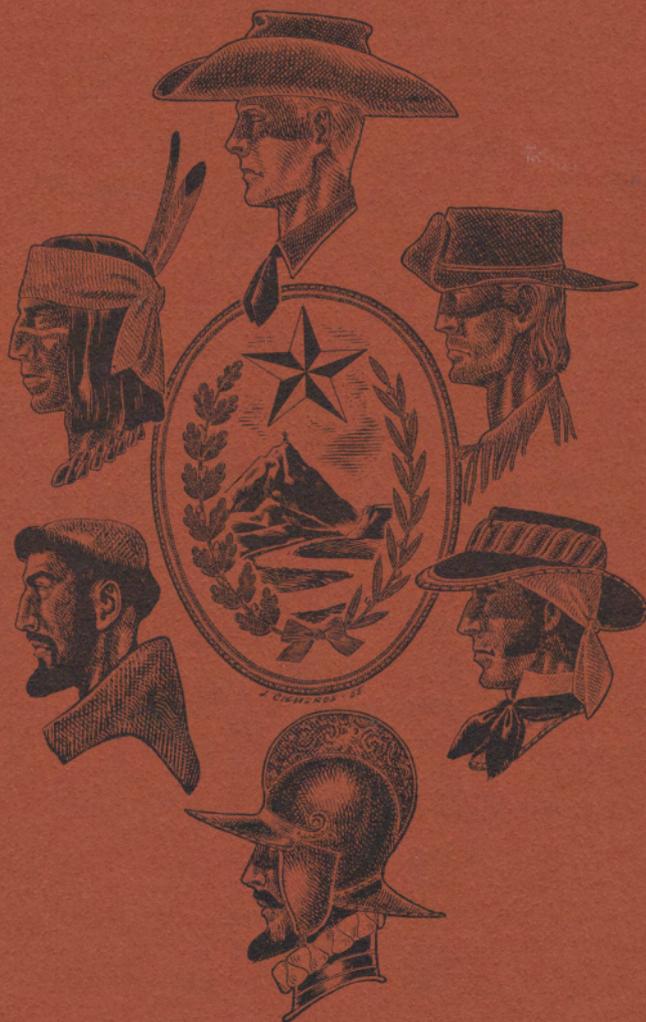


# PASSWORD



THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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VOL. XVIII, No. 4      EL PASO, TEXAS      WINTER, 1973

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# PASSWORD

Published quarterly by The El Paso County Historical Society

EUGENE O. PORTER, *Editor*

VOL. XVIII, No. 4

EL PASO, TEXAS

WINTER, 1973

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The Southwest Indian enjoyed a wide variety of foods. "The wild sunflower furnished seeds which were eaten whole or ground into a meal and usually eaten raw. The seeds of the great yellow water lily, when roasted, swell and break open, somewhat resembling popcorn in flavor. Sand grass, or nut grass, which grows in some parts of Arizona, has a buckwheat-like seed which was ground and made into bread or mush, combined with pine nuts. Bread was made of other nuts, ground and washed to remove the acrid flavor. The sugar pine was one more source of nut supply, and the sugar gum was much enjoyed. Chuckawallas, one source of the meat supply, were great evil-looking lizards of the desert. White men who have eaten them declare they taste much like chicken. Crickets were usually eaten raw after drying. Grasshoppers were also eaten, and in hard times, the larvae of a certain fly that fills the air in a sand-storm and thereafter settles everywhere was an article of food. An especial delicacy were the forest beetle larvae. They were about the size of tobacco worms and were roasted on hot shovels."

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## HALL OF HONOR BANQUET

The El Paso County Historical Society held its thirteenth annual Hall of Honor Banquet on Sunday evening, November 18, at the El Paso Country Club. Those honored were the late Juan Siquieros Hart and Dr. Judson F. Williams. Mrs. L. A. Velarde served as General Chairman of the affair. She was ably assisted in her overall planning by Mrs. E. F. Flores, Mrs. Carl Rosenbaum, and Mrs. William Burgett.

Sub-committees and their members also assisting Mrs. Velarde were as follows: Guest Book, Mrs. W. W. Schuessler, Chairman, with Mmes. Frank Feuille, John Clark, Hal Gambrell, C. D. McKee, Frank Hunter, Jack Vowell, W. C. Schillinger, and Gordon Frost; Reservations, Mmes. H. Crampton Jones and Page Kemp, and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Rosenbaum; Happy Hour, Mrs. Dan Hovious, Chairman, with Mmes. James Peck, Leon Metz, Eugene Porter, Stacy Hinkle, Bert Wright, Harvey Meston, Paul Heisig, and Anthony Busalacchi; Hospitality (greeting at the door), Mr. and Mrs. Chris Fox and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bailey; Hostesses at Tables, Mmes. William Becker, Louis Breck, Bill Campbell, Frank Davis, James Day, Yvonne Grear, Earl W. Heathcote, Paul Heisig, Stacy Hinkle, Page Kemp, Joseph Leach, R. L. McCarty, Frank Mangán, Harvey Meston, Leon Metz, S. H. Newman, James Peak, Eugene O. Porter, Bertram C. Wright, and Donald Leslie; Publicity, Mr. Conrey Bryson; and Display, "Moments in the Life of Captain Juan S. Hart and Dr. Judson F. Williams," Cmdr. M. G. McKinney, USN (Ret.).

The Decorations Committee with Mrs. L. P. Livingston, sister of Mrs. Velarde, as Chairman, assisted by Mrs. E. M. Pooley and Mrs. William Burgett, is especially to be commended. The head tables, covered with gold cloth, were centered with multi-branched silver candelabra holding orange tapers and flanked by silver wine-coolers holding autumn-hued flowers and foliage. The individual tables, also covered with gold cloth, were decorated with wrought iron candleholders entwined with autumn foliage. Reception rooms decorations reflected the autumn theme with bronze and gold flowers and leaves.

Seated at the head table were U. S. Representative Richard C. White, former president of the Society and founder of the Hall of Honor, escorting his mother, Mrs. James C. White; El Paso city alderman Don Henderson and Mrs. Henderson, representing Mayor Fred Hervey; County Judge and Mrs. T. Udell Moore; James J. Crook, president of the Society and his guest, Miss Jane Ann Brown; Honoree Dr. Judson F. Williams and Mrs. Williams; Mr. Conrey Bryson, president-elect of

the Society, who paid tribute to Dr. Williams; Dorrance D. Roderick who paid tribute to Juan Hart, and Mrs. Roderick; Miss Isabel Glasgow and Mrs. Maria Luisa Flores, descendants of the Hart family; the Rev. Frank F. Jones of the First Presbyterian Church, who gave the invocation, and Mrs. Jones; Msgr. Andrew Burke, who gave the benediction, represented the Catholic Diocese of El Paso; and Banquet Chairman Mrs. Velarde, escorted by Dr. Allan Barasch.

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It is perhaps no coincidence that the American frontier is considered by many to have ceased in 1890, the year of the Battle of Wounded Knee, the last years for all practical purposes when wild, free Indians carried guns on the Plains.

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Because some presses do not have type for the character "ñ," and because "n" without the tilde gives an incorrect sound, it is becoming a common practice to substitute "ny" for the tilde n. Thus Zuñi becomes Zunyi, Piñon, pinyon, etc., etc.

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The southwest part of El Paso's Memorial Park was built over the old slag dumps of the Federal Smelter which operated in that area about 1910. Federal, Copper, Silver, and Gold Streets got their names from the smelter.  
Bryson, *The Land Where We Live*.

---

The "Trail of Tears" was the "road" the so-called civilized tribes of Indians, as the Creeks and Chictaws, despairingly followed west to their new homes in what became Oklahoma.

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In most instances, the names by which we know the Indians of the American West have never been used by the tribes themselves. In their own language, the Navajos are the Diné, the Arapaho are the Inuñaina, and the Mandan are the Numakiki, to give only three examples.

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The Digger Indians of California represented the most primitive form of historic American culture. They subsisted on roots and acorns, made neither pottery, baskets, nor cloth, and had only the most rudimentary social and political organization.

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The O. T. Bassett Tower was occupied on June 1, 1930.

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The El Paso Y. M. C. A. was organized in 1886 with nineteen members.

## HALL OF HONOR ADDRESS

SILENT VOICES FROM THE PAST ARE KNOCKING AT OUR DOOR

by JAMES J. CROOK

If we were to focus upon El Paso, Texas, "The Pass of the North," as it relates to time and space, to unfold the story, for our historical, instant replay, we would use our imaginations and envision on the broad cinematic screen of time the universe, our galaxy, our particular star, the planet Earth and the western hemisphere, as our cinema lens zooms down and focuses upon a geologic opening lying between the beginning and the end of two great mountain chains, the Sierra Madres and Rocky Mountains. Through this "pass", threading its meandering course across the face of this western terrain, penciling in the boundary between what has become two great nations on its journey to the sea, flows our narrator, the Rio Grande, as it continues in its never ending journey through time.

To Johnnie Morales, a school boy skipping pebbles across the water and walking barefoot along the cool, sandy bank, the river is the site where he and Principal Armijo's son went on a raft ride when the water was high. As he ambles home along the winding river, Johnnie slips down against a Cottonwood tree and dozes momentarily against the gentle rippling voice of the river. While he dozes, a history book from the school library slips from his arm, into the sand. The book is Dr. C. L. Sonnichsen's *Pass of the North*.

Deep in the sand, fifteen feet below Johnnie, entangled by the Cottonwood's deepest root is a piece of tarnished metal, a Sixteenth-Century European plate of armor. Within inches of the rusty vest, rests a Spanish military saddle of the same vintage. Twenty yards up river from where Johnnie lays, buried eight feet within the sand directly beneath the flowing Rio Grande lies an Eighteenth-Century Colt Peace-Maker, long barrelled six gun rusting its way into nothingness. As Johnnie dozes, a gentle breeze starts flipping back the pages of time.

The date is April 30, 1598. Above the peaceful song of a mocking bird, the Rio Grande picks up the sounds of horse hoofs and excited voices in a new and strange language. One voice is dominant.

Be it know, that I, Don Juan de Onate, Governor Captain General, and Adelantado of New Mexico, and of its kingdoms and provinces, as well as those of its vicinity and contiguous thereto, as the settler and conqueror thereof, by virtue of the authority of the King, our Lord, hereby declare that:

Whereas by virtue of my appointment . . . and whereas I desire to take possession of this land this 30th day of April, the Feast of the Ascension of our Lord, in the year 1598, through the person of Don Juan Perez de Donis, Clerk of his majesty, secretary of this expedition, and to the Governor of said kingdoms and provinces, therefore, in the name of the most Christian King, Don Felipe II, I take possession of the said Rio Del Norte.

The River will become familiar with this strange new language for the next three and one-half centuries.

The date is 1680. The whining of a coyote pup amidst the screeching pursuit of a desert hawk is interrupted by the approaching voice of an excited Spanish courier on horseback,

Chief Pope and the Pueblo Indians have revolted. All Spaniards have been killed. The ones who escaped are fleeing for El Paso this moment. Make ready for an attack. It is feared that the governor of Santa Fe has been murdered.

Soon the excited voices fade and disappear and once more the river enjoys only the pleasant breeze rustling through the desert mesquite.

The date is 1880. The heavy continuous, westward rumbling of wagon wheels, some occasionally splashing through the water, has become a daily phenomenon. Gun fire crackles through the air intermittently during the months as desperate riders hurriedly splash across the river disappearing quickly into the protective hills of Old Mexico. A conversation between local residents is picked up and registered in the endless recording of the timeless Rio Grande.

When you have a reputation as one of the best guns in the West, it is easy to quiet a place like El Paso. All I, Dallas Studemyer, did was pin a badge on my coat and walk slowly through the South part of town . . . for all the bad men to see. Yes, I did a fine job for many months. My reputation and manner prevented any challenge from lesser folks among the gunfighters. Mayor Magoffin picked the right man, alright and as for you Alderman Flood, if you or any of the rest of you will come square and come outside I'll straddle you on any part of the ground.

Several months later Studemyer's voice was never to be heard again.

The date is August 20, 1895. Amidst blowing dust and the roll of tumbleweed the sound of gun shots crackle and still another voice is heard.

Harding saw me as I entered the saloon, whirled around and made a movement as if to reach his hand to his hip pocket. In an instant my gun was out and spitting fire and lead. The first bullet went through Harding's head and without uttering a word, he fell back from the bar where he had been standing shooting dice with Harry Brown.

The date is 1911. The river is stained with the blood of Mexican revolutionaries and the thunderous sound of hundreds of horse hoofs and the exchange of gun fire between two armies shatter the land. Six Italian citizens are escorted from a train in Juarez to General Francisco Villa. The retort is short—but decisive,

"Hang them".

