

# PASS WORD



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# PASS-WORD

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# PASS-WORD

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## YOUR PRESIDENT REPORTS

. . . . . by Paul A. Heisig, Jr.



MR. PAUL A. HEISIG, JR.

This is the way it all began: my friend, Cleo Calleros, local historian of note, appeared before a meeting of the Junior Chamber of Commerce and gave a stirring talk on the benefits of using the wonderful historical background of the Southwest to: first, preserve our heritage by protecting and memorializing our present historical landmarks that are fast disappearing; and, second, to mark and bring to life as much as possible the glories of the past. He pointed out that such a program would be a tremendous impact on tourist interest, and he noted what the tourist meant economically to El Paso.

The Women's Department of the Chamber of Commerce became interested in the program and invited Mr. Calleros to tell them of his idea. The women immediately saw the need for such an organization as Mr. Calleros proposed, and Mrs. W. W. Schuessler, their group chairman, became the temporary organizing officer. A meeting was called, to which the public was invited, and I was elected your first president. Thus was born the El Paso Historical Society.

Since its birth less than two years ago, the society has accomplished a great deal. Just what have we accomplished thus far? We have given the city an historical association that is the largest and most active in the state—750 members who are vitally interested in seeing that our cherished shrines are preserved or restored so that posterity may share the glory as well as the sublimity of a past age.

We recently completed a celebration by unveiling to the public the old Juarez-El Paso mule-drawn car, El Paso's first public transportation. (See below, page 31.) We have prepared bronze plaques that are now ready and will be placed with proper ceremonies in our five old missions, missions that pre-date the much publicized California missions by more than a hundred years. Each plaque gives the date and history of that mission. One mission, for instance, had the oldest farm in what is now the United States, and one

# *The Salt War of San Elizario*

. . . . . by *Albion Smith*

DURING THE FALL OF 1877 the usually peaceful valley of the Rio Grande lying between El Paso and San Elizario burst forth in civil war. The war arose over a dispute as to the ownership of the salt beds in Culberson County at the base of Guadalupe peak. At that time there were only about 80 Anglo-Saxons in El Paso County, and no railroads or telegraph lines. It is doubtful if there is now any person in this vicinity who was old enough in 1877 to recollect the incidents of that momentous disturbance which shook our friendship with Mexico and caused violent conflict between the races inhabiting the valley.

A War Department investigation was made to fix the responsibility for the affair. Later Congress studied the military report to determine what action, if any, should be taken by the Federal Government. Such prominent citizens of El Paso as A. Krakauer; county commissioner G. N. Garcia; Judge Allen Blacker; Solomon Schutz, a merchant; Joseph Schutz, a notary public; Maximo Aranda; General Anson Mills, then a captain in the army, and J. A. Zabriskie were called upon for testimony.

The seat of the disturbance, San Elizario, was at that time the county seat of El Paso County. It was regarded as the most important settlement west of Fort Stockton. At that time Ysleta was just a small Indian village, and El Paso was renowned chiefly because of its position facing Paso del Norte (Juarez) across the river. At San Elizario the trail from the United States to Chihuahua crossed the border. It was a trail that had witnessed much violence as a result of contraband traffic during the lawless years between the Mexican War and the establishment of Fort Bliss as a permanent garrison.

In order to understand the circumstances of the Salt War one must know something of the economic philosophies differentiating the Mexican from the Anglo-Saxon people. The lower class of Mexicans, who have always leaned strongly toward the idea of community ownership of natural wealth, firmly believed that the salinas or salt mines should be enjoyed by everyone according to his needs. For many years the impoverished peasants had trafficked in salt sales. To them the money gained meant the difference between malnutrition and starvation. Citizens of Mexico found it impossible to under-

had the first military establishment. Under Dr. Joseph Leach of Texas Western College, a descriptive plaque has been placed at Hueco Tanks, telling of the pictographs made on the rocks by the Indians hundreds of years ago. (See below, page 30.)

Your monument committee under Mrs. George Brunner, after weeks of research, has uncovered 105 points of historical interest in El Paso County. They are now ours forever. It is our purpose to lend the films to the public schools for educational purposes. For this ambitious achievement we are deeply indebted to two of our armed service members, Master Sergeants Kelly and Gwilliams, as well as to Mr. Meston and Mr. Calleros. They worked long and hard on the project. We have also been instrumental in having the Ponce de Leon and Doniphan plaques preserved and restored to their rightful position. (De Leon was the first settler in this area north of the Rio Grande. His ranch house stood on the present site of The White House.)

Your society is giving you in this quarterly the results of many hours of diligent and consecrated work by your editor-in-chief, Doctor Eugene Porter, and his chief assistant, Mr. Frank Feuille III. We are to be congratulated for having among our membership such talented men. I know all of you feel that the results warrant their efforts.

What then is on the planning board for the future? We will take part on May 1st in the 75th anniversary of the coming of the first railroad to El Paso. On that occasion the Southern Pacific will present to the city a locomotive for which your society has already prepared a bronze plaque to commemorate the event. This locomotive will be placed in a park opposite the Union Station. It was through the efforts of Mr. Chris Fox and your president that this site was made possible.

In 1957 your society will join the entire Southwest in celebrating the 100th anniversary of the opening of the old Butterfield trail. Our Mr. Calleros is a member of the State's Historical Association committee for this event.

We shall also use our best endeavor to obtain for our use as a museum of the Old West our present City Hall. Indeed, we are full of plans and ideas, and with the interest and cooperation of all of you our goal will be attained.



MR. CLEOFAS CALLEROS



MRS. W. W. SCHUESSLER

stand why they could not continue to haul salt across the Rio Grande as their ancestors had done. Why should a war fought in 1846-48, a full generation before, disrupt the custom of centuries? On the other hand the Anglo-Saxons, who are individualists by nature, seek to build their fortunes by possessing whatever they can take and develop.

So it was in 1869 that Samuel A. Maverick, possessor of Texas land script, filed on two sections of the salinas. His move caused hardly a ripple in the lives of the Mexicans since there were many ponds of salt left unclaimed. But in 1877 Charles H. Howard, the district judge, filed on the remainder of the salt mines in the name of his father-in-law, Major George B. Zimpelman. The public was notified that salt could no longer be removed from the mines without payment of a fee. As a result great indignation burst forth among the Mexicans in the lower valley and their neighbors across the river in Mexico.

Matters approached a climax when on September 10, 1877, Howard had two men arrested for threatening to take salt from the mines without paying the fee. One of the men was released when he told the justice of the peace that he hadn't really meant what he said; but the other, Macedonio Gandara, stubbornly insisted that he would take salt whenever he wanted it. For this statement he was put in jail in San Elizario, after refusing to post a \$200 bond, but a mob formed and forcibly released him.

Shortly after this, Sheriff Charles Kerber and Sergeant J. E. McBride of the Rangers accompanied Judge Howard to Ysleta for the purpose of enforcing respect for the property of the latter. Another mob formed and captured the three of them. Later they released Kerber and McBride but retained Howard. Feeling ran high and many favored assassinating him. An esteemed local politician, Luis Cardis, pleaded for the life of Howard, although he disliked what he was trying to accomplish. The leaders of the mob agreed to spare Howard's life on one condition: that he post a bond with them in the amount of \$12,000 to guarantee that he would leave El Paso County and never return. John G. Atkinson, Charles Ellis, Jesus Cobos, and Thomas Garcia signed the bond, and Howard withdrew to Mesilla, New Mexico.

