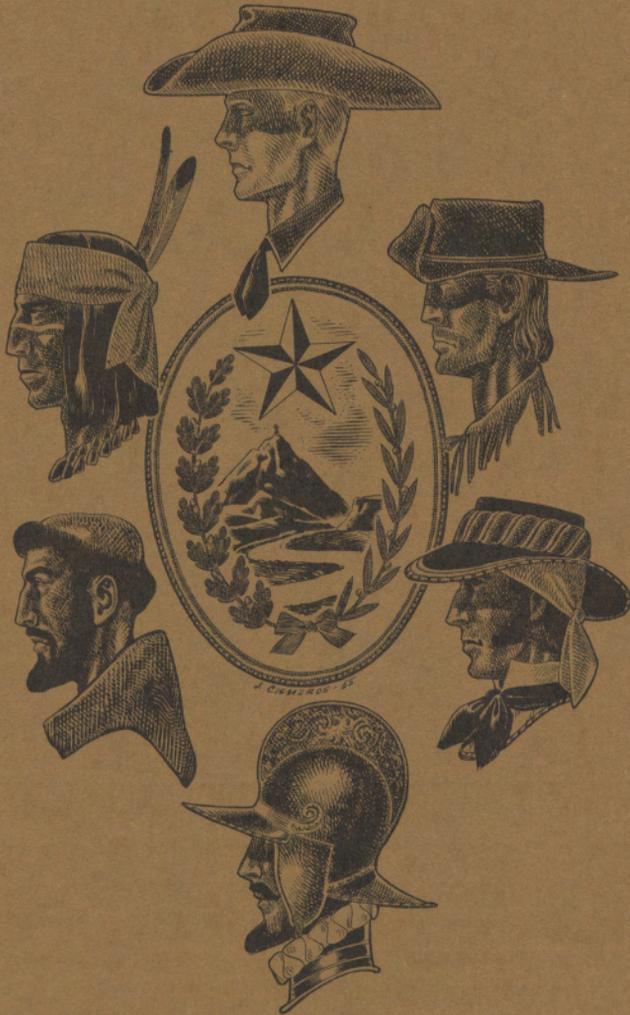


PASSWORD



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EUGENE O. PORTER, *Editor*

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A BOY'S IMPRESSION OF EL PASO *in the 1890's*

by LOUIS H. HUBBARD

President Emeritus of Texas Woman's University

IN THE SCHOOL YEAR, 1890-91, I was nine years old, and in the 3rd grade. I had been born in 1882, in Mayaguez, Puerto Rico, where my father, a native of Boston, was then stationed as U. S. Consul. When I was five he had resigned his position, and we had moved to El Paso in 1887. In the fall of 1888 I was enrolled in the 1st grade at the Central Public School on Myrtle Street. Our home was two blocks down on the same street. I remained at Central for eleven years, until I was graduated in May, 1899, at the age of seventeen. They were not easy years, but could hardly have been more interesting. I owe El Paso a debt of gratitude for them that I can never repay.

At the time I entered Central it housed the entire white public school system of El Paso. This consisted of a kindergarten, tuition-free, and I believe the only one in the State, an elementary system of seven grades, and four High School grades, eleven in all. (The twelve grade system was to come much later.) At the time I enrolled, it was a completely segregated system. The few Latin-American students in public school went to the three-teacher Aoy School, west of El Paso Street. The few colored children had a one-teacher school, but I can't remember where. Central's standards were high, and our teachers were generally excellent. I remember especially Miss Katie Moore in Music, Miss Morrison in the 6th grade, Miss Willie Word (later Mrs. C. E. Kelly) in the 7th, and Miss Pinkie Tarver, our High School Math teacher.

Going to school had many different angles from what it has today. Although El Paso had one of the best public school systems in the State when we were enrolled, we had no choices in the courses established for the elementary grades and only between Latin and Spanish in the High School. It was a "take it or leave it" curriculum, with no vocational or commercial courses offered at all. Dropouts were frequent, and caused no concern on the part of the school administrators. We were fortunate to have special teachers of drawing, writing and music, but these were non-credit courses. The curriculum was the traditional course that led to college credit, although there was not

a college or university in all of West Texas, and the nearest one was The University of Texas at Austin.

Four years of Mathematics were required, including Plane and Solid Geometry. Physics and Chemistry were taught, but without real laboratories. Except for Miss Kate Moore's Glee Clubs, we had no form of extra-curricular activity and no coaches. The organization of the Texas Interscholastic League was years away. Athletics, debates, dramatics and any other after-school interest, if we engaged in them at all, were under our own student direction, and we had to furnish both equipment and expenses. Only seventeen students, thirteen girls and four boys, survived to graduate in our 1899 class. But this did not cause any concern, as decimation was steady from the first grade through High School. And, besides, High School diplomas were not too highly regarded at that time.

There were many bright spots in our lives. I remember the fun we used to have at the Christmas season. Trees were not then on the market, and many of us of limited means used greasewood shrubs, growing in the desert, as substitutes. Decorations, such as they were, were expensive too, but we got along fine by making our own, stringing cranberries and pop-corn, and fastening a few candles into positions where they could burn without danger. Few toys were within our means, and we spent many hours making our own to hang upon the tree. Of course, our candies were home-made, too.

One of the features of the Christmas celebration that impressed me most was the great bonfires which the Mexican Indians used to light on the slopes of the Sierra Madre range of mountains across the Río Grande. The only explanation I ever heard of these fires was that they were lighted by these Indians to show the way to their former Aztec king, Montezuma, and help him to return to Mexico to take over his kingdom again, and rescue them from their bondage. Whatever the real explanation, these fires appeared for several nights each Christmas season, and must have meant weeks of preparation, gathering the dried materials that nightly illuminated the sky. The effects filled us with wonder and admiration. It was an awe-inspiring sight.

Another pleasure that I had was being present for many of the formal weddings that were staged by the high society group when I was growing up. I am not sure just what these offered me in the way of special attraction, but whenever I could I was among those present, seldom as a guest, much more often as an outside spectator. The pomp and ceremony seemed to draw me. One I still remember was the marriage, before high noon, of Miss Josephine Magoffin to Lt. William J. Glasgow. It was a large bridal party, and most of the men

were military officers. While I was no judge, I heard other bystanders say that it was a military wedding with all the trimmings. I understand that in the course of time Lt. Glasgow attained the rank of General, and that both of the principals are still living in El Paso in the Magoffin homestead.¹

But the fashionable wedding that was of special interest to me was that of Miss Katie Moore, our public school music teacher, to Mr. W. R. Brown. Even before her engagement I was a member of her boy's Glee Club. And for a while she lived in our neighborhood, and through the errands that I ran for her, and the church organs I pumped for her when she was practicing, we had developed a warm friendship in spite of the difference in our ages. As the time of the wedding drew near, I was at her beck and call in my spare hours, and before the ceremony, she pleased me greatly by telling me that she never could have completed the arrangements without my help. I sat with her widowed mother during the rites, beaming with pride.

Mr. Brown was a railroad official, and was frequently called out of town. In those days it was not customary for a young woman, either during her engagement or after her marriage, to go out with another man, either single or married, even in a crowd. So my friend was at a disadvantage when Mr. Brown was away. But she was very fond of music and dancing, and that gave me the opportunity, although only a school boy, to take her to quite a few concerts and dances. She liked especially the dances given by the El Paso Social Club, of which she and Mr. Brown were both members. They were held mostly in the District Court room in the Court House.

She lived within walking distance, and I was proud to be able to go for her and to serve as her escort. Often she was in her ball-room gown, and would always take my arm as we walked along. At the entrance of the hall I would leave her and go up to the balcony and sit until the midnight hour struck; then I would rejoin her and take her home. I was extremely proud of the confidence she had in me. Her great concern for my welfare gave me the unusual advantage of growing up with two mothers. She kept me aiming high in my ambitions, and with my gaze steadily in the direction of The University of Texas.

Some of the scientific developments that we managed without in our day were these: motion pictures (I saw a crude one, of a military procession in New York, just before I left El Paso in 1899), automobiles, air-planes, home telephones, recorded music (Edison's cylinders were just coming on the market), electricity and gas for home use, radio and television. Yet, in a way, it was a case of 'where ignorance

is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.' We were not as impoverished as may at first appear, or lacking in entertainment. We made good use of our home libraries, for we were a book-loving generation. Many lecturers came to town, and their programs were nearly always well-attended.

Our lives were also enriched by our opportunities to hear good music. Nearly every home had a piano, and any evidence of talent in a boy or girl led to opportunities for instruction for those who could afford it. So we had a wealth of musicians available, vocalists and instrumentalists, as well as choruses and quartettes (such as the one of which Mrs. Walter Howe was a member), bands and orchestras. Every Friday night during the summer there was a band concert in Alamo Plaza, and the entire community, and especially we teen-agers, were there to listen. Debating and oratorical societies were common. There were many card clubs among both men and women. Giving parties was a popular diversion. Dancing was popular too. I don't remember about women's clubs, but stag social clubs attracted many members. Among them the best known was the McGinty Club. It held frequent shindigs, and rumor had it that they were always plenty wet and salty. Its band was famous.

El Paso was also fortunate in its location as a half-way point between New Orleans and the Pacific Coast. And it was also the era for one-night stands for theatrical companies. So these groups, as well as opera companies, were glad to break the long cinder and dust filled train trip from Houston, San Antonio, Dallas or Fort Worth to Los Angeles, and vice versa, by performing in El Paso. So our most important spot for evening entertainment was the Myar Opera House² on El Paso Street.

Even as a small boy I was an avid theatre enthusiast, and managed to be handing out programs when many of the great stars were on our stage, such as Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle," James O'Neill in "The Count of Monte Christo," and Madame Modjeska in "Macbeth." Many grand opera companies, too, stopped in El Paso and played our town. So, before I left High School I was familiar with many of the operatic masterpieces, such as "Faust," "La Traviata," and "The Marriage of Figaro."

Opera bouffe was also very popular in El Paso, and more than one of these companies performed for us. The Jules Grau Opera Company was a frequent visitor and received generous support. These artists delighted us with their production of the best of the light operas, such as "The Chimes of Normandy," "The Bohemian Girl" and "Martha." My favorite was "Fra Diavolo" and to this day I still laugh when I think of those two comics, in their high falsettos, im-

itating the heroine's dressing before her bed-room mirror.

The Opera House was also host to other attractions, and I remember especially when the famous revival team of Moody and Sankey was there for a week. People were greatly impressed by Sankey's singing and his hymn-leading, and especially moved by the earnestness and simplicity and down-to-earth style of sermons that Mr. Moody preached. Many a sinner came forward at his calls for repentance, some of whom I knew, and was glad to see hitting the sawdust trail. Moody and Sankey did El Paso a lot of good.

Most of our out-of-school activities were confined to our neighborhoods, but our only team sport was baseball. Football and track were just beginning to be heard of in the Southwest, basket-ball was not yet invented,³ golf was unheard of, and there were no tennis courts available to our younger group. When we played baseball we had to provide our own equipment, uniforms (if we wore any), and coaching, and if we played a neighboring team we had to make all the arrangements ourselves. Only when some team started winning did adults take any interest in it, and if it happened that two teams stood out as champions in their respective sections, the whole town became aroused, and the games between them drew big crowds.

Our first and only experience with football came when I was a Junior in High School, in the fall of 1897, I think it was. Fort Bliss had been relocated north-east of the city, having been moved in a program of expansion from its former site west of El Paso near Hart's Mill on the Río Grande, not far from the smelter. As additional troops moved in, the life of the Post expanded, and the first thing we knew they had organized a football team and sent out a challenge for games. Not having any better sense we older High School boys accepted the challenge. Then we were faced with the problem of choosing a squad, getting a ball and uniforms (such as they were), and practicing. All of this, as usual, we had to work out without any school help. How we ever got ready I still wonder.

But on the fateful Saturday afternoon of the game the squad and our friends piled into three wagons and headed for Fort Bliss. When we arrived at the field we found a fairly smooth gridiron and a pretty good crowd of soldiers standing around the field, since there were no seats. A couple of young lieutenants were in charge of the post team, and we left all details to them, including the officiating. We were well treated both by the officials and the crowd. Of course we had no chance to win, being outweighed and out-coached. But at that we could have done a lot worse, losing only by three touchdowns to nothing. I was a sub, and did not play, and it was the only football

game I ever saw before I went to The University of Texas two years later. It was also one of the first football games played in the Southwest.

In the absence of swimming pools, not yet thought of, we boys in the summer time took to the Río Grande, muddy as it always was. Swim suits were not in vogue then, but that did not bother us any, as nudity was the order of the day. And stripping down, when we reached the secluded swimming holes, meant only a matter of seconds, as in hot weather we discarded drawers, and wore only knee pants and shirts buttoned to them. Therefore, when we loosened a few buttons the garments slipped off, and we were in our birthday suits and ready to jump in. When we came out of the water we ran around in the sun until the light layer of mud caked off. And then, if some scoundrel had not wet our clothes and tied them into knots while we were in the water, we put them on again promptly and started home.