As Johnnie slumbers to the ripple of the water, it seems that he can hear voices. . . many voices from different times. Silent voices which seem to say in unison; wake up, wake up; open the door. Let us in. Suddenly the youngster is aroused by the loud sound of a Continental 747 passing over head and hurriedly Johnnie is on his way. Several yards ahead, he stoops over and pulls a rusty horseshoe from the river bank, feels its cold rust upon his fingers and tosses it out into the river. As Johnnie continues home, the mud on the river's bottom moves over the Sixteenth-Century Spanish horseshoe, and the sands of time once more seal the lips of the past-and-the Pass of the North.

Johnnie represents our community and its long, prevailing insensitivity and unawareness of the magnificent history of the Pass of the North, our great heritage and the vast historical treasure which pieces together the rich saga of this region. Written history dates back to 1536 and reveals European settlements started by Don Juan Onate dotting our Rio Grande, and the settlement of Santa Fe not many years after Columbus discovered America, which were thriving long before any colonies were started along the East Coast.

The silent voice of time, voices from the past, voices which played their role on the panoramic amphitheater stage of the Pass of the North, for the most part, have gone unheard. The voice of time has been a lonely traveler. Humbled but proud, its voice is again knocking at our door. The deafening

sleep of insensitivity is the enemy, the Goliath to conquer. Will the voice of time fall again upon deaf ears? Are we listening? Will El Paso wake up—this time—and answer? Will we finally seize the role of the appreciative host and invite Mr. Heritage, our rich stranger, into the warmth of our house, a home in the form of a large museum of Southwestern history within which the tangible story of our past will be protected, preserved and told for all time. Will our community respond before the silent voice of time is muffled, drowned out and once again stilled by the roar of insensitivity?

Now the past is silent once again. Four years ago, a genuine Butterfield Stage Coach Stop rested in the rear of the Paso Del Norte Hotel. A bulldozer preparing the area for a parking lot, reduced the famed coach stop to a memory in a matter of seconds. The invaluable land mark is gone forever never to be retrieved. Just as the Sixteenth-Century horseshoe tossed away by Johnnie continues on its rusting and corroding journey into nothingness, our historical treasure in the form of hundreds and thousands of valuable archives and artifacts which now choke closets, basements, rented rooms, cellars and old trunks throughout this area, without proper inventorying, protection, treatment and responsible preservation, will go the path of the Spanish horseshoe.

The Hall of Honor address tonight is a message. But more than just a message, it is a challenge to our proud community to wake up, pick up the torch and move swiftly in a responsible manner toward preserving the dignity of our magnificent past, to become the trustee of our rich yet rapidly disappearing heritage, to close the gap and put El Paso on the map where we belong, nationally and internationally, by creating one of the Nation's most exciting and outstanding museums of Southwestern history.

This past year has seen the planning stages of two small museums for El Paso County and an outdoor amphitheater to feature a historical pageant. We may be witnessing the genesis of a historical renaissance, the budding of a community interest in the depth of our rich yet unheralded heritage and in the almost incomprehensible vastness of our buried historical treasure. More and more people are trying to find John Wesley Hardin's unidentified grave and other hidden treasures which lends testimony to our colorful past. In three years, the United States will celebrate its bi-centennial, marking the the Nation's Two Hundred Anniversary. What perfect timing this would be for El Paso to break ground on a great museum of Southwestern history.

The "Pass of the North" has been a stage in which historical actors have played their roles in a never ending drama of life, as our river meanders its way into eternity. Now voices again are heard during the lives of two more individuals of character and vision, who stand tall in contributing in a significant way to the contemporary history of the Pass of the North and the rapid development of the community of El Paso.

Tonight we are assembled in a spirit of pride and gratitude to once again deliver on behalf of this community another big thank you to two more individuals who have wandered into the Pass of the North, up onto its stage and into the lives of the many recipients of their good deeds. Juan Siquieros Hart and Judson F. Williams. They, like so many historical figures and men of vision who preceeded them, have played their parts well and their voices have been heard in providing direction and planning in the development of this community and inspiration to all who have involved themselves in our progress. Thank you. This concludes my address.

## JUAN S. HART

by DORRANCE D. RODERICK

Juan Siquieros Hart was one of 7 children, 3 boys, 4 girls, of Simeon Hart. He was born July 24, 1856, in the old Hart Hacienda adjoining Hart's Mill. The mill, El Paso's first industry, was founded in 1849 by his father, who had first come to the Pass as a soldier in the Mexican War and saw extensive service in Mexico. There he married Jesusita Siqueiros, daughter of one of the first families of Chihuahua.

Juan S. Hart's early boyhood was spent at the old mill on the Río Grande, but in 1862, Simeon Hart an ardent supporter of the Confederacy, sent his family to San Antonio, where they remained for the duration of the Civil War. In 1866, at the age of ten, Juan was sent to New York to continue his education, but two years later he was enrolled in Christian Brothers College of St. Louis, where he was graduated in 1874 with degrees in civil and mining engineering. This was the year of his father's death. His mother had died about a year earlier, and Juan took over the responsibility of caring for and educating his sisters. He enrolled them at schools in St. Louis and accepted a teaching position at Christian Brothers to help support them. He had been an honor graduate and was a valuable member of the faculty, teaching mathematics and Greek. He also wrote several plays for performance by the students.

In 1878, he began the practice of engineering and went to Leadville, Colorado, in its boom days, as a mining engineer and also followed this profession in New Mexico. By the early 80's, he was back in El Paso to make his home and look after the Hart estate. A part of the estate became the site of Fort Bliss in 1880, after former sites at Mogaffinsville and Concordia had become unsuitable.

In 1881, he was appointed City Engineer to make an official map of the City of El Paso, known as "Hart's Map," which was adopted in 1881.

His next enterprise was to survey several of the large Haciendas in the state of Chihuahua. Upon returning to El Paso, he became manager of a very large gold mining property at O'Campo, Chihuahua, owned by the famous Colorado Senator Tabor, who was a friend of his days in Leadville.

Almost by accident, Hart found himself in the newspaper business in 1882. The *El Paso Times* and *El Paso Herald* both began publication in April 1881, a month before the first railroad train arrived. Late in that same year, they were joined by a small paper called the *El Paso Independent*, owned by Horace W. Kelly, but largely operated by Mrs. Kelly. When Mrs. Kelly began looking around for help, she found an ally in Juan Hart. On January 4, 1882, the *Independent* became the

*El Paso Link*, with Juan S. Hart as the editor. Simeon Hart had published an earlier newspaper, *The Sentinel*, from 1872 to 1874, and the younger Hart probably had some inclination toward the profession.



JUAN S. HART

Editor-Publisher in 1883 at age 27 of *The El Paso Daily Times*  
(Picture copied by Cmdr. M. G. McKinney from photo loaned by Maria Luisa Flores)

When it became evident to the publishers of the *Times* that Hart had also brought in some substantial citizens as backers of his newspaper, they realized they had serious competition. The *Times* decided to join, rather than fight, this formidable opponent, and in February, 1882, the two newspapers were merged under the masthead *El Paso Daily Times*. It had previously been a weekly. Hart became one of the owners of the combined operation, but had no intention of being an editor or publisher. He had his engineering practice and the job of administering the Hart estate, which had been confiscated after the Civil War and partially returned to the family after much litigation. In 1884, however, Sherman C. Slade, part owner and editor of the *Times*, sold his interest to Juan Hart and J. H. Bate. Hart was now the principal owner and began a long career as active editor. During the next 16 years, he was an able and eloquent advocate of such causes as a purewater supply, an irrigation system for the El Paso valleys, and the elimination of open gambling and open prostitution from the city. He fought for moving the County Seat from Ysleta to El Paso. Mr. Hart, as an engineer, knew that an irrigation system for the whole of the El Paso valley was absolutely necessary if El Paso were to grow. After years on this crusade, the Elephant Butte Dam materialized.

As soon as Hart gained control of the *Times*, he went to New York to see M. E. Stone, General Manager of the Associated Press, to try to get him to string a wire from Denver to El Paso, to bring daily Associated Press News of the world and United States to El Paso. Mr. Stone reluctantly entered into negotiations for putting the wire to El Paso. For a long time, Hart had to personally pay the leasing charge since no other paper was served by the wire. This definitely brought El Paso from its isolation into daily contact with world and United States affairs.

In late 1884, Hart started on another crusade, which he kept going for years, against the "bunco artists" who operated on the Mexican side of the river, fleecing the El Paso citizens.

In April 1885, a new court house was being built. There were rumors that it was not being built according to plans and also questionable handling of finances. Hart started investigations and published his findings of the scandal as it developed. After crusading for a number of months the *Times* headlines told the story: The ring Broken. Startling Disclosures in the Court House Business. This led to a complete correction of all the wrong doing and waste of tax monies.

The following year, 1886, came "The Cutting Imbroglia" that almost brought on a war with Mexico. A. K. Cutting started a newspaper in Juárez, followed by another paper by one Emiglio Medina, which Cutting labeled as a fraud to swindle advertisers. Cutting was placed in the Juárez jail, and the Mexican judge found him guilty of libel. Soon, the

American Consul, the State Department in Washington and the Mexican government in Mexico City were all involved, with mobs in the El Paso streets calling for war—and Hart calling for more troops at Ft. Bliss to prevent any border violence. Hart followed all ramifications of the trouble, using the *Times* to quiet the people of El Paso and suggesting ways to bring peace and publicity to El Paso. Cutting was finally released—and war prevented!

An active Democrat all his life, Hart aspired to political office only once. In 1896, two other El Paso newspaper, the *Herald* and the *Tribune*, joined the *Times* in endorsing his candidacy for Congress from the 13th District of Texas. He covered all 80 counties of the District prior to the State Democratic Convention which would decide the nominees. Hart became one of the two top contenders, and it required 123 ballots before the issue was decided in his opponent's favor.

In 1898, when the United States suddenly found itself at war with Spain, Hart was asked to recruit an El Paso company of volunteers. Within four days of the call, 115 men were on a train enroute to Galveston and had elected Juan Hart their captain. He was to be popularly known as Captain Hart for the rest of his days. The war had ended before the El Paso volunteers completed their training, but their Captain had another assignment to fulfill. Although not of the President's party, he was named by President McKinley to the Cuban Commission to accept the surrender of Spain. He rendered valuable service as the Commission's official interpreter.

More rail service to El Paso was another dream of Hart's. He did everything that publicity in the *Times* could do to promote a rail line north and east from El Paso. After a few promoters failed, losing large sums of money in the process, a line was built in 1898 from El Paso north to Santa Rosa, New Mexico, which was eventually continued on to Kansas City, Mo. When the original line reached Alamogordo, New Mexico, a branch line, the Alamogordo and Sacramento Mountain Railroad, was built to Cloudcroft, bringing that high, cool summer country to the summer heat ridden people of El Paso. Much credit went to Hart's never flagging energy in promoting these lines.

During the 1890 years, El Paso was still a wide open frontier town, and law by the six gun made as much or more news than any other single event. Probably no other town in the West had as many notorious gun slingers such as John Selman and John Wesley Hardin. During those years Hart crusaded through his *Times* for reforms and editorially kept the people of El Paso fully aware of lawlessness and the gun slingers and city officials that were responsible. By 1900 these elements had been overcome and had disappeared from the life of the city. El Paso never

again saw such crimes as had enlivened the pages of the *Times*. Hart's editorials had done much to bring an end to that era.

Juan Hart, as an engineer, had been interested since 1886 in getting an adequate supply of "pure Mesa Water" for El Paso. He backed Charles R. Morehead, president of the State National Bank, who also was an advocate for Mesa Water, for Mayor in the 1902 city election. With his editorials and campaign news in the *Times*, Morehead won. So, in 1903, the Mayor was able to get his Council to award a franchise to the International Water Co. to drill wells on the Mesa and bring the pure water to El Paso. The Water Company, due to lack of finances, was never able to drill enough wells or keep up its distribution and plant facilities with the population growth of the city.

In 1909, Hart then began an agitation for the city to buy the Water Company and operate the Water Department as a municipal project. This controversy for municipal ownership continued with Hart as the major advocate until April 1910, when the city purchased the Independent Water Company. This ended Hart's ten-year campaign for "Pure Mesa Water."

On April 10, 1910, Hart, the Engineer who first started the agitation for an irrigation dam on the Río Grande, had the satisfaction to announce the news in his *Times* from Washington that work on the Elephant Butte dam would go forward.

In the previous year, on February 25, 1909, Hart again took up a campaign in his *Times* that he had worked on intermittently for a number of years. He called on the State Legislature to establish a School of Mines in El Paso to serve the extensive mining industry in the Southwest. This became a reality in 1913.

