

# PASSWORD



THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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WINTER, 1969

# PASSWORD

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EUGENE O. PORTER, EDITOR

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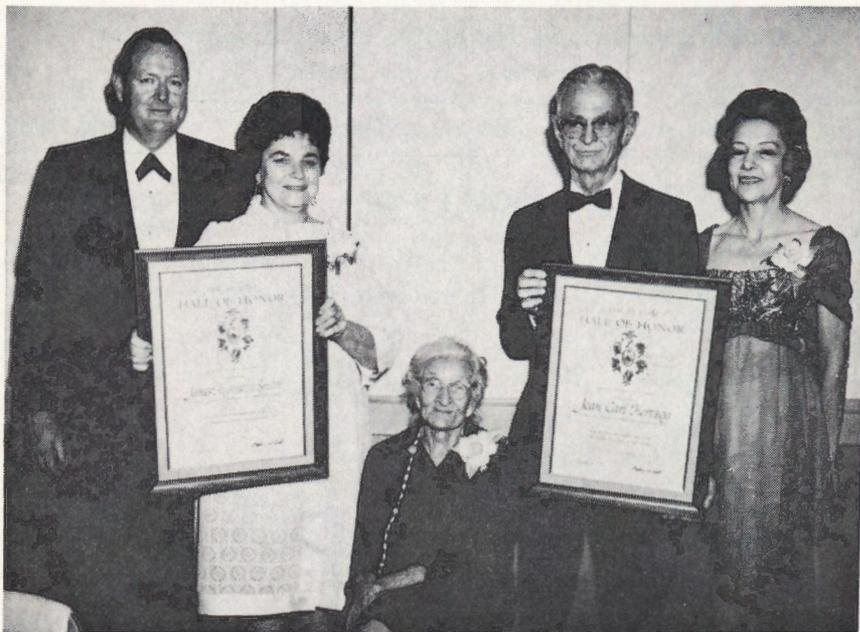
## CONTENTS

HALL OF HONOR BANQUET . . . . .	99
<i>Hall of Honor Address: THE HERITAGE OF GREATNESS</i> <i>By Fred W. Bailey . . . . .</i>	100
TRIBUTE TO JAMES A. SMITH <i>By Robert B. Price, Jr. . . . .</i>	102
TRIBUTE TO J. CARL HERTZOG <i>By Mrs. W. W. Schuessler . . . . .</i>	106
AMBUSH IN QUITMAN CANYON <i>By Kenneth A. Goldblatt . . . . .</i>	109
A TALE OF TWO CITIES <i>By I. B. Goodman . . . . .</i>	117
BOOK REVIEWS . . . . .	118
<i>Gard et al, ALONG THE EARLY TRAILS OF THE SOUTHWEST</i> MARY ELLEN B. PORTER	
<i>Bowden, THE PONCE DE LEON GRANT</i> JAMES A. MILLS	
<i>Wallace, WATER OUT OF THE DESERT</i> ROBERT M. ESCH	
<i>Baldwin, ed., SOUTHWEST MOSAICS</i> LENORE DILS AND JESSIE PETERSEN	
SOUTHWEST ARCHIVES . . . . .	121
HISTORICAL NOTES . . . . .	122
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE . . . . .	123
IN MEMORIAM . . . . .	124
INDEX TO VOLUME FOURTEEN . . . . .	125

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L. to R.—Robert B. Price, Jr., Mrs. Arthur J. Hall, Jr., Mrs. Lily S. Howard,  
Dr. J. Carl Hertzog, Mrs. W. W. Schuessler.

*Published quarterly by THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY*

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## HALL OF HONOR BANQUET

THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY held its ninth annual Hall of Honor Banquet on Sunday evening, November 23, in the Garden Room of the Paso del Norte Hotel. Those honored were Dr. J. Carl Hertzog and the late James A. "Uncle Jimmy" Smith. Mrs. H. Crampton Jones and Mrs. Florence C. Melby served as General Chairmen of the affair. The Decorations Committee was co-chaired by Mrs. Paul Heisig and Mrs. Charles Hancock who were responsible for the beautiful table décor of tall wrought-iron and crystal candelabra and Della Robbia fruit.

Other committees and their chairmen were: Tickets and Seating, Cmdr. and Mrs. Millard G. McKinney; Publicity, Mrs. Hans E. Brockmoller; Printing, Mrs. Leland H. Hewitt; and Hospitality, Mrs. Barry O. Coleman. Assisting Mrs. Coleman as members of her committee were Mmes. Fred W. Bailey, M. L. Burluson, Enrique Flores, H. Gordon Frost, Monica Cenicerros Herrera, Robert Keller, Fred Morton, Eugene O. Porter, and Miss Octavia Glasgow.

Honored guests at the head table were Mrs. Lily Howard, the 92-year-old daughter of "Uncle Jimmy" Smith, Mrs. Alice Lackland, a younger daughter, Mrs. Arthur Hall, Jr., a granddaughter who accepted the award for the Smith family, and the honoree, Dr. J. Carl Hertzog, and Mrs. Hertzog. Others of the Smith family in attendance were Mmes. John Garman and J. W. Walter.

Also seated at the head table were Mr. Fred Bailey, President of the Society, and Mrs. Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Price, Jr., Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Schuessler, the Reverend Mr. B. M. G. Williams who gave the invocation and the Reverend Mr. H. Eugene Myrick who gave the benediction.

Past honorees attending the banquet included the Reverend Mr. Williams, the Honorable Judge R. E. Thomason (with Mrs. Thomason), Mr. Chris P. Fox (with Mrs. Fox), and Mrs. W. D. Howe.

The Hall of Honor awards were initiated by the Society in 1961, during the presidency of the Honorable Richard C. White, now Congressman from West Texas. The awards program provides that one living and one deceased El Pasoan be chosen each year by a secret committee of the Society. In addition to those mentioned above, the other honorees during the past nine years have been the following, all now deceased: Lawrence M. Lawson; James Wiley Magoffin; Richard C. Burgess; Maud Durlin Sullivan; Eugenia M. Schuster; Allen Harrison Hughey; Dr. Lucinda de Leftwich Templin; Ernest Ulrich Krause; Charles Robert Morehead; Maurice Schwartz; Robert E. McKee, and Jack C. Vowell, Sr.

## HALL OF HONOR ADDRESS THE HERITAGE OF GREATNESS

by FRED W. BAILEY

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, the time has come to direct our thoughts and our interest toward the purpose of this meeting. Each year we welcome, as members of our Hall of Honor, two people who, by their activities, have added to and enhanced the heritage and greatness of the city and county of El Paso, Texas.

The area in and around El Paso is steeped in historical lore from the days of the Pre-Columbian Indian to the arrival of the first European to put foot on the American Continent, and to hundreds of thousands of other people who have followed him. The blending of the cultures of all these groups of people, into what is now our great conglomerate American Southwest stands as a tribute to our American system and the Brotherhood of man. From this blending has come many of our heritages and traditions.

Any city that can increase its population in one hundred years from zero to over 350,000, its public school enrollment from zero to over 94,000, its buying income from zero to more than half a billion dollars annually, and its bank deposits from zero to about 400 million dollars is great; thus El Paso is great!

Therefore tonight it is natural, logical and apropos that we talk about the Heritage of Greatness as we honor two more people who have contributed much to both the Heritage and Greatness of El Paso.

The Pass of the North, El Paso and Juárez, meeting place of all different peoples, all different cultures, became the connecting link between north, south, east, and west, so a new city was born. The people, who have made it what it is today, left us a steadfast belief in their God, and our God, in themselves and in their way of life. These beliefs became the nucleus for the building of our City. They are the foundations that have inspired men to do great things and become great men, men with vision who could look to the future to produce that which became great. These people, eminent and distinguished in character and quality became skilled and superior in their chosen activities; they have directed us toward worthy goals and they have left us an example of gracious living, culture, refinement, creativeness in ability, courage, fortitude, compassion, generosity, integrity, ideals of character-building, unselfishness, love of our fellowmen, confidence of a better world with law, order and justice for all. These are marks of greatness.

I quote from *Southwestern Milestones* by Owen P. White, one of our first historians:

Where forest trees are grouped, there's always one  
Which in its silent struggle for the sun,  
Has overtopped its kind. Around its base  
With equal opportunity for space,  
The lesser trees spring up, they come and go;  
The secret is not theirs, of how to grow.  
And in the West, when it was wild and free  
Each man who came to try was like a tree;  
All chances were the same, yet, but a few  
Spread out in root and branch and thrived and grew.  
Across the azure sky line of the West  
Those few stand out today; above the crest  
Of less tenacious toilers they arise  
Uplifted by undaunted enterprise.

There have been many such people. Some have been honored by generations of peoples that have followed them. Many have not yet been honored, but more will be, as history unfolds itself and time permits. Our Historical Society has honored a few, on occasions such as this, and their names have been entered as members of our Hall of Honor.

Beginning with the year 1961, and extending through the year 1968, there have been seventeen distinguished men and women named as members of this Hall of Honor, all of whom have left us richer in heritage and greatness.

Tonight we again pay tribute to two more distinguished people for membership in the Society's Hall of Honor. They are Jean Carl Hertzog and the late James Augustus Smith, and in their respective tributes you will learn how they also helped to enhance the heritages and the greatness of the City and County of El Paso, Texas.

Ladies and Gentlemen, all honor to those who have passed to the Great Beyond; to those who are with us today; and to those we shall search out and honor tomorrow.

## TRIBUTE TO JAMES A. SMITH

by ROBERT B. PRICE, JR.

WHEN JAMES AUGUSTUS SMITH, who came to be known affectionately as "Uncle Jimmy," arrived in El Paso in November 1884, he brought with him the determination and ambitions of a man intent upon helping to build a great city out of a dusty border town. He was a large man, six feet plus and over 200 pounds in weight, with a kindly but ruddy face and a moustache, typical of his day. He was destined to leave an indelible imprint upon his adopted home, for this was no ordinary man. This self-made man was a crusader, a leader, a builder, an organizer, and a devoted friend of those less fortunate. No man who has shared in the building of our community could be more deserving of a place in the Historical Society's Hall of Honor than "Uncle Jimmy" Smith.