I remember a morning when a bunch of us boys walked up to the Mesa Gardens for another look at the petrified giant they kept on display in a box resembling a coffin, claiming he had once been alive. After fooling around there a while we went over to the open reservoir the city maintained nearby for storage water. It was a hot morning, and the sight of all that clean, clear water was too much of a temptation to us, and in a flash we had slipped off our clothes and were enjoying a wonderful swim. It was just our luck to be heard shouting by a policeman passing by on horseback, and we were caught red-handed. After we had dressed he marched us down to the City Hall, where we received a blistering lecture from the Mayor, and he received our promise not to repeat the offense. Then he generously turned us loose.

While baseball was our favorite team sport, and swimming our most popular pastime during the summer months, we always looked forward to April as the season for kite-flying. And this called for considerable ingenuity on our part, as we older boys did not care for box-kites, and these were the only ones available in the stores, being in demand for the Chinese New Year. So we built our own kites, and turned them out in all sizes and colors. Some of them were taller than we were. We organized kite-contests for the biggest kite, the smallest, the most original, the fanciest, the highest-flying, and whatever other categories we could think of. We used to send up cloth parachutes of various colors on our kite-strings, attached to the string with bent pins. The wind would carry them up, and when they reached our kites we would shake them loose and watch them float down. Some-

times the air was filled with parachutes as well as kites.

Other sports we played were rolling hoops, spinning tops, marbles and mumble peg. Cross-country running was popular, too, and bicycle races were always in order. And of course there was mountain-climbing. We boys spent many a day on Mount Franklin, scrambling up and down its crags and ravines. And when we were more ambitious along that line we would cross the river and hike out to the range of the Sierra Madres south of Juárez. Their rugged peaks were mountain-climbing at its best, and by the time we reached the crests of that formidable range and were back at home, we knew we had gone places.

But these sports were for boys only. It was considered unladylike for girls to indulge in any of them. Sport costumes, such as slacks or shorts for the fair sex, were then unthinkable. And since there were no swimming pools, the only opportunity a girl had to go into the water publicly was to make the long trip to an ocean beach. And when she went in bathing there she had to have her body clothed, including bloomers and long stockings. As a result I don't remember a single girl of our set who had ever learned to swim.

Jacks were a favorite pastime for girls, and for exercise there was hiking, jumping rope, playing tag, skipping, and riding girls' bicycles. In all of these activities they were hampered by having to wear skirts, and with their long dresses as they reached the adolescent age, getting a proper amount of exercise was a problem. A few girls could afford riding horse-back, renting horses from livery stables if they did not own them. But this required side-saddles, and special costumes that included long, flowing skirts.

In our family life, papa quickly became immersed in community affairs. Besides helping to organize St. Clement's Episcopal Sunday School, and serving as its superintendent, he was greatly interested in masonry. He was elected to the School Board, and served one term as mayor. He was interested in writing and was active in the El Paso Literary Society. This group frequently acted as host to distinguished outside speakers, and I remember going with papa to an evening meeting when the guest was Dr. David Starr Jordan, President of the newly organized Leland Stanford Junior University at Palo Alto, California.

When I was ten years old my father was stricken with cancer, and we were left bereft. When we began to recover from the shock and to consider our financial resources, we discovered that our means of subsistence would be very limited. Mama told us she did not know how we would ever make it. So I began to look for a way to add to

the family exchequer, since my brother was not well, and my two sisters could not help, and decided that at my age the only chance would be to sell papers in the morning before breakfast and school. It was not easy to persuade my mother, but she finally consented, and I started selling the *El Paso Morning Times*. I would get up at 3:30 each morning, and by 4:00 would be on the streets with my bundle of papers.

Thus began a series of experiences that I later realized gave me an exceptional insight into the seamy side of El Paso life, and a fairly clear picture of a wide-open Southwestern town in the 1890's. I was sharp enough to realize that my best customers at that time of the morning would be found in the saloons and gambling houses, that infested the downtown section of the town and stayed open all night. Each morning I made the rounds, and occasionally I received a sizable tip from a tipsy drinker or lucky gambler.

It was in that same year, 1892, that the John L. Sullivan - Jim Corbett fight was staged in New Orleans for the heavy-weight championship of the world. I was a rabid fan, and learning that the fight would be received round by round by telegraph at the Wigwam Saloon, which I knew well by that time, I sneaked off that night from home for the first time and boldly joined the roistering, betting, swearing and drinking crowd of men who jammed into the saloon.

Probably because I was so small, I was not noticed. I wormed my way through the milling mob that swarmed around the telegrapher who was to receive the dispatches on his instrument and call them aloud as they came in. But when he started, his voice could barely be heard above the boos and cat-calls and cheers of the rooters crowding around him. The fight went twenty-one rounds, and toward the end, when it became apparent that Corbett would win and another world's champion was in the making, the excitement reached pandemonium heights. Of course I had never heard anything like it. As soon as I could, after the final count and the 'tumult and the shouting' were dying down, I wiggled my way out of the saloon, and ran all the way home exulting over the victory of my hero. And this exultation continued through the tanning that mama gave me for going off at night without her permission.

When the stings of mama's whipping had somewhat died down, I lay in bed living over the excitement of the great fight, and the crowning of Corbett as the heavy-weight champion of the world, but little dreaming that it would be only a few years before I would have the thrill of meeting his successor, Bob Fitzsimmons, in the flesh. It came about as the result of a long series of complicated maneuvers

that began with a move by the business men of El Paso, in January, 1896.

They felt that things were dull in El Paso at that particular time, and in order to stir them up they got in touch with Dan Stuart, an Eastern boxing promoter, and offered him a purse of \$6,000.00 if he would stage a heavy-weight championship fight in or near El Paso between Bob Fitzsimmons, who succeeded Corbett, and Peter Maher, then holder of the Irish crown. Stewart accepted the proposition and went the promoters one better by offering to put on a whole boxing carnival that would include championship fights in several other divisions, with purses that would attract real fighters, such as Dixon and Wolcott.

But before going on with the fistic carnival story let me insert this personal experience that I was lucky enough to enjoy. We boys were greatly excited by the prospects of having all these great fighters in El Paso, and were hoping to catch a glimpse of our heroes when they arrived. Imagine my surprise, then, when my next-door neighbor, and a great sportsman, Mr. Floyd Paine, drove up one morning in his one-seater gig, with a tall man beside him. He stopped at his hitching-post, and when he saw me playing in the yard, he called me, while they were getting out, to come over.

"Jack," he said, as I ran up, "I want you to meet Bob Fitzsimmons, the heavyweight champion of the world," and there he was, towering above me, over six feet tall, sandy-haired, with a lot of freckles on his face, tremendously broad shoulders, long arms and big hands. I could hardly believe my eyes, and was overwhelmed when he bent down and took my small hand in his big fist and said, "It's an honor to know you, my son." I stood there speechless as they went into the house.

Maybe, if the genial champion could have foreseen the vicissitudes that the fistic carnival faced he wouldn't have been in such a good humor when he spoke to me. Robbing a nest of yellow-jackets would have been peaceful compared to the furor that these plans created. If publicity for El Paso was what its business men wanted (as well as attracting sporting fans to the city), their wildest hopes were exceeded. During the weeks that followed, ours was the sporting capital of the nation, if not the world. Our community received reams of publicity, and if it could have all been collected many volumes would have been filled. During the continuance of this extraordinary succession of events, El Paso was the sport-writers' mecca.

To start the ball rolling, Texas' Governor Culberson called the legislature of the State in special session, and his bill, prohibiting prize-

fighting within the borders of Texas, was enthusiastically passed. Then the territorial representatives of New Mexico and Arizona in Congress were successful in getting a Federal law passed, barring such exhibitions in their areas. By this time the Mexican government got into the act and banned prize-fighting, which many of its citizens alleged was more brutal than bull-fighting, from its fair land. And the clergy of El Paso, led by the Rev. Adolph Hoffman of the Myrtle Street Methodist Church, started a vigorous local campaign against these degrading spectacles.

To insure their sacred areas from desecration, the President of Mexico sent troops to protect his country, our Government sent in a company of Texas Rangers, and the national guards of New Mexico and Arizona were ordered to their borders to guard their territories. In the face of all these obstacles confronting him, Stewart would have had ample justification for throwing in the towel; but, instead, he only postponed the main match a week, from February 14th to 21st.

On that day, early in the morning, a special train was operated by the Southern Pacific from El Paso to Langtry, where a ring had been erected on a sand-bar in the Río Grande River toward the Mexican side, and after many delays, the two giants, Fitzsimmons and Maher, finally climbed into the ring, with the Texas Rangers and Mexican troops prominent among the spectators. The fight, bare-fisted, lasted exactly 80 seconds, with the Irishman knocked out and flat on his back. Fitzsimmons did not have a scratch.

This attempt at a boxing carnival, with its world-wide publicity, naturally had its effect on us boys in El Paso. All over town neighborhood bare-fisted fights were worked up, not the usual fights where two boys were mad at each other, but more-or-less friendly fights between boys of approximately the same size and weight. Improved rings were set up, with seconds in the respective corners, and with Marquis of Queensbury rules prevailing as far as we understood them. These fights continued on the quiet, as elimination contests, until it was determined that Aubrey Carr was the champion north of the Southern Pacific tracks, and Will Wilcox on our south side.

It did not take long for us to arrange a match between these two, and one hot day in early summer the fight took place in the woods near the Río Grande beyond the Texac Pacific switch-yards. I don't remember who Aubrey's second was, but Will had chosen me for his. As usual a ring had been built, and both boys stripped to the waist. No gloves were used, and it was a bloody battle, and went on round after round, with both contestants scoring telling blows, to the cheers of the big crowd of rooters that were backing their favorites. Finally,

in the 16th round, Will knocked Aubrey down, and he couldn't get up. He was counted out by the referee, and I was never so glad to see a fight stop. By that time I was sick at my stomach. This marked the end of our own fistic carnival.

Even before my father died I caught my first glimpse, even though a distant one, of the bad-men side of the then existing Southwestern life. At Washington Park, three miles down the valley in East El Paso, they staged horseraces on week ends, always an attraction for the sports-minded. One Saturday afternoon I went out there, and before the races started I saw a crowd of men gathered around a tall law officer whom I recognized as Sheriff Pat Garrett. I ran up to hear what was being said, although I could guess the subject of conversation. For his battle with the famous outlaw, Billie the Kid, had made him famous, and his getting the drop on the much-hunted desperado, and killing him, even though this had happened several years before, had marked Garrett as a great man. I gazed in wonder at him.

Not too long after that I had another vicarious experience with the criminal element of our area, this time the smugglers that infested the border. For a number of years much of the patrol work along the Río Grande had been left to companies of the U. S. 7th Cavalry, stationed at Fort Hancock, about fifty-four miles down the river from El Paso. In 1876 these troops were withdrawn under orders to join their regiment under Gen. Custer, then preparing for his disastrous invasion of Sitting Bull's Sioux territory. So, for the past fifteen years a company of Texas Rangers had been detailed to the work of guarding the river, supplementing the work of the Sheriff's office in El Paso.

It happened that in the early 90's the Rangers were under the command of Captain Jones. The Captain had met the daughter of Col. Baylor at Ysleta, and when they were married he lived with them in the ancestral hacienda. When I came to know them, Mrs. Jones' son Harper⁴ was about my age, and we became close friends. I often spent the night visiting him, and I was there when Captain Jones told us good-by on his way to the barracks to lead his company on a search for a gang of smugglers that had broken across the river. And I was still there when the sad news came that he had been killed in a running battle with them. I left before the body was recovered and brought back to Ysleta.

My next contact with a desperado was not by long-distance; it was in the flesh. John Wesley Hardin was the son of a Methodist minister, and was named for his father's beloved John Wesley. But he was not long, it seems, in developing anti-religious and anti-social attitudes, and was early the despair of his parents. It was not long after he

became a teen-ager that he ran away from home, and quickly ran afoul of the law. I am not sure when he killed his first man, but "Believe-it-or-not-Ripley" later asserted in his column that by the time he had been convicted of his last murder he had forty-seven notches on his gun. He was the terror of every community he entered, and was reputed to be the quickest man on the draw of all the South-western desperadoes. For his last murder he was sent to the penitentiary at Huntsville for a long time, but was later pardoned and came to El Paso.

When I began selling the *El Paso Daily Times*, soon after my father's death, since there were then no restrictions on child labor, I was not long in making contact with the famous killer. He had recently arrived in El Paso, and was living quietly. But he loved night-life and was a habitue of the all-night saloons and gambling houses, and was usually still around when the *Times* came off the press. If I was the first to reach him with a paper he never turned me down. I always addressed him as "Mr. Hardin".

The following summer, when I was eleven, I landed a job as messenger-boy at Western Union. This telegraph office on South Oregon Street was a very important center in the life of El Paso. Those were the days before long-distance had been developed and quite a few years before radio and television were known. So the telegraph wires were the only source of quick news we had from the outside world, the U. S. mail excepted, and the only method we had of communicating with distant places. The newspapers depended on the telegraph for national and international news. This made our Western Union office a strategic spot, and the boy who delivered personal telegrams, a marked person. I wonder even now how I ever landed the job, and especially at my age. The \$3.00 a week I received, in addition to an occasional tip, made me feel rich.

