sat together to work on this book is special.

Bert Goodloe came to work for Guynes in 1962 and continued for more than thirty years. His dad, Charlie Goodloe, had worked at Guynes for many years before that. However, Charlie decided he wanted to go with Carl Hertzog in 1948 to help with Texas Western Press.

Bert told me that, "Dale Resler was the finest man that he ever worked for." Then he related stories about Dale. He really loved to watch those great big printing presses work, and he would drop by often.

Mr. Resler walked to work many a day when his office was in the Southwest National Bank Building. I usually parked my car near Hotel Dieu, and I would meet him walking, but he walked so fast that he nearly walked me into the ground. He could really pick 'em up and lay 'em down!

I never heard anyone say anything bad about him. He always wore a suit, usually light blue or gray, but you would never know that he had a nickel more than you.

To Bert's great delight, "In 1963, Mr. Resler bought a new two-color offset thirty-eight inch Miehlie Press. It could print a thirty-eight inch sheet in one pass! This was a big press. It was a magnificent piece of machinery that everyone, not only Mr. Resler, loved to watch when it was working."

"Then he purchased a Swiss Mueller Stitcher. One day Mr. Resler walked in and asked me why the stitcher wasn't running? When I explained that it was because the guy who put the material into the machine was out just then, Mr. Resler laughed, took off his coat and threw it over a chair. Then he said, 'Let's get this thing moving,' and he proceeded to put the material into the machine himself. He enjoyed this for about thirty minutes then he said, 'Well, I have to go now, Bert.' He put on his coat and went on his way."

Dale owned Guynes Printing until July of 1966. Then he sold it to a group of thirty of the employees as a corporation that was owned and operated by production employees and directors of the firm. Bert Goodloe was one of those employees. "Mr. Resler gave us a good deal" he said "and helped take care of the financing for us."

So what do thirty men do to tell the world what has happened at Guynes Printing? All thirty of them gathered together around one of the big presses for a picture that was put on a flyer and they ran a full-page ad in the newspapers to announce the new management. Across the top it said, "IS GUYNES PRINTING still going to be called GUYNES PRINTING? . . . or will it be called the . . . Anthony, Armendariz, Ayala, Baird, Beck, Benson, Bustamante, Cardoza, Castillo, Clark, Curry, De la Torre, Dutton, Evans, Fraga, Galindo, Garcia, Gonzalez, Goodloe, Jacobo, Lopez, McDonald, Pena, Purvis, Rios, Rodriguez, Salas, Sutton, Valdez & Zabriskie Printing Company?" This was a list of all of the new owners.

Written at the bottom of the page was, "Well, we did think about it! After all, when you've got thirty brand-spanking-new owners, you want someone, somewhere, to hear about it. After several "management sessions" we took a secret ballot. It was decided that Guynes it has been, Guynes it is, and Guynes it shall remain. (But please—don't come in and ask to speak to the owner!)"

Guynes Printing Company was sold about ten years later to Tim Gallegly. Tim kept the name of Guynes Printing Company, and has built it into a super printing business. The day that Tim gave us a tour of the gigantic new building that he built at 927 Tony Lama Street, Guynes was printing labels, boxes, etc. for some big commercial companies.

As we were going past one of the big presses, Tim introduced us to Leon Rodriguez, a man who was still working with Guynes Printing Company after many years. Then, just before we left, Leon came up to me and handed me the copy of the flyer that was mentioned above. Later, I discovered that Leon had been one of the employees who bought Guynes Printing Company from my dad. He had kept the flyer for forty years.

Knowing that Dale had always done things "behind the scene," Jack was concerned that people would not know about all of the things that Dale had done with and for the city of El Paso. So at Dale's death, he wrote, "A Brief: Dale Resler (1899-1976)."

Beginning with the words, "An unassuming man, he quietly served El Paso, the city that he loved, with both his time and his generosity." Then Jack began a list of twenty-six organizations

for which Dale was a major contributor of his time and efforts in dedication to the city of El Paso.

Jack and Dale had been good friends for many years, and Jack knew much of what Dale had done. He ended his brief with, "Never a seeker of publicity, much of his generosity and efforts for the people and city of El Paso went unnoticed and unrecorded." According to Jack Guynes, to this date, El Paso's most generous philanthropist, Dale Resler, did more in any one year for El Paso than most El Pasoans do in a lifetime.

BONNIE RESLER KARLSRUD was born in Colorado but attended schools in El Paso. She attended the University of Texas at El Paso and graduated from Southern Methodist University. She worked with her father in the offices of Carlsbad Cavern Coaches and El Paso White Truck Sales. She and Quentin Karlsrud were married in 1955 and they have three children. They now reside in Boulder, Colorado.





Revolutionary El Paso: 1910-1917

PART II of three parts

By Mardee Belding de Wetter



The year 1912 was ushered in by El Pasoans in typical Southwest fashion. There were celebrations, private parties, and church services. In the hearts of the people there was thanksgiving. Peace had come quietly along the Rio Grande. But the peace was merely the lull before the storm. Within a month it would be broken by a counter-revolution.

The immediate cause of the uprising was an order issued by President Madero reducing the three companies of the Juárez *cuartel* from one hundred men each to forty-five. On February 1 the Juárez troops revolted against the Madero government and set themselves up as *Zapatistas*.¹ Immediately a large number of non-combatants fled to El Paso, bringing their household goods in nondescript carriages and buggies. Fifty Chinese and five Japanese were less fortunate. These Asiatics had suffered greatly at the hands of the *Zapatista* rebels but they were barred from entry into the United States by the Oriental Exclusion Act. Finally, in desperation, they appealed to the United States officials at the Santa Fe Street bridge and were allowed to stay in the immigration building. The Juárez post office was again transferred to El Paso and the owners of keno halls and other businesses deposited their money in El Paso banks.

The confusion in Juárez was considerably increased when the *Zapatistas* again changed their allegiance and claimed to be *Vasquistas** and Juárez became the headquarters of the provisional government of the *Vasquista* faction. At the time Emilio Vasquez was in San Antonio, Texas to where he fled after promulgating the *Plan de Tacubaya*, the doctrine or platform of his party.

El Pasoans now thought they had had enough of the revolution and wired Governor Colquitt of Texas about the border conditions. Colquitt in turn wired President Taft:

My advices (sic) indicate serious conditions at Juárez opposite El Paso. . . . I ask that you give directions to the War Department to protect citizens of Texas from the firing of Mexican bandits across the border.

Instead of the protection asked for, President Taft gave permission to Madero to move Mexican troops over Texas soil by way of El Paso to Juárez. Mayor Kelly opposed the movement. Indeed there was so much opposition throughout the state that Governor Colquitt refused to permit Madero's men to enter Texas.

