

PASSWORD



THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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EL PASO, TEXAS

FALL, 1974

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PASSWORD

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EUGENE O. PORTER, *Editor*

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There were two species of cowpunchers: those west of the Rockies and those east. Those west originated in California. They used centerfire or single-cinch saddles with high fork and cantle: carried a sixty or sixty-five foot rawhide rope and swung a big loop. They are described as "generally strong on pretty," using plenty of hoss jewelry, silver-mounted spurs, bits, and conchas.

The cowpunchers east of the Rockies originated in Texas. They "weren't so much for pretty." Their saddles were low horn, rimfire or double-cinch, their rope was of hemp and seldom over forty feet in length and they swung a small loop because they operated a great deal in brush country.

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EUGENE O. PORTER, *Editor*

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THE DRUMMER'S SPECIAL

by CHRIS P. FOX

FOREWORD

[Editor's note: Mr. John B. Clifford, a valued member of our Society, suggested that I write the story of the Drummer's Special. At the time I was busy with another article. But Mr. Clifford was insistent. Finally, I asked Mr. Fox, whose several contributions to *PASSWORD* have been very well received, if he would write the story. Fortunately for the readers of *PASSWORD*, Mr. Fox very kindly agreed. The result is an extremely interesting article and a very important bit of history of our Great Southwest. To Messrs. Clifford and Fox, many, many thanks!]

It is the writer's hope that this small effort will encourage the writing of the complete stories of the Copper Queen, Phelps-Dodge, and of the El Paso Southwestern Railway, referred to in the olden days as the EP&SW, which did a great job of developing the west-southwest of New Mexico and Arizona and the northern portion of the Mexican state of Sonora. The EP&SW with its general offices, general shops and its great people arrived in El Paso around the turn of the century, following by two decades the arrival of the Southern Pacific Lines into El Paso in May, 1881.

Right now may be the time to clear up a point that has become somewhat clouded during the past fifty years, namely, the acquisition of the EP&SW by the Southern Pacific Lines in 1924. The EP&SW was not in trouble. Far from it! It was simply a case of one railroad deciding that it didn't desire added competition. It was that simple. A mighty good price was offered and a deal was consummated. But enough of that! We hope that someone will tell the intriguing EP&SW story in greater detail. Meanwhile, we will go on to the famous Drummer's Special which is recalled by many with high regard and affection.

* * *

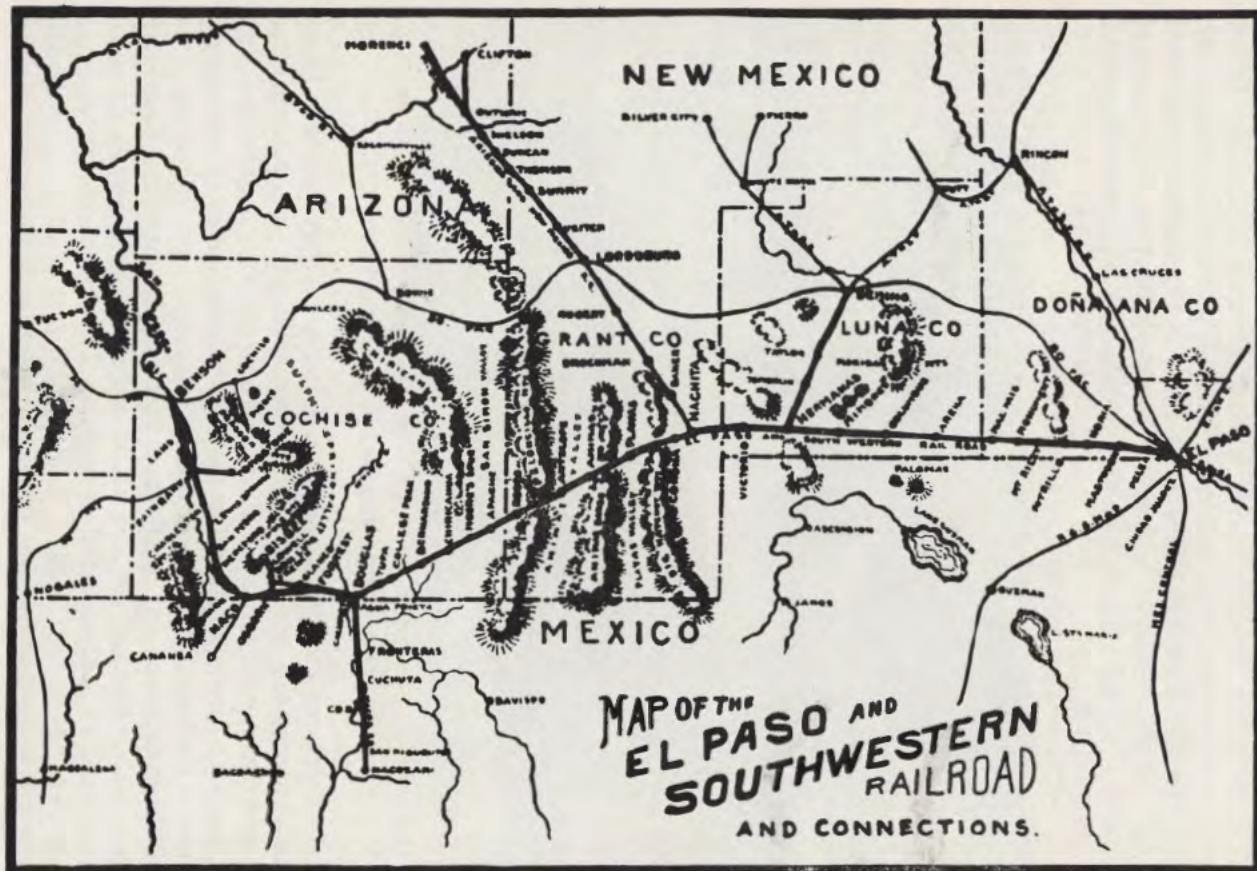
When you talk about or write about the Drummer's Special, you are in reality writing and talking about a lot of things, mainly good things. Years ago, out in this western country, particularly here with El Paso the hub of a vast trade area, with Yuma to the west and Flagstaff and Albuquerque to the north, traveling salesmen were called "drummers" for the reason that they were out on the road "drumming up business." Getting around this extensive southwestern country to sell goods, wares, merchandise, and to bring information from the "outer world" to those they served, was a difficult task. Traveling in itself was hard, part by rail, part by stagecoach, part by buggy, sometimes even by horseback and always by plenty of "Shanks-mare." Food and sleeping accommo-

dations were also on the "tough side" but even though traveling then was rugged, so were the salesmen. In fact, they had to be tough if they were going to stay in the game.

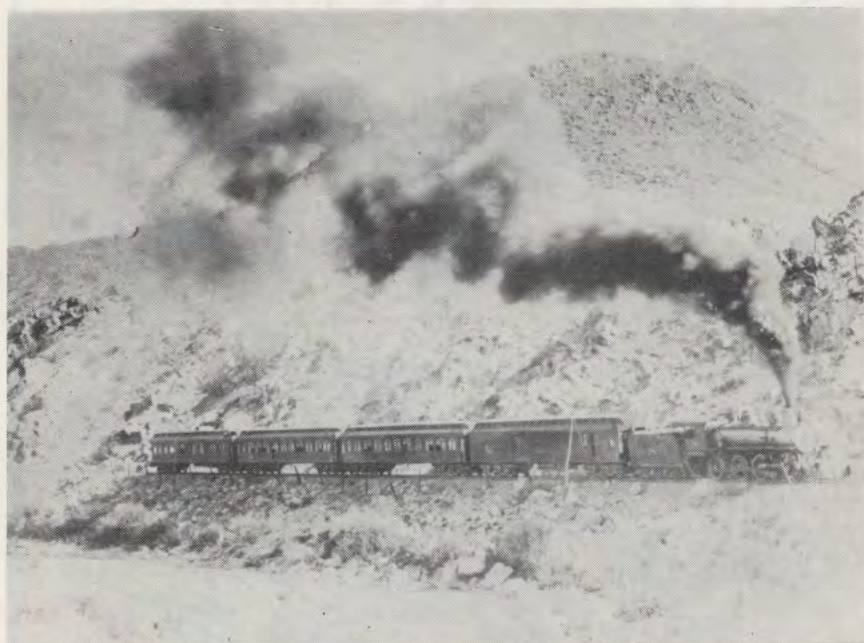
As previously noted, any article or story about the Drummer's Special, which operated as such around the turn of the century until about 1924, can become very, very much involved, which makes it quite easy for your thoughts becoming sidetracked with mental confusion taking over. So let's put it this way, the railroad vehicle which transported salesmen from El Paso to Douglas and return, was called "The Drummer's Special." For a time, it was only a chair car attached to the rear of a freight train moving between Douglas and El Paso, when they were moving the general offices of the EP&SW from Douglas to El Paso. It was then that the male heads of the families that were being moved from there to here, left their families in Douglas and commuted on week-ends until they became settled in this area. And, of course, salesmen, not to be denied any opportunity of moving back and forth to prospective customers, took advantage of the straight run between here and Douglas, instead of going from El Paso to Deming on the SP and through to Hermanas and Douglas on the EP&SW.

The first real Drummer's Special was a mixed train after headquarters were set up in El Paso, operating under the designation of No. 7 westbound to Douglas and No. 8 eastbound from Douglas to El Paso. It would be made up in the local yards with cars of freight that were to be delivered at points between here and Douglas and also there were cars of through freight to the far west. Before the Union Station was built, this freight train would move up to the EP&SW depot at Campbell and Franklin Streets where a baggage-express car and usually two chair cars, always one, and a Pullman would be attached; and it would move out of here around 8:00 p.m. arriving at Douglas the next morning at about 8:00, when the salesmen would unload like a covey of quail and scatter in all directions in their buggies, stagecoaches, hacks, and you name it, working the area of Douglas, Bisbee, Warren, Naco, Cananea, Agua Prieta and Nacozari. Some of the more venturesome would get over as far as Tombstone and work around the smaller mining communities. Indeed, it was up early in the morning and late to bed. They would leave there on the Drummer's Special eastbound train No. 8 on Friday night and arrive in El Paso on Saturday morning, to spend the rest of the day in their respective businesses, filling the orders they had taken.

Most of those who made the Drummer's Special run one week, would leave here the following Monday morning *via* the Santa Fe on a combination car to make the run "Around the Horn" which included Las Cruces, Hatch, Rincón, Nutt, Hillsboro, up to Santa Rita, Hurley, Silver



City, and back to Deming for some of them who would come on into El Paso on the SP after having worked the town of Deming. Others would reverse themselves and come back on another combination car. You can take it anyway you want to, folks, and as the son of one of the great traveling salesmen who made that territory, I know it was hard work but they all loved it, as it was a rewarding experience. They were building the West.



The Drummer's Special

In later years the Pullman on No. 7 went through westbound to Phoenix, Arizona, and was called the "Phoenix Sleeper" and a similar car would return each day to El Paso. By the way, don't get any idea that it was all a playboy activity on that Drummer's Special. True enough, some of the boys played checkers and a few might have flipped the cards till the early hours, and maybe some had a toddy or two but those were the working days and life was serious and throughly enjoyable for those who cared to produce a full day's work. They operated then, as good salesmen, on the premise that "the early bird got the worm." Good salesmen still go by that premise. I forgot to mention that those who arrived in Douglas on the Drummer's Special in the morning and planned on going down into the northern part of Mexico, to Nacozari and Cananea,

had to hook themselves on to a rather nondescript train, which, as one salesman said, "ran at random," getting down to where they were going the best they could *via* a combination car.

As time moved on, the EP&SW put together a five-car, solid passenger train which went on through Douglas to Tucson and also carried a Phoenix Sleeper. The timetable showed that it left here every evening at 7:30 p.m. and the eastbound train arrived at the Union Station at about the same time. We have a photograph of that train included with this story. The Drummer's Special, trains No. 7 and 8, faded out of the picture in 1924 when the Southern Pacific Lines bought out the EP&SW from Santa Rosa to Tucson.

Something else to recall is that when the great western developer and railroad promoter, Mr. Charles B. Eddy, finally hooked up with the Rock Island Lines at Tucumcari and later on sold out to Dr. James Douglas of the Phelps-Dodge Corporation, the famous Golden State Limited was formed. It ran from Chicago *via* the EP&SW from Tucumcari to Tucson and then on to Los Angeles *via* the Southern Pacific. Its return route was the same.