During the summer I had occasion to deliver several telegrams to Mr. Hardin, for apparently he kept in touch with the outside world pretty well. If the message came in the morning I would take it to his room; but in the afternoon, when I thought he had gone out, I would head for the saloon area to locate him. And this I was doing that afternoon when he received his last telegram.

It was early in the afternoon, and I soon located him in the Acme Saloon on San Antonio Street. As I pushed through the swinging doors I saw him standing at the bar, and reached him just as he was lifting a big tumbler, not a small glass, of whiskey, to his lips. When I accosted him and told him I had a telegram for him he looked at me, lowered the glass to the bar, put his hand on my head and said,

"Son don't ever do this." Then he reached into his trousers pocket, and took out a dime and gave it to me. As I turned to leave I said, "I won't sir; thank you," and went on my way.

Hardin was starting, then, on the spree that was to end that night in the Wigwam Saloon, further up the street. There, close to midnight, he had a drunken quarrel with a fellow roisterer, who was still sober enough to avoid facing Hardin when he pulled his gun and slipped around and shot him through the back of the head. When I could get off the next day I went to the undertaker's, and saw him lying in his casket. It was plain where the bullet had torn the flesh as it came out just above his eyes. Thus ended the career of a desperado who had been universally feared. Yet I had received only kindnesses from him.

Although still a young boy my job with Western Union brought me in close touch with another phase of underworld life, the red-light district on South Mesa. I was told that it was the most extensive area of this type between Fort Worth and San Antonio on the east and Los Angeles on the west. There was, I soon discovered, the customary division among these "madams," exemplified by the big, roomy house where the higher-class, more expensive girls boarded, in comparison with the small, single cubicles, most of them opening directly onto the sidewalks, where the less attractive, generally older women lived by themselves, with charges for their services, according to hearsay, considerably reduced.

That summer, delivering telegrams to these houses, gave me a pretty good idea of their denizens. Of course, I was on duty at the Western Union only in the day-time, but I saw a lot, as the women, often dressed scantily, expected me to come to their rooms to deliver their telegrams. But neither at that tender age, nor when I was older and delivering an afternoon newspaper route, did any one of them ever make an improper proposal to me. They were always nice, and some of them I came to like quite well. In my boyish way I tried to make out the difference between these "professional" women and the ladies of El Paso as I knew them, I finally came up with this answer: the professionals drank, and smoked cigarettes, and used profanity, and put on rouge, while ladies did none of these things, at least in public.

When I was thirteen and ready for High School I landed a job delivering the afternoon *El Paso Daily Herald*, of which H. D. Slater was then the owner and Henry Capell the managing editor. This was when I really started living, as I could now afford a bicycle; in fact, it was a necessity in delivering my papers. And this meant quick

transportation for me for the things I wanted to do when not on my route. The paper was published every weekday afternoon, with no Sunday edition. So this gave me quite a little time to myself, especially in the summer-time, when school was not in session.

I had around one hundred and sixty customers on my route, and delivered them in two shifts. The first one I delivered on foot. It took me to a small area of residences and to a part of the business section, including quite a number of saloons and gambling houses. But this was old stuff to me, after my experiences selling the *Times* in the early mornings. On my second shift I used my bicycle and delivered to my farther away customers, including the women of the red-light district. It was part of my job to collect for the *Herald* as well as deliver it. And I could not help noticing that when it came to collections the saloon and gambling men and the "madams" were always ready to pay, while some of my church-member customers were sometimes quite dilatory, and their slowness in paying caused me many an extra step.

In the fall of my Junior year in High School, when I was busy one afternoon with my paper route in the red-light district, I looked up to see a new woman standing in the doorway of one of the small cubicles. She was young and attractive in appearance, and to me seemed out of place outside of one of the big houses. With an eye for business I always greeted a newcomer to the district and tried to sign her up as a subscriber to the *Herald*. And so I got off my bicycle and approached her, and landed a new customer.

That was the beginning of a friendship that continued until I gave up the route the following year. Her name was Jennie Rainwater, but whether or not she had Indian blood in her veins I never learned, nor the story of the misfortunes that landed her there. But her good looks and intelligence and her refined manners attracted me. She certainly seemed out of place among her coarser neighbors. She was interested in the news, and I seldom failed to stop and have a few words with her. I never saw her smoke or drink or heard her use profanity. She never made an off-color suggestion to me, and instead frequently urged me to steer clear of such places as hers. I kept wondering at the turn of fate that had brought her there in such circumstances.

During our school year, 1898-99, we Seniors had many good times together. Nearly every Friday night we had a party, our parents taking turns as hosts. We didn't let the fact that there were only four of us boys to escort thirteen girls phase us. Each of us boys usually escorted a group of girls who lived close together, and of course we

walked. Steady dating had not yet been thought of. In fact, none of the modern indulgencies, such as "necking" and "kissing" were part of our boy-girl relationships. And worrying about us by our parents when we were out at night was not one of theirs. The clock seldom struck midnight before we were all at home and safely tucked in.

Our Commencement exercises were held, as usual, at the Myar Opera House, and, my, how excited and proud all seventeen of us were! Our valedictorian was Maude Koifer, and I was lucky enough to be named salutatorian. I don't remember the theme of Maude's address, but mine was an extremely eloquent effort on the subject, "Beyond the Alps Lies Italy." It was full of advice as to how, if we persevere and overcome obstacles in life, our reward will finally bring us to pleasant places. Everyone told us how much he liked our program.

Immediately after our High School graduation I had another Commencement. Even though we were moving to Austin in September, and I would still be living at home, which would lower my expenses a lot, I still needed to save additional money for books and clothing and incidentals in order not to deplete my mother's slender means. And, of course, there were no such helps to students as loan funds in those good old days. So I began looking around for an adult job, and when I found it I was no longer a boy, but a man, even though I was still only seventeen.

The position I secured was in the office of the train dispatchers of the Southern Pacific Railroad System, as night caller for freight-train crews. Another man handled the engine crews, engineer and firemen; the train crews were three in number, a conductor and two brakemen. When the train was under way the conductor generally took his place in the observation seat built in the center of the roof of the caboose, where he could overlook the cars. But the work of the brakeman was more dangerous, as automatic brakes had not yet been installed on the equipment, and these men were frequently on the move on top of the train, watching the couplings and looking out for hot-boxes. Brakemen had to be sure-footed, as a false step often was fatal.

Being now employed as an adult, I learned a lot about labor conditions in the Southwest especially, and generally throughout the nation. As far as I know there were no government regulations affecting either wages or hours of labor for men, women or children, or minimum ages for the latter. At the age of ten I was a news-boy for the *Times*, and at eleven a messenger for Western Union. Compulsory school-attendance laws were equally non-existent. At seventeen, in my adult job, I was on a twelve hour shift, from 7:00 P.M. to 7:00 A.M.,

seven nights a week, a total of 84 hours. And I don't remember ever hearing anybody complaining about those hours being excessive.

Labor had not yet been organized into unions, at least in the Southwest, and I never heard of a strike. Coffee breaks? — in some railroad jobs we did not even have time off for meals. Work for women in our area was scarce, and it was largely confined to single women, as married women were expected to stay at home and keep house. For them it was confined principally to the fields of domestic and sales service and teaching. Salaries for teachers were also very meager. There were few nurses or stenographers and secretaries and all poorly paid. Typewriters were clumsy affairs and not in general use. Most business correspondence was still written in longhand. People who labored just didn't have anything to say about working conditions. They accepted what was offered or stayed at home. Most of them were glad to take what was offered. I was tickled to death with my \$60.00 a month salary.

Even though mine was an all-night job, I liked the work, especially as \$60.00 was real money in those days, and I had a chance to really save toward my University expenses. I also got an insight into the operation of a one-track continental railway system. The train dispatchers had no trouble with the passenger trains, unless one was late, as these were operated on regular schedules. In any case we did not call the passenger crews; they took care of themselves.

But there was no scheduled freight service, and every one of these trains that ran either east or west, except the orange trains in season, had to be made up in our yards, and the dispatchers had to figure out their time of departure. When this was done we callers were sent out to round up the crews, giving them, if the hour was late, plenty of time to dress and get to the yards.

On these trips I carried a small book in which the dispatcher had written, on a fresh page, the number assigned to the extra, the track on which the train was being made up, and the time of departure. If the hour was late, and the man had to be awakened, I made him read the assignment to be sure he understood it. If he was a married man, and his wife came to the door with him, that was still better. Then he was required to sign the notice as evidence that he had been called.

In these night calls I gained a lot of respect for the institution of marriage, as I seldom had any trouble with the married men, who were generally at home with their families. But the bachelors were often a headache. We had orders not to look for our crewmen either in saloons or in the red-light district. But I had learned very quickly

that to report a man because I could not find him was a very serious matter, as it might lead to his loss of priority in the matter of promotion or even to his discharge. So I was practically forced to disregard this rule, and if I could not find the man at his rooming-house, and if he had not left word as to where he was, as he was expected to do, I would head for the saloon area. (Since this was before the days of picture-shows, these were the only business places open in the late hours.)

Most of the time I had little trouble finding him in one of them. Generally he would be at the bar, drinking a glass of beer, or else at one of the gaming tables, or just sitting and talking. Signing him up was then just a matter of minutes. But just before the end of my summer service, I had an experience that almost finished me, and it concerned, of all men, my favorite dispatcher's son, who was working up from the position of brakeman in the hope of some day being promoted to conductor.

This particular train was scheduled to leave at 2:00 A.M., and when I hit the road a little before midnight, and my dispatcher friend handed me my book I realized that it was his son's crew I was going after. He wished me good luck in finding his son and the other two men. The conductor and the other brakeman were easy; they were both married and at home. But the son led me a real chase.

I went from one saloon to another, but nobody had seen him. I realized that time was passing, and decided to try the red-light district, and almost the first railroad man I ran into there told me where he was,— in a cubicle further down the street with one of the cheaper "madams." I had determined not to let my dispatcher friend down, but it was now past midnight and I had to hurry. I hurried to this woman's house and banged on the door, but there was no sign of life. So I started pounding again, loud enough to wake everybody in the neighborhood. Finally I heard a stirring inside, and footsteps coming to the door. The woman opened it, although she had barely anything on, and was really a sight. She was in a drunken stupor, and cursing with every breath. "What do you want?" she snarled. The sight of her and her condition almost turned my stomach, and I started to leave. But I remembered the boy's father and faced her.

"You know what I want," I shouted, in the hope that he would hear me. "I want so-and-so (naming him) and you go back and tell him that if he doesn't show up pronto for this call I'll report him to his father. I had to yell this above her continued cursing. In the meantime I had pushed the door open so she couldn't close it on me, and was inside. But my words got him half awake and here he came out

of the bed-room and cursing me at every breath. It finally percolated that I had a call for him, and that the time was short, but he was too drunk to sign the book.

I quickly realized that if I was to save him and his job I would have to take him to the train myself. So I told him, between his curses, to get his clothes on and to make it snappy. By that time the woman had quieted down somewhat, and told him to shut up. And while I stood at the bed-room door she helped him to dress, completely oblivious to her own lack of clothing. I thought she never would get him ready, but finally he staggered out, still mumbling curses. I grabbed him by the arm and we started out toward the yards.

After what seemed to me an endless trip, supporting his drunken frame until I was nearly exhausted, and forced to listen to his continued cursing, I finally got him to the railroad yards and made for the track where I knew the train was standing. It was ten minutes before two when we reached the caboose and I called out the conductor. I explained the situation, and he could see for himself the brakeman's condition. I told him I would agree to his making the run if he would promise to put him to bed in the caboose, and not let him leave it.

The conductor liked the youngster, and said he would. So I let him sign the book for him, and I helped him to get the drunk aboard. The train was headed for Lordsburg, New Mexico, the division point. Three nights later, when I was sitting in the outer office waiting for instructions to call a crew, I heard footsteps on the stairs, and in came the young man who had just returned to the yards from the division run. He called me outside, out of his father's hearing, and couldn't have been more humble and apologetic to me for all the trouble he had caused me, or more appreciative of the service I had rendered him. He told me that he had learned his lesson, and promised that he would never give any more trouble.

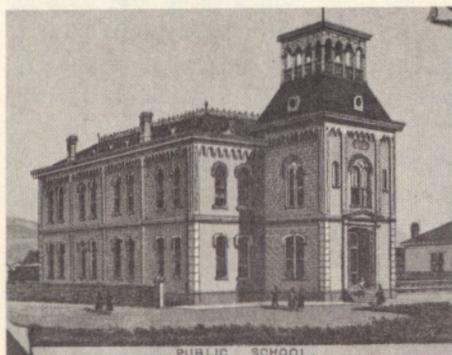
During the time that we were talking out of his hearing, the young man's father, my dispatcher boss, was in his inside office listening on his telegraph instrument to the progress of his trains on our division. Could he have heard his son's apologies to me he doubtless would have wondered what our conversation was all about, as, for all he knew, his boy was just back from a routine run to Lordsburg. Are there times, I thought, in the bringing up of children when it is best for parents not to know what they have been up to? After he was through talking to me he went in to see his dad.

