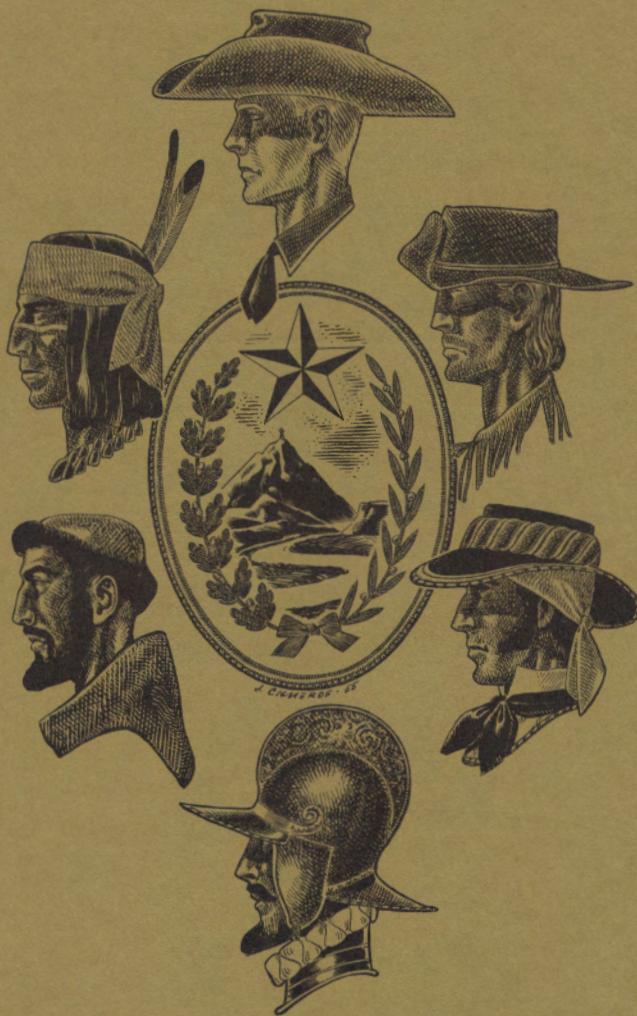


PASSWORD



THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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SUMMER, 1970

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"Stockades and forts built and garrisoned by the Army . . . became footholds of civilization on the wild frontier. Here could be found gristmills, sawmills, and blacksmith shops, all erected by the troops. On the site of many of these frontier forts flourishing cities were to grow, their foundations laid by the brave men in Army blue who first blazed the westward trail. Security and law and order largely depended upon the continued presence of these gallant soldiers of the West."

Department of the Army Pamphlet, 360-217.

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AN HISTORIC CENTER AT THE PASS OF THE NORTH: AN APPEAL

by CHRIS P. Fox

THERE IS AN INCREASING NUMBER of El Pasoans who are convinced that because of confusion, lack of direction, and lack of knowledge we are overlooking one of the greatest potential tourist attractions this community has, as well as the opportunity to perpetuate a priceless historical "artifact" of our heritage. We El Pasoans have been told that where the Río Grande flows through the throat of the Pass near the Smelter, is the place where the first white man trod on what is now the soil of Continental United States. This was before Jamestown, Plymouth — or you name it.

This irrefutable fact is something that would be highly prized by any other city in these United States, something for which they would gladly pay large sums of money if it could be bought "off the shelf." But it is something that belongs to us and to us alone. Yet we continue to ignore it as though it were something that should be swept under the carpet and left to be eliminated by the silent artillery of time. For example, the land upon which Harts Mill is located at one time echoed to the prancing hoofbeats and shuffling foot-rhythm of *conquistadore* foot travelers and horsemen. Yes, it heard the rattle of spears and armour and also the intonements of the religious men during hours of prayer. It was through this Pass that in later years men in all walks of life shuttled back and forth seeking their fortunes in gold and other forms of wealth as well as health. It was through here that the future developers of western areas came. Nor are we forgetting Jefferson Davis' U.S. Army Camel Corps.

The Pass also knows the rattle of stagecoaches and of Conestoga wagons; the roar and whistle of trains; the hum of automobiles and buses; and the noise of airplanes flying overhead. Why here? Because this is the lowest pass in the Continental Rockies of the United States between east and west. It is also the site of a route for north-south travelers.

We could very properly establish a museum of a kind or an historic watering place and/or the equivalent of a stagecoach stop at any point in this immediate area and it would serve history well and it would bring pride to those who remember "when." And, certainly, the history-starved tourist of today would find a veritable oasis of history and hospitality awaiting them.

Have we not all seen some communities that have only a few crumbs of relatively interesting history but through good efforts and a modest amount of money and *enthusiasm* have built something of terrific tourist interest, something that serves history well? Of course we have. But we

have the *real McCoy* and it is just sitting by the side of the road and watching folks whiz by in bunches like carloads of bananas.

Think of all that could be incorporated into this "Posada-inn"—the names of the Twelve Travelers plus a Billy the Kid or a Geronimo thrown in for full measure, and the dusty-throated boys of Doniphan as well as the marauding Apaches, famous cattle-rustlers of their time. And let us not forget the most important—those good souls that were traveling to make their home out here in the West and build a country. It is undeniable that the "Pass to the North" as it was recorded in Spain when the expedition leaders returned to report to their Imperial Majesties—well, there it was: "*Pasa por aqui, en el cañón del Río Grande Bravo del Norte.*"

At Scenic Point high above our city on Mt. Franklin is embedded a bronze tablet upon which is inscribed the following:

Before You Stands
THE CITY OF EL PASO
In The Valley of the Rio Grande
And Across Is
CIUDAD JUAREZ, MEXICO
To The Far Right Is The River's Southern Exit
Through the Famed Pass of the North from which
El Paso Takes Its Name

This is historic ground. Here primitive men, from immemorial time, marched along the course of the Río Grande's life giving waters. Here at this stony pass questing men in the wilderness found the most accessible and strategic gateway through the southmost reaches of the Rocky Mountains huge continental ridge. The importance of the pass was recognized by the Spaniards who named it four centuries ago. They settled here with the natives and much later came the Americans.

This drowsy, stagecoach village was aroused when the railroads came through the pass in 1881 linking the far oceans. El Paso sprang to life, and became a busy city of destiny.

To the strong men who explored and pioneered this West, to the stout-hearted men and women who founded and built El Paso, this tablet and the descriptive markers to the right and left are proudly dedicated by

THE STATE NATIONAL BANK OF EL PASO, TEXAS
ON THE 81st ANNIVERSARY OF ITS FOUNDING IN 1881

One has to travel only a few of our southwestern highways to see many, many evidences of communities awakening to their historic development potential. As is to be expected, some have more than others to build upon, but those with lesser natural historic resources are doing a mighty good job and profiting therefrom. It is nice to be neighbors to Juárez and it is equally nice for Juárez to be neighbors to us. I believe that putting together a fine "Pass of the North" historic center would contribute

greatly to El Paso's economy and would, at the same time, reflect favorably on our neighbors to the south, as do all benefits which accrue primarily to this city.

Let me conclude by noting that Texas has at long last come alive to its history over the broad area of the state. It has done a much better job than we have locally. As a result, the state as a whole is benefitting more and more from tourist travel. Arizona to the west is also a shining example of what honest tourist promotion can do, particularly when it is tied into developing the historical-interest potential. Finally, it should be emphasized that for El Paso time is certainly "awasting."

YOU'RE AN OLD-TIMER if you remember when the following songs were popular:

Jealous

Tie Me To Your Apron Strings Again

Dear Old Girl

Bird In A Gilded Cage

Meet Me Tonight In Dreamland

My Sweetheart's The Man-in-the-Moon

The Church Organ and

Please, Mr. Conductor. Don't Put Me Off the Train.

YOU'RE AN OLD-TIMER if you remember when folks, including doctors, thought appendicitis was caused by sitting improperly. At the turn of the century it was generally believed that crossing the right leg caused the appendix, which is on the right side, "to cramp and constrict and in time become inflamed."

PROBABLY THE WIDESPREAD BELIEF that Indians were bareback riders grew out of some artists' conceptions of Indian horsemen. Also the Hollywood version of the American redskin has followed the erroneous notion that saddles were unknown to the Indians. Actually there were very skillful saddle-makers among all the horse-using tribes and very few instances when Indians chose to ride without saddles.

AMERIND was suggested in 1899 by an American lexicographer as a word to be used when talking about the race of man that lived in the New World before the arrival of Columbus.

Metheglin was a homemade beverage common on the frontier. It was concocted of fermented honey and water.

BOYHOOD IN EARLY EL PASO—1903

by BRYAN W. BROWN

PART TWO OF TWO PARTS HORSE AND BUGGY DAYS

IT WAS THE DAY OF THE HORSE AND BUGGY. Horses were a must. Today we have two-car garages; then we had two, three, or more horses to a family. It was not uncommon for husband and wife each to have a rig or a buggy, and often each of the children had some kind of mount. Maybe the kids rode bareback or had a long-eared burro, but few of the people were afoot.

Men and women had a chance to show off their horsemanship at riding clubs and horse shows, as well as on the street. The two busiest corners were on San Antonio where it intersected with El Paso and North Oregon streets. Here news and gossip were bandied about. In the early evening, beautiful women drove their runabouts, landaus, phaetons and broughams, and an occasional cabriolet through the streets. Some time during the evening they were sure to pass these two corners to be admired by the local citizenry.

Their high-spirited horses, with painted hooves and oiled harness shining like ebony, stepped out in many different gaits. It left a picture in your memory that is hard to forget.

Hitching posts were as common as parking meters. Some came pretty fancy with a chain attached to a weight running down through an ornamental horse's head which topped the post. When the snaffle hook was released from the horse's bridle, the weight pulled the chain down inside the post.

Then there were ordinary four-by-four wooden posts; but these rotted at the ground, and it was a frequent sight to see a horse running down the street holding his head high and to one side dragging one of those wooden posts.

Drinking fountains for horses were scattered around town in convenient places. Some of the public troughs were very ornamental, often the gift of some society or philanthropic organization. One of these stood at the junction of Magoffin Avenue and San Antonio for many years after it was needed; another was at the corner of Alameda and Piedras.

The careful horseman avoided these public drinking fountains, fearful his horse would be infected with the dreaded disease known as "glanders," which could be passed on to humans.

There were no paved streets and there were plenty of chuck-holes, causing you to retain your buggy seat with great difficulty. Not only was there risk of bodily injury, but the wear and tear on equipment was great. It was not unusual to see a buggy with a broken wheel or axle,

or to see a runaway horse clattering down the street with only the buggy shafts bouncing after him. Chuck-holes kept the blacksmiths busy. In all, there were about twenty blacksmith shops in El Paso.

Not infrequently the clattering hooves of a runaway horse brought people spilling out of the shops along the street. It might be a horse and buggy with a beautiful woman at the reins—or maybe the reins were dragging the ground. It could be a team hitched to a driverless buck-board or wagon. In any case, it gave the men a chance to demonstrate their courage.



Mr. Frank Wells Brown watches from the porch while Mrs. Brown and daughter Ethel drive past their home on West Rio Grande Street.

Until you have run into the oncoming charge of two fierce-looking brutes with foam frothing from their grinning lips, red nostrils dilated, iron-shod hooves pawing the air, ready to kill anyone in their way—you haven't met up with real danger.

It took physical coordination to jump aside in time to lunge in an upward arc and grab the checkrein of the headstall or bridle, or to grab the reins out of the dirt and then to throw all your weight into turning the runaway into a snorting, pawing stop.