This story would not be complete if the background were not included. It is necessary, therefore, to clarify the parts played by Charles B. Eddy, the railroad promoter, Dr. James Douglas, the great developer of the Copper Queen, the Bisbee-Douglas area, the EP&SW, and the part played by coking coal.

Charles B. Eddy who was known to this writer when the latter was a little fellow and lived on Myrtle Avenue across the Street from him, had developed the Pecos Valley and had then turned his attention to a railroad that would go from El Paso up towards Carrizozo, New Mexico and tap the coal fields in that area. This line was built and called the El Paso and Northeastern but just as it was well under operation, the coal fields petered out, and there was Mr. Eddy with a railroad and nothing to haul. Being a man of resourcefulness as well as resources, he worked out a deal with the Chicago Rock Island and Pacific whereby he would build up to Santa Rosa, New Mexico (Tucumcari area) and the CRI&P would build from the western end of their lines at Liberal, Kansas to Santa Rosa, thereby establishing a through route from Chicago to El Paso. Unfortunately, this didn't generate too much traffic because with the coal seams pinching out and no further coal prospecting showing any results, Mr. Eddy was left with a lot of railroad on his hands and with empty cars. By the way, the two lines were connected in December, 1901.

As this was going on, however, some terrifically large and important coal deposits were discovered on the John B. Dawson Ranch on the

Maxwell Land Grant in northern New Mexico. So Mr. Eddy took an option to buy the Dawson Ranch even though it was in litigation. The lawsuit was settled and Mr. Eddy became the owner of the ranch and all of its coal early in 1902. This Dawson coal was fine coking coal but to get at it called for the building of a railroad from Dawson to the Rock Island Lines at Tucumcari, a distance of 132 miles with little or no other traffic potential along the route. Be that as it may, the road was built during the years of 1902 and 1903 and was called the Dawson Railway Company. The mines developed and the coal began to move on the Rock Island Railroad and some of it even got back as far as the Kansas City and St. Louis Gateways on other coal-burning railroads. But it developed that this was not enough traffic income, so Mr. Eddy was again suffering from the lack of profitable tonnage. Remember, however, he had a lot of coal that would *coke!*



The Dawson Coal Mines

The Phelps-Dodge people, before the turn of the century when they built their smelter at Douglas and started that tremendous copper operation, had to bring in smelting coke all the way from Huntington, West Virginia because most of our western coal *would not coke*. And the part that would was of such small quantity that it served no purpose. This West Virginia coke was hauled by eastern lines to the Kansas City Gateway where it was taken over by the Santa Fe. That road hauled it to Deming, New Mexico where it was taken by the EP&SW *via* their lines

through Hermanas, New Mexico to Douglas. If there was any delay in getting this coke from West Virginia, it would cause expensive smelter shutdowns at Douglas, so it really was a coke-lifeline and this, you must remember, was before the days of solid or unit train movement. With the increase of operations at Douglas, this item of freight for hauling coke all the way from West Virginia was mounting mightily and was of great concern to Dr. Douglas and his associates. Thus it was that Mr. Eddy approached Dr. Douglas and told him that he had a railroad from Dawson, New Mexico to El Paso, and that he was ready to sell it with all the coal and coke rights at Dawson. The price tag he put on it was not to Dr. Douglas's liking and as he was a pretty good jockeying-trader in his own right, he turned it down because he thought he had located some vast coal deposits up in northwestern New Mexico, the Farmington area, which is now referred to as the Four Corners Country.



Depot, Dawson, New Mexico

Eddy got wind of this and obtained a good cross section of the Farmington coal and had it tested. He learned that it *would not coke!* Shortly thereafter, Dr. Douglas, too, found that Farmington coal would not coke, so he got together with his associates and they came up with a deal that was satisfactory to Mr. Eddy. The sale was made, giving the EP&SW people a continuous rail line from Chicago and the Dawson Ranch in New Mexico and through the Tukumcari-Santa Rosa area to their smelters in Douglas and on to Tucson. Vast coke ovens were built at Dawson and it was not long before huge gondola cars with coke racks began to move through El Paso, and the coke haul from Huntington, West Vir-

ginia to Douglas was no more. It can be truly said, therefore, that coal and coke played a big part in the life of the Drummer's Special, later on to be given the formal name of the "Copper City Special," as the EP&SW people built their lines from Hermanas, New Mexico to El Paso. Those EP&SW people were great trainmen, names to be remembered today by old-timers, to many of whom we are indebted for assistance in putting this piece together.

I believe that the best summarization, the most accurate description of the later day Drummer's Special, that is, Trains No. 7 and 8, was given to me by Harry G. Stratton, District Traffic Representative of the Southern Pacific Lines, and presently living in Tucson. Here is what Harry had to say: "As a very young boy about 1921 or 1922, when my father worked for the EP&SW and my family moved from El Paso to Naco, Arizona, we rode the Drummer's Special to Douglas where the train terminated. It is my recollections that the train departed El Paso about 8:00 p.m., arriving in Douglas at 7:00 a.m. daily. It consisted of a baggage-mail-express car, two chair cars, and two pullmans, about a five-car train. Service from Douglas to Tucson, including Warren, Lowell, and Bisbee, was about three or four-car trains consisting of baggage-mail-express and chair cars, departing from Douglas after the arrival of the Drummer's Special, where the Phoenix Sleeper was hooked on, and arriving in Tucson before noon and returning to Douglas in the late afternoon in time to connect with the return Douglas-to-El Paso overnight train. The Drummer's Special went out of the picture when the EP&SW was consolidated in 1924."

Some of the early day engineers and trainmen were Charles A. Norton, R. R. Rhodes (reportedly there were five "Dusty" Roads on the line at one time), Cleave Irby, Harry Dow (also known as "Sadface Dow"), Ed Bouque, and then there were the Ash boys, AP, OA, Lee (AT, Terrill Ash who still resides in El Paso and has been most helpful in giving us names for this bit). Also there was C. A. Billman and, Oh yes!, there was another Ash, Alvin. Then there was C. W. (Cracker) Archer and John A. (Jack) Lundy, my late father-in-law who, at the time of his death, was senior conductor of the famous Golden State Limited, between El Paso and Tucson.

In those earlier times, there were many famous salesmen who worked in that territory from El Paso and I proudly put my father, Charles A. Fox, in that category. He was a hardware and machinery salesman for the Krakauer, Zork and Moye Company, now the Zork Hardware Company. Then there were Mr. James Keogh, George B. Ryan, Jay Harman, Homer C. Hirsch, and others. We should add that there was hardly a one who did not have an opportunity to buy stock in mines that were

going to "produce millions." I know that my father, like others of that time, had a little black box at home filled with the most beautiful colored different stock certificates you could imagine—and not one of them worth a dime. Of all the stock he had been offered, and I am sure that applied to others, there was only one that was worth a nickel. By that time, however, he had become stock-shy because of a promise to my mother, but that is another story which has as its chief actors Dr. James Douglas, the great Douglas of Phelps-Dodge and EP&SW fame, my father, my father-in-law, Jack E. Lundy, and one or two others.

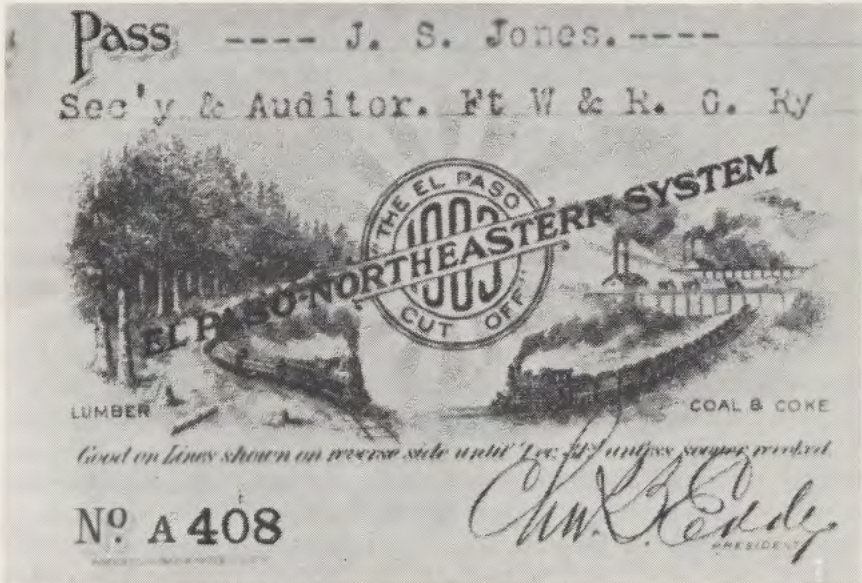
* * *

In the beginning days of the Drummer's Special the passenger-carrying equipment had coal stoves. In later days some of the passenger equipment was heated by steam in which case the passenger cars were put up next to the engine with the freight cars in the rear. Some may say that one could almost walk to Douglas faster than going on the train because it took about twelve hours to make the 217 miles, an average rate of travel of about eighteen miles an hour. That is understandable, however, when it is realized that the Drummer's Special was really a "courtier in the night." It stopped at many of the 28 stations between El Paso and Douglas and the crew could have to "break open" boxcars, unload less-than-carload shipments, and/or set out a car and do some switching, take on some empties, and maybe let off a passenger or two. Indeed, so much work was done in that twelve-hour period, in addition to moving the train over the road, that it could rightly have been called "The Work Special." As the Drummer's Special went through the night, it brought a touch of the outside world to many of those little places along the road and gave the inhabitants a sense of security and a feeling that they were still a part of things because, by golly, they were on the railroad and the train stopped at their station.

Some of the old-timers used to comment that it was a rough and tumble ride. Well, that is understandable, too, when one stops to think that for the time that the passenger equipment was fastened to the rear of the freight train, all those then loose couplings between the passenger car and the engine provided much slack, no matter how hard the engineer tried to take the slack out easily. To speak of engineers, there were two who were more widely known than many of the others, although they were all good men, and for sure. I knew two personally, Frank and Bob Armstrong. They were not brothers, nor related, but they were both engineers and were referred to by the late William G. Reid, former well-known and beloved Superintendent of Motive Power for the Southern Pacific in this area, as being "great runners." In fact, Mr. Reid said that

the Armstrongs could get more out of a locomotive than the factory built into it, quite a compliment. From personal knowledge, I know that both were "fast runners," too.

The last passenger timetable that the EP&SW System published in 1924, just prior to the take over by the Southern Pacific Lines, showed



Railroad Pass

Mr. W. C. Barnes as Traffic Manager at El Paso and Mr. John D. Mason as General Passenger Agent. It listed the "No. 7, Copper City Special Daily," leaving El Paso at 8:45 p.m. and arriving in Douglas the next morning at 8:00 a.m., with some added equipment going through to Tucson. But the equipment coming back from Tucson, east-bound for El Paso, left there at 8:00 p.m. and reached El Paso at 7:45 a.m., a hard-working eleven hours and forty-five minutes of railroad in the pleasant long ago. A long-time friend of mine, Mr. John W. Caldwell, a well-known druggist in Bisbee, Arizona, sent me the following information upon my inquiry for names of enginemen and trainmen. He came up with the following engineers: Charles R. Rodehammer, Ben Maiden, Sr., Robert Tummins, Frank Armstrong, Robert (Bob) Armstrong, David Streeter, Jack Chilins, Shorty Adams, and conductor James Powers. Many EP&SW crews lived in Douglas while equally as many lived in El Paso.

So in part, this is the story of the Drummer's Special which is no longer a courier in the night as it went off the board *circa* 1924. The ribbons of steel over which it travelled have since been removed between El Paso and Douglas and the road bed has returned to the cactus and sagebrush from which it sprang. But the embers of the Drummer's Special will always warm the hearts of those who rode its cushions or lived along the "south line."

* * *

Personal Note: I should like to thank the following persons for the information which they supplied and which formed the basis for this article: William J. Hooten, J. D. Jordan, D. F. D. F. Myrick, Dan Perazzo, L. D. Farrar, Robert D. Ellis, Homer C. Hirsch, John Armstrong, John W. Caldwell, Bob L. Morris, Mrs. Margaret Trowbridge Stephenson, F. W. Sharpe, Jr., M. L. Hunt, LTC Richard M. Twitchell, USA (Ret.), Aaron E. Loney, Richard C. Hagerty.

Sierra County, New Mexico, was created in 1884 when it was formed from portions of Doña Ana, Grant, and Socorro counties with the county seat at Hillsborough.

John B. Weller was the first U.S. Boundary Commissioner in the Southwest.

Francisco de Ibarra, following his expedition to the north in 1563-65, boasted that he had discovered a "new Mexico." Bancraft believes that it was very likely from this circumstance that the name New Mexico came to be applied in later years.