Only a few nights later I ended my three months as a railroad man, and, on a pass, headed for Austin, where the family had preceded

me a few days before. There it was that I prepared to enter a different life, this time as a Freshman in The University of Texas. The goal toward which I had so long been working, had now been reached. It was the fall of 1899, and I was still seventeen years old.

EDITOR'S NOTES

1. For a picture and story of the Magoffin-Glasgow wedding see Harriot Howze Jones, "The Magoffin Homestead," *PASSWORD*, Vol. XI, No. 2 (Summer, 1966), 61-69.
2. Those interested in opera in early El Paso should read Estelle Goodman Levy, "The Myar Opera House and Other Theaters in Old El Paso," *PASSWORD*, Vol. V, No. 2 (April, 1960), 65-73.
3. The game of basket-ball was invented in 1892 by Dr. James Naismith of the Y.M.C.A. training school in Springfield, Massachusetts.
4. Harper, who adopted the name of Lee from his second stepfather, Samuel M. Lee, was destined to become a famous bullfighter. See Marshall Hail, "Background of a Bullfighter," *PASSWORD*, Vol. VII, No. 4 (Fall, 1962), 127-35. Mr. Hail also wrote a complete biography of Harper Lee, *Knight In The Sun*. It was illustrated by Tom Lea and published by Little, Brown & Co.



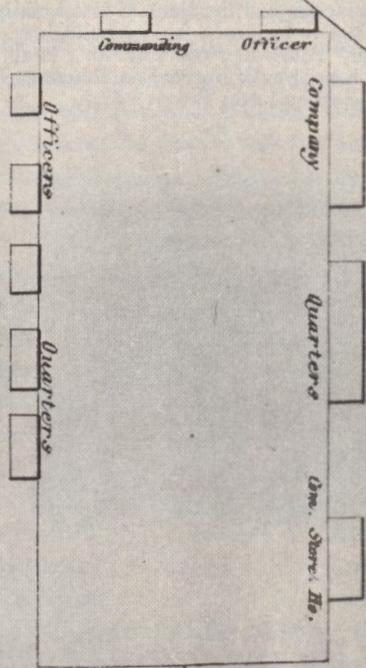
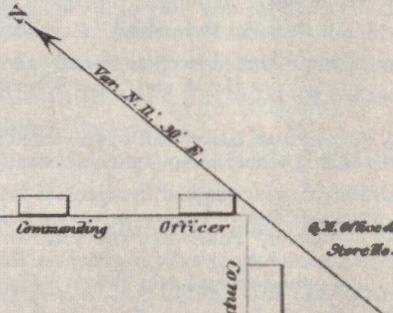
*Central Public School
on Myrtle Street
where Louis Hubbard
enrolled in 1888*

*High School Graduation
Exercises were held
in the
Myar Opera House
in 1899*

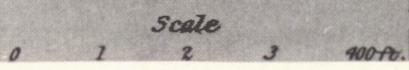
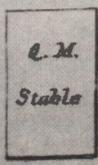


Hospital

PLAN of FORT QUITMAN Tex.



Q. M. Office & Store Ho.



PLAN OF FORT QUITMAN, circa 1876

QUITMAN: "*The Worst Post at Which I Ever Served*"

SO WROTE LIEUTENANT ZENAS R. BLISS, 8th U. S. Infantry of Fort Quitman, Texas when he served there in 1861.¹ There was much about this typical frontier outpost to warrant the lieutenant's opinion, although there were some who described the fort as being pleasantly situated on the bank of the Río Grande with its adobe buildings "resembling marble in their several coats of whitewash."²

If it were not a pleasant post at least it was an essential one, for a fort on the Río Grande near where the El Paso - San Antonio road left the river had been recommended for several years prior to its establishment. Colonel J. K. Mansfield had so recommended in his 1853 report.³ In 1854 the Department of New Mexico Commander, Brigadier General Garland, reported that due to Indian attacks near Eagle Springs⁴ he had detached one of the companies at Fort Bliss to take post near there, even though outside his Department, until other arrangements could be made to assure safe transportation of mail and protection for California bound emigrants.⁵

General David Twiggs, commanding the Department of Texas, citing a recent attack on San Antonio drovers en route to El Paso, stated that most Indian depredations were committed between Fort Davis and El Paso, and that with the current amount of daily travel there were not enough forces or forts in the Department to provide proper protection. He considered the post about to be established on the Río Grande where the road struck the river to be of great importance to the security of travelers and to the mails. Garrisoning the post with two companies of infantry, Twiggs planned to abandon the defensive and carry the war to the Indians.⁶

In early September, 1858, companies C and H, 8th Infantry at Fort Davis were ordered to be prepared to establish a post on the Río Grande pending completion of a reconnaissance and recommended location by Captain A. T. Lee, 8th Infantry.⁷ On 22 September, these two companies comprising 2 officers, 1 Assistant Surgeon and 144 men left Fort Davis and arrived six days later at the selected site 85 miles downriver from El Paso.⁸ Three weeks before its establishment it had been named Fort Quitman in honor of the distinguished former Governor, Congressman and soldier from Mississippi, John Anthony Quitman, recently deceased, whose gallantry and conduct as a Major General in the Mexican War had been recognized by a joint resolution of Congress which also tendered him a testimonial sword.⁹

Twenty-four soldiers on extra duty commenced construction of buildings immediately. Lumber was obtained from Tularosa, 300 miles away, and Mexicans were employed to teach the soldiers how to make adobes and build flat roofs.¹⁰ These prosaic occupations were not without hazard for in early 1859 the Mescalero Indians repeatedly harassed the El Paso road and in their third foray in a two week period attacked settlers making lime as well as a government wagon train only a mile and a half from the post.¹¹ Nevertheless, by June, Captain Bomford, commanding Company H and the post, was able to report that during the last nine months construction had been completed on two sets of company quarters with messes and kitchen, a commissary and storehouse and four sets of officers quarters; nearing completion were a blacksmith shop and guardhouse. Barracks were 26 feet by 74 feet, messes and kitchens 18 by 50, officers quarters 18 by 36, all about 9 feet high. The condition of the quarters was reported good, all adobe walls coated with gypsum wash and windows glazed. Planned construction included a commanding officer's set, 6 small houses for married men, a bakery, a wall for the corral and two storerooms, and a hospital 26 by 72 feet.¹² The latter would be needed if the garrison were to remain at two companies but since the recent departure of Company C it had consisted of only 2 officers and 66 men.

Despite this heartening description there must have been certain undesirable features about life at Quitman for it was designated a double ration post in May, 1859 and one traveler, Bishop Pierce, left his impression of the post as "a few houses and some rude stick tents, deep sand and broad sunshine as hot as I ever felt. . . . When we stopped to deliver the mail a gentleman came up to inquire of a train behind. He seemed to long for its arrival, that he might hasten his escape from what he called 'this God-forsaken country.' The river was rising and threatened to overflow the place. The people were full of fear, for their adobe houses were certain to cave in if the water reached them."¹³

The Bishop was traveling on stages of the San Antonio - San Diego mail route. In August the mail under contract by the Butterfield line which heretofore had traveled up the Pecos River and then along Delaware Creek, through Guadalupe Pass to El Paso, was changed to run *via* forts Stockton, Davis and Quitman to El Paso. This was done to provide semi-weekly mails to these Army posts as well as to use a route only slightly longer but with assured sources of water, including, of course, the 85-mile stretch along the river from Quitman to El Paso. Fort Quitman was not a station of the Butterfield Over-

land Mail; coaches made only brief stops there for mail and passengers. The actual stage station was located five and a half miles down river from the post where Quitman Canyon (formerly called *Cañón de los Lamentos*, probably because of the innumerable tragedies from Indian attacks on this dangerous trail) joined the Río Grande valley. This area, where the El Paso trail first reached the river, had been a camping and rest area for mail riders, stages, and travelers as long as it had been traveled.¹⁴

There are few records of significant activity at the little outpost on the Río Grande for the next year and a half. The garrison gradually dwindled to one officer and 30 men by July, 1860. In September, Company F, 8th Infantry, under command of Lt. E. D. Blake, a former aide of General Twiggs, marched from Fort McIntosh, Texas and, arriving on October 27th, replaced Company H as Quitman's garrison. Blake, subsequently promoted and transferred to Fort Davis, was replaced on January 10, 1861 by 1st Lieutenant Zenas R. Bliss whose autobiography is a vivid and entertaining account of life on a frontier post on the eve of the Civil War.

Bliss described Quitman as a small one-company post, awfully hot in summer, beset by high winds and dust storms in winter, whose only assets were its good adobe barracks and quarters — scant praise indeed when newspapers were used to cover windows and curtains served as doors. Years later he recalled vividly his loneliness there. He was the only officer on the post, which had neither doctor nor sutler. The nearest human habitation was a small poverty-stricken Mexican village forty miles away on the other side of the river, and the weekly mail arrived in the middle of the night giving few opportunities to see any of the party. Despite frequent scouting patrols, his most persistent visitors were skulking Indians whose nocturnal activities in slipping into the post and taking pot shots at sentries while trying to steal the animals in the corral made it advisable for one to carry a shotgun even for a walk across the parade ground after dark. In several months Bliss said he hardly spoke to a half a dozen people except to give orders to his men — small wonder he thought Quitman the worst post at which he had ever served!¹⁵

Although there was little talk of secession among the few people he met, most believing that the entire matter would soon be amicably settled, Texans soon voted overwhelmingly in favor of calling a Convention, the avowed purpose of which was to take the State out of the Union. Bliss recalled that 600 affirmative votes were cast at a nearby mail station, one of the authorized voting places, where only the two employees living could have had a shadow of a right to vote.¹⁶

Shortly thereafter the mails became very light and Northern newspapers failed to arrive.

Unknown to Union officers and men in the remote West Texas posts, General Twiggs had reached an agreement with Texas State Commissioners for the evacuation of all Federal troops from Texas posts to the Gulf coast and subsequent movement to the United States. General Orders (GO) No. 5, Hqs. Department of Texas, 18 February 1861 stated: "Commanding General desiring to avoid even the possibility of collision between Federal and State troops, posts will be evacuated by their garrisons and march to the coast with arms, light batterys with guns, all stores, etc., and such means of transportation as is necessary for the efficient orderly movement of troops . . . prepared for attack or defense against aggressions from any source. . . . Troops will carry sufficient provisions for travel as far as the coast. . . ."

Although Twiggs relinquished command of the Department the day following publication of the evacuation order, and was dismissed from the Army two weeks later, the orders were never changed.¹⁷ Bliss' first intimation of such developments was the arrival in the dead of night of a courier from Fort Davis carrying orders, without any amplifying instructions, for him to abandon Fort Quitman and proceed to San Antonio. Locking up Government property and supplies in the buildings, he marched his company out of the post the following afternoon, March 4, 1861.¹⁸

Two days later, upon meeting the stage at Eagle Springs, he found it carrying other and later orders directing him to wait at Fort Quitman until the arrival of Lt. Col. Reeve's command from Fort Bliss, to turn over all Federal property at the post to James Magoffin, Texas Commissioner at El Paso, and, in company with Reeve, to proceed to San Antonio, picking up Blake's command at Fort Davis en route.¹⁹ In a quandary as to what to do, Bliss finally decided to return to Quitman fervently hoping that the Indians had not looted and destroyed the post and its supplies, amounting to some \$40,000 for which he was now responsible until turned over to Magoffin. He found nothing touched and Quitman fell back into its former routine of waiting for news.

In March the stages ceased running, as did the Overland Mail, thus almost completely isolating the local garrison from the outside world. The news blackout was broken only by a two-day stopover in late March of a small group of former U. S. officers who were on their way to San Antonio to accept commissions in the Confederate Army. Among them were Ewell and McLaws, destined to become

Confederate Corps commanders. Their sober discussions of imminent war and their predictions concerning mutual friends who would rise to high rank in the coming conflict could hardly have added to the young lieutenant's peaceful contemplations of the future.²⁰

On April 4th Reeve, as ignorant of national affairs as Bliss, arrived with his command and, after turning over the Government stores and property at Fort Quitman to Samuel Magoffin, left the fort, accompanied by Lieutenant Bliss who would not return for fifteen years.²¹

Reeve and his fellow officers were soon to regret that they had not disobeyed those orders and instead had marched to New Mexico. On May 9th near San Antonio, Colonel Van Doren, CSA, late Major 2d U. S. Cavalry, in direct violation of the Texas Commissioners' agreement, compelled Reeve's small force to surrender as prisoners of war. Long ignorant of the true state of affairs, for many officers and civilians believed the secession trouble would be over by the 4th of July, the question of disobeying the orders of the Department Commander never occurred to any of them. Hearing nothing from the War Department they assumed they were doing as Washington desired.²²

As Bliss rightly says, since the Texas ordinance of secession was passed in February, with timely knowledge of the trend of national events, ample time was available for Washington authorities to have communicated the true situation to posts in West Texas through New Mexico, but not a word was ever received. This failure is inexplicable for on February 15th, Colonel Waite, Twigg's replacement as Department Commander, was told by the War Department that in event of Texas' secession he was to assemble all troops in western Texas — 10 companies — and to march them to Fort Leavenworth.²³ Some one apparently saw to it that Waite's instructions were never passed to the troops in Texas.