Had Howard remained in New Mexico it is unlikely that the remaining events of this story would have taken place. But he did not. On October 7 he returned to El Paso as he felt no respect for a bond given under duress to a mob. Howard had taken an extreme dislike for Luis Cardis, since the latter, although he had saved his life, still sided with the people on the question of the ownership of the salt mines. This hatred grew to a point that on October 10, Howard, armed with a shot gun, went hunting for Cardis. They met in the store of Solomon Schutz. Although Cardis was unarmed, Howard

fired into him twice, killing him instantly. After this event Howard again left Texas and retired unmolested into New Mexico.

The assassination of Cardis caused the mob spirit around San Elizario to increase. Mexicans from south of the Rio Grande began to drift into town, augmenting the size of the mob and increasing its malignant attitude. The mob's leaders demanded that the bondsmen turn over to them the \$12,000 which Howard forfeited by returning to El Paso. This they refused to do and thereby brought on themselves the mob's hostility which later proved fatal to Atkinson and Ellis.

Meanwhile, Major John B. Jones of the Rangers, dispatched by the governor, went to San Elizario to calm the populace. In this he was unsuccessful because the people of the community felt that the civil government, of which they knew little and respected less, was failing to protect their interests. They pointed out that while Gandara was jailed for simply stating that he was going to take salt from the mines, Howard was walking the streets a free man, although guilty of murder. Thus, in an attempt to appease the people, Major Jones sent word to Judge Howard that he was to surrender himself at El Paso. This he did on November 16, but was promptly released on bond without a hearing before a grand jury. This easy treatment of Howard naturally added fuel to the already growing fire of resentment among the Mexican people.

Ignoring this resentment, Howard, in company with Lieutenant Tays of the Rangers and a detachment of 16 men, left El Paso on December 12, for San Elizario for the purpose of stopping the illegal removal of salt from his mines. Upon his arrival a mob formed and the group found itself besieged in the Ranger quarters. The mob numbered about 400, many of whom were Mexican citizens from across the Rio Grande. A desultory exchange of shots lasted for several days. The first casualty of the besieged was Charles Ellis, who, under a flag of truce, visited the leaders of the mob in an effort to placate them. While negotiations were in progress, one of the mob on horseback lassoed Ellis and dragged him through the streets, after which his throat was cut and other mortal wounds inflicted. On the following day Sergeant C. E. Mortimer was fired on and fatally wounded while patrolling in the vicinity of the Ranger quarters.

The besieged men then sent an appeal for help to Fort Bliss (Hart's Mill) and Captain Thomas Blair, 15th Infantry, with a detachment of 15 troops, was dispatched to San Elizario. But the mob met the soldiers outside the town and convinced Blair that the quarrel was not within the province of the Federal Government, that no Mexican citizens were involved. Captain Blair allowed himself to believe this statement and for so doing was severely

criticized later. At any rate he withdrew and left the besieged men to their fate.

With all hope gone, Howard and Tays, on December 16, surrendered to the mob rather than be responsible for the massacre of their companions. After their surrender Atkinson was sent for to act as interpreter. The leaders of the mob threatened to kill Atkinson unless he persuaded the remaining Rangers to surrender. This he was able to do by promising them that if they gave themselves up they would be released. With their surrender the fervor of the mob increased to the point where there were cries to kill the prisoners. Shouts of *Acábenlos* (Finish them) went up. A firing squad was formed under the leadership of Desiderio Apodaca, and Howard, McBride and Atkinson were executed. All met their death courageously. The remaining prisoners were disarmed and permitted to depart. During the four days the siege had lasted, looting had broken out and the property of Ellis and Atkinson, both of whom owned stores in San Elizario, was destroyed or carried away.

In the meantime, on December 14, Governor Hubbard wired President Hayes, asking the troops be sent to repel an invasion of Texas. At the same time a posse of citizens, some of whom were of low character, was formed at Silver City, New Mexico, and marched to the aid of the community. Colonel Hatch, with a detachment of cavalry, arrived at San Elizario on December 22. But already the mob, feeling that the death of Luis Cardis had been avenged with the death of Judge Howard, had dispersed, so that the presence of Colonel Hatch had the effect of restoring order without any display of force. For a short period of time, however, the posse from Silver City committed more outrages than had the Mexican mob. Many Mexicans, terrorized, left the United States, never to return.

No one was ever brought to trial to answer for the outrages committed by both sides. Formal demands were made to the Mexican Government for the surrender of the known participants in the war, but the demands were ignored.

A final report of the military board, which assembled at El Paso to investigate the Salt War, was submitted to the War Department on March 16, 1878. Among the recommendations the board pointed out the advisability of making El Paso a permanent post for the Fort Bliss garrison. This recommendation was acted upon and contributed more than any other factor in bringing law and order to West Texas.

LETTERS  
FROM  
MEXICO

. . . . . edited by R. K. McMaster

The writer of *Letters From Mexico*, Richard Hugh McMaster, was graduated from the Citadel in 1894. The following year he enlisted in the 10th Infantry, serving three years as private and corporal at Fort Sill in the Indian Territory. Commissioned a second lieutenant of Artillery in 1898, he subsequently commanded Field Artillery units from platoon to brigade in four wars, including the Punitive Expedition. He completed the entire Army Service School program with distinction, and retired as the senior colonel in the Army after 43 years of service. He and his wife, the former Elizabeth Boss, reside in Washington, D. C.

The Fourth Field Artillery, from which these letters emanate, served with the Vera Cruz Expedition in 1914. Upon returning to the United States, the regiment was encamped at Texas City when it was struck by the Galveston flood. It was then transferred to Fort Bliss, where it was stationed until the day following the Columbus Raid.

Tuesday, March 21, 1916  
12 noon.

Dear . . . . . :

Here we are camped at Ojo Federico (*Ojo* means spring or water hole as well as eye). We camped last night on the Casas Grandes River at Ascension after a march of 17 miles. We are marching with the infantry now and the marching is slow and tiresome. Yesterday we passed through a deserted and ruined Mormon settlement called Colonia Diaz;<sup>1</sup> only a few Mexican families remained. The town is about 1½ miles long by one mile wide, with streets lined on both sides with cottonwood trees; and irrigation ditches running everywhere. The trees are beautiful and are just now shedding their cotton. The place originally had nice brick and doby houses and looks a good deal like the town of Rocky Ford, Colorado, that we passed through last summer. At Ascension the Q. M. bought us a few cattle, so we are going to have beef for dinner today for the first time. We started out from Columbus with 6 days rations and 5 days grain; we drew one day's grain en-route, and that will carry us through two days more to Casas Grandes. Today

we marched only 10 miles to this place; and have a long dry march tomorrow of about 22 miles, to Corralitos ranch. We lost one mule from exhaustion yesterday. We have passed 12 or 15 dead mules and horses along the road belonging to the Cavalry. The 11th Cavalry camped here last night and left a filthy camp which we had to police up. On the way down this morning the Q. M. driver on the hospital wagon decided to open fire on a coyote —so he will be tried by courtmartial this afternoon (summary court). We passed a pretty lake this morning; our spring flows into it. The water is slightly alkali but drinkable. Give my regards to Col. Fuller<sup>2</sup> when you see him.