The driver's box on the stage coach was something like the ship-captain's table—one sat there only by special invitation from "His Mightiness."

HE CALLED HIMSELF D

by EUGENE O. PORTER

If D. Storms had a reason for adopting the letter D as his first and only given name, he did not reveal it during the forty-three years he lived in El Paso. Just when he made the change is not known but it was as early as 1890 because in that year he registered in the Law Department of the University of Michigan¹ as D Storms "without the period after the letter D." The University respected his desire for a periodless D and in every reference to him in his personnel file the D is given without a period. As an example, an item in the *Michigan Alumnus*, April, 1935, noted that "D Storms '92 Law is enjoying a law practice in El Paso, Texas [where] he lives at 207 Hammett Blvd".²

El Pasoans, on the other hand, have always placed a period after the D. Too, El Pasoans have engaged in a guessing game, so to speak, to determine the meaning of the D. Dr. C. L. Sonnichsen, for instance, in his *Pass of the North*, refers to Storms as "David."³ The late Dr. Carl C. Hill, an optometrist and an intimate friend of Storms, or so he claimed, stated emphatically in a letter to the *El Paso Times* that the D stood for Denny,⁴ a name, according to Hill, that Storms did not like and therefore did not use. Another guess is found in the County Commissioners Court Records for 1894-96 where Storms is listed as "D. H." At the time Storms was the County Attorney. There may be other instances but these suffice to show how little El Pasoans actually knew about the man from Michigan.

* * *

D. Storms was born in Barry County, Orangeville Township, Michigan, on January 10, 1870. No formal place of birth or residence such as a village or town was given in either the federal census or in his "enrollment papers" at the University of Michigan.⁵ This would lead to the conclusion that he was born and reared on a farm. In fact, the 1880 census listed his father's occupation as that of "farmer." The father's name was Horace D., 34 years of age in 1880, and his mother's, Elizabeth W.,⁶ age 28, occupation "keeping house." Both parents were born in New York State. The mother's parents were born in Scotland. Storms was listed in the 1880 census as the only child but he later acquired two brothers, Henry E. who followed D. to El Paso and resided at one time at 410 West Yandell, and Frank who made his home in Detroit.

Young Storms was graduated in 1888 from the Plainwell, Michigan, High School, not Plainsville as Dr. Hill and others have stated.⁷ There were six members of the graduating class and Storms ranked fifth. It is interesting to note that "he was the 110th graduate of the Plainwell High



D. Storms—taken in 1897 in the office of Judge Leigh Clark—El Paso, Tex.

School since the school began in 1873."⁸ Storms also attended Parsons Business College of Kalamazoo in 1889 or so he noted on his application for admission to the University of Michigan. He was graduated in law in 1892 with a LL. B.⁹ and the following year came to El Paso where he continued to live until his death in 1936.

Why Storms came to El Paso is not known but he was very likely encouraged to come by his father and by his maternal uncles, John J. and Daniel P. Stewart. His father was in El Paso as early as 1888.¹⁰ At least his name appears in the *City Directory* for that year and also for the year 1889. He was employed as a clerk by his brother-in-law, J. J. Stewart. His address was 900 North Stanton Street¹¹ which was also the address of Stewart. From time to time the elder Storms would leave El Paso or, at least, his name would disappear from the *City Directory* and then in a year or two reappear. Finally, he moved to Los Angeles, California where he lived until his death following a heart attack in February, 1925.¹²

The Stewart brothers were building contractors. D. P. was very likely the younger, for he was unmarried and roomed at his married brother's home.¹³ John Middagh describes J. J. Stewart as "a pioneer building contractor, having arrived before the coming of the railroad, and had built some of the prominent business buildings."¹⁴ In 1885-86 he was employed as superintendent for construction of the county court house.¹⁵ J. J. also delved into politics. In 1905 he was the Republican candidate for mayor but was defeated by Charles Davis, Sr.¹⁶

It may have been J. J. Stewart's interest in politics that caused Storms to run for office in 1894, barely a year after his arrival in El Paso. At any rate, Storms announced himself a candidate for County Attorney and in the November election defeated the incumbent, C. B. Patterson, by a mere six votes, 1450 to 1444. His election may have been aided by the fact that a group of politicians demanding reform won the city election and that Storms, a newcomer to politics, may have been associated with the "clean men" in the minds of the voters.¹⁷ With his election his surety bond was set at \$2500. and J. J. Stewart and Millard Patterson signed as Storms' sureties.¹⁸

Storms' tenure as county attorney was highlighted by two famous and controversial killings, those of John Wesley Hardin and Constable John Selman. Constable Selman killed Hardin in the Acme Saloon on San Antonio Street on August 19, 1895, and United States Deputy Marshal George Scarborough killed Selman in the alley alongside the Wigwam Saloon in the small hours of Easter Sunday, April 5, 1896.¹⁹ Selman and Scarborough were each acquitted. Incidentally, A. B. Fall, a young Las

Cruces, New Mexico attorney (later involved in the Teapot Dome scandal) was one of Selman's defense lawyers and contributed greatly to his acquittal.²⁰

Why Storms did not offer himself for a second term is not known. Perhaps he was tired of politics, or disillusioned; or perhaps he was of the opinion that he could not be elected. As a matter of fact, he had lost some of his popularity when he refused to prosecute Selman for the killing of Hardin because of the change of jurisdiction from Judge Howell's court to that of Judge Patterson.²¹ In addition, Storms was involved in a scandal, perhaps innocently, but nevertheless involved. He was accused of benefiting from the shakedown of a prostitute by Jim Schoonmaker, Constable Selman's deputy. Both Selman and El Paso City Marshal Jeff Milton "left no doubt among newspaper readers that they considered County Attorney Storms mixed up in the affair." Storms had insisted that Selman appoint Schoonmaker a deputy, or so Selman claimed,²² and thus Storms was guilty at least by association. Whatever the cause, Storms never ran again for an elective office. He did serve in the appointive office of city attorney during the administration of Mayor Charles R. Morehead, 1903-05.²³ But that was all.

Two years after leaving the office of county attorney Storms entered the real estate business. It is this phase of his life, strangely enough, for which he is chiefly remembered, although he continued to practice law. Storms bought the Rim Road property and developed it into a settlement that came to bear his name: Stormsville and Stormsville on the Mesa. It was sometimes referred to euphoniouly as "A bit of Old Mexico on El Paso's Skyline" and as "A Page from Latin America." Inhabitants of the place often called it La Plazita and also La Mesa.



Stormsville, 1920's—Church of the Virgin of the Light on extreme right—two stories.
Photo courtesy Cmdr. M. G. McKinney (Ret.)

Maurice J. McKelligon owned land on both sides of the Franklin Mountain. He gave the land on the east side, now known as McKelligon Canyon, to the city for a park. He or his heirs sold the Rim property on the west side "to several Mexicans whose names are not now known."²⁴ Storms bought the property from the Mexican owners in 1898. At the time there were several Mexican-American squatters who had found their way to the Rim as early as 1890. These formed the nucleus of what came to be Stormsville.

Storms used the Rim for real estate development, offering lots for sale at ten and twelve dollars each.²⁵ Then he changed his plan and leased lots for three and four dollars a month. There were certain requirements the leaseholders had to meet: they had to be "poor people who had lost much in the Río Grande flood of 1897;"²⁶ they had to have a job; they had to be able to build their own adobe houses; and they were not to have a police record.²⁷

Stormsville lasted thirty years, from 1898 to 1928 when the Rim Road Development Company purchased the property. During that time the settlement became "the dirtiest place in town," according to J. O. Crowson, El Paso's Chief Sanitary Inspector. Every health law was violated. Goats scampered about the village. Mules, burros, horses and cows were imprisoned in unkept pens while "free lance hogs" roamed the single main street. The alleys were used as sewers. Manure was piled about in heaps and tin cans cluttered the landscape. For the 400-odd residents there were only four dry toilets.²⁸ Each of the 75-odd "square, sugar-loaf houses of adobe" consisted of three or four rooms with dirt floors. There were no electric, gas, water, or telephone facilities. The one stone building was the church, *La Iglesia de la Virgen de La Luz*.²⁹

It is little wonder that the residents of "fashionable Kern Place,"³⁰ just west of Stormsville, constantly complained to the city Board of Health. In December, 1922, Storms was cited to appear before the Board "to show why the houses should not be vacated or improvements, said to be needed, made." At that time Storms' father in California became ill and D. asked for and received a 30-day extension of the citation to visit him.³¹ Evidently, when Storms returned to El Paso, the citation was forgotten. Certainly the newspapers do not mention any further action on the part of the Board. Nevertheless, the Kern folk continued their hue and cry until finally, in 1928, the city condemned the village for sanitary reasons and forced the inhabitants to move.

As a business venture Stormsville was a failure. This was due to two factors, the nature of the tenants and the nature of Storms himself. The tenants were poverty-stricken. Many had lost all of their possessions in

the great flood of '97 and had never recovered financially. Storms himself was "a very kind man." According to Dr. Hill, mentioned above, Storms "never pressed his tenants for rent, always giving away to the needy, and would never ask a person to move who was too poor to pay rent."³² Consequently, Storms had to mortgage his Stormsville property to meet tax payments and other expenses. Then with a deserted village and no income, he had no alternative but to sell. The newly organized Rim Road Development Company had purchased the mortgages and thus the Company was in a position to force the sale. This it did on December 11, 1928.³³ By the way, the incorporators of the Company included Frank T. Picknell, Albert W. Norcop, Lee H. Orndorff, M. F. Kerby, Frank M. Murchison, and the Drs. Frank and Stephen Schuster.³⁴

Storms was an anomaly. In the face of his seeming disregard for his tenants' money, he had a reputation for being frugal, some said stingy. He would walk to save street car fare. He had a saying regarding money: "If you save your money you will always have money in your old tobacco pouch."³⁵ It is regrettable that he did not practice his own maxim.

Storms lived only eight years after losing his beloved Stormsville. He died on April 15, 1936 of lobar pneumonia at the City-County Hospital and was buried at Concordia. Dr. J. B. Robbins signed the death certificate.³⁶ It lists his "full" name as D. Storms and further notes that he was "widowed." Yet a search of available records has failed to reveal a marriage license. Also, it might be noted, like many lawyers he died intestate.

In March, 1956, the *El Paso Times* ran a Historical Picture Contest and asked its readers to submit photos of Stormsville and to write "what they know about both the lawyer and his land. The response was heavy." Following are a few excerpts from some of the letters: Mrs. Benancia Vega, then living at 5636 Rosa Street, called Storms "un hombre muy bueno y fino." (A very good and fine man.) Mrs. Lucia N. Hernandez, 3516 Wyoming Street, wrote that Storms was "un buen hombre que queria mucho a la gente Mexicano." (A good man who greatly loved the Mexican people.) She further described him as "a tall thin man" with "a kind smile." A José Morrada wrote that he had gone to Storms for legal advice but never received a bill. When he volunteered the money, he found that Storms would accept only a small payment. Dr. Hill wrote that Storms was kindly about rent collection, that he always gave money to the poor.³⁷

* * *

Oh, yes, what was Storms' given name? Actually, he had two given or baptismal names. It was his middle name or initial that he used

throughout his life. The name was "Dec." He used Dee during his public school years and was graduated from high school as "Dee Storms." So far as can be determined, it was not until he entered the University that he began to use the Letter D. And his first name? According to the federal census, cited below, footnote 5, it was Adrian — ADRIAN DEE STORMS!

