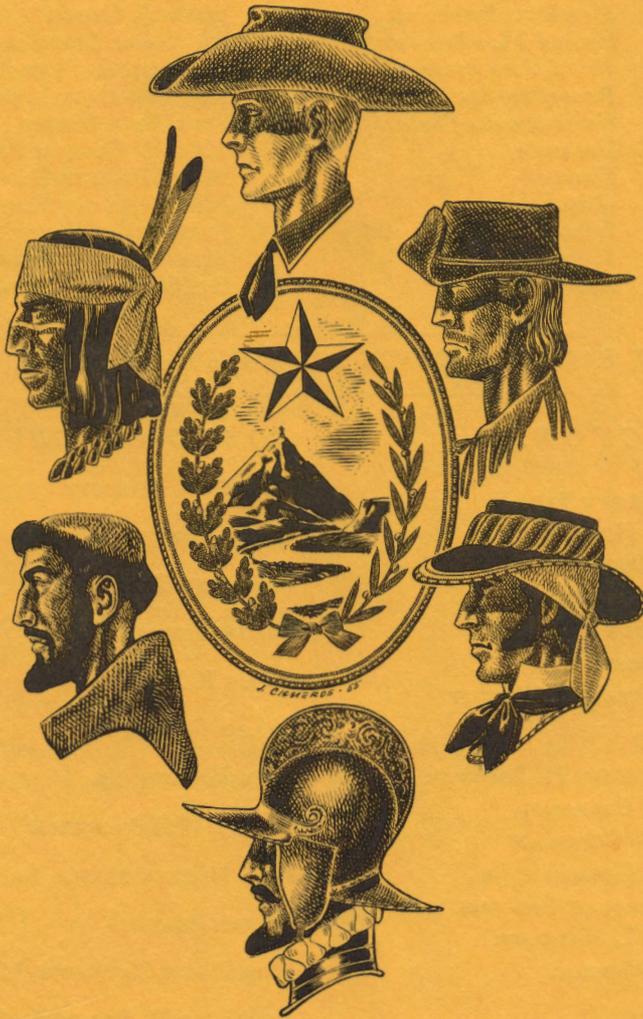


PASSWORD



THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

VOL. XVI—No. 4

WINTER, 1971

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PASSWORD

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CONTENTS

HALL OF HONOR BANQUET	135
HALL OF HONOR ADDRESS: TO BE A PIONEER By Leon C. Metz	136
TRIBUTE TO HUGH SPOTSWOOD WHITE By Russel W. Van Norman	138
TRIBUTES TO CHARLES LELAND SONNICHSEN By Leach, Metz, Schuessler, Hertzog	146
TRADITIONS AT THE TEXAS COLLEGE OF MINES AND METALLURGY By James L. Foster	153
THE LOVELY LUMINARIAS By Harriot Howze Jones	166
DONIPHAN'S SHADOW By Eugene O. Porter	170
BOOK REVIEWS	174
<i>Thomason, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FEDERAL JUDGE,</i> <i>ed. & ann. by JOSEPH RAY</i>	
<i>Perrigo, THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST: ITS PEOPLE AND CULTURE</i>	
HERITAGE HOMES OF EL PASO	177
SOUTHWEST ARCHIVES	179
HISTORICAL NOTES	181
INDEX TO VOLUME SIXTEEN	183
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	Inside Back

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HALL OF HONOR ADDRESS TO BE A PIONEER

by LEON C. METZ

HISTORY, ACCORDING TO THE DEFINITION in my dictionary, is "that branch of knowledge dealing with past events." Yet, this is only a partial explanation, for history is the story of people. Without them and their deeds, there is no history. There is only a past.

Great nations and great communities are best known not by the height of their buildings, or the size of their budgets, but by the quality of their people. El Paso is not simply a conglomeration of adobe and steel, sun and drought, money and poverty, granite and asphalt, glass and newspapers, honking horns and gusty duststorms. El Paso is more basically a city of flashing smiles, weatherbeaten faces, the soft rubbing of shoulders on a busy sidewalk, the warm handshake of two friends, the laughter of children, the language that shifts from English to Spanish and back to English again.

El Paso is similar to every town in the nation, and yet it is different. Perhaps unique, and colorful, and friendly are the adjectives that I'm searching for here. The average visitor remembers the *Se Habla Español* signs long after he has forgotten the hamburger and motel advertisements. He remembers faces of many varied colors, and the fact that all these people get along well together.

If this visitor paused to read our history, especially *The Pass of the North*, he learned that nearly four centuries ago bearded men, dressed in heavy armor, first came to this vicinity. Scholars have dubbed these strangers as *Los Conquistadores*. The Conquerors. It is interesting that these hardy warriors were never thought of as pioneers. Perhaps it's because they were interested only in gold, and in what they could take. Ordinarily they did not build, or add on, or even improve. They were giants who had no great interest or love in the land, and as far as we know they did not foresee the establishment of bustling cities upon this dry and scenic desert.

Following the *Conquistadores* came the real pioneers in the sense that we usually think of the word. They streamed east from beyond the Mississippi, and north from the heart of Mexico. They were settlers who dreamed of schools, and opportunities for a better life. In their wild enthusiasm they spawned the gunslingers, the gamblers, and the ladies of easy virtue.

But they also encouraged the bankers, the businessmen, the soldiers, the builders, the railroaders, the preachers, the doctors, and the ordinary

citizens. Gradually as these early-day El Pasoans died, new generations with new ideas took their place, until El Paso gradually began to think of itself as no longer a pioneering community. That was a false impression. El Paso has always been, and still is, a pioneering community. If it ever ceases to be, it will no longer exist. When the pioneers go, progress will stop, and the sand and the river will once again reclaim its own. For a pioneering spirit is not a calendar date, or a pinpointed place in eternity. A pioneering spirit is a state of mind. It is the essential ingredient of a free people.

Hugh Spotswood White was a pioneer whose compassion and understanding transcended a patient's ability to pay. Dr. White was a pioneer not because he was one of the first physicians in El Paso, but because he contributed more than just pills and services. He gave of himself and of the goodness and kindness of his heart. He would be just as much a pioneer if he were living today.

Charles Leland Sonnichsen was a pioneer in his untiring efforts to learn the truth about those lives that had gone before him. Some of those stories he published and thus earned for himself a unique reputation as a historian; and some of those stories he chose to forget, and thus earned for himself the undying gratitude of several old-time families. Who is to judge which was the greater virtue.

As we honor these two outstanding citizens, men who have dedicated their lives so that our own might be a little easier and a little more enjoyable, let us not forget that the qualities which earned them this particular niche in our community are still present in any number of people throughout this audience, and indeed throughout all of El Paso. In this sense our city is full of pioneers, and furthermore is assured of a steady supply so long as there exist such individuals as Hugh White and C. L. Sonnichsen.

We are proud of these nominees here tonight, and we are equally proud of those who have been recorded earlier. So long as the list of El Paso pioneers continues to be as great, we can always be assured of a Hall of Honor program.

In 1845 when Texas was annexed to the Union as 28th State, the Texas Founding Fathers found themselves in possession of vast lands but no money. They were, in fact, \$8,000,000 in debt. Their annexation agreement with the Union stipulated that they retain all their lands and also all their debts. Thus, penniless, they used lands to build for the future.

Griffin, *Land of the High Sky*

TRIBUTE TO HUGH SPOTSWOOD WHITE

by RUSSEL W. VAN NORMAN

"It is when men like Dr. White die that those who are left realize the advisability of doing a job well The living always should profit by the experiences and examples of those who have gone before. That is the only way for mankind to improve itself." So wrote the editor of the El Paso Times on the passing of Dr. Hugh White on January 23, 1943.¹

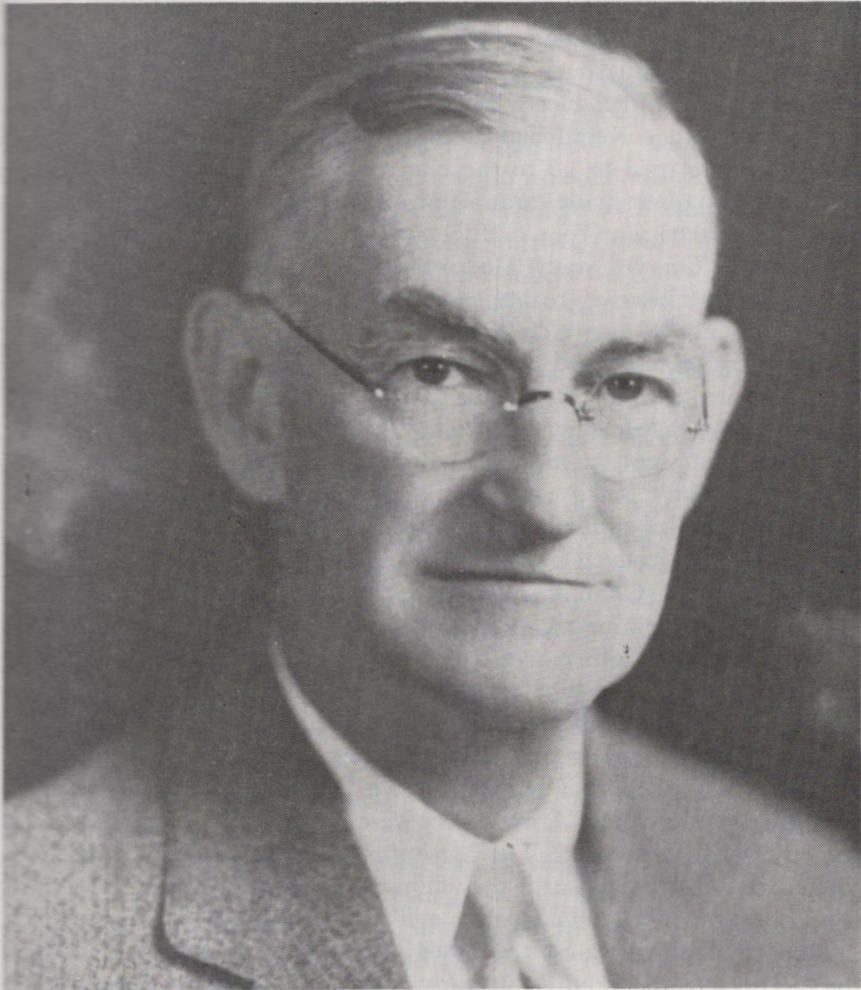
Hugh Spotswood White, the first physician to be elected to the El Paso County Historical Society Hall of Honor, was born on October 14, 1875 to Thomas S. and Sally Cameron White. The large, old family home, sitting on "rising" ground at the outskirts of Lexington, Virginia was in a typical southern setting of oaks and maples, gardens and outlying buildings.² Even with the cares of a large family, his mother found time to tell stories, those from the Bible being her favorite. Heaven was depicted as a place of pure and eternal joy. His mother, fearing his frail build and frequent lung disease also, too soon would take him from her once asked, "Hugh, would you like to go to heaven and see little Tommy and little May?" Hugh replied, "Yes, Mama, I'd like to go to heaven. But I'd druther wait 'till after Christmas."³

His vacations as a youth were spent mostly on the family farm, "Fassifern," two miles from town. He roamed the fields with gun and dogs or visited by horse his many relatives up and down the valley.

After finishing the public and private schools in Lexington, he attended Washington and Lee University. One of those very thin, overgrown boys crazy to be an athlete, but never quite physically strong enough, he joined the school rowing team, only to lose his health with the overexertion. In his second year of college he developed tuberculosis and was sent to Colorado for six months convalescence. He returned to Lexington and worked in his father's store a year before resuming his studies.⁴

His great ambition had always been to be a doctor. He attended the University College of Medicine (now the Medical College of Virginia), graduating in 1900. Planning to practice in Newport News where prospects looked good, he interned at the Virginia Hospital in Richmond. But after nine months, his lung disease again flared and the doctors insisted that he go west to a dry climate and stay there.

He practiced in Duncan, Tucson and various other small Arizona towns before joining a fellow Virginian doctor in Pecos and Toyah. In 1905 he returned to New York for further post-graduate training. Two times later he traveled to John Hopkins University for study, but visits to



Dr. Hugh Spotswood White

the East would always cause a return of his lung problems.

He arrived in El Paso January 1, 1906. At first he lived across the street from Hotel Dieu with the widow and four sons of a former Virginian friend, Dr. McCrory. Later he moved to the Angelus Hotel.

A letter of introduction from the East was presented to the Magoffins. On Mrs. Magoffin's recommendation he was soon invited to a party. In those days parties meant formal wear of coat with tails, an outfit that Dr. White didn't own. Mrs. Magoffin said, "Well, young man, you go and

buy a dress suit. If you are going to succeed here you must meet people and you must go when you are invited." One of the people he met at this first party was a young school teacher, Anne Kemp.⁵

Another letter introduced Hugh to Judge Wyndham Kemp. As a young man Judge Kemp had attended Virginia Military Institute and the boys there used to go to the church of a famous old Presbyterian preacher who often made example of his unruly son, referring to him as his "Godforsaken son, Tom." Hugh was somewhat unsettled when Judge Kemp said, "Oh, yes, you're Godforsaken Tom's son."

The Judge, always a great one for helping a young man, invited Hugh for next Sunday's two o'clock dinner at the Kemp home, one where friends were often invited after church. On Judge Kemp's announcing he had invited a young Dr. White to dinner, Anne exclaimed "Oh, what did you invite that fellow for?" Judge Kemp replied, "Well, young lady, I did not invite him on your account and you need not stay to dinner if you don't want." But a casual meeting at a party, followed by a good Sunday dinner led to further calls by young Dr. White and, after a suitable time, to their engagement.

Max Weber, a German consul in Juárez, arranged a mock fox hunt. One fellow, pretending to be the fox, would ride ahead blowing a drag or fox horn and the others would give chase. Hugh, born in a state where fox hunts were a long-time tradition, went down to Greer's Livery Stable to get a suitable horse and was insulted when a huge horse used in pulling a taxi was brought out. "This hack horse is an old cow pony," he was told. "Take him if you want to win." Shortly after the race began only Hugh and a young Army officer were in contention, with Anne and the others left far behind. The horse, sensing what Hugh wanted, took ditches and obstructions as if they didn't exist, winning easily. The silver trophy awarded Hugh that day is still dearly treasured by Mrs. White.

One of Hugh's greatest ambitions was to get an up-to-date hospital for the poor of the County. As early as 1882, long before his arrival, a campaign was underway to build a suitable hospital for infectious diseases.⁶ It was not until 1898, after several other locations, that the commonly called Pest House and County Hospital were located at the Old Fort Bliss on the Smelter Road.⁷ It was too much to expect one male attendant supervised by a daily visit by the old county health officer⁸ to run an efficient smallpox hospital. In 1900 the city was in an uproar when the El Paso Herald revealed that bodies were being released to the undertakers in only their underclothes.⁹ In 1902 a committee from the Woman's Club reported that the thirty-seven cents spent to provide two daily meals to each patient typically produced only soup with macaroni,

boiled cabbage, boiled potatoes and bread and butter, whereas any good housekeeper could give invalids a palatable diet at even less than eighteen cents a meal.¹⁰ An editorial complained that the yearly \$15,000 cost for taking care of the patients, mostly consumptives, could be reduced to \$1500 if the non-county patients were excluded.¹¹

Dr. White felt that not only could he do a better job with the ill, but if he could get the position as County Physician at a salary of \$150 a month, he and Anne could afford to get married. On February 27, 1909 he wrote the County Judge and Commissioners:

"I herewith present my application for the position of County Physician

". . . as to my ability to perform the duties of the office and reorganize the work, I ask you to make inquiry here or anywhere I have ever lived."¹²

On March 3, 1909, Hugh White was appointed County Physician.¹³ Twenty-eight days later he and Anne Perrin Kemp were married. The young, struggling doctor and his wife first lived in the Kemp home. To save money, Hugh kept his horse and buggy out behind the house. Later, they were kept at Longley's Stable near El Paso Del Norte Hotel where a call by telephone quickly delivered them to his door. His hours were long and irregular. Mrs. White recalled that throughout their marriage, evenings at parties or dinners would be marred by the doctor's being called away and her having to get home the best way she could.

Early doctors' offices could best be remembered as dark, dreary and dirty. With a lack of modern cleaning products, Mrs. White's maid could not make a dent in the stodgy atmosphere. But patient care there and in the homes carried on.

Dr. White had the ability of wiggling his scalp and brows. He would enter the room of a rebellious, kicking, yelling small boy, sit quietly by the bed, look him in the eye . . . and wiggle his ears. It worked every time. It might also underline why this man of good humor was affectionately known as "Doc."

