

PIONEER AND BOOSTER IS LAID TO REST

Charles F. (Give-a-Dam) Jones Buried In Concordia Thursday.

WAS FATHER OF BASEBALL

Prominent In All El Paso Activities For 50 Years.

OLD-TIMERS laid the body of their old friend, Charles F. (Give-a-Dam) Jones, 77, who died at his home, 3101 Rivera street, Wednesday, to rest in Concordia cemetery Thursday morning.

Funeral services were held at 10:30 a. m. at the Kaster-Maxon mortuary. Pallbearers were: M. C. Edwards, Louis Smith, Frank Bolton, Capt. J. J. Sullivan, W. H. Rattenbury and W. H. Ong.

Mr. Jones, affectionately known among El Paso's pioneers as "Give-a-Dam," had lived in El Paso since the Pass City was just a border town—an outpost. For 50 years he has watched the joys and the sorrows of his adopted city.

It was back in the 80's when "Give-a-Dam" first worked his way into the hearts of El Paso's citizenship when he organized the Santa Fe baseball team, the name of which later was changed to the El Paso City team.

He was a member of the far-famed McGinty club, of the old Volunteer Fireman's association, and of the El Paso Pioneers' association.

Jones was born in Kansas. From that state he came to Texas, wandering about the state for a time, and finally bringing up in Austin. He stayed there a year or two, and then came to El Paso, which since had been his home.

Jones was a carpenter, cabinet maker and all around mechanic, and as such his services were in great demand. It was said of him that given the plan of a house, he could build it practically by himself.

He had many friends, and took an active interest in politics, although never holding any office. He was well read, especially in American history, on which he was considered an authority.

Often he made political speeches,

and while not an orator, always drew a crowd and kept its attention, not only because he always had something striking to say, but also because no one was certain what he would say.

His cognomen of "Give a Damn," or rather "not give a damn," was acquired many years ago, and it stuck to him to the time of his death. He was in the habit of writing The Times letters on various topics of interest. One of these he signed, "I don't Give a Damn, Jones." This name stuck.

In 1881 Jones organized what was at first known as the Santa Fe, and later as the El Paso city team. For the first few years it was largely a local affair. By 1887, however, it had developed as a fast playing team, and began to look for further conquests.

Among the players on the team at that time were Maury Edwards, Juan Hart, Waters Davis, Henry Benecke, Johnny Kelly, J. T. Spencer, W. H. Hawley, Danny Crealin and many others. Some are now well known and prosperous citizens. Others have long since passed. Among the first of the players was a young lieutenant, now Brig. Gen. Thomas Davis, retired.

As a baseball manager, Jones was a great success. He was heart and soul interested; he understood the game, and was intensely honest and loyal to El Paso. In those days gambling was open, and often Jones was offered large sums to throw games.

"Nothing doing," was his invariable reply. "If anybody in El Paso loses a dollar on this team, it won't be the fault of the management or players."

The team began about 1887 to play more away from home and to have many teams from other towns here. Jones was manager of the team until about 1904, and all during his management the El Paso team was known as the fastest team in the southwest.

In those days there was an intense civic pride and loyalty among El Pasoans, although when Jones took charge of the team the population of the city was only a few thousand, with three houses "north of the tracks."

One time the team returned to El Paso, after a defeat, from Santa Fe. The defeated team was met at the station by a huge and enthusiastic crowd, determined to show loyalty in defeat as well as victory.

It was admitted El Paso had a fine team, but decided that the pitchers were weak. A purse of \$1,800 was promptly raised and given to Jones to get fast pitchers. Then El Paso scored victories, not only over most of the teams in Texas and New Mexico, but over many strong professional and semi-professional teams from the north and east.

Maury Edwards, besides being a player on Jones's team, wa. an inti-

mate friend of his for many years.

"He never tried for political office but once," said Mr. Edwards last night. "Then he ran for alderman in the fourth ward. I have forgotten the exact number of votes cast, it was about 250. But after the votes had been counted Jones pondered over it for a moment, remembered the promises that had been made him and commented sadly:

"Well, I haven't been elected, but I've learned one thing and that is that there are 200 bars in the fourth ward."

Jones had much of the oldtime individual independence of the pioneers and resented regulations which he believed interfered with personal liberty. In 1897 an ordinance was passed against the exploding of giant firecrackers even on July Fourth.

Jones resented this and showed it by giving notice through the newspapers that he would shoot off all the giant crackers on the Fourth he pleased. He did so. He was arrested on a charge of violating the new ordinance, but a jury of oldtimers promptly acquitted him.

One of the last public appearances of Mr. Jones was at the annual banquet and reunion of the Volunteer Firemen's association at Juarez a few weeks ago. He was one of the honored guests and made a short address recalling old times and some of the fights with fire in which they had all shared.

He is survived by his widow.