REFERENCES

1. The University of Michigan Law School is one of the oldest in the Middle West. "In December, 1858, the University Regents appointed a Committee to prepare plans for establishing a law department." The committee's report was accepted by the Regents on March 30, 1857 and the first classroom lecture was delivered on October 5, 1859.—Letter dated May 2, 1974 to this writer from Mrs. Lois A. Richards, Supervisor Law Alumni Records, University of Michigan Law School.
2. *Idem*.
3. C. L. Sonnichsen, *Pass of the North: Four Centuries on the Rio Grande* (El Paso: Texas Western Press, UTEP, 1968), 257. Dr. Sonnichsen calls Storms "David" only in the index on page 466.
4. *El Paso Times*, April 20, 1956.
5. The 1880 Federal Census for Barry County, Michigan, Vol. 2, Enumeration District 46, Sheet 24, line 16.
Storms also gave January 10, 1870 as his date of birth when he enrolled at the U. of Michigan.—Letter from Mrs. Lois A. Richards, cited in fn. 1, above.
6. Storms' death certificate, No. 473, El Paso County Clerk's office, gives the mother's name as Elizabeth P.
7. *El Paso Herald Post*, April 16, 1956, in a story of Storm's death, states erroneously that he was born in Plainsville, Michigan and that he went to school there.
8. Letter dated June 10, 1974 from William A. Sexton, Allegan County Intermediate Superintendent of Schools. Mr. Sexton also wrote that "Plainwell is located 4 or 5 miles from Barry County and Orangeville Township (in Allegan County) and in all probability the Plainwell High School was the closest and most accessible for Storms to attend."
"In Michigan the boundaries of school districts are not coterminous with boundaries of counties. A single school district may extend into more than one county."—Letter dated June 14, 1974 to this writer from Lawrence B. Schlack, Superintendent of the Barry Intermediate School District.
9. Letter dated May 2, 1974 from Mrs. Lois A. Richards, Supervisor Law Alumni Records, University of Michigan.
10. *El Paso Herald*, February 22, 1925, stated that Horace Storms came to El Paso in 1884 but his name appears in the *City Directorate* for the first time in 1888.
11. The 1903 *City Directorate* lists J. J. Stewart as residing at 1001 North Kansas Street.
12. *El Paso Herald*, February 22, 1925.
13. *El Paso City Directorate, 1885, 1886, 1887*.
14. John Middagh, *Frontier Newspaper: The El Paso Times* (El Paso: Texas Western College Press, 1958), 121.
15. J. Morgan Broadus, *The Legal Heritage of El Paso* (El Paso: Texas Western College Press, 1963).
16. Middagh, *Frontier Newspaper*, 121.
17. Leon Clair Metz, *John Selman: Texas Gunfighter* (New York: Hastings House, 1966), 152.
18. *Commissioners Court Record*, 1895. Millard Patterson was "an attorney and often an office holder in the city and county."—Middagh, *Frontier Newspaper*, 89.
19. Sonnichsen, *Pass of the North*, 333, 335.
20. Metz, *John Selman*, 191 *et. seq.*
21. *Ibid.*, 186.
22. *Ibid.*, 185.
23. *El Paso Herald Post*, March 17, 1936.
24. *El Paso Times*, April 20, 1956.

25. Today there are very few available lots on the Rim. Twelve years ago a less desirable lot sold for \$14,000.
26. See Eugene O. Porter, "The Great Flood of 1897," *PASSWORD*, xviii, No. 3 (Fall, 1973), 95-103.
27. *El Paso Times*, April 20, 1956.
28. *El Paso Herald*, January 6/7, 1923.
29. *Ibid.*, December 16/17, 1922.
30. Kern Place had been part of the McKelligon tract. — Sonnichsen, *Pass of the North*, 256.
31. *El Paso Herald*, December 16/17, 1922.
32. *El Paso Times*, April 29, 1956.
33. *Deed Records of El Paso*, Vol. 54, 431.
34. *El Paso Herald*, June 7, 1928.
35. *El Paso Times*, April 29, 1956.
36. Certificate No. 473, El Paso County Clerk of Court.
37. *El Paso Times*, April 20, 1956.

Caleb Sherman was the first customs collector in El Paso.

President Theodore Roosevelt visited El Paso on March 15, 1911.

The complete name of the capital of New Mexico is La Villa Real de Santa Fe de San Francisco de Assisi.

Paso del Norte (Juárez) had a school enrollment of 406 in 1807.

The first and only New Mexican newspaper published in pre-Gringo times was *Crepuscula*, printed for four weeks at Taos in 1835.

Tourist trains carried no dining cars west of Kansas City but stopped for a half hour or more at one of the several celebrated Harvey restaurants. Between stops, resourceful travelers (could) brew a pot of coffee or take the chill off a can of stewed tomatoes in the Baker oven built into the car's hot water heater (operative "in winter months only)."

The American West, xi, No. 3
(May, 1974), 36.

33 physicians in the Civil War attained general officer rank while serving in non-medical capacities.

IN SKAGWAY THEY STILL REMEMBER PETE KERN

by CONREY BRYSON

In 1894, jeweler Peter Kern, according to his own account, had sold more than a million and a quarter dollars worth of jewelry in El Paso since he came to the frontier boom town in December of 1881.¹ But the "boom and bust" cycle caught up with Kern, and in 1894 he "transferred all his lands and property in the city to trustees for the benefit of his creditors, voluntarily on his part and acceptably on their part . . . finally leaving El Paso in 1896, as penniless as when he came here in 1881."²

While visiting in Quincy, Illinois, in August 1897, Pete Kern first learned of the gold rush to Alaska, and before the year was over, he was on his way to be a part of it. Taking a ship up the inside passage to Skagway, the end of the line for many thousands of gold seekers in 1897 and 1898, he tried the White Pass toward the Yukon, found it blocked with snow and the accumulation of materials carried there by frantic adventurers, and turned back to Skagway. Then he traveled across the peninsula to Dyea and over the Chilkoot Pass to Dawson City in Yukon territory. Here he found gold in abundance, and found it almost worthless, with so little of the world's goods on hand to purchase with it. By the end of 1898, Kern had made his way over the ice of White Pass back to Skagway, where he opened a jewelry store.³

His memoirs in the *Kern Genealogy* are filled with vivid memories of Skagway, where he operated a prosperous business for twelve years. On a wooded slope, high above the cliffs that rise beyond Skagway harbor, he constructed a home and resort hotel to which he gave the name of "Castle Kern." Describing the site in his memoirs years later, Kern wrote: "Here huge granite rocks loom, glacier scarred and rounded in the spur. Here dark forests of spruce and cedar, with Castle Kern built alongside the water fall, high up on the mountains, and silver cascades tumble down the sides."⁴

In June, 1974, the author and his son, Maurice, took a vacation trip up the inside passage to Skagway and stopped to see how much of an imprint the flamboyant Mr. Kern had left on the village after more than sixty years. Almost all the old timers we interviewed remembered Castle Kern, and many of them recalled the fire that swept the mountainside in 1912, entirely destroying the structure and a few other buildings. A dense forest has now overgrown the area and there is no vestige of Castle Kern, but the crystal stream still tumbles down the mountainside in a series of falls, and on the cliff below the site of the castle the weather worn outline of a watch, which long advertised Kern's jewelry store, is

still visible. At Dedman's photo shop on Broadway, Skagway's one business-street, we found not only memories of Castle Kern but a historic picture of the Castle during its operation.



Peter Kern—1888

(This picture and the picture of the Symbolic Gate were copied by Cmdr. M. G. McKinney through the courtesy of the El Paso Public Library.)

In the *Kern Genealogy*, Pete Kern records that he was "one of the thirteen that helped to found the 'Arctic Brotherhood,' this great order that has done so much in the Northland. If a brother falls along the great northern trail, it is the duty of an Arctic Brother to gently bear with him in fortitude and gently put him on the true trail of life."⁵⁵ In the "Soapy Smith Museum" in Skagway hangs a copy of the charter issued September 1, 1901 to "Camp Skaga #1" of the Arctic Brotherhood, with Peter E. Kern's signature as one of the 17 charter members of the Camp. Nearby stands the building, now an art studio, which served as the first headquarters of the Brotherhood.

Skagway today has a permanent population listed in the tour guide at 675. This figure is sometimes doubled with the arrival of the ferry ships of the Alaska Marine Highway and the many cruise ships. On these nights the town is bursting with activity that lasts until the mid-summer sunset at eleven thirty. The Eagle's Hall becomes an Alaskan dance palace of the gold rush days with faro and black-jack games (for play money) and the recreation of such legends as the "Shooting of Dan McGrew" and the killing of the outlaw Soapy Smith by outraged vigilantes. On these nights, some of the busiest places in Skagway are its jewelry and curio stores. Tourists prize the Alaskan black-diamond, hematite, brightly colored Alaskan jade, and native carvings of ivory from walrus and seals, and, of course, gold nuggets in various settings.

The two principal jewelry stores are Richter's, one of the first stores you approach as you enter the town from the harbor, and Kirmse's, some five blocks further up Broadway. At Richter's we were intrigued by the sign "built in 1897," and we stopped to talk to the proprietor, Edward H. Richter. No—he hadn't been in business that long, but the store was constructed in 1897. Well, had Mr. Richter heard of a jeweler named Peter Kern, who operated a jewelry store in Skagway in the 90's? Richter smiled—"I've not only heard about him. Both my mother and my father were his apprentices. He taught the jewelry trade to both of them." The father, Emil Richter, had died some years ago, but the mother, now in her eighties, still spent some time at the store. Would we like to see her tomorrow?

On the following day, Mrs. Richter, spry, attractive, and looking twenty years younger than her age, recalled her years as an apprentice to jeweler Peter Kern. She was Miss Frances Liddicoat in 1908 when she went to work for Mr. Kern. She remembers him as a short, plump and jolly man, a good jeweler, who taught the trade of jewelry manufacturing to her and to Emil Richter, who was already an apprentice when she joined the business. She remembers the summer days when she and Emil Richter would climb the winding forest trails up to Castle

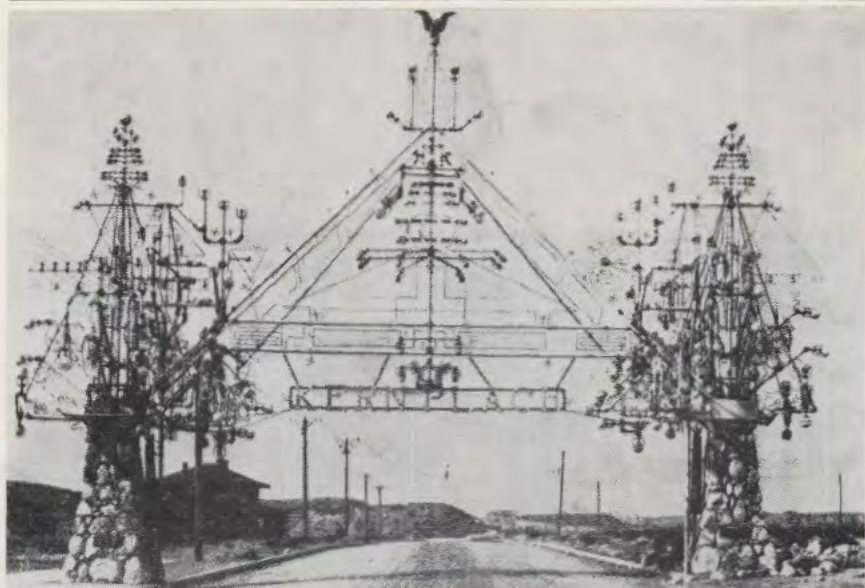
Kern to help serve sandwiches in the swiss-chalet type structure on the mountainside. A romantic attachment developed between the young apprentices, and they were married with Peter Kern's blessing. Mrs. Richter cheerfully posed with the only souvenir left from Kern's shop, an advertising sign in the form of a gold watch.



Mrs. Frances Liddicoat Richter, an apprentice to Pete Kern from 1908 to 1910, displays advertising watch from his shop in Skagway.

She pointed to a similar watch painted on the cliffs below the site of Castle Kern and said that this, too, was Mr. Kern's sign. But the name beside the sign today is that of "Kirmse's Jewelers—Since 1898." Mrs. Richter explained—"Anybody can put up a sign. It's a free country. But that's Mr. Kern's watch."

In his memoirs, Kern makes many references to Emil Richter and his wife and states he sold his business to them before leaving Alaska in 1910.⁶ Jack Kirmse, five blocks up the street, has a different story. His father, Herman Kirmse and Pete Kern had opened their stores along Broadway in the same year, and the rivalry was intense. Kern at one time, Jack Kirmse said, had threatened that he would put Kirmse out of business. When the rivalry became unpleasant his father bought out Kern, who then decided to leave Alaska.



Kern Symbolic Gate. This fantastic structure stood at Kansas and Robinson Blvd., as the entrance to Kern Place.

Whoever it was that bought him out, Kern left Alaska with considerable capital. After wandering around the country for a time, he was back in El Paso in 1913 and developing Kern Place, the first subdivision to the north of the town on the mesa. At the entrance to the area, at Robinson Boulevard and Kansas Street, he constructed what he called "The Kern Symbolic Gate." Certainly one of the most imaginative pieces of architecture ever seen in El Paso, it was a contorted jumble of metal and lights reflecting the ever active mind of its builder. The Kern gate contained swastikas and swavastikas (the female swastika), signs of the zodiac, figures from mythology, and exactly 333 electric lights, which, he assured everyone, was a very significant number. He even made sure, he said, that the six Mexican workmen who helped him with the construction were descendants of the ancient Toltecs of Mexico.⁷

Perhaps brought down by its own weight of over symbolism, the gate lasted only about ten years, though the rock pillars that supported it remained until removed by a street widening project in the 50's. The depression and family troubles took their toll of Pete Kern. By 1932, he had lost all of his property, and an El Paso newspaper reported he was working for thirty cents an hour, as a common laborer, in the Kern Place he had developed and promoted.⁸ In 1932, as a Mason, he was admitted to the Masonic Home in Arlington, Texas, from El Paso Lodge 130.

