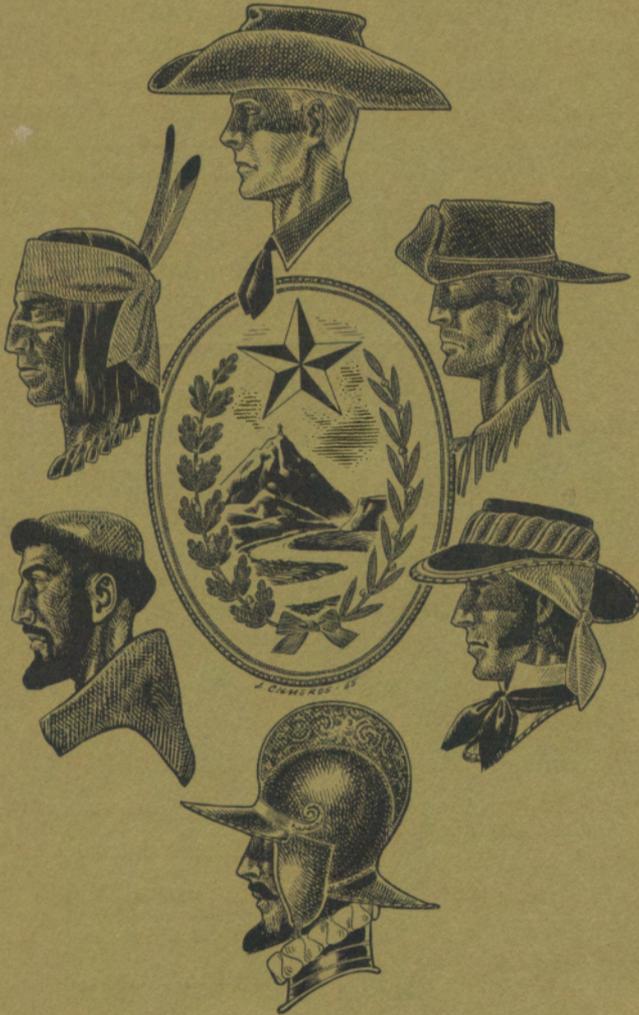


# PASSWORD



THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

---

VOL. XV—No. 1

SPRING, 1970

*Officers and Directors 1970*

THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

<i>President</i>	STEPHEN W. KENT
<i>First Vice President</i>	CHRIS P. FOX
<i>Second Vice President</i>	MRS. H. CRAMPTON JONES
<i>Third Vice President</i>	JAMES J. CROOK
<i>Recording Secretary</i>	MRS. W. G. BURGETT
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	MRS. PAUL HEISIG
<i>Treasurer</i>	MRS. H. GORDON FROST
<i>Curator</i>	MRS. CHARLES GOETTING
<i>Historian</i>	MRS. W. W. SCHUESSLER
<i>Immediate Past President</i>	FRED W. BAILEY

---

*DIRECTORS*

*1968-1970*

JOSÉ CISNEROS  
MRS. JOE CHRISTY  
MRS. JOE GOODELL  
LEON METZ  
DR. JAMES R. MORGAN  
MRS. R. A. D. MORTON  
ARNOLD PEINADO

*1969-1971*

M. L. BURLESON  
MRS. ENRIQUE FLORES  
MRS. MONICA CENICEROS HERRERA  
MRS. FRANCES MCKEE HAYS  
DR. RUSSELL VAN NORMAN  
MRS. JANE PERRENOT  
MRS. JAMES R. PIERCE

*1970-1972*

MRS. WALLACE BRUCKER  
BARRY O. COLEMAN  
LEONARD GOODMAN, SR.  
CHAS. L. HANCOCK  
MRS. R. M. KELLER  
BRIG. GENERAL STEPHEN MELLNIK  
MARTIN MERRILL

*BOARD OF TRUSTEES*

MRS. C. N. BASSETT  
MRS. GEORGE BRUNNER  
MISS ANN BUCHER  
FRANK FEUILLE, III  
CHRIS P. FOX  
MRS. JOSEPHINE CLARDY FOX  
RALPH GONZALES  
PAUL HARVEY, SR.  
MRS. J. W. LORENTZEN  
MRS. DEXTER MAPLE, SR.  
GEORGE MATKIN  
MRS. RUTH RAWLINGS MOTT  
MRS. W. H. PETERSON  
DORRANCE D. RODERICK, SR.  
DR. STEPHEN A. SCHUSTER  
MRS. MAURICE SCHWARTZ  
JUDGE R. EWING THOMASON  
MRS. L. A. VELARDE  
RICHARD C. WHITE

# PASSWORD

Published quarterly by The El Paso County Historical Society

EUGENE O. PORTER, EDITOR

VOL. XV, No. 1

EL PASO, TEXAS

SPRING, 1970

## CONTENTS

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE <i>By Stephen W. Kent . . . . .</i>	3
BOYHOOD IN EARLY EL PASO - 1903 <i>By Bryan W. Brown . . . . .</i>	4
THE DEFEAT OF MAJOR I. LYNDE, U.S.A. <i>By Kenneth A. Goldblatt . . . . .</i>	16
A HISTORY OF THE EL PASO WATER WORKS <i>By Knud Howard Salvesson . . . . .</i>	23
BOOK REVIEWS . . . . .	31
<i>Green, ELY: TOO BLACK, TOO WHITE</i> ROBERT M. ESCH	
<i>Weaver and Bergeron, eds.,</i> CORRESPONDENCE OF JAMES K. POLK: 1817-1832 EUGENE O. PORTER	
<i>Hadlock, MY LIFE IN THE SOUTHWEST</i> JAMES A. MILLS	
<i>Porter, LORD BERESFORD AND LADY FLO</i> BUD NEWMAN	
HISTORICAL NOTES . . . . .	34
SOUTHWEST ARCHIVES . . . . .	35
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE . . . . .	36

Copyright 1970 by the El Paso County Historical Society, El Paso, Texas  
The El Paso County Historical Society disclaims responsibility  
for the statements and opinions of the contributors.  
Second-class postage paid at El Paso, Texas

THE POPULATION OF EL PASO IN 1860, as shown by the federal census of that year, totaled 428 persons. Of these, 298 were white males, 129 white females and one was a black man, a thirty-two year old barber, a native of the District of Columbia. Of the 129 females, 7 were Anglos.

The census also showed that of the 428 persons, 144 were natives of the United States, 21 were Europeans, and 263 had Spanish names, presumably, therefore, of Mexican origin.

*Published quarterly by* THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

EUGENE O. PORTER, *Editor*

JACK C. VOWELL, *Associate Editor*

Correspondence in regard to articles and books for review in *PASSWORD* should be directed to

DR. EUGENE O. PORTER, 4323 Emory Rd., El Paso, Texas 79922.

*PASSWORD* is distributed free of charge to Members of the Society.

It is *not* available to the general public.

Membership is \$7.50 per year, payable to Mrs. H. Gordon Frost, 4260 Ridge Crest Dr., El Paso, Texas 79902. Questions regarding back numbers of *PASSWORD* should be addressed to Mrs. Paul Heisig, *Secretary*, 1503 Hawthorne, El Paso, Texas 79902.

## THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

by STEPHEN W. KENT

THE UNIQUE HERITAGE of El Paso is one of the most important assets of our community. It is something which we cannot in good conscience permit to be lost through the dynamic growth and change which we are experiencing today, and which we will continue to experience to an even greater degree in the years ahead.

Through the early years of the El Paso County Historical Society we have succeeded in creating a community awareness of our great heritage. Unfortunately, we have frequently found ourselves scrambling to preserve properties of historical value and on more than one occasion feeling dismay about our loss to community "progress," carelessness and neglect.

This year is one of great challenge for our Society. With greater frequency the community is experiencing the effects of the erosion of our historical assets. More and more we find expressed interest in our heritage and unstated questions of concern directed toward our Society, the self-proclaimed guardian of this heritage. It is time for us to accede to the role of community leadership, giving both goals and direction for historical preservation in our community, as physical and economic growth continue unrestrained to satisfy our more immediate needs, and as nature continues to feed upon the effects of man.

This challenge will not be easily met, for it will require time demands upon all of us in addition to our ordinary commitments. I personally feel very grateful to the Society for electing highly qualified Officers and Directors to assist me in my post. But all of us, as members of the El Paso County Historical Society must feel charged with the responsibility of leading the community if this challenge is to be met successfully.

This year, in addition to offering greater opportunity for membership activity and improving the image of the Society, there are several specific projects which are important to implement immediately. These are: 1) Survey and documentation of all sites, archives and artifacts of historical significance in El Paso County, 2) Preparation of a Historical Guide to El Paso, 3) Establishment of an El Paso Museum of History and 4) Activation of a permanent Committee for Historic Preservation in El Paso County. Details of these and other projects will be amplified in the months ahead.

With the cooperative effort of an interested and concerned membership I am confident that we will succeed in fulfilling our purpose and obligation to the community. The development of public consciousness of our rich heritage and the preservation for community experience the many elements of historical significance which exemplify this heritage.

# BOYHOOD IN EARLY EL PASO — 1903

by BRYAN W. BROWN

## PART ONE OF TWO PARTS

### INTRODUCTION

by FRANCIS L. FUGATE

IN SEPTEMBER 1954, at the opening session of one of my writing classes at Texas Western College, an older-than-average gentleman appeared on the back row. He wore a neat gray business suit. He had a ruddy complexion which highlighted a crisp gray mustache. When I called the roll, the face, the suit, and the mustache attached to the name "Brown."

The name was not distinctive, but there was no escape from the piercing eyes which bored in from the back row of the classroom. At the end of the third class session, the owner of the eyes approached me.

"I missed something Monday night." A notebook flopped open on my lectern, and a finger pointed to a short blank space in the middle of a single-spaced typewritten page.

I don't know what my face revealed, but inwardly I gasped. There on that page was every blessed word that I had uttered at the last session of class—down to the last "uh," "er," and "ah." Somehow I was able to supply four or five words to fit into the space and sense of the sentence at which the finger pointed.

That was the beginning of my association with Bryan Wells Brown.

Those eyes, his penetrating questions, and that notebook probably did more than anything else to improve my presentation of the craft of writing. I learned to watch those eyes. If they flickered or looked quizzical, I asked to see his notes to find out where I had gone amiss.

Bryan Brown was no stranger to the College. He had been there before the beginning, back in 1908, as one of the original thirty-eight cadets in the old El Paso Military Institute which would eventually provide quarters for the start of the School of Mines and Metallurgy. He had a soft spot in his heart for Texas Western. One night I mentioned that I had a student who was going to have to leave school if he could not find work.

