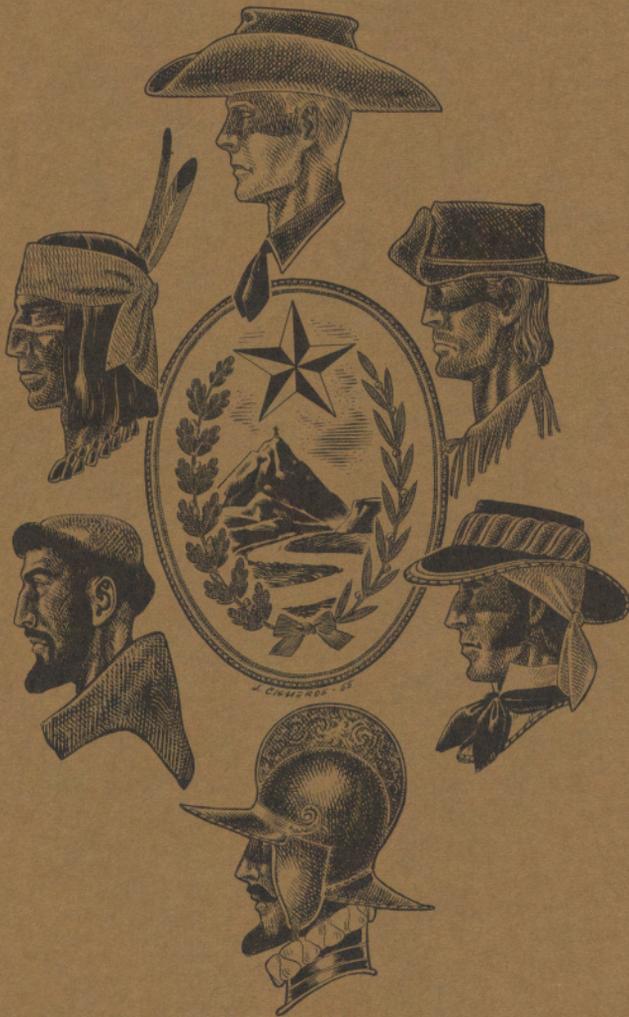


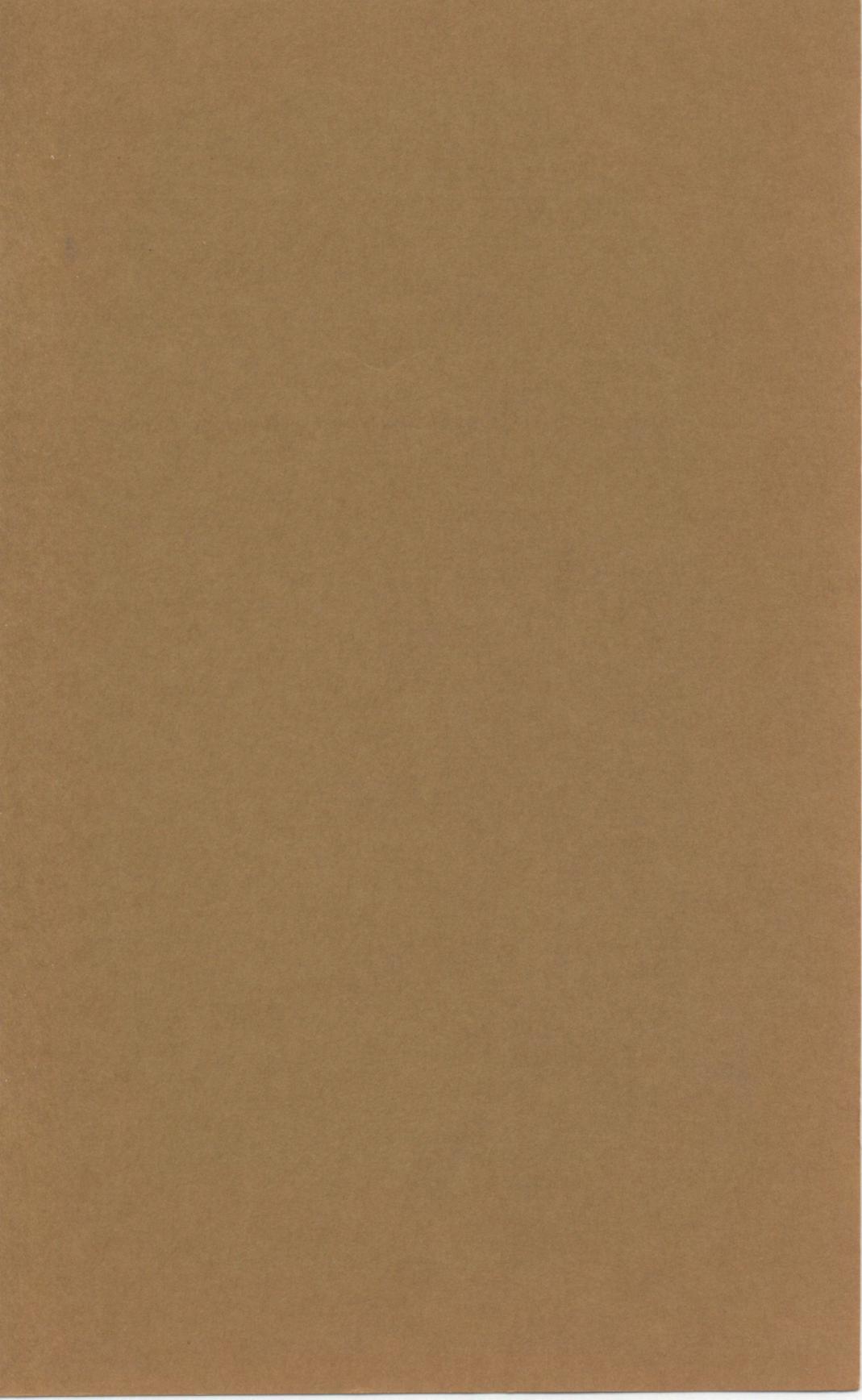
PASSWORD



THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

VOL. XI - No. 4

WINTER, 1966



PASSWORD

Published quarterly by THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

EUGENE O. PORTER, *Editor*

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HALL OF HONOR BANQUET

THE SOCIETY held its sixth annual Hall of Honor banquet on Sunday evening, November 20, in the Sky Room of the Hotel Paso del Norte. Approximately two hundred fifty members and their guests were in attendance. Honorees were the late Charles R. Morehead and the late Maurice Schwartz. Mrs. Authur F. Gale was General Chairman of the affair. She was ably assisted by Mrs. Robert Crowell and Mrs. Jesse Connell, Co-Chairmen of the Decorations Committee, and by Mrs. Paul Heisig and Mrs. W. W. Schuessler, Co-Chairmen of the Reservations Committee. Colonel H. Crampton Jones, Society President, acted as Master of Ceremonies in the absence of Mr. Chris P. Fox. Mr. Laurence Stevens served as Chairman of the Selections Committee. At the hospitality hour which preceded the banquet Mr. and Mrs. Gale and Colonel and Mrs. Jones served as the Host Committee.

The banquet hall was beautifully appointed for the occasion, the tables being spread with green cloths and decorated with gilded candelabra swagged with ferns, English ivy and velvet ribbons. On the speakers' table was a pair of branched French candelabra of crystal with twisted ivory tapers and arrangements of chrysanthemums. Sitting at the speakers' tables were Colonel Jones who gave the Hall of Honor address, and Mrs. Jones; Mr. George G. Matkin who paid tribute to Mr. Morehead, and Mrs. Matkin; Mrs. Dexter Mapel, Sr., granddaughter of Mr. Morehead; Rabbi Floyd S. Fierman who paid tribute to Mr. Schwartz, and Mrs. Fierman; Mrs. Schwartz, widow of the honoree; and Mr. and Mrs. Gale.

Hall of Honor Address

El Paso: International Crossroads of the Southwest

by H. CRAMPTON JONES

IT ALL STARTED when Columbus discovered America in 1492, 474 years ago. The Spaniards came to the West Indies, to Mexico, and then northward through El Paso to Santa Fe. Later the Anglo Saxons and others came westward and their paths crossed here at El Paso.

It has been the custom at the Hall of Honor Banquet each year for your president to make an address. I have chosen for my subject the meeting and melding of the Spanish-Mexican culture and language and customs with the Anglo culture and language and customs in the area where we live, in El Paso, the International Crossroads of the Southwest. This subject interests me very much.