When Juan Hart sold the *Times* on April 22, 1910, for \$150,000 he was gone from the newspaper business. Professor John Middagh of the University of Texas, El Paso, wrote: "For the first time in more than a quarter century El Paso was without the editorial advice of the man who had been born when, what was now El Paso, was only a series of river settlements. The man had grown up with the town, advancing with it from the raucous, brawling days of his youth, through the 1880's and 1890's, to the steadier days when the frontier gave way to a more stable society."

Juan Hart was a fearless writer and an honest, incorruptible newspaper man. He enjoyed a wider acquaintance throughout the Southwest than any other man who lived in this section. He was aggressive and possessed an endless store of energy and was identified with every forward movement in El Paso.

He never married, but it was said he could have won the affections

of most any woman. He had a charming personality and was considerate of the feelings of others.

He served the community in many other ways. In 1881, as City Engineer, he produced the Hart map, to be important in city development for many years. An active, unmarried "man about town," he played the trombone in the McGinty band and was the Club's official orator, in the days when high flown oratory was at its height. As an active Volunteer Fireman, his oration to the state convention of Volunteer Fire Departments was hailed as a masterpiece. He was one of the stars of El Paso's baseball team, one of the best in the southwest, and an organizer of the El Paso Pioneer Association of which he was named permanent vice president.

On July 15, 1918, while at his summer home in Mountain Park, New Mexico, Juan Siqueiros Hart suffered a heart attack and died on that day. His funeral was one of the largest in the city's history. It seemed as though the whole town turned out to bid good-bye to the man who had fought for the city's progress for so long. He was buried in the family tomb near the old homestead (Hart's Mill) on the Río Grande.

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Theodore Roosevelt was not a successful cattleman! He operated a ranch in South Dakota for sixteen years and when he sold it in 1899, he lost \$23,000 on his investment of \$82,000.

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Some Indians practiced Sororal marriages where one man marries two or more sisters, usually successively after the first wife has been found to be barren, or after death.

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The Spaniards brought to the Indians cattle, sheep, goats, horses, and burros, as well as many of the fruits and plants of the Iberian Peninsula.

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The Papagos (baptized) Indians were regarded as the best in Arizona. As a rule they were not addicted to drink, gambling, or licentiousness. They were friendly to the Americans.

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Indians and deaf mutes talk a universal language when they converse in signs.

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Whenever a traveler had been murdered, it was the custom in Old Mexico to erect a wooden cross by the roadside.



DR. JUDSON F. WILLIAMS

Western College and his association with the White House Department Store as its Vice President. He gave two reasons for this decision, a new

kind of challenge, and loyalty to his long time friend, Dick Miller, the White House President.

He proved to be more than a good business man—he was a good business and community leader. He became President of the Chamber of Commerce, President of the Sun Carnival, President of the Jaycees, and one of the founders of a major Savings and Loan Association.

But his first love, education, continued to call him back. In 1962, he was named Chairman of Mission 73—a committee of 37 leading El Paso citizens, charged with producing a ten year plan for the expansion and development of the college he had served so well for sixteen years. Describing this work, Judson Williams has said—"It was the sort of thing where, the harder you work, the better you like it!" The Committee produced and published a comprehensive report, and among its recommendations were a change of name and status. The college would become still more integrated into the University of Texas system and would be known as the University of Texas at El Paso. The ten year plan has been largely achieved—the school is becoming more and more a major university, and in 1967, it conferred upon Dr. Judson F. Williams its highest award, the Medallion of Merit.

Highly successful in both education and business, he accepted a new challenge in 1963. At the urging of friends and business associates, he agreed to run for Mayor of the City of El Paso. He fought a hard campaign and was elected by a narrow margin—but the measure of his worth can be found in the next two elections. He was elected by a two to one margin in 1965, and re-elected easily to a third term in 1967.

His success in the fields of administration and public finance were recognized state wide and nationally. He brought city government to a sounder financial basis, and he did it through measures not usually calculated to win popularity contests—he advocated a new kind of tax. So the burden of increased public expenditures would not fall too heavily upon the property owner, he came out solidly for a municipal sales tax. He found himself in the right position to promote this proposition when he was named President of the Texas League of Municipalities. He carried the battle to the State Legislature—secured the necessary authorization—and then came back to sell the idea to the folks back home. He was successful all the way, and today, virtually every major city government in Texas has adopted the tax.

On the National Scene, he became a member of the Board of Directors and the Executive Committee of the National League of Cities. He was chairman of its committee on Municipal Government and Administration, and was in line to be chosen its President, but six years in public office had been a financial and personal sacrifice, for Judson Williams was in every respect a full time Mayor. He had succeeded in bringing

various factions together to at last assure El Paso a new civic center—the various Chamizal projects were on their way to achievements, and preliminary approval for the Mount Franklin Wilderness was secured.

Now, it was time to return to private business. In March 1969, near the close of his third term, he resigned to form, with John MacGuire, a firm known as UPTRENDS, Inc., an investment banking, oil and gas exploration, ranching and real estate firm. He is now its President.

But, by the nature of the man, Judson Williams' activities will always be in large measure public. Since leaving the Mayor's office, he has become one of the organizers of GAIN (Greater Agricultural Income Now) and is its board chairman. This organization was chiefly responsible for a major expansion of service to farmers in the El Paso valleys by Texas A and M University, and a unity of financial interests, farming, and education to diversify agriculture and improve farm income. As a member of the Board of Regents of Texas Tech University, he was instrumental in developing the agreement whereby the Texas Tech Medical school is setting up a training facility at Thomason General Hospital and has assigned an Associate Dean to its El Paso operations.

So there you have an attempt to portray a man in motion. At a young and vigorous sixty, Jud Williams has more surprises ahead for us, and it is not easy to predict what they might be. As a Historical Society, we must mark him the accomplishments already achieved as a great many landmarks in our civic progress.

In the words of the criteria established twelve years ago for the El Paso Hall of Honor, "he has made El Paso better for having lived here—by singular achievements he has brought honor and recognition to the El Paso Community—and has directed us toward worthy goals and merit, being remembered as an exemplary guide to our future. By these standards we proudly welcome to the El Paso Hall of Honor Dr. Judson F. Williams."

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The *Memorial* of Fray Alonso de Benavides, first published in 1630, said that the Taos nation had 15 or 16 villages in which lived about 7,000 souls.

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In 1928 El Paso had six sanatoriums for tuberculars, namely, Hendricks-Laws, Southern Baptist, Homan, Long, Price, and St. Joseph.

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The Apaches have been described as "fiercer than ferocity itself."

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There are many species of cacti, most of which have edible fruit.

## RELIGION IN TEXAS AS SEEN IN THE PAGES OF *THE FRONTIER TIMES*

by IMOGENE B. DICKEY

Since there is no history of organized religion in early Texas, the best sources for such information are individual records and books, newspapers of the times, and official publications of the churches. But one cannot overlook such periodicals as J. Marvin Hunter's *Frontier Times*.<sup>1</sup> Devoted to frontier history, border tragedy, and pioneer achievement, *Frontier Times* published facts gleaned from all authentic sources as well as interesting and important incidents which transpired from the time of the first appearance of the European in Texas to the conclusion of the Indian Wars on the Texas frontier.<sup>2</sup>

The Editor's aim as he stated it was as follows:

. . . to produce a magazine of instruction, attractive and popular reading—to enbalm in the memory of Texan youth the sacrifices, the patriotism, the heroism, the suffering and dangers of those to whom we owe the achievements and preservation of our freedom . . . and to keep alive in the hearts of our Texas youths . . . a spirit of reverence and gratitude to their heroic fathers for the liberty which they have given them—for the free institutions which are the result of their daring . . .<sup>3</sup>

Among those heroic Texas fathers whose sacrifices, patriotism, suffering, and danger are a part of frontier history are men of God, priests and preachers, through whose faith, work, and courage the church, a free institution, was established in Texas. A part of the story of the life and work of some of these heroes is recorded in Hunter's *Frontier Times*.

Any consideration of the church in early Texas and the men who established it must, from necessity, begin with Spanish colonial missions established in the beginning of the Eighteenth Century to Christianize and educate the Indians. In 1718, Mission San Antonio de Valero, which was to become internationally famous as The Alamo, was authorized. Between 1720 and 1731, the Franciscan Friars established four other missions: Concepcion, San Francisco de la Espada, San Jose de Aguayo, San Juan Capistrano. All of these are still standing.

There were, however, other missions established which are today only crumbling rock walls or scattered stones. The San Gabriel or San Xavier Mission which was located approximately nine miles northwest of Rockwall was one of these. Its story began in 1744 with Father Francisco Mariano Dolores,<sup>4</sup> a missionary priest at what is now The Alamo. In his search for friendly Indians that he could perhaps persuade to go with him to the San Antonio de Valero Mission for religious instruction, he came upon a large encampment near the junction of what is now called the San Gabriel River and Brushy Creek. The Indians, friendly

to Father Dolores, were enemies of the Apaches. Despite the padre's efforts, the Indians would not go with him to the mission. They did promise to go there to visit him later, and they kept their word. Several visited at the site of the mission but refused to go into it. They told Father Dolores that they would be pleased to have him come to their country and establish a mission for them. This was all the encouragement he needed. He went to work, and by 1748 had received an order from the Mother Church to establish the mission. After several Apache raids, a fort, or presidio, was built nearby. Father Dolore's efforts to establish the San Gabriel Mission and to make it a success were untiring, but he labored under great difficulties. Besides the raids from the Apaches, representatives from other tribes persuaded the Mission Indians to go on the warpath against the Apaches despite the teachings of the padres concerning peace. Smallpox epidemics and scarcity of food and fresh water frightened the Indians and turned them from the religious teachings. When two of the padres were murdered, one by a bullet, the other by an arrow, superstitions concerning the mission increased in importance. They talked of seeing a ball of fire rising above the presidio, moving toward the mission to the spot where the murders had been committed, then circling the mission and returning to the presidio and bursting into sparks with a loud noise. They were afraid of a river that had dried up and refused to flow even after rains. After a second smallpox epidemic, most of the Indians left the mission.

In July, 1775, the officers and soldiers of the presidio petitioned for permission to move anywhere there was good water. They listed among their hardships illness, lack of medicine, poor shelter, little food, and the fact that the rain in the vicinity had not filled the river and thus water was not fit even for washing. The next month, the San Xavier mission and the Presidio San Xavier were moved to a site on the San Antonio. Here it was to remain until the viceroy decided the ultimate disposition of both.<sup>5</sup> In the meantime, Father Mariano Dolores, who had labored without rest for years, had become so ill and weakened by fatigue that he had been forced to retire to San Antonio to regain his health.<sup>6</sup> Even though he was ill, he continued to plan the work of his church in Texas and to enter into open discord with Father Terreros.<sup>7</sup>

In spite of this conflict between Father Mariano Dolores and Padre Alonso Giraldo Terreros,<sup>8</sup> the Mission San Saba, officially known as San Saba de la Santa Cruz Mission, was placed under the direction of Father Terreros. Built in 1757 and known as the San Saba Mission, its rock walls fallen and scattered, it stands today a crumbling monument to the interest of the Catholic Church in the Texas frontier and to the heroism of the padres who labored there. The mission offers as much physical evidence of being a fortress as it does of being a citadel to God. Located

a half mile up the San Saba river from what is now Menard, the mission was built of rocks carried on the backs of buffalos from a far distance. A high rock wall enclosed an area of about five acres. The buildings housing the mission were in one corner of the area. Because there was no long timber to reach from wall to wall to form the roof, the buildings were very narrow. According to legend, a great bell was received at the mission but was never put into place. Some people believe that it was buried on the grounds, but all attempts to find it have failed. Although the San Saba Mission was built in Apache country and the friendly Apaches were pleased with it, they refused to stay there for any length of time. Very soon after the mission was established, Father Terreros admitted in letters to his superiors that he was much disappointed in the character of the natives and that he was discouraged about the prospects of successful mission work. Nevertheless, he and his two companions remained there and continued their work with the Apaches.

Father Terreros and his companions were not aware of the fact, but the friendship of the Apaches was due in part to their using the Spaniards as allies against their enemies. When the other tribes heard that the Spaniards were the allies of the Apaches, they united against both Spaniards and Apaches. The Apaches learned of the approaching danger and gave warning. Terror followed, but little was done to protect the mission because all the men were needed in the presidio. The hostile tribes, several thousand strong, under the command of a Comanche chief, appeared strong, at the mission March 16, 1758, and by pretending friendship obtained admittance. They plundered and burned the buildings. Father Terreros was shot and killed and Father Santiesleban beheaded. How many others died is not known. History records that three persons escaped to the presidio which withstood the attack. In the years following, the presidio was in a state of seige as the Indians attacked almost daily. The Church made one attempt to restore the mission and to reinforce the presidio. This failed. In 1767 the San Saba Mission was permanently abandoned. Its history is factual proof of the failure of the Catholic Church to convert the Apaches.