"Send him to see me tomorrow," said Bryan.

By the end of the next day, my student had a job. I never learned who paid him, but he was able to complete the school year and obtain his degree.

I soon learned that Bryan was a bottomless well of information about early El Paso: He was here before the six-shooters stopped echoing from

saloon to saloon, before the mule car was retired; he had known Francisco Villa before the Revolution; he had stood on the sidelines as a wide-eyed boy during political machinations that accompanied the Revolution. And he was not chinchy with his El Paso lore. He would spend days obtaining or verifying information for a chance acquaintance.

We are indeed fortunate that before his death Bryan Wells Brown put some of his boyhood experiences, observations, and impressions onto paper. He has permitted us to share life with him during the early days of El Paso, a rare fine experience.



### WE PLAYED IN THE STREETS

There were no playgrounds for children in the early days. We played in the streets. The streets were pretty good, except we very often had to dig down into our meager savings to pay for a broken window, the penalty for batting a baseball too well. Sometimes we lost the ball, too. But most of the people took this sort of thing good-naturedly.

Often when we were playing baseball in the street, a delivery wagon would come along. Since there was no particular rush, the driver would draw up his horse and wait for the inning to be over before driving through. Sometimes he would volunteer to be umpire for a couple of innings.

There was little or no traffic, so we got along fine until someone reported us to the police. We went right back again, though, as the police really didn't want to bother us.

The town became pretty thickly built up as it developed, and there were few vacant lots close-in where we could play. There was always the vast vacant ground down in the southeast part of town where they put up circus tents. This was where we had our most important baseball games. There was one block on Arizona Street which served for many years as a baseball as well as a football field. This was where the First Christian Church is now located.

Football was not popular with the boys of that day, as there was no convenient place to practice. El Paso High School practiced on the Arizona Street block for many years. I can still visualize Judge Ballard Coldwell coaching his team out there. I drove a meat wagon some of the time, and I used to drive past the vacant lot and watch them practice. How I envied them because some of the boys had uniforms!

There was no place to skate except Washington Park, as sidewalks were not too plentiful, even where they were seriously needed. Often we went out to Washington Park to skate as well as to play ball.

Sometimes we went out to Fort Bliss and used the gymnasium. Boy, what a treat that was! But this was not until there was a streetcar line going out there.

We killed practically the whole day doing this. We got up early in the morning and rode out on the electric car; then had what was to us a short time in the gym. We had lunch with the enlisted men, then a little more gym, and we started home. I guess maybe some of this time was dragged out somewhat because on those days our folks let us off from doing the usual chores. We certainly didn't want to get home early.

### THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE

The only place we had to swim was in the irrigation ditches or in the river. The *acequia*, the main irrigation ditch, came meandering out of the west from the head gates by Hart's Mill. It came along the south side of San Francisco Street, crossing under a bridge at Santa Fe Street. It took a course to come out near the southwest corner of the intersection of El Paso and San Francisco streets back of the Sheldon Hotel. (now San Jacinto Plaza) to a point back of what is now S. H. Kress & Co., thence east about a half block south of St. Louis Street (now Mills) and over to Stanton where it turned and took a southeasterly course to a point about where Mutual Federal Savings and Loan Association is located. From there it went directly east to the Magoffin Addition and the orchards in that area.

There were other ditches in El Paso, but this was the principle ditch in the northern part of town. It served for irrigation until just before the turn of the century. The City Council was still asking the El Paso Irrigation Company to repair their bridges across the ditch as late as



*This is one of the homes where the F. W. Browns lived. It is still standing at 923 N. Oregon, across the street from Kahn's Bakery.*

1902; until 1903 remains of a bridge across the ditch at El Paso Street could be seen.

Quicksand was everywhere, and parents not only warned their children not to go swimming but promised them severe punishment if they disobeyed. Too many people lost their lives either by drowning or being caught in quicksand.

There was a nice swimming hole under a big cottonwood tree near Hart's Mill, where the low diversion dam was located that sent river water into canals on both sides of the river. Sometimes the urge to swim was too great, and we disregarded our instructions. We had no bathing suits, and this caused the City Council to pass an ordinance prohibiting people from bathing in public while naked.

An incident cured me of swimming: One day we were in the swimming hole when we suddenly realized that a man was on the upper bank of the river sitting in a rig watching us. He called to his son who was in the water. As the boy approached him, dripping with water, this man took the buggy whip from its socket and played it across the boy's legs, leaving a red streak each time.

Unless you have been bitten by a vicious sting of a buggy whip, you can't understand what this was like. I have seen welts stay on a boy for over a week from this sort of punishment.

## OUTINGS, BAND CONCERTS AND ICE CREAM

One of our happiest times was when Pa and Ma would decide to go to the outdoor theater in Washington Park. Ma would fix a picnic lunch and we would walk up to San Antonio Street to catch the Washington Park Streetcar.

We sat under trees while it was still light and had our picnic. My brother and sister and I would play with the other kids whose families were doing the same as ours. As soon as it got dark, the show started; and we sat through a dramatic story of a Villain Landlord who held a mortgage on the home of the beautiful-but-poor heroine. The hero raised the money from nowhere and foiled the Shylock.

When the show was over, we returned on the streetcar, but now the car would be full of people. The kids always managed to get on the back end of the car, particularly on the rear platform. As the car started for town, we began to work in unison to lift our weight off the floor and then settle back again. This caused the car to start rocking like a ship in a rough sea.

Quite often it got so bad that the motorman had to stop the car for fear it would jump the track. As soon as he started up again, we did the same thing all over. The poor conductor would do his best to control us, but he just couldn't be in all parts of the car at the same time. Our trip back to town was lots of fun, but sometimes it took longer than necessary because of frequent stops made by the motorman.

When the McGinty Club gave band concerts in the City Park, El Pasoans congregated from all points and settled themselves on the grass around the bandstand to chat and exchange gossip and political news. We kids took off in small groups and played cross tag until we were exhausted; then we sat down and played mumblety-peg.

Between the gossiping and our playing, things got pretty noisy. The City Council passed an ordinance:

If during the time of any band concert or intermission in any public park in the City of El Paso, any person in such park or street adjacent to, shall shout, speak, talk, sing, or make a noise, calculated to attract, disturb, or annoy other persons there assembled to enjoy the concert . . . shall be deemed guilty of an offense and shall upon conviction be fined not more than \$100.

It didn't get much quieter, and I never heard of anyone being fined.

The highlight of the evening came when Pa and Ma sent one of us for a quart of Camozze's ice cream. Off we ran to 423 North Oregon to make the purchase. We came back fast enough so that too much didn't melt away, yet slowly enough so that a little bit oozed out of the folds of the container. We licked this off.

A. Camozze used to advertise urging El Pasoans to "stock up" on ice cream during the hot weather. He didn't tell us how we could keep the ice cream from melting.

The Elite Confectionery at 206 North Oregon (C. S. Pickerell, Proprietor) was one of the main places for the kids to gather. The byword was "I'll see you at the Elite." One of their specialties was hot chocolate and whipped cream.

Pa was an adventurous man who loved the open spaces. Once in a while, he organized a trip to Ysleta. Ma provided all sorts of goodies to eat along the three-hour trip. Pa and I attended to the team of horses and the light Studebaker two-seater, with bows and a canvas top. It was Pa's engineering and prospecting wagon — with springs.

Pa and I generally had a few rabbits, quail, or dove to add to the pot upon arriving at the Lowensteins' home in Ysleta. Here we sat down to a table "bending low" with all sorts of delicious food.

Women of that day deserve a lot of credit when we consider the meals they turned out for so many people with none of the present-day conveniences. When we sat at the table with the Lowensteins there would be from fifteen to twenty people. I have heard women of today complain because it is so much trouble to unwrap a prepared frozen dinner that requires only heating.

---

### CHORES AND SELLING NEWSPAPERS

Every boy had a number of regular chores and occasionally a few additional ones thrown in for good measure. There were the regular chores of cleaning out the stables, forking the manure into a pile and then laying fresh hay or straw on the floor.

It was our responsibility to keep the floor dry and clean, and if any horse developed hoof trouble we caught it — but good. It was our job to keep the axles on the wagons and buggies well lubricated with Dixon's Axle Grease. We had to see to it that the wood box was full and that plenty of dry kindling was cut for morning fires.

Early in the afternoon we filled the lamps with oil. The girls and women saw to it that the wicks were trimmed and that the lamp chimneys were shining. Boys never seemed to be able to get a globe clean. We had a small Perfection coal oil heater that I had to keep filled. Sometimes this thing would almost go up in smoke. The wick worked itself upward, and smoke would billow out of the contraption like smoke coming out of an engine.

Now and then Pa would come to the conclusion that I had too much time on my hands, so he made me change the location of the woodpile. I moved that pile of wood so many times that I got sick and tired of it.

I was glad that I didn't have to cut the wood and chop it into stove size. For this, we had a Mexican man who came twice a week, and he cut enough wood to more than last the week.

Every once in a while he washed all the rolling equipment as well as the horses. He was a wonderful person. Often I would get him to do something that was my job, and he did it willingly. Claro was my friend. I have forgotten what we paid him, but it wouldn't have been much. Ma gave him his lunch, and he had enough to eat and plenty to take home. I can't remember that he had a family nor where he lived, but he was a fine gent.

I was saved one chore that other boys fell heir to: keeping a lawn. Where we lived, no one bothered much about a lawn. We kept our yard clean, but I never remember seeing any grass growing that had been planted. My life seemed devoted to keeping the stables clean, lamps filled with oil, and wood fires burning.

Did I hear someone ask about an allowance?

Yes, I got to keep 25¢ a week from the money I got for selling newspapers. As a rule, I could count on selling about twenty papers a day. That netted 50¢.

Fist-fighting went along with selling newspapers. If you didn't fight, you got shoved off on some corner where you couldn't sell a paper all day. I sold papers on the corner in front of the Sheldon Hotel where passengers got off and on the streetcars.

One day a very elegant lady, all dressed up in laces and with ostrich plumes in her hat, asked me to run an errand for her. I objected, telling her that I couldn't leave my corner nor could I take my papers with me. She countered that she would hold my papers while I ran her errand down on San Antonio Street. I accepted the deal and set off on a run.

On my return with her package, I was dismayed when I saw no newspapers anywhere. She told me she had sold them all to some nice man who had given her a five-dollar gold piece for them. She gave me the five dollars, and about that time her street car came.

I stood around somewhat dazed for a minute. Then I walked across the street in front of the post office. As I passed a trash can, I saw my papers stuffed in it. I recovered them, went back, and sold them. I felt pretty good for the day's work. I think I bought a catcher's mitt that day.