Let me trace first the road of the Spanish. After they had been in the West Indies for some years, Hernan Cortes set out from the west tip of

Cuba for the mainland. He had eleven ships, about 500 men and 16 horses. They sailed for the Yucatan peninsula which is almost within sight of Cuba. Moving down the west coast of Yucatan they came to Tabasco and made friends with the Indians. Cortes met an Indian woman named Marina (sometimes called La Malinche) and she could speak both the Mayan language and the language of the Aztecs. Cortes rescued a padre named Aguilar who had been made a prisoner from an earlier voyage to Yucatan. He could speak Maya and thus Cortes could communicate with both the Mayans and the Aztecs through these two interpreters. The Mayans had flourished in Yucatan for 16 centuries, from 600 BC to 1000 AD, but now the Aztecs were in the ascendancy.

Queen Isabella as well as King Ferdinand did not want to make slaves of the natives during their conquest of the New World. Queen Isabella made special provision to this effect in her last will and testament. They wanted rather to civilize the Indians along European lines and to Christianize them. Spain was the most powerful nation at this time and, like Rome had done, it wanted to impart its language and culture and religion to the people. This policy continued under Charles V (Carlos Quinto) who became King in 1516. And so when Cortes arrived at Vera Cruz he made friends with the Cempoala tribe. They became his allies and helped him overcome Moctezuma as they were at war with the Moctezuma tribes. He also used to advantage a superstition of the Indians who thought that he, Cortes, was Quetzal Coatl the legendary leader of the Toltecs who was supposed to return by way of the sea!

Moctezuma was overcome although later Cortes had some trouble with Cuauhtemoc and he was almost defeated in that battle on *Noche Triste*. But generally peace prevailed. We have reliable accounts from the journal of Bernal Diaz de Castillo who was one of the subordinates of Cortes.

Then besides the soldiers there were the missionaries. The Spanish gathered the natives together into communities and the priests taught them the Spanish language and the Christian religion. The soldiers stood guard. Churches were built. The children especially were taught the Spanish language and Christianity. There was a fusion between the cultures of the Indians and the Spanish.

We must remember that this fusion of cultures was not one sided. The Indians contributed very much to the qualities of the Mexican race because, although the civilization was not like the European, yet the Aztecs, for example, had acquired a culture of their own. And the Mexicans today embody those fine qualities such as the love of music and dancing. Their language, though essentially Spanish, contains many words which are primarily domestic.

Then began the development of the land. The Spanish gave grants of large areas and the *encomiendas* grew. The Spanish sent domestic animals, and seeds, and grapevines and fruit trees. Many thousands of Spaniards came to Mexico.

There are really no pure races in the world. The Spaniards and the Indians intermarried creating a mixed race which is the Mexican race of today. Of course there are some pure Indian races left such as our neighbors the Tarahumaras and there are others in the south but the majority of Mexicans are of mixed Indian and Spanish blood.

The Spanish influence spread northward. Cabeza de Vaca had come from the Gulf of Mexico and then Coronado went up through Mexico to see if there really were cities of gold! But the myth was soon dispelled. Then Espejo came north through here and not much later came Oñate with the first real colonizers of New Mexico. Settlements were established along the Río Grande north of us, including Santa Fe. All of this took place about 100 years after Columbus discovered America. The north-south Royal Highway was established—*El Camino Real*.

All of this was accomplished before the northern European countries established colonies on our eastern shores; the English at Jamestown, the Dutch at New York, and the French in other places, like New Orleans. Those colonists were restive and came to America for different reasons, such as for refuge or for religion. They did not come to give the Indians their language or culture or religion. They did not, on the whole, make friends with the Indians but pushed them aside and did not infuse their blood by intermarriage as did the Spanish. On the contrary the Indians were deprived of their hunting grounds and pushed onto reservations.

There were, of course, some set backs in the Spanish colonization. We know how the Indians around Santa Fe revolted in 1680 and how the Spanish had to withdraw to this area of ours for a generation. It was then that our Ysleta and Socorro grew in importance. But by 1689, a hundred years after Oñate had settled there, the Spaniards were back again in Santa Fe, and New Mexico flourished for a century before the Anglos came in numbers from the east.

In 1807 an Army Engineer officer, Lieutenant Zebulon Pike, stumbled upon Santa Fe. He thought that the Río Grande was the Arkansas River! He was seized by the Spanish-Mexicans and for a while was imprisoned. A little later the Santa Fe Trail was opened and we find the American Anglos moving west to Santa Fe and then southward through El Paso to Chihuahua City as traders. One such trader was James Wiley Magoffin who married a Mexican lady of Saltillo and then established our community at Magoffinsville.

Soon Texas became independent of Mexico and ten years later, as a

result of the Mexican War, the United States acquired that part of the Spanish speaking area north of here, now New Mexico—the north part of *El Camino Real*. Then came the Forty Niners seeking gold in California and they passed through here because the road is the best all-year route to California. The stage lines followed and then the railroads and our Pass of the North became truly the Crossroads of the Southwest—the intersection of two languages and two cultures.

It is hardly necessary for me to describe to you our region around El Paso. You live here. I relate to you my feelings about El Paso and how the Spanish-Mexicans and the American-Anglos, speaking different languages and with different backgrounds have met at this crossroads and have contributed to our home region. I have known El Paso for fifty years and have seen it grow tremendously in that time. I speak Spanish and can communicate easily with the Mexican people, and naturally with the Americans. Each of them contribute immensely to our combined and changing culture. We have in the Mexicans the innate qualities of courtesy, of happiness, of friendliness, together with their love of music and dancing. And we Americans have our good qualities too, chief of which, it seems to me, is our spirit of enterprise, typical of the pioneers who first adventured west. Together we are more and more bi-lingual and in El Paso we are equally divided in population. We are melding together our ideas to create an efficient community, to include our sister city of Juárez. We are truly international. Our Americans of Mexican descent occupy important offices and they are most efficient in public services. We are all El Pasoans, whether of Mexican or American descent. Trades people speak both languages. We have a friendly atmosphere which is remarked upon by all strangers who visit us. We are proud of this.

My prophecy is that these fine qualities of our two important races will continue to grow and that we shall always be known as a friendly, courteous, and happy community where people will always readily return a smile or greeting and like to shake hands.

Biographical Sketch of Charles Robert Morehead

by GEORGE G. MATKIN

GOOD EVENING, Ladies and Gentlemen. I have the distinct honor tonight to pay tribute to the memory of the late Charles Robert Morehead who is being recognized by our El Paso County Historical Society.

I met Mr. Morehead for the first time about fifty years ago when I went to work for The State National Bank of El Paso. Little did I dream at that time that I would be appearing before you fine people eulogizing Mr. Morehead.

It is impossible to give you a complete picture of the fabulous life and experiences lived by this one man, so I will summarize it in part by stating that Mr. Morehead was not an ordinary person. He was a man of courage and fortitude who ever stood physically and mentally ready to overcome the obstacles of life. I think those characteristics were necessary in early El Paso for a man to excel and succeed as it was a pretty rough country in those days. I do want to add that he always conducted himself as one who was worthy of the responsibilities placed upon him as well as the recognitions which came his way, during his lifetime and now on this happy occasion.

Mr. Morehead was born on February 28, 1836 in Richmond, Missouri, the son of Charles R. Morehead and Fanny Ward Morehead. Both parents were natives of Virginia. Death came to him on December 21, 1921 in his 85th year in his beloved city of El Paso. He was a man of slight physical build, but strong of limb, body and mind and many of his adventures and accomplishments as a frontiersman and freighter are widely and well known and recorded. Our public library provides much material on his life including events at the meeting point between savagery and civilization, when he crossed and re-crossed the plains during the Mormon Rebellion as he freighted through the dead of winter with relief supplies for U. S. Army outposts in the far reaches of the Montanas and Dakotas, and later as he made the initial exploration route for the Pony Express to follow.

When you get down to analyzing his life, it seems incredible that he, as one man, could have experienced so many of the incidents associated with the frontier. At an early age, he became recognized as a trusted advisor, successful merchant and the honored Mayor of Leavenworth, Kansas and shortly thereafter a respected citizen of Fort Worth, Texas. I think he behooves everyone who has an interest in his life to read his condensed biography in *Doniphan's Expedition* by W. E. Connelley.

In 1859, in the community of Lexington, Missouri, he married Lemire

W. Morris and it was about this time he decided the rigors of the northern plains and the constant savagery of the Indians and the over-all ruggedness and outdoor life would have to be set aside as his marital and family responsibilities, plus his desire to enter into the affairs of the business world, called on him to, shall we say, "settle down."