This was not accomplished without injury to the person stopping the runaway unless he was extremely lucky. Most of the accidents and injuries of that day were caused by horses in one way or another. Accident news was made up of such notices as:

Fred Carr is in the hospital recovering from an accident in which he broke several ribs and received some bruises. He was standing in the back of his wagon when his horses became frightened and jerked the wagon out from under him, throwing him across one of the wheels which carried him down and under the wagon.

And the city fathers had their troubles with horses:

I. L. Pressberg presented a petition in which he represents that on the date of the accident, while driving his hack on Upson Avenue, near Diaz Street, one of his horses fell into a sewer ditch running across said street; he claims \$200 for the horse and \$25 for the harness. For which the City Council allowed him \$85 for the horse and the harness in full settlement.

I well remember the day my mother was driving down Campbell Street behind a spirited black horse. She was an expert horsewoman, but the streets often had mudholes caused by overflowing irrigation ditches. In order to avoid one of these holes, she guided her big black to the very edge of the street, actually driving halfway up on what would have been a sidewalk if there had been a sidewalk.

As the black started around the mud hole, he shied and took off at full speed, heading straight between two telephone poles. The hame straps snapped, and Big George kept right on going.

Mrs. Frank W. Brown had the reins wrapped around her gloved hands as he broke loose. She kept on going too and was pulled out of the rig and over the dashboard; she hit the ground twenty feet away. Luckily she was knocked unconscious and released her grip on the reins, otherwise she might have been dragged to death. She was several days in the hospital before she could drive again.

There was the old gentleman with a long bushy white beard who wore a long black Prince Albert coat, green with age, and a high, brownish derby-sort of a hat. He was perpetually driving a horse and buggy through the streets of El Paso with a sign on the side of the buggy: "THIS IS MY OFFICE."

This was Barnett E. Major, one of the finest gentlemen of that day. Seldom did anyone ever see him out of his rig. He conducted his affairs from the buggy seat with his client riding alongside him.

One Halloween night we unhooked his horse from his buggy while it stood in front of his house on Hills Street and rolled the buggy to the foot of two telephone poles standing close together. Using block and tackle, we hoisted the buggy to the top of the poles and tied it securely; we removed our equipment and left the buggy hanging high and dry in

the air. The old gent hired a rig until our prank had worn out; then one night we lowered his buggy and rolled it back to his home.

I will never forget the Anheuser-Busch dray, piled high with huge brown kegs of beer with polished hoops, and its two silverroan Percheron horses with long silken tails dragging the ground, except in rainy weather when they were braided and tied with colorful ribbons.

This well-groomed outfit made a pleasant low rumbling noise as it moved along the rutty streets, five-foot wheels thrusting back and forth against the well-greased axles with an uncomplaining bubbling sort of a melodious gurgle. The kegs shifted softly from side to side as the wagon rocked one way and then the other. The harness, well-rubbed with neat's-foot oil, had a lustrous ebony sheen, contrasting with the shining brass rings, buckles, and fittings.

This team might draw up to a watering trough in front of any of the many saloons: The Parlour, Gem, Ranch, Poodle Dog, Astor House, or Charlie Beisswenger's. The horses promptly buried their muzzles in the cool water and playfully snorted.

The husky driver set the brake and wrapped the reins around the brake handle as he stepped down from his high perch, twirling his long handlebar mustache and pulling his leather apron tightly around his fat middle. He pulled a barrel skid out from under the wagon, hooked the skid onto the side or tail of the wagon and dramatically showed off his great strength as he proceeded to skid the barrels down to the ground to be rolled into the saloon.

A real McGinty glass, brimming with the golden nectar, sold for five cents—along with a free lunch.

MEMORIES OF THE STABLES

Nothing was so stimulating to the sense of smell as the pervading fragrance of the comingling odors of a well-kept stable: the dry, earthy scent of unbaled prairie hay, wafting up with the dust; the salty smell of sweaty horseflesh; the pungency of burning hooves as the smithy fitted shoes to a horse; the aromatic tang of well-cared-for leather gear, hanging before each stall; the mustiness of drying horse blankets.

The combination of these smells joined with a keen-edged odor floating on the air as the roustabout cleaned the stalls and forked the straw and litter into a wheelbarrow to be carried out of the stable. The fusion of all these vigorous odors made a spicy-sweet smell which will perhaps never again be reproduced.

The stables were dark and dingy, inspiring the roustabouts to become drowsy. They were lulled by the muffled beats of the horses stomping in

their stalls and the rustle of the hay as they munched. The constant swishing of the horses' tails resembled the soft purr of *maracas* on a warm evening. An occasional low whinny and a short snort, caused by dust in the hay, blended with the soft rhythmic swish of the *caverango* forked hay. This was joined by the high-pitched silvery clang of the smithy at his anvil. All of this harmonized into a mellow, caressing melody. Is it any wonder the roustabouts had a hard time keeping awake?

There were several stables, but the most exciting of all were those catering to the transient overland wagon caravans and stagecoaches. As a rule these stables were on the outskirts of town. The regular stagecoach lines had their own central stations.

In spite of the train service that El Paso was enjoying in 1903, there were still many people traveling by wagons and coaches. Sometimes a string of high canvas-covered Conestoga wagons came into the corral, drawn by oxen. Maneuvering these great wagons into position took more dexterity than today's automobile parking. The drivers coaxed clumsy, slow-moving oxen by short jabs with a goad, then supported the wagon tongue and released the oxen from their heavy yokes. The docile beasts were led away to be watered, fed, and bedded down for the night.

Women and children climbed down out of these mobile houses. Wide skirts hindered the women's movements, and pertly cocked bonnets partly covered their drawn faces. They immediately started the work of preparing the evening meal while the men did the heavier work of caring for the wagons and animals. Later in the evening, the dim glow of their fires and an occasional murmur from their wagons indicated that the camp lay resting in peace.

For me, another great attraction was the arrival of a *diligencia* [stagecoach from Mexico], which always presented an exciting scene from a foreign country. Occasionally some aristocratic *dama* or *señorita* would step down from one of those Concord stages, suspended on leather "springs," to be escorted to a *meson* [inn or hotel] where the party would spend the night before going back to Chihuahua. The driver as well as the footman—we called him "to the man who rode shotgun"—carried .30-30s handy in the stage and never strayed far without them. The guard of mounted *charros* was also heavily armed.

Stables were centers of great activity, equal to the railroad stations which came along later. Here was where traveling Western humanity met, exchanged ideas, and then departed. Here is where questions were asked about friends and loved ones; where gossip, news, and information was exchanged and watering places were discussed, not unlike the way travelers do today when they arrive at our motels.

An up-to-date stable often had stalls for from 250 to 300 horses. It

was necessary to service the horses and buggies for doctors, lawyers, undertakers, just plain businessmen, and other people who kept their outfits at the stables.

If you wanted your rig or trap, you rang your stable on the telephone and it wasn't long before the stable boy came dashing through town with the horse at full trot, his own mount following with head high and ears laid back in protest at being pulled behind the buggy. The boy delivered your outfit and returned to the stable to answer another call; many stables had several boys working.

There were hacks, mail wagons, sprinklers, and all sorts of delivery wagons, a great many of which were kept in public stables, comparable to today's garages.

I often took my horse to Longwell's stable to have him shod. The blacksmith shop opened onto an alley across from the kitchen door of the Eastern Grill. Once, while waiting for my horse to be shod, I saw a Chinaman in the kitchen preparing the noon meal. He had several pans of cut biscuits ready to go into the oven. He lifted a glass of milk to his mouth and took a load that made his cheeks bulge; then he leaned over the biscuits and sprayed them with a fine mist. I had often seen Chinamen do this with water when ironing clothes, but that was the first time with milk on biscuits.

This didn't impress the smithy much when I told him about it. After shoeing my horse, he stepped into the kitchen and came out with two golden brown biscuits, the best of any I have had.

Stables were as necessary in those days as parking lots and garages are today. The atmosphere was much more soothing in comparison with the strident beeping of horns, loud exhausts, and shrieking wheels—not to mention the smells of gasoline and burning rubber. An article in the newspaper was a sign of things to come. Pa read it and solemnly informed me of the dangers:

Gasoline has a noxious effect. Philadelphia youths accustomed to inhaling fumes of the liquid have become habitual drunkards therefrom. The new form of intoxication lasts from three to four hours and brings extreme exhilaration of spirits to its many victims. Enhaling gasoline fumes causes mild to extreme exhilaration, loss of control of the faculties, failure of memory, sense of direction, insensibility, and possibly death.

If your automobile needed repairing, which was a certainty if you had one, there was only one place to take it: 114 South Stanton Street. Oliver and J. M. Mickle, proprietors, agreed to fix anything—guns, engines, pumps, baby carriages, and the new-fangled horseless carriage. The name of their firm? Naturally, it was the El Paso Novelty Works.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT

Telephone service was not new. It had started on September 20, 1883, with forty subscribers, thirteen of which were in Paso del Norte (Juárez). Although there were 1200 telephones in use in El Paso by 1903, few El Paso firms emphasized telephone numbers in their advertising. Longwell's Transfer Company—Phone No. 1—was an exception.

Even after twenty years, the general citizenry did not react favorably to telephones. When it rained only the very brave would answer the infernal machine as it hung there on the wall, buzzing and sputtering. And it took people a long time to overcome the feeling that they had to shout as they talked over the phone.

There were two telephone companies: Southern Independent Telephone Company and the Southwestern Telegraph Company. They did business from 223 S. Oregon and 100 S. El Paso streets, respectively.

The advent of the telephone had vastly improved our fire alarm system over the old church bell clanging and six-shooter firing. Fire alarm boxes were fastened to telephone poles at strategic street intersections throughout town. The boxes were painted a flaming Chinese red, and each had a number. To turn in an alarm, you broke a glass cover on the front and turned a key on the inside. This signaled the fire station and operated the steam whistle on the electric company's smokestack, causing it to toot.

Everyone stopped whatever he was doing to count the whistle blasts so he could tell if the fire was in his part of town. The fire alarm box on the corner of Boulevard and North Kansas was No. 135. It would be signaled by 1 toot and a pause; 3 toots, pause; and 5 toots. After a long pause the signal would be repeated, and sometimes the whistle would blow until the fire had been reported under control. Two short blasts signaled that the fire was out.

Three minutes after the alarm reached the fire station, the engine rolled down the street belching smoke behind three magnificent horses going at full gallop. Firemen would still be pulling on their boots and clothes as the steam engine went rumbling down the street.

Volunteer firemen closed in on the engine and the fire from all directions—some on horses, bareback or in the saddle, according to their circumstances at the time of the alarm. Some would be in buckboards, gigs, runabouts, or fancy carriages hitched to teams of high-stepping blacks. Others pedaled furiously on bicycles, and still others ran or walked. The event took on a carnival atmosphere.

Often people going on foot met those who had been, had seen, and were returning from the fire. Maybe the fire had been easily extinguished,

or perhaps it had been a false alarm. In any case, two blasts of the whistle announced to all concerned that the excitement was over.

El Paso had an enviable record for fire protection, even in those days. It is rather difficult to see why, since we had a dubious distinction held by no other Texas town: We had no water with which to fight fires.

GETTING EVEN WITH THE STREETCAR COMPANY

Street railway service began in El Paso in 1882 when the first mule car was put into operation. This was the year the first bridge was built across the Río Grande at the foot of Stanton Street. Before that, a ferry west of the present bridge on Santa Fe Street was operated by J. J. Sullivan, later captain of the fire department.

The ferry transported people and supplies from one side of the frontier to the other during high water. In 1887 a bridge was built across the river near this point when Z. T. White took over a line established by Joseph Schutz, thereby starting a rival service.

One streetcar line started on San Antonio Street near South El Paso, ran east along the south side of San Antonio to Cotton Avenue, then north to Myrtle where it turned west to its starting point.