Although the San Saba Mission had proved a dismal and tragic failure through no fault of theirs, the faithful sons of Saint Francis were unshaken in their firm determination to continue labor in behalf of the ungrateful Apaches. To shield them from their inveterate enemies, the northern tribes, two of them [Father Terreros and Father Santiesleban] had gladly suffered martyrdom. They had disdained the safety of the presidio, because they were battling for the souls of all Indian savages. No better example of unselfish purpose and devotedness to sacred duty for the planting of Christianity is to be found in the history of the propagation of the faith along the entire northern frontier of New Spain than that furnished by those zealous soldiers of Christ, some of whom became the sacrificial victims of the flaming and bloody holocaust of San Saba.<sup>9</sup>

During the remainder of the eighteenth century and into the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, the Catholic Church continued its work in

Texas.<sup>10</sup> It was not until the nineteenth century, however, that the Protestant Churches began their work on the Texas frontier. One of the heroes of this work was Z. N. Morrell,<sup>11</sup> who sometimes introduced himself as a canebrake Baptist preacher and said there were some who were rude enough to refer to him as a wildcat. The name had been given to him because "of his fiery temperament, impulsive nature and courage."<sup>12</sup> He had lived in Tennessee until his health had forced him to move. After an exploratory trip in December, 1835, he moved his family to Texas in April, 1836, and first settled near the Falls of the Brazos. There the family built a log cabin and cultivated a few acres. Because of the Indian raids and the disturbed state of affairs after the fall of the Alamo and the Goliad Massacre, as well as the fact that his health was improved and he wanted more opportunity to preach, the crippled frontiersman moved his family to Washington-on-the-Brazos. The fort there offered some protection from the Indians and there was need for a store, which he opened. There, in 1837, he and seven other persons "organized the first Baptist Church in Texas . . . on strictly gospel principles, having the ordinances and officers of ancient order, with no anti-missionary element in its body."<sup>13</sup> As the pastor, Morrell held regular services in the crude little church. It has been said that the Protestant Church gained a foothold in Texas largely through his effort and the efforts of a few other pioneer clergymen like him. The times called for fearless men. Indian raids on communities were common; inhabitants were killed, houses burned, stock driven off. Travelers were not safe. Knowing these facts did not deter Morrell from riding alone two days for ammunition when the supply at the fort was low.<sup>14</sup> He once volunteered to go with a party of surveyors on an expedition into the lands of the fierce Karankawa Indians. While on a side trip with another member of the party, a trip which Morrell considered safe enough, the two met a young Indian boy. Morrell insisted on treating the young Indian as a friend. When they returned to their camp, they found the Karankawas in Charge. The Indians had disarmed the surveyors and were threatening them with death. As Morrell pleaded with the leader to spare the lives of the white men, the young Indian boy he had met and made friends with appeared, recognized him, and peace was made.<sup>15</sup>

Fighting was far from his calling, but the preacher became an Indian fighter when he was needed. In the midst of the battle of Plum Creek, he left the fighting when he heard a woman scream. Running in the direction of the sound, he found a Mrs. Watts of Linnville, who had been captured by the Indians. She had been shot in the breast with an arrow which she was trying to pull out. Morrell tried to help her, but soon decided only a doctor could remove the arrow. He found the doctor, who was able to remove the arrow after cutting the flesh away from it.

Mrs. Watts lived and Morrell received several letters from her in the years that followed.<sup>16</sup> The minister also fought against the Mexican forces in the battle of Salado. After the battle, when the Mexicans began to retreat toward Mexico, they carried their Texas prisoners with them. Among the captives was Allen Morrell, the minister's son. Moved by his desire to save his son and the other prisoners, Morrell joined the pursuing army of Texans that followed the retreating Mexicans. Along the Hondo, the Texans overtook them and charged them. The Baptist minister was in the front of the fight. The main battle, however, was scheduled for early the next day, but the Mexican army slipped away that night. The minister insisted on pursuing the Mexican forces and continuing the fighting, but the expedition was abandoned. As a fighter, Morrell was equally as effective on the homefront. Next door to the Baptist church in Washington-on-the-Brazos there was a saloon where the rowdies, who wanted Washington to be free from Morrell's influence, gathered to hold mock church services in order to disrupt the real service in the church. The minister, with defiance in his eyes, faced the men and demanded that they stop their disturbance or fight him. A seasoned Indian fighter whom the men recognized stood beside the minister and added, after Morrell had finished his speech, that he too would fight them if necessary. The saloon crowd made no further disturbance. When Texas became a state in 1845, Morrell put aside his arms and gave his full time to church work, traveling over much of the central part of the state, organizing churches and preaching. In 1845, he had a part in the founding of Baylor University at Independence in Washington County. "The fury that moved him to undertake almost anything and the courage that never failed him made him a dreaded antagonist . . . known among his enemies as 'Wild-cat' Morrell."<sup>17</sup>

Although a cripple and hampered by ill health, he participated in numerous engagements with the Indians and Mexicans and made significant contributions to the founding and stability of the Baptist work in Texas. His *Flowers and Fruits From the Wilderness*, an account of early Texas Baptist history interwoven with his personal experience, was published in 1873.<sup>18</sup> His influence in the Baptist Church and the Protestant faith is a part of the religious history of Texas.

In 1846 another fighting churchman, Lyman Wight,<sup>19</sup> came to Texas to establish his church, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. The Mormon Church had been founded in 1830, only sixteen years before, in Kirkland, Ohio. As early as 1844, the Mormons were working on a plan to take possession of a new territory in Texas. A delegation appeared before the Texas Congress and asked for permission to buy the country "north of a west line from the falls of the Colorado River to the Nueces; thence down same to the Gulf of Mexico and along same to the

Rio Grande and up same to the United States Territory.<sup>20</sup> Here the Mormons wanted to establish the home of the Church, be recognized as a separate nation, and help Texas in her struggle against Mexico. The plan, however, was set aside when the founder of the church, Joseph Smith, and his brother Hyrum were arrested for treason and murdered in jail by a mob in Carthage, Illinois, June 24, 1844. The question of who would assume leadership of the Church was debated. Among the five strong contenders were Brigham Young and Lyman Wight. Young was finally recognized as the leader and was followed by all the church leaders except Wight and two others. Instead of following Brigham Young, Wight began to plan to migrate to Texas with his followers. On March 28, 1846, with a company of about 150 men, women, and children, Wight started down the Mississippi in four homemade boats. They crossed the Red River at Preston, Texas, in early November and spent the winter in Georgetown, in Grayson County. In April they crossed the Trinity River three miles from Dallas and reached their location on the Colorado near Austin on June 6, 1846. Here they built the first power-driven grist mill ever seen in the country and thus became public benefactors. For years afterwards the springs located at Mount Bonnell, where the grist mill was built, were known as Mormon Springs. The Mormons also built the first jail, as well as several houses, in Austin. Two years after they settled, a flood destroyed their mill; the colony moved four miles below Fredericksburg. Six weeks later a grist mill and a lumber mill were in operation, houses were built, and land was ready for cultivation. Wight named the town The City of Zodiac. The German settlers in the nearby new town of Fredericksburg were enthusiastic about the Mormons because they worked, lived peacefully with each other, and gave employment to the new German arrivals who were impoverished in a strange land. Here the Mormons lived in harmony not only with each other and the German settlers, but also with the Indians who surrounded them. These pioneer industrialists with their peculiar religious zeal constructed a strong stone fort, cultivated farms which were irrigated and separated by stone fences, built neat houses and barns and a good broad road. When The City of Zodiac was destroyed by a flood on the Peder-nales in 1850, the Mormons moved to their third location in Texas, on Hamilton Creek, about fifty miles up the river in Burnet County. Here they were in open warfare with the Indians, and they became less well known for their industry and religious zeal and better known as fearless frontiersmen and Indian fighters. In 1853 and 1854, driven by their desire to win converts to their religion and members to their church, Wight and his followers wandered through Llano, Mason, Gillespie, Kerr, and Bandera counties. In the late winter of 1854 they founded a community twelve miles from Bandera which they named Mountain

Valley. Here they spent their usual energies, making improvements, and fighting Indians as they had at Hamilton Creek. About the Indians, Levi Lamoni Wight, one of Wight's sons, wrote in his journal:

They finally took and retook our horses until we sawe them no more . . . Of our neighbors the men were often killed, the children carried off to suffer torture worse than death. I could recite many instances of horror about the bloody deeds of those savages.<sup>21</sup>

In this pioneer outpost of civilization, the last established and held by the Mormons in Texas, Lyman Wight continued to be their leader and fighter. When the Indian hostility became almost unendurable, he wrote in 1855-1856 straight-forward, sincere letters<sup>22</sup> filled with misspelled words to Major Neighbors of the State Militia and to Governor Elisha Pease, insisting that the state should help the pioneers in their struggle to live. To Governor Pease on March 7, 1856, he wrote the following:

While Congress is spending six or eight months to find out whether it is best to reinforce the army or not, the Indians are killing men, women and children and driving off large quantities of stock and nothing to hender [sic]. We make this one more appeal to Government [sic] and if this fails we have but one alternitive [sic] and that is to abandon the frontier altogether [sic].<sup>23</sup>

During the next year, 1858, the last year of his life, his leadership qualities were still evident in a letter he wrote to a nephew in which he said that he was fighting to keep Texas from becoming "a place for the satir [sic] to dance,"<sup>24</sup> and he was planning an evangelistic campaign through Mexico and Central America. He did not live to carry out his plan, but his call to the state for help for the pioneers was soon answered.

In 1878, the Reverend William B. Bloys,<sup>25</sup> a Presbyterian minister, came to Texas from Tennessee in search of health and settled at Fort Davis. Because Indian terror was now history, he did not have to be a fighter as well as a preacher. He was, therefore, free to give his full time to his religious work and thus serve as a connecting link between the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Soon after he arrived at Fort Davis, he organized a Presbyterian church and became the pastor. He delivered his sermons so earnestly, eloquently, and proudly that the cowmen from all around came to hear him. His preaching and his concern for others caused those who heard him to love him and to want to work with him. He soon began to enlarge his territory, crossing the ranges to isolated ranches to speak the word of God. He would drop in any hour of the day or night, hold a religious service, baptize the children in whatever faith the parents requested, ask direction to the next ranch, and move on. He moved slowly until a ranchman gave him a great team of horses, and then he traveled everywhere in that vast land. He was ahead of his time too, really far into the twentieth century; for although he was a Presbyterian minister, he belonged to every denomination, and denominational interpretations meant nothing to him.

One day in 1880 he stopped at John Mean's home to visit the family and to hold a meeting. The two men talked about the need for getting



THE REV. AND MRS. WILLIAM B. BLOYS  
(Photo courtesy of The Fort Davis Historical Society)

the people together, and the next Saturday night held their first service: Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Christian — interdenominational, as Brother Bloys said. They cleared out the brush, built a little arbor, and had a two-day meeting. These ranch families soon decided they should buy the grove. At two dollars an acre, the section would cost \$1,280, a considerable sum in 1880. The ranchers were poor; they were just starting their herds; but they raised the money in one sitting. Then they started the improvements which Brother Bloys planned. He selected the rough lumber, planed it himself, and helped to build the meeting house, for he was a carpenter as well as a preacher. The idea of the Camp Meeting grew until, by 1889, the people who were responsible for buying the land and making the improvement at Skillman Grove, that bit of mile-high mountain and sky and meadow in the heart of the Davis Range, invited all the people of West Texas to the meeting for a week. The Bloys Cowboy Meeting is still being held each year under the direction of the Bloys Camp Meeting Association. The third and fourth generations are carrying on and upholding the traditions of the camp meet-



TABERNACLE AND TENTS—BLOYS CAMP MEETING GROUNDS  
(Photo courtesy of The Fort Davis Historical Society)

ing: food is free, furnished by the ranchers, as it was in the beginning; there are no collections;<sup>26</sup> and the meeting is always opened with the same song—"How Firm a Foundation." There is nothing sensational about the preaching, but literally thousands come each year. The old timers still



THE "TOOTHPICK TREE"—BLOYS CAMP MEETING GROUNDS  
(Photo courtesy of The Fort Davis Historical Society)

talk about Dr. Bloys. They tell how, in the beginning, the men knew little about the Bible and were ashamed of their ignorance, but he would laugh at them and tell his story of the two lawyers. One of them bet he could say the Lord's Prayer without a break and the other called him. The first started off, "Now I lay me down to sleep." When he finished, the other man said, "Well, Joe, you did it. I didn't think you knew it."<sup>27</sup>

It has been said that if Judge Roy Bean was the law west of the Pecos, the Rev. William B. Bloys was the gospel west of the Pecos. Dr. Bloys died in 1917. The next year the Bloys Camp Meeting Association erected a monument to his memory near the meeting house he helped to build.