He was born on May 2, 1852, in Allegheny County, New York, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Aisel Smith. His mother died while he was an infant, and his father later remarried. The family moved to Wisconsin, where in later years "Uncle Jimmy" returned to purchase cattle for his growing El Paso dairy herd. Later, the family moved to Missouri. It was in Missouri, while working on a farm near Cameron, that seventeen year old J. A. Smith met Alice Kendrick. Alice, 15 years old and crippled by paralysis, was a patient in a Cameron sanatorium where young Jimmy's ailing stepmother was also confined. He felt a deep compassion for the crippled girl, a compassion that in later years turned to love, for she was to be his second wife.

Time passed, and he set out on his own, moving to Colorado, where for a time he was an undertaker in Leadville. The sight of a young child's body, killed in a street accident, so moved him that he gave his interest in the mortuary to his partner and walked out, never to return to that business again. He met and married a Colorado girl, and they settled in Central City. Uncle Jimmy published a small newspaper there. His two daughters, Katie and Lily, were born there. Tragedy struck the small family in Central City, for his wife died in 1878, shortly after Lily was born.

He returned to Missouri in 1882, where he worked as a railway mail clerk for the Santa Fe Railway, traveling between Cameron, Missouri and Topeka, Kansas. Inquiring in Cameron, he found that the crippled girl he had befriended years before was living in Cleburne, Texas. He went to Cleburne, sought and found Alice Kendrick, and soon asked her hand in marriage. They were married in 1883, and Alice, confined to a wheel chair for life, became the loving partner to Jimmy, stepmother to Katie and Lily, and mother to their son Ray, born in 1886.

Uncle Jimmy's travels on the Santa Fe had brought him to El Paso,

and he became fascinated with the border town. He decided to settle here, so he left the railroad and with partner William Thompson, opened a produce business at 45 South El Paso Street. Grapes were a popular crop in the valley, and Uncle Jimmy is said to have helped make the El Paso grape famous by exports to east Texas and Louisiana. The firm later expanded into a wholesale produce and commission house, moving to new quarters at 404 South El Paso Street.

His primary interest, however, was his membership in the Republican Party. He felt that the life of the nation depended upon Republican success. He was a Republican leader when Republicans were few in number in El Paso. His party loyalty led to his appointment by President Benjamin Harrison to the position of postmaster of El Paso, on May 22, 1890, replacing El Paso's first lady postmistress, Mrs. Fannie D. Porter. His appointment, and the resultant retirement of Widow Porter, led to some rather caustic editorial remarks from his political foe, *The Times*, but in those days there was a wide gap between Democrats and Republicans. *The El Paso Herald*, however, said of the appointment: "The Herald congratulates the Republican Party upon the selection of one of its ablest local leaders to so responsible an office, and Mr. Smith upon the realization of his political aspirations."

Uncle Jimmy's desire to improve El Paso, as well as champion the Republican cause, led him to acquire *The El Paso Herald* in November 1892. He first leased the newspaper, then bought it. He became a crusading editor, determined to rid the city of its gambling and wild life. It took some ten years for his campaign to achieve success, but finally public opinion brought enough pressure to bear against the city and county administrations so that the gambling houses were forced to quit business and the dance hall evil practically abolished.

He sold controlling interest in *The Herald* to H. D. Slater in August, 1899, but remained closely allied to the newspaper's continuing policy regarding honest government. In fact, he remained for a time as general manager. In 1905, upon Slater's urging and editorial backing he ran for mayor, but was defeated by Democrat Charles Davis, Sr.

President Theodore Roosevelt appointed Uncle Jimmy postmaster again on June 1, 1906. He served until 1915, in spite of the fact that the Woodrow Wilson administration could have replaced him with a Democrat two years earlier. It was perhaps his crusading efforts for better wages for his postal employees that kept the local Democrat Party from insisting upon his retirement. Not only did J. A. Smith improve the lot of the postmen, but his crusade also led to the 1916 construction of the present Post Office Building, at Stanton and Mills Streets.

He purchased a cow in 1892, kept her in his backyard at 125 Leon

Street, and sold to neighbors the milk his family did not need. Soon he purchased more cows and founded The El Paso Dairy Company. The Dairy and his home were moved to Rand's Grove at Second Street, and there the business flourished. He imported the finest purebred Holstein bulls he could find, most of them from his boyhood state of Wisconsin, and developed one of the outstanding dairy herds in the nation. In 1911, the dairy moved to the Lower Valley on North Loop Road, where it is still located today, 58 years later. By 1923 The El Paso Dairy was distributing the milk from its herd of 1,300 head of dairy cattle, 600 of which were milking. It was recognized as the largest producer-distributor dairy in the United States. In 1927, my late father, Robert B. Price, purchased The El Paso Dairy Company and named it Price's El Paso Dairy, the name under which it operates today. Uncle Jimmy, loved and respected by Dad as he was by so many others, remained a consultant to the dairy during his declining years. It has been my privilege to live at and operate the dairy for almost 21 years.

The need to raise alfalfa and feed for his cattle caused Uncle Jimmy's interest in irrigation. There was no irrigation system in the valley at that time, so he devised a method of pumping water. It proved successful, but expensive. He joined in the movement to establish an irrigation system in the El Paso Valley, and soon became the leader of the movement. In 1903 he became permanent chairman of the "Irrigation Congress Committee." The 1904 convention of the National Irrigation Congress was held in El Paso, with J. A. Smith as chairman of the executive committee. At the meeting, a committee of fifteen, including El Pasoans Felix Martinez, A. P. Coles, Zack White, Alfred Courchesne, and J. A. Smith, adopted a resolution favoring the Elephant Butte site for an irrigation dam. When Presidents Taft and Diaz met in Juárez on October 16, 1909, Uncle Jimmy and Felix Martinez had a private meeting with President Taft to urge the release of funds for the Elephant Butte Project. Appropriations were eventually made, with construction beginning in 1912. The dam was finished in 1916, the realization of a dream of J. A. Smith and hundreds of other El Pasoans.

His civic endeavors were too numerous to be covered thoroughly in this short biography. He was elected President of the Chamber of Commerce in 1904, and served on its board of directors. He worked closely with the YMCA in its building fund drive, leading to the construction of the building on North Oregon Street in 1906. Having become a mason in 1876, he was an organizer in 1907 of the El Maida Temple in El Paso. He was a charter member of El Paso Kiwanis.

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Commission and head of the City Employment Bureau. A tribute to Uncle Jimmy, this job could easily have been awarded to a loyal party Democrat. Mayor Thomason, in naming J. A. Smith, wrote: "We do this in recognition of your faithful service to this community for nearly 50 years. There has never been a public or civic activity of any kind in which you have not done your part and frequently to your financial sacrifice."

Uncle Jimmy was a member of the First Methodist Church. He was a devoted husband to his invalid wife Alice, and Alice was equally devoted to him and their children. They adopted Alice's niece, whose mother had died when she was two years old. Her name is now Mrs. Alice Lackland. They also reared several other children, foster-children whom they felt needed a home. Their own son, Ray, died an untimely death at age 30. When Mrs. Smith died in 1920 at age 67, H. D. Slater wrote in *The Herald* a touching story of Alice's life with Uncle Jimmy, entitled "A Love Story." Mr. Slater's story reveals the compassion and devotion for which this man is most remembered.

In March 1928, Uncle Jimmy married Mrs. Hattie Dunn, who remained his wife and companion until his passing. The morning after the wedding, Mayor Thomason and Council adjourned the routine business of the City Government to honor the newlyweds with a reception in City Hall. *The Evening Herald* headlined the story of the affair with the caption, "Democrats welcome Republican Smith and his bride at the City Hall."

He lived until January 12, 1933, when he passed away at the age of 80. The many tributes given him at that time, by those who knew him well, testified to the love and gratitude of a community to this kindly, softspoken man. Although he had prospered during his lifetime, Uncle Jimmy did not die a wealthy man. He had given back to his El Paso far more than he ever took from it. The wealth he kept was the kind he could keep, the love of his family and friends. His daughter, Mrs. Lily Howard, so much like her father in her interest in young people, is still living in El Paso, retired from a long career of school teaching and administration. His foster daughter, Mrs. Alice Lackland, is also retired and a devoted mother of two children, four grandchildren and one great grandson. There are also living four other grandchildren of Uncle Jimmy, the sons and daughters of his first daughter, the late Mrs. Katie Franklin.

This then is the story of Uncle Jimmy Smith, and to his many friends, he was just that.

Recognition such as is given James A. Smith tonight is the highest honor his community can grant. His name is therefore proudly inscribed in the El Paso Hall of Honor.

## TRIBUTE TO J. CARL HERTZOG

by MRS. W. W. SCHUESSLER

IT WAS CERTAINLY FORTUNATE for El Paso that the McMath Company, a printing concern, placed the following ad dated May, 1923, in *The Inland Printer*: "Somewhere there is a printer who can make layouts and get up classy typography who would like to move to a congenial climate. Send full particulars, references and samples of work." Carl Hertzog answered that advertisement from Wheeling, West Virginia, and a month later was in El Paso working for the McMath Company.

A year later he married a West Texas girl, Vivian Boddeker, who has progressed from housekeeper, proofreader and bookkeeper to office manager and ex-officio editor of *Texas Western Press*. She is certainly his most loyal fan and booster. They have a son, Carl, Jr., who is a Psychologist in Waco, Texas, at the Veteran's hospital.

In 1934 he established the *Press of Carl Hertzog*. The Paso del Norte Hotel gave him an order for some advertising folders and he wanted a distinctive cover for this particular job. He had heard that Tom Lea, an artist of ability, was back in El Paso, so he called him and persuaded him to accept the assignment for a nominal fee. From this a lasting friendship grew that led to collaboration on large and small productions.

Then in April, 1939, there was a showing of the drawings by Tom Lea for J. Frank Dobie's *Apache Gold and Yaqui Silver* and the El Paso Centennial Museum Gallery needed a catalog. This was printed by Carl Hertzog, included comments by J. Frank Dobie, and was distributed at the five day showing. The year 1939 also marked the first work Carl designed and printed for Neiman-Marcus. By 1942, he was printing a book for the University of Texas at Austin Library; and another for the Texas Folklore Society in its range life series.