The other line started on the corner of St. Louis and Stanton and ran west on St. Louis through "Little Plaza" and down South El Paso to Seventh, then east to Stanton and south over the bridge into Mexico where it joined with *Tranvias de Ciudad Juárez*. The mule car made the trip to the church in Juárez, then made its way back to El Paso over the Santa Fe Street bridge; from here it angled north to South El Paso and on to the starting point. Here the mule was unhooked from the car and reversed; the car was ready for another trip.

Streetcars of that day had a capacity of ten or twelve passengers, seated and dressed normally. Hoop skirts reduced the capacity somewhat. However, it was seldom these cars were loaded to capacity, except on Sundays, so the women and their voluminous skirts were not often inconvenienced.

After dark, coal oil lamps provided dim light by which you could find your seat. A small wood-burning stove, which passengers had to fire up and keep replenished with wood, barely took the chill off a winter evening.

As Owen White put it in his book *Out of the Desert*: "The streetcar system was delightfully simple, convenient, accommodating and deliberate. When a passenger boarded a car he immediately came in contact with all of the officials of the company except the president and the board of directors."

The drivers were the most accommodating people I have ever known. Ma often got them to run errands for her: A loaf of bread, a package of meat, a spool of thread, or perhaps even matching some piece goods while the passengers patiently waited. No one became irritated because of the delay; the next day the driver could easily be running an errand for one of them. When the driver stopped in front of a drugstore, the passengers took special interest in his errand. If someone was sick, they immediately offered not only sympathy but their services.

I do not go along with the story that Mrs. Magoffin considered the mule car as her private property. Some wags would have had us believe that she made the mule car driver wait while she finished her shopping, then take her home with no inconvenience to her. If this were true, there was no one more deserving of this special service than she. Mrs. Magoffin never objected to us kids stealing fruit from her orchards.

The El Paso Electric Company took over the mule car franchises and the two wooden bridges over the Río Grande considerably earlier, but it was not until January 11, 1902, that track was laid and the first electric car took its maiden trip to Juárez. On this occasion, Mandy, the mule, was coaxed onto a small flatcar and, midst bands playing and flags flying, was pushed around the circuit from El Paso to Juárez and back with all the trappings of a carnival celebration.

At this time there were only six miles of track in El Paso. One electric streetcar was equipped with a platform to hold a casket; the mourners sat at the other end of the car.

On the mule car, we kids had never paid to ride, and we resented this new company with its high-minded ideas about making a profit for the stockholders. On the old mule car, we just dropped a button, a rock, or sometimes a washer into the fare box. Anything that made a sound got us a ride. Now the conductor stood guard on the rear of the car, and the minute a passenger climbed on he was before him with his hand out for the nickel fare.

This new outfit was not in the least concerned about our various problems; they didn't care whether our mothers had anyone to run errands for them or not. Now our mothers didn't have anyone but us to send for a drug prescription or a spool of thread. This added to our already heavy chores, and we didn't like the new company a little bit. After the electric cars started operating, we found ways to harass the motorman and the conductor.

At night we played under the arc lights, which attract bugs more than any other light can. We discovered that crushed grasshoppers were as slippery as grease, so we gathered as many as we could crowd into a few

cigar boxes and went up on North Oregon Street where the car line turned to go up the West Río Grande hill. There we smashed our little cargo of bugs and spread them over the rails. When the car hit this curve the wheels spun and threw sparks like a Fourth of July pinwheel. It generally took the crew thirty or forty minutes to clear the track and sand it down so they could proceed up the grade.

The first cars were the open-air type. Seats were placed across the car and on the outside running boards ran its length. On this type of car, we hopped on in the middle, away from the conductor, and kept out of his reach until the car reached our corner where we hopped off. They tried stopping the car while the conductor and the motorman chased us. Immediately we jumped off; as soon as they started the car again we hopped back on. The motorman soon discovered that he would never get to the end of his run if he played this game for long, so he left us to the conductor.

With the advent of the closed car, we had more trouble "getting even" with the streetcar company. The cars didn't move fast enough to be dangerous, but it was fast enough to make the risk exciting. We would hop on the back cowcatcher and ride as far as we could before the conductor appeared to chase us off.

One time I had just hopped on the cowcatcher and was privately gloating over my achievement when I saw the conductor looking out the back of the car with a diabolic gleam in his eye. Taking quick aim, he jabbed me squarely in the face with a bundle of rags tied into a ball on the end of a mop stick. He used this like a pool cue, and he certainly scored a pocket as he rolled me into the dusty street back of the retreating car. His malicious, raucous guffaw still rings in my ears when I do something I know I shouldn't do. Those conductors had no scruples at all.

I don't recall what caused us to stop needling the streetcar conductors, but I suppose our parents had something to do with it. Those days I went around most of the time afraid to sit down too heavily. Both Ma and Pa were pretty quick on the trigger when it came to using a quirt or a switch. If you had a buggy whip played across your legs, you knew how to dance the Charleston decades before it became recognized as a social dance.

The streetcars carried signal lights, somewhat like the port and starboard lights on a ship: A green light meant the streetcar went to Juárez; a blue light was for the San Antonio, Myrtle and Boulevard run; a red light was for the Washington Park line; and a white light indicated the Smelter run.

As the community expanded, more lines were added; and developers of new areas would advertise the time required to go to town. The Highland Park Addition was being developed by the Newman-Austin Investment Company, and they claimed: "Streetcar service from town to your home in eight minutes."

The schedules were more often hopeful than actual, as was attested by a petition signed by F. C. Earle, manager of the Smelter, and eighty-five others asking for better service on the Smelter run: "The schedule of fifteen minutes is rarely maintained and the cars are seldom on time. We also call your attention to the dangerous speed attained by the cars in a vain endeavor to run on schedule and make up time."

BED AND BOARD

Even in 1903, El Paso was reaching out to attract tourists—advertising to "health-seekers tired of fighting blizzards, snow and freezing temperatures." And competing Arizona cities were fighting back. One Arizona newspaper editorial took pains to point out the possibility of turmoil in El Paso during an up-coming election:

The fight over the election of the Mayor of El Paso is being waged hot and heavy and it is very bitter; there is liable to be trouble and bloodshed on election day. Well, the Gate City has to have constant excitement in order to keep before the world. This is not good publicity for them, however.

We and our visitors were well-fed by more than thirty-seven restaurants, eighteen of which were Chinese. Of the latter, the Eastern Grill, located at 123 South El Paso, was one of the best. Large ornamental fans hung from the ceiling on bamboo poles, operated from the kitchen by a boy who pulled a rope which was connected to the fans, causing them to swing above the heads of the dinner guests. The fans oscillated back and forth, circulating the warm air and shooing away flies all at the same time. The fans were profusely decorated in the brightest of Chinese colors and designs: Dragons, dancing girls, and Buddha temples.

Prices in 1903 were more than reasonable by today's standards. Halstead's Lunchroom proclaimed their Merchant's Lunch to be "one of the finest ever served in El Paso for 15¢." It was quite a meal:

Soup	Vegetables
	Prime Rib Roast
Beef Stew and Potatoes	
	Roast Mutton
Brown Sweet Potatoes	
	Italian Spaghetti

In spendthrift contrast, there was the dinner menu of the Hotel Angelus at more than twice the price:

Tomatoe Amdelonise	
Young Onions	Pickled Beets
Boiled Columbian River Salmon	
Pommes Natural	
Frankfort Sausage with Kraut	
Lemon Sherbet	
(All Ice Cream and Sherbets furnished by Camozze)	
Mashed Potatoes	Steamed Potatoes
New Asparagus	Mexican Beans
Roast Mutton	Pickled Pigs Feet
Tongue	Potatoe Salad
Apple Pie	Custard Pie
Coconut Pudding	Orange Sauce
American Cheese	Crackers
Tea, Coffee, Buttermilk	
Open until midnight	

You could sit down to the above for 35¢. If you felt real flush, you could blow another 15¢ and get a bottle of claret with your meal.

Lodging was also extremely reasonable by today's standards. A night in the St. Charles Hotel, at Overland and El Paso, would cost you 50¢, 75¢, or \$1.00. One local hotel advertised the advantages of the higher-priced rooms: "Rooms large enough to turn a horse around in, 50¢; those too narrow to pass this test, 25¢."

Hotel Pierson, at the corner of Kansas and St. Louis, "close to Southern Pacific and Rock Island depots," was 75¢ per day and up. At that time the Southern Pacific Depot stood in a large area in front of where the Federal Reserve Bank Building is now located. The Franklin, at 219 East Overland, ran 50¢ and \$1.00 per day or \$3.00 to \$5.00 per week. The Grand Central, a "European hotel" at San Francisco and El Paso streets, had a "limited number" of rooms available at 50¢. The crowning achievement in convenience was the Orndorff Hotel, Charles and A. C. De Groff, owners and proprietors: "One block south of Southern Pacific Depot—passenger elevators—meets all trains—reasonable rates." Or, if you were on a real economy budget, you could try the Sunset House: Beds 15¢ and 20¢; java and doughnuts, 5¢; free soup.

At that time Fort Worth was resenting El Paso's success as a "convention city." A Fort Worth newspaper editorial admitted that cattlemen were given a royal reception in the Pass City but maintained that El Paso hotel people "held up" the cattlemen by charging from \$1.50 to \$2.50 for a night's lodging.

SALOONS AND FRONTIER HUMOR

At this time we had ninety-six saloons in El Paso, and all were going full-blast twenty-four hours a day to service a population estimated at 33,000—more than triple the 1890 figure of 10,000. There were nineteen churches in town, not nearly as well attended as the saloons where gambling was the main attraction.

Reform was a hot political issue in 1903. One candidate for election was quoted as saying: "If I should come out openly and declare myself on the gambling issue I would lose 300 votes." Before that election it was estimated that from 5,500 to 3,500 voters would register, but the final count showed only 3,393 qualified voters had actually registered. Perhaps the politician had a point: When the election was over and the votes tallied, the winning ticket came out ahead by a "big majority" of 439.

People who wanted to spend a quiet afternoon went across the river to Juárez and got away from the noise and aroma of the saloons. In return, some of the Juárez people, especially the Chinese, came over to El Paso to have a gay time and to gamble. This sometimes created complications at the border because Chinese aliens were not allowed in this country.

When Carrie Nation arrived in El Paso she was completely ignored. She crossed the Río Grande and wanted to enter the Juárez saloons, but the police politely told her that ladies did not go into saloons in Mexico. Because of the cool reception, she left on the afternoon train going west.

The Gem Saloon ran an ad in the *Times* reading in boldface type: DON'T DRINK. Below this in small, light type the words: *but if you do, go to the Gem.*

Si Ryan, one-time saloonkeeper of the Ranch Saloon, opened up the Astor House on Overland and perpetrated the greatest hoax of the era on El Pasoans when he introduced them to the famous Colonel Stoneman, "the Cardiff Giant."

I remember a story that Pa used to enjoy. It seems a visitor went into one of our local saloons for a drink, and the bartender asked him what he wanted.

"What do you recommend?"

The bartender told him there was a specialty of the house which was a doozy.

"Let's have it!" said the visitor.

The bartender mixed up a drink and put it in front of the customer along with a whiskbroom.

"What's the whiskbroom for?"

"Watch the man next to you. He's having the same drink."

The visitor watched. The man tossed down his drink, then fell to the floor and started to wiggle and squirm. He kicked a few times, got up, dusted the sawdust off his clothes with the whiskbroom, and walked out of the saloon.

"That's what we call an El Paso Duster," remarked the bartender.