Early on the morning of February 8, 1937, the aging Mr. Kern was taking his customary morning walk from the Arlington home. He was 76, and his hearing was becoming bad. Evidently he failed to hear an oncoming train and he died beneath its wheels.⁹ The obituary in the *Arlington Journal* and memoranda supplied to the El Paso Library by the Masonic Home in Arlington, make clear that Peter Kern's death could not have been suicide. He was actively interested in life. He is described as "one of the most interesting men at the home. He was known far and near as 'Klondike Pete' a name he was given during the gold rush to the Yukon. . . . For the last few years of his life, he spent his time working on many plans to benefit humanity and doing kindly deeds for everyone with whom he came in contact."



"Castle Kern", built by Peter Kern on the heights above Skagway. Destroyed by fire in 1912. (Courtesy Dedman Photo Shop, Skagway, Alaska)

The articles recall that the eccentric Mr. Kern had been three times a millionaire, but it seems to have been his Skagway years that sustained the fondest memories. At his death, he left with the Masonic Home a stately chair which, he loved to recount, had been a part of the furnishings at Castle Kern on the heights above Skagway harbor. Here, he said, many people had sat, including Dwight L. Morrow and the Prince of Wales.¹⁰ The old chair, his memories, and his name upon the El Paso landscape, are among the few reminders of a career that spanned the continent and traveled far into realms known only to himself.

NOTES

1. Peter Edward Kern, *The Kern Genealogy* (El Paso, Peter Edward Kern, 1917), 357. This large and rambling book is the chief source of information about Kern. The information is scattered among genealogical tables, mythology, accounts of Joan of Arc, the conquest of Mexico, astrological commentaries, the Character of the Sphinx, the Magi, etc., etc.
A copy is in the rare books collection of the archives, El Paso Public Library.
2. *Ibid.*, 358.
3. *Ibid.*, 322.
4. *Ibid.*, 115.
5. *Ibid.*, 112.
6. *Ibid.*, 104.
7. *Ibid.*, 360.
8. *El Paso Herald*, January 16, 1932.
9. *Arlington Times* (Arlington, Texas, February 12, 1937.)
10. P. E. Kern Historical File (Archives, El Paso Public Library, El Paso, Texas.)

The El Paso City Council, on May 1, 1890, established a "trade territory" for the girls. It became popularly known as the Tenderloin. The district began on the south side of East Overland Street at the intersection of Oregon, ran to Utah Street (now Mesa Avenue), south to Third Street, west to Oregon, and north to Overland.

METZ, John Selman

The last shot in the Civil War was fired in Texas on May 13, 1865 at Palmeto on the Río Grande.

The red-petticoat flag of Jane Long, sometimes called "The Mother of Texas," was raised at Point Bolivar in 1821 by Jane's husband, Dr. James Long of Natchez, Mississippi.

The common bean (*Phaseolus vulgaris*) arrived from Mexico about 2,000 years ago while the lima bean (*P. lunatus*) arrived about 800 years ago.

APLEGATE & HANSELK, *La Junta*

Pedro B. Piño in his *Esposicion Sucinta*, published in 1812, stated that Indian women would "not bear more than 4 children, taking preventive drinks."

Indians called their sign language "Talk-without-talk." Using 169 gesture they could tell a story that called for about 1,000 words.

ACROSS NORTHERN MEXICO WITH WISLIZENUS

notes by EUGENE O. PORTER
(PART TWO OF THREE PARTS)

On April 5, 1847, 600 men with 14 cannon, left Chihuahua for that purpose, while about 300 men, with some pieces of artillery, were left behind for the safekeeping of the city. As there was at that time a want of surgeons in the regiment, an appointment to that effect was offered to me, which I accepted. I left Chihuahua with the troops, moving towards the south.

Passing through Mapula and Bachimba, we reached within three days *San Pablo*, 50 miles southeast of Chihuahua. Here we were met by an express, sent by Americans below, and reporting that a large Mexican force was approaching from the south to reconquer Chihuahua, that the Mexican government had fled at the first news of our march, and that General Taylor had left Saltillo, etc. Upon these reports Colonel Doniphan resolved to return to Chihuahua, and defend that place at all hazards. With some reluctance the troops returned; the chivalric sons of Missouri relied so much upon their own bravery and good fortune, that they disliked every retrograde movement, although policy might command it. Two days afterwards we entered Chihuahua again, to the astonishment of friend and foe. Many Mexican families that had stayed in town left it now, from fear of a new battle. But, for two weeks we waited in vain for the large army from the south, till we became convinced at last that it was but a hoax—invented, perhaps, in Chihuahua, by some persons whose interest it was to keep the troops as long as possible. As the prospects of a battle diminished, the regiment, whose term of service came near expiring, and which during the campaign had received glory enough, but neither pay nor clothes, became every day more anxious to return to the United States, and a day was at last fixed for the final departure of the whole regiment, if the express sent to General Wool should not return up to that time. Our route in that case would have been by Presidio del Norte and the Red river to Fort Towson.¹ But in due time Mr. Collins made his appearance.² In about 30 days he had travelled, with a mere handful of men, about 1,000 miles through a hostile country, with no other passport but their rifles. In going out, his party consisted of but 12 men; on his return it was increased to about 40. The gallant Squire was received in Chihuahua with enthusiastic joy. He brought us definite orders from General Wool to march at once, and on the most direct road to Saltillo. Within two days our troops were on the march. Colonel Doniphan, before he left, called the Mexican author-

ities of the place and made them promise to treat the American residents of Chihuahua in a decent manner, and threatened them, in case of disorder with a return of the American troops and a severe chastisement. The Mexicans promised everything. Many Americans and other foreign residents, however, had so little confidence in Mexican faith, that they preferred to accompany the army.

On *April 25*, 1847, our vanguard, with the artillery, left Chihuahua. They made on that day but 14 miles, and encamped at Coursier's hacienda, near *Mapula*. This place is to the right of the usual road, and about five miles out of the way, but has to be resorted to for want of water, if one does not intend to go in one trip as far as *Bachimba*, the nearest watering place on the road, and 32 miles from Chihuahua. I was still detained this day in Chihuahua, and started in the morning of

April 26, to meet the troops in *Bachimba*. When, in the distance of about four miles, in crossing a chain of hills that encompass Chihuahua on the south, I looked for the last time over the interesting city in which I had seen within the last eight months a whole drama performed, and had been forced myself to act a rather passive part in it, I could not help admiring once more its romantic situation, and my first, favorable impression returned. But there was no time now for reflections; bidding farewell to the fair valley and to the distant Sacramento mountain, that rose like a massive tombstone over the battle field, I crossed the hills and was soon in another valley, through which the road runs in a southeastern direction. This valley was about 10 miles wide, with a mountain chain towards the east and west, and but a few settlements on the right, (*Mapula* and Coursier's hacienda.) The grass was very dry and the bed of several creeks which I passed contained not one drop of water. About 20 miles from Chihuahua the mountains, projecting from east to west, hemmed in the valley and changed it abruptly into a narrow pass (*cañon*) of five to six miles in length, and from half a mile to one mile in breadth. The pass is in some places so narrowed by steep rocks on both sides, that with some fortifications it could be made impregnable; but I am informed that the *cañon* would be evaded by taking a mountain road west of it that leads also to Chihuahua. Nearly in the middle of the pass lies a rancho, with a spring, but too scanty water. Lower down we passed a deserted rancho destroyed by Indians. Several Mexicans, killed by them, were buried there so superficially, with rocks heaped upon them, that their limbs were sticking out. At the other end of the *cañon* another much wider valley opened, through which we have now to travel. *Bachimba* lies about five miles off the *cañon*, in the plain; it is a hacienda with about one dozen houses, and a fine running stream. We encamped here tonight.

April 27.—Marched today 20 miles, to *Santa Cruz*, through the same wide valley, running from northwest to southeast. The mountains to the left of our road, towards the east, are about 25 miles distant; the Conchos river runs along that chain. The mountains to the right, or the west, are from five to ten miles off. The whole wide plain is covered with mesquite and other shrubs, forming so-called chaparrals. Walking and riding are both difficult through those thickets of thorny brush, and a man lost in a chaparral is by far worse off than one lost in the prairie. In the chaparral I met with different species of cacti in blossom; a small odd tree, (*Koeberlinia*,) seemed to be entirely composed of long green thorns; some *yuccas* raised their crowns, with a cluster of snow white flowers, above the shrubbery; also the purple flowered *Fouquieria splendens*. I had seen the latter shrub already in the Jornada del Muerto, above El Paso, but not in blossom. As it is one of the most common and obnoxious plants in the continued chaparrals which will now surround us daily in our march to Monterey, I will give a short description of it. It grows in long branchless stalks, but a dozen of them standing sometimes together, covered all over with thorns, with a few and quite small leaves, and at the upper end of the stalk a cluster of purple flowers. They grow generally from 10 to 20 feet high; sometimes I have seen them to the height of 30 feet. Their peculiar appearance, their height and red flowers, make them very conspicuous objects in the chaparrals. The Mexicans use them sometimes for hedges.

The soil was rather sandy, and grass scanty and poor, but the road firm and level. About 10 miles from Bachimba the road forks; the one to the left leads southeast to San Pablo; the other to the right, SSE., to Santa Cruz. Both roads meet again before Saltillo. The San Pablo road is several miles nearer; but as we understand that a miry plain near San Pablo, covered with tequesquite, had by rains become impassable, we took the Santa Cruz road, arrived there in good time, and camped about one mile south of the town. Santa Cruz is a tolerably good looking town, and is said to contain, with the surrounding settlements, about 5,000 inhabitants. The *San Pedro* creek runs by the town; it is a clear mountain stream, that comes from the western mountains about 100 miles west of Santa Cruz, and takes a semi-circular turn from southeast to northwest, through the plain, till it falls, some distance below San Pablo, into the Conchos. Cotton trees grow along its borders. *San Pablo*, the town we had reached in our first excursion from Chihuahua, lies eight miles below Santa Cruz, on the San Pedro, and seems to be a flourishing place, with about 4,000 inhabitants. There is rich cultivated land along the stream, upon which they raise a good deal of maize and some cotton. Near our camp stands a flour mill and a cotton-gin. The latter seemed

to be abandoned, but a basin in which the cotton used to be washed, with a water fall of about 10 feet, afforded us a refreshing shower-bath. We stayed here also the next day.

On *April 29*, we left for Saltillo, (23 miles.) We travel our day's march without a noon halt, which is certainly the most convenient for an army. Our way led through the same valley, covered with chaparral; the road was good, but not quite so level as heretofore. Near Saucillo the mountains approach each other, and form south of it a wide gap leading into another valley. Saucillo itself is a town on the *Conchos*. This river, whose water-course extends over one-third of the State of Chihuahua, comes from the northwestern height of the Sierra Madre, takes first a southern, then an eastern and northeastern, and at last a northern direction, and falls, near Presidio del Norte, (therefore also called Presidio de las Juntas,) into the Rio Grande. Its whole course is about 400 miles, and its character as changeable as that of the Mexican rivers; at present it was rather a small stream.

In the mountains Southwest of Saucillo some silver mines are worked; the ore of which is smelted here; it is combined with lead, and affords but from one to one and half ounce of silver to the cargo, but the simultaneous production of "greta" (oxyde of lead) makes it nevertheless quite profitable. For the first time since we left Chihuahua, here I saw limestone, instead of the prevailing porphyritic rocks.