Mexico, April 13, 1916

Dear. . . . . :

Col. Berry<sup>3</sup> came in last night on a trip of inspection and slept in my tent. He says Mrs. Berry is writing and asking what plans she shall make for Honolulu, and he does not know what to answer. I saw Lieut. Swift<sup>4</sup> this morning. He said Mrs. Swift and Pula were at Fort Riley; and sent his regards to our family. I went to the hospital tent this morning and saw Col. Rivers.<sup>5</sup> His temperature is normal today, so I guess he is all right. It is a mighty good thing they kept him here. Yesterday was pay day. I asked Chance<sup>6</sup> if he wanted any money but he said no, and got me to keep \$4.00 for him.

Mexico, May 14, -16.

Dear. . . . . :

I really haven't much to write about though, on account of the censorship.<sup>7</sup> We were all ready to march North, when the order was countermanded, and we have waited three days. Lots of troops have come in and camped around our little lake and some have gone away but I am not permitted to tell you about them. There are so many troops here now that the men are not permitted to bathe in the lake, because the drinking water is taken from the lake. We dig little shallow wells along the shore and line them with rocks, then we

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<sup>1</sup>The Mormon colonists left Colonia Diaz and entered the United States on July 29, 1912, at The Monument, also called the Corner Ranch, New Mexico. Mr. Levi S. Tenney, 3827 Clifton St., El Paso, was responsible for the decision that the colonists left Mexico. Mr. Tenney later served as a scout with the Pershing Expedition. Information given E. O. Porter by Mr. Tenney, November 14, 1955.

<sup>2</sup>Col. Ezra B. Fuller, Ret., Editor of the *Cavalry Journal* from 1907 to 1920.

<sup>3</sup>Col. Lucien G. Berry, Inspector, Punitive Expedition, Brig. General, 3th Division, AEF. 41st Lt. Innis P. Swift, 13th Cavalry. Later Major General, 1st Cavalry Division, World War II.

<sup>4</sup>Col. William C. Rivers, Cavalry. Later Major General, Inspector General, U. S. Army, 1927-1930.

<sup>6</sup>Private Chance, Orderly to C. O., 4th Field Artillery.

<sup>7</sup>Mail was censored at regimental headquarters prior to being dispatched by truck train to Columbus, New Mexico.

take out the water which filters through, and put it in rubberoid bags, which have 3 or 4 spigots at the bottom. A little chloride of lime is put in each bagful to kill the germs. The bag is then hung up in a little bower of pine brush; the evaporation on the outside of the bag keeps the water cool. Sometimes, though, we don't have the lime and then there is danger of disentry unless the water is boiled. We got our range-finder and measured the lake. It is 1150 yds. wide and 2400 yards long. There are wild ducks on the lake nearly all the time; but some cavalryman is out shooting them this morning, so I guess they will soon be driven away. The other evening about half a dozen pelicans were on the lake. We are in the country of small pine trees now and the hills and canyon are pretty well wooded. In *El Oso* canyon, a few miles to the north, there are said to be many bears. One Mexican told us that there were some good mines there but that the bears interfered with them so much that the people could not work the mines, and that they had to be abandoned. I think this is a Mexican bear story.

At the north end of *El Oso* canyon, there is a small ranch house owned by Cervantes, who is the chief lieutenant of Villa in this country. Cervantes is not at home now when anybody calls; the Americans have surrounded his house several nights, but *No hay Cervantes*. His wife is cross-eyed and *muy gorda*. He has plenty of loot at his ranch including several fine carriages and some fine china with somebody else's name on it. A few nights before we camped at San Geronimo (18 miles north), Cervantes came to the hacienda there (only about 200 yds. from the American cavalry camp) and spent the night there. He knew that the Americans were looking for him, so he evidently thought he would get into a safe place.

The night before we reached San Geronimo, there were 200 Carranza soldiers there. They were looking for loot buried by the Villistas. They have Pablo Lopez in Chihuahua. (He is the one who murdered the Americans at Santa Isabel—14 mining men). So before killing Lopez they are trying to make him tell where the loot is, and then sending out searching parties to hunt for it.

There is a Carranza Captain of Cavalry in our camp now to represent the Carranza people. He talks English and says that he worked as a butcher all over the United States.

The batteries still have their dogs with them. "C" battery has "Plato" the brindle bull, and their white bull dog that had the wooly pups. A stag hound joined us at Namiquipa. It belongs to "Santiago Joe" who works at the Hearst ranch at Babicora, on the west side of the mountains.

Our 150 pack mules which have been packing rations for the advanced cavalry have rejoined our batteries. They packed in on their mules the dead

Americans killed in action. Then they were buried in *mantas* (the cloth covers that the packages are wrapped in before packing). This did not happen here, though, I think it was at Guerrero.

I saw Lieut. Simpson<sup>8</sup> yesterday and he told me about the death of Lt. Naylor<sup>9</sup> and Lieut. Pritchett.<sup>10</sup> Our Chaplain says the only safe place to be in is Mexico.

I have some very nice syrup now to eat with my hardtack. I bought some black sugar from a Mexican, and then put it in a tomato can with water and boiled it down.

Mexico, May 18, -16

Dear. . . . . :

I was over in the Cavalry camp this morning and saw Lieut. Sherburne.<sup>11</sup> He says that he lives on Grant Ave., also, and has 3 boys. We received orders this morning to build dobie houses, which is a pretty good sign that we will move soon. There are lots of burros here but very few ponies and they are poor ones. Uncle George<sup>12</sup> has just come into my tent and he says to tell you that his fine horse "Fitz Mack" died with the colic.

Mexico, May 21, -16.

Dear. . . . . :

We are still camped on the Santa Maria River. It rises about twenty-five miles south of here and flows past Bachiniva, San Geronimo, Namiquipa, Cruces, El Valle and Galeana on to the north, finally emptying into the Santa Maria Lake, not far from the U. S. boundary. This lake has no outlet and, I believe, is shallow and salt. The river at this place is just about as big as Medicine Creek, and has no swimming holes. The rainy season begins about the middle of June and then I guess all the watercourses will be bank full.

Namiquipa is a stragglng little Mexican settlement stretching along for 7 or 8 miles on both sides of the Santa Maria River. It is all dobie except a few buildings. The town is very old. The old church was established by the Franciscan Monks in 1542. The monks were given a grant of land by the Spanish Crown, extending 7½ miles in all directions from the church door. After Mexico became a republic the church lands were confiscated, and by some system of graft the Namiquipa grant passed into the hands of a man

<sup>8</sup>Lt. Simpson, no information.

<sup>9</sup>Lt. Naylor, Field Artillery, died in an automobile accident at Fort Sill, May 7, 1916.

<sup>10</sup>1st Lt. Edwin E. Pritchett, Field Artillery, died in an automobile accident at Fort Sill, May 7, 1916.

<sup>11</sup>1st Lt. Thomas L. Sherburne, 5th Cavalry. His family lived on Grant Avenue, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where headquarters were made available during the period of the expedition.

<sup>12</sup>Major George H. McMaster, 16th Infantry.

named Terrazas.<sup>13</sup> So that everybody living on this land had to pay rent to Señor Terrazas. The peons did not like this, and this is one of the reasons why the Mexican Revolution started in 1910. Now nearly everybody in this district are *Villistas*, including the *Presidente* of the town. The *Presidente* has to be good though, for we have his son in the stockade here. I guess that is why Cervantes does not bother us too. He is reported to have said that he would shoot up some of the truck trains if we did not have his brother in jail.