It was at this time that the people of Juárez were thrown into a panic. They feared American intervention and their slumbering dislike of *gringos* was aroused when a score of United States soldiers mistakenly entered Juárez on a street car. On the morning of February 15 a Lieutenant Fields and nineteen men were ordered to proceed to the Santa Fe Street bridge to relieve a detachment there on duty. In carrying out his orders the lieutenant started for his destination on the street car. The route of the car was south on Stanton Street and into Juárez where it turned to come north to the Santa Fé bridge and the American side. But Fields did not know the route and assumed that he was entitled to ride all the way to his destination. Thus in his ignorance he crossed into Mexico. As punishment the lieutenant was subjected to a court martial.² But this did not prevent the citizens of Juárez from holding a demonstration in front of the American Consulate.



Madero's headquarters across the Rio Grande.

This incident was the first indication of a growing distrust between the peoples of the two border cities. But it did not prevent Mexican refugees from crowding into El Paso. The hotels were packed and, according to the *Times*, "unescorted women with children and babies wandered from hotel to hotel in vain attempts to secure accommodations." The excitement in El Paso also permeated the valley residents. Reports from the district around Anthony, New Mexico, indicated that ranchmen were excited over threats made by Mexican residents that in case of American intervention in Mexico they would arm themselves and take possession of the Valley.

Juárez was now a city fortified by a small number of *Maderistas* who had replaced the mutinous *Zapatista-Vasquista* rebels. But the town was seriously threatened by General Ynez Salazar's *Vasquista* army which was at Bauche within striking distance of Juárez. El Paso officials were aware of the situation and Sheriff Peyton Edwards issued the following notice:

Notice to all citizens having arms. As Sheriff of El Paso County, I will issue commissions to all responsible citizens to carry arms as members of a posse; to protect the lives and property of citizens of El Paso.

Thus El Paso assumed the appearance of an armed camp. In addition to the deputized civilians, the troops from Fort Bliss were ordered into the city and special trains brought an additional thousand soldiers. Excited crowds thronged the streets. The United States Government sent warnings to Madero that no bullets must again fall on American soil. The worried Madero, to prevent American intervention, ordered the Juárez garrison to surrender should there be danger of a fight. Consequently, four hundred *Vasquistas* under General Salazar entered Juárez on February 27 without firing a shot.

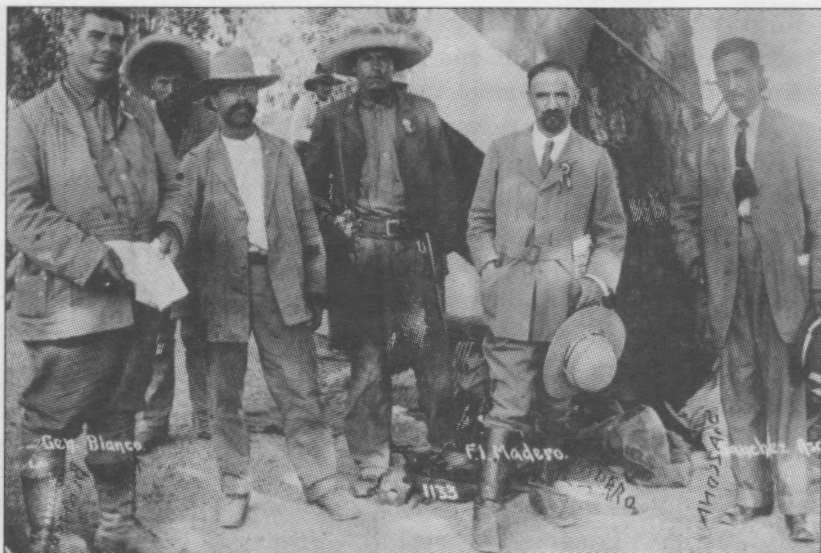
Confusion was now paramount. Salazar wasted no time in sending Jenero Ceniceros as *Vasquista* consul to El Paso. Enrique C. Llorente remained as the Madero consul. Yet such confusion did not show the true extent of anarchy in Mexico. Pascual Orozco* turned traitor to his old chieftain, Madero, and established himself as head of the rebels in Chihuahua. Pancho Villa, loathing Orozco, remained "loyal" to Madero and was joined by Abraham Gonzáles. Gonzáles was provisional governor of Chihuahua under Madero, as was provided for in the peace plan, but he was

chased out of Chihuahua City by the insurgent Orozco. General Orozco chose as his symbol the red flag and his men were known as "Red Flaggers." Thus Chihuahua was seething with rebels fighting the Madero regime. The Red Flaggers under Orozco and Salazar held Chihuahua City and Juárez and most of the intervening country. Pancho Villa fought them whenever he could, but he was decidedly weaker.



There now appeared in El Paso the most famous soldier of fortune to engage in the revolution. Known as the "Fighting *Sam Dreben—Soldier of Fortune Jew*," Sam Dreben was born in a ghetto in Russia. His one ambition had been to be a soldier. He worked his way to America and before he was twenty-one was wearing the uniform of the United States Army in the Philippines. After crossing into Mexico from El Paso, Dreben joined Salazar and the Red Flaggers. He was promised five hundred dollars a month and his fighting was worth it.³

There was so much happening that El Pasoans could give little attention to the sinking of the *Titanic*. Dr. Emilio Vázquez arrived and immediately crossed into Juárez where a special envoy of Pascual Orozco formally appointed him Provisional President of Mexico. The seat of his government was to remain temporarily in Juárez.⁴ Power Roberts, a one-time police sergeant in El Paso, was arrested as a Madero spy after being inveigled to Juárez by trickery. His arrest was attributed to the spite of Jenero Cenicerros, Red Flag consul in El Paso, whose "consulate" had been searched by Roberts and federal secret service men. Mayor Kelly was infuriated by this overt act of animosity. He told Juan Terrazas of Chihuahua: "As long as I am mayor of the city of El Paso, I am not going to see one of her citizens treated in such manner. Here you have been in our city for some time and we haven't arrested you and sent you off to Washington." Roberts was soon released and returned unharmed to El Paso. Meanwhile, Gonzalo Enrile, chief and arch conspirator of the Chihuahua Red Flag rebellion, was



General Blanco, left, holding papers; General Madero holding his hat.

arrested at the Santa Fe Street bridge when he sought refuge in El Paso. He was wounded and fleeing from his wrathful and former adherents. At the same time, General José de la Luz Blanco, commanding the *Maderistas* in Sonora, arrived in El Paso for a conference with the Madero consul, Llorente. Señora Pascual Orozco also managed to cross the river into El Paso to join the "Orozco colony" on south Oregon Street where lived the family of General Orozco's father. Señora Orozco tried to cross the Santa Fe Street bridge under a false name, was recognized and turned back. She then drove her buggy to the Stanton Street bridge where she gave her true name and was admitted. Guillermo Terrazas, grandson of General Luís Terrazas, the Chihuahua multimillionaire, was arrested in El Paso on the charge of carrying a pistol. Prominent Red Flaggers continued to deposit their money in El Paso banks. They all wanted to secure their valuables in a safe place before the Red Flag downfall. The collapsing rebels continued to smuggle ammunition. A boat was kept near Peace Grove for that purpose. It was carried up and down the river in a wagon and launched at pre-arranged points. Because it was never launched twice from the same place it was not captured.