April 30—Went 30 miles to-day, to *Santa Rosalia*. The gap, leading from the former valley to a new one, is about five miles wide; the road over it is hilly. Nearly half way we passed through *La Cruz*, a small town, and further below through *Las Garzas*, a smaller place yet, where we crossed the *Conchos*, and followed its course up to the point at which the Florida river flows into it. There we camped, opposite to the town of Santa Rosalia, which lies on a hill in the angle between the two joining rivers. Southwest from the town, and from our camp, rises a chain of mountains in the distance of about five miles; the rocks are apparently stratified, and no doubt limestone; the *Conchos* runs along that chain. Near the river in this direction some sulphur springs are found, which are resorted to by the Mexicans for cutaneous and other diseases. I was not at leisure to visit them, but Dr. Gregg, who made an excursion there, informed me that the temperature of the different springs had been from 105 to 108° Fah., while the atmosphere was 85° Fah. Sediments of pure precipitated sulphur are found at the bottom of the springs. The mountains at the eastern side of the valley are more distant; about 10 miles. The intermediate plain is for the greater part covered with chaparral. The Rio Florida, which comes from the State of Durango, and takes

generally a northern course, runs here in a northwest direction through the valley into the Conchos, coming from the southwest. Santa Rosalia is a town of about 5,000 inhabitants; it lies on a hill about 100 feet higher than the river, and towards the south spreading out in a small plateau. Here, on the southern end of the town, the Mexicans had erected a fort against General Wool, when his division was expected to march towards Chihuahua. The fortifications consist of a very spacious square, built of sun-dried bricks or adobes, with redoubts, loop holes, and trenches. Such fortifications of adobes have the advantage, that cannon balls will pass through them without making a breach. The fort is directly on the road leading to the town, and occupies very favorable ground; but a hostile army might turn the fort entirely, by going through a wide plain east of it, though they would have to march through chaparral.

On *May 1*, we rested on the same camping ground, to give to the last companies that left Chihuahua after us a chance to come up with the army.

May 2.—The whole regiment being together, we left this morning our camp at Santo Rosalia for *La Ramada*, (24 miles.) Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell went to-day ahead with a small party, to reconnoitre the country between here and Saltillo; the road was more sandy, but nevertheless firm and easy to travel. Our direction was ESE.; the Rio Florido always to our left, and chaparral all around us. In the morning we had a thunder storm, with rain. *La Ramada* is a small place on the Florido.

May 3.—Made a strong march to-day of 33 miles, to *Guajuquilla*. The road was constantly winding itself through endless chaparral; the Rio Florido on the left, and mountains and hills east and west, in the distance, from 10 to 20 miles. About half way we passed a rancho with some water; farther on, the road forks: the right hand road leads directly to the town; the other by a large hacienda. Before *Guajuquilla* we crossed the Florido, and passing through town, encamped south of it. *Guajuquilla* looks more like a town than any other place we have seen so far, on the road from Chihuahua; its population is from 6 to 7,000. The surrounding country is well cultivated, and seems well adapted for raising cotton. The produce of the cotton crop was in the last year 140,000 arrobas. Some copper and silver mines, I understand, are worked in the neighbor hood, but I could not see any of the ores.

May 4.—Marched this morning but three miles south of *Guajuquilla*, to the *Hacienda de Dolores*, a large estate with well irrigated and cultivated fields. From here we have to travel 20 leagues without meeting water. The prospect of this "Jornada" made us rest here till evening.

Two Mexican loafers, suspected as spies, were made prisoners to-day; they confessed to have been sent out by General Ugarte; that he was moving about in that neighborhood, and intended to attack us in the Jornada. The news received very little credit on our part. One of the spies was taken along, but he made his escape during the night.

About 4 o'clock in the evening we started for the Jornada, and travelling through chaparral and very uniform plain, we made that evening yet 20 miles, and encamped about midnight in a small valley without water.

May 5.—We started early in the morning, and went over a hilly country, till we ascended a table-land that divides the water courses of the Conchos and Rio Grande. A barometrical observation, made on the height of the table-land, gave an elevation above the sea of 4,700 feet. The plain was strewn with pieces of limestone, of common quartz, and of calcedony. Instead of mezquite, there was more grass around us; and instead of mountains, only hills, rolling towards east and west. From this table-land we descended again into a chaparral valley, running from northwest to southeast, and surrounded by high mountains of limestone. The chaparral had been set on fire, and thick masses of smoke rolled over us; but it did not in the least interrupt our march, although it made the heat in the valley more suffocating. I could not ascertain if this fire had originated from accident, or if Ugarte's bands had raised it to molest us; or if, perhaps, a disciple of Professor Espy's doctrines,⁹ travelling ahead of us, had the kind intention to produce a rain-shower for us in the Jornada;—at any rate, the experiment failed, and ended but in smoke. Some distance ahead, we met with arrieros, (muleteers,) carrying a large stock of brown sugar from Saltillo to Chihuahua. They sold the "piloncillo," a small loaf, weighing about one pound, as cheap as one medio, (six-pence.) About eight miles from our to-night camp, we passed a spring, with a water-pool, in a ravine to the left of our road; but the water was so muddy and brackish, that the animals refused to drink, or rather to eat it. This spot is known as *San Antonio camp*. Three miles further, a few deserted houses, and a spring on the right hand of the road, (*San Blas*,) are found; but the water is equally bad, and of sulphureted taste. The first good water, and in sufficient quantity, is met about five miles beyond San Blas, in *San Bernardo*, a deserted rancho, with willow and cotton trees, built against a steep mountain wall, from whence a fine creek takes its origin. A small plain half a mile below the rancho contains also some springs and water-pools, and good grass. We pitched our camp in the plain. We have travelled to-day, according to my estimate, about 40 miles. The long distance, as well as the want of water, the excessive heat, and especially the tremendous dust in the narrow road

between the chaparrals, made to-day's march one of the most fatiguing.

May 6.—We started late to-day, and made about 10 miles, to the *Cerro Gordo*, or *El Andabazo* creek. This considerable creek seems to run from southwest to northeast; but whether it is connected with the Nasas river, or, what is more likely, runs into lake Paloma, a small lake northeast from the large Laguna de Tlagonalila, I was unable to ascertain. The Mexicans are generally so indifferent to the geography of their neighborhood, that a traveller is often at a loss to reconcile the many different statements. On the left bank of the river was a deserted rancho; we crossed the water and encamped on the other side, amidst chaparral.

May 7.—Made 25 miles to-day, to the hacienda de *José de Pelayo*. The country over which we travelled is a wide plain, with distant hills towards east and west. Chaparral shrubs, and on the higher places a great deal of lechuguilla and sotol, cover the ground. A good-sized *Echinocactus*, of which I took a specimen along, was very common; and the *Opuntia arborescens*, with its straight stem and great many horizontal branches, grew as a tree of from 20 to 30 feet in height; and its numerous red flowers and unripe yellow fruit gave it the gay appearance of a large Christmas tree.

Pelayo is a small village, or hacienda, with several good springs around it; some of common, others of higher temperature. The creek formed by them is, according to the Mexican statements, afterwards lost in the sand. Pelayo belongs to the State of Durango; but I am not sure whether the *el Andabazo*, or some other point, forms here the boundary line between the State of Chihuahua and Durango. In Pelayo a small but steep hill was fortified on the top, by walls of stone. This fortification was probably intended against General Wool's army. Two days before us, Lieutenant Colonel Mitchell had arrived here with the vanguard, and seeing the inhabitants of the place organized as a military company, he made 30 of them prisoners, and took their arms from them; but upon their representation that they would by this act become a prey to the surrounding Indians, he restored them their arms, under the condition that they be used only for defence against Indians.

May 8.—A rough mountainous road brought us today into another valley, in which *Cadena* lies, a large hacienda belonging to the Governor of Durango, (18 miles.) About three miles east of our camp, in Cadena, rises a steep chain of mountains; another to the west, the Sierra de Mimbres, from which a creek comes, which runs through Cadena, in an eastern direction. About half way on our road, to-day, we passed a deserted hacienda, *Oruilla*, where copper ores used to be smelted. I saw there some pieces of very rich green carbonate of copper.

May 9.—Our road, this morning led at first to the eastern mountain chain; and a narrow but very good pass brought us then into another wide valley, about 20 miles broad, and about 35 long from north to south, encircled on all sides by high mountains. This whole part of Mexico over which we travel at present, seems, as it were, but one large network of encased valleys, connecting with each other by good mountain passes and defiles. The mountains at the pass of Cadena (*puerta de Cadena*) consisted of a very compact limestone, dipping from west to east, at an angle of about 30 degrees. A Frenchman, an old resident of the country, informed me that he found coal in this mountain range; but while I passed through I could discover neither fossils nor coal. From the pass, the road turns towards the level valley, due east, to *Mapimi*, 21 miles from Cadena. This town lies in an eastern corner of the valley, surrounded by high mountains, in which silver mines are worked. Two springs, called *Espiritu Santo* and *Agua de Leon*, form here a creek, which runs through the town in an eastern direction, and is lost afterwards, according to Mexican accounts, in the sand. One or two miles east of the town is a large smelting establishment for silver ore, found in the mountains near *Mapimi*. The silver is combined with lead. The poorest ore, I was told, contains three ounces, the richest one mark of silver, in the *carga*; and sells at \$12 per *carga*.

The town of *Mapimi* was rather deserted. In the evening our artillery fired a salute, in honor of the anniversary of the battle of Palo Alto.

May 10.—Leaving *Mapimi* this morning, our road went at first three miles to the eastern mountain chain, wound itself then about two miles through a cañon, and led us into a new very open and level valley, which belongs to the famous "*Bolson de Mapimi*," which commences here. To the right of our road, or east, at the distance of from three to five miles, a steep and high mountain chain of limestone rises; and another chain to our left, distant from 10 to 15 miles. Both chains gradually diverge, but especially the eastern, which seems to run towards the northeast, and to return thence towards the southwest at an angle, leaving a large *cul de sac*, or pouch, in the middle, from which form the country has probably received its name, as *Bolson* means pouch, or pocket. The barometrical profile will elucidate, better than a description, this pouch-like slope of the country, which extends most likely as far to the north as the *Rio Grande*. Passing over a ridge, on our road, I found the most distant view over the *Bolson de Mapimi*, at the southern base of which we are at present travelling. All around us was an immense chaparral plain, and in the distance of from 15 to 20 miles ahead of us the *Rio Nastos*, which runs towards the north into the above mentioned pouch, and forms there the large *Laguna de Tlagualila*, (on maps generally called the Cayman.)

Neither the lake nor the northern end of the Bolson was to be seen from the place of my observation; but the outlines of the surrounding mountains, disappearing in the most distant horizon, seemed to extend towards the north to about 80 miles in length, and towards east and west to an average breadth of 30 miles. The limits of the Bolson have never been clearly defined, either in geography or political regard. The northern part of it belongs to the State of Chihuahua; the southern, to that of Durango; but no certain boundary line seems to exist. As to the physical properties of the Bolson, the general impression is, that it represents a low, flat, swampy country, and a mere desert, which is but partly true. The two terminating points of our march through the Bolson are Mapimi, where we entered it, and el Pozo, or rather a point between Pozo and Parras, where we left it. At Mapimi, the elevation above the sea was 4,487 feet; in the valley of the Nasas, at San Sebastian, 3,785; at San Lorenzo, 3,815; at San Juan, 3,775, and Parras 4,987 feet above the sea. We perceive, therefore, that the valley of the Nasas river, which may be called the vein and center of the Bolson, has a mean elevation of 3,800 feet; and though from 500 to 1,000 feet lower than the surrounding country, it occupies nevertheless a considerable absolute elevation above the sea. The soil in the Bolson is less sandy and better than in the higher country; in the valley of the Nasas, especially, is a black rich soil, and most luxuriant vegetation, as we shall see hereafter.

From the ridge, from whence I overlooked the valley, the road descends slightly about five miles to a hacienda, where formerly silver ores used to be smelted. They have a large and deep well here, from which the water is drawn by a mule, and in peaceable times sold to thirsty travellers; we of course refreshed ourselves, gratis. Some miles further, two more ranchos lie on the road, where, also, wells have been sunk. Although the soil looks everywhere dry, and the nearest water course is the distant Nasas, good water is got everywhere in this valley by digging to a certain depth. Near these ranchos the road forks, and a more northern or southern route can be taken from here. The northern route leads by Alamito, San Lorenzo, and San Juan, (all settlements on the Nasas,) to El Pozo; while the southern goes to San Sebastian, (on the Nasas,) and by Matamoros and Laguna de Parras, to El Pozo. The latter route is considered the shortest; we selected it, therefore, and marched on the right hand road as far as San Sebastian, where we encamped. The nearer we approached San Sebastian and the river, the richer became the soil, though scarcely anything was to be seen but weeds and mezquite. The latter has changed here from shrubs into trees, reaching to the height of from 50 to 60 feet, and with trunks of a man's size. San Sebastian is a hacienda on the left bank of the Nasas river, and about 35 miles from

Mapimi. The Nasas is here quite a deep and respectable stream, while further down it becomes flat, and disappears sometimes even entirely in the sand. It comes about 150 leagues from the western part of the State of Durango, from the so-called Sianóri mountains, and runs in a north-western and northern direction in the Bolson de Mapimi, ending in a lake. The *Nasas* is the Nile of the Bolson de Mapimi; the wide and level country along the river is yearly inundated by its risings, and owes to that circumstance its great fertility. Besides wheat and corn, they raise a good deal of cotton in the valley of the river, and wine has been tried, too, with success. The climate, I understand, is so mild, that the root of the cotton shrub is seldom destroyed in the winter, and continues to thrive for many years. In San Sebastian we were informed that, for the want of water, it would be impractical to continue the southern route, which would have passed from here to el Gatuño, Matamoros (la Bega de Maraujo), Santa Mayara, Alamo de Parras, St. Domingo, and Peña to el Pozo. The Laguna de Parras, which we would have also passed on the route, is formed by the Guanabal river, but was then entirely dry. It was therefore resolved to turn back into the northern route, by going from here, along the Nasas, to San Lorenzo. We shall lose in this way about 12 miles.