* * * * *

Meanwhile Quitman was not forgotten in the Confederate plans for the control of the Southwest. In April, 1861 (then) Major Kirby Smith pointed out the necessity of occupying forts Bliss, Quitman, Davis, Stockton and Hudson if communications with New Mexico were to be preserved.²⁴ In May orders were issued for garrisoning a line of defense from Fort Inge to Fort Bliss which included Quitman, but no company was directed to occupy it until "everything is settled at Fort Bliss." Five or six pieces of artillery at Davis, Quitman and Bliss were ordered to concentrate at Bliss. Although Lt. Col. Roberts,

USA, reported in August to Colonel Canby, commanding U. S. forces in New Mexico, that "Quitman had been abandoned by the rebels in order to garrison Fort Davis,"²⁵ no record has been found of Confederate forces garrisoning Fort Quitman although some of Baylor's Texas Mounted Rifles may have done so. It is interesting to note that in June Major Lynde, then commanding the Southern Military District of New Mexico, was specifically ordered to keep himself fully informed and to report at once the movements of Texas troops at and below Fort Bliss, the strengths of the garrisons at Bliss and Quitman, and any movement that might be made toward any New Mexico post.²⁶ His significant failure to comply with these orders may have contributed significantly to his surrender of his command at San Augustine Pass in July, 1861 to a smaller force under Lt. Col. J. R. Baylor, CSA.

Be that as it may, a few months later Fort Quitman was prominent in Colonel Baylor's thoughts. He became quite apprehensive over a rumored Federal advance of 2,500 men down the Río Grande from Fort Craig in conjunction with a movement of 2,000 Federal troops under General Sumner from California by sea to Guaymas, Mexico and thence overland to El Paso. Baylor therefore urged that he be quickly reinforced by Sibley's brigade, then being organized in San Antonio. He also made arrangements with Simeon Hart of El Paso to move stores and forage at Fort Bliss to Quitman and Davis.²⁷ Although Judge Crosby of El Paso remarked that a rumored three prong attack by Canby — one down the river, one *via* the *Jornada del Muerto*, and another from Fort Stanton — seemed a rather hazardous enterprise for the notoriously prudent Canby to embark upon, Baylor apparently thought differently.²⁸ On October 25th, without mincing words, he informed Colonel McCulloch, commanding the Department of Texas, that he "would have to fall back. . . . If it is the wish of the colonel commanding the department that Arizona be abandoned, and I presume it is, he can congratulate himself upon the consummation of that event. . . . In case of invasion I am to make such disposition as I deem best . . . this is liberal when troops of the enemy are 100 miles away and my reinforcements are scattered for 500 miles. . . ." ²⁹

Actually Baylor's information was not too incorrect as to ocean movement of U. S. troops from California to Guaymas and then overland to the Río Grande, for such was then being considered by General Sumner. However, the international aspects and logistic difficulties of such a move caused it to be abandoned in favor of a march across Arizona which General Carleton accomplished the following

summer. On the other hand Canby's moves were merely a strengthening of the garrison at Fort Craig, for he made no military reconnaissance south of that post, apparently depending upon spies and informers for his information. However, the arrival of Sibley's Brigade in early 1862 ended any Confederate concern over a Federal attack.

Subsequent to Sibley's abortive New Mexico campaign and retreat back to Texas in the late spring of 1862, Brigadier General J. H. Carleton, commanding the Column from California, escorted by Captain J. C. Cremony's Company B, 2d California Volunteer Cavalry, and Captain E. D. Shirland's Company B, 1st California Volunteer Cavalry, marched from Hart's Mill, El Paso to Fort Quitman. There on August 22, 1862 the Stars and Stripes were again raised over the post by Cremony and a few days later Shirland performed a similar ceremony at Fort Davis.³⁰ The following May Shirland was again sent to Quitman as a security force against a rumored second Confederate invasion of El Paso and New Mexico. This never materialized but it was more than a rumor for the Confederates were seriously planning such a campaign. Subsequently it was cancelled by Kirby Smith because of other higher priority requirements.³¹

* * * * *

The absence of troops on the frontier during the war years had emboldened the Indians to such an extent that travel on the El Paso road became increasingly hazardous. Early in December, 1867, the mail escort was attacked near Eagle Springs and in the same month some 900 Indians attacked Company K, 9th Cavalry near Fort Lancaster.³² Conditions were reminiscent of those in '58 so again troops were ordered to Quitman. Company F, 9th Cavalry with 2 officers and 81 men departed Fort Davis and arrived at Quitman on January 1, 1868.

Indian reaction was immediate. The new garrison's first month was enlivened by 12 different Apache attacks — each successfully driven off.³³ The post was officially reestablished by Department orders of 25 February which also increased the garrison. It is interesting to note that whereas the initial post returns of 1858 stated that communications should be addressed through San Antonio, upon reestablishment the best means of communication was given as through Santa Fe. The garrison was augmented in May by the arrival of Company H, 41st Infantry and companies H and I, 9th Cavalry, although the latter soon left for station at Eagle Springs.³⁴ Usual garrison duties, including crude temporary repairs to buildings, and regular escorts for the mails occupied the troops' time, with little

else to relieve the monotony. However, the negro troops must have been reasonably content for the desertion rates for 1868 of the 9th Cavalry and 41st Infantry regiments — 48 and 31 respectively — were among the lowest in the Army and were about one tenth those of the famed 2d, 7th or 8th Cavalry regiments.³⁵

In the late summer good grass and water near the post brought an increase in Indian raids and retaliatory forays by the 9th Cavalry. In late August a 250 mile chase succeeded in recovering stock stolen near the post, and October was marked by minor Indian troubles. There is little record of events during the next few years other than changes in garrison units and commands. Company F departed for Fort Davis in August, 1868 and Major A. P. Morrow, 9th Cavalry, assumed command in December. During that time various losses occurred due to desertion, discharge, and death from disease or bullet wounds, including one poor soul reported as “died of deceased in post hospital.”

Early in 1869, a month after Judge Hubbell of El Paso and the driver of his stage were murdered by Indians near Fort Quitman, Lydia Lane, Army wife and veteran of a dozen years on the frontier, passed through the post. “When we sighted the Río Grande, five miles below Fort Quitman,” she later wrote, “a sense of relief took the place of my recent uneasiness and fear; and when we drove into the forlorn and tumble down adobe built fort, I wanted to greet everybody as a friend and brother. The troops stationed there were colored, and as we passed the guardhouse I noticed a sergeant in full dress jumping rope! I felt rather shocked to see a soldier in uniform so disporting himself, but concluded if any one at Quitman could feel cheerful enough to enjoy so innocent a pastime he was to be congratulated. . . . From Quitman to Fort Bliss the journey was comparatively a safe one. . . .”³⁶

In November, 1869, Company H, 41st Infantry, was redesignated Company H, 24th Infantry, but remained at Quitman. During this time the post garrison reached its all time high in strength, 7 officers and 230 men. The major events of the year 1870 were scouting expeditions against the Indians of greater strength and longer duration than previous ones — 30 to 70 men in the field from four to six weeks on each scout, but their exhausting efforts brought only meager results. Mail guards and escorts continued. In August, Company B, 25th Infantry under Captain Bentzoni arrived to become part of the garrison.³⁷

While Quitman troops were occupied in the monotonous routine of a frontier garrison, its commanders were engrossed in other prob-

lems, possibly monotonous but not routine. These were the post war years when war claims against the Government were legion. One claimant filed for \$5,000 for transportation of baggage and supplies from forts Quitman, Bliss and Davis in 1861 when Twiggs ordered those posts to be evacuated. Two Mexicans submitted claims for injuries inflicted and robberies committed by soldiers from Fort Quitman in 1859. Three citizens of San Lorenzo, across the river from Quitman, demanded \$100,000 for grass and wood taken from the village by U. S. troops in 1861. At least one officer characterized these claims as attempts to swindle the government. In commenting on a recent claim by San Lorenzians allegedly robbed by Quitman soldiers, Major Morrow stated that the soldiers had been turned over to Mexican authorities and were serving their sentence. He regarded the people of San Lorenzo as the "worst set of cutthroats on the continent, who blatantly encouraged soldiers to desert, steal, mutiny, and cross the river. . . . The admission charge to a dance recently was \$1.50 or one blanket or one coat. . . . [The town] affords a ready market for thefts by paying off in vile whisky and filthy prostitutes. . . . No consideration should be given to any false claims of the two persons concerned."³⁸

A less easily solved problem was the question of Quitman's boundaries and owners. A post order of May, 1868 simply and arbitrarily established the boundaries so as to embrace four miles west, north and east of the center of the parade ground with the river forming the south boundary. Within these limits no encampments of trains were permitted.³⁹ However, shacks were being built close to the post.

To control the influx of squatters on Texas posts, orders were issued in November, 1869 prohibiting squatter tenancy and directing expulsion by force if necessary. All post commanders were directed to report names of all persons occupying property within their garrisons, by whom the property was owned, or how held by the parties on it.⁴⁰ In April, 1870 Captain Gilmore, Quitman's commander, wrote that it was impossible to report the proper owner of the post as four parties were then claiming ownership.⁴¹ It is little wonder that the Captain was faced with a dilemma, for before the ownership of Quitman was to be settled fourteen years of litigation through Federal Courts and the U. S. Court of Claims were to elapse.⁴² This might well have been avoided had the recommendation of the Quartermaster General of the Army in 1855 to the Secretary of War to buy rather than rent land for posts in Texas and New Mexico been followed. Had Captain A. T. Lee in 1858 attempted purchase by the U. S. Government from the State of Texas of the post reservation, the question

of title might never have arisen, but then Lee may not have been as familiar with Texas land laws as some of those with whom he came into contact. On the basis of patents already granted by the Texas General Land Office, Headquarters 5th Military District (Texas) by letter of 14 April 1870, established Quitman's limits as embracing Surveys 126, 127, 128, and 129 on file in the Land Office.⁴³

Quitman was not alone in its ownership and boundary problems for in July, 1870 the Department of Texas appointed a board of senior officers to determine, for a dozen Texas posts, their limits, fair rent and owners.⁴⁴ They affirmed Quitman's limits as directed in the April, 1870 letter cited above, that \$300 per year was a fair rent, and that inasmuch as the board could not determine who was entitled to this rent that it not be paid until a firm claim was established by due process of law. This board's determination of a fair annual rental was the figure eventually used by the Court of Claims in settlement of the title claim.

Of more concern to the post commander was the deplorable condition of the buildings. During the war they had been stripped of everything that could be carried away. Now, in the summer of 1870, the only buildings having doors were the officers' quarters; all windows were covered with cloth only and, due to crowded conditions, many of the officers lived in tents.⁴⁵ Major Morrow's letter to the Department Inspector General presented a dismal picture of conditions at the post as these excerpts depict so vividly: "The buildings on the post are no longer tenable . . . during heavy rain yesterday, the guardhouse fell in and guard and prisoners narrowly escaped injury . . . barracks fell in on Company H, 25th Infantry . . . houses are not fit to stable cattle in . . . if the rain continues, all must move into tents. . . . Many buildings are beyond repair. . . . As the offices are all dripping and filled with mud, I have no place to write this letter in and trust its appearance will be excused as it is being written under the shelter of a piece of canvas held over my head. . . . Quarters have a wagon load of silt on rugs, furniture, etc. . . . Complete plans and a hundred or more reports have been made on conditions at Quitman and action to be taken to improve buildings and build new ones . . . [but] as yet no action has been taken. . . . The post is a disgrace to the government and a gross injustice to troops to station them there. . . ." ⁴⁶

Morrow's letter brought results as well as divergent views on ways to improve post accommodations. The Department Quartermaster General stated that eight months previously a survey showed the quarters were not worth repairing. He proposed new construction

on an austere basis by contract rather than troop labor. The Department Commander, General Reynolds, agreed but considered that the construction criteria should be the same as approved for other posts, for "not one post in Texas has adequate shelter for troops, animals or stores." The Division of Missouri Quartermaster General thought Reynold's plan too elaborate, that quarters should be built on a style like homes used by the best class in the area [?] and that inasmuch as pre-war Texas posts were built by troops when the Army had far fewer men, such should be done now. Quartermaster General of the Army Meigs, a sensible and practical soldier, disagreed completely with his subordinates and, concurring with Reynolds, said that there was no need for soldiers to live like natives, at least wood floors and porches were needed, and that since Congress provided appropriations to build adequate quarters for the Army it was the War Department's job to see that such adequacy was provided. Meigs further stated that during a recent inspection he had viewed with consternation the troop living conditions throughout the frontier.⁴⁷ After receiving comparative costs of the two plans submitted, the Secretary of War approved Meig's recommendations on October 17, 1870. As planned Fort Quitman was to have 13 new sets of officer's quarters, 4 company barracks, 3 stables, storehouses, offices, commissary and a hospital. The total cost was estimated at \$249,500. Alas for the hopes that had been raised! In view of the cost involved, approval was withdrawn in favor of making economical repairs to existing buildings — a policy still popular almost a century later.