Refugees of all sorts continued to arrive in El Paso. A special train from Chihuahua brought members of the Red Flag legislature and their families. General Victoriano Huerta had succeeded in defeating the rebels. Orozco's men continued to desert from Juárez

to El Paso, crossing the river below the city at Washington Park and at other points. Most of these men had no means of support and sought employment at the railway agencies. Many Mexicans who had been scornful and derisive of the United States were now trying to obtain entrance into El Paso. Among them was Adolfo Fuentes who was once convicted of vagrancy in El Paso and given twenty-four hours to leave the city.

United States nationals who had been making their homes in Mexico were also forced to flee to El Paso for safety. Many were from the lumber camps at Madera, Chihuahua where Dr. was the American physician.⁵ He with the group of Americans had to make their way out of Chihuahua City. One of the group went ahead of the train on a handcar with a white flag. The refugees were held in Chihuahua for nearly a week before they were permitted to leave for the border. At the same time forty other refugees from Chihuahua City arrived, the wife and children of the American Consul, Marion Letcher, being among them.⁶

A much larger group of refugees were the Mormons. There were about fifteen hundred of them. All of their property and wealth lay in Mexico.⁷ El Paso took care of them as best she could. In an old abandoned lumber shed on Magoffin Avenue, between Cotton Avenue and the Texas Pacific railroad tracks, nearly five hundred women and children were given shelter. The city health department sent representatives to vaccinate them for smallpox, but very little could be done for their comfort.

By August 16 Orozco and his Red Flag army was destroyed. A large number of the rebels came to El Paso or otherwise evacuated Juárez for other parts of Chihuahua. The *Maderistas* immediately began arriving in Juárez to take over the city. Approximately twenty-two hundred Federal soldiers under the command of General Joaquín Téllez entered Juárez. They were greeted by the ringing of church bells and by cheering citizens. El Paso Mexicans formed a parade to Juárez to express their welcome. General Téllez called on General Steever, the commanding general of Fort Bliss, and General Steever re-

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turned the call. On September 3 General Victoriano Huerta arrived in Juárez to inspect the retrieved city. Once again General Téllez came to El Paso bringing Huerta with him. They spent an hour or more at the Mexican consulate and then went on a shopping tour where their fancy uniforms attracted a great deal of attention.

In a poorer condition, Colonel Pascual Orozco, Sr., father of the Red Flag commander, was brought to El Paso from Marfa. He was handcuffed and coatless when he arrived at the Union Station. A number of Madero supporters gathered to meet him and follow him to the jail, yelling derisively, "Viva Orozco."

Red Flaggers continued to concentrate in El Paso. The smaller hotels and rooming houses were crowded with well dressed Mexicans who had escaped with funds. An Orozco *junta* continued to function. Sam Dreben slipped into El Paso and, with another soldier of fortune, Tracy Richardson, made his way to a quiet hotel. The city was filled with federal spies and Dreben and Richardson barricaded themselves in their room. Soon, however, Dreben was off again, this time to Douglas, Arizona, as a federal spy.⁸ Luís Terrazas III also arrived in the city. He had been wounded firing a machine gun in Orozco's Red Flag army and had to come to the United States for treatment. Most of his family were living in El Paso at the time.

Thus a hodgepodge and conglomeration of people formed the population at the end of 1912—citizens of El Paso, defeated Red Flaggers, federal spies, *Científico* plotters, ousted American nationals, uprooted Mormons, professional soldiers, and gun-runners. There was no trust among these groups only intrigue and suspicion.

The year 1913 was to see Pancho Villa rise to a position of supreme importance in northern Mexico. At the beginning of the year, however, Villa was out of favor with the Madero government because of charges of insubordination made against him by General Victoriano Huerta. General Huerta had forbidden Villa to loot an American-owned ranch in Chihuahua but Villa had ignored the order. For so doing Villa found it necessary to come to El Paso where he made enticing propositions to Madero for a pardon. Villa offered to find and slay Pascual Orozco. But the *Maderistas* were not quick to accept the offer. General José de la Blanco also found it convenient to come to El Paso. He had been reported killed by the rebels, decoyed to his death by a woman. He had actually been a rebel prisoner but had been able to escape. Once in El Paso he



Group of Insurrectos, Pascual Orozco in center.

refreshed himself with all the luxuries of civilized life. He had a pompadour haircut, a beard trim, and a bath at a barber shop on San Francisco Street.

Although the Orozco Red Flaggers had been defeated and forced to evacuate Chihuahua, the Orozco *junta* continued to function in El Paso. Indeed it became very active and began recalling the Red Flaggers who, having fled to El Paso, had obtained jobs on the railroad. These rebels returned to El Paso in groups and crossed at various points along the river into Mexico. The *junta* met informally every evening, in groups of five only, in order to avoid arrest by United States Secret Service agents.

The greatest drama of the revolution, however, was being enacted in Mexico City. Madero's star was setting and rebels were fighting in the streets of the capital, Bernardo Reyes was killed and Félix Díaz, nephew of Porfirio, was threatening Madero's regime. Madero named Victoriano Huerta his commander-in-chief. Huerta seized his opportunity. He bought off Díaz, executed Gustavo Madero, and surreptitiously had Francisco Madero and Pino Suarez assassinated. He then named himself provisional president of Mexico. These lightning-like changes stunned both the Mexican people and the United States Government. Immediately the American congress prohibited the transportation into Mexico of all kinds of provisions. No flour, potatoes, bread, shoes, saddles, or feed for animals could be taken across the river. The residents of Juárez complained bitterly.⁹

With the death of the Madero brothers the Madero party became non-existent. Little more than a piece of crepe hanging from the door of his adobe headquarters in Juárez remained of Madero and his dreams. The idealism of the revolution was gone and in its place was selfish greed. Many of the older Mexican leaders were being replaced by younger men. Emilio Vázquez Gómez, who had last come to El Paso on his way to being proclaimed provisional president of Mexico, once more came to the city. But this time he stayed at a hotel of the cheaper class and declined interviews.

The Gómez junta in El Paso was replaced by a new and powerful one, the Carranza Constitutionalist junta. Indeed it was important enough to cause General Huerta to send a peace commission to treat with it. Eduardo Hay, a major in the insurrecto forces under Madero, also came to El Paso to join the Carranza crowd.

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from Coahuila, Sonora, and Chihuahua met in El Paso for a conference. These revolutionary activities were not effectively prohibited in El Paso nor is it certain that President Wilson wanted them stopped.