The story was told about the rancher who drove into town one day in one of the long, narrow, low-bedded Racine wagons used in those days for carrying supplies to the ranches. He had a piece of canvas tightly tied over and around the narrow wagon bed. He drew up to a hitching rack, dropped the hitch weight, and hooked the strap to the bit of one of the horses. Then he gingerly unfastened the canvas and looked beneath it before he walked into a nearby saloon.

Presently the druggist, who had been watching, walked over and peeked under the canvas, then returned to his post in front of his store. The hardware man went over next and took a short look beneath the canvas; he quietly returned to his door and stood waiting. About this time the sheriff came by and sauntered over to take a look; he walked a few steps away and stood. Then came a grocer, next a butcher—each turned away shaking his head as he returned to his store. It wasn't long before the doctor came along, pulled up his rig, and got out to take a peek; he returned to his outfit and drove off.

About this time the owner of the wagon came out of the saloon, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. He strode over to the wagon, untied the canvas, and threw it back so that those who had accumulated to gawk from along the sidewalk could stare into an empty wagon.

THE DRILLING CONTEST

A Mining Convention was held in El Paso in 1903 and, among other amusements on the Midway, there were drilling contests. They had singlehanded and doublehanded drilling. A great block of Gunnison granite was shipped in from Colorado for the event.

Each team drilled for only fifteen minutes; then the hole was measured for depth. The "world's champion" singlehanded event was won by Fred Yockey of Boulder, Colorado, when he drilled twenty-three and a quarter inches in the allotted time. Chamberlain and Make, from San Pedro, Chihuahua, won the doublehanded event by scoring forty-three and a quarter inches in only fourteen minutes. Chamberlain said he didn't want to complete his full time for fear of discouraging future challengers. He hoped to compete with new hopefuls very soon.



This block of Gunnison granite from Colorado which was used in the 1903 drilling contest now stands in Memorial Park. It bears a plaque listing the names of those from El Paso County who lost their lives in World War I. The holes made by the drilling contestants are clearly visible.

—Photograph by Bruce Maxwell

In the double event, each man worked for a minute at a time. Chamberlain started off swinging his ten-pound Nevada sledge at the rate of fifty strokes a minute. Towards the end of the fifteen-minute stint, each man worked with the hammer for about thirty seconds at the rate of 36-37 strokes per minute.

The men were stripped to the waist, their bronzed bodies glistening in the sun like gold, their muscles rippling like small waves in a sunlit lake. The one holding the drill steel started off with a sixteen-inch drill, then changed this for a piece thirty inches long and finally ended with a forty-eight-inch piece. It required perfect timing to change these drills without causing the man with the hammer to lose a stroke.

The hole had to be watered constantly, and for this the holder filled his mouth with water which he squirted into the hole in a small steady stream. The drill had to be rotated as well as moved up and down; it

had to be down upon impact of the sledge. This prevented the steel from sticking in the hole, which would have lost them the contest.

In the singlehanded event, Fred Yockey started hammering as the whistles blew for twelve o'clock noon. He swung an eight-pound sledge, having a longer handle than usual for a singlejack, at the rate of 115-120 strokes a minute; but at the end of ten minutes he had dropped to 100 strokes. He changed his own drills without losing a stroke and not once did his drill get stuck in the hole. In some contests they had two hammer men and one drill holder.

That block of Gunnison granite, with the drill holes still showing, stands at the junction of Grant and Copper avenues in Memorial Park. (See accompanying photograph.)

LLANEROS, a Spanish term meaning "plainsmen," referred to the Indians who inhabited the *Llano Estacado* of West Texas and eastern New Mexico.

MOUNTAIN MAHOGANY is a small tree found in the Southwest. The bark from its roots was used by the Indians to make a reddish brown dye.

THE WORD "ADOBE" was known in ancient Egypt and was called "brick" in the hieroglyphics. From there it went to Arabic "at-tob" and then to Spanish "adobar," meaning to daub or plaster.

THE PRIMARY RULE of western fort building was: establish the Army post when and where it is needed and move it as soon as the need has ceased.

In 1880 there were only eleven professors of history in the whole country.

THE EARLIEST EARTHQUAKE hitherto recorded in New Mexico occurred on April 28, 1868 at Socorro. This was formerly regarded as the earliest in the entire Rocky Mountain region but recently it was discovered that the Lewis and Clark expedition had reported one in Montana in 1805.

THE MOGOLLÓN APACHES received their name from "a sierra in New Mexico" which was so-called to honor Don Juan Ignacio Flores Mogollón who served as governor of New Mexico from October 5, 1712 until October 30, 1715.

AN ARTILLERYMAN IN MEXICO—1916

(Extracts from the Diary of Major R. H. McMaster*, 4th F.A.)

edited with notes by Major Richard K. McMaster

March 5.—2nd Battalion, 4th Field Artillery has just received orders to leave Fort Bliss on Wednesday for Panama. Felix Diaz reported to have started another insurrection in Mexico.

March 9.—Villa with about 2000 Mexicans attacked the town of Columbus, N. M. at 4:30 a.m. Killed about 20 Americans. He is said to have lost about 75 men.

March 10.—President Wilson has announced that a punitive expedition will be sent after Villa. Contemplates sending about 2000 men. No details yet. We are ordered to sleep in camp at Fort Bliss tonight.

March 12.—With 1½ batteries I left for Columbus, N. M. at 6:30 p.m. arrived at Columbus 11 p.m., about 70 miles. Took off the guns and animals by moonlight. My striker left my bedding roll at Fort Bliss, so I slept on my tent and covered with the tent fly. The cavalry was very glad to see us.

March 13.—The remainder of my battalion came in this morning. The 6th and 16th Infantry came in also.

March 14.—We were ordered to be ready to move out at 2 p.m. but no troops left camp except small cavalry patrols. We are attached to the 1st Provisional Infantry Brigade consisting of the 6th and 16th Infantry. Col. Berry¹ is made Inspector and I fall heir to the regiment.

March 15.—The Provisional Infantry Brigade, less one battalion, 7 troops 13th Cavalry, and Battery C, 6th F. A. left camp at 11:30 a.m. and marched to Palomas, Mexico, 7 miles, going into camp there.

March 16.—I was notified that our battalion will go to Palomas tomorrow leaving at 1 p.m.

March 17.—Left Columbus at 1 p.m. with 1st Battalion, 4th Field Artillery, 7th Ambulance Company and Troop F, 11th Cavalry. Marched about 14 miles to Gibson Ranch on the Mexican Line.

March 18.—Marched to Boca Grande, Mexico on the Casas Grandes River. Good roads south through the Palomas Ranch except the last 4 miles which was through hilly country covered with lava stone. Passed the American cavalryman killed by Villa last week. Major Lytle Brown² had him buried. In camp tonight are the 6th Infantry, part of the 10th Cavalry, part of the 11th Cavalry, and my battalion of Artillery.

March 19.—Left camp at 8 a.m. with the Artillery, 6th Infantry and Ambulance Company. Arrived at El Espia on the Casas Grandes River at 4 p.m. Disagreeable dusty march. Col. Beacom³ finally let us march by his regiment and we soon got into camp. The infantry filled all the

ambulances. We passed through the southeast Pass in the Boca Grandes Mountains and came out into a fertile plain. Would be wonderful valley if it could be irrigated. Seven Aeroplanes flew south over us on way to Asencion, Capt. Foulois⁴ in charge. Capt. Apple reported his men and animals "all in" but I told him they were not and braced him up.

March 20.—Marched to Asencion, 17 miles, arriving at 2:30 p.m. Passed through a deserted and ruined Mormon settlement Colonia Diaz.⁵ Only a few Mexican families there, the town must have been a beautiful place, even now the cottonwood avenues make it beautiful, but all the houses are burned and torn down. Passed lots of dead horses and mules left by the cavalry. The QM brought beef and issued it to us on the hoof. The irrigation ditch brings water into the town from the Rio Arrieta about



Battery—6th F. A. (Horse) at El Valle, Mexico. September, 1916.

15 miles west. Asencion usually has about 1500 people but now only 300 or 400. A pack mule died from exhaustion and one man was sent back on auto truck to Columbus with pleurisy.

March 21.—Marched 11 miles to a fine spring Ojo Frederico which flows a couple of miles to the northwest and forms Laguna Frederico. Reached camp at 11 a.m. Dust storm brewing. 11th Cavalry camped here last night and left the camp in a filthy condition. The QM driver on hospital wagon opened fire on a coyote and caused a little excitement. He will be tried by summary court.

March 22.—Marched about 20 miles to a camp on the Corralitos Ranch. This is the place where Villa killed 5 ranch hands. We made a very nice

camp on the Casas Grandes River. B Battery lost one mule. The march for the first 10 miles was over the ridge in the mountains and the last part was downhill. Had a bath yesterday in the stream flowing from the spring. The water is a little bit warm and somewhat alkaline. A company of infantry was left to garrison this camp.

March 23.—Marched 20 miles to a camp on the Casas Grandes River about 2 miles from the Mormon settlement Colonia Dublan. This is to be the base for the present. Two regiments of cavalry are further south. One of them, the 10th Cavalry, went by train. Understand they had a wreck, 6 cars leaving the track, and 8 men injured. One group of cavalry is reported 100 miles south, the other 200 miles south.



Street Co. G. 16th Infantry, El Valle, Mexico. September, 1916.

March 24.—Remained in camp. There are now here 1 squadron, 13th Cavalry, the 11th Cavalry, Headquarters and about $\frac{1}{2}$ the 6th Infantry, Headquarters and $\frac{1}{2}$ the 16th Infantry, the aeroplanes, etc. One of the Horse Batteries came down from Culberson's Ranch, 128 miles, in two days. The 11th Cavalry came from Columbus in 5 days and lost many horses and mules. Our 6 combat wagons were taken today to haul provisions south to El Valle.

March 25.—Remained in camp.

March 26.—On short rations. There is evidence that the QM situation is not being handled energetically at Columbus for the auto trucks come down here improperly loaded with supplies, bringing tents and gasoline instead of food.

March 27.—Sent Lt. Hughes⁶ out with a pack train of 71 mules, 22 riding mules and 2 bell horses. He has an escort of 10 cavalrymen. Each packer carries a rifle and 100 rounds of ammunition in addition to his pistol. He left at 11 a.m. and goes to join Major Elmer Lindsley's squadron of the 13th Cavalry and will go with him to Babicora. The rest of the command remains in camp. The pack train was made up of 39 mules from A Battery and 32 from C Battery.

March 28.—We are still on short rations. Captain Kromer⁷ states that they have about 100 trucks running, but there are no potatoes and only $\frac{1}{3}$ ration of bread. Fresh meat is being purchased and slaughtered though. I hear that 2 Mexicans were killed for cutting the telegraph wire below here but no one knows who did it. The Mexicans have not yet granted us permission to use their railroad for supplies. Two artillery packers and 10 mules were sent out with 2 companies of the 6th Infantry to Chocolate Pass. Kerwin in command.

March 30.—Still in camp. The bulletin states that commercial use of the railroad has been granted to the United States, so we ought to have more supplies soon. Forty-two pack mules,⁸ 1 packmaster and 9 packers from artillery battalion sent out with a squadron of the 11th Cavalry under command of Lt. Col. Allen.

March 31.—Wireless message from the south says that a detachment of Col. Dodd's cavalry surprised Villa's command at Guerrero and scattered them. Thirty Mexican dead were left behind. Four Americans were wounded. The cavalry marched 55 miles in 17 hours before attacking and then fought and pursued for 5 hours. Villa was not present. He is reported at Namaquipa with one leg shot and the other broken. Colonel Elisio Hernandez, in command, was killed. Today is cold with snow and rain. Everyone very uncomfortable in the dog tents. The Carranza people dill-dallying with their railroad and not permitting any provisions to come through.