1946 was the historic year of *The Calendar of Twelve Travelers through the Pass of the North*. After eight years of struggling against setbacks, Carl and Tom Lea produced a rare collector's item. "The mere existence of such a book is a reprimand to the slipshod and a challenge to the aspiring," wrote Lon Tinkle in *The Dallas Morning News*.

By 1948 he was Special Lecturer at *Texas Western College* (now the University of Texas at El Paso) where he taught book design and typography in a course known as "Bookology," later *The World of Books*.

I would like to add a little personal note. Several years ago as program chairman for the Historical Society I asked Carl how he wanted me to introduce him, and he said as a "Bookmaker; so from then on I have called him my friend "The Bookie."

It was also in 1948 that Carl dissolved his partnership of Hertzog and Resler, Printers, and became a free lance printing designer using the facilities of other shops for his works.

*The Journey of Fray Marcos de Niza* by Cleve Hallenbeck, designed and produced by Carl for Southern Methodist University Press in Dallas, was selected in 1949 as one of the "Fifty Books of the Year" by the American Institute of Graphic Arts. Carl calls this a *Period Design* because he imported special type and paper similar to that used at the time of Coronado, and had Cisneros do drawings in that style. He was the first winner of the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts Award for the best designed book of the year, and six times since 1949.

The 1951 *Flowsheet*, a yearbook at the University of Texas at El Paso, was dedicated to Carl Hertzog, "Printer, Scholar of Printing, Teacher and Humanist."

Honor came "in his own country" with the creation of the Texas Western Press for the publishing of items pertaining to Southwestern history and literature. The first book from that press was a combination of Carl's and Jose Cisneros' art and artistry in Francis Fugate's *The Spanish Heritage of the Southwest*, envisioned and promoted by Carl Hertzog. The inception and development of the cover design was obtained by making prints from an adobe—mud, straw and pebbles creating the texture. This innovation not only illustrated his special forte of matching content with appropriate format but also became a part of Texas folklore, a story told with 4-letter words!

A bibliography which was compiled by Price Daniel, Jr. in 1963 entitled *Texas and the West*, covering books printed and/or designed by Carl Hertzog from 1924 to 1963 lists 124 books. From 1963 to 1969, 54 books and pamphlets have been added to this impressive list.

Carl feels that he is the luckiest of printers because he "gets into the act" before the book has been written. Seldom is a printer given this privilege. Going with the author and illustrator on a trip to the scene of the book not only brings out ideas for appropriate design but also gives the printer more incentive to do a better job. One of the best illustrations of this kind of teamwork was the planning and production of *The King Ranch* in 1957. The project spread over a period of five years and is typical of his selecting appropriate details to get the feel of the project from seeing the land and the people.

In March of 1964, Carl received the AFA Printers' Ink Silver Medal citing him "As one of the outstanding book designers and typographers in the country." At the May, 1966 Commencement ceremonies of the University of Texas at El Paso, the University's first *Medallion of Merit* was bestowed upon Carl Hertzog "for his many years of distinctive service to the institution." With his distinctive background he well deserved the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature bestowed upon him on June 2, 1967 by Baylor University in Waco.

In July of 1968 the New Art Reference Department room at the El Paso Public Library was named for Carl Hertzog and Tom Lea, in appreciation of their cultural contributions to the library.

The West Texas Chamber of Commerce presented him (engraved on copper) the *Cultural Achievement Award*, in Lubbock on Nov. 7, 1968.

On January 17th of this year, then Governor John Connally invited him to Austin to be one of 25 persons selected for "The Academy of Texas," an organization Connally was creating to honor and encourage excellence in various fields of endeavor.

From the beginning of our Hall of Honor Banquets, Carl has printed our beautiful programs. He redesigned the printing of our quarterly, *PASSWORD*, after the fourth year of its publication and supervised the page make-up for eight years. It is still being printed the same way. He has designed and printed many of the citations presented to the past-presidents of our historical society. As a charter member of our society he has served on the board of directors.

It is impossible, in this brief time, to list all of Carl Hertzog's accomplishments and books that are especially worthy of note, or that have interesting stories connected with their production. But it is obvious that his CH emblem is recording the fascinating history of the Southwest through his many productions. We are most fortunate in having a man that gives so much of his time and talent in producing beautiful books.

Recognition has come in many forms to this illustrious gentleman. Foremost is probably the acclaim of friends and contemporaries. In assessing the great contributions that he has made, one must not overlook the young minds who have come under his inspiration and guidance while he has exposed college students at the Pass of the North to "Bookology." It should be good for students to listen to a man of great accomplishments and know he received them by striving and obtaining perfection, because he would accept nothing less.

Carl Hertzog has brought great honor and recognition to El Paso. The Hall of Honor has selected an "Outstanding man of character, vision, courage and creative spirit, who has consistently accomplished the unusual which deserves to be recorded, and who has made El Paso County better for having lived in it." So tonight is dedicated to the Master Printer and our good friend—Carl Hertzog.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: In his acceptance Mr. Hertzog said that El Paso was the land of opportunity . . . that all he had to do was "do his own thing" and the pieces fell in place. He said that the production of a book was more complicated than most people realized—that he was assisted by typesetters, printers, bookbinders, artists, authors, and patrons who made the work better. "If you are having fun with your work, you talk about it all the time. Consequently, I am thankful for those who listened patiently: my wife who also helped with the work as well as listening, and all those friends, patrons and sponsors who responded with enthusiasm."]

## AMBUSH IN QUITMAN CANYON

by KENNETH A. GOLDBLATT

IN THE LATE 1870's Anglo-American resistance began to mount against the depredations of the Mescalero Apache bands which raided almost at will throughout the area of southern New Mexico, west Texas, and northern Mexico. The strength of the Apaches was personified in one man—Victorio—and his death in the mountains of northern Mexico in late 1880 dealt a severe blow to Indian morale and activity. Still, a few Apaches—survivors of Victorio's leadership—managed to escape death with their leader. These renegades continued to fight on for a few months, until they met a similarly violent fate. Their last depredation was an attack on the overland stage route east of El Paso, in mid-January, 1881.

As the overland stage bumped through Quitman Canyon, the two men aboard had no way of knowing that they were heading toward a terrifying death. The roughest part of the canyon—and the most dangerous—was called the Apache post office because of the hieroglyphics cut in the huge surrounding rocks by the Mescalero Apaches. At this point the stage had to pass directly under the cliffs and boulders that provided complete cover for ambushers while leaving the coach directly in the line of fire.<sup>1</sup>

The stage driver, Morgan, must have had to summon all of his courage each time he drove this part of the stage road between Fort Quitman and Eagle Springs Station.<sup>2</sup> This time, to be sure, was no exception. But while his courage held, his luck ran out. As the stage moved slowly through the canyon passage, Indians opened fire from overhead, killing one of the mules instantly, making escape in the vehicle impossible. As the mule slumped in his harness, Morgan and his passenger, a gambler from San Antonio named Crenshaw, jumped into action.<sup>3</sup> Both men sprang from the coach and tried to scramble up among the boulders along the north side of the road. But their efforts were in vain, and the Indians made them prisoners in short order.

The savages then looted the stage, taking anything they could use. First, all the canvas curtains were cut off. Next, the mailbags were cut open and mail scattered all over the ground. Then, the stage's leather boot was cut up. Finally, all of these items were packed off with the Indians' prisoners, Morgan and Crenshaw.<sup>4</sup>

When the stage failed to report on time to Fort Quitman, a party of men under ex-Texas Ranger John (Rip) Ford set out in search of it.<sup>5</sup> As soon as they found the blood-spattered ambush site they knew by the signs what had happened. Then they followed the Indians' trail for five or six miles in an attempt to locate the white men's bodies which, as it turned out, were found only by accident several months later. When

the scouting party returned to Fort Quitman, Ford sent a letter to his long-time friend, Texas Ranger Captain George Wythe Baylor, whose headquarters were located in Ysleta, to notify him of the attack.<sup>9</sup>

Indian troubles were Baylor's specialty, and he rose to the occasion with his usual dispatch. Having grown up on the Texas frontier, Baylor was always ready for a scrap with redskins. And generally, he wasn't particular about the circumstances—so long as he knew they were renegades.

Still smarting from the Mexican politics that had forced him back into Texas when the Apache chieftain Victorio had been chased into the Tres Castillos Mountains of northern Chihuahua,<sup>7</sup> he was even more excited this time. An international force composed of United States Cavalry troops under General Benjamin H. Grierson, his own Rangers, and a Mexican force under the famous General Joaquin Terrazas had cooperated to stop the Apache band's depredations. After Victorio was trapped, the Americans were ordered out of the country and the Mexicans took credit for ending the bloody reign of terror that had stretched from New Mexico throughout west Texas and into northern Mexico.<sup>8</sup> Little did Baylor realize the Indians he was now following were a part of the same band he had helped track to the Tres Castillos.

As soon as he received word of the ambush at Apache post office, Baylor began to crank the wheels of justice into motion. He immediately wired his superiors in Austin for instructions, and ordered members of his own Ranger company into the field.<sup>9</sup> When the orders were received from the Adjutant General's Office, the party set out at once. Their first night in the field, January 17, 1881, was bitterly cold, and the Rangers awoke in the morning to find themselves covered with snow.<sup>10</sup> The weather remained intolerably cold throughout the following three weeks of the scout.

On the morning of the nineteenth, they arrived at Quitman and were told by John Ford that it was useless to go to the Canyon for intelligence.<sup>11</sup> He advised them to follow the Río Grande down river where they would be sure to run across the Indians' trail. Knowing his friend's advice was based on many years' experience in the area, Baylor pushed on to the river, found the sign easily, and camped for the rest of the day.

At sunrise the next morning the Rangers were off again. Along the trail they spotted a small fur-tipped glove that they believed could have been dropped by the passenger, Crenshaw. Their hopes of finding the white men alive now rose.