The inhabitants of San Sebastian had been hostile towards Mr. Collin's party, when they passed it on their express trip; they were punished for it, by our taking a lot of maize for our animals without pay.

May 11.—We crossed the Nasas below San Sebastian, on a good ford, and marched on its right bank, though generally a great distance from the river, 24 miles, to *San Lorenzo*. Our road went mostly through fine mezquite timber. Several settlements are along the river, as Rancho del Muerto, Hacienda de Concepcion, and Alamito. The latter lies about half way between San Sebastian and San Lorenzo, on the river, and six miles north of our road; it is the point where we ought to have camped last night, on the northern route. The proprietor of Alamito is an intelligent Spaniard, (Gachupín,) Señor de Gaba, who rode along with us for some distance and gave me a good deal of information in relation to the country.

On the right hand, or south of us, a chain of limestone mountains was running parallel with the road. At the foot of a hill belonging to that chain, Señor de Gaba pointed out a place to me where some years ago a remarkable discovery had been made. In the year 1838, a Mexican, Don Juan Flores, perceived there the hidden entrance to a cave. He entered; but seeing inside a council of Indian warriors sitting together in the deepest silence, he retreated and told it to his companions, who, well prepared, entered the cave together, and discovered about 1,000 (?) well

preserved Indian corpses, squatted together on the ground, with their hands folded below the knees. They were dressed in fine blankets, made of fibres of lechuguilla, with sandals, made of a species of liana, on their feet, and ornamented with colored scarfs, with beads of seeds of fruit, polished bones, &c. This is a very insufficient account of the mysterious burying place. The Mexicans suppose that it belonged to the Lipans,⁵ an old Indian tribe, which from time immemorial has roved and is yet roving over the Bolson de Mapimi. I had already heard in Chihuahua of this discovery, and was fortunate enough there to secure a skull that a gentleman had taken from the cave. At present, I was told, the place is pilfered of everything; nevertheless, had I been at leisure, I would have made an excursion to it.

San Lorenzo is a town of about 1,000 population, and lies on the right bank of the Nasas; but the waters of the river had here so far disappeared that only some pools were left, and in the dry sandy bed of the river some wells had been dug. In these wells, from 10 to 20 feet deep, I saw below the sand a layer of clay; Artesian wells might therefore succeed here. Such disappearance and reappearance of a river in the sand is a very common occurrence in Mexico, and seems to depend mostly upon the greater or less absorption by the soil. The course of the river is not interrupted thereby; it runs but deeper through the sand — perhaps, too, through crevices, instead of on the surface; and with the rising of the river the water returns as gradually as it has receded. Most of the property in *San Lorenzo* belongs to a Señor Sanchez, a rich Mexican, who received us well and seemed to be favorable to the Americans. While we were encamped at *San Lorenzo*, a rumor reached us that the Mexicans at *San Sebastian* had cut off some of the American traders in the rear of the army. A party at once started back; the more willingly, as an interesting and respectable American lady,⁶ with her husband, were concerned in it; but fortunately, all proved to be a false alarm. Some other rumors were spread, about a Mexican army marching against us from *Durango*. We gave, then, very little credit to the last rumor, but ascertained afterwards from the public papers that they really had sent a force against us; but being informed that we turned, instead, to *Durango*, in the direction of *Saltillo*, they presumed, of course, that their unknown and distant presence had frightened us out of the State of *Durango*, and published a gasconading report about their bloodless victory. Some suspicious Mexicans, prowling about our camp to-day, were made prisoners.

May 12.—Starting this morning for *San Juan*, our vanguard discovered three armed Mexicans running from us. After a short steeplechase through the chaparral, the Mexicans were made prisoners, and, as no plausible account could be elicited from them, taken along to our night

camp in San Juan Bautista, a rancho on the Nasas, 15 miles from San Lorenzo. The road to-day was sandy, and mountain chains towards west, south, and east.

As we shall leave the river at this place, I will communicate what I could ascertain from Mexicans in relations to its course further down. The river takes from here a generally northern direction. About five or six leagues below San Juan there is another and the last settlement on its bank, called *San Nicolas*, from there it runs yet about eight or ten leagues, till it spreads out at last into the Laguna de Tlagonalila, a lake of fresh water, but without outlet. In the dry season, this lake often contains no water, while in others it forms a sheet of water of thirty and more leagues in its greatest dimensions, from south to north. Some branches of the lake bear particular names, as Laguna de San Nicolas, de Las Aguas, de los Muertos, etc., but the general name is Lake Tlagonalila. The denomination *lake Cayman* is quite unknown to Mexicans. From San Lorenzo the lake is about 15 leagues distant, and starting from there, the circuit of the lake, and return, may be made in four days' travelling (of Mexican riding.) About 16 leagues northwest from Lake Tlagonalila two other smaller lakes lie in the Bolson, called Laguna de Palomas and Jacque; their water is salty, and the salt found on the shore is used in the amalgamation process of silver mines.

May 13.—We travelled to-day 25 miles, from San Juan to *El Pozo*. I had been riding ahead this morning, and reached Pozo early, though not in time to take part in a skirmish between our vanguard and a party of Indians. When arrived, some Mexicans were engaged in lazoing several dead bodies of Indians and dragging them into a heap together. The skirmish had taken place under the following circumstances: Two days before, a party of Lipan Indians, upon one of their predatory excursions, had stolen from a hacienda near Parras several hundred mules and horses, and killed several men. The proprietor of the hacienda, Don Manuel de Ibarra, applied to Captain Ried, of our regiment, (who was then ahead of us with Lieutenant Colonel Mitchell's party,) for aid against these Indians. The captain, one of our most gallant officers, took but eight men along, and, accompanied by the Don himself, went back to El Pozo, where the Indians, on their march to the mountains, had to pass, being the only watering place in that neighborhood. There they hid themselves in a corral, to wait for the arrival of the Indians. Quite unexpected, about 20 men of our vanguard came very early this morning to el Pozo, and increased their party to 30 men. Soon afterwards the Indians appeared—from 40 to 50 warriors. When our men rushed on horseback out of the corral to attack them, the Indians (probably supposing them to be Mexicans) received them with sneering and very con-

temptuous provocations, and their confidence in their bows and arrows was increased when the Americans, firing their rifles from horseback, killed none at the first charge. But as soon as our men alighted, and took good aim with their rifles, the Indians fell on all sides. Nevertheless, they fought most desperately, and did not retire till half of them were either dead or wounded. But at last they had to run for their lives, and to leave all their dead and all their booty behind. Besides the stolen stock, thirteen prisoners, Mexican women and children, whom they had carried along, were retaken and released from the brutality of their savage masters. Fifteen Indians were lying dead on the field. On our side Captain Ried was wounded by some arrows, but not dangerously. Most of the dead Indians had fine blankets; some even carried gold; all were armed with bows and arrows, and a few with elegant shields of leather; and the "medicine man," who was foremost in the action, and fought most bravely, wore a headdress of feathers and horns. Our men, of course, took of these curiosities whatever they liked, and the Mexicans stripped them of the rest, and dragged their bodies together. The fallen Indians were all of medium size, but well proportioned and very muscular; their skulls and faces bore all the characteristics of the Indian race, but their skin looked whiter than I have even seen it in Indians. The dead bodies were lying there all day; burial was no doubt left to the wolves. I saw, therefore, no impropriety in taking another curiosity along for scientific purposes—to wit, the skull of the medicine man, which I have, since my return, presented to that distinguished craniologist, Professor Samuel G. Morton, of Philadelphia. In relation to the tribe of Lipans, I could only ascertain from the Mexicans that they live in the mountains of the Bolson, extend their stealing and robbing excursions very far south, and have the reputation of being a most brutal and cruel set of Indians, though brave in battle.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

1. Fort Towson was located on the Red River about 50 miles west of the Arkansas-Oklahoma line.
2. Josiah Gregg accompanied James Collins and his party on their return trip to Chihuahua City with orders for Colonel Doniphan to strike out for Saltillo. It was then that Dr. Wislizenus first met Gregg. As the two men marched to Saltillo with the troops, Dr. Wislizenus evidently taught Gregg something of botanical taxonomy.—Gregg, *Commerce of the Prairies*, xxiv.
3. Professor James Pollard Espy (1785-1860) was one of America's most famous meteorologists. He laid the basis for the United States weather bureau and was the founder of modern physical or theoretical meteorology. Wislizenus has reference to Espy's *Philosophy of Storms* which was published in 1841.—*The Lincoln Library of Essential Information*, 1800.
4. The *Bolson de Mapimi* is described as "five hundred miles of treacherous desert extending all the way to the Big Bend of the Río Grande. Even today this arid pocket embracing the eastern half of the state of Chihuahua and the western half of Coahuila is peopled only on the fringes."—Moorhead, *New Mexico's Royal Road*, 4-5.

5. The Lipan Indians, an Athapascan tribe, were foremost of the Apache groups in West Texas and the Panhandle. Early in the eighteenth century they were driven south and southeast by the Comanches. They were enemies of both Spanish and Anglo-American settlers.—Walter Prescott Webb, ed., *Handbook of Texas* (Austin, 1953), Vol. II, 61.
6. The "interesting and respectable American lady" was Susan Shelby Magoffin, the eighteen-year old Kentucky girl who was married to the veteran Santa Fe trader Samuel Magoffin. Their journey through New Mexico and northern Mexico followed pretty much the route taken by Dr. Wislizenus. Mrs. Magoffin's importance is that she left a 206-page diary — *Travels in Mexico Commencing June, 1846, El Diario de Dona Susanita Magoffin*. The diary was edited by Stella M. Drumm and first published in 1926. It is this diary, reprinted in 1962 with a foreword by Howard R. Lamar that has been cited herein several times. For a fictionalized story of Susan Magoffin see Shirley Serfert, *The Turquoise Trail* (New York, 1950).
7. Dr. Samuel George Morton (1799-1851) was graduated in 1820 from the University of Pennsylvania with the degree of Doctor of Medicine. A philosopher within the eighteenth century meaning of that word, his fields of interest included geology, vertebrate paleontology and zoology as well as medicine. His chief interest, however, was collecting for comparative studies a large number of human skulls. Louis Agassiz, the Swiss-born naturalist, claimed that the collection alone was worth a trip to America. Dr. Morton advanced the polygenetic theory of the origin of man for which he was attacked by the clergy. He published two books on skull, *Crania Americana* and *Crania Aegyptiaca*.—D.A.B.

Cliff Dwellers were true Pueblos—sedentary, town-dwelling. Actually, they were simply the Pueblo Indians of the centuries preceding the European occupation.

During the 1890s the largest gang of outlaw the West ever saw was organized in the Utah-Wyoming-Colorado section. The Gang's organizer and undisputed leader was George Leroy Parker, better known as Butch Cassidy.

The last Indian fight in Texas took place near Sierra Blanca on January 29, 1881.

General Leonard Wood was the only medical officer to hold the position of chief of staff, the Army's highest military command.

Madeline Avenue and Madeline Park, both in Kern Place, were named by Pete Kern for his daughter.

HERITAGE HOMES OF EL PASO

The McNary Mansion

by HARRIOT HOWZE JONES

For seven or eight years the large estate in the center of Crescent Circle facing south on Hastings Drive in the 4600 block was the showplace of El Paso. This handsome mansion is situated on an oval plot that measures 700 feet by 400 at its widest point and consists of between three and four acres. There is a considerable slope from the house to the street and as the whole estate is on high ground, the house commanded at one time a wide view of the city, the Pass and the Río Grande Valley. This was especially true before the development of the Austin Terrace Addition with its two-story houses.