The Church on the frontier demanded men of strong faith, untiring effort, and great courage. Father Dolores, Father Terreros, Z. N. Morrell, Lyman Wight, and William B. Bloys were such men. Their life and their work as recorded in Hunter's *Frontier Times* and history place them in the front rank of Texas heros.

#### FOOTNOTES

1. One of the three Texas magazines founded and edited by J. Marvin Hunter, Senior: *Hunter's Magazine*, 1910-1912; *Hunter's Frontier Magazine*, 1916; *Frontier Times*, 1923-1954.
2. J. Marvin Hunter, Sr., "The Purpose of the Magazine," *Frontier Times*, I (October, 1923), 32.
3. *Ibid.*, 32.
4. Phillip Mantor, "The San Gabriel Mission," *Frontier Times*, III (February, 1926), 34-35.
5. Carlos E. Castañeda, *Our Catholic Heritage in Texas, 1519-1936* (Austin, 1938), III, 376.
6. *Ibid.*, 273.
7. *Ibid.*, 396.
8. "Old Mission San Saba," *Frontier Times*, VI (July, 1929), 426-427.
9. Castañeda, *Our Catholic Heritage*, 409.
10. *Ibid.*
11. Ed Kilman, "Wildcat Morrell, Canebrake Preacher," *Frontier Times*, XIII (June, 1936), 444-449.
12. *Encyclopedia of Southern Baptist*, eds. Norman Wade Cox et al. (Nashville, 1958), II, 925.
13. Z. N. Morrell, *Flowers and Fruits From the Wilderness* (Boston, 1873), 77.
14. *Ibid.*, 55-58.
15. *Ibid.*, 103-105.
16. *Ibid.*, 130-131.
17. Kilman, "Wildcat Morrell, Canebrake Preacher," *loc. cit.*, 449.
18. *Encyclopedia of Southern Baptist*, II, 925.
19. Ted Thompson, "When the Mormons Came to Texas," *Frontier Times*, V (May, 1928), 324-327.
20. *Ibid.*, 327.
21. *Ibid.*, 326.
22. Marvin Hunter, *The Lyman Wight Colony in Texas* (Bandera), 23-26. This pamphlet of thirty-seven pages was printed by the Bandera Bulletin for the Frontier Times Museum. Bandera, Texas.
23. Thompson, "When the Mormons Came to Texas," *loc. cit.*, 326.
24. *Ibid.*, 327.
25. Max Bentley, "The Gospel West of the Pecos," *Frontier Times*, I, 6 (March, 1924), 4-7.
26. Walter Prescott Webb, ed., *A Handbook of Texas* (Austin, 1925), I 177-178.
27. Bentley, "The Gospel West of the Pecos," *loc. cit.*, 4.

## DOWN THE CHIHUAHUA TRAIL WITH WISLIZENUS

notes by EUGENE O. PORTER

(PART FOUR OF FOUR PARTS)

[Editor's note: In the Spring, 1973, issue of *PASSWORD* your editor, speaking of the Wislizenus article, noted in footnote 5, page 30, that "there never has been a reprint" of the work. A letter from David J. Weber, Professor of History, California State University, San Diego, states that this isn't true. He writes: "Two reprints exist. One, with an introduction by Jack Rittenhouse, was published in 1969 in Albuquerque by Calvin Horn. The other was published about the same time by Rio Grande Press. I hope that you will call this to the attention of your readers."

We wish to thank Professor Weber for this information. We are always desirous of correcting errors. Incidentally, California State University, San Diego, is a member of the El Paso County Historical Society and therefore receives *PASSWORD*.]

*August 15.*—From El Paso there are two roads leading to Carrizal,<sup>42</sup> an intermediate town between it and Chihuahua. The one follows the river yet for about 40 miles, and unites with the other road near Lake Patos; the second leaves the river at Paso, and leads over the so-called sand hills, to Carrizal. The first is more circuitous, but the only practicable road for loaded wagons; the second is shorter, but on the sand hills quite impassable for common teams. On both of them water is rather scarce, but more so on the first, where from the last camp on the river to Lake Patos, a distance of 60 miles, no water can be expected in the dry season. Mr. Speyer had taken the first road; our company preferred the second, because we had but four small wagons along, and we would gain from 20 to 30 miles travelling by it. From want of water we had nothing to fear, as the rainy season had commenced, and daily showers provided us with a greater abundance of it than we liked.

On the first day we started rather late from Paso, but yet made 24 miles without rest. To our right was a mountain chain running, probably of limestone: to our left, the receding valley of the Rio del Norte, which takes here a southeastern direction, and from which a high chain of mountains will soon separate us entirely. Our road passed over a wide plain, covered with mesquite, and similar shrubbery. It was strewn with two kinds of limestone; the one of the same character as I had seen in Paso, and the other of a chalk-like appearance, probably a fresh-water limestone. Pieces of the first were frequently enveloped by a white crust of the latter. We camped near the road in the plain, with tolerable grass and plenty of rain-water.

*August 16.*—Travelled this morning but eight miles, and halted, with good grass and rain-water. Ahead of us were the much-dreaded sand hills, (*los médanos*,) an immense field of steep sand ridges, without shrub or vegetation of any kind, looking like a piece of Arabian desert transplanted into this plain, or like the bottom of the sea uplifted from the deep. Several springs, I am told, are found near the sand hills; and it is not at all unlikely that this whole ground was once covered by a lake. One spring in particular, forming a water-hole at the foot of the sand hills, and called *ojo de malayuque*, is known as a usual camping place on our road, but we stopped before reaching it. Though we shall pass but the lowest depression of the hills, near their western limit, it will nevertheless be a hard day's work, and we prepared our animals for it by a long rest.

About noon, while we were encamped, a thunder-storm came on, as usual in the rainy season. It rained awhile, and towards the end of the shower, the thunder disappearing in the distance, I perceived a most remarkable phenomenon in the mountains to our right, about 10 miles distance. Three pointed flames, apparently from one to two feet high, and of whitish lustre, were seen at once on a high barren place in the mountains; they lasted for about 10 minutes, and disappeared then as suddenly. The Mexicans told me that this phenomenon is not uncommon in these mountains, and that such a place had once been examined, and a crevice found, around which the grass was burnt. The popular opinion among the Mexicans seems to be, that such flames indicate silver mines. There can be hardly any doubt that the phenomenon is connected with electricity; but whether an inflammable gas, that emanates from a crevice, is ignited by lightning, or an unusual quantity of free electricity is developed by local causes, or superficial metallic layers should have some influence in producing it, are questions that can only be solved by a repeated and careful examination of the localities and circumstances. In the afternoon we commenced our march for the sand hills. For six miles we had to travel over a sandy and hilly country, before we reached the sand hills proper, which are here six miles wide. On the first part of the road I saw rocks of a reddish brown porphyry, encrusted sometimes with chalk-like limestone, but no more pieces of limestone. The form of the mountains, too, on our right, more resembles igneous rock than limestone. Having arrived at the foot of the sand hills, we commenced travelling very slow. There was nothing around us but the deepest and purest sand, and the animals could only get along in the slowest walk, and by resting at short intervals. At last my animals were exhausted; they would move no more, and we had not reached half of our way. In this dilemma I put my own riding horse to the wagon. Mr. Jacquez lent me some additional mules, and forward we moved again. In the meantime dark night had

come on, illuminated only by lightning, that showed us for awhile the most appalling nightscene — our wagons moving along as slow and solemn as a funeral procession; ghastly riders on horseback, wrapped in blankets or cloaks; some tired travellers stretched out on the sand, other walking ahead, and tracing the road with the fire of their cigarritos; and the deepest silence interrupted only by the yelling exclamations of the drivers, and the rolling of the distant thunder. The scene was impressive enough to be remembered by me; but I made a vow the same night, that whenever I should undertake this trip again, I would rather go three days around, than travel once more over the sand hills with a wagon. About midnight, at last we reached the southern end of the sand hills, and encamped without water.

*August 17.*—On better road, we travelled this morning about 12 miles, and halted at a pool of rain water. The soil becomes now firmer, contains more clay than sand, and makes as good a wagon road from here to Chihuahua as if it were macadamized. The plain through which we travel is east and west, lined by mountains, and is 15 to 20 miles wide. The mountains are timbered by a few scanty cedars, and some pine trees; and geological formation is granitic and porphyritic. The grass becomes every day better, and looks as fresh as in spring. The so-called gramma grass, which grows here very fine, is especially liked by our animals. A small catapillar covered it in great numbers. On the mesquite shrubs, too, some insects become very common, a great many *spectra* especially, and a large *centipede* of flattened form and dark brown color.

In the afternoon we travelled 15 miles more and camped again in the prairie, with plenty of rain-water. About five miles before we went to camp, I made an excursion to a cave to the left of our road. The cave was in a small isolated mountain, composed of amygdaloidal basalt and porphyritic rocks. It was towards sunset when I approached it, and the mountain, with the grotto, looked quite mysterious. Two ravens, sitting before it on high palmillas, seemed to guard the entrance, and an owl flew screaming over my head as soon as I dared to enter it. Inside I found a small lake of pure fresh water, with sediments of limestone, but it was already too dark for further examination.

*August 18.*—Made in the morning 15 miles, and camped again in the prairie, on a water pool. In the forenoon we passed *Ojo Lucero* (Venus spring,) and *Laguna de Patos*, (lake of geese.) The first is a fine spring, only a hundred yards to the left of our road. The water comes out of a small, sandy basin in the prairie, but with considerable force; it is clear and soft in taste; the temperature of the spring was 77.5° Fah., while the atmosphere in the shade was 81° Fah. A little creek, formed by it, crossed the road, and spread to the right of it into a small lake. Some miles ahead, to the left of our road, but more distant from it, a larger

lake is seen in the plain, the Laguna de Patos; it is the outlet of the Rio Carmen. Between the Ojo Lucero and lake Patos, but to the right of our road, rises a square mound, some 20 feet high, and on its level top a warm spring boils up in the very center. The presence of many similar springs in this valley proves that there is no absolute want of water here, and Artesian wells would most likely strike a large subterranean water basin.

Near the lake Patos the two roads from El Paso meet again. Opposite to our noon camp to-day, in the western mountain chain, rose an isolated mountain of very singular form; at the base conical, on the top flat, and sufficiently large for a fort. This conspicuous mountain is seen for a long distance. In the afternoon we travelled 12 miles more, and reached *Carrizal*, the only town on the road from Paso to Chihuahua. We camped in the the place. Carrizal is a small country town: it was formerly a presidio or fort, and has therefore a wall yet around it, and some soldiers in it; but for all that, it is not safer from the Indians than without them.

*August 19.*—We stayed this morning in Carrizal, because one of the wagons had to be repaired, and started about noon. Made 15 miles, and camped again near the road. In the distance of about 10 miles we passed the *Ojo Caliente*, (warm spring.) It is a clear, pure water, in a large basin of porphyritic rocks, with sandy bottom, out of which many warm springs come to the surface. The thermometer, placed in the springs, showed 82° Fah.; the atmosphere, 84.5°. As an outlet from the basin, a creek runs into the Carmen below. Near the springs is a whole ridge of porphyritic rocks, containing some limestone, and no doubt connected with the springs. The basin, with its lukewarm water, affords a most comfortable bath, but we had no time to try it. About one mile south of the Ojo, we crossed the *Rio Carmen*, quite a river at that time, but in the season generally without a drop of water. The Carmen comes southwest from the mountains. This peculiarity of Mexican water-courses in drying up entirely, and swelling to rivers again, must be ascribed partly to the regularity of the dry and rainy seasons, partly to the deep sandy beds of the creeks, and to the general dryness of the country in soil and atmosphere.

*August 20.*—Travelled to-day in rainy weather, without stopping, about 30 miles—a most fatiguing march. We camped, as usual, in the prairie, with plenty of rain-water, excellent grass, and sufficient wood from shrubs. Near our night camp, I understood, some miles west on the mountains, is a fine spring, called *Chaveta spring*. The grass in the rainy season grows wonderfully fast, much more so than in other countries in the spring, because the season is warm. The rainy season is here the real spring for vegetation. In the spring months the grass, though it may grow some, will always be dry and fallow; but as soon as the rainy season

commences, a good observer can almost see its daily growth. The rainy season brings forth at the same time most of the flowers of the prairie, and resembles in that respect, also, the spring of other climates.