Lieut. Patton,<sup>14</sup> whom you used to know at Fort Riley, was in my tent just now. He told us about the little fight he had. When we were stationed at Itascate he was sent out 18 miles to Rubio to buy some corn. He had 3 automobiles and about ten men of the 6th Infantry. One of our scouts had been killed over there a few days before, so when Lieut. Patton came to the hacienda, he had the men surround it quickly. As he himself ran around to the back side, three Mexican with rifles ran out and started shooting at him. Patton shot one man in the arm and wounded another, and about that time the infantry soldiers started to shooting and soon got all three of the *hombres*. About this time they saw about 40 mounted Mexicans in the hills coming after them. So they tied the dead men on their automobiles and skidood back to the post. One of the Mexicans killed was Captain Cardenas who belonged to Villa's *dorados*.<sup>15</sup> Patton got a fine silver mounted saddle from Cardenas' horse and a pair of leather chaps.

I told Chaplain Joyce that I was going to write you, and I asked if he had any news. He said to tell you that he went down to Santa Ana ranch yesterday in an automobile and carried back the stag hound that had been following him.

Santa Ana is the eastern ranch house of the Hearst ranch; the rest of the ranch extends westward over the Sierra Madre Mountains to Laguna Babicora and has a million acres. (The Fort Sill Reservation has 50,000 acres, so you know how big the Hearst ranch is.) The Hearst people have now about a hundred Carranza soldiers hired to defend their ranch, but everything is already ruined and most of the cattle killed or run off. Villa is said to have killed 8,000 cattle at one time to get the hides to sell. Anyway the Chaplain went down to Santa Ana yesterday and took dinner there. He passed the place where Villa and some Carranza troops had a fight last February. He says that 200 *Carrancistas* and 70 *Villistas* were killed there and that they were piled up and partially burned; that he could still see the pile of skulls and bones; that one of them was buried and that his hand was still sticking up through the ground pointing towards the sky. The Chaplain is a pretty good story teller, and I guess we need not believe everything he says.

A committee of Mexicans from the town came out today and invited him to come in and hold services in their church, but he declined with thanks, saying he had already held one service today, and that the general did not want him to leave his post. That was how I found out it was Sunday.

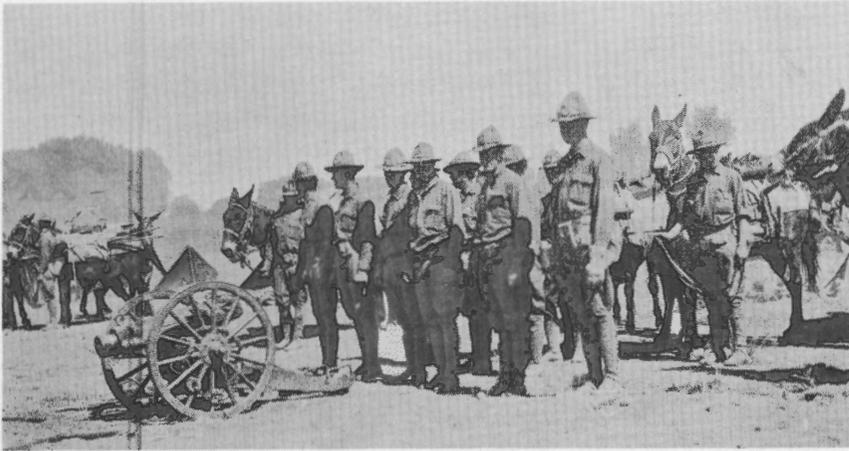
One of our artillery packers had a bright new penny, so Friday he went down to the market at the edge of town, and bought something from a Mexican. He told him that the penny was a ten dollar gold piece and got back a lot of change. What do you think of that? Now the packer is going to be tried.

I will close now as our letters are censored and there are a whole lot of things we can not write about; only the newspaper correspondents are permitted to tell about those things. You can tell Captain Eltinge<sup>16</sup> about Lieut. Patton.

Mexico, May 28, 1916

Dear. . . . . :

Today is Sunday, so after having my breakfast in bed, I got up and put on my only clean pair of breeches, and had a shave, and then took my kodak, and walked around the camp and took a few pictures. The camp scenes are all the same though, and do not make very good pictures.



<sup>13</sup>*Ley Lerdo*, enacted by the Mexican Congress on June 25, 1856, prohibited civil and religious corporations from holding real estate not used for worship. The state sold the Church property. Later, President Diaz, in 1894, applied the *Ley Lerdo* to the Indian *ejidos*. One individual obtained 17 million acres of land in Chihuahua. It was under this law that the Terrazas family gained its great holdings. Henry Bamford Parkes, *A History of Mexico* (Cambridge: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1938), 305.

<sup>14</sup>1st Lt. George S. Patton, Jr., Headquarters, Punitive Expedition, Later General, Commanding General Third Army, World War II.

<sup>15</sup>Julio Cardenas was called a general and was Captain of the *Dorados*. These formed the personal body guard of Villa and were so-called because their uniforms were golden. American soldiers called the *Dorados* Villa's "Golden Ones."

<sup>16</sup>Capt. LeRoy Eltinge, Cavalry. Later Brig. General, General Staff, GHQ, AEF.

We haven't seen a single interesting town since we have been here, and we never stop near any of the squalid little villages. We are afraid of getting typhus fever; soldiers are forbidden to enter any native house unless accompanied by an officer.

Well our old friend Candelario Cervantes, who had the fat cross-eyed wife, is dead. He was killed about 3 days ago, and I presume you have read about it in the paper before this. There are several stories about how it happened and I will tell you one of them. The day before he was killed there were about 5 troops of Cavalry before him, all converging on a point, where they thought they might find him. The Cavalry started about 2 o'clock at night from the different Camps and rode until dark the following day, but they could not find even a trace of him. Then the next day a detachment of engineers and infantry—10 men in all,—went out from a place up the road to buy beef. They came to a house and while 7 men with the wagon were dickering about the beef, the other three men started to chasing a fat pig. They ran the pig into a ravine and whom should they run into but Cervantes with a detachment of about 25 Mexicans. The Mexicans opened fire and wounded all three Americans (one of them died); then Cervantes and another Mexican who were mounted rode down on the wounded soldiers. Whereupon one of the wounded soldiers<sup>17</sup> shot them both and killed them. By that time the other 7 Americans came up and the rest of the Mexicans ran away. Wasn't that luck—they ought to give that soldier a medal with a pig on it, and appoint him a lieutenant also. They sent out an automobile from here and brought the two bodies in and identified them. Cervantes brother was in the guard house here but was released that same day. They found on the body a proclamation calling on all the Mexicans to support Cervantes and saying if they could not support him, at least they should not oppose him, and that he would drive the *Gringos* out of Mexico. As a matter of fact he was nothing but a robber and I think most of the Mexicans are glad he is killed.

I went to Chaplain Joyce just now to see if he had any news from you but he was not home. The stag hound that he took down to Santa Ana ranch is back again, and follows him everywhere. The burros are around our camp all the time. At night they actually come up and stand around our camp to get warm, that is after we go to bed. And they do sing such nice songs, they sound almost as nice as the Chaplain's snoring.

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<sup>17</sup>Private George D. Huellett, 17th Infantry.