With so much renewed talk of revolution, Juárez again became jittery. It feared an attack by Pancho Villa. The Huerta army strung barbed wire on posts set at right angles to the river bank. El Paso was also preparing for the battle. When Madero captured Juárez, El Paso was a novice in the art of making revolutions pay. Now she sold reserved seats on the roofs of the tall buildings. One location sold for a dollar a chair and another sold a glimpse

for a quarter. The battle was not guaranteed but a refund was promised should the battle not take place. The battle was long awaited but did not come. Villa was fighting in the south and El Pasoans settled down to note that Elephant Butte Dam was forty-eight per cent completed.

Meanwhile the United States Government placed an embargo on arms for both Huerta and Carranza troops. But both sides continued their smuggling. President Wilson repeatedly refused to recognize Huerta as president and sent a special agent, John Lind, to Mexico City to try to bring about some semblance of peace. Failing, Lind remained in the capital as a special observer. At the same time Wilson warned Europe that the Mexican crisis was purely an American affair.

American refugees continued to flee from Chihuahua. Other Americans were kidnaped and held for ransom. The two most famous kidnap cases were those of H. L. Stephenson, vice president of the Palomas Land and Cattle Company, and A. W. McCormick. These two men were each held for ten thousand dollars which was paid by friends. Upon being released they came to El Paso. Members of the Terrazas family who were in Chihuahua at this time were trying desperately to escape to American safety. But Huerta Federals who then held Chihuahua would not permit them to leave. Robbery of Americans in Juárez became common. Juárez



General Pancho Villa reviewing his troops.

officials permitted the thieves to operate so long as they bought a license. But in spite of all of these outrages, El Paso remained a haven and a refuge, extending hospitable arms throughout the crisis. For instance, Señora Francisco Villa held a "formal reception for her husband's friends on the Dia de Independence" at the Roma Hotel on El Paso street. At the same time Villa was murdering American nationals in Chihuahua.

Meanwhile President Wilson demanded that Huerta resign as president of Mexico. In every conceivable way but all out war the United States intervened in Mexico. The United States gained the support of Great Britain whose prime minister, Herbert Asquith, notified Huerta that England supported Wilson. So it was but one more blow to a dying regime that Huerta lost Juárez.

It was thought that Villa was in the interior of Chihuahua. Instead, under cover of darkness, he had surrounded Juárez. At dawn his men made a concerted attack and the Federals were so demoralized that they offered no resistance. Juárez was Villa's in a day. The battle began very suddenly and not all the refugees made it across the bridge to safety. One American was killed. Said Villa, according to the *Herald*;

Tell the people of El Paso for me, that I regret deeply the death of the American auto driver in this battle. I have no idea of the exact manner in which he met his death. Say also that I will continue to protect American lives and property in the future as I have always done in the past. I feel that the sympathy of the United States is with our cause.

Only in his final statement was Villa correct. The United States was definitely on the side of Carranza and Villa. But it had an exaggerated idea of its importance in Mexican internal affairs. As the remaining Madero brothers said, "Only God, with the help of the United States, can save Mexico."

Bullets had fallen thick and fast in El Paso during the battle. Several buildings were struck. One messenger boy was wounded in the hand. A showcase in front of the White House was shattered by a bullet. But the neighborhood most disturbed was Sunset Heights which lay closer to the fighting.

When the battle was over Americans began trooping to Juárez to count broken windows and look for their yard men among the prisoners. A group of women approached the *cuartel* and heard a

volley which they supposed was a rifle squad at practice. A prisoner within the gates warned them back casually and

uttered the equally casual remark that perhaps the señoras would not care to come closer, since just now the victors were shooting the prisoners. "That was the twenty-first you heard just now." One woman, held by the man's incredible poise, felt it necessary to answer his courtesy with its like. "Good Gracious, they're not going to shoot you, are they?" Then came "Quien sabe?" his smiling reply. At that moment a guard touched him on the shoulder. With a sweeping bow and a flourish of his *sombrero* he was gone and a moment later, the ladies, fleeing down the street, heard the twenty-second volley.¹⁰

Mayor C. E. Kelly and Pancho Villa held a meeting at noon on November 15 on the Stanton Street bridge in order to establish amicable relations between the neighbor cities. However, the American cavalry still patrolled the border.

After the capture of Juárez the entire state of Chihuahua fell into Villa's hands. There were conflicting reports of the cruelties and kindnesses of Villa. Pedro Huerta, a thirteen year old veteran of the Constitutionalist campaign, approached his idolized Villa and saluted. "General, I come to ask if I may accompany you to Chihuahua." Pancho looked the little fellow over and said, "Boy, weren't you wounded at Tierra Blanca?" The veteran showed his bandaged shoulder. Villa said tenderly, "No, no, you should be in bed right now. Wait for five or six days and then you may come to Chihuahua."

However, the American cavalry still patrolled the border. After the capture of Juárez the entire state of Chihuahua fell into Villa's hands. There were conflicting reports of the cruelties and kindnesses of Villa.

Just as this little Mexican wanted above all else to go to Chihuahua, there were many others who wanted to leave Chihuahua. Pancho Villa had made Chihuahua a hell for Spaniards and for all persons of wealth. General Luís Terrazas and his family were among the latter group. Don Luís was an old man now. He had been one of the generals of Benito Juárez for which service he had obtained the beginning of his kingdom in Chihuahua. Now he knew that he could not save his land from Villa's grasping

hands and so he collected as much of his wealth as he could and set out in twenty wagons for the United States.¹¹ After being detained temporarily at Ojinaga by federal officials, he was allowed to cross the river at Presidio and continue to El Paso. In El Paso Terrazas rented the home of Senator Albert B. Fall. But not all of his family had escaped in time. Luís Terrazas, Jr., his son, was held in Chihuahua as a prisoner of Villa.

The Spanish refugees who had great wealth in Chihuahua, were now penniless and driven from their homes. Consul Letcher notified the State Department of their situation and urged that financial aid be requested from the Red Cross for relief at El Paso.¹² The business men and the Chamber of Commerce of El Paso made plans for the care of the refugees. The American Red Cross stated through its director, Mr. Bicknell, that any amount of money necessary to aid the Spanish refugees would be sent to the El Paso Red Cross agent. The Spanish refugees did receive good care in El Paso and in appreciation the Spanish Ambassador, Juan Riaño, wrote the State Department:

I have just heard of the arrival of the Spanish refugees from Chihuahua at El Paso, Texas, and I wish to express the deep appreciation of my Government and of myself of the magnificent reception which has been extended to them by the Chamber of Commerce of El Paso, and of the feeling [sic] which have prompted the charitable citizens of that town to give every help and assistance to my compatriots in their distress.¹³

With the wealthy citizens of Chihuahua out of his way, Villa proceeded to confiscate their property.¹⁴ He was determined to gain their wealth for himself and become the thing he claimed to hate, the wealthy feudal lord. Villa kept don Luís Terrazas, Jr., asking ransom of five hundred thousand pesos of his father. Terrazas did not have that large sum in El Paso so his son was tortured to reveal the hiding place of the Terrazas gold.¹⁵ Actually some of the Terrazas gold was hidden in Chihuahua. When Don Luís heard that Villa was coming he dumped about five hundred thousand dollars in gold into a hollow column on the front of his bank. Villa forced this information from Luís, Jr., and when the column was broken open, the gold poured forth.¹⁶ But even this did not prevent Luís' suffering through many more months of imprisonment at the hands of Villa.