#### BOTTLE BARTER

What you could buy with a soda pop bottle or a small beer bottle!

In those early days we had Mexican hawkers. They went around with shallow trays of Mexican candy balanced on their heads and small folding stands under their arms. Their main occupation was buying bottles.

For one bottle they gave us four twisted sticks of luscious *melcocha*, a dark molasses taffy-like candy; or two pieces of chewy transparent *vis-ñaga* candy; or two *cajetas de leche quemada*. Often we inveigled the *melcochero* into leaving his stand unprotected on the sidewalk on the pretense of showing him our bottles. When we had him out of sight of his candy, others of the gang raided him of most of his wares. This never failed to provoke a fight and frequently ended with our getting bruised and cut by rocks flung from the *melcochero's* slingshot.

Then inflation came along; A bottle brought only two pieces of *melcocha*, and the sticks were thinner and shorter.

We had *tamaleras* who sat at strategic points, usually on street corners or in well-situated doorways, selling hot *tamales* which they kept warm in large lard cans wrapped in gunny sacks. After a little haggling, a dozen juicy reddish *tamales*, with *masa* bursting from the cornhusks, could be purchased for ten cents.

Pa used to say these *tamaleras* were a great asset to the town since they provided an efficient way of ridding the town of stray dogs. He told us the story about a government food inspector who was asked to investigate the meat that went into the chicken *tamales* that were sold in El Paso. It seems the inspector asked an old woman what kind of meat she used in making her *tamales*.

"*Mitad y mitad*," she replied.

"What do you mean by half-and-half?"

She partly closed one eye. "*Si, señor, mitad y mitad: uno perro y uno pollo.*" [Yes, sir, half-and-half; one dog and one chicken.]

In those days, most of us kids rode burros. Mexican woodcutters brought firewood into the city on burros. A load of wood or a *carga*, as it was called, cost one dollar. For another three dollars the driver would give you your pick of a burro.

There were no roads leading to the mesa, the area that is now called Rim Road. There were no houses north of the 600 block on North El Paso; nothing was built on Oregon, Mesa, Stanton, Kansas, or Campbell north beyond the 1200 block. There were three houses in the 1400 block on North Florence Street, but nothing was built north of California Street.

The mesa area was occupied by Mexicans. It was reached by a foot-path which can still be traced up the slope toward Rim Road where Florence would extend north. Sometimes we went north on Campbell and provoked a fight with the Mexicans on their way home.

These rock fights sometimes developed into small wars. We seldom came out ahead because for the most part the men carried slingshots and knew how to use them. When they unlimbered, they could make the

rocks hum through the air. It sounded like swarms of bees looking for trouble.

### THE GENERAL GROCERY STORE

We had 129 grocers in 1903, but of this number only the following could be called "general grocers": Price Brothers, Lion Grocery, John B. Watson, C. H. Lawrence, and Howard-MacPhetridge.

On entering one of these stores, you might stumble over vegetables and fruit stacked near the door in baskets and crates. Once your eyes became accustomed to the dark interior, you could see a cluttered array of grocery items in well-organized disorder. The proprietor was the only one who could find everything.

Although the interior was dark, I believe several of the items could have been located by smell alone. There was no mistaking the location of the huge wheels of yellow cheese under the fly protectors, nor the smell coming from the revolving slicing machine that cut your ham steak or bacon to the exact thickness desired.

It was most easy to spot the location of the coffee grinder, and what a heavenly fragrance it was. Here too was the tall black can of gunpowder tea. And what could be more appetizing than the aroma coming from the fresh bread counter? Surely no one would mistake the part of the store devoted to the coal oil and gasoline barrels. The onions and garlic were in the vicinity of the oil drums; here the smells seemed to fight for supremacy of the air ways.

I remember when I was sent to the store for a gallon of kerosene for the lamps. The grocer always rammed a small Irish potato over the snout of the can. And life became tricky if you were sent for beer also. This was generally carried in a well-cleaned lard can, and it had no cover. The temptation was to take a little swig of beer on the way home. This inevitably resulted in a thrashing in the woodshed. No matter how much you smelled of kerosene, there was no mistaking the smell of beer on your breath.

The fruit counter was a melody of fragrance. The fruit had been allowed to ripen on the tree. The El Paso Valley in the old days had the finest pears, apples, and peaches of any place. The grapes were on the whole much better than most places. Where the Magoffin home is now standing there was the finest orchard that anyone could desire. Today it seems the fruit is picked too early; it looks good and is large, but it is lacking in flavor.

If you wanted a whole ham or bacon, the grocer reached up to the rafters with a hook on a pole to lower one for you. As you looked up to watch this operation, you saw many things hanging from nails in the

rafters and pillars: horse collars, pack saddles, Dietz lanterns in clusters, imported Holland cheeses on ropes imbedded in the cheese itself, rubber boots, walking plows, a bundle of dark beeswax-colored candles hanging by their wicks, cowbells of various sizes, conical ice cream scoops, coffee grinders, sad irons, scales, cinches, sickles, sieves, and scythes.

I wonder how many people remember the steel shoes used for shoeing oxen. And who remembers how to use a gauge for selecting the proper size of a horse or mule collar?

You would always see the old pot-bellied stove, with the checkerboard close-by on an upturned keg, handy to a huge wedge of yellow rat cheese and the cracker barrel.

You saw a long row of chamber pots in assorted colors and designs hanging on the back wall. Here also, stacked against the wall, were cases of Crazy Water and Indian Hot Springs bottled water.

Water presented one of the more serious facets of our living. Leeches were found in the water at certain periods and had to be strained out. The water was then boiled and allowed to settle before it was fit for drinking. Many times we drew water from the open irrigation ditch, and it was heavily charged with silt.

On the floor or the shelves of the store, you would find bean pots, earthenware crocks, and pewter porringers. There were washboards, tubs, pails, and churns of both the rotary and vertical splash types.

In the glass showcase on the counter would be such delicacies as hoarhound candy for coughs, rock candy to be mixed with spirits for curing colds, and licorice sticks from which we made whistles as we slowly sucked them.

There were no fancy packages nor wrappings, but the goods were 100% full of natural flavor. In these stores you could get anything from a sachet of sassafras root to a cast iron Dutch oven. There would be a bushel basket of corncob pipes which sold for five and ten cents. Honey could be had both in jars and in the comb, and its fragrance told us from what flowers the bees had gathered it. Genuine beeswax, in odd-sized shapes, hung from cords nailed to the pillars. Hand-made bellows and butter ball paddles were also on display.

You could get table grinders for cheese and nuts, or an ice-crusher set consisting of a wooden mallet and a canvas bag; ice cream freezers, hand-carved pie wheels, candle snuffers, and large yellow chunks of laundry soap. And El Pasoans had contact with the outside world: The general grocer had long slim pink and white bars of clean-smelling Castile soap from Spain, cookie rollers and cutters from Denmark, straight razors from Germany, carving sets from Sheffield, England, and crystal ginger and tea from China.

I remember going to the store to pick up an order one time, and while I was there the proprietor was supervising the throwing away of a barrel of olives. He claimed they were spoiled. They later turned out to be ripe olives, the first he had ever seen. He bought many a round of drinks because of his blunder.

There were meat markets—nineteen of them in 1903—with the concentration on San Antonio Street, which was butcher shop row. Those were the days when the butcher may have been weighing his thumb all day long and charging for it; nevertheless, he did throw in a hunk of soup meat, bones for the dog, and on special occasions and for a good customer he might even include a few lamb kidneys or some sweetbreads. In contrast to today, seafood in abundance and great variety was to be found in any of the good markets—fresh fish and all kinds of crustaceans.

It is worth noting that the newspaper in writing about one meat market saw fit to emphasize that “no tainted goods of any kind are allowed in the market.”

In addition to the general grocers, the grocery stores, and the meat markets, there were bakeries. I remember the Belgian Bakery, the El Paso Bakery, Liberty Bakery, Star Bakery, and the Vienna Bakery. Mr. Gemoets ran the Vienna Bakery, and Mrs. Gemoets the Belgian Bakery. I liked the Belgian Bakery best because Mrs. Gemoets would often give me a cookie or a piece of cake when Ma sent me for bread.

Perhaps the best indication of prices in those days would be a listing of some of the things you could get for 25¢:

4 lbs. plums	4½ lbs. cream cheese
3 lbs. peaches or apples	2 doz. fresh eggs
4 lbs. California prunes	3 3-lb. cans of corn
4 lbs. raisins	4 pkgs. oats
7 lbs. cabbage	2 pkgs. Grape Nuts
15 lbs. Greely potatoes	3 pkgs. pancake flour
10 lbs. onions	10 lbs. corn meal
3-lb. picnic ham	3 lbs. macaroni
3 lbs. codfish	15 lbs. fine table salt
3 lbs. lard	4 lbs. best granulated sugar
5 cans salmon	12 bars W. B. Soap

### COFFEE AND OUR FAMILY

In the old days, the custom was to do it yourself. One of the greatest treats was to come into the house and be greeted by the aroma of freshly roasted coffee. In our little cottage this event was the result of a certain amount of ceremony in which all members of the family participated. Pa and I rode the little mule car across the river, or sometimes we drove

the buggy, and in later years we used the electric streetcars—to buy one kilo each of Caracolillo, Uruapan, and Xilitla coffee.

Mother and sister clean-picked these green coffee beans and rotated a single layer of the beans in a shallow cookie tin, constantly shaking and stirring them to prevent any of the beans from burning, since this would have spoiled the entire batch in that tray.

Mother spoiled lots of batches, as she was never satisfied with the results of her roasting. She was forever experimenting, trying to get a more favorable flavor. Sometimes she added seasoning, spices, sauces, or oils to see if the roast could be improved. This often forced us to fall on the good old faithful Arbuckle's brand, which was just coming on the market. Arbuckle's was perhaps the first to give out trading stamps.

Grinding the coffee generally started out as a chore for little brother, but I usually ended up doing it. We had two grinders. One was a little square box-like affair with a small cup on top to hold the whole beans.



*This signature from the side of the wrapper from a one-pound package of Arbuckles' Coffee was the original trading stamp. For a 2-cent stamp and 150 signatures a persistent coffee drinker could get a .32 calibre, centre-fire, double action revolver of "highest grade material and workmanship." For a razor drank up only 28 pounds of coffee; a tablecloth, 60; a lady's apron, 25.*

You turned its crank clockwise, and the ground coffee fell into a little drawer in the bottom of the box.

The grinder I liked best was a beautiful piece of machinery. It was painted a bright Chinese red and trimmed in black and gold striping. It had a large wheel on either side of its little pot belly, and a wooden handle on each of the wheels. It could be clamped to a table, but I liked to put it in my lap, between my knees where I could hold it tightly while turning the wheel. This way, I got full benefit of the aroma. I could never understand why its little pot belly held far more whole beans than the little drawer in the bottom.