# MAP OF TEXAS, 1853

by Emilie Patton de Luca

A hundred years ago maps were difficult to obtain. There were, however, many guide books published, some for the United States as a whole, some for the various sections of the country, and some for individual states. The guide book oftentimes contained a map folded into the space between the last page and the binding. At times maps were issued singly, folded in a little cloth binding to resemble a small book. The map on the following page was very likely issued in this form.

This map of Texas is known as a "J. H. Young" map and was published by Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co. According to D. M. Stauffer,<sup>1</sup> "James H. Young was in business as a 'general engraver' in Philadelphia in 1817-29, 1833-36, and 1839-45. At times he was a member of the firms of Kneass & Young, Young & Delleker, both in business in Philadelphia."

Young's maps of Texas were published by S. Augustus Mitchell in 1835, 1836, 1838, and 1843; by Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co., in 1852 and 1853; by Cowperthwait, Desilver & Butler in 1854; and by Charles Desilver in 1857 and 1858. All of these companies were located in Philadelphia.

By 1857 the Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co. had apparently become the H. Cowperthwait & Co., and in that year published the first of many issues of the D. M. Warren *Common School Geography* with maps drawn by Young and engraved under his direction. Young's maps were also used in S. A. Mitchell's school atlases. The engraver of this map of Texas was J. L. Hazzard. His name appears as engraver on all of Young's maps beginning in 1852.

There is no indication on this map or on any of the other early maps as to the surveyor whose work is represented. The statement "from the actual survey" never appears on any of Young's Texas maps, and it may be assumed that they were revised from earlier maps by the use of local surveys made by the Texas State and county governments.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup>D. M. Stauffer, *American Engravers Upon Copper and Steel* (New York: The Grolier Club, 1907), Part, p. 299.

<sup>2</sup>Information furnished by the Division of Maps, Library of Congress, in a letter to this writer, dated December 14, 1955.



Washington, 22 21 20 19 18 17



# MAP OF THE STATE OF TEXAS

FROM THE LATEST AUTHORITIES.  
BY J.H. YOUNG.

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS, COWPERTHWAIT & CO.  
PHILADELPHIA.

SCALE 1:3,500,000 1853 J.L. BAILEY & SCULP.



Greenwich 99 98 97 96 95 94

# BOOK REVIEWS

## THE BIG BEND COUNTRY

. . . . . by Virginia Duncan Madison

(Albuquerque: The University of New Mexico Press, \$4.50)

Virginia Duncan Madison learned about the Big Bend while attending Sul Ross State College and was privileged to live in the home of John Young, the *vaquero* of J. Frank Dobie's *Vaquero of the Brush Country*. Other narrators of the legends of the fabulous land, E. E. Townsend, Ada Jack Shipman and Captain James B. Gillet, to mention but a few, gave generously of their time and knowledge to add to her stock of lore. Out of these stories and the printed sources (notably the writings of Judge O. W. Williams, Hallie Stillwell and Cas Edwards), she has woven a fascinating story of the angular and chromatic land "in Texas down by the Rio Grande."

The Big Bend is a world apart. The sinuous windings of the Rio Grande have looped around seven million acres of canyons, mountains and desert. It is a land that nurtures only the men of tough bodies and determined minds—the weaklings and cowards can not long endure its hardness, its silence, and its isolation. But for the strong and obdurate it has a spell that only death can break. There is a never-never quality about the Big Bend Country. In it occur the happenings in actuality that are but fiction elsewhere: Zane Gray and Clarence Mulford's wildest imaginings seldom match the factual realities of the colorful and arid region, the habitat of cactus and thorny shrub.

Of necessity, the population has always been sparse but it has never lacked for excitement. Good men and bad men, rustlers, bandits, red and white, Anglo and Latin, cowmen, miners, revolutionists, outlaws and Rangers, all have had their hours of shame and glory under its sun. No longer, perhaps, do wandering gun slingers drift into its remote and rare towns to find the cattle barons about to drive out the nesters and like Robin Hoods of the far rim country espouse the cause of the under dogs, but every other unimaginable thing may happen in the Big Bend. For there the incredible is often the commonplace.

Not that the Big Bend is a new land. It has seen the bewildering procession of our frontier's history for over four centuries. Cabeza de Vaca fringed

it in his transcontinental walk that carried him from the Gulf of Mexico to Culiacan. The Spanish explorers of New Mexico by-passed it in their quest for the golden cities of Cibola. A *presidio* and mission were built at La Junta de los Rios (Ojinaga) in the late 1600's; after Mexican independence the Apaches rode its dim trails on their raids into Chihuahua. Ben Leaton built his *fortin* at Presidio in 1846. Then on moved the passing parade: the elimination of the Indian raiders, the coming of the cattlemen, the opening of the quicksilver mines, the anxious watch against Mexican revolutionists, to the more tranquil present typified by the creation of the Big Bend National Park.

Virginia Madison has achieved a pleasing style. She knows the art of writing an anecdote in a way that lures the reader in to its climax. She realizes the value of emphasis in narration as well as the worth of the apt and pertinent phrase. Texas seldom produces a regional book of importance; this belongs to the small group that pleases and instructs. The success, one feels, grows out of the author's understanding that there is a larger truth that transcends the mere agglomeration of facts. "A merely well-informed man", Alfred Whitehead remarked with perceptive cynicism, "is the most useless bore on God's earth." No less boring, it would seem, is a book that never gets beyond the bony structure of facts. Mrs. Madison does not bore her readers.

*The Big Bend Country* has an adequate bibliography and the format and typography designed by the University of New Mexico Press deserve a word of commendation. There is one small but valid criticism: the volume does not contain a really good map of the region. Chinati, the Chisos Mountains, or Terlingua may be familiar places to many El Pasoans but for the thousands who live beyond the bounds of the Trans-Pecos their geographic relationship to the Big Bend should be made clearer.

Rex W. Strickland

Texas Western College

From THE BOOKSHELF, edited by Laura Scott Meyers,  
El Paso Herald-Post, Saturday, August 20, 1955.

**T H E  
MACKENZIE RAID.**

by Colonel Red Reeder

(New York: Ballantine. Hardbound, \$2, Paperbound, 35c)

During the years immediately following the Civil War, the Rio Grande River as an international boundary did not exist for groups of Mexican bandits, cutthroats, and scalping Indians. These outlaw bands crossed the river at will to rustle cattle, kidnap, and murder. There were few Texas ranchers along

the Great River who had not lost members of their families as well as droves of cattle and horses.

To stop these depredations General Phil Sheridan chose Colonel Ranald S. Mackenzie, 11 years out of West Point and a veteran of the Civil War, to cross into Mexico on an "unauthorized" punitive expedition. Colonel Mackenzie realized the danger involved, for he alone would bear full responsibility for his actions. The expedition could lead to war with Mexico, and it could also lead to his being court-martialed and cashiered out of the Army.

How Mackenzie accomplished his hazardous assignment is a matter of history. The old 4th Cavalry still recognizes the Mackenzie Raid as one of the glorious chapters in its long and glorious record.

Colonel Reeder, also a graduate of West Point, has woven an unforgettable story around Mackenzie and the Texas border of 1873. The result is more effective than if he had written a dry, factual account of the raid. Not only is the book well-written but the characters are real and live in the reader's memory. Even the historical characters are truly delineated. For instance, Colonel Reeder has an enlisted man describe Secretary of War William W. Belknap as "an out-and-out, genuwine, all-around, low-life, rubber-bellied politician."