On one occasion he had a notorious bad man—a gun fighter—as a patient. The man had been fatally wounded and was lying in a room at Hotel Dieu, a guard at the door. The good Catholic Nursing Nuns were kneeling around his bed praying for the salvation of his soul. Doc White's examination showed there was no hope for the recovery of his body. He strode from the room, beckoning one of the Sisters to accompany him. "Sister," he said, "you girls come on out of there. The Lord doesn't want that fellow and with you in there praying the devil can't come get him."

The County Commissioners' Court hoped it could put the County Hospital under the supervision of the Woman's Charity Association.¹⁴

When that organization would not accept the management under the politically expedient conditions demanded, it was placed under the direct control of Dr. White. Immediately, Dr. White separated the ill from the paupers, moving the latter to a newly established poor farm. Different types of disease were moved to separate rooms. The latest techniques of tuberculosis treatment were begun.¹⁵ Mrs. Mary McKamy was appointed Superintendent of the hospital. Plumbing, concrete floors, shading verandas and an operating room were added.¹⁶ A small dairy was planned to furnish the patients with milk. A crematory for destroying waste matter, much of which was being dumped in the river, was recommended. Dr. White reported that there were more cases of indigestion than anything else. He felt the patients were still being fed too much of the wrong foods and that a properly selected diet would not only require less food, but improve the general health of the patients. He established a county clinic at one end of the city jail and got other physicians to give freely of their services.

In August of 1912 Dr. White took his first vacation from the daily grind of driving to the Old Fort Bliss Site and then to the Poor Farm.¹⁷ He never wanted to do anything but go camping. If he went where there were other people he always had to work. Once he went up to Irving's on the Pecos, a little resort with log cabins, but a good dining room, to do a little fishing. He thought fishing would cure everything. The first night somebody rushed in looking for a doctor. A boy had cut his arm badly. A coca-cola cap tied tightly over the wound stopped the bleeding. Thrusting the boy into his car, Dr. White rushed him to the nearest doctor's office. He was not there. So, Dr. White broke down the door, got the catgut and sewed the boy up.

Again in June 1914, just two years later, he was granted another two weeks leave of absence by the County Court, provided he left a competent physician to take his place.¹⁸

Old adobe buildings would never provide modern hospital facilities. Through Dr. White's urging, the County Commissioners in August 1914¹⁹ appointed a committee to draw up new plans suitable to the physician. Construction was begun in September for a two-story and basement Hospital Building at a cost of \$25,469.²⁰

In December, 1914, Dr. White and the staff of the old County Hospital were called before the Commissioners' Court to answer for the poor treatment of a patient.²¹ It seemed that the previous summer a lady had been hospitalized two weeks and charged a surgical fee and hospital costs by Dr. White. Mrs. Reeder agreed that Dr. White had been called

to treat her as a private patient, but that money for his charges had not been realized from her insurance policy because Dr. White had not filled the papers out correctly. Dr. White acknowledged the fees charged, but explained that while services were free to paupers, some people did not care to be classed that way and were charged a dollar a day.²²

In January, 1915, the new hospital east of Washington Park was completed.²³ Five days later the newly appointed County Hospital Board voted three laymen to two physicians to remove Dr. White as County Physician. The local paper pointed out that the simultaneous firing of I. G. Gaal, the former hospital superintendent, was because Mr. Gaal was "ring" and the newly elected county officials were "anti-ring."²⁴

In reviewing his services as County Health Officer in a newspaper interview in March, 1915, Dr. White remarked that Christianity was not confined to the Churches of El Paso. "The county hospital is not the first place one would look for the Christian spirit, but it is to be found there on every hand"²⁵

In addition to his private practice, Dr. White took on a new responsibility. Hydrophobia or rabies, transmitted by coyotes and other wild creatures, was a dreaded disease on the frontier. No one ever lived through a case of rabies. The nearest place to get the preventive shots when bitten by any animal was Austin. Dr. White established a local branch of the Pasteur Institute for the treatment of rabies in 1913.²⁶ Live rabbits were furnished to Dr. White, one at a time, by a man in his employ. Through the trephined skull Dr. White shot into the brain the virus obtained from Austin. When the rabbit became sick with hydrophobia it was killed, its spinal cord removed and suspended in a jar of formaldehyde to kill the virus. The cord remained in the solution for twenty-one days, each day the antibodies weakening. When someone was bitten by an animal they received twenty-one painful, daily progressively stronger injections of vaccine in the abdominal wall until full immunity was obtained. Once eighteen Fort Bliss soldiers mixed with some coyotes and all had to be treated. The government never reimbursed Dr. White. The vaccine itself was not without its danger. Statistics showed that every thousandth person treated would develop rabies. And Dr. White's one thousandth patient died with hydrophobia. Dr. White's laboratory continued to serve Mexico, West Texas, New Mexico and Arizona until 1942.

During World War I, Dr. White's lung condition precluded his serving in the Army. He examined soldiers for the services and taught Red Cross training courses. Many of his pupils were instrumental in manning the schools converted to hospitals during the dreadful influenza epidemic of

1918. That latter year, Dr. White was elected President of the El Paso County Medical Society.

In April, 1917, Dr. White had been appointed City Health Officer.²⁷ Smallpox had broken out in the Mexican Quarter on Mount Franklin near the Dudley Orr Quarry.²⁸ Most of the people were afraid of the small ivory arrowheads used to scratch the vaccine into their arms. But Dr. White was determined to vaccinate the entire population. Overcoming superstition with the aid of Father Cordova, a local priest, and a troop of strong armed individuals, the ivory lancets stopped the disease for all time in this city. During World War II, Mr. Wyndham White, his son, met a United States Government Health Officer while stationed in South America who recalled Dr. White being held up as an example of how you can get rid of a disease if you work at it. Dr. White served as Health Officer until 1922, but remained active in community health matters for the rest of his life.

Those of us who have not practiced medicine in the pre-penicillin era cannot appreciate the despair often felt by the early physicians fighting disease with only the likes of calomel, iodine and castor oil. The heart break of a dying pneumonia patient or the death of a young child in the heat of an El Paso summer once made Hugh White exclaim: "Things like this make me feel I don't want to practice medicine any more." But practice he did, sitting beside a bed until a fever broke, or easing the agony of a dying patient, or supporting with a quip or a firm hand where there were no drugs to help.

Hugh Spotswood White always believed that El Paso's dry, bracing climate, the sunshine, and the good friends that he had made were responsible for the fact that he was able to live out his allotted years in health and with a degree of happiness not possible anywhere else. His own death at age sixty-seven passed the snake-twined wand to those he inspired who continue the practice of medicine today.

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3. *Idem*.
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5. Taped interview with Mrs. Hugh White, April 2, 1968.
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7. *El Paso Herald*, November 21, 1898.
8. *Ibid.*, December 10, 1898.
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10. *Ibid.*, May 22, 1902.
11. *Ibid.*, November 14, 1904.
12. *El Paso County Commissioners' Court Minutes* 7, 101.
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15. *Ibid.*, March 2, 1909.

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 23. *Ibid.*, January 26, 1915.
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-

THE PERMIAN BASIN area of West Texas extends approximately 100 miles in all directions from present-day Midland.

THE COMANCHES ruled the Texas plains for almost 400 years.

The Hopis were and still are the chief cotton weavers of all the Pueblos.

Many of the ancient Pueblos, especially those of the northern area, were horticulturists rather than agriculturists, so intensive was their cultivation.

Eighty of the graduates of West Point who entered the Confederate Army were born in non-seceding states.

The commanding officers of 12 of the 22 ships of Farragut's fleet at the capture of New Orleans and the commanders of four of the five squadrons of the Federal fleet of the first year of the war were born in slave-holding states.

Lieutenant M. P. Harrison, Fifth Infantry, who was killed by Indians while a member of the Randolph B. Marcy expedition from Ft. Smith, across Texas to Santa Fe in 1849, had two famous grandfathers—General Zebulon Pike, the noted explorer, and William Henry Harrison, the ninth President of the United States. The Lieutenant's elder brother, Benjamin, was destined to become the 23rd President of the United States.

TRIBUTES TO CHARLES LELAND SONNICHSEN

by LEACH, METZ, SCHUESSLER, HERTZOG

[Editor's Note: the tributes paid to Dr. Sonnichsen were in the nature of a "This-is-Your-Life" program. Dr. Joseph Leach, acting as master of ceremonies, speculated on the honoree's reasons for coming to El Paso and his hopes; Mr. Metz appraised him as a teacher, Mrs. Schuessler as a willing and interesting speaker at women's clubs, and Dr. Hertzog as an author.]

by JOSEPH LEACH

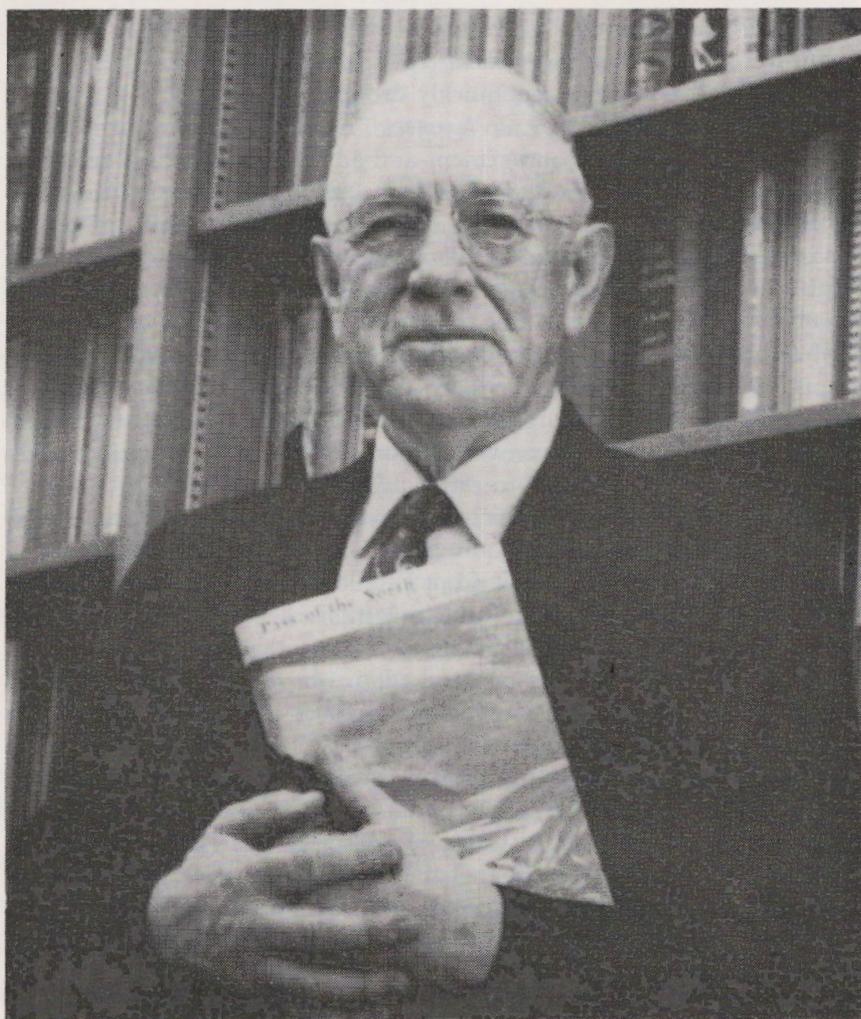
Dr. Sonnichsen, everybody in this room knows the answers to the questions I am going to pose to you tonight, but there is a possibility that you, yourself, don't know the answers at all. So if you will sit back for a few minutes, we're going to talk about you—for your information. All right?

Forty years ago when you headed west, a part of that westward migration that had been going on for a century and more—with a brand new Harvard Ph.D. diploma under your arm, fresh from a brief teaching stint at Carnegie Tech—I wonder what kind of plan you had for yourself, what kind of personal ambition. You were coming into unknown territory for you. Born in Minnesota and educated there and in Cambridge, you knew the American Southwest and El Paso only by hearsay—most of it, I expect, pretty wild. You settled yourself into this community. You became an Associate Professor of English at the then young College of Mines and Metallurgy—and then you set out to build your career and your life.

As I say, I wonder what kind of dream you envisioned, what kind of plan. Did you hope to be, in your own turn, an inspiration to people even younger than you, to your students, to the vast crowd of ignorance you would undoubtedly face out here on this western frontier? Did you plan to make speeches, to wow the world with a silvery tongue? Did you plan to write books? And what of your plans to participate in the full life of a college campus, with all its excitements, and joys, and labors?

Well, Doc, a quartet of your long-time friends are going to consider these questions, and then tell you what happened. If their reports do indeed give us a clue to your plans, we say you couldn't possibly have succeeded better.

Leon Metz, what about this man as an inspiration to youth, what can you say for him with students, with people hoping someday to carve their own niche in the world?



Dr. C. L. Sonnichsen

AS A TEACHER

by LEON C. METZ

It is interesting that I have been asked to speak on Dr. Sonnichsen's capabilities as a professor when I have never even been in one of his classrooms. His courses are so popular that one almost finds it necessary to make a reservation in advance.

On campus his ability to communicate with students is legendary. Yet, he is regarded as a tough professor. He is also known as one who gives

high grades, and recently I asked how he might explain this contradiction. He answered that when the students realized what they were in for, that the loafers and non-producers quickly dropped out.

As for our association, if I am a success, I owe a large part of it to Dr. Sonnichsen. He gave encouragement and advice across a large spectrum of problems, primarily those dealing with historical writing and research. For me he ran a twenty-four hour a day classroom. Month after month I handed him poorly typed papers full of misspelled words and grammatically incorrect sentences. And I watched in agony as he drew dark wavy lines through what I considered to be my best phrases.

Most of what I learned came from his written criticisms of my manuscripts, although when the occasion called for it he had no trouble in verbalizing some of my more obvious errors. "Leon, you may be able to say 'done went' and get away with it," he once said, "but you can never write 'done went' and expect to get away with it."

As I grew to know Dr. Sonnichsen, I realized that our particular relationship was not necessarily unique. He gets more personal mail than any man I ever met. Much of it is from people seeking help or encouragement—and they always get it. Just sitting in his office is a study in human nature, for a steady stream of people are constantly dropping in to chat. Therefore, after several years of observation, I have drawn the conclusion that his books have merely made him famous; his personality and his warm human touch have made him loved.

So he actually taught me more than just how to write and to use good historical judgment. He taught me that kindness, and compassion, and understanding, the ability to work, to accept honest criticism, and the vision to see the best in people, that there were the only real and tangible qualities in the classroom or in life.

It is my cherished hope that I can pass on at least a portion of what I have learned.

by JOSEPH LEACH

Thank you, Leon. How are we doing, Doc? Does any of that sound familiar, does it match up at all with what you had planned?

And now, what about yourself on the podium? What came of your wit, and your sparkle, and your information, when you sought to express them with that capable tongue?

Louise Schuessler, how *did* he shape up as a speaker?

AS A SPEAKER

by MRS. WILLARD W. SCHUESSLER

Thank you, Dr. Leach. It is, indeed, my pleasure to be able to participate in paying tribute to Dr. Sonnichsen. I feel sure that I can speak for all the women's organizations in our community when I express our thanks and appreciation to him for all the enjoyable programs he has presented to the various women's clubs. If you saw the column in the *El Paso Times* of 40 years ago, November 10, 1931, you read that Dr. Sonnichsen gave a book review to the Women's Club. Through the years he has certainly endeared himself to all the women's clubs, as a favorite speaker. Besides being an interesting and capable speaker he has a delightful sense of humor. On one occasion after he had been introduced at a ladies' gathering, his opening remarks were: "I am pleased to be here. I like women's clubs. They really do a lot of good. They, at least, keep the women off the streets." So you can readily understand when it was announced he would be the speaker—it really did keep the women off the streets as they all turned out to hear him speak. From 1960 through 1970 he gave approximately 100 local talks. In addition he had many speaking engagements out of town.

It was my good fortune, through the years, to be in the audience when he was the speaker. Always when program chairmen got together to line up the various club programs for the coming year Dr. Sonnichsen's name headed the list. I speak from experience, as I have served on some of these committees.

So tonight it will be our pleasure to hear him speak again.

by JOSEPH LEACH

Thank you, Louise. I can testify myself to Sonnichsen's remark about Women's Clubs. I was on the same program. And believe me, those dear ladies howled.

Doc, did you plan to write books? With a Ph.D. dissertation safely behind you, were there any other books left in you?

Carl Hertzog, what about this part of this man's career?

AS AN AUTHOR

by CARL HERTZOG

Ladies and gentlemen, historians and otherwise:

Tonight we do honor to my longtime associate and collaborator in the field of books. Many times we have had to go our separate ways; he with other publishers, and I with other authors — but we always knew what the other was working on.