The Terrazas family lived well in El Paso, much better than refugees and the ordinary citizens. Mrs. Jeanie M. Frank tells the story of one of the young Terrazas boys. He was late to class one day and she asked him why. He requested that he might tell her in private. So, red-faced, he said, "My valet was not there this morning and I could not find which clothes to wear." Another Mexican boy was late that same day and he was asked why. He told Mrs. Frank in private, "You see, my mother is a washwoman and I had to deliver some clothes before I came to school."¹⁷



Jeanie M. Frank

Thus it was a packed and crowded, refugee-filled El Paso that celebrated Christmas in 1913. There was much speculation as to whose star would rise or set in the coming year. But Villa's star still shone brightly.

[To be continued.]

MARDEE BELDING de WETTER is a native El Pasoan, a graduate of Texas Western College, now the University of Texas at El Paso. She is the daughter of C. D. Belding and the granddaughter of Dr. Henry Safford. She was married to the late Peter de Wetter with whom she traveled extensively. She has written and published poetry and historical biography. A dramatic presentation entitled *Written in Sand* which she wrote was recently presented at the Plaza Theater.



FOOTNOTES

1. Followers of Emiliano Zapata who recruited Indian peons from the sugar plantations to make war on the *hacendados* in the state of Morelos.
- * Followers of Emilio Vázquez Gómez. The Vázquez brothers, Francisco, called the "Brains of the Revolution," and Emilio broke with Madero because he forced Emilio out of the De La Barra cabinet and because Gustavo Madero succeeded in imposing Pino Suárez in the vice presidency in place of Francisco. (Editor's note.)
2. Acting Secretary of State to Mexican Ambassador, February 26, 1912, *Foreign Relations of the United States*, 1912, 726.
- * Pascual Orozco, snubbed by Madero in making appointments, began an armed revolt against his former chief on March 3, 1912. (Editor's note.)
3. Major Richard Burgess' [sic] Scrapbook, *Company A and the World War*, 90-A, 97.
4. Consul Edwards in Juárez to Secretary of State, May 4, 1912, *Foreign Relations of the United States*, 1912, 809.
5. Interview with the doctor who asked that his name not be used.
6. Edith O'Shaughnessy, *A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico* (New York, Harper & Brothers, 1916), 96.
7. Testimony of Junius Romney, "Investigation of Mexican Affairs," *Document No. 285, 66th Congress, 2nd session*, 11, 2573.
8. Major Richard Burgess' (sic) *Scrap Book*, 90-A, 97.
9. José Fernandez Rojas, *De Porfirio Diaz a Victoriano Huerta* (Guadalajara, 1913), 144.
10. Anonymous, "Ringside Seat for Mexican Revolution," *Literary Digest*, April 13, 1929. A newspaper correspondent, Norman Walker, delayed the battle of Juárez a day by telling Villa that the World Series, then going on, would crowd him off the front page of the newspapers. Interview with W. H. Fryer, November 7, 1945.
11. Louis Stevens, *Here Comes Pancho Villa* (New York, Frederick A. Stokes, 1930), 157-68.
12. Consul Letcher to Secretary of State, December 11, 1913, *Foreign Relations of the United States*, 1913, 902.
13. Spanish Ambassador to Counselor of Department of State, *Ibid.*, 906.
14. O'Shaughnessy, *A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico*, 96.
15. Stevens, *Here Comes Pancho Villa*, 157-78.
16. Interview with W. H. Fryer, November 13, 1945.
17. Interview with Mr. Jeanie M. Frank, Cloudcroft, New Mexico, June 28, 1945. Mrs. Frank taught English in El Paso High School for two generations and is one of the best known and loved citizens of El Paso.



Growing Up in El Paso: The Other Side

Author: Anonymous

Editor's note: Past issues of *Password* have carried articles which told us about growing-up in El Paso in the mid-1900s in middle-class and upper middle-class neighborhoods. All of us did not have the good fortune to live in those comfortable surroundings. This article presents a picture of a different community but one which also gave us very important people, indeed, some of today's professional, business, and political leaders. The author is anonymous only because she cannot be located. The telephone number which accompanied this article is no longer viable. The story is however an excellent description of life in an El Paso about which we rarely hear, but one which does deserve to be heard. How many of us, now three or four generations away from the life described herein and having the benefit of "upwardly mobile" grandparents and parents, will realize that their forebears did not always live in the big houses on the West Side and the East Side in which we now live—many of us had truly humble beginnings.



Fox Plaza was at the edge of the city—from that point eastward there was nothing but "countryside," replete with cotton fields, cabbage patches, row on row of corn, and the green spreads of onions and chile. It was into this serene agricultural scene that I was born in 1942 into a childhood to be spent in Socorro, Ysleta, and Clint.

I attended kindergarten through fourth grade in Socorro and fifth and sixth grades in Ysleta. I still remember Mrs. Cooper, my principal at Socorro Grade School, and my first grade teacher Mrs. Stiener. My very first day in school was a very rainy day. I loved jumping into water puddles and although it had stopped raining, there were still big puddles of water and I started jumping into them. Mrs. Cooper saw me and she was not happy—at all!

We lived on a big ranch owned by David Surratt and every morning I would go to where they were milking the cows. The owner would give us one big bucket of milk to take home. That was the best milk I have ever tasted. It was fun living at the ranch but we did not go to the city very often. There was no transportation available and at that time only a few people had a car. To go downtown we had to "get a ride" from Clint to Ysleta, then catch a bus to downtown El Paso. Thus we would go "downtown" to El Paso very infrequently—often only at Christmas time or on a very special occasion.

In 1949 there was only one bus company and it had two buses that would run from Ysleta to downtown El Paso. We called them the "blue busses" and they were owned by Mr. Villalobos. When one bus was coming to Ysleta the other one was going to El Paso. At the corner of Alameda and Candelaria Streets there was a little shack in which the people who were waiting for busses could be protected from the heat of the summer and the cold of the winter clutching in cold hands our fare which at that time was ten cents per person.

Next to the bus stop, there was a blacksmith shop owned by the Serna family. Across the street from the blacksmith was a big hardware store owned by the Candelarias. We lived at 9231 East Alameda Avenue in Ysleta. I remember an embarrassing moment I lived through when I was about seven years old. My mother had hens, roosters, and little chicks, and she sent me to the hardware store to buy "ten cents worth of scratch"—what on earth was "scratch"? Because my mother spoke in Spanish, I thought she didn't know what she was saying! She handed me one dime and sent me off to buy the "scratch" for the chickens. I did go to the store, but I would not go inside to buy the product! I didn't know the correct English word for "scratch" and I thought that ten cents was not enough to buy whatever it was that I was supposed to buy! I spent the whole day outside the store—until my mother came looking for me. She bought the product and I got a good spanking for not doing what I had been told to do!