At that time, St. Louis, Missouri was the gateway to all things moving west and building west and it was only natural he would focus his attention on that area and city. In so doing, it was there he met Mr. O. T. Bassett with whom he formed an association which lasted during the balance of Mr. Bassett's lifetime. It was in 1880 that he and Mr. Bassett had a contract with the Texas Pacific Railroad Company to explore the El Paso area as well as from El Paso to the Pacific Coast to determine the potentialities for the Texas Pacific should they build westward to the Pacific.

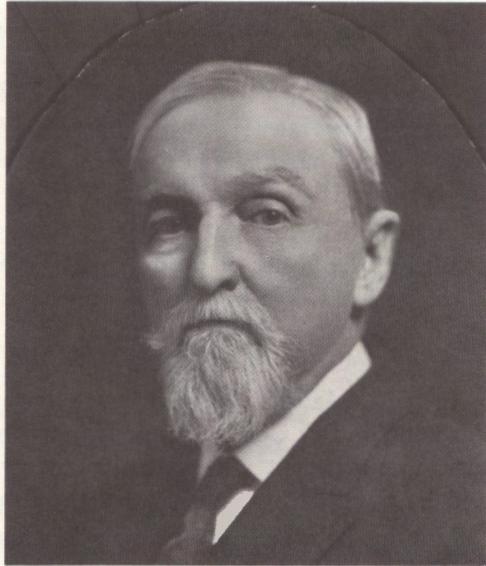
So it was that in 1880 he and Mr. Bassett first visited El Paso by Overland Stage. He arrived here on Sunday, February 15, 1880 the first time and their diaries record that they took dinner with Judge Magoffin and Judge Blacker and that this city then contained about five hundred inhabitants. He noted, "There is room here for the big city which will be after the railroads come." To back up their faith in this community, he and Mr. Bassett purchased 400 acres of land from Judge Magoffin and, thereupon, mounted a stage and drove westward to the Pacific coast.

It was the following year, on February 2, 1881, when he and Mr. Bassett returned from St. Louis and immediately went to work building a city along with Mr. Joseph Magoffin, H. L. Newman and W. H. Austin. Their first creation was The State National Bank, but just organizing a bank was not enough for Mr. Morehead as he was the kind who wanted to build and be a part of the scheme of things.

About this time, he returned to St. Louis and came back to El Paso with his wife coming by way of the Santa Fe Railroad to Rincon, New Mexico and the rest of the way to El Paso by stage. As a testimony to the devotion and courage of Mrs. Morehead, when they got off the train at Rincon there were eight bodies on the platform—the victims of an Indian raid. Mr. Morehead immediately suggested to his wife that she return on the train to St. Louis and come out later when things were more stable. She told him where he went she would go, and she did! In turn, she contributed much to the development and happiness of our home city of El Paso.

In addition to being the first President of The State National Bank, he became a prime mover in organizing the Public School System, and as a tribute to his early-day efforts in the educational field a fine structure and place of learning stands in his name today.

*CHARLES
ROBERT
MOREHEAD*



He also recognized the value of international trade and gave encouragement and strength to the furtherance of law and order and good government in this wild western country. It is further recorded by writers that he was a tower of strength in the movement for a great Fort Bliss "out on the Mesa." Equally so, El Paso owes much to Mr. Morehead for our supply of pure Mesa water. This was accomplished only after a bitter fight in which he was the leader when he was Mayor of El Paso in 1903-1905. The public library has on record some articles referring to the "Great Reform of 1904" which, among other things, lists the "ridding" of the city of undesirables and calling him the "Father of the El Paso Public School System."

Also, during his term as Mayor, he insisted that a public health system as well as the water improvement development be carried out without delay. He strengthened a lagging and lax tax structure and stabilized a wavering police department, in spite of tremendous pressures to the contrary.

So it is that wherever you look in El Paso you can see places and structures as well as recorded deeds that bear his mark. Indeed, he passed this way but once, but while here he strove mightily and successfully and his memory is a continuing inspiration to those who follow.

As initially stated, he was a man of slight physical build but he stood tall to the end that El Paso is a better place for his having come here, and we, at The State National Bank, are proud that this organization has honored him on this occasion. We think it is most fitting.

Biographical Sketch of Maurice Schwartz

by FLOYD S. FIERMAN

MAURICE SCHWARTZ was born October 15, 1882, in Jakusovce, Hungary, which is now part of Czechoslovakia and, he died in El Paso, Texas, January 18, 1954.

Maurice Schwartz was brought to El Paso in 1899 by his uncle, Adolph Schwartz, the father of Manuel and Ervin H. Schwartz, and Mrs. Luis Zork. He worked in his uncle's business as a cash boy, delivery boy, porter, clerk, buyer, and merchandiser while attending classes at the International College in El Paso at night.

In 1902, Maurice, his uncle and other members of the family founded the Popular Dry Goods Company, now the Popular. He served as secretary, vice-president and general manager until his uncle died in 1941 and he then became president of the firm.

Maurice Schwartz and Hedwig Mathias were married on March 18, 1916. Three children were born of this marriage: Herbert, Albert and Mrs. Alfred Blumenthal. Maurice Schwartz served as:

1. President of the Yucca Boy Scout Council, 1901-21 and treasurer from 1924 until his death. He received the first Silver Beaver award of the Council.
2. A member of the Salvation Army Advisory Board from 1916-20.
3. A member of the Board, Radford School for Girls, 1934-46.
4. A vice-president of the El Paso International Museum, now the El Paso Museum of Art.
5. A director of the El Paso Chamber of Commerce, El Paso Community Chest, Armed Services YMCA. While a director of the Armed Forces YMCA he helped to raise the funds to construct that building. He was also a Director of the El Paso Boys Club, El Paso Symphony Association, Southwestern Children's Home and the El Paso Chapter of the American Red Cross. He was one of the leading lights in helping Hotel Dieu establish a school of nursing and he was instrumental in organizing a School Boy Patrol in the city of El Paso in 1928, while President of the El Paso Automobile Association.

In 1948 he served as chairman of the Fort Bliss Centennial Commission executive committee. For many years he was co-chairman of the local chapter of the National Conference of Christians and Jews. He was president of the Jewish Federation, now known as the Jewish Community Council; chairman of the Jewish Relief Society; a member of the B'nai Brith, and the B'nai Zion and Temple Mt. Sinai Congregations. He was president of Temple Mt. Sinai when he was called to his God in 1954.

Maurice Schwartz also served at different times as chairman of the Texas Western College Scholarship Fund and president of the El Paso

Scholarship and Loan Fund. In 1953 he was one of three older citizens to be named "man of the year" by the Kiwanis Club.

There are a number of people over the years who can be called "Mr. El Paso" and Maurice Schwartz, because of his high sense of civic responsibility can properly be identified as one of them.

Generally when the writer of history assembles the records of the past he has only the written record to rely upon. This is the result of his living at a different period than the one being evaluated, or the erroneous conclusion that there necessarily should be a big space between the present and the past before the past can be recorded objectively. Fortunately in the case of the life of Maurice Schwartz the recognition of his historical importance has come early so that there are enough of us still alive who knew Maurice at different stages of his life and who can vividly portray his life in our community. Thus we can add another dimension to his record.

Maurice Schwartz packed a great deal of humaneness in that human body of his. He was a man of courage, daring, generosity and compassion. One instance of his careful combining of these virtues took place while he was a member of the Firemen's and Policemen's Pension Fund Board, on which he served from 1920 until his death. In fact, he was its first chairman, a position he held for two years. In September 1931 he learned that the First National Bank was unsound and might soon close its doors. The First National Bank was the depository for the El Paso Firemen's and Policemen's Pension Fund. Apprehensive that the city's commitment to its retired employees and their families was in jeopardy he acted quickly and advised that the funds be transferred from that bank to another bank. This took, first of all, a sense of public responsibility and secondly, courage.