One time—maybe 25 years ago—another well-known author was here in El Paso going over the details of a book we were doing together. On a Sunday afternoon I was to take hm to the airport but he rushed it a little and said, “Take me by to see Sonnichsen. Do you reckon he’ll be at home?” This was J. Evetts Haley, cowboy, rancher, historian, patriot and one of the best prose writers in Texas even if he did blast Lyndon with 5½ million copies of propaganda.

I knew that Mrs. Sonnichsen was out of town on a trip and figured that Leland would be at home taking care of the kids. No use to phone, just drop by on the way to the airport.

Sure enough, he was there, washing the dishes. He had cooked Sunday dinner for the three children. They were helping but they were pretty young at the time. To add to the confusion, there was evidence that he was painting the bedroom. And in his study [if you can call it that] there was a half-typed page in the typewriter with research cards on either side concerning the book he was writing.

Now don’t forget [while all of this was going on] Charles Leland Sonnichsen was head of the English Department of Texas College of Mines with all the problems of curriculum and personnel which he handled so well that he was later made Dean of the Graduate School of UTEP.

When Haley got back in the car and we continued to the airport, he said, “God, he’s got energy.” If you know Haley, you know that this was a great compliment from a qualified critic.

In the field of history we have a lot of potential authors. Men with a fine command of words and a knowledge of history and the people who made it. They tell you in an imaginative and interesting manner about the book they are going to write. They are what we call “talking writers” —the book never gets done. Leland Sonnichsen is not one of these. He has completed 15 full-length books most of which have been reprinted at least once, which testifies to their quality and importance. He has also had dozens of articles published in scholarly journals, and only a com-

puter could tell how many book reviews, speeches and talks he has made, mostly "for free"—for the good of the community.

He not only has energy, as Haley said, but also has discipline. He never dilly-dallies although he will listen patiently when cornered. He never postpones a chore. He is an indefatigable researcher and a penetrating interviewer. He has saved many chapter of Southwestern history which would have been lost forever except for his efforts.

To illustrate how determined he is to get each part of the work done on schedule, I would like to relate an episode that occurred while we were publishing *Pass of the North*.

We had corrected the galley proofs and made up about a hundred pages which had been sent to Leland for final checking. He likes to clear the deck every day, never mañana. He finished the proofs and started for our office. A terrific March wind was stirring up the worst sandstorm I ever saw. Our new plant at the south end of the campus was surrounded with bulldozers which helped the wind considerably. I wouldn't go out. I was sitting in my office when I heard a scream. My wife was in the outer office looking out the window when Leland drove up. He disembarked with a roll of galley proofs under one arm and the bunch of page proofs in the other hand. Just as he reached the sidewalk, a gust of wind blew his hat off. As he grabbed for his hat another gust blew the loosened proofs from under his arm, and in grabbing for them he lost his grip on the page proofs. All the proofs went flying down the street with Leland in hot pursuit. I jumped out the door and ran after him picking up proofs as we went along. These proofs were important, the only copy of the corrections and final alterations. At the end of the block we had to descend into an arroyo as proofs were still flying through the air. It was rocky and steep. I picked several pages from thorns on mesquite bushes [the first time I knew what mesquites were good for].

Surprisingly, we recovered almost all the proofs, enough to guide us in reconstructing the missing pages. When some of proofs were blown across the Rio Grande, south of Hart's Mill, I said, "Leland, this book of yours is an instant success. It already has International distribution." Never a dull moment when you are working with Professor Sonnichsen.

by JOSEPH LEACH

Thank you, Carl. Which Leaves me, Doc, only to add that I have seen you myself for nearly twenty-five years as a king pin on the UT El Paso campus. You have long been our most popular teacher, and—I might add—one of the hardest. Your courses in the Life and Lit of the South-

west, the English novel and Milton have always played to standing room only. Barbara Williams (wife of El Paso's mayor), by whom I have been sitting tonight, and I were talking about you as a prof a few minutes ago. She firmly declared that your course in Milton was one of her richest college experiences, and the stiffest. Your colleagues respect you completely.

For twenty-seven years you directed the English department with skill, judgment, and humor. When you retired from that thankless position, one of my colleagues made you a toast: "Here's to the best damn son-of-a-bitch that ever headed this English Department." That was true, Doc Sonnichsen, however puzzled it made me for awhile, as your highly uncertain successor. Could I hope to measure up in such terms?

You functioned seven years as the UT El Paso Graduate Dean—again with the now-famous Sonnichsen warmth and ability. Since then you have carried the coveted title of H.Y. Benedict Professor of English of the University of Texas, a system-wide recognition of your academic and teaching excellence. In 1969 you won the Friends of the Dallas Public Library Award for your book, *PASS OF THE NORTH*, a genial record of El Paso's long and colorful heritage. In your prize, we all stood proud in your glory. Last year you won the Minnie Stevens Piper Award as one of the ten outstanding university professors in Texas. Again, in the light of that honor, we all partook of your joy.

Dr. Sonnichsen, in my opening remarks a few moments ago, I started to say that forty years ago you hit this place like a bomb-shell. But that wouldn't have been accurate. Here in this desert, Leland, you descended upon us like rain. Thinking back over the years you have honored us with your presence, I can say you have served us like those rare summer showers that always bring us renewal and strength.

Now tell me, Doc, as far as you are concerned, how has it worked out? From where we sit, we can't imagine a more success-life and career. If you had come west planning to walk on the water, we are quite sure you could have done it—if here in the desert you could have found the water.

All of which adds up, sir, to a humble attempt on the part of all four of us to express to you our admiration, our respect, and a certain portion of love.

Thank you, Leland.

THE SOUTHERN OVERLAND MAIL, better known as the Butterfield Overland Mail, was opened in 1858 to deliver mail and passengers over a 2,795 mile course from Tipton, Missouri, down through Fort Smith and across Texas to California.

TRADITIONS AT THE TEXAS COLLEGE OF MINES AND METALLURGY

by JAMES L. FOSTER

[Editor's Note: this article was written as a seminar paper in history in the summer of 1950. Since that date some of the traditions discussed have died or been discounted. Also the name of the college has been changed, first, in 1949, to Texas Western College and then, in 1966, to The University of Texas at El Paso. The College has also experienced tremendous growth in enrollment. In 1914, the initial year of the college, the student body numbered 27; in 1950, 2659; and today (Fall, 1971), 11,812.

It should also be noted that those references which cite authority for statements in the text are original; the others are explanatory and have been added by the editor.]

THE TEXAS COLLEGE OF MINES AND METALLURGY is of comparatively recent vintage and is not, therefore, steeped in traditions as are, for instance, the ivy league schools. Nevertheless, the El Paso college does celebrate a number of events that have become traditional and significant. The purpose of this paper is to trace the origin and evolution of those events.

Probably the oldest tradition is the Saint Patrick Day celebration. St. Patrick is the patron saint of miners, and mining schools throughout the country annually observe March 17th. At the Texas College of Mines this observance is in the nature of an annual outing at which the freshmen engineering students are initiated into the rites of their patron saint. The first written record of this celebration is dated 1920 when the event was held at the Palisades which are located on the Río Grande several miles north of El Paso.¹ The location of the outing has been changed on a number of occasions.

In the early years the initiation was rather arduous; the freshmen were subjected to a very rigorous paddling from the upperclassmen and forced to kiss the "blarney stone."² As the years passed, however, and as the administration became more strict in enforcing the state's "no hazing" rule, the paddling became less severe. The initiation is conducted under the supervision of a representative Saint Patrick. He is usually the president of the Alpha Phi Omega engineering fraternity. During the ceremony he is decked in long, flowing robes, a large hat, and a long white beard. He carries a staff of office and takes a position at the "blarney stone."

In 1922 the outing was held at the old tin mine³ in the Franklin Mountains. It was on this occasion that five hundred pounds of dynamite that had been found at the mine were exploded. Moving pictures of the event were taken by Roy Hughes, a local motion picture producer, and the films were sent to the International News Service to be shown in theaters throughout the country.⁴

In recent years the St. Patrick celebration has been held annually in the old, abandoned mines at Orogrande, New Mexico.⁵ There the ini-

tiates are required to crawl blindfolded through the dark tunnels. Intermittently upperclassmen hurry the initiates' progress with light paddling. The initiation is usually climaxed by a picnic or "bean feed" furnished by campus engineering organizations. Dates of the male students help prepare and serve the food.

It has always been the practice to allow girls to attend the celebration but, in the early years, girls were not permitted to undergo initiation. It was not until girls began enrolling as engineering students and demanding to be initiated that the male students relented and allowed girls to partake of the ceremonies.

As noted above, the St. Patrick celebration is always scheduled for March 17th unless, of course, that date falls on a Sunday. In that case, the ceremonies are usually held the day before. It has been traditional to recognize the day as an unofficial school holiday. Instructors meet their classes for the benefit of the liberal arts students and many go through the motions of taking the roll, although "cuts" are not held against the absentees. At one time a movement was started to have the day declared an official holiday; but many students and the Ex-Students' Association protested that making the day official would destroy the enjoyment students experience in "cutting" classes. Thus the St. Patrick Day initiations have continued without the administration's official approval. However, instructors and professors of the engineering department are always in attendance to see that the celebration is conducted in an orderly manner.

Held in connection with the St. Patrick Day outing but not in conjunction with it is the Hard Luck Dance, sponsored each year by the Scientific Club. This affair had its origin in 1921⁶ and has grown to be one of the highlights of the school's activities. Male engineering students are encouraged to allow their beards to grow during the six weeks prior to the dance and the student who achieves the greatest growth is rewarded with a huge, highly polished, brass spittoon. The winner retains possession of the trophy during the following year and has his name and the year in which he won engraved on it.

The presentation of the spittoon is made at the Hard Luck Dance to which all members of the student body are invited. Those in attendance wear old clothes to imply poverty and hardship which are often associated with mining prospectors. There are also prizes for the best costumes. Since the construction of Holliday Hall in 1933, the Hard Luck Dance has been held there. The entrance to the Hall is decorated to give the appearance of a mine shaft entrance and the interior is made to appear like an old western mining town saloon, even to the use of a pine board bar where the dancers may partake of soft drinks.

As mentioned above, girls have been initiated into the secrets of St. Patrick but male students never ceased to be a little resentful. Thus, in 1930, the girl engineering students took matters into their own hands and instituted the St. Patrick Picnic. This affair was held in October and was for the purpose of initiating freshmen girls. All freshmen girls were required to wear green socks and hair ribbons.⁷

The site of the picnic was Kidd Canyon, located behind the Engineering Building on the campus.⁸ Initiates were not permitted to speak to upperclassmen without first saying:

May I, this lowly scum of earth,
Dare speak to one of such great worth?⁹

Food was served picnic style and the fledglings underwent an initiation somewhat similar to that of the men.¹⁰ The St. Patrick picnic, by the way, was held for only three years and then, in 1933, was succeeded by the High Jinks Party. The first of these was held in Holliday Hall on November 17, 1933. Freshmen girls were called upon to perform acts of entertainment which were followed by refreshments.¹¹ Gradually, however, the High Jinks Party evolved into what is known today as Hell Week.¹² During this week, in addition to wearing green socks and hair ribbons, the pledges of the several sororities wear outlandish costumes, use no make-up, carry their books in buckets, and compete for the title of "Least Attractive."

In December, 1919, the college paper, *The Prospector*, suggested that the freshman class paint the letter "M" on Mt. Franklin.¹³ This suggestion led to another tradition that has prevailed through the years, one that probably has more student participation than any other traditional event. It was not until December, 1923, however, that students placed the first "M." The letter, 150 feet square, was outlined with huge rocks gathered on the mountain and whitewashed. It was Christianized in the evening with red flares.

After the successful construction of the "M" the upperclassmen decided that in the future the freshmen would be required to paint the letter on a set date each year. The first "M" Day, as the tradition came to be known, was scheduled for the following year on October 17, 1924. But when the time came, many of El Paso's citizenry condemned the practice as a defacement of nature's beauty. Consequently, the event was officially postponed. However, the students were not to be thwarted and they painted the letter after dark.¹⁴

Each year since, the "M" has received an annual coat of whitewash but not without criticism from one source or another. Shortly after the

"M" was first constructed an editorial appeared in the *El Paso Post*, expressing some of the adverse feelings of the townfolks:

If College of Mines students may advertise their group self-esteem with such inescapable rawness, why not all the high school and grade school classes which may feel that the world will fail to note their importance unless it be shouted from the mountainside? And why not the kindergarten groups, too, who, though they may not be able to tattoo lettered insignia upon the face of nature, could at least contribute their class colors? Discreet lettering 50 feet high would inform the admiring public, also, that the whitewash here, the paint there, was contributed by So-and-so Brothers, Incorporated.

Then we might crown it all by changing the name from Franklin to Rah Rah Mountain.¹⁵

Two days later the same newspaper published another editorial which read in part as follows:

High school freshmen are too mature and self-contained in their enthusiasm to seek to improve nature by the addition of such insignia as are proverbially seen in public places. Such antics . . . they leave for their elders—but regrettably not their betters—of the Texas College of Mines.

The whole exploit makes one wish that nature were a sterner disciplinarian than she is reputed to be. It would give the city and its transient admirers a joyful sense of her justice if she could put forth some power to make the young gentlemen who presumed to adorn her rub out the insult with their noses.

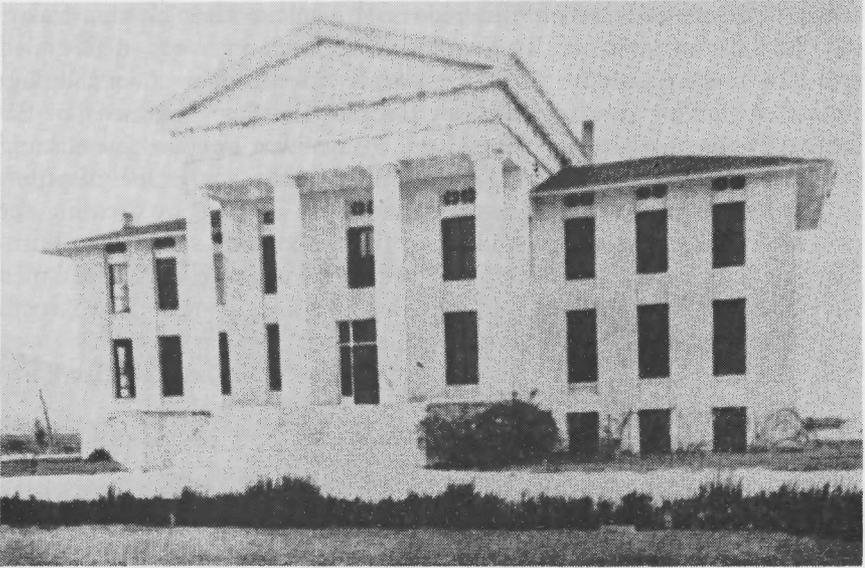
But since this is expecting too much of nature, may not the College of Mines authorities be invoked to a like purpose?¹⁶

The editorials were followed by a denunciation of the "M" by Major Richard F. Burges of the City Planning Commission in a talk to El Paso High School students. The students promised not to place an "E" on the mountain.¹⁷ College of Mines students answered this criticism with the statement that they had received much assistance from El Paso citizens and even from the city itself.¹⁸

Later, in 1931, when Austin High School students stated that they were going to place an "A" on Mt. Franklin, the City Planning Commission protested. The Commission sent requests to all city schools asking that no more letters be placed on the mountain. It was claimed that the letters already there were "eyesores" and the school authorities were asked that the students not be permitted to repaint them. John Barry, President of the College of Mines,¹⁹ said that he would put the matter to a vote of the students.²⁰ There is no evidence that this was ever done and the tradition continued. The mountain itself bears witness to the ineffective-

ness of the opposition. Moreover, in addition to the "M" the letter of each of El Paso's high schools may be seen on the sides of Mt. Franklin. Today the stiff opposition has slowly melted and the repainting of the letters has come to be more or less taken for granted. Still, from time to time, the newspapers publish articles or letters written to the editors in protest to the villification of nature.

The student council sets a date each year for "M" Day and on that date the classes after ten o'clock are dismissed and freshmen with brooms, water, and whitewash trek up the mountainside to give the "M" its annual cleaning. On many occasions refreshments have been served by women students.²¹



Main Building, one of three of the El Paso Military Institute on the site of the present Fort Bliss, was taken over by the College of Mines and Metallurgy in 1914. It included classrooms, faculty offices, laboratories, and an auditorium seating 300. When the building burned in 1917, the college moved to its present site.

One of the most colorful traditions of the College of Mines, one which has passed from existence but is still worthy of mention, was the annual Freshman-Sophomore flagrush. It is not certain as to when the event began but as early as 1924 it was noted that the freshmen were successful in raising their flag on the forty-foot flagpole in front of the Main Building.