Soon, the Texans came to the Indians' first camp after the ambush. The signs were confusing and Baylor did not unravel their explanation until years later. There were no moccasin tracks around the fire at all,

but only the small tracks of a pair of Mexican shoes. A box of Mexican wax matches—some of which were scattered on the ground—lay beside the ashes. As it turned out, the Indians had a Mexican prisoner at this camp, and forced him to do all the work while they sat on their blankets. They had left the matches to throw suspicion on the Mexicans when they deserted the camp. Their captive made his escape that night, however, and at their next stop the Indians' handiwork was unmistakable.<sup>12</sup>

Past this second camp the Rangers struck a fresh trail of fourteen unshod ponies and knew immediately they had found their game. Caution became their watchword as they attempted to get close enough to the renegades to start a fight. Baylor carefully scanned the surrounding area at regular intervals with his field glasses but was never close enough actually to see the Indians.

Following the trail along a cliff, the Rangers found a place where some prehistoric earthquake had made a deep rent in the cliff. Here the Apaches had dismounted and slid their ponies into the valley below. The Rangers followed suit and descended into the lowlands.<sup>13</sup> The Indian signs were quite fresh, and the Rangers were eager for a scrap. But Baylor knew the danger of finding the Indians just before nightfall, and elected to make camp until morning.

Even though it was still bitterly cold, orders were given against any fires. The danger of being seen, and attracting an ambush — or even worse, of scaring the Indians away — was too great to chance now. Baylor knew he was getting close, and he was too determined for a fight to risk losing his prey through a careless mistake. Throughout the following day the Rangers continued to trail the band carefully, knowing full well how close they were getting. That night orders were again given against any fires except for the sentinel, and that one was to be small and hidden from the mountains where Baylor suspected the Indians might be camped. The sentinel's fire, however, was built under a green cedar tree by a Ranger who was unaware that green cedars burn like cardboard. About midnight Baylor woke up to a crackling blaze fifty feet high that lit up the entire countryside.<sup>14</sup> He could only pray that the Indians had not seen the fire.

The next morning Captain Baylor and his men were up and ready to move at dawn. They followed a clear set of moccasin prints over a ridge only to find empty tepees. The signs showed clearly that the fire had spooked the Indians to a dead run. Quirts, old blankets, deer and elk hides lay strewn over the camp site. Even a green horse hide full of mes-cal, that had been readied for a regular celebration and scalp dance over Morgan's fragmentary remains, was abandoned.<sup>15</sup> The Rangers, obviously, had spoiled the fun.

Here Baylor's experience as an Indian fighter began to pay off. No sooner did he realize the predicament he and his men were in than he thought of a way to put the Indians off their guard again.

The Rangers were fresh out of Mexico from their ill-fated scout after Victorio. So fresh, in fact, that they still wore the Mexican hats they had picked up there. By back-tracking he hoped to make the Indians think that they were Mexican pursuers giving up the chase to return to their homes south of the border. After about six miles the men separated—to make as little dust as possible—and headed north for Eagle Springs Station.<sup>16</sup>

By ten o'clock the next morning they were in Eagle Springs making new plans. According to orders, Ranger Lieutenant C. L. Nevill and nine members of his detachment had moved out earlier that morning to meet Baylor at Fort Quitman. Word was sent for him to return, which he did that evening.

Once he found Baylor, Nevill reported seeing signs of barefoot ponies only six to eight miles east of their present camp. That information was all Baylor needed to have the entire party on the trail at dawn the next morning. From the new sign Baylor saw the band was heading straight for Victorio's tank, named for the late Apache chieftain.<sup>17</sup>

In the valley between Eagle and Devil Mountains the party discovered a butchered horse at an abandoned campsite. The Indians' habit was to ride an animal until it was no longer useful, then butcher it for the meat it could provide. Baylor knew he was again on the right track.

Here, the Rangers camped and learned a lesson in survival from the Indians. Because there was no water, but plenty of snow, the Indians had built a mud dam across a ravine, then heated boulders and rolled them into the crevice. The result was enough melted snow to provide water for all men and animals in the party.<sup>18</sup>

The next morning Baylor had his forces back on the trail as soon as it was light enough to see the sign, and by noon they had found the Indians' camp of the previous night. Clues in the campsite showed the Indians were still a little suspicious, for it had been built near a thicket that would have made pursuit on horseback impossible, and would have limited pursuit on foot to trained sprinters.

One other discovery made the Rangers more than a little edgy. An enormous head of deer antlers told them that the Indians were now hunting, and there was a strong possibility of being spotted by the hostiles before the white men could ascertain the enemy strength and position.<sup>19</sup>

Pushing on, they found a second camp by mid-afternoon. Another horse carcass and a mescal pit were the prominent clues in the camp.

"The pit," Baylor later recalled, "was still warm and the odor as sweet as June apples."<sup>20</sup> To take time to roast mescal the Indians would have given up the idea of danger. Now Baylor had the Indians in the mood he wanted them—and he was less than a day behind them!

As Baylor said: "The chase was now becoming very exciting. The signs showed the Mescaleros had left that morning and were traveling slowly and carelessly, having come to the conclusion that their last murders would be unavenged."<sup>21</sup> Baylor knew the time was right to overtake them.

Hurrying on, the Rangers came to another camp so fresh that live coals still burned in the campfire ashes. The tension among the Rangers was electric. The climax of the long scout was almost at hand. As Baylor put it: "In hunting large game, as the pleasure of the chase is in proportion to the danger, so we felt all the eagerness of tiger or lion hunters, but I doubt much if either comes up to the Apache warrior with his Winchester and fierceness and cunning."<sup>22</sup>

Rushing ahead now, the Rangers continued to shorten the distance between themselves and the Indians until sunset. When the trail went over a high ridge, Baylor called a halt. He knew that crossing the ridge in daylight was much too risky, and he had no wish to run into the Indians so near dark.

Taking a couple of men, Baylor approached the ridge carefully and used his field glasses to scan the hills ahead for some sign of Indian ponies or campfires. As he stood on the ridge with his companions a flock of doves came sweeping by. Baylor turned to his men and said: "Boys, where those are going to water we will find the Indians in the morning."<sup>23</sup>

Returning to camp, Baylor briefed all of his men on their position and laid his plans for the next morning's engagement. Supper was prepared and the men turned in soon afterward. On Baylor's orders, the sentinel awakened the men before daybreak and, after a hasty breakfast, they took to the trail again.

In that dim light of morning before the sun appeared, the Indian campfires were burning brightly. By keeping out of sight and taking advantage of the terrain, the Ranger party crept to within two hundred yards of the hostiles' camp, where Baylor divided his men into two squads. He gave orders to get as close to the objective as possible, then, on his signal, to open fire and charge the camp.

As the Rangers peeked over the ridge through the morning twilight, the Indians were huddled around their fires cooking breakfast, "Not conscious," Baylor said, "of a Ranger within a hundred miles."<sup>24</sup> As the white men positioned themselves, one Indian wrapped in an army blanket

looked "as big as a skinned horse," according to Baylor. "It proved to be a little girl not over five years old, and goes to show how easily one can let his imagination run away with him."<sup>25</sup> It also illustrates the Rangers' excitement at the moment the fight began.

The Texans' fire caught the Indians completely by surprise. The Rangers' careful aim left plenty of blood on the ground next to the two campfires. At one of the campfires, three Indians were killed instantly by the first Ranger volley. It took only a moment for the savages to gather enough of their wits to break over the hill in a frantic run — with the Rangers right behind them.

One Indian tried to mount a pony to escape, but as every Ranger in sight began pumping lead at him, he tumbled off his horse. When the Rangers returned their attention to the other hostiles, they found he had only been playing possum, for he jumped up and made better time in his escape than he had on horseback.

When the first shots rang out most of the Indians scampered down the side of the canyon behind the camp in their efforts to take cover; and most of the white men followed them down in hot pursuit.

One buck ran up the opposite side of the canyon. He bore along the hill in full view and drew fire from every Ranger within shooting distance. Occasionally he would turn around and throw a round back at the white men, who would freeze momentarily, not knowing who his target was. Over a hundred rifle balls were aimed at him, but none was accurate enough to bring him to a halt. Rangers who followed his trail for over a mile said that "he was bleeding like a beef, but still making big jumps toward the Tularosa agency."<sup>26</sup>

Four or five of the Indians ran down an arroyo. Baylor and another Ranger ran after them, but soon decided they would make better time by leaving the crooked gulch and running along its rim. They figured on getting ahead of the Indians and killing some of them as they ran past.

As Baylor ran at full speed a few paces behind his companion, he saw the man suddenly sit down and start to slide. In one motion Baylor stopped himself abruptly, reached down and grabbed his comrade, and hung on. They had raced up to the brink of a cliff over four hundred feet high and, had the first man been unable to stop himself, they would both have hurtled over the edge to their death. The pair looked at each other in disbelieving horror as they tried to catch their breaths.

By the time Baylor and his comrade returned to the Indian campsite the fight was over and the Apaches were completely defeated. Lunch was the next order of the day, and the victors enjoyed a hearty meal of captured venison in preference to their own ranger chuck. They dined

in the middle of the battleground where their victims lay in the contorted agonies of death.<sup>27</sup>

Water was an immediate problem, for there was only one water hole in the arroyo, and the Indians had polluted it. As Baylor described the scene, ". . . the Apaches in their flight had passed through it and left a broad streak of blood easily seen through the clear water lying on the rock bottom, and though the Texas Ranger was looked on as a savage animal, none of us cared to drink the blood of our enemies . . ."<sup>28</sup>

After lunch, an examination of the camp proved the Indians' guilt beyond a doubt. Among the captured Indian stores were women's and children's clothing, five United States Cavalry saddles, the tops of Morgan's boots, and the legs of the stage passenger's pants. In addition, the Rangers confiscated a double action 41-Colt revolver, a Remington and two Winchester carbines, a buckskin talma, thirteen Indian ponies, three mules, saddles, ropes, buckskins, and several unopened bolts of calico. The pistol was later sent to the Ranger Adjutant General John B. Jones; Ranger quartermaster Captain Neal Caldwell received the Remington; and Governor O. M. Roberts accepted the talma as a souvenir of the engagement.<sup>29</sup>

Of the thirteen warriors at the campfires that morning, only one is known to have lived to tell the tale. Six were left for dead on the battle ground, and the remains of four others were later discovered by prairie travelers. The lone warrior hobbled back to the Fort Stanton New Mexico Reservation and told how the Rangers had attacked the camp, killing everyone but himself. The remains of the two braves unaccounted for will probably never be found. The only other survivors of the battle were a squaw and two children.