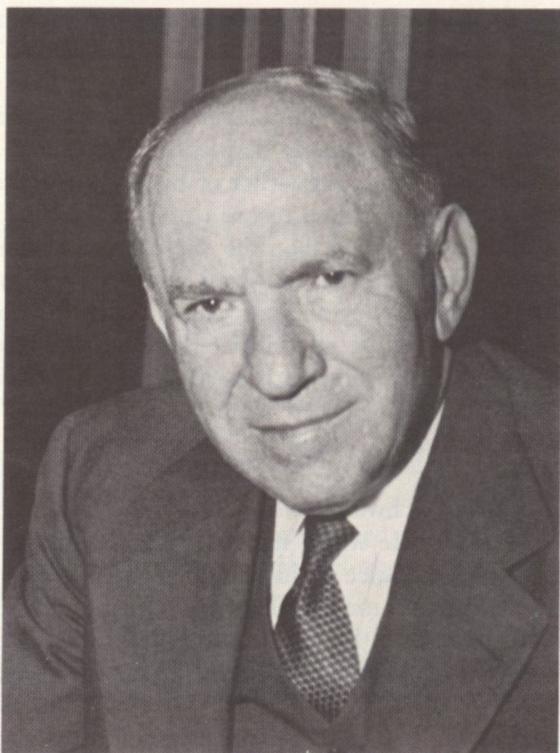
In 1950 when the St. Clements Episcopal Church was in process of building its beautiful chapel, Maurice Schwartz conceived the thought that Christian-Jewish Brotherhood should be literally cemented by Jews and Christians financing a Brotherhood Room in honor of Mr. Clergyman, Reverend B. M. G. Williams. And so it was done. There is a plaque at St. Clements commemorating this generous gesture. It reads:

BROTHERHOOD ROOM

Named to commemorate the spirit of Christians and Jews, not members of this Church, who without solicitation contributed to this building in appreciation of the civic and charitable leadership of B. M. G. Williams.

Maurice had a high respect for all Clergymen; his own rabbis, protestant preachers, and Catholic priests. Neither was he one to become diluted in the sea of community service to the disadvantage of his own

*MAURICE
SCHWARTZ*



brethren and members of his faith. When the insanity of Hitler struck Europe he was at the forefront to lead El Paso's Jewry to the rescue. By his own example he inspired much sacrificial giving in those days. Rescuing the stranger he also rescued his own loved ones. Not all could be saved, but the Schwartz family was able to pluck some brands from the fire. He and his uncle Mr. A. Schwartz, together with his cousins, Manuel Schwartz, Ervin H. Schwartz and Mrs. Louis Zork brought two of his brothers, one brother-in-law, one sister-in-law and his nieces and nephews to the United States and they have all become fine citizens.

Maurice Schwartz and his uncle before him, and his cousins and children after him, represent the highest qualities of the American dream. He was consciously aware of the opportunities that America afforded him, and for that matter anybody else who would expend the effort. This feeling of gratitude and humility was fortified by the teachings of his faith. Inculcated within him was the principle that whatever success that was his, was, if life was to have its full meaning, to be shared with all God's creatures through sacrificial service and the generous sharing of his worldly goods.

Alexander McRae—A Soldier's Letters Home

by MARION COX GRINSTEAD*

ON THE EVE of the Civil War a young Union officer from North Carolina faced a decision that many others were forced to face in those unhappy years: would it be the South or the North? Ultimately he chose to fight for the North, but it is nearly impossible now to determine what influenced his decision. His brothers, even to a fourteen year old who was a cabin mate on two different blockade runners, all elected to donate their services to the Southern cause in one capacity or another. His sisters married men whose loyalties lay with the South, and his father contributed his energies from the very beginning of the conflict to the Southern cause.

Alexander McRae was born in Fayetteville, North Carolina in 1829. His father, John, was second generation Scotch; little is known about his mother, Mary Ann Shackelford, other than she was quite pretty and a native of South Carolina. In addition to an older son from an earlier marriage, nine other children were born of this union; Alexander was the second child.

The elder McRae saw to it that all his children were well educated, and he gave them something equally as precious, the ability and courage to think for themselves. This resulted in strong minds, deep convictions, and a highly developed sense of honor and responsibility.

Alec was sent to Newark College¹ in Delaware for his higher learning. Although very little is known about this period in his life, it is known that he was graduated in 1847. During the last few months of school, he received an appointment to the Military Academy at West Point, New York, which he accepted. Four years later on July 1, 1851 he was commissioned a Brevet Second Lieutenant in the Mounted Rifles and sent to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri² for his first duty assignment.

After seven years of service at various posts on the Texas and New Mexico frontiers, First Lieutenant McRae was ordered to the East for two years recruiting duty. Available returns of posts where he was stationed do not show any of the extended leaves apparently so popular with officers of that time, but it can be assumed he made at least one visit to his home as indeed the first letter indicates.

It should be remembered in reading the letters that Lieutenant McRae was returning to Fort Union³ from the East with a more comprehensive idea of the troubles rapidly enveloping the North and South than most of the population in New Mexico had at that time. He was already beginning to sort his loyalties and decide where they lay.

*AUTHOR'S NOTE: Without the kind permission of two very wonderful gentlemen, Duncan and Alexander McRae this article could not have been written.

Of the three letters which follow the first exhibits a rather dry sense of humor and warmth properly not shown in military reports written by him in the same time period. Despondent in the second, he is deeply aware of the difficulties facing the nation and himself. In the third and last letter the routine of the march, or perhaps the desire not to upset his family further, had resulted in a more cheerful frame of mind.

Dear Jim,⁴

Louisville, Ky., Apr. 19, 1860

I received your letter the other day. I had previously seen your card in the newspaper, and knew that you had returned to Fayetteville; which I was sorry to see, as I perfectly agree with you that it is a very bad opening. The canny Scot, with all the disposition to be litigious does not like to pay much for the amusement. I see that Jimmy Banks has moved off. I thought that he had a good practice, and it always occurred to me that where such a dull fellow as Jimmy could be admired there was little encouragement for talent. But don't let me discourage you. Grub away, and you may turn up a good nugget now and then.

I am here, as you know, looking for recruits,—a fisher of men. I have a good many nibbles and a moderate number of bites, all of which latter I strung except two, who escaped from the line, carrying off the bait of a suit of clothes.

The city of Louisville, containing nearly 80,000 inhabitants, is the most handsomely built place in the country, and will soon be the largest. Its sons are brave, generous and hospitable and its daughters fair, virtuous and accomplished. At least this is the idea I have derived from the statements of the natives,—my own impressions, thus far, being confined to the notice of some very good horses, a few pretty faces, a good article of lager-beer, and a general indisposition, on the part of the people, to any useful employment. The common opinion that it is a belief prevalent among the Kentuckians, that when they die after a well spent life, they will go to Virginia, has not been confirmed by my observation.

The Kentucky legislature passed a bill, the other day, re-organizing the militia, and forming a 'State Guard'. This is all the rage now, and military companies are rapidly enrolling themselves. The bill is very strict, and if it can be carried out, a very good force will be formed; but I fear that the enthusiasm with which the system is inaugurated will not be lasting. I was kindly invited to drill one of the companies, and agreed to do so,—telling them, however, that, as they were to form a corps of Light Infantry, it would be well, before commencing the drill, to get into training by a course of gymnastic exercise, for a month or two, using very plain food, and running a few miles before breakfast, during that time. I have not heard from them since.

I heard from uncle Cameron⁵ the other day. He says that he is very anxious to visit North Carolina, but that his engagements allow him no opportunity of doing so.

If Jef. Robinson⁶ is still at home, please express to him my congratulations on his appointment.

I have been owing sister Josey⁷ a letter so long that I am really ashamed to promise again to write to her yet I intend doing so. Please give my love to her, and the rest of the family.

I fear it will be impossible for me to get home before going west. The Detachment will leave Fort Leavenworth⁸ for New Mexico about the first of August. I hope we will meet again before very long, and in the mean time I remain,

Affectionately yours,
A. McRae

Carlisle, Penn.,⁹ July 18, 1850 [60]

Dear Jim,

I avail myself of a few moments of leisure to drop you a line. I get off from here this morning. Since my return from Louisville, I have been kept busy in preparation for the departure of the Recruits for New Mexico. I can hardly tell you where I will be for several months. If you write within two months you can address me at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. My letters will be forwarded from there. I would like very much to see you before I go west, but it was impossible for me to visit home.

I have never felt so much regret at the prospect of a long separation from the family as now.

I pray that the omen may be averted; but I feel a strange depression of spirits, which warns me that we will not all meet again. I know this sounds foolish, so don't repeat it to anyone. I have been sick, and hardly feel fit for the march yet; but no doubt when I get 'in the saddle' I will be all right.

Let us try and keep up a better correspondence than heretofore; for I wish to hear from home often. I won't bore you now with my blues. I only write to let you know of my departure. I will write from Fort Leavenworth in about a week.