While the student body was celebrating St. Patrick's Day at Leesburg Dam in New Mexico, three freshmen, Raymond Patterson, Trebor Morris, and Robert Colvin climbed the pole and attached their class flag which was green with the orange numerals 28. Then the last of the three to come down smeared the pole with a mixture of graphite and oil. The next day upperclassmen attempted to climb the pole which was defended by freshmen. The upperclassmen were able to scale the pole only a few inches and that to the ruination of their clothes.

After the battle had raged for two hours, Dean John W. Kidd called a halt to the procedures and ordered the students to their classes, declaring the freshmen victors. The sophomores, however, were determined and late in the day returned with an army rifle to shoot down the flag. But after riddling it with bullets, a piece of the flag remained. In the late afternoon the last fragment of the banner was removed by burning it with a flaming oil-soaked rag attached to a forty-foot length of pipe.²³

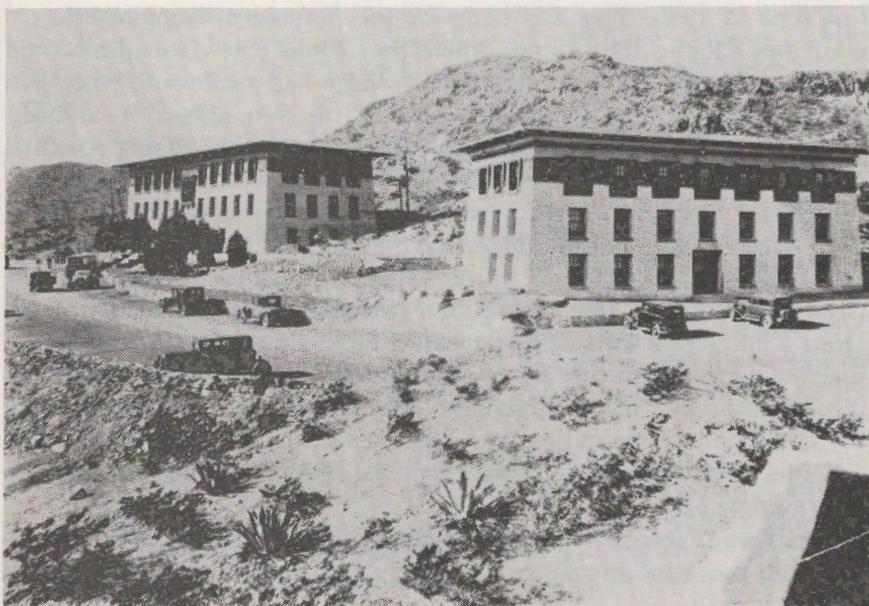
The freshmen also thwarted the sophomores in 1928 by greasing the pole after raising their flag. And again the sophomores resorted to burning, this time with a blowtorch attached to a long pole.²³ The freshmen were also successful in 1930.²⁴ In 1932 a sophomore, Homer Lowe, spent the night perched in a basket attached near the top of the flagpole. Armed with a broom and a shovel, Love was able to keep the freshmen at a respectful distance.²⁵

The following year a concrete retaining wall was placed around the base of the flagpole and the college authorities ordered that the flagrush be abolished for fear that severe injuries might be incurred during the melee. A number of freshmen persisted, however, and raised their class flag in spite of the administration's order. One of their members, Frank Bennett, was suspended from school for refusing to divulge the names of those responsible for the flag-raising. Later, the guilty ones confessed and Bennett was completely exonerated from any complicity. It was then decided that the flagrush be replaced by some athletic event between the two classes.²⁶ Softball matches were arranged but the same spirit was not displayed as had been in the flagrush and after a few years the practice was discontinued altogether.

Meanwhile, flagrushes among freshmen and sophomore girls were forbidden by Dean Kidd but in 1930 the girls went ahead anyway with plans for one. The freshman girls ran their flag to the top of the pole and the sophomore girls gathered to remove it and to run up their own. A pitched battle raged for two hours, attracting an audience of more than one hundred persons. One girl was handcuffed to the pole to prevent her from participating further in the fray, and border patrolmen were called to free her from the manacles. The battle came to an end with the sophomores successful in their mission.²⁷

An amusing incident in connection with the girls' flagrush centered around a male student, Holcombe H. Kennedy. The day before the rush, Kennedy took it upon himself to remove the freshman flag from the pole. He paid for his actions by being publicly spanked in front of the Administration Building. Then, attired only in an apron and green stockings, he was taken to a spot several miles from town and forced to walk home.²⁸

It was also traditional for the sophomores to attempt to kidnap the president of the freshman class in order to prevent him from leading the Grand March at the annual Freshman Spring Dance. In the event that the sophomores were successful in their kidnap attempt, their class president was given the privilege of leading the Grand March. Of course, the freshmen often attempted to kidnap the sophomore president and



Old Main (left) and Kelly Hall, College of Mines and Metallurgy, 1932

on occasions both class presidents were prisoners at the time of the dance. Probably the classic kidnapping occurred when the sophomore president was placed in a hotel dumb-waiter and forced to remain there until the Grand March had started.²⁹ In 1939 it was suggested that this practice of kidnapping be replaced by a series of athletic events between the two classes. It was hoped that the events would lead to an intramural athletic program.³⁰ At least it did mark the end of the kidnapping custom.

It is uncertain as to just when the Co-Ed Dance had its beginning but one was held on March 16, 1929, and the tradition has prevailed to the present time. In this annual affair, sponsored by the women's organizations, one sees convention reversed with girls required to furnish their dates with boutonniers, to call for them and, in some instances, to take them to dinner before the dance and to treat them to a snack afterwards. The only "stags" permitted to attend the dance are girls.

For the 1929 dance, the girls were given numbers and in the order of the numbers, they could invite their favorite boy friends.³¹ On another occasion the boys submitted their names to the Dean of Women and the girls and their dates were paired by a drawing of names. Of course, many of the girls succeeded in getting the dates they wanted by trading name slips.³² It gradually became the practice to give the dance in December, just prior to the Christmas holidays. The only requirement today is that each girl bring a date, with only college students being allowed to attend.³³

The annual Homecoming Celebration was planned and staged for the first time in 1929. This was done for the purpose of bringing the old graduates back to the campus where they could renew friendships and at the same time see the progress the college had made since they left. This first homecoming was centered around the New Mexico A. and M. Mines football game, with the Las Cruces school also staging a homecoming. Before the game a parade was held in downtown El Paso with Miner and Aggie bands participating. The game was played on the El Paso High School gridiron, under the eyes of 1700 spectators. The Miners won by a score of 8 to 0. In the evening a banquet was given at the Green Lantern in Juárez, with twenty-two ex-students in attendance and Dean Kidd acting as toastmaster. After the banquet an alumni association was formed and this group immediately formulated plans for making homecoming an annual event.³⁴ As more students were graduated, the homecoming celebration was expanded. Each year more and more activities were provided until the event has become the biggest affair on the campus.

For the first few years, homecoming was always celebrated in connection with the Mines-Aggie game. Later, it was scheduled in conjunction

with games against other opponents. However, the traditional rivalry between the neighbor colleges has never ebbed in the least. Each year the game is eagerly awaited by the students of both schools. In the week before the game, groups from each college invade their rival's campus bent on good-natured pranks. Usually these consist of parading the campuses and distributing propaganda leaflets or the like; but on occasions there have been pranks which approached vandalism. One year, for instance, Miner students were blamed for taking the bell from the tower of one of the Aggie buildings. Before another game, Aggie students towed away the Miners' cannon. Both schools have engaged in painting their initials on the walks, drives, and buildings of their rival's campus. The football games themselves have always been played with much spirit and fervor and, at times, with a great deal of roughness. And although each team has administered terrific defeats to the other,³⁵ the sincere desire to win has ever been present.

In 1947 the annual grid war took on a similarity to the Michigan-Minnesota "Little Brown Jug" and the Purdue-Indiana "Old Oaken Bucket" games. In that year an old prospector's shovel, dug up in an abandoned mine in the Organ Mountains, was installed as the symbol of victory for the Mines-Aggie game. The shovel was polished and a metal plaque welded to the base to be inscribed with the name of each year's winner and the score. The victor retains possession of the trophy for the ensuing year.³⁶

While on the subject of traditional rivalry it may be well to note that rivalry existed between the engineering and academic students at Mines. There has always been bitter competition between the two factions in politics, athletics, and in general campus activities. In the years when the college was primarily an engineering school, the engineering students literally built a dynasty in student activities. However, in recent years, as the engineers came to be more and more outnumbered, they have been forced to concede a large portion of their control to the academics.

The most outstanding competition between the two groups is the annual Academ-Engineer football game, known as the Slag Bowl. The origin of the Slag Bowl is uncertain but the first to be recorded was in 1931 when the Academs won by the score of 6 to 0.³⁷ Two years later the Engineers issued a challenge with the following concessions to be made by the Academs:

- a. All passes to be thrown with the left hand.
- b. All punts and points after touchdown to be kicked with the left foot.³⁸

The Academs accepted the challenge with the following conditions:

- a. Engineers are to have only eleven men on their team at one time instead of fourteen as they did in the last Academ-Engineer affray.

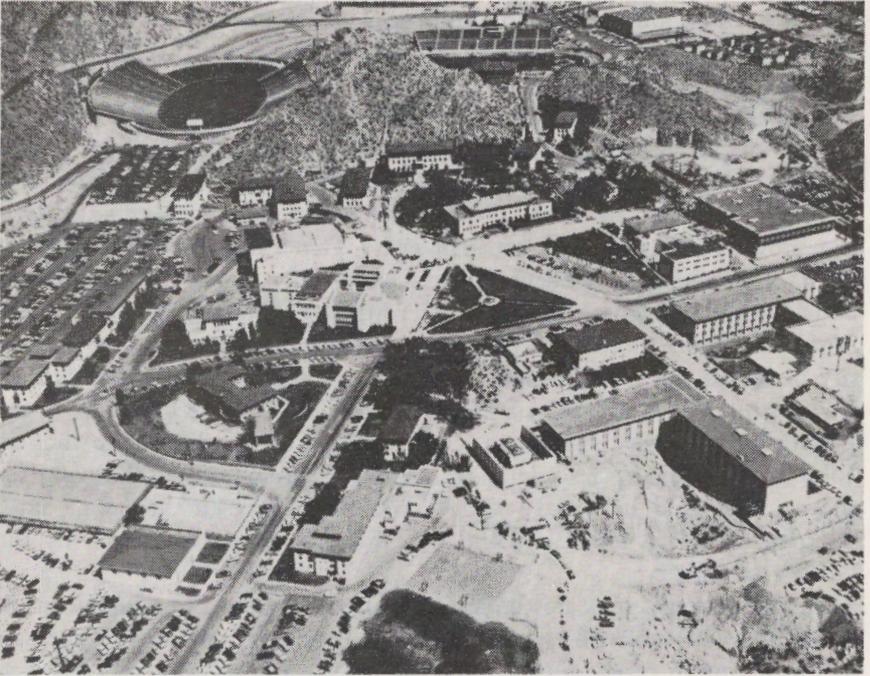
- b. That "Cap" Kidd or no other engineer is to be referee. We suggest Mack Saxon or Harry Phillips.
- c. Engineers are not to cry if and when they are injured.
- d. The winners (ACADEMS) are to be allowed to write up the game for the newspapers in any way that they see fit, without censorship from the losers.
- e. No Mines letterman or any member of this year's football squad is to be allowed in the game.
- f. That the scums do not alibi after the game is over.
- g. Transits and sliderulers are not to be used by linesmen in computing downs and yardage.³⁹

Although humor and ribbing are the keynotes before the game, everyone is serious when the two teams take the field. The play is rough, spirits are high and, at times, tempers are frayed. It is not known how many games have been won by each of the two factions. A goodly portion of the student body attends the game as spectators.

Possibly the biggest event in each year's activities is All-Mines Day. This occasion always takes place on a Saturday near the end of May and, like "M" Day, all classes are dismissed after ten o'clock. A full day of activities is scheduled with the morning set aside for intramural athletics. At noon a barbecue or "bean feed," furnished by the Student Association, is served for the entire student body. Afternoon activities are marked by the senior-faculty softball game, intramural swimming events, and a beauty contest to select Miss TCM.⁴⁰

There is also a Sadie Hawkins Day race which was injected into the school's activities on November 5, 1938. Due to the unpredictability of the Fall weather, the event was incorporated into the All-Mines Day celebration. The race is based on the Sadie Hawkins feature of the Lil' Abner comic strip created by cartoonist Al Capp. Girls dressed as Daisy Mae and boys as Lil' Abner compete in the race with the girls endeavoring to catch the boys. Prizes are awarded to those girls catching their man and also for the best costumes. Mock marriages are held after the race, with Marryin' Sam officiating.⁴¹ In the evening a dance is held at which the winner of the beauty contest is crowned Miss TWC and the Students Association officers for the following year are installed.

Among the newer traditions at the college is that of the Snow Fiesta. It was first suggested in November of 1940 and the first one was scheduled for February 2, 1941, at Cloudcroft, New Mexico.⁴² However, the date was changed to January 29 and Dr. Dossie M. Wiggins,⁴³ President of Mines, declared a school holiday for the event. Representatives from Southern Methodist University were invited and photographers from *Life* and *Look* magazines and the *Dallas Morning Star* were to be on



Aerial view of UTEP taken in 1969 by the Photographic Section, El Paso Natural Gas.

hand.⁴⁴ The students participated in skiing, skating, and tobogganing. A dance was held in the early evening after which the students returned home by Greyhound buses. Muriel Parker, selected by the Student Council, was crowned the first Snow Fiesta Queen.⁴⁵

The second Snow Fiesta was held at Ruidoso, New Mexico, on January 27, 1942. Beginning with this event the snow queen was elected by the votes of students who purchased tickets for the event.⁴⁶ With the coming of the war the snow fiestas were discontinued for the duration. Plans were made for resuming the gala affair in 1946 but due to a lack of transportation, the plans were cancelled.⁴⁷ The fiesta was resumed in 1947 and has been held every year since, in spite of the fact that in some years the weatherman has not cooperated in providing the necessary snow.⁴⁸

The newest tradition at the College of Mines is the Sing-Song held in May of each year. Vocal choruses are organized and present an outdoor competitive sing. Most of the campus sororities and fraternities compete for loving cups which are awarded to the outstanding girl and boy groups.

The first Sing-Song was held on May 7, 1942 with the Independent Women's group and the Kappa Sigma Kappa Fraternity judged the winners.⁴⁹

Incidentally, the traditional song of Mines is *The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You*. It was adopted in 1920 after it had been declared the school anthem for the University of Texas at Austin.⁵⁰ The song was first conceived, so to speak, by W. K. Praether while attending Washington College, now Washington and Lee University. General Robert E. Lee, President of Washington College, always ended his address to the student body with the words: "Remember, young gentlemen, the eyes of the South are upon you." When Praether became president of the University of Texas, he paraphrased General Lee's words with, "The eyes of Texas are upon you." Then, in 1907, the Student Association of the University of Texas, sponsored a minstrel in an effort to raise money. John Land Sinclair, a student, was asked to provide a special song for the occasion and he wrote the words of the present anthem,⁵¹ later adopted, as noted above, by the University of Texas and then by the College of Mines.

In conclusion it may not be amiss to prophesy that some of the traditions discussed here will cease to exist as the college increases in size and as the manners, customs and interests of the students undergo changes. Nevertheless, the traditions will be remembered because they are a significant part of the history of the college on the hill.

REFERENCES

1. *The Prospector*, March, 1920. This was the student publication of the College of Mines and remains such for the University of Texas at El Paso.
2. The "blarney stone" was a piece of andesite rock splashed for the celebration with green paint. The initiates were forced to crawl several feet on their hands and knees to kiss it.
3. For a history of the "old tin mine" see Conrey Bryson, "The El Paso Tin Mine," *PASSWORD*, vol. III, No. 1 (January, 1958), 4-13.
4. *The Prospector*, April, 1922.
5. Orogrande is a small village out of El Paso on the road to Alamogordo, New Mexico. In recent years the St. Patrick celebration has been greatly restricted and what little activity remains is limited to the campus.
6. *The Prospector*, February 12, 1931.
7. *Ibid.*, February 12, 1931.
8. Kidd Canyon is the site of the Sun Bowl.
9. *The El Paso Times*, October 20, 1930.
10. *Idem.*
11. *The Prospector*, November 24, 1933.
12. Hell Week was never an official celebration. It was the week before final examinations. Today it is "out" although a remnant continues to live in the greatly restricted St. Patrick celebration.
13. *The Prospector*, December, 1919.
14. *Idem.*, October, 1924.
15. *The El Paso Post*, December 7, 1923.
16. *Ibid.*, December 9, 1923.