Leaving the battle scene, the Rangers returned to Victorio's tank for the water they needed, then pressed on to the stage station at Eagle Springs for the night. Here the Rangers were granted a much needed rest after their many unpleasant days on the trail. The spoils of the victory were divided among the party's enlisted men, and they enjoyed their short vacation by swapping articles and orally refighting their skirmish with the Indians.

After two days rest at the stage station the Ranger companies divided, Lieutenant Nevill taking his men and the three Indian captives to Fort Davis, and Baylor heading toward Ysleta. Baylor's bone-weary company of tired, dirty Rangers reached their headquarters on February 6, 1881, after twenty-two days on a trail that stretched 502 miles.<sup>30</sup> It had been a three-weeks' ride none of them would forget for as long as they lived.

## REFERENCES

1. Quitman Canyon lies between the Quitman mountains and Devil Ridge in southern Hudspeth County, Texas. It is about eight miles long and ranges from two to six miles in width. George W. Baylor, "The Last Fight in El Paso County," *El Paso Daily Herald*, August 10, 1900, 7.
2. The stage road between Fort Quitman was a regular route of marauding Apache bands on their way to and from their reservations in New Mexico and their raids in Old Mexico.
3. Correspondence of the Office of the Adjutant General of Texas (cited hereafter as A.G.O.), Report of Captain George Wythe Baylor, Company "A," Frontier Battalion, February 9, 1881; and James B. Gillett, *Six Years with the Texas Rangers* (Austin: Von Boeckmann-Jones), 282. Gillett was Baylor's first sergeant. In a telegram to Adjutant General J. B. Jones, January 17, 1881, Baylor referred to the passenger as "the Gambler Red."
4. Gillett, *Six Years*, 282.
5. Baylor, "Last Fight." For a discussion of John S. (Rip) Ford, and an autobiographical account of Ford's life, see Stephen B. Oats (ed.), *Rip Ford's Texas*, Austin: The University of Texas Press, 1963.
6. A.G.O. Report of Captain Baylor, February 9, 1881.
7. Victorio was an Apache chieftain of the Mimbres Apache band and a lieutenant of Mangus Colorado. Upon the death of his leader, Victorio assumed command, and became famous for his superior military skills. In 1879 and 1880, Victorio's band raided throughout southern New Mexico, West Texas, and the Mexican state of Chihuahua. In August, 1880, he and most of his band were trapped and killed at Tres Castillos (mountains), Chihuahua, Mexico.
8. Baylor's official report of his scout after Victorio stated that he, Sergeant Gillett, and twelve enlisted men participated in the operation for twenty-eight days, during which they marched 525 miles. A.G.O. Monthly Returns, Company "A," Frontier Battalion, September 30, 1880.
9. A.G.O. Report of Captain Baylor, February 9, 1881; and telegram of Captain Baylor to Adjutant General Jones, January 12, 1881.
10. Gillett, *Six Years*, 284.
11. A.G.O. Report of Captain Baylor, February 9, 1881; and Baylor, "Last Fight."
12. Baylor, "Last Fight."
13. *Ibid.*, and A.G.O., Report of Captain Baylor, February 9, 1881.
14. Baylor, "Last Fight."
15. A.G.O. Report of Captain Baylor, February 9, 1881.
16. *Ibid.*, and George W. Baylor, "Colonel George Wythe Baylor," *El Paso Daily Herald*, August 11, 1900, 6.
17. A.G.O. Report of Captain Baylor, February 9, 1881; and Gillett, *Six Years*, 285.
18. Baylor, "Colonel George Wythe Baylor."
19. *Ibid.*
20. *Ibid.*
21. *Ibid.*
22. *Ibid.*
23. George W. Baylor, "A Lively Running Fight," *El Paso Herald*, August 13, 1900, 7; and A.G.O. Report of Captain Baylor.
24. *Ibid.*, and George W. Baylor, "The Texas Rangers Who Fought Victorio's Band to a Finish Twenty-five Years Ago," *Galveston Daily News*, November 29, 1905.
25. George W. Baylor, "A Lively Running Fight."
26. *Ibid.*
27. *Ibid.*
28. George W. Baylor, "When the Camp Was Entered," *El Paso Herald*, August 14, 1900, 7.
29. *Ibid.* According to the *Oxford Universal Dictionary* the word "talma" comes from the French and means a cape or cloak worn by both men and women.
30. A.G.O. Monthly Returns, Company "A," Frontier Battalion, February 28, 1881.

## A TALE OF TWO CITIES

by I. B. GOODMAN\*

AROUND THE TURN OF THIS CENTURY a young Russian immigrant operated a general merchandise store in La Mesa, New Mexico, a village on the west side of the Río Grande about thirty miles north of El Paso. As was the custom in those days, small fourth class post offices were usually placed in the corner of the largest store in town and as a general rule the store owner was also the postmaster. His compensation was based upon the number of stamp cancellations that went through the office. No compensation was paid for the sale of stamps.

The young immigrant postmaster fell deeply in love with a beautiful Spanish-American girl named Victoria. A torrid and determined courtship ensued and the young lover in order to prove his sincerity, prevailed upon Washington to change the name of La Mesa to Victoria. Naturally, they were married.

After a few years of conjugal bliss, the young couple moved to El Paso. The good people of Victoria had never been very happy with the name change and especially one that had been influenced by the God Eros. They prevailed upon the new postmaster, therefore, to have the name of the town changed back to its more prosaic cognomen of La Mesa. And so it was and so it has remained.

The little hamlet of Vado, New Mexico, which is about thirty miles north of El Paso on the branch line of the Santa Fe Railroad going to Albuquerque, was known as Earlham before 1900. As there was another place called Earlham in another state on the Santa Fe System, there was some confusion causing misdirected freight. The railroad decided that the name of Earlham, New Mexico, would have to be changed. The attorney for the Santa Fe in Las Cruces was Mr. "Bill" Sutherland and he was directed to select a new name. As a result the name Vado was substituted for Earlham.

I was born in Earlham in 1897 and I always wondered why the name of Vado had been selected. About twenty years ago I met Mr. Sutherland in Las Cruces and he informed me that, contrary to general belief, the name Vado is not Spanish but Latin. Mr. Sutherland was an avid Latin student and he told me that the meaning of Vado was "crossing." Because, at that time, the only bridge across the Río Grande between Vinton and Las Cruces was at Earlham, Mr. Sutherland thought that Vado would be an appropriate name for the village. I readily concurred.

From this information, I was better able to understand why my father in 1895 opened a small general merchandise store in Earlham. In those days it must have been quite an important place, not large but still vital for commerce and communications for the benefit of the farmers and ranchers on both sides of the Río Grande.

\*For further information concerning the author's father, see *PASSWORD*, Fall, 1969.

## BOOK REVIEWS

## THE PONCE DE LEON LAND GRANT

by J. J. BOWDEN

(El Paso: Southwestern Studies, No. 24, 1969, Texas Western Press, \$2.00)

Few El Pasoans, while trudging the cement jungle that is downtown El Paso, realize that they are on the site of the Ponce de León Land Grant of 1827. Perhaps many would find it difficult to believe that for many years after the two *caballerías* (about 215 acres) were placed in the possession of Juan María Ponce de León by Agapito Alvo, the *alcalde* of El Paso del Norte, the heart of our city flourished with orchards and wheat fields and that on the site of the U.S. Courthouse was once a vineyard. The mere thought of so much greenery would be enough to make our past few city administrations shudder in retrospective horror.

Ponce de León sold his grant to speculating Benjamin Coons in 1848, whereupon it became known as Coon's Ranch. Coons then rented a part of it to the newly-arrived U.S. Army and profited from this venture until the Army left El Paso in 1851. When Coons then defaulted on his payments, the grant went back to Ponce de León. Upon de León's death in 1852, his heirs, fearing that the Mexican grant might not be recognized by the State of Texas, sold the land to William T. Smith for \$10,000. Smith sold unsurveyed lots in the grant until finally partitioning and selling all but a one-eighth interest in 1859. Part of the land was then surveyed and subdivided by Anson Mills, and this marked the beginning of the orderly development of a city.

After Federal troops reoccupied El Paso during the Civil War, the southern sympathizers J. S. Gillett, H. S. Gillett, and Josiah Crosby lost their seven-eighths interest in the grant at public auction when they were found guilty of aiding the Confederate cause. Their land was restored by the U.S. Supreme Court only to be lost to them again when they went into bankruptcy. The land was then subdivided and added to the city as the Campbell Addition and this ended the land's identity as the Ponce de León Grant.

Then began the several boundary disputes which, the author notes, began as early as 1857 and which did not end until 1963 when, during the Kennedy administration, a final boundary settlement was worked out between the U.S. and Mexico. During this time such claims as those of C. R. Johns & Company, Thomas Clark, and William Massey were made on portions of the old grant, all hoping to come away with their share of the disputed land.

Domestic controversy gave way to more serious international dispute. The Río Grande, it seems, has not always been thoughtful in its meandering. From 1860 to 1873 the river placed approximately 600 acres north of its watery course. Mexico took issue with the U.S. in what became the long-contested Chamizal dispute. The two nations engaged in their off and on legal battle until, as already stated, a final settlement was reached in 1963.

Mr. Bowden has produced a fine study of the historic old Ponce de León Grant which, supplemented by several maps and many informative notes, makes excellent reading for the historian of the El Paso Southwest.

—JAMES A. MILLS

## ALONG THE EARLY TRAILS OF THE SOUTHWEST

by Wayne Gard, Dean Krakel, Joe B. Frantz, Dorman H. Winfrey,  
Gordon Frost, Donald Bubar, John H. Jenkins

(Austin and New York: Pemberton Press, 1969, \$14.50)

The southwest buff will find fulfillment in this lovely book, whether his area of interest be art or literature. Combined, the two art media result in an unusual and interesting volume.