Tell them all good bye. Kiss Josey for me, and tell her to write again, and not to believe from my neglect that I don't think of her very often. I have been disappointed in my hope of doing something for her; but I will yet accomplish it.

Present my regards to our friends and remember

Your affectionate brother
A. McRae

My dear Jim,

Fort Union, N. M., Sept. 24, 1860

We got here a week ago,—a week sooner than we expected at starting, but with good weather we were able to make good marches, and met with little detention. We took the 'Bent's Fort Route', which instead of crossing the Arkansas where the road strikes it, follows the river up for some distance, and crossing above Bent's 'Fort' or trading house,¹⁰ reaches Fort Union by the pass of the Raton¹¹ mountains. Travelling with a large body of troops and a long train of wagons we didn't have much hunting on the plains. I only made one little dash at the buffalo, when we first saw them, to gratify the curiosity of some young officers just joined, who had never seen the sport. They were very much pleased with it, and amused themselves in that way while we were in the buffalo country. My company is out at present, with five others, against the Kiowas and Comanches. I will stay here until it returns, unless I can find out where it is, and get a chance to join it. The remaining four companies of my Regiment have gone into the Navajo country, on a visit to those Indians; so that there is no one left here except the sick, prisoners, and small details in charge of horses and company property.

I can't tell where my company will go next; but letters directed to this place will always be forwarded. The Indians of the plains have been giving a good deal of trouble lately; and I would not be surprised if we made a winter expedition against them.

The troops that came over with us have gone on to their several destinations, and we are doing nothing now but drilling our recruits, and waiting for our companies to come in.

Gov. Rencher¹² is staying, with his family, a short distance from here, at the warm springs of Las Vegas. If I have an opportunity I will go down and see him.

I got a letter from Tom the other day, which had reached Louisville shortly after my departure and had been following me since. He expected then, he said, to go to the 'Northwest'. As a letter with that address would hardly reach him, I will be glad if you will tell me where he is.

I presume Duncan¹³ took advantage of Mr. Douglas's visit to still further injure his own political prospects. Please let me know what he is doing, and how his family is.

Has fortune begun to smile on you yet? If so, do not offend the fickle Goddess by neglecting her overtures; for, like her sex, she will never forgive you.

I have some business letters to write, which I would gladly sacrifice to the pleasure of a longer talk with you; but as I have to get them off by this mail, I must wind up with my love to the family and yourself—

Your affectionate brother

A. McRae

THE FOLLOWING YEAR and a half after Lieutenant McRae's return to Fort Union was turbulent for New Mexico and the small regular army struggling so desperately to protect the people from Indians, lawless elements and finally, the threat of a Confederate invasion from Texas. Military leaders in the Department began drifting South leaving those who chose to remain faced with raising, equipping, and training a volunteer force from an apathetic people.

For Alexander McRae, now a Captain in the Third United States Cavalry, it culminated February 21, 1862 in the Battle of Valverde near Fort Craig, New Mexico¹⁴ where he defended his decision to remain with the Union with his life. The provisional battery which he commanded was overrun in a desperate Confederate charge late in the afternoon when troops supporting it gave way in confusion. Although Captain McRae had been wounded earlier, he stayed with his guns until the end, directing the fire of the battery against the enemy.

In 1867, his remains were removed from the Fort Craig Cemetery and taken East to be reinterred at West Point—a short way from a magnificent view of the historic Hudson River.

REFERENCES

1. Located at Newark, Delaware, it became the University of Delaware in 1921.
2. Active between the years 1826-1946.
3. Located in Northern New Mexico, it was active between the years 1851-1891 and is now a National Monument.
4. Although younger by nine years they were very close. He later became a member of the Supreme Court of North Carolina.
5. He had graduated from the Virginia Theological Seminary and became a minister. Earlier he had attended West Point but was found deficient in Math and discharged.
6. Believed to have been a boyhood friend who received an important teaching appointment about this time.
7. Fourteen years his junior she was beloved by the family for her wit, charm, and kindness.
8. Located in Kansas and active between the years 1827 to the present.
9. He was probably at Carlisle Barracks, established in 1757 and still active.
10. Located in Colorado, it was established around 1834 by Ceran St. Vrain and Charles and William Bent as a trading post.
11. Located in Northeast New Mexico near the Colorado border.
12. Governor of New Mexico from 1857 to 1861. He was from North Carolina, and his sympathies were suspect as open conflict between the States became more certain. Later, he was cleared.
13. His older half brother who had run for Governor of North Carolina in 1858 and was defeated. He was later appointed Colonel of the 5th North Carolina State Troops.
14. Valverde is now a ghost town, but it had been for many years a meeting place for caravans, military escorts and detachments, etc., and was located on the edge of the feared Jornada del Muerto. The battle took place about two miles south of this startled little town. The ruins of Fort Craig, 1854-1885, lay about seven miles south of Valverde and about 35 miles south of Socorro on the west bank of the Rio Grande.

Life in the 1880's in El Paso

by NADINE HALE PRESTWOOD

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The following article was taken from Mrs. Prestwood's Master's thesis, *The Social Life and Customs of the People of El Paso, 1848-1910*. It was presented to the Faculty of the Graduate School of the University of Texas at El Paso—Texas Western College.)

THE COMING OF THE RAILROADS to El Paso in 1881 brought about a great number of changes in the life of the community. Brick buildings with board floors began to replace adobe houses with dirt floors, fancy bar fixtures and gambling tables supplanted makeshift equipment, and "blondined" females from the East competed with dusky señoritas for the affection of the opposite sex. In fact, El Paso took on all the aspects of an oil boom town of the present day.

Owen White noted this change in his *Autobiography* when he wrote:

The calcimined women, both in the humble cribs and in the big parlor houses which were the pride of the town, donned beautiful gowns—scanty, perhaps, but none the less beautiful—the bartenders discarded their flannel shirts in favor of white jackets and thousand-dollar diamonds: and the members of the gambling fraternity blossomed out in all the glory of imported, tailor-made suits, fast trotting horses attached to red-wheeled wagons and kept women.¹

Also with this change came defiance of the law which earned the little community the name "Hell Paso." During this decade one mayor and four constables met violent deaths. It was only with the return of the garrison to Fort Bliss after the Salt War of 1877 that some semblance of law and order came to the community.²

There were, of course, those of the more respectable element who came to make their fortunes in this fast-growing, prosperous new city by selling the more prosaic things in life. It was a good place in which to make money, and some of the present local tycoons had their futures made easy by their fathers' and grandfathers' investments during this period.

Some of the more prominent men who came in the wake of the railroads were Zack T. White, Wyndham Kemp, Charles Davis, R. F. Campbell, J. J. Longwell, W. J. Fewell, F. E. Hunter, E. S. Newman, Bernard Schuster, and W. W. Bridgers.³ Owen White is inclined to discredit the efforts of these men; he insists that they took credit for building the town, but deserved none of it. And, "they knew it," White wrote; "they knew that the thing that brought customers from afar into their stores was El Paso's invitation to step right up to the sinner's bench, and they took advantage of it. They even encouraged it." All over the Southwest, min-

ers, prospectors, merchants, cattlemen, cowboys, all seeking unrestrained pleasure, headed for El Paso.⁴

According to Mrs. M. B. Davis, who arrived here in 1882, El Paso was without every convenience that had been invented up to that time. She cried at the thought of making her home here. She and her husband stayed at the newly constructed Grand Central Hotel and when she saw the kerosene lamp which was to light their room, she felt as if she had gone back to the dark ages. The worst came later when she discovered that the town had no gas, electricity or running water. The water for cooking and washing had to be hauled from the river in barrels. She described it as being "muddy looking stuff." The rest of the picture was bleak, too. As she looked out from her window, she saw sand blowing into everything, drunken cowboys staggering down the street, and in the distance she saw the yellow flags warning of smallpox. Surely she would have left had she been able. However, within a year, she said, houses were being built throughout the city.⁵

In 1881 three newspapers, *The Lone Star*, *The Times*, and *The Herald*, were started. Of these three by far the most colorful was *The Lone Star*, edited and owned by Simeon H. Newman. He was always in a quarrel with someone. An altercation with his partner over politics landed him in jail for sixty-three days.⁶ But he was always undaunted, and because he loved "to call a spade a damned shovel," his was the most interesting publication of the three.