17. *The El Paso Times*, December 7, 1923.
18. *The El Paso Herald*, December 8, 1923.
19. John Gerald Barry, an engineer by education and profession, was the first president of the College of Mines, serving from September 1, 1931 to May 15, 1934. Dean Stephen Howard Worrel was the first "administrator," serving in that capacity from September 1, 1914 to August 31, 1927. He was succeeded by John W. Kidd who served as Dean until Barry assumed charge.
20. *The El Paso Herald-Post*, November 24, 1931.
21. "M" Day is no longer celebrated and only the traces of the letter on the mountain are visible.
22. *The El Paso Times*, March 18, 1930.
23. *The Prospector*, March 23, 1930.
24. *Ibid.*, March, 1930.
25. *The El Paso Herald-Post*, October 21, 1930.
26. *The Prospector*, March 16, 1933.
27. *The El Paso Herald-Post*, October 21, 1930.
28. *Idem.*
29. *The Prospector*, May 21, 1938.
30. *Idem.*
31. *Ibid.*, February 7, 1929.
32. *The El Paso Times*, November 16, 1930.
33. The Co-Ed Dance has been discontinued. The last one was held in 1969.
34. *The El Paso Times*, November 10, 1929.
35. As examples of "terrific beatings," in 1935 New Mexico defeated Mines 64 to 0; and in 1948, Mines defeated New Mexico 92 to 7.
37. *The El Paso Times*, November 18, 1931.
38. *The Prospector*, November 11, 1933.
39. *Ibid.*, November 24, 1933. The Academ-Engineer football game or Slag Bowl is no longer played. Mack Saxon was head football coach at that time and Harry Phillips was his assistant.
40. All-Mines Day is no longer celebrated.
41. Sadie Hawkins Day has also been discontinued.
42. *The Prospector*, November 30, 1940.
43. Dr. Dossie M. Wiggins served as president from September 1, 1935 to August 31, 1948.
44. *The Prospector*, December 7, 1940.
45. *Ibid.*, February 1, 1941.
46. *Ibid.*, January 10, 1942.
47. *Ibid.*, January 10, 1942.
48. The Snow Fiesta has long been discontinued. The last one was held in 1962.
49. *The Prospector*, May 9, 1942. The Sing-Song has been extinct for several years.
50. *Ibid.*, January, 1920.
51. From an address made by Dean T. U. Taylor and published in *The Prospector*, March 8, 1928.

Don Francisco Vázquez de Coronado was married to Doña Beatriz de Estrada, the wealthiest hieress in the Mexico of her day.

The Spaniards established twenty-four missions or pueblos in New Mexico during the four-year period, 1660-1664.

SANTA FE, New Mexico, was described in 1849 as "a miserable group of low flat houses all huddled together inside a mud wall."

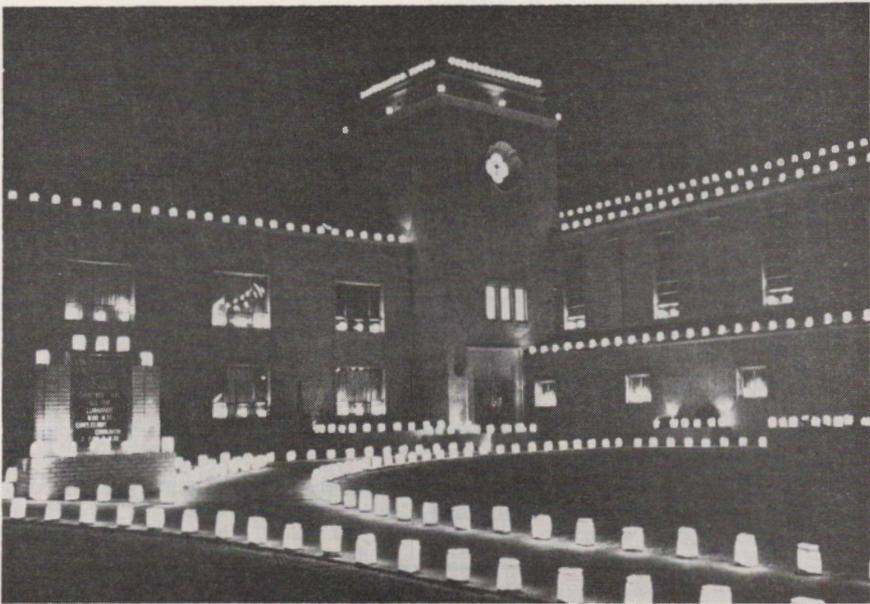
THE LOVELY LUMINARIAS

by HARRIOT HOWZE JONES

Many sections of El Paso are beautifully and tenderly decorated on Christmas Eve with lovely *luminarias*. The story of *luminarias* goes like this: many, many years ago, in the early Spanish day, *luminarias* were used by the people of the Southwest on the eves of Saints' Days and especially on Christmas Eve to guide the faithful to midnight Mass. It was also believed that *luminarias* guided the Christ Child into those homes that displayed them.

Luminarias are simply made by filling medium sized (No. 10) brown paper bags half full of sand. A two-inch "cuff" is turned down to give strength to the bag and a candle is inserted in the sand. The sacks are placed along walkways, on window sills, often along roof tops, and on garden walls of homes and churches. When the candles are lighted at dusk a soft yet radiant glow outlines the buildings. The effect is beautiful, reverent and charming. Where *luminarias* are used no other lights should be shown, as electric displays appear garish.

In El Paso entire city blocks are lighted by *luminarias* and crowds of motorists drive slowly along the streets with headlights off to enjoy the



The First Christian Church



The home of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Fulwiler

mystic beauty of the softly glowing lanterns. The First Christian Church, occupying an entire city block on Arizona Street, uses thousands of *luminarias*. They are placed on both sides of the sidewalks, on window sills and cornices, and along the roof top. This is a project of the young people of the Church. Incidentally, for the past two years a group of young people calling themselves "Sing Out El Paso," have engaged in a project called "Lighting the Mountain" by placing *luminarias* along the entire length of Scenic Drive which crosses the face of Mt. Franklin.

Visitors to El Paso during the Christmas season are always impressed with the *luminarias* and many Army folk who have been stationed at Fort Bliss have carried the custom to other stations, such as Fort Bragg, North Carolina, to name only one. *Luminarias* are the least costly yet the most beautiful of Christmas decorations. Throughout the year people save their brown paper bags of the proper size. Sand is usually available, certainly in the desert around El Paso, and thus the only cost is for candles.

Those who have come to live in El Paso within the past thirty years are of the opinion that *luminarias* have always been a part of our Christmas scene but this is not the case. The first time they were seen here was in 1939 when Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Fulwiler displayed them at their home at 4501 Hastings Street. The Fulwilers had lived for ten years in Albuquerque, New Mexico, where *luminarias* had been used for many years, and they brought the charming custom to El Paso when they moved. They had small shelves built up the sharply pitched roof of their home to hold the bags. Mrs. Fulwiler says that they use about 900 *luminarias* on the roof, window sills and along the walk. After the first year they bought

molds and made their candles, a few each day for months before Christmas, and stored them in a cool place. Mrs. Fulwiler also tells that in the early days in New Mexico only nine candles were used—three for the Holy Family, three for the Wise Men, and three for the Shepherds.

Of course, paper bags were not in use in the early days and material for making candles was rare and costly. Beeswax, for example, was so scarce and expensive that wax candles were reserved for church use. Candles of animal fat burned too fast and quickly lost their usable shape. The New Mexico region, however, is rich in pitch pine and piñon and small bonfires of these woods illuminated the course of festive processions to the church. The bonfires, so to speak, were called *farolitos* and served a double purpose, to light the darkness and to warm the pilgrims along their chilly way. The word *farolito* probably comes from the Greek Pharos, a lighthouse or beacon. The word *luminaria* probably comes from the Latin *lumin*, meaning light.

According to an article, "Luminarias and Farolitos," in the November-December, 1970, issue of *New Mexico Magazine*, "Cheap tallow candles, stiff and long burning, came [to the Southwest] with the first U. S. merchants in the last century and not until our century did the brown paper bag, a strictly American invention, become a common item. Some de-



The Author's Home, from a painting by the author



A Mission, from a painting by the author

ades ago a nameless, humble genius thought of combining a tallow candle, a brown grocery bag and a little sand—and New Mexico's distinctive Christmas light was born."

Santa Fe, New Mexico, claims to have used *luminarias* longer than any other place in the United States. Paseños can be grateful to the Fulwilers for having introduced them. Within a short time they became extremely popular and every year more and more homes are displaying them which makes driving around El Paso on Christmas Eve a happy experience.

Perhaps as many as 60,000 emigrants had crossed the Colorado River near the Gila junction before the end of 1851.

Taos, New Mexico, was for many years the home of Kit Carson and there lie his remains.

Zoologists recognize two subspecies of buffalo or bison: the plains buffalo which is well known and the mountain buffalo which has been largely ignored.

DONIPHAN'S SHADOW

by EUGENE O. PORTER

DR. FREDERICK ADOLPH WISLIZENUS, often called "Doniphan's Shadow," left St. Louis for the Southwest on May 4, 1846, in the wake of Colonel Doniphan's army. He followed the Santa Fe Trail to New Mexico, the Río Grande to Paso del Norte (Juárez), and then crossed the desert to Ciudad Chihuahua. There he remained under governmental restraint for several weeks until the Americans captured and occupied the city at which time he "signed on" as a contract surgeon with Doniphan. He accompanied the troops through northern Mexico and finally returned to St. Louis after an absence of fourteen months. He had traveled 2200 miles by land and 3100 by water, from Brownsville, Texas, to New Orleans and up the Mississippi. He took back a wagon-load of plants and a journal of his adventures.

Senator Thomas Hart Benton of Missouri, the successor of Thomas Jefferson in the advocacy of the exploration and settlement of the West, prevailed upon the United States Senate to publish the journal along with the "Botanical Appendix" of Dr. George Englemann. (This is an analysis and classification of the plants Dr. Wislizenus collected on his journey.) The complete title of the Senate document is: *Memoir of a Tour to Northern Mexico Connected with Col. Doniphan's Expedition in 1846 and 1847*. Published in 1848, there were 5000 copies printed for the Senate and 200 additional copies for Dr. Wislizenus. There has never been a reprint and the few volumes known to exist bring a rather large premium.

Dr. Wislizenus was born in 1810 at Königsee, Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, Germany. His ancestors were native to the Poland-Danzig region of the Vistula River from which his family's surname was taken. During the so-called Hussite War which followed the death of John Huss in 1415, the family fled to Germany. After generations of intermarriage with the Germans the family retained only the tradition of its nationality and its name. Of Dr. Wislizenus immediate family, his father, a minister of the evangelical state church, and his mother died of the deadly typhus which Napoleon's soldiers brought to Germany in their retreat from Moscow. The three children, two sons and a daughter, who survived their parents, were brought up in the home of their maternal uncle. Evidently the uncle was a man of substance because Adolph attended the Rudolstadt Gymnasium and the universities of Jena, Göttingen and Tübingen where he studied the natural sciences. Then, deciding upon medicine as a profes-

sion, he enrolled in the University of Wurzburg and later in the University of Zurich.

Young Wislizenus was a rebel at heart, however, and while a student joined the revolutionary societies that were seeking Germany's liberation from the iron hand of reaction. The twins, liberalism and nationalism, were compounded by the French Revolution of 1789 but with the downfall of Napoleon the enemies of the French debacle were restored to power. Consequently, the era following 1815 was known in Germany, as in the rest of Europe, as the "Period of the Restoration." And the chief architect of the period was Prince Klemens von Metternich. His conservatism was based on the ideas of social stability, order, and peace, without regard for the means necessary to achieve those goals or for the effect the goals might have on man as an individual. Actually, Metternich wanted to turn back the clock to an eighteenth century that never existed and he was willing to use any measure necessary to accomplish that miracle.

Today Prince Metternich is associated with Austria but he was actually a German, a Rhinelander, born in Coblenz, and it was Germany more than any other area of western Europe that witnessed the continuing battle between conservatism and liberalism. The Germany of the Holy Roman Empire, destroyed by Napoleon, had been reduced from three-hundred states to thirty-nine, organized into a confederation or *bund*. The chief instrument of government of the confederation was the *Bundestag*, a two-house diet or parliament that sat in the free city of Frankfurt-am-Main. The confederation was, however, "without a flag, a common law of citizenship, a federal army or navy, a treasury, [or] a tariff." In fact, it was not a national state within the twentieth century meaning of the term. Nor was it exclusively German because foreign rulers held land within the confederation as, for example, the King of England held Hanover, the King of the Netherlands held Luxembourg and the King of Denmark held Holstein, and each had a voice in the affairs of the *Bund*.

Metternich's reactionism was best expressed in the Carlsbad Decrees of 1819. German university students had organized secret societies to agitate against the hated confederation. But one student went beyond agitation and assassinated the dramatist Kotzebue, a notorious reactionary and a known Russian spy. This act convinced Metternich that all Europe was about to be engulfed by revolution and he prevailed upon the *Bundestag* to enact his program of repression, the so-called Carlsbad Decrees. The decrees affected especially the universities — government officials were to supervise the seats of learning; rebellious professors were

to be discharged; rebellious students dismissed; and secret societies dissolved. As a final act of repression, the press was made subject to a strict censorship.

But the July Revolution of 1830 in France that overthrew the Bourbon Charles X and placed the citizen king Louis Phillipe on the throne, the parliamentary reform act of 1832 in England and the successful revolt of the Walloons against the Dutch in 1833 caused the spirit of revolt to spread throughout Europe. In Germany a number of students organized the Frankfurt *Putsch* of April 3, 1833, in an attempt to abolish the *Bundestag* and with it the despised confederation. But the revolt was poorly organized and when troops were called out the *Putsch* collapsed.

With the collapse came a reign of terror that lasted ten years and that resulted in the trial in Berlin alone of some 1800 students and the conviction of 240. Many of the participants escaped, however, and among those who did was young Wislizenus. He succeeded in finding a temporary haven in Frankfurt with some sympathetic friends. Then, in disguise and with a false passport, he proceeded to Zurich, Switzerland, where he resumed his medical studies. But upon graduation, still clinging to his hopes and faith in the possibility and practicability of European republics, he joined the revolutionary expedition organized by Mazzini against the King of Sardinia. With the unsuccessful issue of this affair Wislizenus went to Paris where he spent several months "attending the hospital" — a sort of internship. Then, in 1835, he migrated to the United States and settled in New York. Two years later he moved to Muscota, St. Clair County, Illinois. In 1840 he decided to make St. Louis his permanent home and consequently entered into a medical partnership with Dr. George Englemann. This proved to be the beginning of a life-long friendship.

Dr. Englemann was a fellow German, a graduate in medicine from the University of Wurzburg and, like Wislizenus, a refugee from his native land because of his liberal and nationalistic views. He migrated to the United States in 1832 and reached St. Louis the following February. It was not until 1835, however, that he settled down in that city and began the practice of medicine. He is described as a botanist, chemist, geologist and a pioneer meteorologist as well as an outstanding physician. This description, it should be noted, also fits Wislizenus whom De Voto called "a competent geologist and a naturalist of high standing."

Such fulsome praise should not come as a surprise to anyone familiar with the history of medicine. Throughout the nineteenth century and part of the twentieth German-trained physicians were recognized as superior in practically every country of the world. This was very likely due

to a Prussian regulation of 1825 that required a physician to be a graduate of a gymnasium followed by four years of study at a university. In the United States at that time entrance requirements in almost every medical school were three years of high school "or its equivalent." But "anyone who could pay his fee was not turned away. State boards were non-existent and the diploma was itself a license to practice." Moreover, the apprenticeship system was still in vogue in the United States. A youth could obtain a diploma and therefore the right to practice medicine by being indentured to a doctor for whom he ran errands, washed bottles, mixed drugs, swept the office and attended his master's horse.

The German student, on the other hand, pursued his studies in three sciences—physics, chemistry and biology—in addition to the required medical science. Physics actually meant "physical" and included geology and chemistry while biology included botany and zoology. It was botany, however, that was emphasized because most of the drugs came from plants and the knowledge of botany, therefore, was essential to a physician. In fact, as late as 1900 there were very few drugs that were not extracted from plants and those were arsenical in origin. Today, however, seventy per cent of all prescriptions for ailing Americans are for synthetic drugs introduced since 1950 and this percentage is increasing daily. Be that as it may, let it suffice to add that the great botanists of the nineteenth century were, in almost every instance, physicians by training.

Admittedly, Wislizenus is not listed as one of the great botanists. Rather, he was a collector, "a romantic scientist," De Voto called him. But that he was wise enough to appreciate his limitations is proved by the fact that he entrusted his valuable botanical collection for classification to his friend and partner, Dr. Englemann.