April 1.—Snow and rain again this morning which stopped about 9 o'clock. One squadron of 11th Cavalry left camp to go to El Valle.

April 2.—Sunshiny day. Several troops of cavalry went northeast to the Santa Maria valley to recuperate the horses. Lt. Carberry flew down to El Valle and back this morning. Said that Villa had not been caught yet. Is thought to be shot in the hip and knee. Col. Dodd's⁹ troops killed about 60 in their fight. Battalion has received 4 draft mules and 7 pack mules.

April 3.—Fair. Windy in afternoon. Two squadrons of 5th Cavalry came in from Columbus. Major Glasgow and Major McClure with them.

April 4.—The 5th Cavalry moved on to the Southeast, about 9 miles to the Mormon irrigating lakes.

April 7.—The remainder of the 6th Infantry started for Namaquipa, also Headquarters and one company of the 24th Infantry.

April 8.—The Headquarters of the 11th and 13th Cavalry started for the Mormon Lakes to the Southeast. Lt. Col. Tyree Rivers has pneumonia. He is in the hospital tent but they are thinking of sending him back to the States. Let Lt. Howard take 20 men down to old Casas Grandes to see the Aztec Ruins.

April 11.—Capt. Foulois and Lt. Dargue flew over today. Stopped here for a little while. They say Villa is reported dead, and that some troops have gone out to dig up a body for identification. Telegram from Department Headquarters states that General Calles and several thousand troops are moving south on the west side of the Sierra Madre.

April 12.—Col. Berry, Capt. Mason and Headquarters detachment of the 4th Field Artillery arrived from the north. Col. Berry on an inspection trip. I was instructed to designate an Ordnance officer from the Artillery, sent in Capt. Mason's name. Another telegram from Department Headquarters states that the troops in Sonora are moving from Frontremo on Puepit Pass.

April 13.—Cavalry detachments were out digging trenches this morning. A and B Batteries have already constructed gun pits, and a position for C Battery has been reconnoitered on the island east of our camp. Received orders to hold Capt. Mason until arrival of Col. Cabell¹⁰ on 14th instant.

April 14.—Department Commander seems to be much concerned about Gen. Calles force reported approaching from the west. Col. Sands has message to take care of line of communications from here half way to Columbus; Major Sample at Columbus to take care of northern half, acting in name of Gen. Pershing.

Sent out Capt. Merrill and 8 scouts at 7 a.m. to climb Mt. Blanco and observe the country to the northwest. Capt. Lawson occupied his position in the creek this morning and found ranges for his field of fire. Capt. Apple and Capt. Newbold have already done so for their prepared gun positions.¹¹

April 15.—Reports of a force of Carrancistas coming from Puepit Pass prove to be untrue. Aviators flew over the pass and report nothing in sight.

April 16.—Today is moving day. We moved across the creek to a position near the QM depot so as to consolidate the camp.

April 17.—Col. Allaire¹² made Camp Commander. Battery B, Capt. Newbold, left at 7 a.m. for Namaquipa 120 miles south, escorted as far south as Cruces by one company and machine gun detachment 16th Infantry; from there on by one company 6th Infantry. News came of a

rather severe fight between U. S. Cavalry and citizens and Carranza troops at Parral. Reports indicate 2 American soldiers and about 100 Mexicans killed. The 5th Cavalry has moved south.

April 19.—One squadron of 5th Cavalry held here under Major McClure. The Ambulance Company and part of the field hospital moved to Namaquia.

April 20.—A detachment of 2 officers and 17 men of the 5th Cavalry have been in the mountains to the west for 3 days overtime. Major McClure is going out to look for them this p.m. with 3 troops of cavalry. Col. Treat's son is one of the officers missing. Apparently the pursuit of Villa is at a standstill. Reports of his death continue.

April 21.—Received orders for Headquarters and one battalion 16th Infantry and Headquarters and one battery 4th Field Artillery to march to Namaquia 120 miles south. We leave at 5 a.m. tomorrow.

April 22.—Marched 28 miles to a camp 3 miles north of Galeana. A very slow march on account of the infantry. A great many of them fell out. No water on the way. Camp for the night was a nice one on the Rio Santa Maria. Col. Allaire in command. We leave Crimmin's company at Galeana and pick up Lt. Hohl's company. The 17th Infantry is coming in to relieve the 16th.

April 23.—Marched 21 miles to a camp on the Santa Maria River north of El Valle. The river is not running but we found pools sufficient to water the command. Major Farnsworth has the battalion of the 16th Infantry. He is a most efficient officer. As we passed through Galeana village the Mexicans were going to Church, at least some of them. Easter Sunday.

April 24.—We marched about 10 miles to a camp in the hills. Passed through El Valle which in peace times must have eight or ten thousand people. This section of the Santa Maria valley is well irrigated. Col. Penrose¹³ and one company of 24th Infantry is camped near El Valle. Our camp has little water. We had to dig holes in the dry bed of the stream.

April 25.—Last night about 11 o'clock orders came for us to return to El Valle. It seems that General Scott¹⁴ wishes to have a "pow-wow" with the Carrancistas. Its time that this foolishness stops. We got back to El Valle at 8:30 a.m. and are camped south of town next to the 24th Infantry.

April 27.—Spent day in camp. Chaplain Joyce took lunch with the Spanish Padre at El Valle, who told him that Villa was alive day before yesterday, though wounded, and that he was at a small place south of Guerrero. Received orders at 6 p.m. to proceed to Lake Itascote via Namaquia.

April 28.—Marched at 6 a.m. About noon passed through a deep canyon called Fool Quail Canyon. Arrived at our camp at 2 p.m. Very little water, barely enough for the animals of one battery. Had to camp here though or go on for 12 miles further. Distance covered today 20 or 21 miles.

April 29.—Marched about 17 miles to a camp on irrigation ditch near Cruces. Passed a small infantry camp and a fine spring pouring from a bluff on mesa edge north of Cruces. People are Villista in sympathy. Continually cut our telephone wires. Two men have been shot in the vicinity for wire cutting or firing on truck trains. Plenty of water here.

April 30.—Marched 15 miles to a camp 2 miles west of Namaquipa. Very little water here, but the town is said to be 8 miles long, so that we cannot camp on River. C Battery lost a mule today and Headquarters a mule yesterday, broke from picket line and evidently picked up by natives. Let the Chaplain take 3 men and go to town in afternoon.

May 1.—Marched 12 miles to the advanced base at southern end of Namaquipa. Cold and windy. Camp situated on a dreary plain east of Babicom Pass. Col. Berry relieved as inspector and assigned to command the artillery which is to be assembled at Lake Itascote. Found Lt. Hughes here, he is Ordnance Officer, Commissary and Quartermaster. B Battery pack train, less 9 mules, rejoined here.

May 2.—Marched 14 miles to San Geronimo Ranch which is very prettily situated near San Geronimo Peak on the Santa Maria River. A square hacienda of considerable size here. Ranch now rented by Japanese. Capt. Gardenhire's troop of 10th Cavalry here temporarily. This is the country of Cervantes, second bandit to Villa. About 250 Carranza soldiers camped here last night. Telegram states the situation is critical and to send officer's patrols to eastward to look for Carranza troops.

May 3.—Marched 20 miles to Lake Itascote, passing along the valley of Santa Maria River then crossing the divide and coming out onto the plain, surrounded by mountains. Elevation here is about 7500 feet. One squadron of the 5th Cavalry is at this camp. Major Fleming in command.

May 6.—One squadron of the 10th Cavalry under Major Young, the Negro¹⁵ officer, came in and the squadron of the 5th Cavalry went south. Major Howze reported yesterday to have had a fight with Villistas at Ojo Azulis, and to have killed 42 and captured 75.

May 7.—Chaplain Joyce held mass at 5:30 a.m.

May 8.—Rode up to the Cavalry camp and saw Major Young. He seems to be a very decent Negro and a capable officer. He had his tent over on the flank of camp away from white officers. Among his officers are Capt. Valentine, Smith, Lts. Troxel and Richmond.

May 9.—About 3:30 p.m. telegram from San Antonio, Mexico directing Col. Berry to be there with two batteries of the 6th Artillery by noon tomorrow. Later order came directing that he be at San Antonio by day-break so batteries left at 5:00 p.m. to make the march of 32 miles. Later telegram stated that tension was great and all station commanders should take every precaution. Telegraph wires later cut both north and south of this station. Walked out with Lt. Waldron and gave instructions about outpost and later gave instructions in case of attack. Lots of ducks on the lake today. Also a few pelicans.

May 10.—Retrograde movement ordered to Dublan. Political reasons only dictating this movement. All the Army disgusted. Just means that it will all have to be done again. This battalion of 4th Artillery is to march with the 6th Infantry under Col. Beacom and the 2nd Squadron, 10th Cavalry.

May 11.—General Pershing arrived in camp with his headquarters this morning. Later the 11th Cavalry and 6th Infantry and one battery 6th Field Artillery came in and made camp. Battery C, 6th F. A. with Col. Berry is still to the south with the rear guard.

May 12.—At 10 o'clock last night an order came countermanding the movement north, I am informed that telegram directing suspension came from the States. Today Col. Berry and the other battery of the 6th Artillery came into camp, also the 5th Cavalry and part of the 13th Cavalry. The squadron of the 10th Cavalry under Major Young marched north to Namaquia. The bulletin from the States says that conference of Obregon and Scott in El Paso has adjourned as Carranza would not ratify Obregon's agreement.

May 13.—Lt. Patton¹⁶ and a detachment of 10 men from the 6th Infantry went out to Rubio today to buy corn. They were fired on by 3 Mexicans, so they killed the 3 of them and brought them in. Got 3 saddles, one of them being a very handsome silver mounted Mexican saddle. New arrangements of troops tonight. Battalion headquarters and Battery C, 4th Field Artillery assigned to the 8th Infantry Brigade; B of 4th goes to El Valle; C of 6th F. A. to Col. Wilder's Cavalry Brigade and remain here; B of 6th F.A. to join the 11th Cavalry and march north tomorrow.

May 15.—B Battery, 4th F. A. started back for El Valle. B for the 6th F. A. marched north with the 11th Cavalry. News came of the death of Major J. T. Moore, 16th Infantry, in El Paso. He was sent back from El Valle.

May 16.—Marched back to San Geronimo Ranch today where we found the 16th Infantry in camp. General Pershing went to Namaquia. Col. Allen, Inspector, rode with me for an hour today. One mule C Battery died of colic.

May 18.—With 6th Infantry the artillery marched at 6 p.m. for Namaquipa arriving there at 11 p.m. Our wagons had already been sent to Namaquipa and remained there. The march was in the dark until about 9:30 p.m. when the moon came up, 1 day past full. Col. Berry went to Namaquipa at 6 in the morning. He is working on a plan to organize a band of Expatriate Mexicans at El Paso with a view to sending them into Mexico to get Villa.

May 19.—A terrible dust storm blowing all day. Major J. M. Jenkins marched out with his squadron of 11th Cavalry for Cruces in the afternoon. Received telegrams from Capt. Craig and Lt. Anderson asking where they should join regiment. Anderson ordered to B Battery and Craig to be made regimental adjutant. B Battery of 6th left here enroute to Cruces.

May 20.—Another day of terrific dust and wind. Col. Berry left at 6:30 a.m. ostensibly on leave for a month but in reality on some secret service in El Paso.

May 21.—Capt. Newbold's battery reported to have marched today from El Valle to Colonia Dublan. A fine day with little wind.

May 25.—Candelario Cervantes, the bandit leader in this section, was killed yesterday near Cruces.

May 26.—Cervantes body was brought to camp today and positively identified. He was killed by a detachment of Engineers whom he had attacked with his party. He was an important Villa leader and had the native population terrorized.