Ma was on the side of the fine grind, and Pa advocated the coarse. Ma maintained that fine grind was the most economical and had the best flavor. Pa claimed that in camp he could put a few cups of coffee in a sock, tie the end, and throw it into a pot. By adding water and another sock of coffee once in a while, he always had what he called "steamboat coffee."

(Continued in next issue)

# THE DEFEAT OF MAJOR I. LYNDE, U.S.A.

by KENNETH A. GOLDBLATT

ON MARCH 17, 1861, one month before news of the attack on Fort Sumter reached Austin, two brothers, John Robert and George Wythe Baylor, enlisted in the Confederate service in Weatherford, Parker County, Texas. George was elected First Lieutenant of Company H, Second Texas Cavalry, later known as the Texas Mounted Riflemen,<sup>1</sup> while John was elected lieutenant-colonel.<sup>2</sup> Two regiments were organized: the First and Second Texas. The brothers were sworn into service for three years at San Antonio in May, 1861.

When the Bayers entered military service, Texas was ill prepared for war. A county-by-county survey of arms found a scant four thousand muskets, rifles, shotguns, pistols and revolvers among citizens who were willing to register their weapons. Texas in 1861 had approximately 95,000 males between the ages of sixteen and sixty and of those, 68,500 entered the Confederate service. No arms were being manufactured in the state, and no large Federal arsenals were available for confiscation. The single United States Army supply depot of consequence in Texas, located at the Alamo, proved to be of little help to the Confederate cause.<sup>3</sup>

The Baylor brother's detachment was ordered by their commander, Colonel John S. (Rip) Ford, to duty on the upper Río Grande. A total of seven companies was sent to that area.<sup>4</sup>

The excitement of anticipated battle commenced almost immediately for the Texan troops. Departing from San Antonio, the Texas Mounted Rifles ran headlong into a hostile force of German settlers, who were ardent Unionists and well-trained soldiers. With arms taken at the San Antonio arsenal, this latter group presented a formidable appearance and, to compound the situation, their commander vowed to fight unless the Confederates could display sufficient force to justify his surrender. Once the secessionist forces pulled into battle line, at San Marcos springs, the Union commander made his decision to exercise the better part of valor and surrender unconditionally. As George Baylor described the situation: "It was a bloodless battle, but more lager beer was shed than during any subsequent battle of the war."<sup>5</sup> Still, the momentary excitement was like a tonic to the young and energetic Baylor.

Once the crisis was averted, John Baylor ordered his battalion ahead of him along the old overland immigrant trail heading West. He remained a short time in San Antonio arranging for needed supplies, then took the overland stage to meet his men. At Fort Clark he overtook Captain H. H. Hamner's company which he had ordered to El Paso. Here he appointed his brother George, who was serving as Hamner's

first lieutenant, to battalion adjutant.<sup>6</sup> Subsequent events would prove this appointment a wise one, made for the lieutenant's ability as a soldier rather than his kinship as a brother.

Rumors of the Confederate forces spread in front of the advancing troops. The stories, which grew as they moved westward, must have served to heighten the tension of the Federal troops stationed near El Paso. Residents of the area generally shared strong Confederate sentiments and had voted overwhelmingly for secession.<sup>7</sup> The situation as a whole must have been hard on the morale of the infantry troops of the Federal Seventh Regiment under Major I. Lynde stationed at Fort Fillmore about fifty miles from El Paso.

Ironically, Dr. John Baylor, father of the two Confederate officers, had died while a member of the Seventh Regiment. John Baylor was well known throughout Texas and was respected across the state for his leadership in the service of Parker County. "Little Brother" George was almost as well known as the commander of the "Buffalo Hunt" of 1861, an ill-fated but valiant six-week campaign against the Comanches. Because of their well-publicized Indian fights, both men carried reputations as fighters of considerable skill. The news that these experienced and competent warriors were on their way to El Paso at the head of an armed body of men must have given Major Lynde serious doubts of his forces' superiority.

The Bayers began organizing the campaign against Fort Fillmore as soon as they arrived in El Paso in late June or early July. George Baylor said his brother's energetic restless spirit ". . . could not sit idle, with an enemy within fifty miles."<sup>8</sup> Such activity was a common family trait and George might just as well have been describing himself. The Bayers were always ready for a fight when they thought it handy, and previous examples were numerous.

On July 24, 1861, John Baylor ordered his force of some three hundred troops out of El Paso for the attack on Fort Fillmore. The plan at first was to surprise the numerically superior Federals the next morning, but a deserting picket gave the information to the Federals during the night and the moment was lost.<sup>9</sup>

George Baylor later recalled that on the morning of the twenty-fifth he had heard "the long roll beaten and knew it was useless to run up against infantry behind adobe walls."<sup>10</sup> Instead, the Texas Mounted Rifles wheeled and advanced on the village of Santo Tomás, on the west side of the Río Grande about two miles from the fort, where two companies of Federal troops had been stationed. The Texans arrived only to find, according to Frank Higgins, editor of the *Mesilla Times*, that "the bird had flown, evidently in great haste."<sup>11</sup> By ten o'clock on

the same morning, the Confederates managed to enter Mesilla, and secure the city. About noon Federal troops were reported crossing the river and preparing to retake Mesilla. By five o'clock the battle lines were clearly drawn: the Confederates were outnumbered by a force more than twice their size but, in characteristic manner, John Baylor refused to believe his opponents had the advantage.<sup>12</sup>

As the enemy slowly advanced through an open field and artillery fire began to fall on his lines, Colonel Baylor called to one of his men by name and said, "Shoot at that officer and see if they are in range of our Mississippi rifles."<sup>13</sup> At the crack of the rifle the officer staggered from the impact of the slug, and all along the Confederate line the gunfire crackled. The Federal line, shaken by the Texans' bravado, broke and ran for cover.

As a *ruse de guerre*, the Confederate commander shouted for non-existent artillery and infantry reserves, which further demoralized Lynde and his troops. George Baylor recalled, ". . . Major Lynde, knowing a battery of six and twelve pounders would not be a nice thing to have about his ears, began to make preparations to leave, and before the Confederates knew it, he was off."<sup>14</sup>

In reality the "Battle of Mesilla" was little more than a skirmish with only a few Federals killed or wounded and no Confederate casualties, but the Texans' quick pursuit was designed to take full advantage of the situation. This action proved to be precisely correct.

Both Bayers lost no time in taking up the chase and harassed the Federals all the way to Fort Fillmore. During the retreat, many of the Yankee troops who had filled their canteens with liquor became victims of the desert's July heat and fell by the wayside where they were easily made prisoners. At one point George Baylor and two of his men were credited with capturing nineteen men in a single swoop as the soldiers lay in the shade of an oak tree.<sup>15</sup>

At one o'clock on the morning of the twenty-seventh, Major Lynde began evacuating Fort Fillmore, burning everything he could not take with him, and retreating toward Fort Stanton. Texas troops remained in close pursuit. The rebels managed to overtake Lynde's force when they camped near San Augustine Springs after marching only a few miles. The Confederate cavalry prepared to charge immediately but, before they got within three hundred yards, a flag of truce was raised by the Yankees. John Baylor's terms were complete surrender and Lynde met them immediately.<sup>16</sup>

Both of the Baylor brothers were, of course, objects of admiration of the Southern sympathizers of the valley area. A local newspaper crowed

"ARIZONA IS FREE AT LAST!! Fort Fillmore in the Hands of Texas Forces."<sup>17</sup>

Major Lynde, on the other hand, was the villain of the day, and suffered the criticism from both sides that is inevitable of a loser. Confederate sympathizers condemned him as a matter of course, but he was also assailed by Charles Porter, a Federal quartermaster sergeant of his own forces. Porter later claimed Lynde's actions were inept and even "traitorous." "Lynde himself," Porter claimed, "though favored extremely by the terrain, did not make or cause to be made any show of resistance, but after a few preliminaries . . . he surrendered unconditionally his command—what through his own fault was left of it—to an imperfectly armed and undisciplined rabble of about 300 men."<sup>18</sup>

W. W. Mills, another Unionist, who was in the El Paso area at the time, also accused Lynde of missing any number of opportunities to attack Baylor's force at times when he would have had the advantage. Mills attributed Lynde's hesitation to his advanced age.<sup>19</sup>

Lynde himself claimed that his failure came from the circumstances of the El Paso area and his subordinates. After his surrender he complained in letters to his superiors:

Since I have been at Fort Fillmore my position has been one of extreme embarrassment. Surrounded by open and secret enemies, no reliable information could be obtained, and disaffection prevailing even in my own command, to what extent it was impossible to ascertain, but much increased, undoubtedly, by the conduct of officers who left their post without authority. My position has been one of great difficulty, and has ended in the misfortune of surrendering my command to the enemy.<sup>20</sup>

In the same letter Lynde said:

Under the circumstances I considered our case hopeless; that it was worse than useless to resist; that honor did not demand the sacrifice of blood after the terrible suffering that our troops had already undergone, and when that sacrifice would be totally useless.<sup>21</sup>

While Lynde's complaints were valid to some extent, his actions left a great deal to be desired of an officer of the United States Army. Even in an area where the populace was hostile to his cause, Lynde could have made some attempt to test the strength of his foes, considering he had them outnumbered by more than two to one.<sup>22</sup> Instead, he fell to the greatest hazard of any commander: indecision. His failure to exercise any authoritative judgment of his situation, or to initiate any offensive or corrective action lost the campaign and ruined his career.<sup>23</sup> Without firing a shot, Lynde surrendered seven companies of infantry, three companies of mounted rifles, all of their transportation, arms, ammunition,

commissary and quartermaster stores, two hundred horses, 270 head of beef cattle, and four artillery pieces. In doing so, he lost New Mexico and Arizona to the Confederacy and disgraced himself. By August 1, 1861, John Baylor had formally taken possession of Arizona for the Confederates.<sup>24</sup>

The battle of Mesilla was not especially important when compared with other Civil War engagements: the numbers of troops involved were small by such comparisons, and the numbers of casualties were of little consequence to either side. Neither were the captured terrain and materiel of strategic necessity. Yet Lynde's defeat was crucial in other terms. Confederate dominance of the area allowed John Baylor to claim Arizona for the Confederacy. In addition, attempts to reassert Union control over the native population forced reassessments of troop concentrations elsewhere. While the victory was short-lived owing to General Sibley's retreat from the area less than nine months later in the face of an invasion by the Federal California Column, it established the reputations of George and John Baylor as promising military leaders and led to promotions for them both.