*August 21.*—Took an early start and marched 20 miles before we halted in the prairie. Passed this morning the *Ojo de Callejo*, (at present a creek,) which comes from the near mountains to our left and crosses the road, but in the dry season a mere spring, that must be followed up to the mountains. About four miles south of it, and about one mile east of the road, I was informed, exists another spring in the mountains, the *Callejito* spring.

The prairie was to day covered with more flowers and of more brilliant colors than I had seen for a long time. The grass was fresh as ever; the mountains, too, heretofore naked, cover themselves with a green coat of grass. This whole valley, or rather plain, from Paso to Chihuahua, seems fertile enough to raise many millions of stock, and in former times they raised larger numbers; but at present the wild Indians are the lords of the country, and the Mexicans are becoming impoverished more and more.

Our noon camp is the highest point, according to my barometrical observations, on the road between Paso and Chihuahua; its elevation above sea is 5,317 feet. Every afternoon, generally, we encountered a thunder storm, with rain; but to-day, while we were on the march again, it was severer than ever; the rain poured down in torrents, and quits a creek to the depth of several feet ran over the road, whose firm soil, however, allowed us to travel on till we arrived on a hill near the head of the *Laguna de Encinillas*, and camped, (eight miles.) There was neither wood in our camp, nor any use for it, as it rained all night.

*August 22.*—The rain ceased in the morning, but the road was worse than yesterday. The plain over which we travelled was about 15 miles wide, and a large lake was on our right. This "*Laguna de Encinillas*," as it is called, is one of those remarkable lakes so common in Northern Mexico, with considerable afflux of water, but without any outlet. With the freshets of the affluent waters they rise of course, and fall again in the dry season. Although the water of the creeks and rivers that run into them is fresh, the water in the lakes has generally a salty, brackish taste, and the surrounding country is covered with *tequesquite*, or alkaline salt in a state of effervescence, which is used for fabrication of soap. The peculiarity of these lakes allows of similar explanations as those I have given in relation to the rivers. The extensive sheet of water formed by lakes on level ground and the great dryness of the atmosphere cause an unusual evaporation, and the dryness and porosity of the soil a rapid imbibition. The lake of *Encinillas* extends in its greatest length from north to south, and is, according to the season, from 10 to 20 miles long;

at present I estimated it about 15; the breadth, on an average, is three miles. West of the lake of Encinillas, our road was winding through a level plain, elevated about 5,000 feet. In the afternoon it commenced raining again; and after a most tiresome march, during which I had to put additional mules to my wagon, I arrived late in the evening at "*el Peñol*," a large hacienda, (28 miles from last night's camp.) The creek of the same name passing by the hacienda is the principal affluent of the lake of Encinillas; by the rains it was swelled to a torrent, and its roaring waves, rushing over all obstacles, sounded in the stillness of the night like a cataract.

*August 23.*—The distance from *el Peñol* to Chihuahua is about 40 miles. The Mexicans of our company prepared to go there in one day; Mr. Wiek and myself preferred to make it in two days, and we stayed therefore, with our wagons and servants, behind. We travelled in the forenoon about 12 miles, weather and road getting better. Near the western mountain chain we perceived several settlements, haciendas, and villages—*Encinillas*, for instance, on the southern end of the lake, and *Sauz* further south. In the afternoon we made 10 miles more. In the latter part of our march we reached a creek called *Arroyo Séco*, (dry creek,) but it was now so far from being dry that we could hardly cross it. This creek flows towards the east, and falls some miles below into the Sacramento. From *Arroyo Séco* we travelled about three miles, till we reached the valley, of the *Sacramento*, the famous battle field six months afterwards.<sup>48</sup> Of the valley, since that time, so many accounts have been given, with drawings and illustrations, that I consider it useless to expatiate on the locality; but a few remarks may not be out of place, to recall it to the reader's memory.

The mountains above the Sacramento approach each other from the east and west, and narrow the intermediate plain to the width of about six miles; and on the Sacramento itself, where new spurs of mountains project, to about three miles. The road from the *Arroyo Séco* to the Sacramento leads at first over a high plain; but as soon as the Sacramento comes in sight, it descends abruptly to its valley and to the left of the creek. Near where the road begins to descend, a revine, with an opposite long hill, runs to the left or east of it, and a level plain spreads out to right or west of it. On the hill towards the east was a continuous line of batteries and entrenchments, and the principal force of the Mexican army was there collected. On the opposite plain from the west, the American troops, who had above the *Arroyo Séco* already turned to the right of the road to gain a more favorable position, advanced in open field against their entrenched and by far more numerous enemies. How the American artillery with the first opening of their fire struck terror into the Mexican ranks; how the brave Missourians, then on horseback

and on foot, acted by one impulse, rushed through the revine up to the cannon's mouth, and, overthrowing and killing everything before them, took one battery after the other, till the whole line of entrenchments was in their possession and the enemy put to complete flight; how they crossed from there to the Sacramento and stormed on its right bank the last fortified position, on a steep hill, till not a Mexican was left to oppose them, and all their cannon, ammunition and trains abandoned to the victors—these are facts well known in the history of this campaign, and will immortalize the brave volunteers of Missouri. Little did I dream, when I reached on that evening the lonesome valley, that six months afterwards the cannon would roar here, and that the blood of the Mexicans would stain the clear water of the creek. My only trouble then was the same creek, which had swollen to such an extent that wherever I rode in, my horse had to swim. It was therefore impossible to cross it with the wagons to-night, and we camped on the left bank near a small enclosure of rocks, containing some springs and cotton trees. The springs which I examined with the thermometer, had a temperature of 67° Fah., while the atmosphere was 59° Fah. The elevation of this place above the sea is 4,940 feet, which makes it 300 feet higher than Chihuahua. For the first time we had a clear night again, and without rain.

*August 24.*—During the night the river had so considerably fallen that I could this morning ride over without swimming; and having found a good ford, we crossed with the wagons. There is a farm-house on the other side, el rancho de Sacramento; it lies at the foot of the steep hill, where the last defence was made by the Mexicans. I examined the rocks composing the hill; they were porphyritic and trachytic of many different colors—red, blue, white, and gray. From here it is about 20 miles to Chihuahua. The road leads over a level plain, widening again below the Sacramento mountains. In the plain grows mesquite and other shrubbery; the mountains east and west of the valley are steep, rough, and apparently formed by igneous rocks. About half way from Sacramento to *Chihuahua* we got the first sight of the city. I was taken at once with the beautiful site of the place. The mountains from both sides meet there in the middle, as if they intended to shut up the valley; and amidst this circle of mountains lies Chihuahua, with its churches and steeples, with its wide and clean streets, with its flat roofed, commodious houses, with its aqueduct and evergreen alameda—there it lies, as bright, shining and innocent, as if it were a city of "brotherly love"—but my enchantment should not last very long. In the afternoon we entered the city. A crowd of ragged loafers and vagabonds received us at the entrance as "Tejanos," (Texans,) the usual abusive appellation to Americans. The officers of the customhouse examined the contents of my wagon very carefully, and were rather at a loss how to account for the

various instruments, packs of plants, and heaps of rocks that I carried with me; however, they let me pass. I stopped at the American hotel in Chihuahua, kept by Messrs. Rittels & Stevenson,<sup>44</sup> and became soon acquainted with most of the foreign residents there. From them I learned for the first time, that there was no prospect of peace; that General Wool was ordered to Chihuahua, and that in consequence of it great excitement existed in town. There was a Mexican war party in Chihuahua, and a more moderate party. The then governor of the State belonged to the latter party; but on the next day after my arrival he abdicated, or was rather forced to abdicate, to make place for the leader of the other party. Such bloodless revolutions, brought on by intrigue and money, had been so common in Chihuahua, that the State was sometimes ruled every month by a different governor. Under present circumstances the change of government was more important to the State, as well as to the foreign residents of Chihuahua. The new governor, chosen by the war party, was Angel Trias,<sup>45</sup> a man conspicuous for his wealth, for his hatred against the Americans, and for his ambition of power. His inauguration took place with military and ecclestical pomp, patriotic sentiments increased rapidly, and occasionally a "death to the Americans!" was heard. The war fever soon grew very high; volunteers were drilled every day, and paraded through the streets; a foundry for cannon was established, ammunition provided for, and threats against the lives and property of foreigners became very common. Paying no more attention to those war-like preparations than I could help, I pursued, in the meanwhile, the scientific object of my excursion to Chihuahua by collecting plants, examining the geological character of the surrounding country, and making in the yard of my dwelling barometrical and astronomical observations. The prospect of the continuation of my journey to California was at present rather gloomy. However, General Wool's army could be expected in Chihuahua within a month; and if the excitement during that time should become too high, I intended to retire to some more quiet place. As I had presented the passport which I received in New Mexico from Governor Armijo to the authorities of Chihuahua, and they had acknowledged and countersigned it, I entertained no doubt that I was at liberty to leave the place again whenever I chose.

On *August 29*, five days after my arrival in Chihuahua, an occurrence, trifling in itself, brought me in contact with the Mexican authorities. Several days back I had told my servant to clean my guns and pistols, which still remained loaded, and I had advised him to do it on the first sunny day. When I asked the landlord, an old resident of Chihuahua, for a suitable place to discharge them, he showed me to a corner of his court-yard; and upon my inquiry if there was not anything illegal or improper in shooting them off here, he made light of my scruples and

assured me that neither the one nor the other was the case, and that travellers were almost daily in the habit of doing so. My servant accordingly discharged the guns this morning, and he selected this day for no other reason than because it was the first clear and sunny morning. Unfortunately, on the same day an express arrived from New Mexico with the intelligence that the American troops under General Kearny had taken possession of Santa Fe. The citizens of Chihuahua, not expecting any thing less from Governor Armijo than that he would make all the Americans prisoners, as he had formerly that handful of famished Texans, were quite exasperated at the news, and could explain this result but by treachery. Their patriotism was at its height, and looked for some vent. Some either malicious or stupid Mexicans, seeing in my barometer probably a courage meter, and in my sextant a paixhan, had several days ago spread a report over the town that my scientific observations aimed at a military plan of the open and unfortified city, and that I was sent ahead of the American army as a spy. The discharging of my guns afforded a new opportunity for their lying propensities. Though the guns had been fired off in a remote corner, without any knowledge of the recent news, without any spectators except some Mexicans who passed through the yard, and without the least demonstration of any kind to warrant such an opinion, the same Mexicans reported that a salute had been fired in honor of the victory in Santa Fe; whereupon fifty brave Mexicans applied to the government for permission to break into my apartments and take away my arms by force. The privation of my arms would have exactly suited their plan of a general mob against the Americans, which they fixed already for tonight. But the governor, whatever blunders he may have committed, being a man at least of nobler feelings than the Mexican rabble, refused their request and preferred the legal way. A warrant was then issued by a judge for the man who had fired off the guns. As my servant had done it in accordance with my orders, I took the responsibility of course upon myself, and appeared before the court. Having examined several witnesses, pro and con, the judge perceived that there was not the least foundation for such a denunciation, and acquitted me. Notwithstanding this, the long talked of mob against the Americans came off that same night. I have been somewhat minute in relating these trifling matters—more, perhaps, than will interest the public — for the reason that a young *Englishman*, from *Missouri*, who arrived some weeks after me in Chihuahua, and was protected there by his *English* passport,<sup>46</sup> wrote an exaggerated, and in many particulars untrue account of it to St. Louis, Missouri, where it was published, and found its way into several newspapers.

But let us return to our mob. A Mexican mob is not that short, off-hand, killing affair that it is in the "far west" of the United States; it

is rather an uproarious meeting, a somewhat irregular procession, arranged with a certain decency, and executed, more from love of plunder than thirst of blood. In the evening, after dark, a large crowd assembled on the "plaza;" haranguing speeches were made, the alarm-bell was rung, and with tremendous enthusiasm the mass moved towards the American hotel, selected as the first point of their attack. The large front-door was forthwith bolted, and we awaited their attack within the yard. Our whole garrison, myself included, consisted of but four men, all well armed, and resolved to defend themselves to the last. The mob commenced by throwing rocks against the door; but when they found it too strong, they satisfied themselves with abusive language and with patriotic songs. At last the governor interfered, and the crowd, though for hours yet collected around the hotel, abstained from further violence. I must so far do justice to the governor as to say that he disapproved in public the mob, and blamed the Mexicans for these outrages; but, at the same time, I cannot conceive why he did not entirely prevent the mob, as it had become a topic of conversation during the day, and he must have known about it.