I remember the plaza to which we went on Sunday. For me it was a big event. My mother would give each of us twenty-five cents and my sister and I would go happily off to the movies. We paid ten cents for the movie, five cents for popcorn, five cents for a soft drink and we had five cents left for an ice-cream cone at the Gunning Casteel drug store. Next to the drug store there was

a little trolley car that had been converted to a restaurant—the Hamburger King. Every time we passed by it smelled so good! We dreamed that when we became rich we were going to buy us a big hamburger and a big soft drink!

In 1949 and 1950 there was only one furniture store—we called it "*la tienda de don Panchito*"—the store of Mr. Frank. We also had one barber shop, an office of the Edison Company, and the office of the gas company. There was also the Texas Theater, and the offices of two doctors, Dr. Johnson and Dr. Delgado. There are some pleasant memories about the judge who had his office on Zaragosa Street. He was known by all the community as Mr. Hill, a very human and good-hearted man. Whenever someone had a problem—any kind of problem—he was there to help and guide the people.

In those years the Hispanics experienced some discrimination and rejection, as did, I now realize, most other immigrant groups in their own time. I grew up thinking that it was our lot in life to pick cotton or work in the fields or clean houses for the rich people. Our pay for picking cotton was two cents a pound! It seemed to me that we were never going to prosper!

We appreciated the places of entertainment where we could lose ourselves in the world of make-believe and imagination. We had the Bronco Drive-In and the North Loop Drive-In close to home to fire those imaginations. When we went "downtown" we were able to go to the Alligator Plaza, that was another "event," because we went once a year on a "special outing." That special outing took place at Christmas time when we went to see the "biggest" Christmas tree. We also did some window-shopping and I would dream that some day I would be able to go into the two famous stores, the White House and the Popular, to buy some of the nice clothing that they displayed in their windows. My budget, unfortunately, did not allow patronage of these wonderful stores! We would go to the thrift stores that were on El Paso street to buy clothing for the whole family—or my mother would buy some fabric and take it to neighbors who knew how to sew. These ladies would make lovely dresses for us. I can not omit the marvelous little cafe that we so enjoyed whenever we would visit the plaza—the Coney Island Cafe, across the street from the Alligator Plaza. They served the best chile beans and hot dogs! I still miss them.

I also remember the Tigua Indians and their celebration—a big fiesta at the Mission of Mount Carmel—on June 13th of every

year. We would eat lots and lots of good food: huge meat balls in a really good sauce and red chile with meat, and the *biscochos*—those small crunchy cookies that only the Tiguas know how to make. They were so good that the people would get some to take home so they could have them at home with their coffee. It was a whole day of feasting with lots of people from every where: California, New Mexico, Kansas, Alaska, and some places that at that time I did not even know existed!

The other big fiesta in Ysleta was on July 16th at the same mission. I really enjoyed watching the dancing of the *Matachines*, the Indians from Mexico who had all those colorful feathers on their heads and beads of wood decorating their wrists, ankles, and waists. And again it was an all-day celebration where we bought whatever we wanted to eat: fried beef tacos, enchiladas, taquitos, hamburgers, hot dogs, and gorditas which were then served on buns with ground beef, lettuce, tomatoes, and with hot sauce in them. Also there were those goodies that all children love: cotton candy, snow cones, and candied apples.

There was also a big fiesta in Clint on August 10th, very close to the time as the one in Ysleta. As part of this fiesta many people would start walking from Ysleta to Clint—some would even “walk” on their knees all the way to Clint. In fact, I remember walking from Ysleta to Clint twice with my mother. The people believe that Saint Lorenzo would give them the spiritual help they would need through the coming year.

When we lived in Socorro, there was a supermarket almost across from the mission in Socorro. There was a truck that would take the people to this supermarket to buy their groceries. That was the way of helping the people take their groceries to their homes. I also remember that the ice man, Ralph Chavez from Ysleta, would deliver big blocks of ice that my mother would put in the ice box to protect our food from spoiling! We would get ice every other day and we paid twenty-five cents for each block of ice.

We lighted our house with kerosene lamps and we cooked on a wood-burning stove. We went to the cotton fields to get the wood. In winter time we also had a wood-burning stove that we used to heat the house. In 1950 we moved to Ysleta and there we started using a kerosene stove and heater. I remember that at one time we paid twenty-five cents for a gallon of kerosene and it lasted for one week.

There were two gasoline stations in Ysleta, one at the corner of Zaragoza street and Alameda avenue that had a big red horse with wings—it was a Mobile gas station. The other one was almost next door to us on Alameda Avenue. It was owned by the Uriquidi family. We bought our kerosene from them. Life in Ysleta was somewhat better because I did not have to go to look for wood anymore. Eventually we had water and electricity which was wonderful, even though the water was outside the house. We had stepped up one step in our life style.

At the time there were four of us in the family; my mother, step-dad, my sister, and me, and we lived in a two-room house. My sister and I slept on a mattress on the floor—as a matter of fact, I can't remember not sharing a bed with my sister until I married in 1959.

One of my vivid memories is that at that time Alameda Avenue was called Highway 80 and we often would sit outside during the summer and watch the cars "speed" by. We were frightened sometimes because we thought that the cars were going too fast—the speed limit was 40 miles per hour!

The years of my childhood and youth, the most impressionable years, were spent in Ysleta. Those were difficult years for everyone and as I look back on it, our lack of money kept us right in our own neighborhood. I think that I was able to visit Washington Park only a few times. I saw Ascarate Lake only once in all the years of my life.

At the age of twenty-two I went to California where I left the poverty and lack of knowledge and experience behind me. I was able to raise my self-esteem and my self-confidence, and discovered qualities and abilities that I did not suspect I had. In the city of Santa Ana, California, I fulfilled the dream of my life—I helped develop a program for preventing children from becoming involved in drugs and gangs as well as a program for teaching parents how to help their children be "better kids."

My best position and the one that I enjoyed the most was the one that gave me the opportunity to work with a mentor program that was devoted to teaching the teen-agers how to be professional. We tried to modify their expectations and environment so that they were motivated to finish their high school education and to go on to college.

I tried to give what I wish I had been given.



Colonel Doniphan and Private Hughes Conquer New Mexico

By John McVey Middagh



In the year 1846 President James Knox Polk, eleventh president United States, 1845-1849, called for volunteers to go to conquer the Southwest Territories, and John T. Hughes signed up as a private. He had been a school teacher in Liberty, Missouri, until being assigned to Colonel Alexander Doniphan's 1st Missouri's Mounted Regiment.