Newman had been the editor of a paper in Las Cruces. He had a great deal of trouble getting a name for it, however, for when he issued it first as *Thirty-Four*, a group of lawyers had an injunction issued restraining him from using that name. The next issue was called *Newman's Thirty-Four*. Another injunction followed. He then called it *Newman's Semi-Weekly Thirty-Four*.^{*} This time an injunction restrained him from publishing under any name, and he put a copy of the injunction in place of the name on the masthead. By this time the whole town was laughing at the lawyers, and so they gave up. The citizens of El Paso, who felt they needed such a man, offered Newman one thousand dollars to come to El Paso, and he left Las Cruces in triumph.⁷

*EDITOR'S NOTE: Newman was rubbing salt into the wound. "Thirty-four" was an allusion to the Democratic Party election victory by a majority of 34 votes in Doña Ana County, New Mexico, in 1878. It was the first time that Doña Ana County ever went Democratic and much of the credit for the Republican defeat belonged to Newman and his Spanish language campaign paper, *El Democrata*, published in Mesilla.—Information furnished by Professor John J. Middagh, Chairman, Department of Journalism, Texas Western College.

See also Middagh, "Simeon Harrison Newman—The Fighting Editor of the Lone Star," *PASSWORD*, Vol. II, No. 4 (November, 1957), 115-24.

A study of his paper, its news items and advertisements, gives one the real flavor of the language, the culture (or lack of it), and the entertainment in El Paso in that day. For example, *The Lone Star* of December 16, 1882 had advertisements for the Fashion, Pony, Parlor and Cobweb Hall saloons; six-horse Concord coaches to Silver City and Deming; oil recommended for external application for every ailment; Mexican jewelry; meals at the Fargo restaurant for fifty cents apiece, \$1.25 a day, and \$7.00 a week; a maid at a wage of \$30.00 a month; and Pullman "Palace sleeping cars." The Pullman advertisement further noted that El Paso was now only 66 hours from St. Louis.

The fine arts existed in the form of a band. The same issue of *The Lone Star* announced that the El Paso Silver Cornet Band, under the direction of Professor Darrow, had received new instruments costing \$379.00. *The Lone Star* also announced that the first annual Fireman's Ball was held with the twenty-five couples who attended giving loud praise to the manner in which it was conducted.

An editorial stated that out of seven hundred voters only one hundred and twenty-five votes elected the city council; the editor asked that two more wards be established, and that ten councilmen be elected, because six were not enough to govern such a "large town."

The Lone Star was always plain spoken, fascinating to read, and full of reflections on the actual life of the times. For instance (from the issue quoted above), it was learned that a society was started in San Antonio for "fallen women"; and that a squaw in Reno had triplets and on the same night got drunk and danced a low-necked hornpipe down Main Street. The delicacy of the female sex was revealed in an item about the wife of Colonel Humphries, who was slowly dying of a brain abscess. She had become hopelessly insane from grief and anxiety. Women of today seem to be made of sterner stuff. This contrast is noted in one of Newman's editorials:

A few persons who have as little knowledge of good breeding as they have for the feelings of ladies, have been in the habit of smoking in the theater during the performances.⁸

Women in those days were divided into two classes: first, the delicate, fragile, ethereal, and defenseless creatures around whom no gentleman would smoke, curse, or drink; and, secondly, the prostitutes, many of whom were flourishing on Utah Street, now Mesa Avenue. A short editorial protested the use of vile language by four men and four prostitutes in front of the post office. Not only were there such clashes between the respectable element and the lower stratum, but also the latter class found time to fight among themselves. Newman records that some trouble occurred in a brothel known as "44" between Ann Myers, the proprietress,

and Lou Howard, an inmate. Ann pinched Lou's arms, tore her clothing, then got her revolver and beat her over the head with it. Had she not been restrained, Newman pointed out, Ann would undoubtedly have killed the girl. As a result, Ann was arrested and charged with a half dozen counts.⁹

Nor did the men fail to get into plenty of trouble. At that time it was against the law for anyone, even an army officer, to carry a gun. This seems incredible in view of the many killings. The guns were certainly too big to be concealed, and it must therefore be concluded that those numerous killings were due to laxness in law enforcement. But a Mr. J. Fisher Satterthwaite was one of the few that the law apprehended for this offense, and he was fined twenty-five dollars. He explained that he was carrying it to protect himself from a Mr. Fernandez, who had pounded and kicked him, bruised him in a terrible manner, and afterwards told him he would do it again. This was no excuse in the eyes of the law. Mr. Newman put in his two cents' worth by lamenting the existence of such a law, and saying that it would have been much cheaper to have killed Fernandez, for then Mr. Satterthwaite would have gone "scot free."¹⁰

In a similar vein is the account Newman gave of a man (unnamed) coming into a bar brandishing two pistols and loudly demanding help from the police. He explained that he had "found his wife in close proximity with a neighbor in a privy." The article stated that the man was arrested for carrying the guns, and Mr. Newman succinctly added that he did not know what happened about the other matter.¹¹

Drunkenness seemed to have caused more trouble than any other vice. Newman apologized for the fact that one issue of his paper was not distributed because of the drunken condition of Mr. Smyth, his assistant, to whom he had entrusted the paper during his illness. Newman, a very righteous man, discharged Smyth. This affliction was not confined to any particular class, for the officials of the city were also its victims. Justice of the Peace, W. W. Mills, was arrested twice for being drunk and assaulting his wife.

Newman seemed to delight in calumnious reports, but when it came to drunkenness among the city's officials, he was at his best. The following description of a council meeting bears this out:

The scene is a meeting of the city council during its examination of the alleged bad conduct of Deputy Marshall Harris.

First Alderman, rising excitedly: 'Why try the officer for being drunk and gambling when there is no ordinance prohibiting him from doing as he pleases? Why, I have seen the City Marshal, the City Attorney, and the District Attorney all drunk and gambling at the same table.'

City Attorney: 'And I have seen the councilman who just spoke so drunk he could not have told if he were gambling or not.'

Second Alderman: 'Well, I too get drunk when I please, but that's no reason an officer should when on duty.'¹²

The item ended with the remark that the admission to these shows was free.

Newman always took it upon himself to protect the morals of our fair city. If anything went wrong, and a great deal did go wrong according to him, he minced no words in printing what he thought, as the following quotation shows:

That such an obscene sheet as the *El Paso Herald* finds it possible to earn a livelihood for its lecherous editor, speaks volumes against the morality and public sentiment of the city... Why then do we not boycott it? We suggest that the ladies of El Paso, you who have pure daughters to train and educate, begin the work.¹³

Mr. Newman fought gambling with a vengeance in the editorial columns. The gambling hall owners finally decided to do something about it. They went around to the merchants and told them to quit advertising in *The Lone Star* or they would give them no more of their business. The merchants, realizing where the bulk of their trade came from, complied, thus forcing the paper to shut down in 1887. Newman wrote a long editorial in the final issue and mailed it to everyone in town. The editorial stated in effect that all gentlemen and mothers with pure daughters to raise would miss *The Lone Star* which fought for righteousness and virtue. But, he continued, "every gambler, pimp, and whore would celebrate its closing."¹⁴

As sinful as El Paso was, Newman felt Juárez to be much worse and warned visitors to Old Mexico against bunco steerers, confidence men, lotteries, counterfeit money schemes, and a hundred other traps set up to catch the unwary. At the same time he criticized El Paso as follows:

There appears to be no such thing in El Paso as a healthy public sentiment. There is right here in our midst a bunco steerer who openly followed the business in the old town, and seems to have been very successful at it, as he is said to have a bank account; and yet this man, whose smile is so child-like and bland that a stranger would take him for a green country youth, holds an important position of trust and profit in this city and is received in El Paso society as a gentleman.

What hope is there of ridding the country of thieves and desperados as long as respectable people associate with them?¹⁵

But Newman was quick to defend his city when a visitor claimed that he needed to have a decent social existence, and since it was not to be found here he was forced to find recreation in a saloon. Newman said that this was an utterly false statement, and that there were many different modes of entertainment here.¹⁶

In *The Lone Star* issues between 1882 and 1886, there were numerous references to various clubs, theaters, church gatherings, and even a skating rink. The latter, in order to drum up trade, offered a prize to the most handsome lady present on the night of a carnival. Early in its existence, the El Paso Social Club went in for amateur theatricals, presenting "Lady Ansley's Secret," and "Down by the Sea." The Cactus Club was also in existence at that time, and was a high light in the social life of the city.