Colonel Reeder also gives an excellent and accurate picture of the Old Army with its pack-mules, strikers, and pay-day drunks. One can "feel" the loneliness of a frontier Army post.

There is, however, one criticism. A map of the area would have added greatly to a better understanding of the raid. Be that as it may, the book is unusually readable and interesting. It will rightly take its place in the increasing volume of Southwestern Literature.

Eugene O. Porter

Texas Western College.

From the NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW, September 23, 1955

**COCK OF THE WALK:**  
*The Legend of Pancho Villa*

by Haldeen Braddy

(Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press. \$4.)

The story is virtually forgotten today, but less than forty years ago headlines in every paper screamed of the raid on Columbus, N. M., by the Mexican bandit Pancho Villa on March 9, 1916. Nine days later Black-Jack Pershing led an expeditionary force across the border with announced orders to capture Villa and private instructions, men said, that already-strained international relations forbade the capture.

Pancho Villa! For twenty years he was indeed "king of the wild frontier" of Sonora and Chihuahua. He was bandit, murderer, rapist, patriot, heroic

revolutionist; a swarthy Robin Hood, a sadistic monster. America has almost forgotten him, yet *jacareros* throughout Mexico still sing La Cucaracha—The Cockroach—which was the marching song of Pancho's ragged soldiers.

Haldeen Braddy, Professor of English at Texas Western College, believes that "the puzzle of Villa, who lived as a real person but died as a myth, may be unriddled by distinguishing his early outlawry as legend and his leadership of the Revolution as fact."

No better approach could be made to the tangled story of the peon who was born Doroteo Arango in 1878 and who adopted the name of a bandit ancestor, Pancho Villa. There are many other legends of his origin, but that is the most probable. Only legend tells of the first thirty years of his life, but from 1910, when the bandit became a revolutionist, to 1923, when he was assassinated in Parral, his fame and his infamy are recorded in history.

Mr. Braddy has drawn deeply upon border folklore and has knitted it tightly to factual accounts. The result is a fascinating story of one of the most evil men in North American history.

Hoffman Birney

Huntsville, Alabama

**EACH  
PURPLE CURTAIN**

by Wallace Perry

(San Antonio: The Naylor Company \$3.75)

Despite a somewhat ambiguous title, "*Each Purple Curtain*" is actually the story of a river.

It was the great flooding of the Rio Grande in 1884 that strengthened Scott Burges' ambition to become an engineer. Since the morning when his home in southern New Mexico was devastated and his father killed by the river's rampage, his entire life was dedicated to making the water into a mighty force for good rather than destruction. The manner in which that ambition was attained makes the story of "*Each Purple Curtain*."

The story that Scott Burges narrates is a strange story, and enthralling story—many tales in one. Each of the characters has his separate and distinct history yet their lives entwine in a singular fashion—held together by the strong thread of the river that dominates each one.

Dr. Wright McAlliston, progressive country doctor, exercises a profound effect for good upon Scott. Together they battled the wild river and the ravages of the typhoid epidemics that followed in its wake. From this kindly man Scott learned that "Stagnation in anything—water, human being, or religious or political body—breeds corruption."

Assisting Dr. McAlliston and Scott in their combat against the river was "Nails" O'Neill, as hard as his name, whose daughter Betty was Scott's first love. As a child she had been kidnapped by Geronimo and his Apaches; as a woman, she sought refuge in the convent, since her love for Scott must of necessity remain unrequited.

Perhaps the most complex and glamorous character in the book is Panchita Flores, member of a proud and aristocratic Latin family, whose brother was Scott's best friend. "Paca" too loves Scott and this love, of disquieting character, constitutes a strong motivating force in the novel.

"*Each Purple Curtain*" is an engrossing novel, which moves to its denouement with the swift purposeful currents of the river whose story it tells.

Wallace Perry is as indigenous to this country as the body of water which bisects its terrain. The Scott Burges of our story was Mr Perry's grandfather and from him, perhaps, came the author's intense interest in the Rio Grande and the land through which it flows. The book will be enjoyed by the "foreigner" to this country, since it narrates in detail the interesting saga of a way of life that has about passed—the life of the rich hacienda owners; it will be doubly enjoyed by the "native" since the places mentioned in the story quite literally constitute his "own back yard."

Mary Ellen B. Porter

El Paso, Texas

## ***THE CONQUEST OF DON PEDRO***

. . . . . *by Harvey Fergusson*

(William Morrow. 1954.)

Don Pedro, the setting of Harvey Fergusson's latest novel about the Southwest, is a small town in the Rio Grande valley near Las Cruces—an ancient Mexican village dominated by the lordly Vierra family. It is still the time of Apache raids and monthly contacts with Santa Fe by stage coach when Leo Mendes, a Jewish peddler, decides to set up a trading post there. Don Pedro is never the same after that, and neither is Leo Mendes.

He prospers, of course, and grows rich in spite of the opposition of Don Agustin Vierra. In fact he is so far the winner that he becomes the lover of the Don's wife and marries his niece. While all this is going on we learn much about Leo—a New York slum dweller who came west to cure his tuberculosis—about the poor and rich in early-day New Mexico. Leo works his way upward with the help of the parish priest until he is received on an equal footing by the great families of Mesilla and Las Cruces and is the actual ruler of his little community.

This chapter of his life comes to an end as the patriarchal society of the Mexicans disintegrates with the coming of the railroads and the influx of gringo business men. Leo's young wife no longer needs him and goes off with another man. He leaves Don Pedro for good and sets out for a commercial job in Las Vegas.

The best of Harvey Fergusson's books have dealt with the transition period after the Civil War when the old Southwest became the new. In his heart he feels a great admiration for the leisurely and often gracious ways of the descendants of the Conquistadores, and a dislike amounting to resentment for the greedy and scheming Americans. Since 1921, when he wrote "Blood of the Conquerors," he has been pointing out in fiction that the cards were stacked against the Spanish Americans. They never had a chance.

"The gringos are ruining this country", says a Las Vegas Mexican. "First they kill all the buffalo. Now they cut down all the trees. And what a noise they make! A man can't sleep in this town. And they do nothing but chase money."

At the same time Mr. Fergusson tacitly admits that there was a good deal of decay in the society which the Americans destroyed. No one ever hurried in this country, and energetic newcomers soon succumbed to the sleepy spell of the place. "You might struggle mightily for a while but in time you were conquered by the sunshine, silence, and sleep."

After several centuries in this atmosphere the rich natives were apt to be sensual, proud, and lazy. The poor ones were ignorant and submissive. None of the men, and very few of the women, thought twice about marital unfaithfulness. "To these people sin and repentance were the drama that kept faith alive and life exciting."

Many of the Fergusson's readers—this reviewer for one—may feel that his picture of the pioneer period is distorted; that the gringos were not all predatory and that the Mexican families were not all doomed; that there were more good women and honest men than he admits. There can be no doubt, however, that he is one of the few fiction writers who make a serious and successful effort to understand what went on in our own back yard seventy-five years ago. He knows his background as few Southwestern writers do, and he works with believable and likable characters.

In spite of—or perhaps because of—his honesty and information Harvey Ferguson has never been a really popular author. It is encouraging to note that his latest book was a choice of the Literary Guild, was condensed in "Omni-book", and has appeared as a Pocket Book.