As Meigs explained the action to a Fort Concho doctor, limited Congressional appropriations required abandonment or suspension of construction of many buildings and operations greatly needed for the health and comfort of the troops. He himself was not dissatisfied with former appropriations but he was with the way he had seen how money had been spent in Texas.⁴⁸

Troop accommodations at the fort were indeed not only substandard, but inadequate and unhealthy as four companies (H and I, 9th Cavalry; H of 24th Infantry, and B of 25th Infantry) now occupied a post which could not shelter two properly. The sick reports for 1870-71 reflect the result of these conditions. The number of dysentery cases was more than one third the mean strength of the command with intermittent fever and bronchitis running close seconds. In fact the hospital record presents a pretty dismal picture of life at Quitman; with a mean strength of 7 officers and 184 men, 234 cases of disease are recorded, 46 cases of accidents and injuries and 4 deaths, two of them from gunshot wounds. Early in 1871, Assistant

Surgeon Guinn, soon to die at Fort Quitman, protested the inadequacy of hospital facilities such as inadequate space, no convalescent ward, no attendants' quarters and inadequate privies, among others.⁴⁹

From February 7 to March 29 Major Morrow conducted one of the longest and most prolonged scouts against the Indians combing the Sacramento Mountains with four companies of the 9th Cavalry, including the two from Quitman, but with insignificant results. The infantry companies continued to escort the mail and perform garrison duties, which consisted at this time mainly of repairing buildings. Twenty-man scouts of two weeks duration through the Carrizo Mountains, Alamo Springs and Eagle Springs area in June and July returned without sighting any hostiles. In the meantime troop changes in May and June had reduced the Quitman garrison to Company K, 9th Cavalry and Company B, 24th Infantry.⁵⁰

February of 1872 saw the garrison depleted to 63 men, which caused the commanding officer to write that conditions were "about as bad as can be. . . . The garrison," he continued, "is too few to be of any service . . . at least another company of cavalry is needed . . . more posts are recommended to be established on Delaware Creek and to the west to keep the White Mountain Apaches under control."⁵¹ A month later the garrison had dwindled to 40 men upon the departure of the infantry company for Fort Stockton.

During the latter half of 1872, Company D, 25th Infantry arrived from Fort Clark, Company K, 9th Cavalry departed for that post, and Company B, 25th Infantry arrived from Fort Bliss. Guard detachments at the Eagle Springs and Van Horn Wells mail stations were continued throughout the year and with good reason, for in August 30 horses belonging to Mexicans were stolen by Indians less than 30 miles from the post. In November Company D, 25th Infantry was transferred to Fort Davis leaving only Company B, 25th Infantry under Captain Bentzoni to garrison Fort Quitman — a disposition which was to remain unchanged until the next abandonment of the post.

An insight into the effect of the government's procrastinating business practices is gained from a report of post inspection submitted by Bentzoni in December, 1872. He stated that the high costs of maintaining Fort Quitman were due primarily to a "constant want of funds. . . . There are not more than six to ten men in this part of the country whose capital will admit of taking contracts if they must wait an indefinite period for payment after delivery. Competition having as its object not to bid under certain figures is the inevitable result. Under prompt payment hay should not be more than

\$12 per ton, yet the present contract price is \$22. The contract price at Bliss in 1871 was only \$13 per ton and the contractor turned it over to a poor man who filled it for \$11 a ton."⁵²

A report of the Surgeon General gives a fairly good description of the post at that time. (A sketch of the plan of the post is reproduced herein.)⁵³ The buildings, constructed of adobes with earth roofs, had been made comfortable during the past three years, particularly the officers' quarters, by repairs made by their individual occupants. Married soldiers and laundresses occupied an old set of officer's quarters. Although the hospital boasted of two bath tubs, its arrangement was inconvenient and with neither floor nor ceiling nor lavatory was most inadequate. All attempts to cultivate a post garden had failed and although milk and sometimes butter, eggs and chickens could be procured locally, fresh vegetables and fruits had to be hauled over dusty roads from the El Paso area, 50 to 75 miles away. Food prices reflected this inconvenience of supply. Many supplies, particularly military, were brought by wagon train from San Antonio, 595 miles away. It was truly a remote post which well tested the hardihood and character of those who lived there, particularly members of that gallant and unsung band — the Army wives.⁵⁴

Garrison duties for the next few years followed much the same pattern as before, enlivened somewhat by an earthquake on February 7, 1873, a visit by the Inspector General of the Army, and an inspection by the Department Commander. Periodic scouts of some 200 miles to ascertain Indian movements were made through the Eagle Mountains, Carrizo Mountains, Hot Springs and down the Río Grande, with negative results except for one incident in May, 1874. Undertaking these patrols concurrently with essential mail escort duty and usual garrison chores became increasingly difficult as the strength of the garrison decreased. As early as August, 1874 Captain Bentzoni had estimated that by the following June he would lose 33 men of his 46 man command due to expiration of their terms of service, of whom 8 might possibly reenlist. He was not far wrong, for in June, 1875 Quitman's garrison consisted of only 2 officers and 18 men present for duty.

One of Bentzoni's letters reveals the kind of commander he must have been. The Department Quartermaster stated that "All posts between Concho and El Paso are garrisoned by colored troops and details from them would not as a rule be reliable." Bentzoni was quick to reply that in justice to the troops he commanded he "must point out that the letter of September 22d last directing troops to carry mail was received at 5:00 P.M. on October 11 and the first mail

left at 11:00 P.M. that night. . . . It has been carried seven times both ways and once on a double route for a total of some 2,140 miles . . . and has arrived and departed punctually and been delivered in good order. No civilians have been employed for this task . . . [as] soldiers are competent to perform this and similar duties."⁵⁵

During the following two years regimental changes of station brought a welcome influx of visitors and transients to Quitman with the unanticipated surprise and pleasure, so typical of Army life, of again seeing old friends and acquaintances. Troops of the 8th Cavalry en route from Fort Selden, New Mexico to Fort Clark, Texas and those of the 9th Cavalry going in the opposite direction, paused at Quitman sporadically from July, 1875 through March, 1876. Companies C and H, 25th Infantry, exchanging station between forts Bliss and Davis stopped for a day or two in September and October as did other troops engaged in the interminable "scouts for hostiles." At least one scout of 300 miles in February, 1876 was partially successful, resulting in a minor skirmish and destruction of considerable Indian supplies.

In December, 1876, the Division of the Missouri approved previous recommendations of the Department of Texas and authorized the discontinuance of the posts of Quitman and Bliss and movement of their garrisons to forts Clark and Concho respectively. Major Zenas R. Bliss, once again Quitman's commander after 15 years, was ordered from Fort Davis to command Clark.⁵⁶ On January 5, 1877, he abandoned Fort Quitman for the second time.⁵⁷

The Salt War incident near El Paso soon showed that withdrawal of these frontier garrisons was premature and ill advised. A report by 1st Lt. L. H. Rucker, 9th Cavalry, who was instrumental in saving Judge Howard's life the first time he was threatened by an irate mob of "Spanish-Americans" and Mexicans, emphasized that the presence of troops was necessary to protect life and property. The indorsement of General Sheridan, Missouri Division Commander, was irate and terse. He had "never recommended abandonment of Bliss . . . done while he was away . . . recommended by Department Commander and approved by the Secretary of War . . . request authority of the Secretary of War to reoccupy Quitman."⁵⁸ Sheridan promptly received the authority he requested and on 26 November 1877 directed the Department of Texas Commander to reoccupy the fort whenever he considered the public service required it.⁵⁹ Such was not done but instead various company strength camps were established throughout the newly formed District of the Pecos, among them one at Eagle Springs in another attempt to make the mail route and settlements safe by forcing the Indians from its vicinity.

This scheme was not too successful due to some extent to the improper selection of the military district limits. For example, the Commander of the District of New Mexico had responsibility as far south as San Elizario but no farther, although the entire lower valley is a geographical entity.⁶⁰

In 1879 a stage station was established on the site of the abandoned post. Less than a year later Apache raids made travel in the Quitman-Eagle Springs area as hazardous as it had ever been. The 10th Cavalry was constantly in the field attempting to exert a measure of control over the elusive Apaches. In February, 1880, Captain L. H. Carpenter was ordered to visit Fort Quitman and report on the feasibility of reestablishing the post.⁶¹ Buildings and facilities were in such poor condition that this was not done. However, during the campaign against Victorio in 1880 — last of the Indian campaigns in Texas — General Grierson did use the old post as a camp and tactical base in the successful execution of his plan which prevented Victorio's Apaches from reaching the Guadalupe Mountains and turned them back into Mexico to their eventual annihilation. One company of cavalry was usually encamped at or near the old fort during the summer of 1880. Such a disposition probably saved General Grierson's life, for in July, 1880 Apaches surrounded his small party at Eighteen Mile Water Hole and were driven off only when Company A, 10th Cavalry arrived at a gallop from Fort Quitman. In a few days most of the regiment had assembled at Eagle Springs to intercept Victorio and his band.⁶² These precautions limited but did not stop Apache depredations. On August 9th, General J. J. Byrnes was murdered when the stage in which he was travelling was ambushed in Quitman Canyon. The stage driver, Ed Walde, escaped death by quickly turning his team and outracing the savages to Quitman five miles away with Byrnes' body hanging half way out of the coach.⁶³

When Brigadier General C. C. Augur assumed command of the Department of Texas in January, 1881 he abolished the military district organization but made commanders responsible for the security of their area to half the distance to adjacent posts. He also established a series of subposts satellited on the permanent forts, thus Pena Colorado, Camp Presidio, and Fort Quitman became subposts of Fort Davis.⁶⁴ The detachment of Company A, 10th Cavalry stationed at Quitman since the previous summer was relieved on January 12, 1881 by Company E, 16th Infantry commanded by 1st Lt. S. R. Whitall. To protect the mail route between forts Davis and Quitman, other detachments from the company were stationed at Eagle Springs, Van Horn Wells, Ojo del Muerto and Barilla Springs.⁶⁵

This duty continued until the infantrymen at Quitman were replaced in April by Company K, 10th Cavalry.⁶⁶

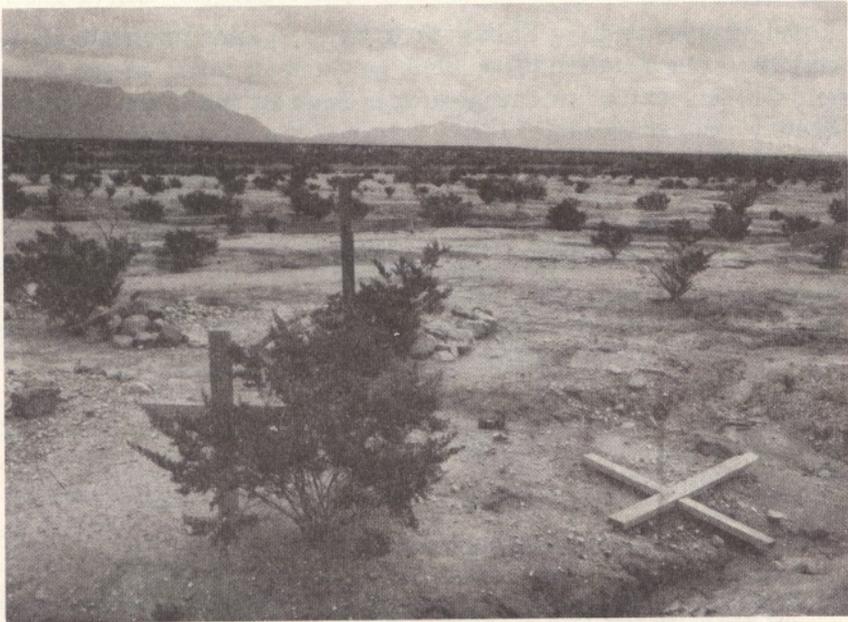
To the duties so familiar to the 10th of patrolling for Indians, escorting the mails, and repairing the telegraph lines, was soon added a new one — protecting the engineers and workmen who were steadily pushing the tracks of the Texas and Pacific Railroad to their eventual junction with the Southern Pacific at Sierra Blanca. In October, Company A, 10th Cavalry, relieved from duty protecting the railroad crews, was ordered to replace K Company as Quitman's garrison — it's last as it turned out.⁶⁷

The end of the Apache menace to West Texas marked a definite change in the character and purpose of the military posts in that area. The railroad had replaced the stage route as the main artery of travel. Security of the border south of Fort Bliss from intrusions of marauders and smugglers from Mexico became the primary military mission. Even as the troops at Quitman were fruitlessly scouting for Indians south of Eagle Springs in April, 1882 plans were being developed in accordance with General Sherman's views, to establish a post west of Sierra Blanca where the Southern Pacific Railroad reached the Río Grande. Lt. Nordstrom, commanding troops at Quitman, was directed to examine the country near Camp Rice, initially a railroad construction camp some 37 miles northwest of Sierra Blanca and to select a site in that vicinity suitable for a camp of one company of cavalry.⁶⁸