Six noted southwestern authors write about six of the most famous trails of the southwest; namely, Chisholm, Dodge City, Old San Antonio Road, Butterfield Overland Mail, Santa Fe and the Goodnight-Loving Trail.

These stories tell the exciting saga of American migration to the west, from the days of Spanish exploration to the great days of cattle trailing. America moved westward over these trails and the American way of life was altered by the cattle industry. It is a compelling and vital account of the development of our history along the old southwestern trails.

The reader will undoubtedly have at least some knowledge of the various old trails described in the book. But the detailed accounts set forth in the six stories outlined will give movement and life to the history. All are excellently told, vividly portrayed and well researched.

Melvin C. Warren, copies of whose notable paintings and sketches illustrate this book, is well known for his faithful and spectacular depictions of the southwestern scene. Brought up on ranches in various parts of the southwest, early in life he experienced the urge to paint and sketch the scenes around him. Painting has been his metier since, during the depression years, he traded a painting to a bakery for a five dollar credit on bread. He attended art school at Texas Christian University, where he studied with Professor Samuel P. Ziegler, who wisely permitted the genius of his unusual student to follow its natural course. Eight full color, full page illustrations and forty full-page sketches illuminate the book. The color portrayals precede each story and give meaning to it.

The book is large, 8½ by 11, and bound in two-tone sand and brown. In design it is similar to the 1967 Pemberton release "Blue-Bonnets and Cactus." This reviewer sincerely hopes that it may be the second in a series. With a meaningful introduction by John H. Jenkins, from beginning to end this worthy volume is a visual and literary "happening" in the history of the southwest.

—MARY ELLEN B. PORTER  
*El Paso, Texas*

EDITOR'S NOTE: H. Gordon Frost, ex-president of our Society and the author of *Pm Frank Hamer: The Life of a Texas Peace Officer* (reviewed in *PASSWORD*, Vol. XIII, No. 2), is the author of the chapter, "Santa Fe Trail."

## SOUTHWESTERN MOSAICS

ed. by JO GWYN BALDWIN

(El Paso: Boots and Saddle Press, 1969.)

*Southwestern Mosaics*, an anthology on the Southwest, is the first book to be published as a joint effort by the members of the El Paso Writer's League. Twenty-six local authors have contributed to it. Among them are such well-known writers as Dorothy Jensen Neal, Thelma Knoles, Jessie

Peterson, Viola Payne, Lenore Dils, Dr. Pearl Ponsford, Mabel Jorgenson, Jaxon Hewett, Julie Morton, Chella Maloney and Father Sam Hill Ray.

The subjects covered in this unusual and interesting book are many and varied. There are stories as well as articles and poems about cowboys and Indians, the desert, Texas oil, El Chamizal, mountain air, lost mines, El Cristo Rey, Silver City, Santa Fe, Albuquerque, San Antonio, ghost towns, legends, and a host of others — indeed, the book is a true mosaic of the Southwest, as its title implies.

The dust cover gives further emphasis to the mosaic aspect of the subject matter. It bears a mosaic of a southwestern sunset behind a cactus plant and distant mountains. It was designed by the Mireles Printing Company of El Paso.

This limited first edition consists of 1000 copies, all hard covers. The book is priced at \$5.95 plus 50 cents handling cost and may be purchased from the Boots and Saddle Press, 4117 Cambridge Street, El Paso, Texas 79903.

—LENORE DILS

—JESSIE PETERSEN  
*El Paso, Texas*

## WATER OUT OF THE DESERT

by CHRISTOPHER M. WALLACE

(Southwestern Studies, No. 22, 1969, Texas Western Press, \$2.00)

The author of this recently published Southwestern Studies monograph begins his study with a most important question: how can the city of El Paso keep itself from drying up? *Water Out of the Desert*, despite its limited reader appeal, has three important goals: to describe the "geological characteristics of the El Paso region" showing "where water is available in an arid area"; to analyze "technological methods by which the water engineers obtain the water which is available"; and to relate "the most important of the city's policies and problems relating to water supply." In addition the author includes maps of the Hueco Bolson with charts indicating the amounts of available water. Recent and early photographs of wells and the Public Service Board building complete the document.

Readers will find interesting the political controversies involving water—defeated bond issues, court cases, the important work of Harlan Hugg and his associates. From this monograph it becomes quite clear that El Paso's water supply is in danger, that "the El Paso area has been living off its reserves rather than its resupply." Mr. Wallace briefly discusses increased use of the Rio Grande, water desalinization, importation of local water, importation of distant water, and reuse of wastes as approaches the Public Service Board has used in solving El Paso's water problems. But what surely must be an ironical disclosure is that in an area where water is scarce citizens enjoy "decidedly low water rates." A ton of water delivered to a customer is cheaper in El Paso than a ton of dirt!

—ROBERT M. ESCH

*University of Texas at El Paso*

## SOUTHWEST ARCHIVES

by BUD NEWMAN

[*This column is published as an aid to history students.*]

Title: *Janos Collection*. Microfilm—37 rolls.

Location: Archives, University of Texas at El Paso.

The presidio of Janos, in the old Spanish province of Nueva Viscaya (now the State of Chihuahua), was built in 1690 for protection against the raids of the Gileño Apaches. It was one of a cordon of forts that stretched across the northern frontier of Mexico. A town grew up beside it and became an important stop-over for travelers journeying between the interior of Mexico and points of New Mexico. Unlike the route between Paso del Norte and Chihuahua City, plenty of water was provided by the Casas Grandes River along the passage to Janos.

Today, the fort no longer exists—its strategic importance gone—but the town remains as a sleepy village with a population of about fifteen hundred, including cows and chickens. With the advent of modern transportation Janos has been left behind as a relic of another century. It has no electricity, gas or plumbing facilities.

On a recent field trip to the state of Chihuahua, Dr. Wilbert H. Timmons of the history department of the University of Texas at El Paso, and University Archivist, Leon Metz, discovered the records of the old fort stored in the Janos church. There were twenty-six linear feet of papers dating from 1721 to 1860, containing military and governmental correspondence, reports and census records.

Because Mexican law forbids the removal of such material across the border, it became necessary to microfilm the papers in Janos. This was no small task, considering the absence of facilities there. Metz, assisted by two student archivists, David Salazar and Salvador Sandoval, began filming in the sacristy of the church. This was possible because the priest, Father Julio Tinoco, provided them with a gasoline operated generator by which electricity was supplied to the overhead exposure lamps and planetary camera. The records were put in rough chronological order by sorting them on the pews. The pressure of time, unsuitable working conditions, and a breakdown in machinery caused several delays; but, in spite of all this, the filming was finally brought to a successful completion.

This was the second of several Mexican projects being undertaken by the University. The first was the filming of the Juárez municipal archives, and plans already are being laid to copy the records at the Morelia Museum early next spring. Hopefully, the archives of Chihuahua and Durango will be considered soon because, like those of Janos, they are particularly relevant to this area.

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In 1884, it was estimated that one-sixth of all the American herds were owned by Englishmen and that of the twenty million acres in the possession of foreigners the English owned a little more than thirteen million. This thirteen million did not include the lands owned by the Scotch companies in which English capital was involved.

—Davilla Bright

## HISTORICAL NOTES

### *The Catholic Diocese of El Paso*

A diocese is defined as a division of territory made by the Holy See to provide for the spiritual and temporal needs of church and people.

The Diocese of El Paso was founded on March 3, 1914. It was composed of fifteen counties in West Texas and six in New Mexico, with an overall area of 69,000 square miles. Previous to its founding this large area was divided among four jurisdictions, namely, Santa Fe, Tucson, San Antonio and Dallas.

The Diocese has kept pace with the growth of El Paso and the Southwest. At the time of its founding, for instance, it boasted of 31 priests of whom 16 were secular, 22 parishes with resident priests, 58 missions and 48 stations. As of 1965, however, there were 182 priests of whom 105 were secular, 61 parishes, 43 chapels and 16 stations. In the City of El Paso alone there were 18 parishes and four missions staffed by 56 priests.

The first Bishop of El Paso was The Most Reverend Anthony Joseph Schuler, S. J. He served in that capacity from the founding of the diocese until November 29, 1942, when he retired. He was succeeded by the present Bishop, The Most Reverend Sidney Matthew Metzger. Bishop Metzger had served as Coadjutor — Bishop of El Paso and as assistant to Bishop Schuler with the right of succession.

When Major Jefferson Van Horn and six companies of the Third Infantry left San Antonio on June 3, 1849 to establish a fort at El Paso, they were accompanied by 275 wagons carrying military supplies for the post.

\* \* \*

"Bull" Montana, movie star turned wrestler, defeated "Cactus" Pete Brown at Liberty Hall on February 29, 1924.

\* \* \*

The Woman's Auxiliary of the College of Mines of the University of Texas (El Paso) was organized in the home of Mrs. W. R. Brown, Los Angeles Street, on March 8, 1924.

\* \* \*

The Mormon Colonies in western Chihuahua operated four cheese factories prior to the Revolution of 1910.

\* \* \*

The first attempt to establish a colony in Texas was made by Father John Brady, an Irish Carmelite, in partnership with Captain Despalier, a French creole, both residents of Baton Rouge, Louisiana. In 1804 they applied to the Spanish authorities for permission to bring fifteen hundred Catholic families, and to form a settlement on the Guadalupe. The application was rejected.

*Oberste, Texas Irish Empresarios*

\* \* \*

The name of Pat Garrett's horse was "Uvalde," so-called because at one time Garrett lived in Uvalde, Texas where he raised fine horses and, incidentally, was a poker companion of John Nance Garner, Vice-President under Franklin D. Roosevelt. Garrett was appointed sheriff of Doña Ana County, New Mexico, by Governor Otero.

Methodist University, Dallas, and a M.A. (English) from the University of Wisconsin, Madison.

JAMES A. MILLS is a graduate of the University of Texas at El Paso where he is presently working towards his Master's degree. He teaches high school history in the Ysleta Independent School District. Of special interest to the reader is the fact that Mr. Mills is a distant relative of General Anson Mills.