Although the first mob had failed, the excitement continued, and new threats and insults were of daily occurrence. Six American residents of Chihuahua, mostly merchants,<sup>47</sup> who were principally exposed, applied therefore to the government of Chihuahua, which either could not or would not afford the sufficient protection for passports to retire to Sonora. After some negotiations they received passports for Cosihuirachi, an out-of-the-way place about 90 miles west of Chihuahua, under the condition that they had to stay there under the control of the prefect, and that they were not allowed to leave the place without special permission from the governor of Chihuahua.

On *September 6*, the Americans left Chihuahua for Cosihuirachi, escorted there by a military detachment. I thought it time now for myself to leave the place, which had become too hot for scientific researches, and to look out for some safer point; but when I asked for my passport, I was for the first time informed that I could not at present leave either the State or the city of Chihuahua; in other words, I was a prisoner of state, without knowing it. Mr. Speyer had in the meanwhile arrived with his caravan, and was also exposed to numerous vexations. His men were all disarmed before they entered the city. At first, he should not leave Chihuahua at all; at last, they allowed him to go to the southern frontier of the State, but without any Americans in his service, &c. Mr. Speyer was too well acquainted with Mexican manners and character, and had too much at stake, not to hold out against all those molestations; and by management he gained one concession after another, till he was at last out of their power and on his way towards the south of Mexico.<sup>48</sup> But,

I for my part had no inducement to go further south. Some of my friends, respectable merchants of Chihuahua, called once more, in my behalf, on the governor, and offered even their personal security for me, but to no avail. In this dilemma I considered myself privileged to take "French leave," and had already made preparations, when, on the eve of starting, an English resident of Chihuahua, Mr. J. Potts, offered me his intercession with the governor. Mr. Potts is proprietor of the mint.<sup>40</sup> I had made his acquaintance in Chihuahua, and found him quite a scientific and obliging gentleman; besides that, he was, of all the foreigners there, the most influential with the governor. From the short acquaintance I had with him, I could not ask such a favor, but when voluntarily offered to me, I did not hesitate to accept it. By his kind intercession I received that same day a passport for Cosihuiriachi, under the same conditions as the other Americans, with the additional clause to abstain from all correspondence injurious to the interest of the State of Chihuahua; a proof that my commission as a "spy" still occupied their minds. I received my passport on the evening of

*September 11.*—The same night I left Chihuahua, the sprightly city, which I had loved at first sight, but had now become disgusted with on account of the unjust treatment from the Mexican authorities and the licentiousness of the cowardly mobocracy. Within two days I was at the place of my exile, in Cosihuiriachi.

#### EXPLANATORY NOTES

42. Carrizal is about 90 miles south of Juárez, Mexico. The *Reglamento* of 1772 which provided for the complete reorganization of the northern defenses of New Spain ordered, among other things, the presidio of Nuestra Señora del Pilar y Glorioso San José which had been established in present-day Juárez in 1684 to be moved to Carrizal. The move was made in 1774. The complete title of the *Reglamento* is *Reglamento e instrucción para los presidios que se han de formar en la línea de frontera el Rey N. S. en cédula de la de septiembre de 1772.* — Francisco R. Alamada, an., *Informe de Hugo de O'Conor sobre el estado de las provincias internas del norte, 1771-1776* (Mexico, 1952), 52-55.
43. The battle of Sacramento was fought about 20 miles north of Chihuahua City on February 28, 1847 and lasted three and one-half hours. The American casualties out of 924 effectives were one killed and eight wounded, one mortally. The Mexican casualties numbered about 300 killed and as many wounded out of a force of 4,000. This battle opened Chihuahua City to Doniphan's troops and they entered it the following day after a skirmish which lasted only about thirty minutes. Casualties were light, not more than seven to fourteen on either side. — Bancroft, *History of Mexico*, vol. v, 408; — Drumm, *Diary of Susan Magoffin*, 217n, 223.  
For a plan of the battle of Sacramento see Hughes, *Doniphan's Expedition*, 154.
44. "Rittels" was actually Benjamin Riddels who resided in Chihuahua City as early as 1840. At times he served as American consul. — Max L. Moorhead, *New Mexico's Royal Road; Trade and Travel on the Chihuahua Trail* (Norman, Okla., 1958), 117n.
45. Angel Trías was not only one of the wealthiest men in Chihuahua at that time but also one of the most powerful. He had traveled in the United States and Europe, spoke English, French, and German, and had held a number of offices

- from city alderman to Congressman of the republic, supreme court justice and governor of the state. — Moorhead, *New Mexico's Royal Road*, 115n.
46. The Englishman was very likely Lt. George Frederick Ruxton of Her Majesty's 89th Regiment who was making a pleasure trip northward through Mexico. He published his experience in a book titled *Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains* (New York, 1848). Three years later he published in Edinburgh, Scotland, *Life in the Far West*. — De Voto, *The Year of Decision*, 270.
47. Three American merchants who were in Chihuahua City when Wislizenus arrived — Frank McManus, Dr. Henry Connelly, and James Oull — are named by Drumm, *Diary of Susan Magoffin*, 4n.
48. For what happened to Speyer, see above, page 31, fn 20.
49. Mr. John Potts in addition to being proprietor of the mint was president of a mining company and also the acting English consul in Chihuahua. It is strange that Wislizenus did not mention these facts. Hughes stated that Mr. Potts "claimed to be acting English Consul at Chihuahua," — Drumm, *Diary of Susan Magoffin*, 229n; Hughes, *Doniphan's Expedition*, 163.

There is an old Mexican saying that a person whose hair and beard colors do not match cannot be trusted.

General Ignacio Zaragoza, the hero of Cinco de Mayo (1862), died a few weeks after the battle, on September 8, in Pueblo of typhoid fever.

Bright Angel Creek and Dirty Devil River are tributaries of the Colorado River.

El Paso's Concordia was named by Hugh Stephenson, very likely for his earlier home in Missouri.

The primitive music of Indians far surpassed the musical expression of the white man in every phase but one, namely, that of harmony.

The sobriquet for Apaches was Ishmaelites, descendants of Ishmail, the son of Abraham and Hagar and hence a social outcast.

The Apaches hated and feared the Comanches but they often joined forces in raiding south of the border.

The Apache fiddle is similar in appearance to the one-stringed fiddle of the Chinese.

The Navajos always burned the house in which a person died.

## HERITAGE HOMES OF EL PASO

### The Burges House

by HARRIOTT HOWZE JONES

The house at 603 West Yandell Blvd. was built in 1912 by J. E. Morgan for Richard Fenner Burges. It was remodeled in 1927 under the direction of architect O. H. Thorman. The house has two stories, a white stucco finish, and four columns of modified Doric order. It is symmetrical in form with a hipped shingle roof and wide overhangs. The under part of the overhangs and the woodwork of the doors and windows are painted a dark green. The house stands on a terrace like many houses in the Sunset Heights section of the city.

Entering the house through the front door one sees a wide, gracious hall from which rises a staircase. To the right is a large room with an open fireplace. The front wall of the room has a bank of windows and the other walls are lined from floor to ceiling with books. There is another library across the back of the house. On the left of the hall, as one enters, is a spacious dining room. On the second floor, before the remodeling, were six bedrooms and a sleeping porch. A large garden is at the back



603 West Yandell

of the house. Four generations of the family have made this house their home.

Richard Burges was born in 1873 in Seguin, Texas and came to El Paso in 1893, and became a lawyer. In 1898 he married Ethel Shelton who had come to El Paso with her family in 1886 from Brandon, Mississippi. They had one daughter, Jane Rust. Mrs. Burges died in 1912 while the house was under construction.

When the family moved into the new home, Mrs. Burges' sister, Marie Shelton Howe and her husband and children lived with them. Mr. Howe was a lawyer and later for many years Judge of the 34th District Court. Mrs. Howe was one of the most beloved women in El Paso. In 1964, when she was eighty-eight years old, she was elected to the Hall of Honor of the El Paso County Historical Society. (PASSWORD, Vol. ix, No. 4.)

Mrs. Howe's election was justly deserved because of her many contributions to the community. She was a public school teacher; President of two different PTA's; a teacher in Sunday School; President of the Woman's Organization of the First Presbyterian Church; a member of the choir, Chairman-Director of the Woman's Department of the Chamber of Commerce; and an active member of the Pan American Round Table, the Woman's Auxiliary of Texas Western College, and of the Bar Association. She also was active in politics.

With all of these activities, Mrs. Howe did not neglect her family. She was a mother of four children, grandmother of ten, and great-grandmother of sixteen. There were about 200 others who were privileged to call her "Aunt Marie." The Howe children who were reared in the house were: Marian who married Francis Broaddus; Walter; Ethel Irene who married James E. Rogers; and Richard.

Jane Rust Burges married Preston Perrenot. About four years after their marriage they moved into the house. Their children who were reared there were: Mary Austin who married Roderic Fraser; Richard Burges Perrenot who married Josephine Marrero from Cuba; and Anne Shelton who married Jerald Georges. Mrs. Perrenot lives in the house now and has had it made into a duplex. The second floor is occupied by her grandson, William Burges Hooten, and his wife. Through the years other children and grandchildren have made their home at 603 West Yandell. There have been twenty-three weddings and/or wedding receptions held there.

Richard Burges was for some years associated with his brother, Will, in the practice of law, specializing in irrigation law. He was Associate Counsel for the United States during the Chamizal Arbitration meetings with Mexico in 1911. In 1915-16 he was President of The International Irrigation Congress. At the beginning of World War I he raised a com-

pany of volunteers and served as their captain and later major. He also served in the Texas Legislature. Perhaps his greatest accomplishment was his instrumentality in obtaining the land and money to construct Elephant Butte Dam. In 1963 he was named to the Hall of Honor of the El Paso County Historical Society. (PASSWORD, Vol. viii, No. 1.)

Another interesting and important achievement of Major Burges was his contribution to making the Carlsbad, New Mexico, caverns into a national monument. In 1924 while on a business trip concerning the division of the water of the Río Grande between Texas and New Mexico, he saw in the lobby of his hotel some photographs which showed the Carlsbad Caverns. He inquired as to how he could see them and was put in touch with Jim White, their discoverer. White took Burges down into the abyss in a guano bucket, hung on a strong rope. They had flares and could see some of the marvels and Major Burges became very much excited. He had been to Mammoth Cave and to the Luray Caverns but recognized from the little he had seen of Carlsbad that it was more marvelous and probably more enormous than any other cavern in the world. On his return to El Paso he wrote an account of his discoveries for *The El Paso Times* and sent the article and photographs to the Department of the Interior and to the *National Geographic Magazine*. This led eventually to making the Carlsbad Caverns a National Monument. (See Barbara Hooten Lockett, "Richard Fenner Burges and the Carlsbad Caverns," PASSWORD, Vol. xv, No. 3 (Fall, 1970), 83-89.)

Richard Burges died in 1945. His daughter, Jane Burges Perrenot, treasures the seven or eight thousand books her father had collected, which include the classics in English, Latin and Greek, books on religions of the world, poetry, history, the best fiction, and a complete set of El Paso City Directories. The directories are a valuable aid to those doing historical research. Mrs. Perrenot has inherited her father's love of books and has served on the Library Board of the El Paso Public Library for years. In 1962-63 she served on "Mission '73" of Texas Western College, the purpose of which was to make a ten-year plan for the improvement and advancement of the college. In 1973 she gave to the public library an addition to the Southwest Arts Room.

Major Burges always held "Open House" on Christmas day for his many friends, and his daughter has continued the custom. Hospitality has been the watchword at 603 West Yandell and it stands today ready to welcome any of the children and grandchildren who were reared there. Thus many, many people think of this house as their home.

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South Pass, famous old emigrant gateway to the Far West, lies at the south end of the Wind River range in western Wyoming.

## SOUTHWESTERN ARCHIVES

*An Interview About Interviewing: The Institute of Oral History*

by LILLIAN COLLINGWOOD

On the third floor of The Library at The University of Texas at El Paso is a small but attractive suite of offices which house the Institute of Oral History. This Institute is funded under the Josephine Clardy Fox Endowment and is directed by Dr. John H. McNeely, Professor of History at the University.

This past October I had the pleasure of interviewing the Institute's Associate Director, Mr. Robert Novak, recently arrived from the state of New York and the holder of a Master's degree in Inter-American Studies from the State University of New York at Albany. Mr. Novak, incidentally, is the only full-time staff member of the Institute, Dr. McNeely being assigned to half-time teaching duties and the three "work-study" student assistants serving the Institute in part-time clerical tasks.