Some of the Nellie Boyd troupe of actors liked it here enough to stay when the rest of the company left for Colorado City. Mr. Henry Collins took the remaining members of the troupe and opened his own company. He charged fifty and seventy-five cents to see such plays as "Grit and Pluck," "Andy Black," "The Irish Diamond," and "The Married Rake." Newman said the Coliseum was becoming a popular resort because of Collins' efforts to give the people respectable entertainment.

Opera also made its appearance at this time. The Italian Opera presented "Lucia di Lammermoor." It was praised as the most accomplished performance ever given locally. Six hundred persons attended.¹⁷

The Apaches in the surrounding territory afforded the kind of entertainment the pioneers could do without, and Newman deplored the government's laxity in putting down the raids of the red men. According to him, the restraints of agency life only made the Indians restless and insolent. This led to periodic raids in which many were slaughtered. After their thirst for violence was sated, they would return to the reservation to become meek and good Indians. According to Newman:

Nothing was being done about the brave men, defenseless women and children who were butchered and tortured in a manner that only the devilish instincts of the American savage could devise. All this will persist as long as the government has a sentimental policy or until frontiersmen are strong enough to wipe out those hostilities without the aid of the government.¹⁸

Newman felt that if one Indian were killed for every white man, the Indians would soon be exterminated. To him, and other pioneers, this was not a barbarous policy, for to them the Indian was not then the Noble Red Man, but a "Red Devil" whose extinction could only be beneficial.

The Indians, however, were not the only men to be feared. There were numerous bad men who sought this wide open town as a refuge. The most famous was John Wesley Hardin who was shot in the back of the head by John Selman. Selman later rid the town of another desperado, Bass Outlaw. Then Selman was killed in a duel with a brother peace officer named Scarborough. These killings, along with that of Dallas Stoudenmire, are the most famous in El Paso's history, but there were countless others.

Meanwhile, city improvement continued at a rather rapid pace. In 1882, when Joseph Magoffin was mayor, franchises were granted for a street railway, a water company, and a gas company. Also in the same year a hook and ladder company was organized. And the following year saw El Paso's first public school. The first telephone was introduced in 1882 when Mr. M. Ullman connected his two stores by wire. Two years later there were ninety-six telephones in use in the city. El Paso was also affected by outside events. The discovery of silver in New Mexico and copper in Arizona greatly increased the city's business and traffic and caused it to grow rapidly as a commercial and industrial center. In some areas, however, the city continued to lag in its development. There were, for instance, no good streets, a poor street lighting system, and an unsatisfactory water system.¹⁹

El Paso's first good hotel, the Grand Central, recognized as the "pride of the city," was constructed in 1883. It was a three-story structure, located where the Mills Building now stands. Ft. Bliss was located at the site of Hart's Mill in 1886. There were five churches, the Catholic, St. Clement's Episcopal, Trinity Methodist, First Baptist, and the First Presbyterian. There were, however, five times as many saloons as churches. Business houses were numbered without regard to the blocks and residences had no numbers. There was a fire department consisting of a hook and ladder company and two hose companies. All firemen were volunteers. The bell rang at the outbreak of a fire, the men would leave their business to fight the fire, and the rest of the town would turn out to watch.²⁰

There were no paved streets but a few sidewalks had been covered with tar and gravel. Water wagons were used daily in the business area to sprinkle down the dust. The trees were largely the cottonwood, the Chinaberry, and fruit. There was no sewerage. In 1882, the first mule-cars went into operation. These seated between fifteen and twenty people.²¹

The water situation has always been a major problem in this area. The two main *acequias* (irrigation canals) which ran through the town served it for many years as its only source of water, but during the 1880's a reservoir which still exists was built on Sunset Heights, and water was pumped to it from the river. On the road between the present irrigation canal and the river, between the Santa Fe Street Bridge and Hart's monument, remnants of pipe used for this purpose may still be seen when the river is at a low level. The water was supposed to be allowed to settle before it went to users, but this seldom happened. Consequently, the consumers bought *ollas* (large pottery jars) in which to settle the water. These were hung in a cool spot, under a tree if one was available. During

this time water wagons ran between El Paso and Deming, New Mexico, bringing fresh drinking water to this city.²²

The gathering place then, as now, was the San Jacinto Plaza. The land was donated to the city by Henry S. and John S. Gillette, in 1859. It went undeveloped, however, for over twenty years. Then, in 1881 or 1882, Colonel J. F. Satterthwaite obtained the aid of some ladies to help him in improving its appearance. They laid out the grounds and planted trees. In 1887 the City Council appropriated \$50 a month in order that it might have a lawn.²³ This improvement was the first step in the beautification of the city—an important step toward a more gracious social life.

And thus El Paso continued to grow and to improve. In the nine years that followed the coming of the railroad, El Paso grew from a village to a prosperous and energetic town. It also made great strides in social development. Indeed, by 1890, social lines were already drawn between professional and well-to-do businessmen on the one hand and those of more menial positions on the other. But it was a democratic and friendly society and as such has ever remained.

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HISTORICAL NOTES

This year marks the Society's fifth annual history-writing contest for seventh graders in the El Paso school systems. It is in the second grade, incidentally, that the teaching of history begins. The prizes are \$75 for first place, \$50 for second and \$25 for third.

In this year's contest the winners, the subjects of their papers, and their schools were as follows:

First place: Margaret Ann Richardson, "Franklin Brothers, Pioneer Merchants of El Paso"—Mesita;

Second place: Dacia Ann Calvert, "Lanoria"—St. Clements (Episcopal);

Third place: Hollie Baker, "With the Army, But Not in It"—MacArthur.

It is the policy of *PASSWORD* to publish as many of the articles as space permits.

BOOK REVIEWS

MEMORANDA AND OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE RELATING TO THE REPUBLIC OF TEXAS, ITS HISTORY AND ANNEXATION. INCLUDING A BRIEF AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE AUTHOR

by *Anson Jones*

(Chicago: The Rio Grande Press, Inc., 1966. \$25.00)

The publisher of this reprint asks in his acknowledgements: "Where, *in all of American history*, is there the equal of the Texas story"? And he answers his question with the observation: "From the wanderings of Cabeza de Vaca in 1528 to this very day, the story of Texas is an ever-unfolding, ever-fascinating, sometimes incredible, always interesting drama of great men and splendid events." One of those great men was Anson Jones, the author of this unusual and valuable book. Succinctly stated, the book tells the story of a small but very important period of Texas history as seen through the eyes of the last president of the Republic.

The book is divided into three parts or sections: "Private Memoirs," pages 1-26; "Memoranda," pages 27-128; and "Letters," pages 129-648. Jones wrote his memoirs between June 28, 1849 and February 1, 1850—"for the use of his family and friends." Herein he told of his early years in Massachusetts, of how he came to Texas, of his experiences in the Army of the Republic of Texas, of his Masonic affiliation and of his political life. In his memoranda he included a number of his diaries with notes inserted at a later date to give emphasis to those things he wished to stress. The third section is composed of "Letters, etc., to and from Anson Jones" and covers a little more than twenty-one years, from March 19, 1836 to December 19, 1857. Included in this section is a 30-page pamphlet written by Jones and first printed in Galveston in 1848 under the title: *Letters Relating to the History of Annexation*.

The story of the original edition as told in the present "Introduction" by James M. Day, Director of the Texas State Archives, is a romance in itself. Jones' widow paid D. Appleton & Company \$1,744.50 in July, 1861 for approximately six hundred copies of the book. Then, for some unknown reason, 585 copies were "lost" until 1929 when Herbert Fletcher of Houston bought them for five hundred dollars. He in turn sold them to Texana collectors and dealers for enough money to

open his own book store and printing firm which, appropriately enough, he called the Anson Jones Press. Mr. Fletcher still operates the press at Salado, Texas.

In presenting his story Jones brings history to life in a vivid and memorable way. The people involved take on dimensions of character and spirit expected of great men of a great state. Additional value is found in the excellent index and in the end papers, one being a copy of Emory's 1844 map of Texas and the other a reproduction of Jones' speech on annexation delivered to a joint session of the Texas legislature. Withal of this, the book is well printed and beautifully bound. But more important, as Mr. Day points out, this is "the pristine source material of history"—*Texas history*—and for that reason alone it belongs in every library, public and private in Texas.