#### REFERENCES

1. *Confederate Military History*, Vol. XI (Atlanta, Ga: Confederate Publishing Company, 1899), 291; and Confederate Card Catalogue, Archives, Texas State Library.
2. *Confederate Military History*, Vol. XI, 291.
3. Miss Mamie Yeary, *Reminiscences of the Boys in Gray* (Dallas: Wilkinson Printing Company [n.d.], 45.
4. Stephen B. Oates (ed.), *Rip Ford's Texas* by John Salmon Ford (Austin: The University of Texas Press, 1963), 326; and General Orders, No. 8, May 24, 1861, *Official Records of the War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies* (Washington: U. S. Government Printing Office, 1880-1901), Series I, Vol. 1, 575. Hereafter referred to as *Official Records, Army*.
5. George Wythe Baylor, "An Unusual Life," *El Paso Herald*, November 9, 1901. For the official report of this confrontation, see: Report of Colonel Earl Van Dorn, C.S.A. of the surrender of the U. S. troops in Texas and of his subsequent operations, *Official Records, Army*, Series I, Vol. 1, 572.
6. *Ibid.*
7. According to C. L. Sonnichsen, only two votes were cast for Union in the whole county of El Paso. For a complete discussion, see Sonnichsen, *Pass of the North* (El Paso: Texas Western Press, 1968), 151-152.
8. Baylor, "An Unusual Life."
9. Mesilla, Arizona, *Times* (extra), Monday, July 29, 1861. A copy of this sheet is available in the library of Mr. and Mrs. Art Leibson, El Paso.
10. Baylor, "An Unusual Life."
11. Mesilla *Times*, July 29, 1861.
12. *Ibid.*
13. Baylor, "An Unusual Life."
14. *Ibid.*
15. *Ibid.*; and Letter from John R. Baylor to Captain T. A. Washington, *Official Records, Army*, Series I, Vol. 4, 18.

16. *Mesilla Times*, July 29, 1861.
17. *Ibid.*
18. Alwyn Barr (ed.), *Charles Porter's Account of the Confederate Attempt to Seize Arizona and New Mexico* (Austin: The Pemberton Press, 1964), 10.
19. W. W. Mills, "History of the Sibley Campaign," *Galveston News*, November 24, 1883.
20. Letter of Major I. Lynde, Seventh (U. S.) Infantry, Fort Craig, New Mexico, to the Assistant Adjutant General, Headquarters Department, New Mexico, Santa Fe, New Mexico, August 7, 1871, as quoted in Horn and Wallace (eds.), *Confederate Victories in the Southwest* (Albuquerque: Horn and Wallace, Publishers, 1961), 21.
21. *Ibid.*
22. According to George W. Baylor, Lynde commanded 742 officers and men, while John Baylor had only 290. See George Wythe Baylor, "Days of Civil War," *El Paso Herald*, November 16, 1901.
23. Within a month Union military authorities had decided to make Lynde's conduct the subject of a judicial investigation, as was demanded by the men who served under him at San Augustine Springs. See: Letter of Colonel E. R. S. Canby, *Official Records, Army, Series I, Vol. 4, 3*; Letter of Captain Alfred Gibbs, *Official Records, Army, Series I, Vol. 4, 9*; and Statement of Captain Alfred Gibbs, *Official Records, Army, Series I, Vol. 4, 11*.
24. Martin Hardwick Hall, *Sibley's New Mexico Campaign* (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1960), 28.

RODEO is Spanish for roundup. Originally rodeos were simply county fairs designed as exhibitions of cowboy skill at riding and handling ranch stock. Nowadays, rodeos are Big Business. Each year in America alone, more than ten million spectators pay admissions to rodeo shows.

—Eastwood, *Horses*

TERRITORY OF JEFFERSON was an early name for Colorado. On October 24, 1859, the miners, "diverted from their occupation by an early winter, voted in the provisional government of the Territory of Jefferson and elected R. W. Steele, a member of the Nebraska Legislature, as governor."

—Lamar, *The Far Southwest*

DEMING, NEW MEXICO was named for Mary Ann Deming Crocker, wife of Charles Crocker, one of the "Big Four" who built the Southern Pacific Railroad.

The series of mountain ranges extending north from El Paso and including what are now known as the Franklin, Organ, San Augustin, and San Andres Mountains, were called the "Sierra de los Órganos" by the eighteenth century Spaniards. The Franklin Mountains were also known as "Sierra de la Otra Banda" (Mountain of the other side [of the river]) and also as "Sierra de los Mansos" (Mountains of the Manso Indians).

Railroads are classified into two groups—Class I are those having an annual operating revenue of \$5,000,000 or more; and Class II, those having an annual operating revenue of less than \$5,000,000. As of April, 1969, there were 76 Class I line-haul railroads in the United States.

Eastern backwoodsmen generally used "trace" where Westerners said "trail."

Our frontiers were pushed westward by the warlike skill and adventurous personal prowess of the individual settlers; regular armies by themselves could have done little. For one square mile the regular armies added to our domain the settlers added ten—a hundred would probably be nearer the truth.

—Theodore Roosevelt

---

At the turn of the century, nearly all drugs were made from “simples”—natural remedies gathered in the field. Today research in herbs is progressing so rapidly that of the 4,000 medicines now in use containing herbs, two-thirds have been developed in the past ten years. Indeed, thousands of tons of plants are now being used every year by the major pharmaceutical companies. A continued supply of the plants is crucial to medicine and commerce.

---

The U. S. Military Academy in West Point, New York, in 1854 established a museum with a collection dating back to 1777. It has one of the largest collections of military items in the Western Hemisphere.

---

THE BOUNDARIES OF THE CITY OF EL PASO were established on May 17, 1873 by an act of the Texas Legislature, as follows: “Commencing on the Rio Grande at a point five hundred yards north of Hart’s Mill, thence east to the northwest corner of what is known as the Cummings’ Survey, to the banks of the Rio Grande, thence west and north following the banks of said river to the place of beginning.”

Gammel, *The Laws of Texas*, Vol. VII, 1138

---

PRESIDENT PORFIRO DÍAZ arrived in Juárez on the afternoon of October 15, 1909 for his meeting in El Paso with President Taft. He was accompanied by José Limantour, Minister of Finance; Ignacio Mariscal, Minister of Foreign Affairs; General Manuel Gonzales Cosío, Minister of War; and Enrique C. Creel, Governor of the State of Chihuahua. President Díaz spent the night of the fifteenth in the residence of the late Ynocente Ochoa.

---

The title “Father of the Santa Fe Trail” was bestowed upon Captain William Becknell by H. M. Chittenden. It is true that others crossed the western plains to New Mexico before Becknell. James Purcell, for instance, arrived in Santa Fe in 1805 and Jean Baptiste Lelande in 1807. Becknell’s chief distinction, however, is that after he opened the trail in the autumn of 1821 “it stayed open.” Also he was “the first to use wagons.”

---

Josiah Gregg, in his *Commerce of the Prairies*, established the value of the Santa Fe trade to be \$450,000 in 1843, but Max Moorhead, *New Mexico’s Royal Road*, thinks this figure is extremely conservative. He suggests that it was worth \$1,500,000 that year.

# A HISTORY OF THE EL PASO WATER WORKS 1881-1910

by KNUD HOWARD SALVESON

FOR THE PAST eighty-odd years the city of El Paso has been faced with the problem of finding sufficient water. The climate has had much to do with the problem. Experts who have studied the area have stated that: the climate is typical of the arid to semi-arid parts of the Southwestern United States and Northern Mexico. The days are sunny and warm. The nights, however, are cool because the high altitude causes the heat stored in the day to be lost by the night. The average rainfall is nine inches a year, but with the average humidity being 38.8%, evaporation is high and therefore much of the rainfall water is lost.<sup>1</sup>

The Spaniards were the first settlers in the El Paso valley, arriving in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. For their water supply they constructed a system of ditches and canals leading from the Río Grande. When the Anglo-Americans settled on the Texas side of the river in the nineteenth century they naturally adopted the Spanish system. The chief problem at the time was not one of supply, however, but of mud and this remained a problem for several years. One method of clarifying the muddy water was to mix mashed prickly pear leaves with water in tubs or barrels. The leaves were allowed to settle, thus "causing the coagulation of the suspended particles of dirt."<sup>2</sup>

The system of canals served the people satisfactorily as a source of water for as long as El Paso remained a village. In 1858, for instance, the population was only three hundred and the canal system was adequate. With the coming of the railroads in 1881, however, the population greatly increased and the citizenry concluded that there was a need for a cleaner and more adequate supply of water. Consequently, a committee was appointed by the city council to investigate the idea of constructing a system of pipelines, mains, and hydrants. As the plan seemed feasible the council granted a franchise to a company to construct such a system. This company failed to accomplish its purpose, however, and the city council granted similar franchises to other companies but each of them in turn failed. Finally the people were convinced that the only solution of their problem was municipal ownership. But this was not to be realized until 1910.

The city council granted its first franchise to a "water company" on March 31, 1881. The incorporators were Charles R. Moorehead, A. Tays, Edwin G. Manning, Benjamin Dejitan, and Ynocente Ochoa and the corporation was called the El Paso Water Company. Chartered for fifteen years, it was "to make, sell, and supply water for the city." The company's charter said nothing about the rates to be charged or deadlines for starting and completing the construction. However, these problems

were partly solved on April 11, 1881, when a petition permitted the company to operate a water works at the "earliest possible time."<sup>3</sup> On May 7 of the same year the company was given the exclusive right to operate a water works for a period of fifteen years. If it did not meet its obligations the company was to forfeit its franchise. The company did not attempt to construct a water works, however, but only to supervise and control the existing canal system. Consequently, on April 29, 1882, the franchise was transferred to Sylvester Watts of St. Louis, Missouri, under the same conditions it had been granted to the El Paso Water Company.<sup>4</sup>