May 29.—Received orders for Headquarters and Battery C, 4th F. A. to proceed to El Valle with the 6th Infantry.

May 30.—Marched at 7:30 a.m. Went into camp north of Namaquipa where we had camped on the way down. About 11 miles.

May 31.—Marched at 6 a.m. to Cruces about 19 miles.

June 1.—Marched at 5 a.m. and made 21 miles to a camp 9 miles south of El Valle. We left the infantry and marched independently. Several fine springs here.

June 2.—Left camp at 12:15 noon and marched 9 miles to El Valle. The following troops now in camp, 11th Cavalry, 6th Infantry, seven companies 24th Infantry, two batteries 4th Field Artillery, and detachment of Engineers.

June 3.—Had men go out and cut rushes to fix up their camp.

June 8.—Cloudy in afternoon with wind, dust, thunder, and a little rain. Came off guard as field officer of the day.

June 9.—Weather in afternoon same as yesterday only a little bit more rain. Lt. Morrow with wagon train and pack train came back from Dublan with supplies.

June 18.—C Battery left for Dublan by marching. Started at 11 a.m. to join 2 companies 24th Infantry enroute to same place.

June 21.—Following troops arrived in camp today, 16th Infantry, Battery B, 6th Field Artillery, Headquarters and one squadron 13th Cavalry. Bulletins from the United States indicate a greater tension with Mexico. George McMaster is tired today from his march so I gave him my last drink of Scotch.¹⁷

June 22.—Report today that Capt. Boyd and 12 Negro troopers of 10th Cavalry killed near Villa Ahumada on the Mexican Central R. R. Our whole command struck camp and were ordered to be in readiness to move at half hours notice for the east. But no order came. Evidently the President intends to have no war.

June 23.—Still waiting orders.

June 25.—Militia being ordered to the border. Capt. Boyd and Lt. Adair reported killed at Carrizal. Capt. Morey wounded. One squadron 13th Cavalry and one squadron 11th Cavalry moved to a camp 15 miles north of here. The 5th Cavalry came into this camp with Pulis' battery of the 6th Field Artillery. The 7th Cavalry marched on through to the north.

June 28.—The U. S. has demanded the release of the 17 Negro cavalry-men taken prisoner at Carrizal.

June 29.—The Negro prisoners were taken to El Paso and delivered to the U. S. Government. Capt. Morey, wounded, returned to the U. S. lines near Dublan.

July 7.—Col. Allaire left for El Paso for dental treatment. Lt. Col. Winn, 16th Infantry, left for Dublan. He is promoted to Colonel of the 24th Infantry. Capt. Newbold promoted Major and assigned to the 7th Field Artillery at Fort Sam Houston.

July 8.—Bulletin came today assigning Lieuts. Morrow and Anderson to the 8th Field Artillery at El Paso, and Capt. Harlow to the 7th Field Artillery at Fort Sam Houston. Newbold left today.¹⁸

July 12.—Col. Dodd received notice of his confirmation as Brigadier General. He won it by his part in the Guerrero fight.

July 14.—Went out this morning for a problem by a battalion of the 16th Infantry under Capt. Bjornstad.

July 15.—Capt. Harlow, Lieuts. Anderson and Morrow relieved from B Battery and ordered to the States. Capt. McNair¹⁹ and Lt. Waldron on the way here. Shower in the evening.

July 16.—Sunday. A fiesta being held in the village. The fiesta consists of a lot of crooked gambling games.

July 18.—Read in El Paso paper that I am detailed on a board to examine officers for transfer to the Field Artillery from other arms. It is to

meet in Eagle Pass and will consist of Cols. Millar, Berry, McGlachlin, Majors McCloskey and McMaster.

July 20.—The truck train running between here and Dublan is stuck in the mud, and at the same time we are having a dust storm. Received telegraphic orders to proceed to Eagle Pass, Texas.

July 22.—Left El Valle at 8:30 a. m. on truck train and arrived at Colonia Dublan about 3:00 p. m.

July 23.—Laid over at Dublan waiting for a truck train north.

July 24.—Laid over at Dublan. Will leave for Columbus at 6:30 a. m.

July 25.—Left for Columbus on a special train of 2 autos and 1 truck to carry baggage. In the party are Col. Berry, Col. Cress, Maj. Madden, Capt. Jordan, Capt. Burtt, Maj. Lytle Brown, and myself. Spent the night at Ojo Frederico.

July 26.—Came by way of La Bajada, Twin Mills, Vado Fusiles, and arrived at Columbus at 5 p. m. Took dinner with Maj. and Mrs. Farnsworth and Capt. Bundel. The ice tea and ice cream tasted particularly good.

July 27.—Left on noon train for El Paso arriving there about 2 p. m. Stopped with Major Wright Smith at our old barracks.

July 28.—Spent the day trying to find my trunk and things stored at Fort Bliss. Took dinner at the Paso del Norte and went to a dance on the roof.

July 29.—Left at 10 p. m. for Eagle Pass. Major U. S. Grant on the train.

Sept. 11.—Arrived at Columbus at 4:50 p. m. Fixed up my bedding roll and prepared my trunk for storage.

Sept. 12.—Left at 7:30 a. m. on truck train No. 43; crossed the line at 8:10 a. m. and arrived at Ojo Frederico about dark and bivouacked there.

Sept. 13.—Arrived at Colonia Dublan at 4 p. m. Bought a pack saddle blanket for \$3.25.

Sept. 14.—Arrived at San Joaquin at 11:30 a. m. where we had lunch. Reached the west bank of river at El Valle at 4:30 p. m. The bridge was washed out and the trucks could not cross; so sent bedding roll over by wagon and crossed myself by horseback. George McMaster with two companies of the 16th Infantry camped on west bank guarding supplies.

Sept. 17.—Received an order at 8:30 a. m. to report to Examining Board truck train and arrived at San Joaquin about 5:30 p. m. Spent night there sleeping on bottom of truck. Col. Beacom died today at Dublan. He had just ridden there from El Valle.

Sept. 18.—Left San Joaquin at 6:00 a. m. after looking at some excavations of Aztec ruins dug out by Dr. Cooper. Arrived at Dublan at 10:30 a. m. Cols. Berry, Howze, and Dade comprise my board.

Sept. 20.—Left at 6:30 a. m. for El Valle on truck train No. 59 which was in charge of a militia lieutenant of the 4th Pennsylvania Infantry.

Sept. 21.—Food is plentiful here now and the health of the command is good. Today is pay day and Major Willcox, the Provost Marshal was over to see me about some misbehavior of one of the men. Dispatch yesterday reported the death at Washington of Gen. Mills, and probable promotion of Gen. Pershing.

Sept. 24.—Last night some soldiers broke camp and caused a disturbance in El Valle. One cavalryman is reported killed and 2 Carranza soldiers including a captain killed.



*Col. Berry (in shirt and leggings uniform). Gen. Huerta (in overcoat).
At 4th Field Artillery Mess Camp Fort Bliss, January 1, 1916.*

Sept. 28.—Pancho Villa reported to have been at Galeana last night. A bulletin from Washington says that Pershing is made a Major General vice Mills deceased.

Oct. 3.—Dispatches indicate that Villa is still around Cusihuiriachic. None of the Carrancistas seem to be able to defeat him.

Oct. 12.—Order arrived for Gunner's Examination. Merrill, Pulis, and I are on the Board. Major Merrill assigned to 4th F. A. which may indicate either promotion or foreign service for me.

Oct. 14.—Major Crowley's battalion of the 6th Infantry is about 10 miles to the south on the Cruces road, while Major Fleming's squadron of the 5th Cavalry is further south in the vicinity of Agua Sarca. Dispatches report Villa as being in the area of Madera about 70 miles south of this place. It is reported that he had 1800 men at Guerrero.

Oct. 15.—Took dinner with Capt. Haight of the 5th Cavalry. He had been downtown where he saw the Carranza commander, Colonel Cortina. A very surly man and a hater of the Gringos. He had one of his men shot last night for insubordination.

Oct. 21.—Took inoculation today for para-typhoid. One case appeared in camp so it was decided to inoculate the whole command.

Oct. 26.—Bulletin reports that Carranza and Generals Obregon and Treviño have sent their families out of Mexico into the U. S.; that Carranza and Obregon have left Mexico City and gone into the military capitol Queretaro; that Villa has beaten Ozuna and captured 7 or 8 carloads of ammunition. Our Gunner's Board finishes its work this morning and will go to Dublan by the next truck train.

Nov. 5.—Completed Gunner's Examination of A and C Batteries during forenoon.

Nov. 6.—Left Dublan at 7:15 a. m. and arrived at El Valle at 3:30 p. m. Genl. Pershing, Cols. Berry, Cress and Baker came in about two hours later for inspection.

Nov. 11.—Held service practice today, three problems fired by Capts. McNair, Dodd, and Lieut. Miner.

Nov. 12.—Order of October 13 placing me on unassigned list came today. Then tonight's telegraphic bulletin reports me reassigned to the 4th Field Artillery.

Nov. 13.—Am ordered to join the battalion of the 4th Field Artillery stationed in the Panama Canal Zone. Target practice this morning by Capts. McNair, Dodd, and Lieut. Haughton.

Nov. 15.—Telegraphed to Gen. Pershing asking for 20 days leave, which was granted immediately.

Nov. 16.—No truck train out today. Will leave at 6:30 a. m. tomorrow.

Nov. 17.—Started out on a Jeffrey truck and arrived at Dublan at 4:00 p. m. Very rough trip. Slept in truck. Went over to the 4th Field Artillery camp. Capt. Craig detailed on General Staff.

Nov. 18.—Started at 6:30 a. m. Stopped for lunch at Hacienda Frederico, arrived at "Wind Mills" at 8:00 p. m. A long, dusty, rough ride. Very cold after dark.

Nov. 19.—Breakfast at 4:30 a. m. but did not start until 6 a. m. on account of broken car. Arrived at Columbus at 10:00 a. m. Three Cheers!

REF E R E N C E S

* The writer of this diary concerning the Punitive Expedition, the late Colonel Richard H. McMaster, was probably the most experienced pack artilleryman in the army. His service with the mountain guns transported on mule-back began with Light Battery G, 6th Artillery during combat operations on the Philippine Island of Panay, 1899-1900.

He was assigned command of the 1st Battalion, 4th Field Artillery, Pack, in January, 1915, serving in that capacity at Texas City during the hurricane of that year, at Camp Fort Bliss in early 1916, and in Mexico until the end of the campaign. In December, 1916, he assumed command of the 2nd Battalion, 4th Field Artillery, Pack, in the Panama Canal Zone.

During 1922-24, following front-line duty in France, he commanded the 24th Field Artillery, Pack (Philippine Scouts) and was instrumental in reconnoitering artillery positions for the defense of the Islands.

He was in command of Fort Sill, Oklahoma on June 18, 1911, the day that post became "The School of Fire for Field Artillery." He had served at Fort Sill as a private and corporal, 1895-98, and twice commanded that post, 1911 and 1919. He was a graduate of Citadel, Class of 1894.

Camp Fort Bliss, by the way, was a tent camp established at the north end of Fort Bliss in 1915 for the troops sent in for the border trouble. At the time Ft. Bliss had room for only one regiment.