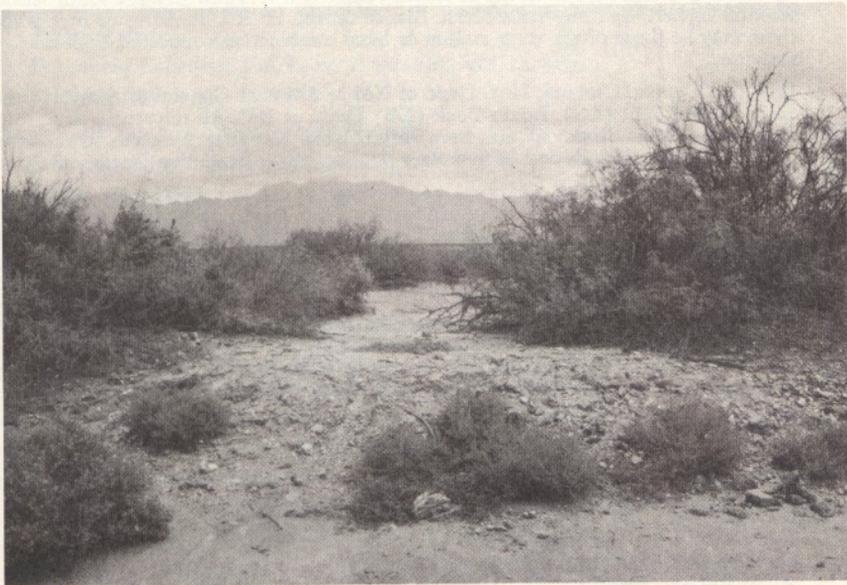
Nordstrom reported a favorable location existed about two miles north of Camp Rice and that abandonment of Fort Quitman would present no problem as the troops there were housed only in tents. Fort Davis' commander recommended establishment of the new camp and abandonment of Quitman. The Department of Texas commander, concurring in these views, so directed by telegram on July 5, 1882. Five days later Company A, 10th Cavalry marched from Quitman to its new station at Camp Rice, 15 miles distant, and Fort Quitman — defender of the frontier for almost twenty five years — was abandoned forever.⁶⁹ It was a typical prototype of the frontier posts as they actually were — far different from those portrayed in paperback novels, motion pictures, or television.⁷⁰

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About thirty years ago, a few of the old adobe walls of the post buildings could still be faintly identified. Since then irrigation projects and levee construction have completed nature's erasures of man's temporary works. Today no trace of old Fort Quitman remains.



The Fort Quitman Cemetery is bleak and forsaken — later used by natives of the area with markers dated 1920-1934, all with Mexican names.



The debris on a mound is all that remains of Fort Quitman. Chunks of building material indicate that sand and lime were used to make bricks, rather than the usual adobe.

About 65 miles south of El Paso State Road 34 joins Interstate Highway 10. If one drives south on State 34 about six miles, an old cemetery will be found a few dozen yards to the west of the road. Approximately 150 yards west of the cemetery is the site of the old fort — unmarked, little known, and practically forgotten. About five miles farther south the road turns east away from the river into gloomy, once dreaded Quitman Canyon — *Cañón de los Lamentos* — which even today requires no great imagination to people it with the ghosts of Apache warriors, stage drivers and blue clad troopers. From the top of the canyon, no more than thirty minutes drive due east over a range road lies Sierra Blanca.

— GEORGE RUHLEN

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2. Albert D. Richardson, *Beyond the Mississippi*, (New York, 1867), 236.
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7. Orders 18, Hqs. Dept. of Texas, 23 July 1858. Order Book, Dept. of Texas, OAB.
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10. Special Orders (SO) 108, Hq. Dept. of Texas, 22 November 1858.
11. Letter Twiggs to AG, 5 February 1859 and 16 February 1859.
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13. George G. Smith, "Parson's Progress to California," *The Quarterly* (Historical Society of Southern California), Vol. XXI, No. 2 (June-September, 1939), 59-60.
14. Roscoe P. and Margaret B. Conkling, *The Butterfield Overland Mail* (Glendale, California, 1947, 2 vols.), Vol. II, 41-42.

15. Bliss, *Memoirs*, 217-220.
16. *Ibid.*, 232.
17. GO 6, Hq. Dept. of Texas, 19 February 1861.
18. Bliss, *Memoirs*, 235.
19. *Ibid.*, 236; SO 32, 24 February 1861, SO 36, 27 February 1861, SO 44, 3 March 1861, Hqs. Dept. of Texas.
20. Of interest is Ewell's prediction that Grant would make his mark if the war were a long one, as it is so often stated that Grant was a military unknown until after the capture of Fort Donaldson. —Bliss, *Memoirs*, 245.
21. James Magoffin, who had been appointed by the State to receive Ft. Quitman's property, did not come in person, but sent his son Samuel who receipted for the property. He, with his brother-in-law Gabriel Valdez, helped move Quitman's supplies with his trains to San Antonio. —*Ibid.*, 246.
22. *Ibid.*, 240-241.
23. Letter Adjutant General Thomas, War Department to Colonel C. A. Waite, Commanding Officer Department of Texas, 15 February 1861. *The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union Armies*, four series, 128 vols. Washington, Government Printing Office, 1880-1901, Series 1, Vol. I, 589.
24. *Ibid.*, Vol. I, 628.
25. *Ibid.*, Vol. I, 574, 577-578.
26. *Ibid.*, Vol. IV, 38.
27. *Ibid.*, Vol. IV, 127-129, 132.
28. *Ibid.*, Vol. IV, 133.
29. Letter Baylor to McCulloch, 25 October 1861. Strangely enough this letter is found in Letters Received file of Hqs. Dept. of New Mexico, without explanation for its presence there.
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42. For a detailed account of the complex, yet fascinating, transactions and litigation involving the ownership of the Quitman reservation, see George Ruhlen, "Quitman's Owners: A Sidelight on Frontier Realty," *PASSWORD*, Vol. V, No. 2 (April, 1960), 54-64.
43. Letter Hqs. 5th Mil. Dist. to Commanding Officer, Ft. Quitman, 14 April 1870.
44. SO 60, Hqs. Dept. of Texas, 11 July 1870.
45. Letter Commanding Officer Ft. Quitman to Hqs. Dept. of Texas, July 1870.
46. Letter Major Morrow to Inspector General, Dept. of Texas, 6 July 1870.

47. Letter Deputy Quartermaster General, Dept. of Texas to Adj. Gen. of Army, 5 August 1870, with indorsements of Department Commanding General, Division Quartermaster, and Quartermaster General of the Army, September 1870.
48. Letter Meigs to Dr. Notisin, Ft. Concho, 10 January 1871.
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50. Organization and post returns.
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53. From *Outline Descriptions of the Posts in the Military Division of the Missouri*, Hqs. Mil. Div. of Mo., Chicago, Ill., 1876.
54. Circular 8, 221.
55. Letter Bentzoni to Assistant Adjutant General, Dept. of Texas, 27 November 1875.
56. SO 224, Hq. Dept. of Texas, 12 December 1876.
57. GO 11, Hqs. Ft. Quitman, 5 January 1877.
58. 3d Indorsement by Hqs. Military Division of Missouri, 23 October 1877 to Letter 1st Lt. L. H. Rucker, 9th Cav. to Adjutant General, New Mexico District, 4 October 1877.
59. Letter Commanding General Division of Missouri to Adjutant General's Office, 5 December 1877.
60. Report of Commanding Officer, District of New Mexico to Secretary of War, 6 September 1879, as published in *Annual Report of Secretary of War*, 19 Nov., 1879.
61. Orders 25, Hqs. Fort Davis, 14 February 1880.
62. Regimental returns, 10th Cav.
63. Mrs. O. L. Shipman, "Fort Quitman was Key Station in Colorful Frontier Days," *El Paso Times*, October 17, 1947.
64. GO 5, Hqs. Dept. of Texas, 1 February 1881.
65. Orders 7, Hqs. Fort Davis, 11 January 1881.
66. SO 74, Hqs. Fort Davis, 7 April 1881.
67. SO 202, Hqs. Fort Davis, 26 September 1881.
68. Letter Adj. Ft. Davis to Nordstrom, 12 April 1882.
69. Regimental returns, 10th Cav.
70. Fort Quitman was no longer needed with the establishment of Camp Rice, whose subsequent location became Fort Hancock. For the story of Fort Hancock see George Ruhlen, "Fort Hancock: Last of the Frontier Posts," *PASSWORD*, Vol. IV, No. 1 (January, 1959), 19-30.

The Ancient Art of Surveying

by GILBERT B. CARTER, P.E.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is a part of a speech that was delivered at the Fifth Educational Seminar of the Southwest Chapter No. 35 of the American Right of Way Association on December 3, 1965, in El Paso, Texas.]

SURVEYING is one of the oldest arts and sciences practiced by man because from the earliest times it was found necessary to mark boundaries, divide land and locate engineering projects. Our oldest structures and our oldest historical records indicate the practice of surveying. The Great Pyramid of Khufu in Egypt, constructed 2,900 years before Christ, has variations in measurements which are exact to ten parts in 10,000 of the whole. The pyramid faces north with a precision that could not be bettered by the most delicate modern instruments. The north-south axis of this pyramid is only three minutes and six seconds west of true north. The "pole star" was Alpha Draconis 5,000 years ago, is Polaris now, and will be Vega 12,000 years from now. Also boundary monuments in Egypt set as early as 1300 B.C. are in existence today and distance measurements between them agree accurately with the ancient records. A clay cuneiform tablet in the British Museum dated about 2400 B.C., has the measurements for eleven fields in Mesopotamia. A similar clay tablet of the year 2000 B.C., recorded land surveys wherein areas were divided into rectangles and triangles.

Many of the passages of the Bible from Genesis to Revelations refer to work performed by the surveyor: in Genesis 23: 16-18, it is stated that Abraham purchased from Ephron a burial plot for his wife, Sarah: "And the field of Ephron which was in Machpelah, which was before Manre, the field and the cave which was therein, and all the trees, that were in the field, that were in all borders round about, were made sure. . . ." Who but the land-measurer or surveyor could make "sure" "the borders round about?"

Historical records, tablets, tombs, etc., show the advances made throughout the ages in measurements and in surveying instruments: There are records of such advances for the years 1400 B.C., 600 B.C., 100 A.D., 900 A.D. and 1200 A.D. Then in 1496 the earliest English standard of length was established on a brass rod of octagonal section, divided into inches and also into sixteen different parts. In 1582, Antonio Espejo, while in what is now New Mexico, determined the latitude of a place to be $37\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ north. The first title to land in Texas

was issued in 1731, which, no doubt, required surveying. In 1793, Pedro Huizar, a Spanish surveyor, surveyed the subdivision of the San Antonio, Texas, Mission lands.

Katherine White, wife of the Congressman from this District, published an article in *PASSWORD* in 1961 on "Spanish and Mexican Surveying Terms and Systems" wherein she discussed the early days of this area, when the parcels of land conveyed were described in language far different from our present measurements.

The grants given by the King of Spain, later by the Mexican Government, and legalized by the State of Texas, had such measurements as a "huebra," the amount of land a yoke of oxen can plow in one day; a "labor," of 1,000,000 square *varas* or 177.1 acres, or the quantity that could be effectively worked by one family. Some of the parcels were labeled according to the status of the grantee — one size for a soldier of the cavalry, and a much smaller size granted to the foot soldier or laborer. Mrs. White directed attention to the disagreement among early surveyors as to the length of the *vara*, since the only standard used for it was a "cordel," a cord of 50 *varas* length made of fibre of the pita plant, which after being stretched, rubbed with resin, soaked and restretched, understandably varied somewhat. Where the *cordel* was not suitable, the steps of a horse were used as measurement.

Another writer in the *PASSWORD* in 1957, Mr. Luis Perez, remarked that some of the original surveyors of Spanish America used their imaginations more than their mathematics, since quite often the total area figures did not tally with the calculations. Of course, that talent was not exclusive with the Spaniards, since this occasionally happens today — but we can blame the computers now! Mr. Perez also remarked that many of the early deeds marked the boundaries of land grants as "from a certain point as far as the eye can see — to which the Editor, Dr. Eugene O. Porter, commented that one historian had said it was obvious the Spaniards were pretty far-sighted people.

J. A. Nixon, who served as Commissioner for the eastern part of Texas for the Government of Mexico from 1829 to 1835, in his appointment of surveyors always included a large number of instructions. (See below, APPENDIX.)

Large portions of these instructions are still applicable although early surveyors lived and worked under very different conditions from those of today. Their instruments and tools, for instance, were poor, their help usually untrained, and their transportation slow and hazardous. Moreover, the Indians posed an ever-present danger. The Comanches hated surveyors. They called the compass "the thing

that steals land." Usually working beyond the frontier, the surveying parties were often the first line of defense. On October 8, 1838, for instance, in the Battle Creek Fight in Navarro County, twenty-five surveyors engaged some three hundred Kickapoo Indians and only seven of the surveyors survived. The history of the Indian Wars is a story of surveying parties losing one or more men and sometimes the entire party.

Finally, it should be noted that the art of surveying is derived from many sources such as mathematics, astronomy, optics and metallurgy. It may be divided into many branches such as geodetic triangulation, leveling, nautical, cadastral, engineering, topographical and land surveys. Land surveying, as it is called in New Mexico, is called public surveying in Texas. The Texas Registered Public Surveyors Act of 1955 gives the following definition: "Public Surveying is the science or practice of land measurement according to established and recognized methods engaged in and practiced as a profession or service available to the public generally for compensation, and comprises the determination by means of survey, of the location or relocation of land boundaries and land boundary corners; the calculation of area and the preparation of field note description of surveyed land; the preparation of maps showing the boundaries and areas of the subdivision of tracts of land into smaller tracts; the preparation of official plats or maps of said land and subdivisions in compliance with the laws of the State of Texas and the political subdivisions thereof; and such other duties as sound surveying practice would direct."