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## Index to Volume Fourteen

- Agnew, Helen, 8.  
 Albers, A. K., 53, 54n.  
*Along the Early Trails of the Southwest*,  
 by Gard, et al, rev., 119.  
 "The Altar Bell of La Trinidad," by  
 Richard T. Copenbarger, 22-24.  
 Amador, Martín, 16.  
 Andres, Augustus G., 43.  
 Apaches, Mescalero, 109.  
 Arango, Doroteo (see Pancho Villa), 94.  
 Arnold, Henry, 13.  
 Axtell, Governor Samuel, 15.  
 Bailey, Fred W., art., "The President's  
 Message," 3; "Hall of Honor Address:  
 The Heritage of Greatness," 100-101;  
 notes, 32, 99, 123.  
 Bailey, Mrs. Fred W., 99.  
 Baldwin, Jo Gwyn, ed., *Southwestern  
 Mosaics*, rev., 119-120.  
 Baylor, Captain George Wythe, 110, 111,  
 113, 114.  
 Baylor University, 107.  
 Bent brothers, 66.  
 Bent's Fort, 66.  
 Berruchow, Pete, 51.  
 Biefer, George, 81.  
 Binkley, J. B., 5.  
 Blum, S. M., 16.  
 Boddeker, Vivian (Mrs. J. Carl Hertzog),  
 106.  
 Bond, Ira M., 14.  
 Bowden, J. J., *The Ponce de Leon Land  
 Grant*, rev., 118.  
 "The Bowman Bank Robbery," by Jack  
 F. Findlay, art., 72-76.  
 Bowman, George D., 72.  
 Bowman, Henry, 72, 73.  
 Boykin, Lt. Jess G., 39.  
 Braddy, Haldeen, art., "Pancho Villa's  
 Capitulation: An Inside Look," 9-12;  
 notes, 32, 94.  
 Brazito, Battle of, 82.  
 Brittain, Don L., art., "A Civilian with  
 Pershing in Mexico," 49-51; notes, 64.  
 Brockmoller, Mrs. Hans E.  
 Broyles, Paul V., 81.  
 Buena Vista, Battle of, 83.  
 Burges, Richard C., 99.  
 Burleson, Mrs. M. L., 99.  
 Burton, Clarence, 35.  
 Butler, William, 25.  
 Cabell, Lt. Col. De Rosey C., 50.  
 Caldwell, Captain Neal, 115.  
 Calleros, Cleofas, 3.  
 Campbell, George W., 31.  
 Catholic Diocese of El Paso, 122.  
 Catron, Thomas B., 30.  
 Cerwin, Herbert, 25.  
 Cisneros, José, 107.  
 "A Civilian with Pershing in Mexico,"  
 by Don L. Brittain, art., 49-51.  
 Chamber of Commerce Managers, 48.  
 Chamber of Commerce Presidents, 48.  
 Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. Earl L., 84.  
 Channers, Kathy, art., "A Man Without  
 a Country," 84-85.  
 Chapman, Edith, 35.  
 Chenowith, Wayne, 81.  
 Chiracahua Apaches, 68.  
 Church, Col. G. S., 25.  
 Clair, Laurence E., 8.  
 Clark, Major M. Lewis, 82.  
 Clarke, Mary Whatley, *David G. Burnet:  
 First President of Texas*, rev., 86-87.  
 Cleveland, James, 37.  
 Coleman, Barry O., 5.  
 Coleman, Mrs. Barry O., 99.  
 Coles, A. P., 104.  
 Collingwood, Lillian, 88, 96.  
*Colossal Hamilton of Texas*, by John L.  
 Waller, rev., 87-88.  
 Comanche Indians, 68.  
 Connally, Governor John, 108.  
 Copenbarger, Richard T., art., "The Al-  
 tar Bell of La Trinidad," 22-24; art.,  
 "The Lost Conducta of the Tarahu-  
 mara," 67-71; notes, 32, 96.  
 Cotner, Robert L., ed., *The Texas State  
 Capitol*, rev., 56-57.  
 Cotton, Frank B., 8.  
 Courchesne, Alfred, 103.  
 Courchesne, Tommy, 81.  
 Creel, Governor Enrique, 45.  
 Crook, James, 7, 93.  
*Dallas Stoudenmire: El Paso Marshal*, by  
 Leon C. Metz, rev., 55.  
 Daniel, Price, Jr., 107.  
*David G. Burnet: First President of Tex-  
 as*, by Mary Whatley Clarke, rev., 86-  
 87.  
 Davis, Charles, Sr., 103.  
 Davis, Captain Thomas A., 78, 79.  
 De Mille, Cecil B., 40.  
 Dessauer, William, 16.  
 Díaz, President Porfirio, 45, 77, 80, 103.  
 Dils, Lenore, 120.  
 Dobie, J. Frank, 106.  
 Doheny, Edward L., 30.  
 Doniphan, Colonel, 82.  
 Douglas, Jack, 75.  
 Dougher, Joe, 75.  
 Dowd, C. B., 52, 54n.  
 Dudley, Francis, M., 90.  
 Dudley, Richard Moberly, 90.  
 Dunn, Hattie, 105.  
 Eagle Springs Station, 109, 112, 115.  
 Earlham, New Mexico, 117.  
 Eddy, Charles B., 30.  
 Edwards, M. C., 53, 54n.  
 Eggers, Theodore, 52, 54n.  
 "The El Paso Chamber of Commerce:  
 Looking Backwards," by Hal Tinker  
 and Kenneth A. Goldblatt, art., 42-48.  
 English, Laura, 61.

- Esch, Robert M., 120, 123.  
 Eschallier, Rev. Andrés, 16, 17, 18, 19.  
 Espalín, José, 74, 75.  
 Eylers, Judge A. S., 45.  
 Fall, Senator Albert B., 9, 30, 76n.  
 Fassett, C. W., 53, 54n.  
 Findlay, Jack F., art., "The Bowman Bank Robbery," 72-76; notes, 96.  
 Flores, Mrs. Enrique, 99.  
 Forbis, Mrs. R., 84.  
 Ford, John (Rip.), 109, 110.  
 Ford, W. M., 31.  
 Fort Quitman, 109, 110, 112.  
*Fort Richardson: Outpost on the Texas Frontier*, by Donald W. Whisenhunt, rev., 28.  
 Fort Stanton, 115.  
 Fox, Chris, 5, 99.  
 Fox, Mrs. Chris P., 99.  
 Franklin, John, 45.  
 Franklin, Katie, 105.  
 Franklin Mountains, 39.  
 Freeman, Jim, 72, 73.  
 Freudenthal, J. S., 42, 43.  
 Frontier Klansman, 90.  
 Frost, H. Gordon, 5, 6, 119.  
 Frost, Mrs. H. Gordon, 99.  
 Gallagher, T. A., (Reddy), 52, 54n.  
 Gard, *et al*, *Along the Early Trails of the Southwest*, rev., 119.  
 Gardenhire, Mrs. W. C., 39.  
 Gardner, Preston E., 90.  
 Garman, Mrs. John, 99.  
 Garrett, Pat, 73, 74, 122.  
 Garza, General Sostenes, 12.  
 Gasparri, Father Donato, 15.  
 Geck, Jessie, 13, 14, 18, 20.  
 Gillett, James B., 31.  
 Glasgow, Miss Octavia, 99.  
 Glenn, Colonel Edwin, 84.  
 Goldblatt, Kenneth A., art., "Ambush in Quitman Canyon," 109-116; with Tinker, Hal, art., "The El Paso Chamber of Commerce Looking Backwards," 42-48; notes, 27, 32, 64, 123.  
 Gomez, Modesto, 81.  
 Goodman, I. B., art., "Reflections on the El Paso Military Institute," 77-81; art., "A Tale of Two Cities," 117; notes, 96, 123.  
 Goodman, James, 5.  
 Goodman, Joseph H., 74, 75, 76n.  
 Goodman, Karl, 81.  
 Gorman, George N., 90.  
 Grierson, General Benjamin H., 110.  
 Guerrero, Lt. Col. Yepes, 95.  
 Hager, Bill, 73.  
 Hagerman, J. J., 30.  
 Hall, Mrs. Arthur J., Jr., 98, 99.  
 "Hall of Honor Address: The Heritage of Greatness," by Fred W. Bailey, art., 100-101.  
 Hampton, Alfred, 53, 54n.  
 Hancock, Chas. L., 8.  
 Hancock, Mrs. Charles, 99.  
 Happer, John A., 45.  
 Harper, Judge J. R., 45.  
 Hawkins, William Ashton, 30.  
 Heisig, Paul A., Jr., 3, 4.  
 Heisig, Mrs. Paul, 99.  
 Herrera, Mrs. Monica Cenicerros, 8, 99.  
 Hertzog, Dr. J. Carl, 98, 99, 101.  
 Hertzog, Mrs. J. Carl, 99.  
 Hewitt, Mrs. Leland H., 99.  
 Hilton, Mrs. A. E., 19.  
 Hoffman, Howard, 5.  
 Holder, Mr. and Mrs. Harry E., 84.  
 Holder, Pam, 84.  
 Holmdahl, Emil, 50.  
 Holmes, Stuart, 35.  
 Hotel Dieu, 91-92.  
 House, E. P., 43.  
 House, M. M., 43.  
 House, S. S., 43.  
 Howard, Lily S., 98, 99, 105.  
 Howe, Mrs. W. D., 99.  
 Howze, Major General Robert Lee, 35, 36, 39.  
 Howze, Mrs. Robert Lee, 39.  
 Huerta, Adolfo de la, 9, 11.  
 Huerta, General, 95.  
 Hughey, Allen Harrison, 99.  
 Inez, Sister Mary, 72.  
 In Memoriam, 124.  
 Irvin, L. S., 51, 52n.  
 Jesus Maria (see Ocampo), 69, 71.  
 Johnson, Col., "Old Iron Pants," 51.  
 Jones, Gus T., 9.  
 Jones, Col. H. Crampton, 4, 5.  
 Jones, Mrs. H. Crampton, 8, 99.  
 Jones, Harriot Howze, art., "A Movie is Made in El Paso," 35-41; notes, 8, 64, 99 (see Jones, Mrs. H. Crampton).  
 Jones, Adj. Gen. John B., 115.  
 Keller, Robert M., 7.  
 Keller, Mrs. Robert, 99.  
 Kelly, C. E. (Henry), 84, 85.  
 Kendrick, Alice, 102.  
 Kent, Stephen W., 7.  
 Kinne, C. A., 45.  
 Kloepper, Captain (Colonel) Hans F., 35, 36, 37, 38.  
 Krakauer, A., 43.  
 Krause, Ernest Ulrich, 43, 99.  
 Lackland, Alice, 99, 105.  
 La Mesa, New Mexico, 117.  
 Lamy, Archbishop Jean B., 15.  
 Lane, Walter, 52, 53, 54n.  
 "The Las Cruces Thirty-Four Answers the School Question," by S. H. Newman, III, art., 13-20.  
 Lawson, Lawrence M., 99.  
 Lea, Tom, 108.  
 Leach, Dr. Joseph, 5.  
 Littlehale, Mrs. C. N., 44.  
 Littlefield, Lucien, 35.