1. Colonel Lucien G. Berry, Inspector, Punitive Expedition. Promoted to Brig. General and served in that grade in the American Expeditionary Force.
2. Major Lytle Brown, 2nd Battalion Engineers. In 1929, as a major general he was Chief of Engineers.
3. Colonel John H. Beacom, Commanding 6th Infantry. Pack Artillery outmarches infantry.
4. Captain Benjamin D. Foulois, Commanding 1st Aero Squadron, Signal Corps. As a major general he served as Chief of Air Corps from 1931 to 1935.
5. The Mormon colonists left Colonia Díaz and entered the United States on July 29, 1912, at Corner Ranch, New Mexico. Mr. Levi S. Tenney, 3827 Clifton Street, El Paso, was responsible for the decision that the colonists leave Mexico. Mr. Levi later served as a scout with the Pershing Expedition.
6. Lt. Everett S. Hughes, 4th F. A. As a major general he served as Chief of Ordnance, 1946-49.
7. Captain Leon B. Kromer, 11th Cavalry, Asst. QM, Chief of Cavalry, 1934-38.
8. Each Battery of Pack Artillery consisted of an Instrument Section, four 2.95" guns carried on muleback, and a pack train of 50 pack mules with a bell-horse and riding mules for the packers.
9. Colonel George F. Dodd, Commanding 2nd Cavalry Brigade.
10. Lt. Colonel De Rosey C. Cabell, 10th Cavalry, Chief of Staff.
11. Captains Lawson, Apple and Newbold were the battery commanders of the 4th Field Artillery.
12. Colonel William H. Allaire, Commanding 16th Infantry. He served as a brigadier general in the AEF.
13. Colonel Charles W. Penrose, Commanding 24th Infantry.
14. Major General Hugh L. Scott was Chief of Staff, United States Army.
15. Major Charles Young, 10th Cavalry, was the third Negro to be graduated from West Point, Class of 1889. He served as Military Attaché to Haiti from 1904 to 1907 and to Liberia from 1912 to 1915. He retired in 1917 as a colonel and died in Liberia in 1922.
16. Lt. George S. Patton who, as a four-star general, commanded the 3rd Army in World War II. He was killed in an automobile accident in Germany in the fall of 1945. Riding with him at the time of the fatal mishap was Lt. General H. R. Gay, Patton's Chief of Staff. General Gay retired soon after his chief's death and became Superintendent of the New Mexico Military Institute. He is presently living in El Paso and is a valued member of our Historical Society.
17. Major George H. McMaster, 16th Infantry, cousin of Major Richard H. McMaster.
18. Three additional regiments were authorized in 1916: The 9th Field Artillery was organized in Hawaii, the 8th F. A. at Fort Bliss, and the 7th F. A. at Fort Sam Houston.
19. Captain Lesley J. McNair, 4th Field Artillery. He served as a Lt. General, AGF, in World War II.

HISTORY-WRITING CONTEST

For the past nine years the Historical Society has sponsored a history-writing contest for seventh grade students of the public and parochial schools of El Paso county. This year four winners were selected and each received a certificate of achievement as well as a money prize. The prizes were \$75 for first choice, \$50 for second and \$25 for each of the two contestants who tied for third place. In addition, the first-place paper is always published in *PASSWORD*. The names of the winners along with the titles of their articles, names of their schools and other data follows:

Peter Shandorf, son of the Rev. F. D. Shandorf, pastor of Asbury Methodist Church, and Mrs. Shandorf, won first place for his paper "Violent Days in Old El Paso." Peter attended Crockett School where his supervisory teacher was Mr. Haslett.



THE FOUR WINNERS: from left are Marie Cristina Garcia, Peter Shandorf, Duane Smith and Laura Ann Eveler.

—Photo courtesy of The El Paso Times.

Second place went to Duane Smith for his article, "Fifty Years With Farah Manufacturing Company." Duane attended Terrace Hills School where his teacher was Mr. Hernandez.

Marie Cristina Garcia of Socorro High School where her teacher was Mrs. Carver, tied for third place with Laura Ann Eveler whose teacher at Our Lady of the Valley School was Sister Cordula. Marie Cristina's paper was titled "Homemade Cures for Medicine" while Laura Ann's paper was titled "Dr. William Clarence Klutz, Pioneer Doctor."

Incidentally, Laura Ann's brother, Peter William Eveler, won first place in the 1967 contest for his article, "The Southwest Ostrich Farm of Old El Paso."

The winning article follows:

VIOLENT DAYS IN OLD EL PASO

by PETER SHANDORF

John Selman staggered out of the Acme Saloon. His mind, befuddled by over-intoxication, whirled. The only thought which he could grasp was "Hate Wes Hardin, Find Wes Hardin, Get Wes Hardin." He staggered up the street, a stocky man with a shaggy, grimy beard, and a face peaceful as a little boy dreaming of Christmas, except for eyes burning with hate.

El Shackleford, broker by day, man about town by night, met him at Oregon and San Antonio.

"Mr. Selman."

"What?"

"A greeting—Mr. Selman."

"Hello, Where is Wes Hardin?"

"Why, In the Acme with you and me, a few minutes ago."

"Yeah."

So close to the enemy but minutes before? John's boggled mind tried to remember.

"I'm going to get Hardin!"

With that Selman was off like a shot, half running, half staggering, as fast as he could go, Shackleford following behind at a brisk pace, hoping to avert the trouble he sensed was coming.

Selman threw open the door of the Acme—this sight met his eyes: average bar, thin, almost to the point of looking constipated, and deep. About half a dozen men, mostly Irish with a Mexican or two, lounging around the bar, drinking everything from beer to Toddy. At the south end of the bar, scarcely three feet inside the door, stood two men.

One was John Wesley Hardin, ex-terror of the plains, ex-con, presently a lawyer of sorts; slightly taller than the average man, well rounded but far from fat, with a handsome face of the Nordic contour. The other was Henry Brown, grocer; very similar in appearance to Hardin except he was slightly shorter than Wes, and a few months Hardin's senior. The duo were talking small talk, and shaking dice.

"Four six's to beat," said Hardin.

He drew back the cup which held the rolling bones, and pitched it forward. In Selman's blurred mind, Hardin was drawing his gun. Poor John Selman, not really knowing what he was doing, pulled the trigger of his revolver.

It was August 19th, 1895, and the end of Mr. John Wesley Hardin.

Selman was tried for his crime, and freed, rather quickly. Today many people reply—"Who?"—when you mention Selman's name, but in the old days of the West he was legend.

Frank Collinson, a more than casual acquaintance of Selman, can tell many stories about him: "I saw him shoot a gun several times. His eyes were unusual. They were such a light blue it was hard to see where the blue began, and the white stopped."

Collinson saw Selman kill a man. It was court day, April 4, 1894. Before mid-morning two men were dead. One was a former Texas ranger, whose name seemed very descriptive, Bass Outlaw. The other was a serving ranger. John Selman had two bullets in his leg.

Bass Outlaw had enlisted in E Company of the Texas rangers in 1885 and

transferred to D Company two years later. He had been an efficient officer, and had risen to corporal by 1890. Then he got drunk in Alpine, Texas, and was involved in a fight over a card game. Ranger Captain Frank Jones dismissed him from the force.

Bass Outlaw drifted up to El Paso, and served under Deputy Marshall Dick Ware. Soon after court opened, Frank Collinson met Bass Outlaw on the street and Outlaw told him that he intended to kill the Marshall. The law man had, Outlaw claimed, sent another Deputy into "his territory," and the new officer had been able to collect process fees for serving warrants.

Collinson tried to talk Outlaw out of the killing and suggested they have a drink. They met John Selman. Collinson and Selman decided to take Bass back to his room. The latter agreed, but insisted on introducing them first to his current girl friend, a red light girl who worked in Tilly Howard's infamous House of Prostitution. Selman and Collinson decided to humor Outlaw, and went along.

The girl was busy with another client which infuriated Bass Outlaw. He staggered downstairs into the basement, cursing loudly. Seconds later, a shot was heard. Collinson guessed that Outlaw had dropped his gun in the dark.

At the sound of the shot, Tilly Howard blew her police whistle, and ranger Private Joe McKidrict, and constable Chavez arrived on the run. They jumped over the fence into the backyard and ran into Bass Outlaw as he was coming up the stairs from the basement.

Outlaw shot McKidrict in the lower abdominal area and then put another bullet into his head before the ranger hit the ground. Selman suddenly appeared, jerked out his own gun, and ran at Outlaw. The little killer calmly shot Selman twice in the leg before the officer could fire.

Selman shot Outlaw in the chest. As he turned to flee, he collapsed in the street, and a little later died in the back room of Barnum's Show Saloon. Frank Collinson helped Selman to a bed while a doctor was fetched.

"It doesn't take long for my flesh to heal after a gun shot," Selman told him. And sure enough, the officer was back on duty in a short time.

Selman killed Hardin the following year. It was kill or be killed among the gun fighters of those days, and in less than a year after the Hardin murder, Selman himself was shot down by law man, George Scarborough.

This all happened in El Paso in the late 1800s. In 1881 the railroads came to El Paso, and were followed by gunmen, gamblers, prostitutes, bandits, riff raff, saloon keepers, and bums. The main area of this wild activity ran from about where the Pioneer Plaza is today, and stretched south to Paisano. This area was inhabited by such infamous characters as John Selman, John Wesley Hardin, and on occasion Roy Bean not to mention Pat Garrett, Lady Flo, and Tom Powers. This area was once gay, immoral, and elegant. Today it is returning to its old immorality but the elegance is gone. Perhaps, this is the way it should be. "Quien sabe?" Perhaps it is all in God's plan.

R E F E R E N C E S

Magazines

Ken Oliver, "Footloose and Fancy Free," *Old West*, Spring, 1970.

Colin Rickards, "The Cowboy from Yorkshire," *True West*, May-June, 1969.

H. B. Wiltsey, "Forty Times a Killer," *Frontier Times*, January, 1970.

Books

Eugene Cunningham, *Triggernometry*.

Life of John Wesley Hardin by Himself.

Leon Metz, *John Selman, Gunfighter*.

John Middagh, *Frontier Newspaper: The El Paso Times*.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE REVEREND UNCLE BERT: A BIOGRAPHY

by BERNICE DITTMER

(Waco: Texian Press, 1970, \$10.00)

During May, 1970, El Paso lost one of its most respected citizens with the death of the Reverend B.M.G. Williams. He had lived and enjoyed ninety-six years, most of which were spent in El Paso. He was loved in life; he is no less beloved in death. Most persons who knew him said he was unusual, a fact emphasized when his biography was published and celebrated on his ninety-sixth birthday. Many men have their stories chronicled after their death, but not too often is a man's life written and published while he still lives. As such, the life of "Uncle Bert" Williams and his biography both have distinctive qualities.

Perhaps the most difficult goal to attain in a biography is objectivity. Presumably such is sought because it is supposed to house the element of truth, the most important ingredient of any thought. This biography is not objective, indeed, it is adulatory and rather boasts of the fact. Bernice Dittmer spent five years persuading the subject to allow the telling of his story, but once the decision was made, the author testified that he cooperated fully. In addition to his own recollections, Mrs. Dittmer had full access to her subjects archives, the very life blood of accurate history. The fact that her book is not objective makes it no less accurate. She has captured the flavor of a community grown into a city and a boy grown into a man. Hers was a simultaneous achievement, and a non-controversial one because "everyone loved Uncle Bert." That being the case, one can conclude that Mrs. Dittmer achieved her goal, sympathetically. The vigor of her style reveals that she is no amateur writer, and her words display a freshness far above average for what are called "lay historians." If Uncle Bert was no average Episcopal rector, Bernice Dittmer is no average writer.

Her story could be dull, but it is not. She tells it in parts, not in chapters, and it traces Bert Williams from his birth in England on March 21, 1874, to his maturity and old age in El Paso. It is a chronological narrative. When Bert Williams arrived in El Paso in 1894, he was eighteen years of age. His beginnings had been in England, so this trip to the American West was high adventure, and he probably did not know that he had found his place of destiny. El Paso remained home to the man until his death.