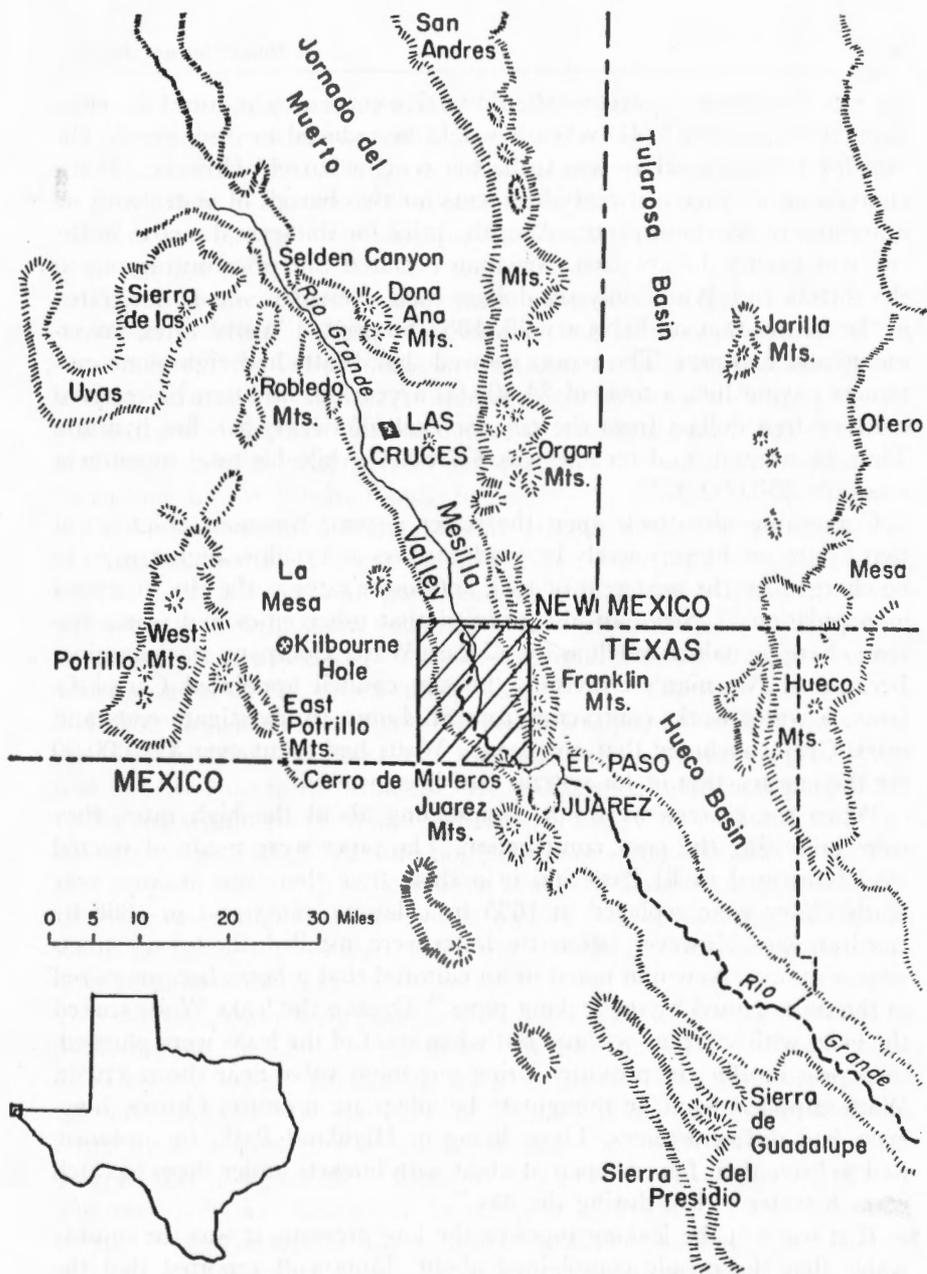
Watts began by building a pumping plant six hundred feet east of Main Street to lift water from the river to Sunset Heights, where he built a reservoir. Its purpose was to provide a large enough container for storing water, thereby allowing the dirt and mud to settle. Watts then laid eight inch pipes from the plant to the reservoir and pipes varying in size from four to ten inches in the town's main streets of Oregon, Mesa, El Paso and San Antonio. S. H. Newman, editor of the *Lone Star*, noted editorially:

Mr. Watts, the water works contractor, is pushing work rapidly on the reservoirs, and they will shortly be completed. He has contracted to have water running into the city by the first of September, and is making every effort to comply with his obligations.<sup>5</sup>

Evidently Watts' system proved adequate for a number of years because it was not until 1892 that he sank the first well for supplementing the city's water supply. The well was located a few hundred feet from the river on a line with Third Street. Sayre and Livingston described it as being "thirteen feet in diameter, sixty feet deep, with horizontal pipes six inches in diameter pushed out to the West, North, and South for 104, 60, and 85 feet respectively."<sup>6</sup> Watts also constructed a water works but the time he took for its completion aroused criticism as did the efficiency of the system itself. E. H. Shelton, for instance, recently recalled that "the city was fortunate in having gas, electric lights, telephone, and water works; the later, however, was not very satisfactory."<sup>7</sup>

The first complaints of the citizens were directed at the slow progress the company was making. Watts had been given four months to build a water works. Not starting until eleven weeks had passed, he was unable to finish in the remaining five. S. H. Newman, emphasizing this fact in his paper, caused the citizens to suspect Watts' honesty. Newman felt that because the terms of the contract had not been fulfilled, the agreement was not binding on the city. However, the city council took no action in the matter.

Another complaint against the El Paso Water Company was the high rates. When Watts' company was given the franchise it was agreed that



From West Texas Geological Society, 1958

Figure 2—The El Paso Vicinity, showing the City, the Hueco Bolson, and the Rio Grande.

Leggat, Lowry, and Hood Bulletin 6203, p. 4

the rate for domestic purposes should be five cents a barrel until the city's population reached 8,000 when it would be reduced to three cents. The rate for street sprinkling was to be ten cents a barrel.<sup>8</sup> However, Watts charged an average of twenty-five cents for two barrels of water with no minimum or maximum rates. Also, the price for the several meters in the city was twenty dollars each. Newman declared this price outrageous as the meters cost Watts only six dollars each. Newman was so interested in the matter that on February 28, 1883 he printed Watts' rates, investments and expenses. The report showed that Watts had eighty-one customers paying him a total of \$4,800.00 a year. In addition he received one hundred dollars from the city for each of twenty-five fire hydrant. Thus his annual total income was \$7,360.00 while his total investment was only \$30,000.00.<sup>9</sup>

Continuing his attack upon the water system, Newman pointed out that "rates might very easily be graduated so as to allow higher rates to be charged for the next year or two, and lower rates as the city increased in population."<sup>10</sup> Newman also claimed that other cities had water systems charging half as much as the El Paso Water Company was charging. Because of Newman's criticisms, the city council appointed Carrol C. Gray, a water works contractor from St. Louis, to investigate costs and rates. Gray concluded that any money Watts had spent over \$20,000.00 for the construction of his systems had been wasted.

When the citizens were not complaining about the high rates, they were criticizing the poor construction. The pipes were made of riveted steel fabricated in El Paso and in a short time they were leaking very badly. They were replaced in 1885 by calamine pipes and in 1888 by cast iron ones. However, before the latter were installed, the town's streets were a morass. Newman noted in an editorial that a horse became mired in the mud caused by the leaking pipes.<sup>11</sup> To stop the leaks Watts corked the holes with soft pine wedges. But when most of the leaks were plugged, there was insufficient pressure. Using one main valve near the reservoir, Watts supplied what he thought to be adequate pressure. Others, however, had different views. Those living in Highland Park, for instance, had to leave their faucets open at night with buckets under them to catch enough water to last during the day.<sup>12</sup>

If it was not the leaking pipes or the low pressure, it was the muddy water that the people complained about. Lippincott reported that the water contained 1,379 solids per 1,000,000 gallons.<sup>13</sup> This factor certainly contributed to the great amount of illness in the city although another cause was very likely the refuse Fort Bliss emptied into the river at Hart's Mill above the point where Watts took the city water. The citizens met the problem of solids in the water by using *ollas*, large clay

urns, and allowing the water to settle. However, the mud problem was not so easily solved elsewhere in the city. The Fire Department, for instance, could not find a solution. This fact caused the *Lone Star* to note in an editorial: "In view of the kind of water furnished by the stovepipe water works . . . the Fire Department ought to send for a nozzle for throwing mud."<sup>14</sup>

The problem of muddy water was not due to the river water so much as it was to Watts' failure to use the settling reservoir correctly. Watts never allowed the water to remain in the reservoir long enough for the solids to sink to the bottom. As soon as the reservoir was filled the water was pumped out. When this was done, fish remained in the muddy residue and many persons were able to get a goodly part of their food merely by picking up the fish by hand.

Because of the mud many persons bought water from wagons that traveled between El Paso and Deming, New Mexico. Of these the Transfer Company was the most popular. Enough drinking water for an average sized family cost about five cents a day.<sup>15</sup> Even ice companies profited by selling distilled water. It was not uncommon to see fifteen to twenty water wagons on the streets in one day.

In the city election of 1883, the people's hopes for a good water system were revived. The *Lone Star* made sure the people knew that Watts had not lived up to his franchise. He had agreed to furnish pure water to the city within twelve months after April 29, 1882. Newman said that it was obvious that the city did not have pure water. He also stated that the city probably had "the very worst system of water ever created in the United States, that the city council had been hesitating for six months about declaring the contract void, and that the editor considered it his duty to agitate the subject."<sup>16</sup>

While the people were complaining about the water system, Sylvester Watts was in St. Louis trying to sell the company. This fact became known when several persons in the Missouri city sent inquiries to local officials concerning the status of the El Paso Water Company. The citizenry were enraged. Consequently, on July 23, 1883, the city's mayor, Joseph Magoffin, vetoed a measure to renew the company's contract. The veto may have convinced the company that some kind of action on its part was necessary as almost immediately the water became cleaner and the rates lower. However, these new conditions did not last long. Within a few years the city was faced with the same problems—insufficient supply, low pressure, mud and high rates. The *Lone Star*, for instance, stated on September 8, 1888: "The El Paso Water Company distinguished itself yesterday by supplying consumers with the filthiest liquid that has ever entered a man."<sup>17</sup>

The election of 1903 brought about a change in the city's water problems. Charles R. Moorehead, running for mayor against James H. White, won the election. He had promised El Paso a first class, pure water system. Moorehead, one of the incorporators of the El Paso Water Company, was very much aware of El Paso's problems. It was his view that pure water could be obtained only from the mesa, also known as the *Hueco Bolson*. The *bolson* is described as "an enormous flat tableland lying to the north and south of El Paso. Being forty miles long on the West and sixty miles on the East, it goes north to the Junilla Mountains in New Mexico."<sup>18</sup> Moorehead had long urged the drilling of wells on the mesa, declaring that "mesa water was pure and sweet compared to the riverbed liquid which he refused to dignify by the word water."<sup>19</sup> The wishes of Moorehead were soon fulfilled. The city council awarded a franchise to J. W. Davis to construct a water works on condition that wells be drilled on the mesa. On April 30, 1903 the franchise was transferred to the International Water Company, sometimes called the Simmons Company after Harwood J. Simmons, its president.<sup>20</sup> The rates to be charged were considerably lower than those charged by the El Paso Water Company. According to Lippincott, an engineer who had studied the water problem, the rates were set at twenty cents for 1,000 gallons for domestic use and twelve and one-half cents for 1,000 gallons for manufacturers. At the same time water was supplied without cost to public buildings, schools, jails and parks.<sup>21</sup>

The International Water Company began work on a system using mesa water shortly after April 30, 1903. About a month later the company asked for a six months extension and on October 22, 1903, for another such extension. The company claimed that the water system could not be finished on time because the materials necessary for completion depended on whether flowing water or well water was used. When the company finally began operations, however, the water was dirty and there was not enough to supply the city. In October, 1905, the company installed a pumping plant connected to the facility of the El Paso Water Company. This in itself was a violation of the franchise awarded the Simmons Company. Thus, due to the company's failure to meet the city's water demands, the city council amended the franchise in 1907 and instructed the company to build a pumping plant near the mesa so as to insure a sufficient supply of good water. At the same time a formerly built plant was to be kept in repairs for use in emergencies. The council also directed Simmons to build a stone or concrete reservoir. But the company for some reason did not fulfill the council's demands and the city was in as bad a position as it had been with the Watts' company.