The importance of Dr. Wislizenus rests in the fact that he gave the world its first and what proved to be its last scientific investigation of the flora and fauna of the region between Santa Fe, New Mexico, and Chihuahua City and Saltillo, Old Mexico. Too, the daily record of his journey, considered a "western classic," is of the utmost importance because it not only pictures an exciting and crucial period in our national history but also because it pictures a Southwest that no longer exists. Thus Dr. Wislizenus, although a native of Germany and a resident of St. Louis, belongs to us, to our great Southwest.

The well-known picture of Colonel William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) riding his white charger was painted by Rosa Bonheur, famous for her "Horse Fair."

BOOK REVIEWS

THOMASON: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FEDERAL JUDGE

ed. and ann. by Joseph M. Ray

(El Paso: Texas Western Press, 1971, \$6.00)

My brief acquaintanceship with Judge R. Ewing Thomason, whose singular autobiography has now been published in handsome style by Texas Western Press, occurred during the trial of the Peco wonder-boy Billie Sol Estes. At the time of the trial I was a reporter on the staff of KTSM News and got the opportunity, frequently, to cover the day's proceedings in the Federal District Court along with George Kinsinger of the *El Paso Times* and Cliff Sherill and Marshall Hail of the *Herald-Post*. KTSM stayed on the job during the long, most often intricately boring, weeks of the Estes case and, among local television newsrooms, did the most thorough coverage of the landmark case. I did not know Judge Thomason before the trial began (and, indeed, did not get to talk to him, except to pass the time of day, until after it was over) but several things about him stuck in my mind. For one thing he looked more like a judge than any judge I had ever seen and for another, his tight grip on his court never faltered, although I wondered how he could keep his decorum while Estes' attorney, John Cofer, kept popping out of his seat every few minutes to register an exception to one of the judge's rulings. Another thing I have always recalled was Judge Thomason's keen sense of humor—sometimes quite stiletto-like, most often delightfully muffled to a quite, impishness. Dr. Joseph M. Ray, whose fine annotations accompany the judge's *Autobiography*, mentions one instance, which I am sure is not apocryphal, in which the judge, during a critical point in some trial proceeding, motioned toward a dozing newsman and said, "Bailiff, wake that reporter up!"

My point is that Judge Thomason, no matter how serious the case before him—and he clearly saw the Estes case as serious indeed—kept his wit functioning. To me, after I had met some other federal judges whose demeanor and conversation was as dry as the dust collecting on their law books, *that* was a memorable, and I thought then, important part of this beloved man's character.

Thomason, The Autobiography of a Federal Judge, rather proves that point. It may have been overlooked in previous reviews, or referred to only in passing, but the fact is that Judge Thomason's memoir is marked throughout by a fresh wit and connoisseur's eye for the good story. One example of the latter: During his long career in Washington, shortly before World War II, Congressman Ewing Thomason flew into Midland on business of the Committee on Military Affairs and amongst the crowd at the airport he spied one of his early-day chums, Pet Tomlin, now an oilfield roughneck who, the Judge recalls, "was the most scholarly of my boyhood classmates." Tomlin said, "Ewing, I ain't got much to say except that you have traveled a hell of a fur piece since you left Era."

Whether in recalling his boyhood days and such friends as Sallie Philpot, George Stamper, Sam Frank Bottoms, Wit Blanton, and the days of Joe

Honeycutt's Livery Stable, Mr. Sim's natatorium, Jim Hosapple's Saloon (and its main bartender, Fatty Fleenor), or his political career as Speaker of the Texas House and eight-term U.S. Congressman from the 16th District, or any time between, Ewing Thomason's sense of humor is pervasive.

Besides this enduring trait, if there is another key to the judge's character that shows up in his *Autobiography*, I believe it is his sense of loyalty. He is loyal to the Democratic Party, for one thing, loyal to the military (which he served significantly in Congress), loyal to New Deal politics, loyal to individuals—like President Harry S. Truman who appointed Thomason a federal judge after commenting wryly on El Paso's legendary sunny weather. His loyalty, among his other great characteristics, proves what Joseph M. Ray says in the introduction to the book, in writing of the judge's insistence that he has not "attained sufficient public stature to warrant formal biography." Dr. Ray writes: "I disagree. This troubled and divided republic needs the instruction that an account of the career of this stalwart and resourceful man can give."

Judge Thomason never intended that his memoir be published. Originally titled *The Saga of Era* (Era, Texas, being the Cooke County town where he spent his youth), the book is based on the material the judge set down in 1952 for his wife and family. Joseph Ray's annotations, expertly and always helpfully done, have given the added dimension needed, not only to bring the book up to date, but to add comment in places in which the judge was either too modest or in which he chose, for whatever reason to skimp in detail. The result is a glowing portrait of a dedicated, honest, humorous, loyal—stalwart—public man.

—DALE L. WALKER

THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST: Its People and Cultures

by Lynn I. Perrigo

(New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1971.)

Several years ago *PASSWORD* (Vol. vi, No. 1 (Winter, 1961), 29-30) carried a review of Professor Perrigo's *Our Spanish Southwest*. The theme of the book was the intermingling of Indian, Spanish, and Anglo-American cultures within the present states of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and California. Actually, the "Old Spanish Southwest," according to the author, extended from central Texas westward through New Mexico and Arizona to southern and central California.

In the present volume the "Old Spanish Southwest" becomes "The American Southwest" for "convenience in handling data" when "the history is continued into the modern political units." But why "The American Southwest"? Why not "The Southwest" or "The Great Southwest"? This region will never be confused with the contingent of southern states east of the Mississippi which are known collectively to historians as "The Old Southwest." Moreover, regardless of its name, "The Southwest" will always be that area where Indian, Spanish and Anglo-American cultures intermingled to form a wonderful new culture in counter distinction to the cultures of all other areas in the United States.

The author begins his monumental history with the pre-Columbian

Indians and continues through twenty chapters and several centuries to the present-day when he closes with a scholarly but interesting discussion of "Cultural Maturity." Within this wide span of time the reader meets such diverse characters as *conquistadores*, missionaries, colonizers, traders, gold miners, cowboys, and railroad builders, to name only a few. It is interesting to note that in this large tome (469 pages) there is only one reference to San Elizario, Texas, and that has to do with the Salt War of 1877. The author finds no viceroy, no governor, no Cortés, no viceregal palace, no mission, as has been elleged by misinformed writers.

Complementing the text are twenty well-chosen and excellent photographs and twelve maps and charts. These carry such titles as "Indians of the Southwest," "Cattle and Sheep Drives," "Spanish Explorations," and "Trunk Line Railways."

Altogether, *The American Southwest* is a good book, a very good book. The author, a Professor of History at Highlands University, Las Vegas, New Mexico, should be commended for his detailed and comprehensive history of the most interesting region on the North American continent.

University of Texas at El Paso

—EUGENE O. PORTER

JAMES (DON SANTIAGO) KIRKER, the scalp hunter, led his mixed crew of Americans, Mexicans, Indians and runaway Negro slaves between 1837 and 1841.

LATTER-DAY SAINTS (LDS) contributed to pioneer history in ten states.

MORE THAN HALF of the country's Indians live in five states—Arizona, California, New Mexico, North Carolina, and Oklahoma.

THE INDIANS cultivated tobacco as a great medicine capable of inducing a philosophical state of mind.

FROM AT LEAST 200 A.D. to about 1200 the entire Southwest was occupied largely by Indians of a general Pueblo-type culture.

THE APACHES had a dread of anything living in the water. They explained this tabu as due to their fear of water which they connected with the thunder.

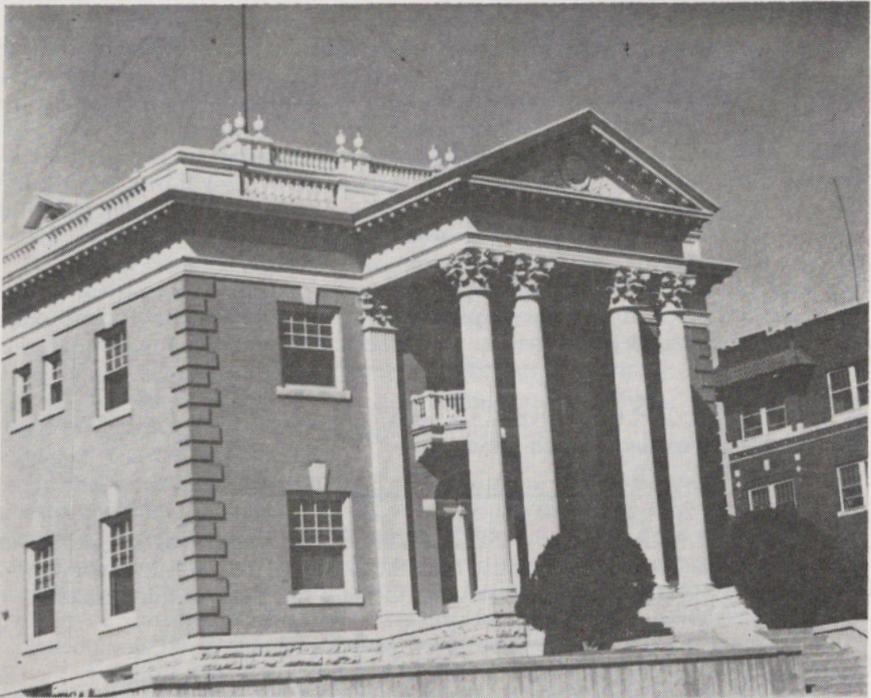
HERITAGE HOMES

The Zach T. White House

The handsome home at 1201 North Mesa was built in 1906 for Zach T. White. Trost and Trost were the architects and John Hansen the contractor.

The house, of yellow brick, is a three-story Greek Revival, with a portico supported by Corinthian columns. There are typical Greek dentils on the entablature and a Captain's Walk on the roof. Inside the porticos, at second-story, there is a small semi-circular balcony. Marble, imported from Maine, was used for the foundation and steps.

There is a full basement which, when the Whites lived there, had furnace and laundry rooms and two rooms made like vaults with steel walls and doors with combination locks. On the first floor a vestibule leads into the hall from which rises a staircase. Today the house has been extensively remodeled by Amen Wardy for use as an elegant shop for women. When the house was the White home, the drawing room was on the right of the hall. It had paneling and a carved mantle-piece of mahogany. On the left was the library, paneled in oak, and behind that the dining room, panel in mahogany. All the paneling came from St. Louis.



The Zach T. White Home

The second story now has display rooms for clothes but originally there were five bedrooms. One had an adjoining bathroom while the others had adjoining lavatories. A small, sixth room held only a bath tub. The third floor had a ball-room and storage rooms.

There was a carriage house in the rear. Later it was converted into a garage, first for electric cars and then for automobiles. The first automobile was purchased in 1917. The two rooms above the garage were used as servants' quarters.

The three White daughters were reared in this house: Mrs. Charles R. (Ethel) Loomis (now deceased), Mrs. Jess G. (Mary) Boykin, and Mrs. Paul (Katherine) Harvey.

Zach White was a pioneer business-man. He came to El Paso in 1881 and the following year built the city's first brick kiln. Ten years later he built the Santa Fe Street Bridge to Juárez. Among the other businesses he organized were a gas plant, the first electric plant, and the finest hotel of its time, the Paso del Norte, constructed in 1912 and still in operation. Mr. White acquired a large amount of land and was generous in donating it for schools, for Boy Scout and Girl Scout Camps, and for the El Paso Country Club.

[Editor's Note: Mr. White was elected to the Historical Society's Hall of Honor in 1968.]

THE LUMBEEES of Maryland number over 30,000 and constitute the largest Indian group in the United States, except the Navaho.

CAMP VERDE near Bandura, Texas, was headquarters for the Camel Corps, U. S. Army.

PINE TREES have the best ring structure for dating. Other trees do not show the influence of weather so plainly or grow under such favorable conditions that the rings are so nearly the same size to be useless for study.

APACHES called themselves "Tinneah," meaning "man" or "people." It was sometimes spelled "dineh" and "diné."

THE UNION BAPTIST ASSOCIATION of Texas was organized in October, 1840, when "messengers from the three churches— Independence, La Grange, and Travis—met in Austin County to iron out differences."

MAHNA-WAUKEE-SEEPE, meaning "gathering place of the rivers," was the Indian name for the place where the Menomonee, Keweenaw and Milwaukee rivers meet and flow into Lake Michigan.

SOUTHEAST ARCHIVES

[Editor's note: The El Paso County Historical Society is interested not only in the county of El Paso, but in the area of West Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and northern Chihuahua. Therefore, from time to time we shall publish descriptions of archival deposits in libraries and universities that are within our area of interest.]

"No man," writes historian William A. Keleher, "ever lived in New Mexico who bored with a bigger auger than Tom Catron."* If one takes the trouble to examine the 165 linear feet of shelf space occupied by the Catron Papers in Zimmerman Library at the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque, he will come away with the distinct impression that Mr. Keleher's description of the man is a gross understatement.

Thomas Benton Catron was born near Lexington, Missouri on October 6, 1840. He studied law there and served with the Confederate Army during the "late unpleasantness." In 1866, he emigrated to New Mexico at the behest of an old school chum, Stephen B. Elkins who, after persuading him to change his politics to the Republican Party, assisted Catron in obtaining the post of district attorney for the Third Judicial District with headquarters in Las Cruces. By January of 1869, he had risen to the position of attorney general for the Territory, and a little later became United States district attorney for New Mexico. He served four terms in the legislature, was elected mayor of Santa Fe, and by 1912 became the first senator from New Mexico upon its reaching statehood.

But, Catron was more than just an astute politician. He possessed great strength of character, an indomitable will, a high degree of intelligence and resourcefulness. By the early 1870's he had become the leader of that group of men called the "Santa Fe Ring." Along with his law partner, Congressional Delegate Stephen B. Elkins, Governor Samuel B. Axtell, Chief Justice of the New Mexico Supreme Court Joseph G. Palen and Supreme Court Clerk William Breeden—all members of the Ring—Catron extended his influence over the social, civic, professional and commercial life of the entire territory.

By acting as patent attorneys in land title disputes and accepting land in lieu of fees, ringsters became proprietors of literally millions of acres of cattle range and mineral-rich land. By 1896 Catron alone owned 45,000 acres of the San Cristobal Grant; 240,000 acres of the Mora Grant; over 500,000 acres of the Tierra Amarilla Grant and 100,000 acres of the Espiritu Santo Grant—to round off the figures and name only a portion of his holdings. According to Keleher, at one time he owned more land than any other individual in the United States.

During the territorial days, political offices on the Federal level were appointive rather than elective positions; thus, by playing a game of musical chairs with the offices available, the Santa Fe Ring was always in power. This was especially true because the Ring could successfully bridge small gulfs such as differences in political affiliation, as indicated by the fact that a later partner of Catron was William C. Thornton, a staunch Democrat.

Catron was the real power behind the scene of the Lincoln County War. As a director of the First National Bank of Santa Fe, he held liens on the Murphy-Dolan properties, and so had more than a casual interest in the out-

come of the dispute. When outsiders Henry Tunstall, Alexander McSween and cowboy-gunman, Billy the Kid, came in and undertook to oppose the Murphy-Dolan faction in their business dealings, they were, so to speak, attacking only the visible part of an iceberg—the greater mass of which floated unharmed beneath the surface. Some say that the Englishman Tunstall and his cohorts got only what they deserved for attempting to overthrow the established order of things. Be that as it may, Catron was the only real winner. After it was all over, he sent his brother-in-law, Edgar Walz, down to Lincoln to carefully pick up the pieces.

If ever there was a man born with a bent for intrigue, it was Tom Catron. He had a mind capable of thinking nine different ways at once; yet withal, he had a good heart. He lent money to countless people—usually humble folk—but rarely did he bother to collect. In this manner he became sort of a one-man community chest; nor were these people apt to forget which way to vote come election time. Indeed, when he died in May of 1921, more than a quarter million dollars worth of these uncollectible notes were found among his effects.

The Catron Collection consists of over 150,000 partially indexed items and was given to the University in 1951 by his family. It contains his correspondence, journals, press-copy books, documents and scrapbooks. Permission to examine them for purpose of research may be had by writing to Mr. G. Martin Ruoss, Special Collections Librarian, Zimmerman Library, University of New Mexico in Albuquerque, 87106.

*See: William A. Keleher, *Violence in Lincoln County 1869-1881, A New Mexico Item* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1957), 57.

Also by the same author: *The Fabulous Frontier, Twelve New Mexico Items* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, revised edition, 1962), 117-140.

You're an old-timer if you remember when a baby was not permitted to see itself in a mirror, else it would grow up to be a moron.

You're an old-timer if you remember when it was believed that cucumbers caused chills and fever.

JICARILLA APACHES were so named by the Spaniards because of the expertness of the women in making vessels of basketry.

TO EARLY MAN medicine was bound up with the concept of the natural world as opposed to the supernatural.