C. L. Sonnichsen

Texas Western College

**GLORY,  
GOD and GOLD:  
A Narrative History**

by Paul I. Wellman

(Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday & Co., 1954)

Mr. Wellman's term, a narrative history, is an accurate description of this account of the Southwest. Mr. Wellman is not writing original scholarship, and, while he has apparently consulted some primary historical sources, there is little if any material in *Glory, God and Gold* which has not appeared in the various scholarly works dealing with this area. But Mr. Wellman's book has a distinct value and a particular asset: it abridges the story of the Southwest into an interesting, unconfused account without sacrificing historical truth. Mr. Wellman's book is in fact an introduction to the history of the Southwest and is probably as good a book for a reader beginning a study of this area as has yet come off the presses. Its main virtue is the readability of the text, since Mr. Wellman, along with many contemporaneous historians, realizes that the writing of history need not be the dull, turgid, often statistical ordeal that many writers of textbooks have made it.

*Glory, God and Gold* is not an interpretive history, and some readers may resent Mr. Wellman's disinclination to make value judgments on the events which he describes. But his purpose is to write narrative history, not to criticize historical motives, trace the development of Southwestern institutions, or apologize for the policies of any nation or group, and the author has remained surprisingly objective in precisely those places where emotion might well color judgment. Early Texas history, for example, is a story of cruelty as well as courage on the part of all groups concerned, and Mr. Wellman, without debating the question of who was right or moral or treacherous or greedy, maintains an impartial but sympathetic viewpoint in revealing both the admirable and the embarrassing episodes that comprise the history of Texas. If Mr. Wellman has a bias, it consists of frank admiration for the courage which was displayed by the conquerors and settlers of all the nations involved in the struggle for this land, a struggle which was not resolved for more than three centuries after Don Francisco Vasques de Coronado set out from Compostela in 1540.

The drawbacks of Mr. Wellman's book are simply those inherent in a survey which is obliged to condense four hundred years of enormous activity into four hundred pages, but this disadvantage becomes more apparent as the period discussed becomes more familiar to the reader. Only the advanced student of the Southwest is likely to feel that Mr. Wellman has slighted his account of the Spanish or French activities in this area, and most readers will

probably be satisfied with his account of the settlement of Texas with its concomitant violence. But many more readers, grown sophisticated on the facts and fables of the "timeless West" of popular fiction and movies, will rightly feel that the post-Civil War West suffers somewhat from its brief treatment, from the author's having to make his subject matter extremely selective and to omit all but the most relevant, or colorful, facets of history. Some readers, moreover, will regret the author's predilection for the dramatic aspects of his subject which is manifested in his greater concern for such characters as Billy the Kid than with the historical events in which they took part. If the reader, like Mr. Wellman, is more interested in people than in events, he will be pleased by this, but it must be admitted that equally interesting and more detailed books are readily available on famous, or notorious, gunmen to whom Mr. Wellman devotes considerable space.

Since Mr. Wellman's scope is admittedly limited, his space confined, however, *Glory, God and Gold* must be judged by what the author has written, not by what he has omitted, and Mr. Wellman has unquestionably produced a fascinating account of the Southwestern heritage.

F. A. Ehman

University of Minneapolis

**THE FIRST 100 YEARS  
IN COOKE COUNTY**

*by A. Morton Smith*

(San Antonio: The Naylor Company, \$5.)

One of the favorite indoor pastimes of Americans is the writing of local or regional history, although, it should be remarked in the passing, it is the most difficult phase of historiography. Few writers succeed in raising their account above the humdrum and prosaic. The frustration is understandable: the stage is limited, the actions are of small importance in the larger sweep of national history. If the chronicler possesses the ability to relate the minor happenings of his locale to the whole picture he can, in some degree, redeem his limitations. Or, if he is clever in style, he may expand the circle of his readers by his literary graces.

These generalizations are prompted by a perusal of *The First 100 Years in Cooke County*, in which A. Morton Smith, the author, deals with a single county in Texas. During the century, its inhabitants have had their share of exciting events—for example, the Great Hanging of the Civil War period. But, in general, they were ranchers, farmers and townsmen whose activities were in no wise different from those of their contemporaries in surrounding

areas in north Texas. In no wise different, that is, except in one respect: Cooke County had a sizeable German migration which produced into the typical Anglo-Protestant milieu a Teutonic-Catholic minority. And Gainesville, the county seat, developed the Community Circus.

Much of the book, however, is a routine, day-by-day account of comparatively unimportant matters, at least, unimportant matters to a reader who has not had close connection with the county. There are many paragraphs that consist of names: the roster of soldiers of World War I or II, or the students who attended the Gainesville schools in eighteen and umpty-two.

Cooke County has been the birthplace of its share of noted personalities in the fields of entertainment, sports and politics: Gene Austin, Gene Autry, Charlie Paddock, Frank Buck and Rose Franken, author of *Claudia*, were born there. Marvin Jones first saw the light of day at Elm Grove. El Paso's Ewing Thomason, though not a native of Cooke County, was brought there from Tennessee as an infant; he grew up at Era to be elected county attorney when twenty-four years of age. Dean Charles A. Puckett of Texas Western College is a native of Cooke County. Joseph W. Bailey, a Mississippian by birth, lived at Gainesville throughout his distinguished political career.

Smith has not enlightened his material by the grace of style. In his defense, it should be said that he writes in a reportorial manner: he has been connected with the Gainesville *Daily Register* since 1922. Just the facts, just the facts, and he has not softened their angularity by coloring them over with the play of creative historicity.

The book's value is increased by the inclusion of a number of valuable photographs of early and/or prominent citizens and historic sites. The pictorial end maps add to its usefulness; the index seems just a little short of being complete.

Rex W. Strickland

Texas Western College

# CONTRIBUTORS

Lt. Colonel Albion Smith, U.S.A. (Ret.) was born in Rock Hill, S. C., and was graduated from the Citadel, the Military College of South Carolina, in 1913. Commissioned the same year in the Philippine Constabulary, he served in Mindanao and Sulu against the hostile Moros. In 1914 he was appointed deputy-governor of Tawi Tawi. He then accepted a commission in the United States Army and served on the Mexican Border and in both the first and second world wars.



LT. COL. ALBION SMITH

Upon retirement from active service because of disabilities in 1943, Colonel Smith entered Texas Western College where he received the degree of Master of Arts with a major in history. He is the author of an unpublished MS. on the history of the Southwest. The "Salt War of San Elizario" is taken from the MS.

Colonel Smith is married to the former Maxine Eloise Molt of El Paso.

\* \* \*



MAJ. R. K. MCMASTER

Major R. K. McMaster U.S.A. (Ret.) was born at Fort Trumbull, Connecticut, in 1904, and was reared on army posts in the West. In 1926 he was graduated from West Point Military Academy and commissioned in the Field Artillery. He retired for disability in 1942. During his army service he served as an instructor in mathematics at West Point. After retiring he taught mathematics at the New Mexico Military Institute and later in the El Paso public schools. He is now engaged in the real estate business in El Paso.

Dr. Rex W. Strickland is Professor of History at Texas Western College. He has published several articles on the history of the Southwest.

\* \* \*

Dr. C. L. Sonnichsen is Professor of English and Chairman of the Department of English at Texas Western College. He has published several books on the history of the Southwest, including *Billy King's Tombstone*, *Law West of the Pecos*, and *I'll Die Before I'll Run*.