As a result of the International Water Company's failure to meet the

city's demands, the council made an investigation of the water situation and found that there was an inexhaustible supply of water on the mesa and accordingly notified the company that if it did not build a sufficient water works using mesa water, its franchise would be cancelled.<sup>22</sup> The company replied that the council had no right to declare a franchise null and void. As a defense, Simmons presented a report of the amount of work accomplished by the company. He stated that the company was constructing a water system and drilling wells as best it could. It was from these arguments between the council and the company that the idea of municipal ownership was born. The people became convinced that municipal ownership was a necessity if a sufficient supply of pure water was to be insured. The *Herald-Post* noted in an editorial: "The fact that municipal ownership of a water works was general throughout the United States probably influenced many to favor the purchase of a water works."<sup>23</sup>

On January 10, 1905, the leading citizens held a meeting to select a ticket for the forthcoming city elections. Juan Hart was the principal speaker. He spoke in favor of municipal ownership and he outlined a platform for the newly organized Municipal Water Works League. The league "demanded that El Paso be supplied with water from mesa wells, that the water company's franchise be forfeited immediately and that the city set up its own water system."<sup>24</sup> Selecting J. J. Stewart as its candidate for mayor, the league opposed Republican J. A. Smith and Democrat Charles Davis. Despite the league's efforts, however, Stewart lost to the better organized Democratic machine and the fight for municipal ownership slackened.

Four years were to pass before the water question once again became an important issue. The International Water Company was losing money and it hoped to recover financially by selling its system to the city for \$1,500,000. Although the citizens were in favor of municipal ownership, they were not willing to pay a price they thought outrageous. The fight for municipal ownership continued. The company asked permission to increase its rates and the mayor appointed a committee to investigate the facts concerning municipal ownership. The committee was in agreement that the city should own the water plant. The problem, however, was whether the city should purchase the International Water Company or build a new system. Elections were scheduled for October to decide the question but they were called off as were later ones scheduled for November, because one and then the other side insisted that there had not been sufficient time to campaign.

After the November election was cancelled, Mayor Sweeney appointed a committee to act as arbitrator of the dispute between the council and

the company and to advise him on the company's new price offer of \$927,000. However, editor Hart of the *Lone Star* opposed this figure and he was able to convince a rather large number of citizens that the price was too high.

President H. J. Simmons of the International Company soon realized that only the *Lone Star* blocked the sale of his company and he decided, therefore, that the only way to get around the block was to gain control of the newspaper. By means of an experienced negotiator, Thomas O'Keefe, a former business manager of the *Lone Star*, the water company purchased the paper on April 27, 1910. Following this action, the city in August purchased the International Water Company for a total of \$927,000, in accordance with the following terms: the city assumed responsibility for the company's bonds in the amount of \$477,000, paid the company \$265,000 in cash and gave an interest-bearing, negotiable note for \$185,000.<sup>25</sup>

Thus, as was later pointed out, the acquisition of the water works marked the end of an era; with municipal ownership there were no more bickerings, issuing of franchises, amending of ordinances, or struggles on the part of the city council to force a privately owned water company to consider the interests of the public ahead of private financial gain.<sup>26</sup>

#### REFERENCES

1. A. N. Sayre and Penn Livingston, *Ground Water Resources of the El Paso Area* (Washington: U. S. Govt. Printing Office, 1945), 7.
2. *Ibid.*, 5.
3. *Minutes of the City Council, Book B* (El Paso, Original handwritten book, April 14, 1881), 97.
4. *Ibid.*, *Book C* (April 29, 1882), 66-7.
5. *Lone Star Times*, July 29, 1882.
6. Sayre and Livingston, *Ground Water Resources of El Paso*, 5.
7. E. H. Shelton, "Reminiscences," *The El Paso Times*, December 8, 1893.
8. City Water Board, *Report on El Paso Water System* (MS., El Paso Public Service Board, 1921), 8.
9. Anon., "Little Drops of Water," *Lone Star Times*, February 28, 1883.
10. *Lone Star Times*, February 17, 1883.
11. *Ibid.*, April 21, 1883.
12. Anon., "El Paso Water Works Taken Over by City Twenty-two Years Ago," *El Paso Times*, September 27, 1932.
13. C. N. Bassett, L. M. Lawson, J. B. Lippincott, *Reports on El Paso Water System*, 39.
14. *Lone Star Times*, June 9, 1883.
15. *Ibid.*, July 25, 1883.
16. *Ibid.*, February 17, 1883.
17. *Ibid.*, September 8, 1888.
18. Christopher M. Wallace, *Water Out of the Desert* (unpublished MS., University of Texas at El Paso, no date), 34.
19. John Middagh, *Frontier Newspaper: The El Paso Times* (El Paso, 1958), 103.
20. *Minutes of the City Council, Book M*, 304.
21. C. N. Bassett, L. M. Lawson and J. B. Lippincott, *Reports of the El Paso Water System*, 10-11.
22. *Minutes of the City Council, Book N*, May 19, 1904, 81-83.
23. *El Paso Herald Post*, January 9, 1905.
24. Middagh, *Frontier Newspaper*, 121.
25. Nicoll, *History of El Paso Water Works*, 63.
26. *Ibid.*, 65.

## BOOK REVIEWS

## ELY: TOO BLACK, TOO WHITE

by ELY GREEN, ed. by ELIZABETH N. AND ARTHUR BEN CHITTY  
(Amherst: The University of Massachusetts Press, 1970, \$10.00)

*Ely: Too Black, Too White* is the journal of Ely Green, a "love baby" born to an aristocratic southerner and a black woman who was a maid in his father's home. Because of his light complexion and red hair, Ely looked white, but his fierce pride, developed during childhood when he lived among black relatives, forced him to be a black brother. He was "too black" to be a Texas oil field worker, "too white" to be employed as a Pullman porter. This deeply human document is the recollection of a lifetime, compiled by its author during his seventieth year.

At first the text of Green's journal will offend even the most generous reader, for Green is an illiterate writer. The editors have preserved carefully the original text, occasionally deleting repetitive words, often altering phonetic orthography and southernisms like Ely's "umberallow." After reading fifty pages, however, the reader realizes he sees the misspelled words correctly and understands that the primitive language gives the book considerable charm and authenticity.

Two recurrent issues that Green's journal concerns are bastarddom and racial prejudice. Because of both, Green had to endure unbelievable suffering throughout his life. Early he learned what it was to be a "clabber bastard." Even with his eventual escape to Texas and his enlistment in the U. S. Army, Ely was never able to liberate himself from the shadows in his past. As a child Ely was called a "nigger." His white friends taunted him; white store owners refused to sell merchandise to him. Moreover, during the war working as a stevedore, he served in a segregated black battalion. Throughout his life he fought against the word "Negro," a term he knew associated his black brothers with serfdom: "There is no race Negro," he proudly declares.

Especially relevant to readers of *PASSWORD* are the sections dealing with Texas. In 1912, Green met "the greatest White Southerner and the greatest friend to the Negro" he ever knew, one of Texas' early pioneer bankers and visionaries—Judge Oscar E. Dunlap of Waxahachie, Texas. Befriended by the Dunlap family, taken in as a "son" and hired as a chauffeur, Ely soon learned the necessity for self-improvement. His position helped introduce him to "financial" people and those of influence and political and social position in Texas. Green's primitive descriptions capture the sounds, smells, and sights of Texas, and there are flashes of violence throughout the text, cameoes of prejudiced poor whites and southern marshalls. Always deeply personal, sometimes extravagantly sentimental, this document will be of value to historians and will please those who appreciate the "still, sad music of humanity."

—ROBERT M. ESCH

*Universtiy of Texas at El Paso*

## CORRESPONDENCE OF JAMES K. POLK: 1817 - 1832

ed. by HERBERT WEAVER AND PAUL H. BERGERON  
(Nashville: University of Vanderbilt Press, 1969 \$15.00)

The Democratic Party nominated for the presidency in 1844 the first "dark horse" candidate in history, James K. Polk. At the time, the nomination elicited from the Whigs the derisive query, "Who is James K. Polk"?

More than a century later, in 1962, to be exact, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Sr. conducted a poll of seventy-five outstanding historians who were asked to rank the presidents of the United States in the order of their greatness. To the surprise of many Americans, this "persistent, stubborn, hard-working, somewhat colorless Tennessean" was ranked eighth, falling into the category labeled "near great." Thus was answered the scornful Whig question.

The accomplishments of James Knox Polk as the eleventh President of the United States (1845-49) were many and varied. He settled the Oregon question with Great Britain without war; he prosecuted a successful war with Mexico and thereby acquired a vast amount of territory that included the present states of New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Nevada and California and parts of Colorado and Wyoming; he forced through Congress the low tariff of 1846 and thus gave the country a new direction in both national and international affairs; he obtained the admission of Wisconsin to statehood in 1848; he created the sub-treasury system; he established the Department of the Interior; and he founded the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Previous to his election to the presidency, Polk served seven consecutive terms in Congress, two as Speaker of the House of Representatives. In 1839, he left Congress to serve as governor of his native state. He was the protege of Andrew Jackson and was known as "Young Hickory."

This book is the first of a multi-volume collection of the *Correspondence of James K. Polk*. Included in this volume are all Polk letters thus far located that bear dates prior to the end of 1832. The earliest one was written in 1817 and only about two dozen were penned before he went to Congress in 1825. There are altogether 664 letters of which only ninety-six were written by Polk himself. They have been gathered from at least fifty sources, including the Tennessee Historical State Library and the National Archives.