BY 1630 HORSES were plentiful around Santa Fe, New Mexico.

HISTORICAL NOTES

To
MRS. CHARLES A. GOETTING
We Thank You
For Your 15 Years of Service
To
THE SOCIETY
As
CURATOR
We Shall Miss You

Land of the High Sky

Mrs. John D. Williams, a valued member of our society, loaned your editor a fascinating book titled *Land Of The High Sky*. It is "a history of the oil-rich Permian Basin area of West Texas of which Midland serves as the trade center." The author, John Howard Griffin, at present a resident of Ft. Worth, wrote the book in 1959 for the First National Bank of Midland to "help memorialize" the opening of the bank's new building. Both the bank (J. P. Butler, Chairman of the Board) and the author gave *PASSWORD* permission to quote from it.

A listing of a few of the chapter headings will serve to show the interesting subjects discussed: "Eighteen Covered Wagons," "Comanche Country," "Frontiersmen Move West," "Cattle Country," and "Windmill Town." The chapter that had the most appeal to the editor, however, was "Cowboy." In his opening sentence of this chapter the author notes: "Perhaps no one in history has been more falsified and romantically distorted than the cowboy. The legend transforms him from a working individual with a highly specialized know-how into a character of many shades." The author then adds: "The land itself developed the unique breed—the cowboy, or perhaps more to the point, the Westerner."

All facets of the cowboy's life are discussed including his traditional meals while on a drive. These consisted of "beans and bacon, beef cuts, son-of-a-gun and the inevitable and delicious sourdough biscuits." Then, in notes at the end of the book the author gives recipes for these last two items, as follows:

SON-OF-A-GUN

They made son-of-a-gun in this manner: Out of a 500-pound calf, which dresses out at about 250 pounds, the cook saved all the sweetbreads he could get and all the marrowgut, cut in pieces one inch long, and all the brains. He cubed about one half of the heart and two pounds of liver into half-inch pieces and added two pounds of chopped round steak. He put this into a pot, added enough water to cover, seasoned it with salt and a heavy sprinkling of pepper and cooked slowly for four or five hours. Some thickened it slightly with a pinch of flour. Although some people are prejudiced against a dish prepared from such ingredients, son-of-a-gun remains one of the favored dishes of the older cattlemen and cowboys.

SOURDOUGH

The most important item in making and keeping sourdough going was a proper container for the starter. The best was an earthenware jar with a good lid, close fitting but not air tight. A tinned container will cause the souring dough to form a poison.

The starter is the portion that is kept going, sometimes for years. It is made by dissolving a cake of yeast in two pints of warm water, adding two tablespoons of sugar and two pints of flour which is mixed in the crock. They then leave it to rise until the starter is light and slightly aged, from 24 to 48 hours, without letting it get too sour or chilled.

To make bread or biscuits, the cook sifted out a pan of flour, made a hollow in the top and poured approximately two cups of the starter into the hollow. Over this sponge he sprinkled a half teaspoon of salt, a tablespoon of sugar and two heaping teaspoons of baking powder. He would mix it well to a soft, firm dough and turn out on a lightly-floured board. Then, probably using a whiskey bottle for a rolling pin, or else patting the dough out with his hands to a thickness of about a half inch, he cut the biscuits using a cheap cutter or an empty small baking powder can and put them into well-greased pans.

He set them in a warm place to rise for about five minutes and then baked them in a hot oven, about 500 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes until browned. The heat of the oven was important, though he often baked them successfully enough in a dutch oven buried in the coals.

To keep the starter going, he added a cup of warm water to the crock and mixed in enough flour to give it the consistency of the first starter. He never added yeast again, unless, through disuse, the starter grew old and died. If it turned sour on him, he added a pinch of soda dissolving in warm water along with the baking powder. The first biscuits from a new batch of starter were never as good as those made later, since the starter improves with age.

A census report of September, 1848, gave Tucson 750 inhabitants.

OF THE 34 important mountain passes of the world, six are in Colorado and of these, three are the world's highest: Alpine, 13,550 feet, Cottonwood, 13,500 feet, and Argentine, 13,286.

Index to Volume Sixteen

- Abbott, Big Alice, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66.
 Adamson, Carl, 45, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 56, 57.
 Ake, Jeff, 51.
 Alamogordo, New Mexico, 72.
 Albuquerque, New Mexico, 14, 69.
 Alencastre, Spanish Governor of New Mexico, 97, 99, 100.
 Alferaz Ranch Mexico), 24.
 The Allen G. "Cap" Falby Collection, 127-129.
 Allentown, Pennsylvania, 7.
 All-Mines Day, 162.
 Amen Wardy (Dress Shop), 177.
The American Southwest: Its People and Cultures, by Lynn I. Perrigo, rev., 175-176.
 American Wholesale Grocery Co. (El Paso), 107.
 Angelus Hotel (El Paso), 139.
 Angostura, Mexico, 117.
 Apache Indians, 99.
 Apache Pass (Arizona), 131.
 Argonauts, 38.
 Arista, General, 118.
 Arkansas River, 94, 95.
 Arrillaga, Paredes, 117, 118.
 Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe R.R., 8, 9, 12, 67.
 Atlanta & Pacific R. R. Co., 42.
 Attucks, Crispus, 7.
 Award of Merit, 45.
 Axtell, Samuel B., 179.
 Ayutla, Plan of, 119.
 Bailey, Fred W., 3, 4, 5.
 Baird, James A., 51, 58.
 Ball, Kate, 36.
 Ball, Preston, 36.
 Barry, Mrs. John G. (Alice), 135.
 Barrymore, Ethel, 85.
 Bascom, F. H., 52.
 Beal, John, 51.
 Beamon, Bob (Olympic Champion), 111.
 Bear Canyon (New Mexico), 47, 49.
 Beasley, Joe, 59.
 Belasco, David, 85.
 Bell, J. L., 70.
 Beltran, José, 22.
 Bennett, Frank, 158.
 Benton, Senator Thomas Hart, 170.
 Benton, William S., 24.
 Bermuda Grass, Origin of, 130-131.
 Bianchini, Jenene, art., "The Significance of the Southwestern Expedition of Lieutenant Pike," 91-105; note, 132.
 Billy the Kid, 46, 180.
 Binion, Charles H., *An Introduction to El Paso's Scenic and Historic Landmarks*, rev., 33.
 Bird's Eye Canyon (El Paso), 110.
Black Beans and Goose Quills, by James M. Day., rev., 31-32.
 Black Range (New Mexico), 25.
 Boffinger, J. N., 13.
 Boles, Colonel Henry M., 71.
 Boomers (Oklahoma), 131.
 Bowie, Mrs. Gordon S., 135.
 Bowie, the Rev. Gordon S., 135.
 Boyd, Milton, 51.
 Boyd, Olive, 48, 50.
 Boykin, Mrs. Jess G. (Mary White), 178.
 Braddy, Dr. Haldeen, 21.
 Brazel, Jesse Wayne, 46, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 57, 58.
 Breeden, William, 179.
 Brown, Dr. A. E., 87.
 Brown, Dr. C. C., 87.
 Brown, Frank Wells, 65.
 Brown, Congressman John (Kentucky), 92.
 Brown, Governor John C., 10.
 Brucker, General Wallace H., 135.
 Brucker, Mrs. Wallace H. (Ann), 135.
 Bryson, Conrey, 45.
 Buck, Bernie, 111, 112, 113.
 Budd Lee House, The, 46.
 Burges, Major Robert, 15.
 Burgett, Mrs. William A., 135.
 Burns, Ruby, 84, 88.
 Burr, Aaron, 92, 93, 94, 100, 101.
 Butterfield Overland Stage, 86.
 Cabeza de Vaca (Commemorated Coin), 83.
 Camel Corps (U. S. Army), 81.
 Campbell, R. F., 11, 15.
 Camp Verde (Bandura, Texas), 83.
 Canadian River, 12.
 Carr, Mrs. Ted (Jean Gilchrist), 111, 112, 113.
 Carrizozo, New Mexico, 10, 73.
 Carter, Gilbert B., 80, 88.
 Cassidy, General, 7.
 Castañeda, Doroteo, 23.
 Catlin, Ben, 109.
 Catron, Thomas Benton, 179, 180.
 Cerillos, New Mexico, 69.
 Cerro Gordo, Battle of, 116, 117.
 Chamber of Commerce, Women's Department, 43.
 Chandler, Judge, 17.
 Chapultepec, Mexico, 117.
 Chavez, Dr. Armando, 37.
 Chavez, Inocente, 21.
 Cherokee Strip, 11.
 Cherry Land Dance Hall, 77, 78.
 Cheyenne Mountain, 96.
 Chihuahua, Mexico, 99.
 Cimarron, New Mexico, 13.

- Cisneros, José, *Riders of the Border: A Selection of Thirty Drawings*, rev., 123-125; note, 45.
- Clardy, Z. B., 13, 16.
- Clark, Etta, 62, 64, 65.
- Clark, F. H., 12.
- Clark, Mrs. Leigh, 130.
- Clayton, New Mexico, 73.
- Clements, Mannen, 112.
- Clements, Mannie, 53, 57.
- Cleveland, President Grover, 107.
- Cloudcroft, New Mexico, 162.
- Coblentz, Germany, 171.
- Co-ed Dance, 160.
- Coldwell School (El Paso), 76.
- Coleman, Barry O., 45.
- Coleman, Mrs. Barry, 135.
- College of Mines (El Paso), 146.
- Collingwood, Lillian, 32.
- Colvin, Bessie, 63, 64.
- Colvin, Robert, 158.
- Comanche Indians, 94, 99.
- Coney Island Saloon, 112.
- Conor, Harry, 85.
- Cotton Addition (El Paso), 15, 16, 17.
- Cox, Lena, 50.
- Cox, William W., 47, 48, 52, 53, 54, 55.
- Crawford, Clifton, 85.
- Crede, Colorado, 69.
- Crocket, Pearl, 76.
- Crockett Carnegie House, 126.
- Crosby, Judge J. F., 10, 11.
- Cuerra, Marcelo, 22.
- Cunningham, Mrs. Mary S., 130.
- Curlin, Mrs. Jack (Barbara Price), 36.
- Curry, Governor George (New Mexico), 58.
- Dalhart, Texas, 73.
- Davis, Judge B. H., 10, 13, 16.
- Davis, Charles, 10, 11, 19, 68.
- Day, James M., *Black Beans and Goose Quills*, rev., 31-32; note, 76.
- Dayton, Jonathan, 100.
- Dean, ("Cap"), 159, 160, 162.
- De la Peña, Don Manuel, 118.
- Denver, Colorado, 67.
- Desloge, F., 13.
- Detwiler, H. L., 12, 16, 17, 68.
- Detwiler, T. N., 12, 16.
- Dickinson, George, 71.
- Dodge, General D. C., 12.
- Dominguez, Feliciano, 23, 24.
- Dofia Ana County (New Mexico), 12, 46, 47, 51, 60, 70.
- "Doniphan's Shadow," by Eugene O. Porter, art., 170-173.
- Dowling, John F., 12.
- Dudley Orr Quarry (El Paso), 114.
- Duncan, John, 66.
- Eddy, Charles Bishop, 8, 16, 69, 70, 71, 73, 74.
- Eddy, John A., 71.
- Editors Make War: Newspapers in the Secession Crisis*, by Donald E. Reynolds, rev., 79.
- Edwards, Ben, 109, 112.
- Elkins, Stephen B., 179.
- El Paso del Norte (Juárez), 98.
- El Paso Independent R. R. Co., 8.
- El Paso Military Institute, 113.
- Englemann, Dr. George, 170, 172.
- Escofier, Monsieur, 28.
- Escutia, Juan, 117.
- Espalin, José, 53, 55, 56.
- Espinosa, Carmen, *Shawls, Crinolines, Filagree*, rev., 31.
- Espiritu Santo Grant (New Mexico), 179.
- Evans, Governor John (Colorado), 67, 68.
- The Eyes of Texas are Upon You* (College Anthems), 164.
- Fall, Albert Bacon, 52, 53, 77.
- Falvey, Judge, 19.
- Farolitos, 168.
- Farrell, Mike, 22.
- Feuille, Frank III, 45.
- Fewell, W. J., 12.
- Field, W. C. (Coroner), 50.
- Findlay, Jack F., art., "Sadie Was a Character," 25-30.
- Flores, Antonio, 22.
- Flores, Mrs. Enrique, 135.
- Fornoff, Frederick W., 52.
- Ft. Bellefontaine, 94, 97, 100.
- Ft. Bliss, 7.
- Ft. Massac, 100.
- Foster, James L., art., "Traditions at the Texas College of Mines and Metallurgy," 153-164; note, 183.
- Fountain, Albert, 55.
- Fountain, Henry, 55.
- Fox, Chris, 106, 111, 112, 113.
- Fox, Mrs. Josephine Clardy, 84, 85.
- Francis, Mayor D. R. (St. Louis), 13.
- Freeman, George W., 52.
- Frenger, N. C., 51.
- Freudenthal, S. J., 68.
- Frohman, Charles, 85.
- Frost, H. Gordon, 45.
- Frost, Mrs. Gordon, 135.
- Fruedenthal, L. B., 17.
- Fulwiler, H. D., 167.
- Fulwiler, Mrs. H. D., 167, 168.
- Gallardo, Rosendo, 22.
- Galveston, Harrisburg & San Antonio, 8.
- Gila River (Arizona), 86.
- Gilchrist, Jean (Mrs. Ted Carr), 111, 112, 113.
- Gillam, M. M., 71.
- Goetting, Mrs. Charles A., 135, 181.
- Goldblatt, Kenneth A. & Russell, James Michael, art., "The Shooting of Big Alice Abbott," 62; note, 88.
- Gollob, Mrs. Henry (Anne Goodman), 113.

- Golondrina, New Mexico, 10.
 Gómez, Miss Margarita, 37.
 Good, George S., 71.
 Goodman, Anne (Mrs. Harry Gollob), 113.
 Goodman, I. B., art., "Growing up in Sunset Heights," 106-114; notes 113 fn. 1, 132.
 Goodman, Mrs. I. B., 135.
 Goodman, Joseph Hillel, 106.
 Goodman, Ruth, 113.
 Gordon, Major J. J., 10, 11.
 Gould, Jay, 8, 68.
 Graham, Marhorie, 135.
 Greer County (Oklahoma), 53, 54.
 Greer's Livery Stable (El Paso), 140.
 "Growing up in Sunset Heights," by I. B. Goodman, art., 106-114.
 Guadalupe Hidalgo, Treaty of, 118.
 Guttman, Moses, 106, 107.
 Haines, Charlie, 25, 26.
 Hall, Asa, 111.
 Hall, Sheriff F. N. (El Paso), 109, 112.
 Hall of Honor Banquet, 135.
 Hammett, B. F., 13, 18.
 Hansen, John, 177.
 Harkey, Dee, 59, 60.
 Harmon, Benjamin S., 71.
 Harrison, General I. F., 10.
 Harrison, John W., 15.
 Hart, Juan S., 17, 18, 68.
 Harvey, James M., 58.
 Harvey, Mrs. Paul (Katherine White), 178.
 Hawkins, W. A., 71.
 Heisig, Paul A., Jr., 43, 45.
 Heisig, Mrs. Paul, 135.
 Held, Anna, 85.
 Heman, T. W., 16.
 Hernandez, José M., 21.
 Herrera, Governor of Nuevo León, 99, 102.
 Hertzog, Dr. Carl, 45, 51.
 Hervey, James M., 52.
 Hesson, Jimmy, 25, 26.
 High Jinks Party, 155.
 Hillsboro, New Mexico, 25, 26.
 Hines, Major John L., 6.
 History Writing Contest, 76.
 Hockett, New Mexico, 25, 26.
 Hoffecker House, The, 82.
 Hoffecker, Lyman W., 82, 83.
 Hoffecker, Merle, 82, 83.
 Holt, H. B., 52.
 Homecoming Celebration, 160
 Homestake Mine, 10.
 Houghton, O. L., 68.
 Hunter, Frank E., 17.
 Huntington, Collis P., 11, 69.
 Huss, John, 170.
 Independence Hall, 6.
 Indians (Apaches), 99.
 Indians (Comanche), 94.
 Indians (Osage), 94.
 Indians (Pawnee), 94, 95.
 Indians of the Southwest, 39.
 Indian Territory, 11, 13.
An Introduction to El Paso's Scenic and Historic Landmarks, by Charles H. Binion, rev., 33.
Iron Afloat, by William N. Still, rev., 79.
 Irvin, The Rev. Harland M., 77.
 Isaacks, Jeff D., 52.
 Jackson, Andrew, 93, 100.
 Jarilla Mountains (New Mexico), 71.
 Jefferson, President Thomas, 93, 102.
 Joaquis, Don José, 118.
 Johns Hopkins University, 138.
 Johnson, Bill, 66.
 Joinfir Family, 78.
 Jones, Harriot Howze, art., "The Lovely Luminarias," 167-169; notes, 135, 183.
 Jones, Col. H. Crampton, 3, 45.
 Judia, Bert, 48, 59.
 Jurado, Pedro Maria, 22.
 Justice, Dr. A. L., 65.
 Kansas City, El Paso & Mexican R. R., 17, 18, 67, 68.
 Kappa Sigma Kappa, 164.
 Kearney, Kent, 55.
 Keleher, William A., 179, 180.
 Kemp, Anne, Perrin (Mrs. Hugh White), 140, 141.
 Kerop, Judge Wyndham, 140.
 Kennedy, Holcombe H., 159.
 Kent, Stephen W., 3, 45.
 Kent, Mrs. Stephen, 135.
 Krause, Ernest William Ulrich, 35.
 The Krause House, 35.
 Krause, Leona, 36.
 Kibby, Judge, 104.
 Kidd Canyon, 155.
 Kingston, New Mexico, 25, 26.
 La Galliene, Eva, 85.
 Lake Valley, New Mexico, 25, 27.
 La Luz, New Mexico, 72.
 La Mesilla (New Mexico), 118.
 Las Cruces, New Mexico, 8, 16, 46, 47.
 Las Vegas, New Mexico, 67.
 La Villita (El Paso), 36.
 Lea, J. C., 16.
 Leach, *et al*, art., "Tributes to Charles Leland Sonnichsen," 146-152; notes, 183.
 Leach, Dr. Joseph, 3, 37, 45, 135, 148, 149, 151.
 Leach, Mrs. Joseph, 135.
 Lee, Oliver M., 53, 55, 56.
 Lee, General Robert E., 164.
 Leesburg Dam, New Mexico, 158.
 Lester, Thomas, 5.
 Liberal, Kansas, 11, 73.
 Lincoln County (New Mexico), 46.
 Llewellyn, Clint, 55.
 Locke, Morris R., 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18.