\* \* \*

Hoffman Birney, a resident of Huntsville, Alabama, first saw El Paso in 1916 when, as a member of the Pennsylvania National Guard, he was sent to the border for the Villa "campaign." He has written a good deal on the West and has been on the review staff of the *New York Times* for the past fifteen years.

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

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Mrs. Emilie Patton de Luca, a former graduate student in history at Texas Western College, is now residing in Germany with her husband, Lt. Sanders de Luca. She obtained the map of Texas from her father, Dr. James W. Patton, Professor of Southern History at the University of North Carolina.

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Francis Alan Ehmann is on leave from an instructorship in English at Texas Western College. He is doing work toward his doctorate in English at the University of Minnesota.

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Mary Ellen B. Porter, a graduate of Ohio State University, is the wife of Dr. Eugene O. Porter. She is a frequent reviewer for the *El Paso Herald-Post*.

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# NEWS NOTES

Our cover design, which revolves around the idea of the origin, growth and development of our community, is the work of Jose Cisneros, well known El Paso artist.

Mr Cisneros is a naturalized citizen, having come to this country from Mexico.

Credit for his success, Mr. Cisneros modestly says, goes to "two men whose kindness, true friendship and encouragement made it possible for me to acquire a little recognition and prestige. Those men are Carl Hertzog, El Paso printer, and world famous Tom Lea, native El Pasoan, artist and author".

Besides our cover design, Mr. Cisneros has done wood-carving, designs for stained-windows, plaster models for bronze casting and illustrations for books, book plates, magazine and newspaper articles, Christmas cards and others.



MR. JOSE CISNEROS

Mr. Cisneros says the river flowing between the mountains on our cover signifies the origin of the name of our City, El Paso del Norte, where centuries meet.

The figures in the design, represent the highlights in El Paso's colorful past: first the Indian and Missionary era, then the Conquistador's and Mexico's influence, the Early Texas period, and last, the present day El Pasoan, proud of his heritage, "full of hope and confidence in the future of our City".

The three historical flags, the Alamo, the Mexican, and the State of Texas, which hang in the foyer of the Centennial Museum of Texas Western College, are the gifts of Dr. Felix P. Miller. Dr. Miller, noted local historian, has been a practicing physician in El Paso since 1904.

Frank Feuille III is the author of *The Cotton Road*, a story of the Civil War. The setting is the Texas coastal plain.

Dr. Joseph Leach is the author of *The Typical Texan*. It is a study of the folk reputation of Texans. In passing it should be noted that Dr. Leach conceived the name for the Quarterly—PASS-WORD—Word from the Pass.

Dr. Eugene O. Porter has an article, "Railroad Enterprises in the Republic of Texas," in the January issue of the *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*.

The University of New Mexico Press will publish early this Spring Dr. C. L. Sonnichsen's second volume on Texas Feuds.

Paul A. Heisig, Jr., has an article on the El Paso Historical Society in the January issue of the *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*.

Your editor would like to take this opportunity to appeal to all persons who have old photographs, diaries, letters, and any other items that will contribute to the history of the Society's Area of Interest. All contributions will be carefully preserved and will form the nucleus of the Society's archives when the Society obtains a permanent home.

To protect the many pictographs in the Hueco Tanks area, the Indian Committee of the Society began on Sunday, January 8, 1956, the job of installing several metal signs:



When the project is complete, such signs will have been installed in six major areas in the Hueco Mountains. Vandalism in recent years has destroyed so much of the art that the Society has adopted this means of educating the public to the value of the treasures. Members of the Kliff Klimbers Club at Texas Western College have volunteered to supply the necessary labor.

Future generations will point with pride to the mule-drawn street car displayed at the Pioneer Plaza. Restoration of the first car to run between El Paso and Juarez, Mexico, as early as 1882, was the initial project of the El Paso Historical Society. According to Paul A. Heisig, Jr., President, this was just the "beginning of a big program to preserve El Paso's historical relics".

Old "Number One" made her last trip on September 15, 1955. Escorted by the Sheriff's Posse and filled to capacity with dignitaries and children representing El Paso's pioneer families, she was carried through the streets to be presented to the City in colorful dedication ceremonies.

The committee in charge of arrangements was composed of Paul A. Heisig, Jr., Chris P. Fox, Cleofas Calleros, Mrs. W. T. Lanier, Wrs. W. W. Schuessler, Herbert M. Schwartz, Perry A. Denton, Dace Myres, Bryce Lamert, W. J. Hooten, and Jesse B. Binkley. Mr. Binkley, who was conductor on the car in 1901, filled his old position.



Chris P. Fox was Master of Ceremonies for the occasion. Mr. Heisig made the presentation and Mayor Tom Rogers accepted on behalf of the City. Others on the program were Juarez Mayor Pedro Garcia and Perry Denton, spokesman for the El Paso Oddfellows Lodge # 284. "Mandy", the 2100 pound cast-iron mule, was the gift of the Oddfellows. The Popular Dry Goods Company outfitted and presented the "dummy" conductor.

The history of El Paso's oldest street car, its many owners and its final restoration, is too long and involved to relate here. It should be noted, however, that the City is indebted to Jesse Binkley, who rescued it from the scrap heap and interested the El Paso Historical Society and the Fraternal Order of Oddfellows in its restoration.

All over the country there is an increasing interest in local history. *The Ohio Historical Quarterly* (July, 1955) notes that "A number of cities are taking steps to preserve, protect, and, in some cases, reconstruct areas. . . Such programs, (the American Society of Planning Officials suggests) are to the benefit of the cities because they stimulate tourist trade and save certain areas from declining into slums.

"Charleston, South Carolina, has established by law a zone known as the 'old and historic Charleston district,' which comprises the area in which there is the greatest concentration of early buildings. A city board of architectural review passes on the appropriateness of all exterior architectural features proposed for buildings to be erected or altered in the area.

"Natchez, Mississippi, by local ordinance protects historic buildings an area covering twenty blocks in the central business district.

"New Orleans protects the famous old Vieux Carre section through a city aesthetic control agency. Newcastle, Delaware, and Annapolis, Maryland, are among other cities with operating plans for protecting their fine historical features."

Mrs. Jack Ponder, the Historian of our society, was the speaker at the October meeting of the Writer's Group of the Woman's Club of El Paso. Mrs. Ponder's subject was amusingly titled, "It Could Be Verse."

The Museum of International Folk Art in Santa Fe, New Mexico, completes two years of operation in 1955.

Since its dedication in 1953, thousands of people have viewed its permanent collection and exhibits of the handwork of men and women of all countries.

People crowd the auditorium on the first and third Monday evenings of each month to see and hear the programs of puppet-shows, folk-songs, concerts of classical music and illustrated lectures, which are open to the public.

An especially interesting feature of the past year, was an exhibition of work done by Santa Fe school children in comparison with folk-objects from all over the world.

Dr. William J. Lippincott, Associate Director, said, "On the occasion of our second anniversary we look forward to a program of increasing service to the people of New Mexico—to work toward the addition of a mobile museum, a thirty four foot semi-trailer, pulled by a tractor, to show segments of the Museum's collection to all the people of New Mexico."

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To promote and engage in research into the History, Archeology, and Natural History of West Texas, Southern New Mexico, Eastern Arizona, and Northern Mexico; to publish the important findings; and to preserve the valuable relics and monuments.