Colonel Doniphan, also a volunteer, was described by most as a "natural soldier" of impressive stature. He was a small-town lawyer untrained in military matters when he answered President Polk's call for volunteers in the war with Mexico. Later Doniphan's legal experience helped in supervising America's first government of conquered Santa Fe.

Private Hughes, serious by nature, devoted himself to learning. He told Colonel Doniphan that he intended to keep a journal and write a book. Upon hearing this, the Colonel made Hughes the unofficial regiment historian.

Today there is a Doniphan Drive in El Paso, Texas that extends from south of downtown north along the Rio Grande toward Old Mesilla and onward to Albuquerque and Santa Fe, New Mexico. This route was named for Colonel Doniphan after he and his regiment followed it down to El Paso after seizing Santa Fe on August 18, 1846.

It was not a journey without its troubles. South of Socorro, New Mexico, the Lipan Apaches saw what they thought to be "easy pickings" and caused the regiment much grief by stealing horses and mules. A detachment of which Private Hughes was

part was dispatched to catch the Indians who were soon found and defeated. Hughes killed the chief in hand-to-hand combat.

After the skirmish with the Apaches, Colonel Doniphan's regiment defeated the Mexican army in the Battle of Brazito near Las Cruces, New Mexico. Then the Americans marched into El Paso on December 12th with no further resistance. The regiment rested for several weeks during which time Private Hughes became quite familiar with the surrounding area. His commander ordered him to write a letter describing the resources of the El Paso valley and its importance to the United States. The letter was to be addressed to the Secretary of War William Marcy.

"The settlement of El Paso," the private wrote,

extends twenty-two miles from the falls of the Rio Grande on the north, to the Presidio (a fortified settlement) on the south. The falls of the river are two miles north of El Paso's downtown plaza They afford power for the grist and saw mills, enough to supply the entire town with flour and lumber.

Hughes went on to describe the valley as being long and narrow, an agricultural Eden with continuous orchards and vineyards. "The inhabitants," he observed, "were industrious and peaceable, numbering about 8,000."

Since El Paso was then within the boundaries of New Mexico, it would have been the largest town in the province, Santa Fe having only about 5,000 people. Hughes spoke enthusiastically about the local grapes. From the crop "are manufactured 200,000 gallons of perhaps the richest and the best wine in the world. This wine is worth \$2.00 per gallon and constitutes the principal revenue of the city."

Hughes seemed to fancy himself something of a wine expert. At least he was not hesitant to proclaim that the local wine was superior even to the fine wines that came "from the sunny hills of France."

He recommended that when this area was to be annexed to the United States that El Paso be joined to the rest of nation by a turnpike and railroad. He also suggested the Rio Grande might be dredged to open a grand canal to the Gulf of Mexico. Hughes also added, "Future development depended upon keeping the Apaches at bay. They boldly slipped into town at night, robbing families of all they possessed."

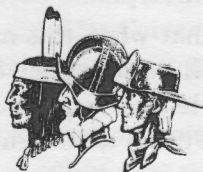
Months later John T. Hughes was back home in Missouri—a war hero. He published his book and in 1854 was elected to the Missouri Legislature.

On the long stretch of highway in El Paso and continuing on into New Mexico, which was named after Colonel Doniphan—part of the land he and his regiment of Missouri volunteers helped conquer—one can almost hear that rag-tag group of military men as they made their way south.

JOHN McVEY MIDDAGH is a native El Pasoan who grew up hearing the tales of Pancho Villa around the campfire in the desert. His father, John Judy Middagh, head of the journalism department at UTEP, was the teller of many tales and an author in his own right. John's mother, Winifred McVey Middagh, proofread *Password* for many years and is still an honorary member of the *Password* board. John has authored two books of his own, *Tales from the Horse* and *Boot Hill*. He is married to the former Cecilia Provencio, and they have two sons and four grandchildren. He retired after twenty-five years as owner and operator of Cowboy Trading Post, a saddle shop and large horse stables.

REFERENCES

- * Information for this story taken from an article found in *El Paso Times*, February 26, 1995, page 4B. Written by Marc Simmons who is a New Mexico author and historian.
- * Doniphan's Epic March: Information taken from a blurb on his book by author Joseph G. Dawson.



Sausage Time in the 1930s

By Frank G. McKnight



In the 1930's my father, Arthur McKnight, made sausage every December. A table on saw horses was set up in the garage to accommodate a dressed pig that customarily arrived at our house the second Saturday of December.

The pig came from a farm near Ysleta owned by Arthur's long time friend, Louis Brown. Several days earlier Arthur purchased several pounds of salted sausage-gut at Schneider's Market on Mesa Street. He soaked them in warm water so they would be pliable by Saturday.

The first job was to remove the pig's head and send it to the kitchen, where my mother and the family cook, Coella Towns, would make "hog's head cheese." First the head was boiled a couple of hours, then skinned and the meat removed. The "cheese" was served for lunch like a "cold-cut" with mayonnaise or tartar sauce. In 1931, at the age of ten, I happened to pass through the kitchen while mother and the cook were cutting the meat with scissors. I noticed that they were cutting up the snout and I announced that I wouldn't be eating any of the "cheese."

Continuing the process, spices, chopped onions, and celery were added and the mixture was then poured into bread pans where it jelled. When kept in the refrigerator, the "cheese" lasted several months. The next year I was called into the kitchen and directed to remove the snout and dispose of it. I ate the "cheese" from that day on.

In the summer of 1930, Lupe Zuniga, a rock mason, built a smoke house in our service yard. Our house was on Pennsylvania Circle, two blocks from the last paved street in east El Paso, Raynolds Boulevard. However, there were no houses yet built on

Raynolds. As a matter of fact, there were only two houses between us and the end of town. Two blocks from our house, we had stables on Raynolds, where we kept horses and a cow.

Back to sausage making. The pig was skinned and all of the meat removed from the bones. Spices were added and the meat was hand ground, with my older brother or me on the grinder and my father doing the more dangerous job of placing the meat in the grinder. Before the second grinding, a sausage stuffing device, which looked like a very long and narrow funnel, was attached to the grinder and a section of perhaps ten or twelve feet of gut was fed onto the sausage device. As the meat came out of the grinder and sausage device, it was encased in the gut. After eight or ten inches of sausage came out of the grinder, my father would pinch the gut and give the sausage a twist. When another sausage came out, it was given a pinch and a twist in the opposite direction.

When all of the meat had been made into sausage, it was then taken to the smokehouse and looped over nails in the ceiling. Coals from a fire started earlier were placed on the floor of the smokehouse. Globes of wet hickory sawdust were placed on top of the embers. The coals were replaced every two or three hours, with the sausage being cooked and smoked for twenty-four hours.

The skin of the pig was taken to the basement to be rendered. The lard was reserved for household use. The "chitlins" were ultimately mixed with cornmeal mush to be fed to my fathers hunting dogs. Thus, the only thing not used were the bones. The sausage was stored in the smokehouse for the months of January and February and the uneaten balance was transferred to the refrigerator about the first of March. The family enjoyed sausage from about the middle of December until early in the summer.