The Polk project, so-called, is sponsored jointly by Vanderbilt University, the Tennessee Historical Commission, and the National Historical Publications Commissions. The editors, members of the History Department of Vanderbilt University, have done an excellent job of annotation and organization; and the Vanderbilt Press, an excellent job of designing and typography.

It is needless to add that no collection of American history will henceforth be complete without the *Correspondence of James K. Polk*.

University of Texas at El Paso

—EUGENE O. PORTER

### MY LIFE IN THE SOUTHWEST

by ADAH HADLOCK, ed. by KENNETH A. GOLDBLATT

(El Paso: Texas Western Press, 1969, \$5.00)

When Adah Hadlock got to the Pass in 1902, the smoldering aftermath of Apache raids had been extinguished by cooling waves of emigration from the East, and the Indian fighters and braves were already reminiscing about their youth. Our dusty city was growing out of its violent adolescence into a vigorous young adulthood and laws backed by due processes were supplanting the pistol as an arbitrator of disputes. Still, she found El Paso primitive when compared with her native Missouri. There were but a few attempts at Eastern gentility in evidence, such as the time she was "called upon the carpet" for riding the city streets astride instead of side-saddle, but was exonerated by Judge Walter Davis who couldn't "see anything wrong with this young girl's habit . . ."

Mrs. Hadlock's boundless enthusiasm for adventures and knowledge led her to involve herself in so many of the events of her day that she speaks firsthand of many aspects of older El Paso, on everything from socialites to Mexican revolutions. She knew many of the older *Paseños* who had wrestled El Paso from the hands of the Indians and the elements, and got from them many of the stories and anecdotes which she relates in her book.

She tells of the revolution which disemboweled Mexico during the second decade of the century, of her experiences as an over-the-river spectator of the battle for Ciudad Juárez and of narrow escapes at the hands of Mexican outlaws and rustlers. She tells also of the infamous Utah Street and of the hypocritical dealings of prominent El Pasoans with the shady ladies of that red-light district.

Frank Hadlock was in the "land" business and did well enough in this enterprise to be comfortable for life, but the same restlessness and ambition which dominated Adah drove her husband to invest in several oil wells in Louisiana. This speculative venture made them a tidy sum, and infected him with "oil fever" to such an extent that he was to deal in the business for the rest of his life and infect his wife with "the fever" as well. Their quests for the elusive underground fortunes they were to amass make interesting reading, as well as her narration of the adventures in pursuit of her many avocations, such as gold prospecting, painting, and winning recognition as a champion golfer.

Adah Hadlock is one of the few El Pasoans yet living who helped to make the rich legacy of our city's past which has been handed down to us. In one of the last chapters of the book she praises the strength and character of the pioneer El Pasoans whom she refers to as the "good people." She says that, although she knew many of them she could not, herself, be called one of the "old timers." Perhaps not, in years, but certainly in courage and character she must be ranked as one of our most honored older El Pasoans.

The narration of the author, the introduction and annotations of Kenneth Goldblatt, and the masterful production of Carl Hertzog are combined here for a most enjoyable volume.

—JAMES A. MILLS

*Ysleta Independent School District*

## LORD BERESFORD AND LADY FLO

by EUGENE O. PORTER

(Southwestern Studies, No. 25, 1970, Texas Western Press, \$5.00 cloth, paper \$2.00)

Lord D. J. Beresford and Lady Flo were frequent visitors to El Paso from 1884 to 1906. The town was a sort of regular stopping place for his lordship as he journeyed between his ranches in Mexico and another in Canada. In fact, he liked El Paso enough to establish a household here in the late nineties, which he kept until his death in a train wreck at Enderlin, North Dakota in 1906.

Beresford was a real Irish lord with a family background replete with ghosts and castles. He was the son of the Marquess of Waterford and a brother of Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, commander of the British Mediterranean Fleet. Since his death, legends have grown up about him, most of them characterizing him as a "remittance man" and a ne'er-do-well. Research, by Dr. Porter, show these stories to be far from the truth: when

Lord Beresford died, his combined ranching and real estate interests were valued at a million dollars.

The most flamboyant of these stories, however, were directed towards the memory of Lady Flo—Lord Beresford's companion of twenty years. Again, the author's investigations have proved that she was an educated person of good breeding whose greatest fault was that she happened to have been born black. This, of course, was enough to start all sorts of rumors in a frontier town such as El Paso. In Mexico, Beresford would introduce her to guests as "Lady Flo," but while residing in Texas she was listed in the city directories as "Wolfe, Flora (c.), housekpr. Delaval J. Beresford."

In his will—and this speaks rather poorly of the man—Beresford left Lady Flo only £2000 (\$10,000). The remainder was to be divided equally between his three brothers. Lady Flo announced that she was going to contest the will, but Lord Charles, the executor, came to El Paso and bought her off with an additional \$5000. For this sum she was required to sign a waiver in which she relinquished any further claim to the estate and declaring that she had never been the common law wife of Lord Delaval, but only his housekeeper. The irony of the story is that whereas in Texas marriage between blacks and whites was forbidden by law, and while Mexico did not recognize common law arrangements, had Lady Flo brought suit in Canada she would have received in all probability a much greater share of the estate.

Dr. Porter has done a scholarly job of dispelling the mists surrounding two most interesting characters and adding to the richness of Southwestern folklore.

—BUD NEWMAN

*University of Texas at El Paso*

---

## HISTORICAL NOTES

### *Editorial Policy*

PASSWORD is always interested in articles, journals, documents, letters and diaries relating to the history, archeology, and natural history of West Texas, Southern New Mexico, Eastern Arizona and Northern Mexico. Genealogical studies are not accepted because of limited general reader interest, nor is poetry acceptable unless it is part and parcel of an article.

Before submitting articles for PASSWORD, the authors should examine back issues for the proper form of typing and footnoting. The copy should be double-spaced and the footnotes typed consecutively on separate pages. No other form is acceptable.

Articles accepted for publication in PASSWORD become the property of the El Paso County Historical Society and may not be published elsewhere without written permission. Only under special circumstances will an article previously published in another magazine, journal or book be accepted.

---

### AN IMPORTANT NOTICE

The Society at its general meeting in February voted to publish a FIFTEEN-YEAR ACCUMULATIVE INDEX FOR PASSWORD. It will be published early in 1971 and will sell for approximately two dollars.

# SOUTHWEST ARCHIVES

by BUD NEWMAN

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

Title: Chris P. Fox Collection

Location: Archives, University of Texas at El Paso.

"The Establishment" which one hears about nowadays—meaning the "in" group that wields the power—is best summed up locally in the person of Chris P. Fox. In fact, he is known as "Mr. El Paso." Born and reared in this bordertown, he has been, successively, the owner of a transfer company, sheriff, Executive Vice President and General Manager of the Chamber of Commerce (he was elected President some ten years later), and Vice President of the State National Bank. He has watched and helped the town develop from a frontier village to its present status as a metropolis of nearly 500,000 people.

Two years ago, Mr. Fox turned his papers and correspondence over to the University. They date back over a period of more than thirty years, and are most revealing. Not only are they of interest as valuable historical documents, but they are a candid testimonial of how a power structure can be built and maintained. In that regard, they are of interest to the student of political science.

Mr. Fox has known and befriended just about everybody. One is tempted to say, "everybody worth knowing." But the truth is, in many cases he knew them and had been their friend long before they became important people. His correspondence with Lyndon Johnson extends over three decades. Often, basic differences of opinion arose over government policy, but this never marred their relationship, which was always cordial and on a first-name basis. On at least one occasion, while encouraging the President to remain firm on a certain foreign policy decision, Mr. Fox forgot protocol long enough to send him a telegram, which stated in part: "Stand on it, my boy, as we have backed up as far as we can in the affairs of the Western Hemisphere."

Lyndon Johnson was not the only man of importance to call upon Chris Fox for advice and assistance. Governors, mayors, congressmen, a future U. S. Supreme Court Justice and a four star general are included. Nor is his correspondence confined to the high and mighty, because his *amigos* were from all walks of life. A good portion of letters show that he always had time to do favors for ordinary folks. Reading between the lines, it is easy to see that he held no preference, regardless of rank.

A perusal of these papers, which at times are astonishingly frank, show that "Mr. El Paso's" power structure was built with blocks of friendship and goodwill. An outstanding tribute to his honesty and integrity is the fact that he gave them to the University without restrictions regarding their use.

## CONTRIBUTORS

STEPHEN W. KENT, a graduate of Virginia Polytechnic Institute with a degree in architectural engineering, was born in Roanoke, Virginia. He came to El Paso in 1952 and organized an engineering company with offices at 2800 North Stanton. He resides at 929 Cheery Hill with his wife Barbara and their three children, Jody, Kathy and Allison. Mrs. Kent, incidentally, is a native El Pasoan, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. M. H. Keller.

BRYAN WELLS BROWN was born in El Paso in June of 1896. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wells Brown, were pioneer El Pasoans, having come here in 1883. Bryan's first job was with the United States Reclamation Service at the time of the construction of the Elephant Butte Dam. He was discharged as a Captain in the Engineering Corps at the end of the First World War. He married the former, Frances Marr Earle and they spent many years in Mexico, living most of the time in San Lu s Potos . He was associated with the A.S. & R. Company and later had his own Mining Machinery and Equipment Company. He died in January, 1964, and is survived by his widow and two sons, Bryan Wells Brown, Jr., a retired Colonel of the USAF who lives in San Antonio and Frank Earle Brown who lives in El Paso.

FRANCIS L. FUGATE is on leave of absence from the University of Texas at El Paso where for twenty years he has taught creative writing: the short story, articles and novels. In addition he is a free lance editor and writer. He lives at 2800 North Campbell with Mrs. Fugate.

KENNETH A. GOLDBLATT has become a regular contributor of articles and book reviews to *PASSWORD*. He is at present taking work towards his Doctorate in English at the University of Maryland. His address is 7704 Adelphi Road #12, Hyattsville, Maryland 20183.

KNUD HOWARD SALVESON, a student at the University of Texas at El Paso, was born in Munich, Germany, where his father, Sfc. Carl Salveson, was stationed with the U. S. Army. He later lived in Den Hague, The Netherlands, where he attended kindergarten. He has lived in El Paso since 1963 when his father retired from the service. He was graduated from El Paso's Eastwood High School.

ROBERT M. ESCH is a member of the English Department at the University of Texas at El Paso. He received his M.A. (English) from the University of Wisconsin, Madison, where he is completing his doctorate.

JAMES A. MILLS, a graduate of the University of Texas at El Paso, teaches history in the Ysleta Independent School District. This is his second contribution to *PASSWORD*.