The Institute of Oral History at the local university, Mr. Novak explained, has been in existence for about two years, and has been actively engaged in its own research for about one year. It aims primarily to apply the techniques of oral history which have been developed at such institutions as Columbia University and The University of Texas at Austin to the unique situation in El Paso. At present the Institute possesses some 115 separate taped interviews, which range in length from one side of a single tape up to four or five entire reels. Much of the material has already been transcribed to typescript.

"Why do you transcribe the tapes?" I asked in my innocence.

"To make the tapes more usable for scholars and researchers—the tapes themselves being very valuable, but enhanced by 'copy' of the recorded voice," was Mr. Novak's sensible reply.

The Institute is working on a number of general projects, such as, for example, Regional History, Regional Art, "Chicano" Material, Early Days at the University of Texas at El Paso.

Among the holdings dealing with Regional History are a number of taped interviews with "senior" residents of this area—Juárez, Las Cruces, El Paso—who, for example, either participated in the Mexican Revolution or who recall childhood memories of the Revolution's bullets which either literally or metaphorically whizzed past them. Mr. Novak described a particular interview recently held with Mr. Charles Armijo, a local gentleman in his nineties, whose vivid recollections of some of the activities of Pancho Villa's soldiers add a personal and enriching dimension to the determinable facts.

The material dealing with Regional Art includes taped interviews with such local artists as Manuel Acosta, Raymond López-Aleman, Eugene Thurston, William Kolliker, and Louis Krupp. The tapes which fall

under the general heading of "Chicano" materials do not so much contain interviews as taped speeches and press conferences. Mr. Novak cited a tape of a speech given by Mr. Cesar Chavez to a group of Farah strikers. Preserved thus, observed Mr. Novak, is not only the substance of Mr. Chavez's speech, as well as the particular turn of his "revolutionary rhetoric," but also the sweep of vocal tones and crowd response—a drama of pause, timing, rising action, and denouement. In my mind's eye, I could see a scholar at some distant date listening to this tape and finding it immensely valuable in his study of, say, early Chicano-ism in El Paso.

Mr. Novak also mentioned, not without a bit of pride, a sort of "catch-all" category—including, for example, an interview with Sam Donaldson, an ABC news commentator who recently visited his boyhood home. El Paso and its environs; the tape of a paper delivered at a Regional Library Conference, held at The University of Texas at El Paso, on the impact of libraries of the recent Supreme Court rulings on pornography; a series of interviews with several tribal officials of the Tigua Indians; interviews with several prominent Latin American authors talking about the state of literature today.

When asked to describe the methodology employed in obtaining a taped interview, Mr. Novak outlined the steps. Someone on the staff of the Institute hears about a person whose father, say, came to El Paso as a child stricken with tuberculosis or as a young official with the newly-arrived Southern Pacific Railroad. This staff member recognizes a potential in such a person's memories of the tales his father told him, gains his permission for a taped interview, performs certain legal technicalities (the person to be interviewed signs a form stating that the interview is being taped in the interests of scholarship), gives the person to be interviewed a list of general topics scheduled for discussion in the interview, prepares himself in the subjects to be covered, meets with the person and asks such questions as allow that person to talk—while the tape recorder turns. After the interview, a rough transcription of the tape is made and sent to the person who was interviewed for any needed corrections in, say, the spelling of personal and place names. Finally the tape is formally transcribed to paper; and then the tape and transcript are filed and indexed under a variety of subject-headings so as to make the interview accessible to scholars.

I sat in rapt attention while Mr. Novak talked about the work of the Institute of Oral History; and when later I reflected on what I had heard, I was struck anew with the power of the human voice. There in a third-floor aerie which commands a handsome view of The Library's courtyard, the past—the personal, human, day-to-day past—fuses by means of tapes and transcripts with the future: History "talks" to all of us who want to listen.

## BOOK REVIEWS

### THE EL PASO SALT WAR 1877

by C. L. SONNICHSEN

(El Paso: Texas Western Press, 1973, hardback \$5.)

Professor Leland Sonnichsen since the 1930s has had an inordinate interest in "feuding and fighting" in the Southwest, for these feuds seem to be such an integral part of the folklore which intrigues this grassroots historian. Several of Sonnichsen's books use feuds and fights as background material and two of them, *I'll Die Before I'll Run* (1951) and *Ten Texas Feuds* (1957), have become classics on the subject. Like some of the feuds, the books refuse to die or be forgotten.

The printing history of *The El Paso Salt War 1877* proves that a Sonnichsen feud book endures. Originally, the story was Chapter 6 in *Ten Texas Feuds*, published by University of New Mexico Press. Because this tale had such localized interest, Carl Hertzog and Texas Western Press took the chapter, gave it deluxe typography and José Cisneros illustrations, and issued it in both a hardback and paperback in 1961. The volume sold so well that within a few years it was out of print and the hardback commanded a premium price whenever a copy was available.

This year, Texas Western Press issued a reprint of their 1961 edition, using paper and binding similar to the original. The typography and art is identical. It is especially fitting that this book be kept in print, for it was one of the first (along with the Jaybird-Woodpecker affair) that Sonnichsen wrote. It stands up well as an example of Sonnichsen's ability to infuse historical material with new life as he narrates the past. If you are fortunate enough to have a first edition of the *Salt War*, keep it. If not, then you will want to obtain a copy of this reprint edition for your Southwestern library. *University of Texas at El Paso.*

— EVAN HAYWOOD ANTONE

### THE CHILD STEALERS

by FRED GROVE

(Garden City, New York: Doubleday & Co., Inc., 1973.)

Lt. Roan Kimball's orders were somewhat cryptic: "... proceed without delay by stage to Fort Washita, Indian Territory . . . Upon arrival . . . report to the commanding officer for further orders." He was somewhat amused by the mystery but in this uneasy summer of 1860, he was happy to be moved from Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, a section of the country torn by the bitterest discord, to more predictable country.

Upon arrival at the western outpost of Fort Washita, however, Lt. Kimball's orders were clear indeed. He was placed in charge of Indian scouts and told to find and destroy the renegade, known only as Sanaco, and to stop his traffic in white hostages.

Lt. Kimball's mission is scarcely under way before he witnesses the tragic episode from which the title of the book is taken. A white child, stolen by Indians, is returned by an intermediary to her father, who has sold all he

possesses to pay for her return. The child fits the father's description perfectly. She is blond, blue-eyed and bears a deep scar near her eye. But the scar is a fresh one and the pitiful child is a poor substitute for the one who had been stolen six years previously.

Only one man could so ruthlessly mutilate a victim—Sanaco. And, his sense of outrage sharpened by what he has seen, Lt. Kimball pursues his adversary with vigor.

Lt. Kimball's desperate mission and its successful outcome make a thrilling western adventure of love and hate and near tragedy. Not the least of his perils involves his love for the commanding officer's beautiful wife. The older man's undisguised hatred threatens to destroy Kimball's mission. Tension mounts and he is forced to fight desperately for his honor, his integrity and his life.

The *Child Stealers*, although fiction, has presented such a typical picture of life in the west at this period, that it was felt to be worthy of review. Fred Grove for his novel *Comanche Captives* won the Western Writers of America Spur Award, the Oklahoma Writing Award and the Levi Strauss Golden Saddleman Award in 1961. He has also written the novels, *Buffalo Springs*, *The Buffalo Runners* and *War Journey*. The *Child Stealers* will make its readers eager to read these novels also.

*El Paso, Texas*

—MARY ELLEN B. PORTER

## ROB'S GUIDE TO EL PASO AND JUAREZ

by ROBERT E. SKIMIN

(El Paso, Texas: Rob's Enterprises, 1973, \$1.95)

Robert Skimin's *Guide to El Paso and Juárez* is a new and entirely different approach to the concept of tourist guide books. Hand-printed and illustrated by the author, the little book presents in a most humorous fashion, high lights of the history of the area, as well as the usual points of interest for the tourist.

For the elucidation of the casual traveler to these parts, the beginnings of El Paso and Juárez are briefly outlined. Sprinkled throughout this condensed version of the history are stories of Pancho Villa, Cochise and Geronimo, Dallas Stoudenmire, Billy the Kid, John Wesley Hardin, Pat Garrett and the complete roster of gun slingers that illuminated, though briefly, this dark border. The pen and ink sketches that illustrate these characters are excellently executed and truly lifelike in their depiction.

Highlighted for the tourist's interest and information on the Mexican side of the Río Grande are the Juárez dog races, bull fights, the outstanding Pronaf cultural and shopping center and famous eating and night spots. Points of interest in El Paso include Sunland Park, the University, Tigua Indians, Civic Center, various civic theater houses, San Elizario's new Adobe Horseshoe theater restaurant and thumbnail outlines of night life in the Sun City.

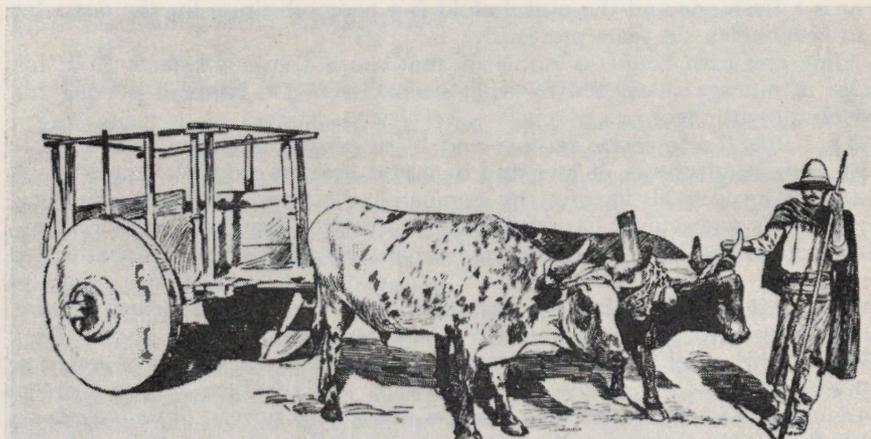
Robert Skimin is a native of northern Ohio, a retired Army officer who has adopted El Paso as his home. He has also written *Los Toros*, a condensed version of the *corrida*. Perhaps the highest compliment one might pay to the guide book is that the old timer, native to this area, after perusing it, wants again to go out and view the scene.

*El Paso, Texas*

—MARY ELLEN B. PORTER

## HISTORICAL NOTES

### Early Transportation in the West



La Carreta

The first wheeled vehicle in the Southwest was introduced by the Spaniards. It was the *carreta* which has been described as "a box pinned to cross members and an axle." It rolled on two rimless wheels made



The Pembina Buggy

from a slice cut from an oak log through which an eight-inch hole for the axle had been chisled at a reasonable approximation of the center.

From Pembina on the American side of the Canadian border came the Pembina Buggy which was very likely of French (Normandy) origin. Actually, the only difference between the buggy and the *carreta* lay in the wheels. Those on the buggy were spoked rather than solid which made it lighter and more maneuverable. Otherwise it was the same rickety contraption. According to one writer, the creaking of the unlubricated wheels of both vehicles was "hellish, horrifying, and nerve-wrecking." It was "like no other sound you ever heard in all your life and it made your blood run cold."



The Handcart

In the early years the Mormon emigrants making the great trek over the "Mormon Trail" to their Rocky Mountain Zion, moved in trains of wagons. For the more destitute Saints, however, the comforts and conveniences of the wagon were unattainable. So, beginning in 1856, handcarts were pressed into service to carry food and personal baggage. The carts varied in size and quality of construction but each consisted of two wheels, some with iron tires, an axle, a shaft and a wooden box. The vehicle usually weighed about sixty pounds and, when drawn by two persons, could carry a 500-pound load.



The Stagecoach

The stagecoach, associated with the pre-railroad West, originated in England as the "coach and four" during the reign of Queen Elizabeth I (1558 - 1603). It was brought to the American colonies in the late seventeenth century and by the end of the colonial period all thirteen colonies were enjoying a measure of coaching service.

The stagecoach moved westward with the advancing frontier. By 1820 it had made its appearance west of the Mississippi River and by mid-century it was in monthly service between Independence, Missouri, and Santa Fe, New Mexico. Eight years later, 1858, Butterfield's Overland Mail Coaches were passing through El Paso on their way to California. (Photos by Cmdr. M. G. McKinney)

— *The Book of the American West*

Thomas Corwin, United States Minister to Mexico, 1861-62, proposed that Mexican lands be used to colonize 5,000,000 American blacks.

The first school census of El Paso was taken in 1883 and showed "207 school-age Anglo-Children, 116 Mexican-Americans, and 11 Negroes."

Scenic Drive (El Paso) was built with the aid of chain-gang labor in the early 20's and paved with the aid of WPA labor in the 30's.

Bryson, *The Land Where We Live*.

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