These were not the sterile, plastic-bound packages of today!

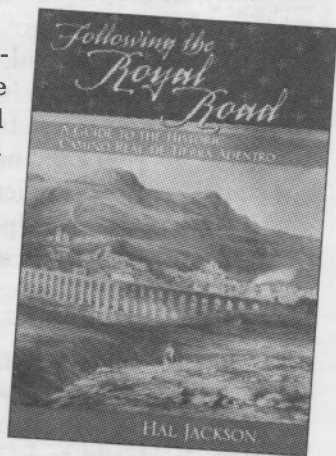
FRANK MCKNIGHT, a native El Pasoan, graduated from local schools, the New Mexico Military Institute and the University of Texas at Austin. He served during World War II and was later associated with Anderson, Clayton and Company in the cotton business. In 1969 he received a presidential appointment to serve in the Department of Agriculture in Washington. He has served many civic causes and is a past president of the El Paso County Historical Society.



Book Reviews

***Following the Royal Road: A Guide to the Historic Camino Real de Tierra Adentro.* Hal Jackson. Foreword by Marc Simmons. Albuquerque, University of New Mexico Press, 2006. Pp. xvii, 227. Illus., maps, bibliog., index. \$19.95 paper. ISBN-0-8263-4085-7.**

Suppose someone, say a book publisher, were to think of criteria for the best possible writer of a guide to El Camino Real de Tierra Adentro. The criteria surely would include love of historic trails, facility with maps, experience in Mexico including fluency in Spanish, and clarity in writing. Looking around, this "someone" would certainly have settled upon Hal Jackson for the job, and we are all lucky that we have this fine book—even if the suggested search was only imaginary.



"Our" Camino Real—to distinguish it from others in formerly Spanish parts of the United States is the oldest and longest, and arguably the most significant. *Caminos reales* originated to connect the capital city of New Spain, Mexico City, with regional capitals, and regional capitals with each other. Intended for governmental use, especially military use, they were from earliest times used also by commercial and other travelers. In our case the Camino Real was a major means of extending Spanish and Mexican culture to the north. Building on the existing Camino Real from Mexico City to Zacatecas, don Juan de Oñate in 1598 was the first to establish the full length of the trail through the Pass of the North to northern New Mexico. For centuries to follow, it continued to tie Spain's northernmost interior province to the heartland, and segments of the trail were essential for regional travel. The tie continued from 1821-1846, with New Mexico under Mexican administration—and, indeed, until the coming of the railroad which made so many changes. Gringo merchants, entering New Mexico on the Santa Fe Trail, often referred to the route from Santa Fe to Chihuahua City and Durango as the

"Chihuahua Trail." Later north-south railroad lines in the United States and Mexico generally followed the route of *El Camino Real de Tierra Adentro*. Thus, its importance is hard to exaggerate.

Without intending to write history, Hal Jackson has included a lot of it in this guidebook. That it is accurate history is attested to by the writer of the introduction, Marc Simmons, sometimes called the "historian laureate" of New Mexico. Beginning at Santa Fe, with extension from San Juan Pueblo (now Ohkay Owingeh, where Oñate established the first, temporary capital of New Mexico), Jackson provides detailed directions for auto travel all the way to Mexico City. One learns in the text exactly how far one must go on which road, where to turn, and the precautions that should be observed. It is not only detailed but also accurate, as far as this reviewer can determine. One must realize that, with passage of a few years, changes will occur. In the *Jornada del Muerto* of southern New Mexico, for instance, major changes will occur with construction of Spaceport America, now (2007) pretty well assured. If this incites some readers to go out on Camino Real exploration sooner, fine!

Readers in southern New Mexico and the El Paso area will note that the author is satisfied to locate, after much study, the site of the Battle of Brazito near the Brazito School. In the following section, "Entrada to El Paso," Jackson discusses Oñate's arrival in the spring of 1598, local activities, and route of passage in considerable detail. He notes (pp. 80, 93) the "toma" ceremony (the crown's formal territorial claim) without converting it into a fall festival of "thanksgiving." In coverage of the Las Cruces-El Paso area he includes eight maps and three illustrations (pp. 75-97). Typical of coverage throughout the book, Jackson has skillfully drawn most of the maps, often basing them on the work of Spanish geographers as well as those who came later, with modern auto roadways displayed.

In addition to the total of fifty-five maps in this excellent guide, readers and users can benefit from the six-page useful array of "Suggested Readings." There are also "Suggestions for Travel in Mexico." In short: applauded and recommended. Author and publisher are to be thanked.

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***Larger Than Life: New Mexico in The Twentieth Century.* Ferenec M. Szasz. Albuquerque, University of New Mexico Press, 2006. Paperback \$22.95**

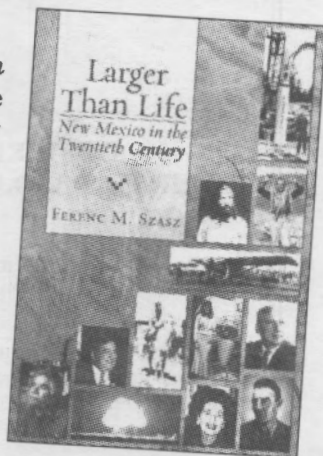
Larger Than Life: New Mexico in The Twentieth Century is a literary tour de force, and a major contribution to New Mexico's contemporary bibliography. Post World War II New Mexico history has been scanty and this book helps fill part of this void.

The author is highly qualified to write this book. Professor Szasz has taught at the University of New Mexico specializing in intellectual history and religious history of the United States for approximately forty years. He is a prolific author and well informed about New Mexico history, especially the development and evolution of the Los Alamos atomic bomb program.

Larger Than Life embraces eleven essays which are compartmentalized into four parts: People, Cultures, Atomic New Mexico, and Mysteries. Unquestionably the book's strength rests upon the three polished chapters within "Atomic New Mexico," and the second lucid chapter, "J. Robert Oppenheimer and the State of New Mexico," in Part One—People. The Atomic Age theme permeates all but four of the book's chapters. This clearly underscores the importance Szasz places upon the development of the atomic bomb in New Mexico.

Szasz also contributes four essays which are interesting, informative, and well written. The Lindbergh, Bill Richardson, and Francis Schlatter essays beg for their own books. The weakest essay is chapter four, "Cultures of Modern New Mexico" totally encompassing Part Two, "Cultures." This chapter contains too much information crammed into one essay; the topics appear in rapid succession without appropriate narrative. The subjects listed deserve more than one or two sentence explanations.

Szasz has written an important book and it is recommended for general readers as well as scholars. Szasz provides an insightful, informative, and enlightening book which will provoke discussion and should be read by anyone possessing an interest in New Mexico history. This is a significant contribution to understanding contemporary history of the Land of Enchantment.



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