Here is the place where he garnered his laurels. Beginning as a clerk in a hotel, he successively moved along the ladder of economic success. From the hotel he went to a grocery store, then to the meat packing plant as a salesman and finally to the Purity Baking Company, a firm he came to serve as president. His creed of positivism is best exemplified in an advertisement he placed in the El Paso newspapers in January 3, 1928. It is too typical not to quote:

A man who set out to locate something to find fault with would run across in one day, enough to engage his attention all the rest of the days of his life. He would in his hunting (as many of us do in life) develop the fine art of "picking on something." This is a form of insanity. It is time to stop picking on El Paso in 1928. There is work for all, sunshine for all, reasonable opportunity (as good as anywhere else) for all.

Bert Williams believed this, not only in his business ventures, but especially in his church service. He joined the Church of St. Clement in 1899, was licensed as a lay rector the following years, ordained a deacon in 1918 and a priest in 1930. That same year he became assistant rector of his church, and thirteen years later he was made associate rector. In June, 1953, at the age of seventy-eight he became rector of his church and thereby fulfilled a boyhood ambition. The following year he was selected as rector emeritus, but his service to the Episcopal church he loved was not at all ended. During his career, Bert Williams presided over and assisted in 233 baptisms, 448 marriages, 1060 funerals, and had part in 21,000 services at the church, an enviable statistic for any clergyman, and especially so for one not "schooled" for the service. More important than the statistics are the feeling behind the acts, and Reverend Uncle Bert was one who loved humanity. He once defined a man's man as "a down-to-earth individual who can be trusted. He is wholehearted genuine, one who can smoke and drink with his fellow man, but not to excess, an individual not filled with piety but one whose spiritual qualities are so well adjusted that one senses them."

Mr. Williams served the civic needs of El Paso, and the city in return rewarded him manifold. His "man of the year" awards, committee assignments, and offices in organizations span one half a century and almost require a calculator to enumerate. This side of the man is not neglected by the author. All in all, the conclusion can be drawn that Mrs. Dittmer had a good subject, and that she wrote an excellent biography, one well worth reading.

The design of the book and dust jacket are intended to reflect the warmth and simplicity of the subject. The book has cream paper and rather plain typography, using prayerbook red covers and a brown wash drawing of the St. Clement church bell on the dust jacket. The stamped design on the front cover of the book is in gold and is a cross in a circle imposed on an anchor. The cross is symbolic of Bert William's feelings for his church, while the anchor relates to his particular church, St. Clement of El Paso.

Like many other men of the cloth, this man cut a wide swath through the sea of humanity. It was the path he wanted to walk and one he trod with dignity. Now, Uncle Bert Williams is gone, but he will not soon be forgotten. This biography will do its part to help him be remembered.

University of Texas at El Paso

—JAMES M. DAY

EDITORS' NOTE: The Rev. B.M.G. Williams was elected to the El Paso County Historical Society's Hall of Honor in 1962. At the same time El Paso's mayor, the Hon. Ralph Seitsinger, presented him with the city's coveted Conquistador Award.

HISTORY AS HIGH ADVENTURE

by WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB, ed. with intro. by E. C. BARKSDALE

(Austin: The Pemberton Press, \$6.95)

This is the first book in a proposed series to be devoted entirely to selections from the writings of Walter Prescott Webb, one of the truly great historians. In this volume the selections, with one exception, have a direct relationship between Webb and history. Later volumes in the series are to include his thoughts on the South, the North, the West, the Desert, book-

making, soft drink vending machines, marble toilets and other subjects of greater or less moment.

Webb's main thesis, as his former students at the University of Texas at Austin know, rests on "good Earth foundations, on geoeconomic themes." In other words, Webb belongs to the school of geographic determinism. He called himself "a geographic historian" and gloried in the title. In fact, one of his essays which is inserted in this book as a chapter is titled "Geographical-Historical Concepts in American History." He developed his thesis in his four greatest works which, the editor notes, comprise a record of "a mental adventure into an expanding world". *The Texas Rangers*, for example, is local, *The Great Plains* regional, *Divided We Stand* national and *The Great Frontier* international.

In *The Great Plains*, Dr. Webb emphasized the fact that this large area of which the book treats stretches from Mexico on the south to Canada on the north. It is several hundred miles wide, extending from the edge of the eastern woodland into and through the Rocky Mountains. It is half as large as the nation itself. Dr. Webb calls the settlement of this large territory the "Battle of the Plains." The battle was won by eastern woodland people only because they were able to adapt themselves to a new environment and four inventions made their adaptation possible—the Colt revolver, barbed wire, the disc plow and the windmill.

In *The Great Frontier* Dr. Webb applies his "great plains" hypothesis to "all the new lands discovered by Columbus and his associates around 1500." It is a century older than the American frontier and many times larger, comprising three continents and more than a half of a fourth, and thousands of unexplored islands. His thesis is that the interaction between the civilized metropolis of Europe and the uncultured Great Frontier exerted a profound influence on the drama of Western civilization for more than 450 years and "has largely determined the nature of that drama."

Dr. Webb is best known, perhaps, for *The Great Plains* but *The Great Frontier*, the editor believes, "should and eventually will take its rightful place on the book shelves which display Western man's greatest wisdom, a work to be ranked with the *Wealth of Nations*, *The Evolution of Species*, *Principia* or *Das Kapital*."

Although all of the material found herein has been previously published, it is widely scattered in books, journals, addresses, etc. The value of this book, therefore, lies in the fact that it gives easy availability to the material.

Dr. Barksdale, the editor, is to be commended for his excellent choice of "selections" and the publisher for the excellent design and printing. *History As High Adventure* should enjoy a wide circulation.

University of Texas at El Paso

—EUGENE O. PORTER

REVERIES OF A FIDDLEFOOT

by CARLYSLE GRAHAM RAHT

(Odessa: The Rathbooks Company, 1970, \$6.95)

This is the autobiography of Carlisle G. Raht, author of *The Romance of Davis Mountains and Big Bend Country*, *Old Buck and I*, and the companion-piece to this present volume, *Confessions of a Fiddlefoot*. He has also contributed many short stories to the pulp and slick magazines and spent a

year in Hollywood as a scenario writer. No doubt he is the last of the old breed of western writers whose main source material lay in their own personal experiences. In this book, he looks back over his eighty-nine years and gives the reader a glimpse at the events that started him on his way to success.

Raht spent his first thirty years as a fiddlefoot wandering from job to job through Texas, Mexico, Arizona and New Mexico and working as cowboy and miner. He assimilated the folklore and history of these parts by his constant association with pioneers. Eventually, he began to enjoy moderate success writing for newspapers. By the time he was thirty, however, he began to feel the need for formal instruction in the techniques of the craft, so he enrolled in the University of Texas at Austin as a special student. He signed up for fourteen courses in English and history and made straight A's in all of them except for the beginning course in English literature, which he failed. He attributed this failure to the fact that his instructor, a would-be writer, was envious of him. Also, Raht maintained that he was a better writer than *Beowulf* — an undeniable truth — but a statement designed to wring tears from even the least envious of professors. After leaving the University, he spent four years gathering material for *The Romance of Davis Mountains*, the body of which he dictated to a public stenographer in the five days before it was due to go to press.

One of the turning points in his life was his meeting and subsequent association with Frederick Faust, one of the top three western writers of the era, who wrote under the pseudonym of "Max Brand." Faust could up—or downgrade his writing style with such facility that he could meet the demands of any publisher, and he wrote over two hundred novels in his lifetime. He once said that he would trade all that he had written for the ability to write just two lines of pure poetry. It was he who taught Raht how to take situations from real life and turn them into fiction. With Faust's help, he wrote *High Dawn*. When this book was made into a movie, Raht was called to Hollywood and given a contract as a writer.

Raht-fans everywhere will be standing in line to buy this book which, he says, is not his last.

University of Texas at El Paso

—BUD NEWMAN

SOUTHWEST ARCHIVES

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

Title: The C. L. Sonnichsen Collection of Texas Feuds.

Location: Archives, University of Texas at El Paso.

An overdose of Western movies and fiction have led some people to doubt that frontier life could ever have been as wild and wooly as the writers would have us believe. A great deal of fanciful writing about high-noon shootouts has taken place since Owen Wister's *The Virginian* to the last Hollywood version of *Gunfight at O.K. Corral*, to mention but two non-Texas themes. The truth, however, is that pioneer life in Texas, at least, was a constant armed battle between men, families and camps. The annals of these feuds read much like those stories of ancient Vikings, except that horses substitute for longboats and the sixshooter replaces the sword. It is only natural that Texas should have its own *skald*, in the person of Charles Leland Sonnichsen, to tell of the heroic deeds that took place in this state when the only recourse a man had, in order to right the wrongs that had been done him, was to trust his good right arm.

Over a period of many years Dr. Sonnichsen has collected feud material, using every available source. He has gathered data from old newspapers, from interviews with participants, from the Walter Prescott Webb papers and from official sources. His research covers a time span of almost sixty years, beginning with Reconstruction days, and embraces almost a hundred Texas counties. He has told some, but not all of these stories, in two books: *I'll Die Before I'll Run* and *Ten Texas Feuds*. Both of these volumes are classics in their field.

Out of all this study, he has developed a special feud-philosophy. He considers that feuds are a reversion to the natural law when the written law breaks down or is too weak to impose order. The desire for revenge is still an inherent part of man's nature. "The law of the cave and the forest has not been repealed," he writes, "just momentarily set aside. We go back to it, as a man takes a bucket and goes after drinking water when the kitchen tap fails to function." In other words, feuds are not necessarily a sign of lawlessness, but an appeal to a higher law.

For the researcher with a yen to take a deeper look into the causes of violence, Dr. Sonnichsen has generally provided plenty of feud for thought.

Dr. Sonnichsen, it should be noted, has been a member of the faculty of the University of Texas at El Paso for the past thirty-seven years, first as chairman of the Department of English, then as Dean of the Graduate School, and presently as H. Y. Benedict Professor of English. In addition to his two books on feuds he is the author of a number of others, among which are: *Roy Bean: Law West of the Pecos*, *Billy King's Tombstone*, *Cowboys and Cattle Kings*, *Alias Billy The Kid*, *The Southwest in Life and Literature*, *Outlaw, Tularosa: Last of the Frontier West and Pass of the North*.

CONTRIBUTORS to this ISSUE

CHRIS P. FOX is known to every Paseño as "Mr. El Paso." In addition to his multitudinous duties as a vice president of the State National Bank, he is active in every movement for the betterment of his beloved city. He has been a valued member and officer of the El Paso County Historical Society since its inception sixteen years ago. In 1967, the Society elected Mr. Fox to the Hall of Honor.

BRYAN WELLS BROWN is a native El Pasoan, having been born in the city in June, 1896. For further biographical detail see the Spring, 1970 issue of PASSWORD.

MAJOR RICHARD K. McMASTER (ret.) is a son of the author of this diary and, like his father, a graduate of West Point. He is a frequent contributor to PASSWORD of articles on the military history of the Southwest. He is also the author of three books: *Polo For The Beginner and Spectator*, *Musket, Saber and Missile: A History of Ft. Bliss*, and *The Caparisoned Horse*, an exciting romance based on the Gila Expedition of 1857 against the Apaches in Arizona Territory. For a review see PASSWORD, Volume XIII No. 4 (Winter, 1968), 138.

JAMES M. DAY is Associate Professor of English at the University of Texas at El Paso and Assistant Editor of the Texas Western Press.

BUD NEWMAN, Assistant Archivist at the University of Texas at El Paso, is the newly chosen Archival Editor of PASSWORD. It was he who conceived the idea for the feature, "Southwest Archives."