- Longley's Livery Stable (El Paso), 141.
 Loomis, A. M., 11, 168.
 Loomis, Mrs. Charles R. (Ethel White), 178.
 Lopez, Manuel (J. P.), 50, 51.
 Lopez, Ramón, 22.
 Loretto Academy, 130.
 Los Charcos Ranch (México), 221.
 Louisiana Territory, 92, 93.
 "The Lovely Luminarias," by Harriot Howze Jones, art., 167-169.
 Lowe, Homer, 158.
 Lowery, Commodore, 71.
 Lowman, Martin, 47.
 Lucero, Felipe (Deputy Sheriff, Dona Ana County), 50, 52.
 Lumbees, The, 83.
 McCinty Club, 110.
 McKamy, Mrs. Mary, 142.
 McKinney, Cmdr. M. G., 135.
 McKinney, Mrs. M. G., 135.
 McLaughlin, Henry, 71.
 McSween, Alexander, 180.
 Madero, Francisco I., 24.
 Magoffin, Joseph, 10, 13, 16, 68.
 Maguire, Joseph, 76.
 Mahonney, William, 11.
 Mansos Indians, 78.
 Marquez, Francisco, 14.
 Marshall, John, 7.
 Masten, C. S., 16.
 Matamoras, Battle of, 116.
 Maxey, Judge, 17.
 May, John H., 52.
 "M" Day, 155, 156.
 Melgar, Agustín, 117.
 Mesilla Valley, 8, 12, 21.
 Metales, Beneficio de, 22.
 Metcalf, B., 16.
 Metternich, Prince, Klemons von, 171.
 Metz, Leon C., "The President's Message," 3-4; art., "Origin of the Society," 43-45; art., "Hall of Honor Address: To be a Pioneer," 136-137; notes, 37, 76, 88, 135, 146, 147, 183.
 Metz, Mrs. Leon C., 135.
 Mexican Central R. R., 8, 8.
 Mexico, Viceroyalty of, 93.
 Miller, James P. ("Killer Jim") ("Deacon"), 53, 57, 58, 59, 60.
 Miller, Marilyn, 85.
 Minas Nuevas, Hidalgo (Mexico), 23.
 Miss T. C. M., 162.
 Montfort, Charles, 36.
 Montfort, Mabel Krause, 36.
 Moore, Cora, 85, 85.
 Moore, Kate, 76.
 Mora Grant (New Mexico), 179.
 Morehead, Charles R., 103, 144, 16, 68.
 Morgan, J. E., 130.
 Morris, Trebor, 158.
 Morton, Fred J., 45.
 Moses, Leon Denney, 49.
 Moyer, W. T., 61.
 Mullin, Robert N., *The Strange Story of Wayne Brazel*, rev., 33-34; art., "Who Killed Pat Garrett—and Why?" 46-61; note, 88.
 Muñoz, Alejandro, 23.
 Napoleon, Emperor, 92.
 Neff, John B., 45.
 Nelson, F. E., 17.
 Newman, G. T., 11.
 Newman, H. L., 13, 15, 18, 17.
 Newman, Norman, 54.
 Newman, S. H. (Bud), 10, 33.
 New Orleans, Louisiana, 93, 101.
 Noble, Colonel George, 10.
 "The North American Revolution," by Alfonso Teja Zabre, tr. by Mary Ellen B. Porter, art., 115-120.
 Nutt, New Mexico, 28.
 Old Fort Bliss, 140.
 "Old 3420" (Southern Pacific Engine), 43.
 Orchard, Henry, 26, 27, 28.
 Organ Mountains, 16.
 Organ (New Mexico), 47, 50.
 "Origin of the Society," by Leon C. Metz, art., 45.
 Osage Indians, 94.
 Osage Villages, 95.
 Otero County (New Mexico), 59, 60.
 Our Lady of the Rosary of the Valley, 78.
 Our Lady of the Valley School, 76, 77.
 Palen, Joseph G., 179.
 Panama-Pacific Exposition, 7.
 Park, Clay, 16.
 Parker, Judge Frank W., 52.
 Parker, Muriel, 163.
 Park Hotel (Las Cruces, N. M.), 60.
 Parral, Mexico, 24.
 Pass, John, 6.
 Patterson, Raymond, 158.
 Pawnee Indians, 94.
 Pawnee Villages, 98, 103.
 Payan, Jesús, 23.
 Pedragon, Cesario, 52.
 Pena, Gilda, 84.
 Pennsylvania, Colony of, 5.
 Perrenot, Mrs. Jane Burges, 135.
 Perrigo, Lynn I., *The American Southwest: Its People and Cultures*, rev., 175-176.
 Pershing, General John J., 5, 7.
 Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 5, 6, 7, 21.
 Phillips, Harry, 162.
 Pierce, Mrs. James, 135.
 Ponder, Dan (Mayor of El Paso), 77.
 Ponder, Jack, 77.
 Poor Farm (El Paso), 142.
 Porter, Eugene O., art., "Proclaim Liberty Throughout the Land: The Story of the Liberty Bell," 5-7; art., "Doniphan's Shadow," 170-173; notes, 34,

- 45, 79, 81, 124, 176.
 Porter, Mary Ellen B., 131.
 Porter, Willie, 108.
 Powers, Tom, 112.
 Praether, W. K., 164.
 Praxedes, Mother Superior, 130.
 "The President's Message," by Leon C. Metz, art., 3-4.
 Price, Barbara (Mrs. Jack Curlin), 36.
 "Proclaim Liberty Throughout the Land: The Story of the Liberty Bell," by Eugene O. Porter, art., 57.
 The Prospector, 155.
 Pueblo, Colorado, 67, 68, 69, 95.
 Pueblo, Mexico, 116.
 Putnam, G. P., 112.
 Putnam, Harrel, 112.
 Putnam, Miriam, 111.
 Querétaro, Mexico, 118.
 Quesenberry, J. S., 52.
 Rabe, William T., art. On the White Oaks: The Story of El Paso and Northeastern Railroad, Part One, 8-20; Part Two, 67-75; notes, 40, 88.
 Radford School for Girls, 43, 76.
 Ragland, Will, 66.
 Raymond, Ray, 85.
 Red Light District (El Paso), 63.
 Red River, 94, 96, 103.
 Reeder, Colonel Red, 34.
 Resaca de Guerrero, Battle of, 15.
 Reyes, Rafael, 21.
 Reynolds, Donald E., *Editors Make War: Newspapers in the Secession Crisis*, rev., 79.
 Rhode, A. P. "Print," 49, 50.
Riders of the Border: A Selection of Thirty Drawings, by José Cisneros, rev., 123-125.
 Rincon, New Mexico, 25.
 Rincon-Silver City R. R., 100.
 Río Bravo, 117.
 Robinson, Dr. John H., 94, 96, 97, 104.
 Robinson, Prentis George, 76.
 Rock Island R. R., 8, 11, 13, 19, 73, 74.
 Romany, Maria, 111, 112.
 Roosevelt County (New Mexico), 59.
 Roosevelt, President Theodore, 46.
 Rosenbaum, Mrs. C. C., 135.
 Rothschild, Sarah, 107.
 Ruidoso, New Mexico, 163.
 Ruoss, G. Martin, 180.
 Russell, S. W., 16.
 Sabine River, 99.
 Sacramento Mountains (New Mexico), 10, 72.
 Sadie Hawkins Day, 162.
 "Sadie Was a Character," by Jack F. Findlay, art., 25-30.
 St. Clement's Episcopal School, 77.
 St. Patrick Day Celebration, 153, 154, 155, 158.
 St. Patrick Picnic, 155.
 Salado, New Mexico, 71.
 San Antonio, New Mexico, 9.
 San Antonio Stage Lines, by Robert H. Thonhoff, rev., 80.
 San Augustine, New Mexico, 10.
 San Augustine Pass (New Mexico), 47.
 Sanchez, José Jesús, 23, 24.
 San Cristobal Grant (New Mexico), 179.
 San Isidro Ranch (Mexico), 23.
 San Simon Valley (Arizona), 131.
 Santa Anna, 116.
 Santa Fé, New Mexico, 67, 96, 98.
 "Santa Fé Ring," 179.
 Santa Rosa, New Mexico, 8, 73, 74.
 Satevo, Chihuahua, 22.
 Saxon, Mack, 162.
 Sayless, Allen, 43.
 Schuessler, Mrs. Willard W. (Louise), 43, 44, 45, 135, 149.
 Schutz, Samuel, 12.
 Sharp, Colonel Turner, 5.
Shawls, Crinolines, Filagree, by Carmen Espinosa, rev., 31.
 "The Shooting of Big Alice Abbott," by Kenneth A. Goldblatt & James Michael Russell, art., 62.
 Shubert, J. J., 85.
 Shugart, Cindy, 77.
 Shugart, Mr. and Mrs. Thorne, 77.
 Sidebottom, Earl E., 136.
 Sierra Blanca, Texas, 9.
 "The Significance of the Southwestern Expedition of Lieutenant Pike," by Jenene Bianichini, art., 91-105.
 Simpson, Clarence D., 71.
 Sinclair, John Land, 164.
 Sinking Spring (New Mexico), 34.
 Sister Mary Catherine, 76.
 Slag Bowl, 160.
 Smelter Road (El Paso), 140.
 Smith, Grover, 111.
 Smith, Senator John of Ohio, 100.
 Snow Fiesta, 162, 163.
 Snow Fiesta Queen, 163.
 Solares, Anselmo, 23.
 Sonnichsen, C. L., 62, 63, 65, 135, 139.
 Sonnichsen, C. L. and McKinney, M. G., *The State National Since 1881: The Pioneer Bank of El Paso*, rev., 121-123.
 Sonnichsen, Mrs. Charles Leland, 135.
 Son-of-a-Gun (recipe), 182.
 Soto, Eleutorio, 24.
 Soto, José de la Luz, 24.
 Sourdough (recipe), 182.
 Southerland, William, 51.
 Southern Pacific "Old 3420," 43.
 Southern Pacific R. R., 8, 9, 12.
 South Platte River, 96.
 Sperry, Fay, 52.
The State National Since 1881: The Pioneer Bank of El Paso, by C. L. Sonnichsen and M. G. McKinney, rev.,

- 121-123.
 Steinbuch, F., 17.
 Still, William N., Jr., *Iron Afloat*, rev., 79.
 Storms, D., 110.
 Stormsville (El Paso), 110.
 Stow, John, 6.
The Strange Story of Wayne Brazel, by Robert N. Mullin, rev., 33-34.
 Suarez, Vicente, 117.
 Taylor, Colonel Charles W., 6.
 Taylor, J. W., 52.
 Texas & Pacific R. R., 9, 17, 69.
Thomason: The Autobiography of a Federal Judge, by R. E. Thomasen, ed. and ann. by Joseph M. Ray, rev., 174-175.
 Thomason, R. E., ed. and ann. by Joseph M. Ray, *The Autobiography of a Federal Judge*, rev., 174-175.
 Thompson, Mark B., 52.
 Thonhoff, Robert H., *San Antonio Stage Lines 1847-1881*, rev., 80.
 Thornton, William C., 179.
 Tierra Amarilla Grant (New Mexico), 179.
 Timmons, Dr. W. H., 37, 38.
 Toboggan, New Mexico, 72.
 Tombstone Mines, 78.
 "Traditions at the Texas College of Mines and Metallurgy," by James L. Foster, 153-164.
 "Tribute to Charles Leland Sonnichsen," by Leach *et al.*, art., 146-152.
 "Tribute to Hugh Spotswood White," by Russel W. Van Norman, art., 138-144.
 Trinidad, Colorado, 67.
 Trost, Henry, 82.
 Trost and Trost, 177.
 Tucumcari, New Mexico, 73.
 Tularosa, New Mexico, 10.
 Tullius, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond, 76.
 Tullius, William, art., "Evolution of a Building," 77; note, 76.
 Tunstall, Henry, 180.
 Turner, J. P., 49.
 Tuttle, William W., 22, 23.
 Ulrich, Lenore, 85.
 Union Pacific R. R., 71.
 Urbina, Tomas, 22, 23, 24.
 Utah Street (El Paso), 63.
 Vado, New Mexico, 106, 107.
 Valles, Miguel Baca, 21.
 Van Norman, Russel W., art., "Tribute to Hugh Spotswood White," 138-144; note, 135.
 Veracruz, Mexico, 17.
 Villanueva, Mr. and Mrs. Ernesto, 76.
 Villanueva, Victor, 76.
 Villa Ocampo, Durango (Mexico), 22.
 Villegas, Miguel Soto, 24.
 "Villification of Francisco Villa," by Ruth Elaine Vise, art., 21-24.
 Vise, Ruth Elaine, art., "Villification of Francisco Villa," 21-24; note, 40.
 Vowell, Jack, Jr., 45.
 Vowell, Jack C., Sr., 112.
 Waddill, James R., 16.
 Walker, Dale L., 123, 181.
 Wallace, W. A. A. "Bigfoot," 120.
 Walz, Edgar, 180.
 Warner, E. A., 12.
 Washington College, 164.
 Washington, George, 7.
 Washington and Lee University, 164.
 Weber, Mac, 140.
 Whitechapel Bell Foundry, 5.
 White, Ethel (Mrs. Charles R. Loomis), 178.
 White, Dr. Hugh Spotswood, 135, 139.
 White, Mrs. Hugh (Anne Perrin Kemp), 135, 141.
 White, Katherine (Mrs. Paul Harvey), 178.
 White, Mary (Mrs. Jess Boykin), 178.
 White Oaks Junction, New Mexico, 73.
 White Oaks, New Mexico, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 67, 69, 70, 73, 74.
 White Oaks R. R. Co., 10, 69.
 White, Richard C., 45.
 White Sands, New Mexico, 10.
 White Wyndham, 135, 144.
 White, Mrs. Wyndham, 135.
 White, Jach T. 177.
 Whitner, Dr. A. H., 87.
 "Who Killed Pat Garrett—and Why?," by Robert N. Mullin, art., 46.
 Wiggins, Dr. Dossie M., 162.
 Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, 71.
 Wilkinson, Lt. James, 94, 95.
 Wilkinson, General James, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103.
 Williams, Ben, 55.
 Williams, the Hon. Bert, 135.
 Williams, Mrs. Bert, 135.
 Williams, Mrs. John D., 181.
 Witt, Colonel, 5, 7.
 Women's Department, Chamber of Commerce, 45.
 Wood, Dale 46.
 Yandell, Dr. W. M., 17.
 Yucatán, Peninsula of, 117.
 Zabre, Alfonso Teja, tr. by Porter, Mary Ellen B., art., "The North American Invasion," 115-120.
 Zambrano, Ismael, 24.
 Zimmer, Mrs. Alma, 77.
 Zimmerman Library (New Mexico University), 180.

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