- Llano Estacado, 69.  
 Llewellyn, Clint, 74.  
 Llewellyn, Morgan, 74.  
 Lohman, Martin, 16.  
 "The Lost Conducta of the Tarahumara," by Richard T. Copenbarger, art., 67-71.  
 Luna, Captain Sol, 72.
- Madero, General Francisco, 84, 85, 95.  
 Magner, James A., 25.  
 Magoffin, James Wiley, 53, 54n, 99.  
 "A Man Without a Country," by Kathy Chambers, art., 84-85.  
 "The Man for Whom Ciudad Juárez was Named," by Mary Ellen B. Porter.  
 Martinez, Felix, 104.  
 McCoy, Billy, 75.  
 McKay, D. A., 61.  
 McKee, Robert E., 99.  
 McKelligon Canyon, 39.  
 McKinney, Cmdr. M. G., 8, 81, 99.  
 McKinney, Mrs. Millard G., 99.  
 McMaster, Richard K., art., "Weightman's Battery," 82-83; notes, 96.  
 McNary, James G., 46.  
 McWilliams, Carey, North From Mexico, rev., 55-56.  
 Meils, Mrs. M. J., 84.  
 Melby, Mrs. Florence C., 8, 99.  
 Membrano Apaches, 68.  
 Merrill, Martin, 7, 8.  
 Merrill, Z. F., 52, 54n.  
 Metz, Leon C., *Dallas Stoudenmire: El Paso Marshal*, rev., 55; notes, 8, 57.  
 Metzger, The Most Rev. Sidney, 122.  
 Mills, James, 118, 124.  
 Missouri State Guard, 83.  
 Montana, "Bull," 122.  
 Morehead, Charles Robert, 99.  
 Morgan, James R., 7.  
 Morton, Fred, 5.  
 Morton, Mrs. Fred, 99.  
 "A Movie is Made in El Paso," by Harriot Howe Jones, art., 35-41.  
 Myrick, The Rev. H. Eugene, 99.
- Neff, John B., 5.  
 Nevill, Lt. C. L., 112, 115.  
 Newcomb, Judge S. B., 16.  
 Newman, S. H. (Bud), art., "The Las Cruces Thirty-Four Answers 'The School Question'," 13-20; Southwest Archives, Southern Pacific Railroad Collection," 30; "The Justice of the Peace Records, Precinct One, El Paso," 58; "The Dudley Scrapbooks," 90; notes, 32, 55, 88, 90.  
 "New Slants on Pancho Villa," by Vallee Smith, art., 94-95.  
 Nicholson, Mrs. Gwen, 84.  
 Nils, Blair, 25.  
 Noll, Arthur Howard, 25.  
 North From Mexico, by Carey McWilliams, rev., 55-56.
- Ocampo (see Jesus Maria), 69.  
 Ogle, Charles, 35.  
 Orozco, Pascual, 95.  
 Osborn, William Church, 30.  
 Otero, Miguel A., 72.  
 Otto, Miss Maude, 72, 73.
- Palm Garden Saloon, 45.  
 Pancho Villa, 94, 95.  
 "Pancho Villa's Capitulation: An Inside Look," by Haldeen Braddy, art., 9-12.  
*Pass of the North: Four Centuries on the Rio Grande*, by C. L. Sonnichsen, rev., 27.  
 Patton, Lt. George C., 50, 51.  
 Payne, D. M., 45.  
 Pemberton, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis D., 84.  
 Pemberton, Rebecca, 84.  
 Petersen, Jessie, 120.  
 Pigg, D. H., 52, 54n.  
 Police Chiefs of El Paso, 31-32.  
 The Ponce de Leon Land Grant, by J. J. Bowden, rev., 118.  
 Porter, Eugene O., art., notes, by "The Smith-Flaherty Fight," 52-54; notes, 28, 56.  
 Porter, Mrs. Fannie D., 103.  
 Porter, Mary Ellen B., art., "The Man for whom Ciudad Juárez was Named," 25-26; notes, 81, 87, 99, 119.  
*Postwar Readjustment in El Paso 1945-50* by Patricia Reschenthaler, rev., 88.  
 Powers, Frank, 44, 45.  
 "The President's Message," by Fred W. Bailey, art., 3-8.  
 Presidents of the Society, 4.  
 Price, Robert B., art., "Tribute to James A. Smith," 102-105; notes, 98, 99, 123.  
 Price, Mrs. Robert B., Jr., (Georgianna), 99.
- Quinn, Mrs. Howard E., 85.
- Rand, George W., 31.  
 Reed, Capt. William O., 50.  
 "Reflections on the El Paso Military Institute," by I. B. Goodman, art., 77-81.  
 Reschenthaler, Patricia, *Postwar Readjustment in El Paso 1945-1950*, rev., 88.  
 Ritchie, George B., 52, 54n.  
 Roberts, O. M., 115.  
 Rogers Siding, 52, 54n.  
 Roosevelt, Theodore, 46, 103, 115.  
 Rousult, Father Theodore, 17.  
 Russell, Ernest E., 43, 44.
- Schaublin, Jacob, 16.  
 School of Nursing, Hotel Dieu, 92.  
 Schuessler, Dr. W. W., 99.  
 Schuessler, Mrs. W. W., art., "Tribute to J. Carl Hertzog," 106-108; notes, 4, 98, 99, 123.  
 Schuler, S. J., The Most Rev. Anthony Joseph, 122.  
 Schuster, Eugenie M., 99.

- Schwartz, Maurice, 99.  
 Shyrock, John A., 72.  
 Sierra Madre del Norte, 67.  
 Sirmans, Clifford L., 90.  
 Slade, Sgt. Thomas B., 37.  
 Slater, H. D., 103, 105.  
 Slease, J. R., 19.  
 Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Aisel, 102.  
 "The Smith-Flaherty Fight," notes by Eugene O. Porter, art., 52-54.  
 Smith, Vallee, art., "New Slants on Pancho Villa," 94-95.  
 Sonnichsen, C. L., *Pass of the North: Four Centuries on the Rio Grande*, rev., 27.  
*Southwestern Mosaics*, ed. by Jo. Gwyn Balwin, rev., 119-120.  
 Stevens, Horace B., 43.  
 Stoudenmire, Dallas, 31.  
 St. Vrain brothers, 66.  
 Sullivan, Maud Durlin, 99.  
 Sutherland, "Bill," 117.  
 Swanson, Gloria, 35, 37, 39, 40, 41.  
 Swanson, Woolford, 81.  
 Sweeney, Mayor J. V., 45.  
 Taft, President Wm. Howard, 45, 77, 80, 103.  
 "A Tale of Two Cities," by I. B. Goodman, art., 117.  
 Tays, John B., 31.  
 Templin, Dr. Lucinda de Leftwich, 99.  
 Terrazas, General Joaquin, 110.  
*The Texas State Capitol*, ed. by Robert L. Cotner, rev., 56-57.  
 Thomason, The Hon. Judge R. E., 99, 104, 105.  
 Thomason, Mrs. R. E., 99.  
 Tinker, Hal, 64.  
 Tinker, Hal and Goldblatt, Kenneth A., art., "The El Paso Chamber of Commerce: Looking Backwards," 42-48.  
 Tinkle, Lon, 106.  
 "Tribute to James A. Smith," by Robert B. Price, Jr., art., 102-105.  
 Vado, New Mexico, 117.  
 Van Horn, Major Jefferson, 122.  
 Van Norman, Russell, 8.  
 Van Patten, Colonel Eugene, 72.  
 Van Surdam, Major Henderson E., 79, 81.  
 Victorio, Chief, 109, 110, 112, 115.  
 Victoria, Village of, 117.  
 Vilas, Dr. Walter N., 53, 54n.  
 Visitation Academy, 13, 17.  
 Vowell, Jack C., Jr., 99.  
 Wade, E. C., 19.  
 Walker, Betty Juanita, 51n.  
 Walker, William, 49.  
 Wallace, Christopher M., *Water out of the Desert*, rev., 120.  
 Waller, John L., *Colossal Hamilton of Texas*, rev., 87-88.  
 Walter, Mrs. J. W., 99.  
*Water out of the Desert*, by Christopher M. Wallace, rev., 120.  
 Wayne, Richard, 35, 37.  
 "Weightman's Battery," by Richard K. McMaster, art., 82-83.  
 Whisenhunt, Donald W., *Fort Richardson: Outpost on the Texas Frontier*, rev., 28.  
 White, Dr. Alvard, 53, 54n.  
 White, The Hon. Richard C., 99.  
 White, Zack, 103.  
 Whitmore, J. L., 43.  
 Wilber, Oscar G., 73, 75, 76n.  
 Williams, Ben, 74, 75.  
 Williams, The Rev. B. M. G., 99.  
 Williams, Sgt. Clarence (Billy), 36, 37.  
 Wilson, William, 73, 75, 76n.  
 Wilson, Woodrow, 103.  
 Wilson's Creek, battle of, 83.  
 Wood, Sam, 41.  
 Woodworth's Drug Store, 14.  
 Wright, The Rev. C. S., 45.  
 Younger, Cole, 21.  
 Zacatecas, 69.

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

*Officers and Directors 1969*

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