A P P E N D I X

The original of these instructions is handwritten and is in the Archives of the General Land Office of Texas.

Commissioners Office

To Mr. — — — — Surveyor

Sir

In consequence of your known honor, integrity, and ability, you are hereby appointed Surveyor for the Colonies granted to the following Empresarios by the Supreme Governor of the State, to wit, to Lorenzo de Gavala on 12th of March 1829, to David G. Burnett on the 22nd December 1826 and to Joseph Vehlein and Company dated on the 11th of October 1828. And in the exercise of the duties of your office you will be gov-

erned by the following instructions and *such other* as from time to time may be forwarded to you.

INSTRUCTIONS TO SURVEYORS

Article 1st: Each and every Surveyor shall provide himself with a Compass after Rittenhouse's construction.

Article 2nd: All the lines shall be run in conformity with the true Meridian and the greatest care shall be taken to have the horizontal measurements obtained by the chain carriers.

Article 3rd: In Surveying chains of Iron or brass 10 varas long shall be used and the length of each link shall be 6-2/3 inches and the pins used for Surveying shall not exceed 12 inches.

Article 4th: Field books must be provided to keep the notes in the following manner.

NOTES

Varas, Tenths	Set post and made mounds for the beginning corner of N.S. Survey on the West bank of the Willow Bayou, or branch running into Trinity River from which a W. Oak 8 inches diameter bears S. 11° W. 10 2/10 varas distant, thence
S. 18 W 10, 8	Hickory 10 In. Diam., a line tree
20	Bayou 5 varas wide course S. W.
4000	Prairie
4500	Timbered land
5000	Set post and made a mound 2. corner from which W. ash 10 In. diam. bears S. 72 W. 15 varas distant and rich rolling timber; Oak, Hickory, and Walnut, undergrowth, Sassafras and paw paws; thence
S. 72° W 450, 8	Lake 100 varas wide
4000	Prairie
4220	Timbered land
5000	Set post and made mound 3. corner from which a W. ash 10 In. diam. bears S. 10° E. 25 varas distant and a Hickory 20 In. diam. bears S. 12 W. 18 varas distant, land — — — timbered with oak, Hickory and Pine, undergrowth Hickory and Pine, thence
N. 18 F, 20, 8	Brook 10 varas distant and prairie
5000	Set post made mound 4th corner from which a W. Oak 12 In. diam. bears S. 10 E. 12 varas distant, and a pine 20 in. diameter bears N. 10 E. 18 varas distant, land the same, thence
N. 72 W	on random line
4975, 8	Fell 25 varas south of the beginning corner, land the same
4975	thence N. 6 on true line to the 4 corner.

Article 5th: The initials of the Grantees name must be cut on the bearing trees at each corner with a marking iron, and a mound raised three feet high and three feet in diameter at the base around the stake and the timber shall be so blazed near the line that it may be followed with ease. Line trees shall be blazed, and a notch cut above and below the blaze.

Article 6th: Rivers, large streams and lakes must be considered natural boundaries, and no survey shall cross them, but their courses must be correctly taken and the contents of all surveys must be calculated by latitude and departure.

Article 7th: All surveys that do not close by 50 varas must be connected and make each league contain 25 millions square varas as near as practicable.

Article 8th: On all natural boundaries one half league front shall be allowed to each league of land and so on in proportion to the whole quantity that may be surveyed.

Article 9th: The Field Notes must be forwarded to this office so soon as surveys are completed.

Article 10th: No surveys will be acknowledged, unless expressly ordered in writing by the commissioner.

Article 11th: Special care shall be taken that no vacant land be left between the possessions.

Article 12th: A Report must be made qualifying the lands and giving as near as practicable the quantity of arable and grazing land contained in each survey.

Article 13th: All chain carriers shall be sworn by the Surveyor before commencing the survey, to perform their duties truly and faithfully according to the best of their ability and no person akin to the parties interested nearer than the fourth degree, shall be appointed to that survey.

— Appointment of Surveyor and instructions
to the same

by

J. A. Nixon

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ARMY TOWN

by RICHARD K. McMASTER

WHAT MAKES AN ARMY TOWN? In some cases a post is established near an already settled community. In others the troops arrived first, and a village on the outskirts followed. At El Paso it might be said that both soldier and citizen arrived simultaneously in 1849. It is the good-will and cordial relationships that make an "Army Town." And, of course, the pay and subsistence of the troops have a great deal to do with the growth of a community. The ties that bind, however, are the daughters of El Paso who have married into the Army, and the military personnel who retire to El Paso after a lifetime career of soldiering.

Probably the first military wedding to take place at El Paso was that of Rita Stephenson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Stephenson, proprietors of the settlement at Concordia. In 1850 Rita married Brevet Major (1st Lieutenant) Israel B. Richardson, 3rd U. S. Infantry, of the "Post opposite El Paso." Major Richardson resigned from the service in 1855 to farm in Michigan. Six years later he returned to active duty and commanded a brigade at Bull Run, where he covered the retreat of the Union Army. He was mortally wounded at Antietam in 1862, a Major General of Volunteers.

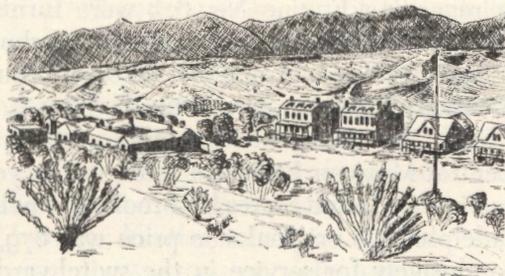
Each of our wars has seen the return of Army veterans to El Paso. Both the Doniphan and Sterling Price expeditions into Mexico in 1847, Sibley's Army of New Mexico and Carleton's California Column of Civil War days contributed to the growing population. Many of these early settlers married local ladies of Spanish descent.

When the Regiment of Mounted Rifles (3rd Cavalry) halted for twelve days at Fort Bliss in 1856, Mrs. Lydia S. Lane noted that she had never enjoyed anything more in her life than their pretty camp on the Río Grande at Fort Bliss. Later when her husband was stationed at Fort Bliss she recalled the post as the most delightful station they ever had — the old and first "Fort Bliss," far more pleasant than those of the same name which had succeeded it. Their changes of station were made in their own little ambulance drawn by a pair of large gray mules. The Lane's quarters at Fort Bliss consisted of three rooms of adobe, with thatched roof and dirt floors. It sounded worse than it was, for the floor was as hard as stone, and with canvas nailed down first, and a carpet over that, they were quite comfortable. They messed with Captain and Mrs. Elliott, Mrs. Elliott being Mrs. Lane's

sister, and the Captain being her husband's troop commander. The sisters were the daughters of an Army Surgeon.

The garrison was very small but there were some very pleasant citizens living at or near the post at Magoffinsville. There was a good deal of visiting, and occasionally some formal entertainment, to which everybody was invited. Mr. James Magoffin, the post sutler, had a large house, and several pretty, well educated daughters. One of the grand-daughters married Lieutenant William J. Glasgow, 1st Cavalry, now the oldest living graduate of West Point. Brigadier General Glasgow, 100 years of age on May 18, 1966, is the son of the late Edward Glasgow, a St. Louis trader.

Among other young El Paso ladies who married into the Army were Mrs. Maxwell Taylor (Lydia Happer), Mrs. Gilman C. Mudgett (Nancy Williams), Mrs. John Ballantyne (Margaret Neff), Mrs. James R. Pierce (Bertram Orndorff), Mrs. Hobart R. Gay (Alzina Orndorff), Mrs. Terry Allen (Mary Francis Robinson), Mrs. James Hill (Aileen Hague), Mrs. Albion Smith (Maxine Molt), Mrs. James L. Collins (Virginia Stewart), (Incidentally, Mrs. Collins is the mother of the Astronaut, Major Michael Collins, USAF, who took a space walk earlier this year), Mrs. George Stratemeyer (Anne Lee Rix), Mrs. William Nutter (Peggy Gooch), Mrs. John Tillson, Jr. (Virginia King), Mrs. Jack Hettinger (Francis Oppenheimer), Mrs. Thomas Herren (Lillian Cochran), Mrs. Jess Boykin (Mary White), Mrs. James Alfonte (Mary Gates Redmond), Mrs. Urban Niblo (Katherine Earle), Mrs. Leland Hewitt (Byrdie Krupp), Mrs. G. Ralph Meyer (Margaret Schuster), Mrs. A. D. Surles, Sr. (Annie Lee Gaines), Mrs. William Gordon (Martha Thurmond), Mrs. J. B. Coulter (Marion Ainsa), Mrs. James Polk (Josephine Leavell), Mrs. Richard McMaster (Jane Davis), Mrs. William J. Reardon (Frances Miller), Mrs. Terry Allen, Jr. (Jean Ponder), Mrs. Michael Davis (Gladys McQuarters), and others.



"FORT BLISS, 1880" by Richard McMaster

ENGINE NO. 625 — MEXICAN RAILWAYS, 1907

by ANTONIO FLORES DIEGO

tr. by MARY ELLEN B. PORTER

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This article, reminiscent of El Paso's "Old No. 1," was written by a retired railroad man, now the President of the Chihuahua Historical Society. It appeared in *Boletín*, the official publication of the Sociedad Chihuahuense de Estudios Historical, Tomo XI, No. 7 (Enero a Junio, 1965). It is translated and published here with the kind permission of Señor Flores Diego.]

THE NATIONAL RAILWAYS OF MEXICO has as a symbol and ornament in front of its station in this city (Chihuahua, Mexico), steam engine No. 625, mounted with all of its accessories on a length of regulation track. Its body of iron makes sharp contrast with the lawns of perennially green grass and flower gardens that surround it.

To the innumerable travelers, tourists and visitors who pass before her, this memorable locomotive suggests a chapter in the history of the Mexican Revolution.

This steam engine, together with others that were her contemporaries, is the immediate forerunner in our age of thermo-nuclear force, to those of the Diesel electrical engines that pass over our modern railways, and to the internal combustion vehicles that travel our great highways — highways where immense trailers, larger than railroad cars, loaded with cattle, cement, steel and other industrial products, attain speeds of more than 100 kilometers an hour, to the horror of travelers. It is the forerunner also of the miniscule Fiats, Renaults and Volkswagens, which, despite their small size can also achieve great speed and which, with the least inattention on the part of the driver, can be made to fly to the edges of ravines and bridges, with the approbation of doctors and grave diggers!

Official data regarding Engine No. 625 were furnished by Don Francisco Tiscareño Delgado, ex-superintendent of shops of the railroads and member of the special commission on equipment, a highly respected Chihuahua railroader, now retired.

Engine No. 625, Class B-12, was acquired with 23 other similar units by the Central Mexican Railways, Ltd., in the year 1907.

Manufactured in the United States by Brooks-Baldwin Locomotive Works of Philadelphia, its original sale price was \$79,512.00 and it was destined exclusively for service in the switchyard. Her special characteristics are:

Weight, on driving wheels, 126,000 pounds.

Tractive force, 26,512 pounds, 1,082 horsepower.

Working weight of the engine and tender is 95 metric tons.

Engines of this type gave efficient service in their time, but as the country changed, intensification of service was necessary. Consequently, in 1909, when the National Railways of Mexico took over the Central Railway system, locomotives of greater power were acquired for freight and passenger service. The old switchyard engines were now inadequate, so the more powerful engines, formerly used for freight and passenger duties were assigned to the yards, replacing the older, less powerful units.

With the introduction of Diesel power for train yard service in 1944, the work which had formerly required 24 steam engines was now done by four Diesel engines (note the difference).

The acquisition of electric Diesel engines for freight and passenger service made it possible to use the more powerful steam engines (33,000 to 52,000 lbs.) in those railroad yards not equipped for Diesel force.

In 1952 when the railroad had sufficient Diesel force for these services, the condemnation and retirement of a large number of steam engines, by reason of their age and lack of power, was instigated and they were made inoperative.

The general railroad agency formulated a policy for the condemnation of equipment and named a special commission of competent persons to inspect the locomotives. This commission presented its findings on each unit to the general agency and its recommendations were final.

Engine No. 625 was inspected for condemnation in 1959 in the terminal of Matias Romero, Oaxaca, and she was destined to be used as an adornment to the passenger depots of the system, being assigned to the station in the city of Chihuahua, where she presently stands.

It should be made clear that among those units that were destined to form part of a railroad museum, six of the smallest and oldest engines were saved from becoming "junk" or salvage, by virtue of their retirement. These, and others of various types, completed the list of those that would ornament the railroad stations.

Engine No. 625 originally came to Mexico fitted to burn coal, with boilers, tanks, chimneys and other necessary accoutrements. Later, in 1918, it was converted to burn crude oil (*chapopote*), with the installation of burners, heating tank, piping, safety valves, etc. Furthermore, it originally was equipped for carbide lamps, but later, after 20 years, a dynamo was installed so that electric lamps might