University of Texas at El Paso

—EUGENE O. PORTER

JOHN SELMAN—TEXAS GUNFIGHTER

by *Leon Claire Metz*

(New York: Hastings House. \$6.95)

It will become immediately clear to any reader of *John Selman—Texas Gunfighter* that its author, Leon C. Metz, is a man dedicated to the search for truth—in this work to the search for the truth about that perhaps most misunderstood of American legendary figures: the "bad guy" of the Old West. As the subject of this inquiry into just what sort of person the "bad guy" really was, what forces shaped him, what consequences caught up with him, Mr. Metz has wisely chosen one John Selman, "the least-written-about gunman in Western history." It is a wise choice because it frees Mr. Metz of Romance, hoopla, fixed opinions, and razzle-dazzle—permitting him a calm perusal of the facts.

Obviously these facts have not been easy to find. Precisely because John Selman is the "least-written-about gunman," he has been difficult to track. But Mr. Metz has succeeded in tracking him, and what emerges is a very shadowy figure, a man always "on the fringes rather than the center" of gang warfare, rustling activities, vigilance-committee "executions," raids, assaults, shoot-outs, barroom brawls, and general mayhem.

And yet, this isn't quite an accurate statement. At first, we see this dim figure "on the fringes" of respectability—moving his widowed mother and younger brothers and sisters in the early 1860's from Grayson County, Texas, to the Clear Fork of the Brazos, where "the family seems to have blended into the religious and civic life of the community." Then we glimpse him frequenting the "shack town of dives and brothels" near Ft. Griffin, taking up with a smooth-mannered rustler by the name of John Larn, engaging in violent attempts to drive out the small farmers, and—after the killing of Larn—escaping from the area. We see him next in New Mexico, where, in the late seventies, he is offered a splendid opportunity to perfect the art of gunslinging as a "fringe" participant in the Lincoln County War. When prudence once more decrees departure, Selman returns to Texas and this time bids for the "center" in an attempt to organize a "six-gun empire." Failing this, he becomes a professional "gun," grows old, and wanders to El Paso, where, perhaps unwittingly and unwillingly, he moves from the "fringes" to the "center" when, on August 19, 1895, he kills John Wesley Hardin in the Acme Saloon. Shortly after his trial, which resulted in a hung jury, Selman is killed in an alley by Deputy United States Marshal George Scarborough and is buried in an unmarked grave in El Paso's Concordia Cemetery.

This story, as Mr. Metz tells it, is a dull one—its dullness resulting partially from Mr. Metz's insensitivity to language and to dramatic pacing. But primarily its dullness results from the subject. John Selman was—or at least became—an uninteresting man. It is in this respect that Mr. Metz's patient and exhaustive research seems to have been favored by Dame Serendipity. He has stumbled onto what appears a stunning truth: a life lived by the gun enriches neither the character nor the personality. In a passage so obscurely placed that one almost misses it, Mr. Metz says of John Selman: "All the while something was happening to the old man's mind. He lost confidence in himself . . . When drinking heavily, he would corner the nearest person and pathetically try to prove that he was really a great gunman."

Though badly flawed, Mr. Metz's work nevertheless makes a worthwhile contribution to our knowledge of the Old West.

University of Texas at El Paso

—LILLIAN COLLINGWOOD

PERSHING'S MISSION IN MEXICO

by *Haldeen Braddy*

(El Paso: Texas Western Press, 1966. \$5.)

Oceans of words have been spilt over General Pershing's attempt to capture Pancho Villa. Much of the writing, however, has been by amateurs who depended to a large extent upon newspaper files, secondary material and hearsay evidence. The result has been the creation of islands of contradictions in a sea of confusion.

Now comes a competent historian, steeped in scholarship and possessed of a burning desire to clear up all aspects of the Punitive Expedition, "even the mooted questions." To accomplish his goal Dr. Braddy, in his "decade" of "interrupted work," examined hitherto unresearched material, both American and Mexican, as well as the standard sources. The result is a complete and definitive study of "Pershing's Mission in Mexico."

But Dr. Braddy was not content with a mere factual study, although in his "Preface" he remarked that his "prime intention was to report chronologically . . . Pershing's experience in pursuit of Villa." Rather, the author interprets his facts and comes forth with a new understanding of the expedition that few persons ever surmised. The reader learns, for instance, that the campaign was "the last major cavalry exercise in history," that it "marked the beginning of the air arm" of the United States Army, and that it "foreshadowed the 'cold' war of a future day."

But possibly more important, Dr. Braddy noted, there emerged from this minor conflict an American general "with multifarious talents, one who could follow higher orders that confounded his better judgement." It was in Mexico where Pershing received his schooling which stood him in such good stead as Commander of the American Expeditionary Force in France. Indeed, Dr. Braddy's research has given him great respect for General Pershing and he successfully imparts this respect for the General to his readers. Too many writers in the past have pictured Pershing as a colorless martinet.

The book is well written, beautifully designed by Carl Hertzog and artistically printed. These factors plus the several photographs, some published for the first time, not only add to the value of the book but also make it a collector's item.

University of Texas at El Paso

—EUGENE O. PORTER

Franklin Brothers—Pioneer Merchants of El Paso

by MARGARET ANN RICHARDSON

I am proud that my grandfather and his brothers were pioneer merchants of El Paso. All of the brothers were born in Irisburg, Patrick Henry County, Virginia, and with their mother and sister came to El Paso on August 8th, 1902 when my grandfather was twenty-five years old. Having seen several of their relatives die because of Virginia's damp climate, they found El Paso's sunshine inviting. They did not know anyone West of the Mississippi River when they boarded the Southern Railway for El Paso.

When the Franklins arrived, El Paso was the small but growing town of 13,000. Streets were not yet paved, horse drawn buggies were just being replaced by electric street cars and there were only a few automobiles seen in El Paso. Early El Pasoans had many methods for attracting business and enterprise and one was the still familiar "city of the sun" advertisement. Once a large carnival was planned for the purpose of attracting business. People came from miles around to enjoy El Paso's lovely sunshine. The people came, set up tents, and waited for the joyous occasion to begin, but it only rained, rained until the mud was ankle deep!

Upon arrival the Franklins managed to rent and furnish a house. Within ten days the brothers were working in three of El Paso's grocery stores and in four months had opened their own grocery store on the corner of Stanton and Franklin Streets.

This first store, named Franklin Brothers Grocery, was the beginning of a fourteen-store wholesale and grocery chain.

The stores were first credit and delivery, cash on the barrel head, and later became one of the first cash and carry stores in El Paso.

In January, 1919, they formed the Standard Grocery which expanded and was called the Tri-State Wholesale Grocery.

Some of the advertisements are indications of what early El Pasoans desired in the grocery store. Some of the slogans were "Sell for Less," "Good Eats in Clean White Stores," "Distinctively Different," and "Cut Down Your Expenses for 1912!" One advertisement read: "Every El Pasoan is invited to attend our Opening Day and that includes every citizen of the upper and lower valleys as we consider them El Pasoans!" This revealed where El Paso's city limits were.

Low prices of 1912 ranged from twenty-four pound sacks of flour at \$.75 to ham for 18¢ a pound. Bacon was 20¢ a pound and butter was 35¢ a pound. Vegetables were also quite low compared to today's prices.

The Franklins sold out in 1928 to Safeway, Inc. which was then the second to the largest grocery chain in the United States. All of the pioneer brothers went on to other successful businesses. Sol Franklin, my grandfather, died in 1961 having been a resident of El Paso fifty-eight years. George Franklin, presently a resident of Tacoma, Washington is the only living brother left and is now eighty-one years old.

Many El Pasoans will remember the Franklins for their service to their city, as it grew from a small West Texas border town to a thriving metropolis!

B I B L I O G R A P H Y

"Memoirs of Sol Franklin," *The El Paso Herald Post*, January 2, 1912; 19, 1916; October 21, 1927.

Interviews: Mrs. Sol Franklin, Mrs. J. Richardson, Mr. George Franklin.



Colonel H. Crampton Jones, president of the Society, presenting awards to the winners of the annual history-writing contest—from l. to r., Margaret Ann Richardson, Dacia Ann Calvert, and Hollie Lorraine Baker. (Photograph courtesy of *The El Paso Herald Post*).

Contributors to This Issue

COLONEL H. CRAMPTON JONES, U.S.A. (Ret.) has ably served the Society during this year as its president. For further biographical data see the Spring, 1966, issue of *PASSWORD*, page 43.

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MARGARET ANN RICHARDSON, thirteen years of age, is the daughter of Mrs. Joanna Richardson, a widow. Her grandmother, Mrs. Sol Franklin, is the source for much of the material in the essay. Margaret lives at 619 E. Crosby Avenue.

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MAJ. GEN. TOM V. STAYTON

MR. CLARK WRIGHT

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