People always noticed and admired the grounds. A low concrete wall topped by a wrought iron fence surrounds the estate. Outside the fence was desert, with sand, rocks, cacti and tumbleweed; inside, a veritable oasis: emerald green grass, flower beds, shrubs and trees, and a pool in which floated water lilies. The gardens were established while the house was being built. Colonel Hornbrook of near-by Fort Bliss, which was then a cavalry post, agreed to use the plot for a dumping ground for the bounteous supply of manure which collected at the post. Over a period of a few months 5,000 loads of manure were dumped. This was wet down and plowed under to make the rich soil. A landscape gardner was imported from California and he with two or three Mexican helpers were responsible for the "veritable oasis."

The house was built in 1916-17 for Mr. and Mrs. James Graham McNary. Myron C. Hunt of Los Angeles was the architect and he used Italian type architecture in his design. The house was constructed of pine covered with a layer of brick and plastered. There was a red tiled roof and a pillared porch. The front section had one story, the two sides and rear, built around a large patio, had two stories. The front section, measuring 80 by 30 feet, consisted of a drawing room, music room, and a ballroom opening onto a long corridor 12 feet wide. On one side was the library and on the other the dining room, each with high ceilings and each measuring 20 by 30 feet. There were bedrooms above. The rear of the first floor across the patio had three large guest rooms, each with bath, a breakfast room, a large pass-pantry, kitchen, and servant quarters. On the second floor were six bedrooms, each with bath, providing sleeping quarters for each member of the family. Outside was a swimming pool, 30 by 60 feet in size with pergola and dressing rooms at each end. There was a greenhouse, a tennis court, a three-car garage and a stable.

The interior decoration department of Marshall Field in Chicago prepared detailed plans and specifications for finishing and furnishing the house including interior painting, furniture, carpets, rugs, draperies, chandeliers, silverware, dishes, table, beds and bath linens. Each room was a work of art, luxurious and elegant, yet homelike. One beautiful feature was the pipe organ. Mrs. McNary was an accomplished musician and had a special talent for the organ. The California Pipe Organ Company of Van Nuys installed a magnificent instrument in the music room in time for the house-warming in December, 1917. Incidentally, the organ weighed ten tons.



The McNary Mansion
(A recent photo by Cmdr. M. G. McKinney (Ret.))

James Graham McNary was born in Bloomington, Indiana in 1877. He was the middle child of seven, having three brothers and three sisters. His father was William P. McNary, a Presbyterian minister. His mother, born Elizabeth Graham, was a beautiful and accomplished woman. McNary attended Tarkio College in Tarkio, Missouri, where his father was pastor of the United Presbyterian Church. Young McNary sang in the choir and was active in the glee club in college. After graduation he went to the University of Chicago to take courses in languages: Latin, German and French. In 1898 a small college opened in Las Vegas, New Mexico and McNary went there to teach. He took over the leadership of the quartet choir in the Presbyterian Church. The organist in the church was Miss Ruth Reynolds, daughter of Joshua S. Reynolds who was the president of the First National Bank in Las Vegas. A mutual interest in music drew the young couple together.

In 1900 McNary felt that he needed more study and asked for a year's leave of absence to go to Europe. He attended the University of Leipsig in Germany. Mr. and Mrs. Raynolds and their two daughters also went to Europe about the same time and they got together with McNary to attend the Paris Exposition and the Passion Play at Oberammergau. McNary returned to his Las Vegas teaching job in 1901 and on October 8, 1902 he and Ruth Raynolds were married. The father of the groom performed the ceremony.

As has been noted, Joshua Raynolds was president of the First National Bank of Las Vegas but he was also president of the First National of El Paso and of Albuquerque. He preferred living in Las Vegas. In 1906 he asked his son-in-law to go to El Paso to learn the banking business, so the McNarys moved here with their two children: Graham who was later in the lumber business and who married Claudia Morris (they had one son and a daughter, Ruth, who married Cyrus James Warren, also in the lumber business). The Warrens have three children and now live in Albuquerque. A third child was born to the McNarys in 1907 but she died of the "summer complaint" when only six months old. In those days many babies died in El Paso of what was called the "summer complaint." The loss of his little grandchild no doubt influenced Joshua Raynolds to give Dr. Herbert Stevenson \$10,000. to start the Baby Sanitorium in Cloudcroft, New Mexico. (See my "La Villita," *PASSWORD*, xviii, No. 3 (Fall, 1973), pages 123; and Estelle Goodman Levy, "The Cloudcroft Baby Sanitorium," *PASSWORD*, vii, No. 4 (Fall, 1962), 136-48.)

About a year after McNary entered the employ of the First National Bank he was elected assistant cashier and in 1909, a vice president, and in 1916 president, succeeding Joshua Raynolds who then became chairman of the board. By 1920 the bank had deposits of more than 11 million dollars and total assets of more than 15 million.

Meanwhile, in 1909, in partnership with W. M. Cady, McNary invested in pine lands near Alexandria, Louisiana. They established a saw mill at a small town they named McNary. The lumber business became immensely profitable.

Two other daughters were born to the McNarys in El Paso: Margery May who married J. G. Moore and now lives in Tucson; and Martha who married H. D. (Dick) Wilson. They had two children. Martha was widowed and in 1961 married Frank Chilcote. They live in Pinetop, Arizona.

In 1924 there came an end to the lumber operations in Louisiana, as the supply of timber was exhausted. The two men began looking for another base of operation and finally decided to move to Arizona where

there was a large ponderosa pine forest near Cooley. The name of the little town was changed to McNary. Financial problems arose and Mr. Cady was injured in an accident. He asked that McNary go to Arizona and take full charge of the business. This necessitated a decision by McNary to take a leave of absence from the bank. Mr. Raynolds agreed to come to El Paso, live in the McNary house and take over the bank's direction for a few months. The Border National Bank and the City National Bank of El Paso both failed in 1924 but the First National Bank weathered the storm, although the general banking situation all over the country was shaky. McNary was able to obtain investors in the lumber enterprise from New York financiers. He resigned the presidency of the bank to devote his full energies to the lumber business. The First National Bank failed in 1931.

In its heyday the McNary home was a center of lavish hospitality. Many concerts were given for friends. Clarence Eddy, a famous organist, presented the opening concert. Later, Pietro Yon, a Spanish organist and other well-known artists were engaged.

This writer recalls a gorgeous party the McNarys gave for her and her fiancé two nights before their wedding in 1920. The table which seated thirty was spread with brocade and the goblets, candelabra and flower-filled epergnes were of Venetian glass. One hundred other guests arrived after dinner for dancing. I also like to recall that Mrs. McNary played the organ at our wedding in the Church of St. Clement.

Previously, in 1919, the Chamber of Commerce invited seven state governors—those of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona along with the governors of the four northern states of Mexico—to El Paso for a celebration. Mr. McNary entertained them with a stag party to which about one hundred El Pasoans were invited. From time to time important persons were invited guests, including General Pershing, General Luis Terrasas of Mexico, Gloria Swanson, Secretary McAdoo, and many others. The El Paso School for Girls, now Radford School, always held their graduation exercises on the McNary lawn.

The McNarys had a host of friends who with their children and their children's friends, enjoyed the lovely home and grounds. Kate Leavell (Mrs. Dan White) and Ethel Irene Howe (Mrs. James Rogers) say that they "practically lived at the McNary home in the summer." There was no air conditioning then but the cool, spacious rooms, the gardens, swimming pool, and tennis courts made it like a resort.

The house was vacant for several years after the McNarys moved to Arizona. A Mexican caretaker kept an eye on things but the beautiful grounds deteriorated very rapidly. Mr. McNary had spent three to four

hundred dollars a month for water during the hot summers. When the water was withheld, the blazing sun quickly withered the verdure, the spring winds blew away the top soil, and the lily pond filled with sand and debris. A street had been made around the periphery of the estate and houses built. These homes were surrounded by green grass, flowers and shrubs. Inside the McNary fence, however, the land had become a desert again, with rocks, sand, cacti and tumbleweed. A melancholy sight.

In 1936 the estate was acquired by the Franciscan Fathers from the receivers of the defunct First National Bank. *Provincial* Gabriel Soto made the arrangements and the price of this magnificent estate was about \$29,000. One would hesitate to estimate the present value of the property. It is now known as Saint Anthony's Seminary. From 20 to 70 students are in training (the number varies from year to year). Most of the students are from Mexico and Central and South America, only two or three from El Paso. These young men take a four-year course in religion and college subjects with a view to becoming priests. Guardian Father Jaime Yañez is head of the seminary with Father (*Economo*) Pedro Esquivel his assistant.

A three-story building has been erected in back of the house to serve as student dormitories. The bedrooms of the original house are used by priest instructors. The ballroom has been made into a chapel while other rooms have been converted for class use. The famous organ was given by the McNarys to Saint Francis Auditorium in Santa Fe, which is an adjunct to the University of New Mexico. It was there that Ruth McNary was married to C. J. Warren in 1937 to the strains of music from her mother's organ.

Music played a large part in the home of the McNarys and it still does, as the young seminarians in their brown robes have a fine chorus and also what they call an *Estudiantina* orchestra which includes guitars, mandolins and accordians.

The interior of the house is much changed. Whereas before there were handsome oriental rugs on the shining floors, brocade furniture and draperies, softly shaded lights, and beautiful paintings on the walls, all is now plain and even austere as befits the home of ascetics. But there is still the beauty of simplicity and architectural lines, and the rooms seem to echo to the music and happy laughter of bygone days.

The house is kept in good repair. But the grounds? Well, the good fathers cannot afford hundreds of dollars monthly for water.

SOUTHWEST ARCHIVES

"Eventful Years": The Diaries of the Reverend Mayo Cabell Martin"

by LILLIAN COLLINGWOOD

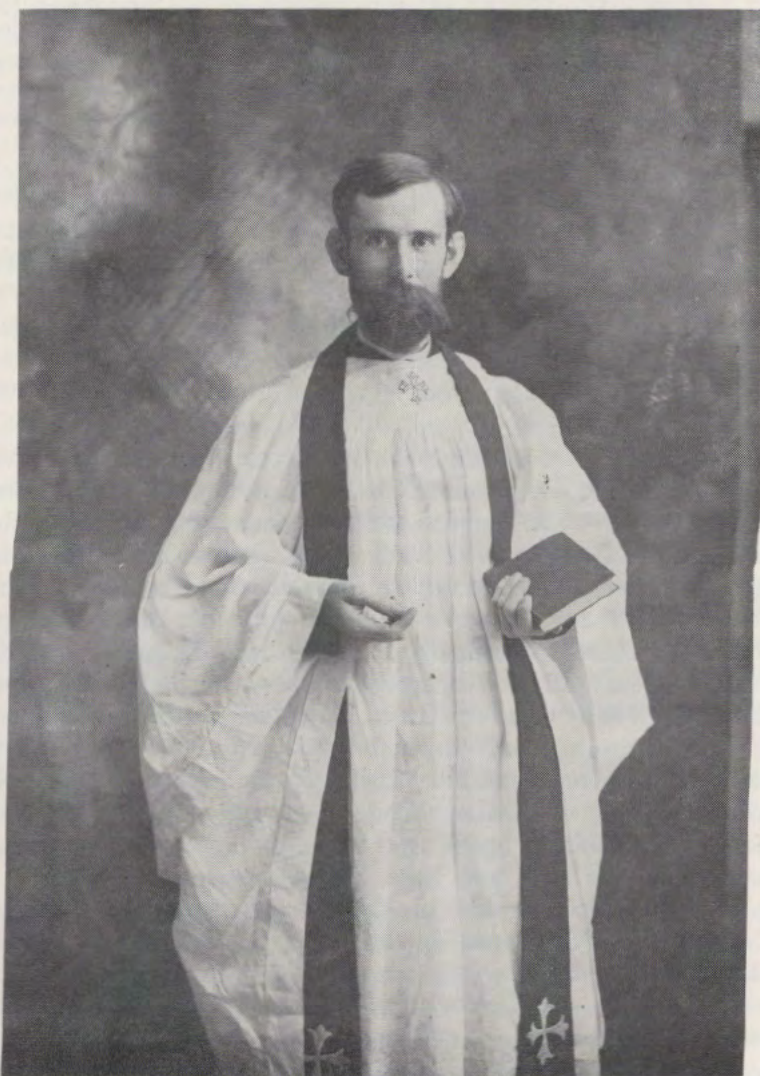
On May 20, 1896, the Reverend Mayo Cabell Martin, Rector of St. Clement's Episcopal Church, wrote in his diary: "This day, four years ago, I arrived in El Paso with my sister Margaret B. Martin. We were met at the train by Mrs. W. S. McCutcheon and taken to the residence of Dr. Alvard White [511 Myrtle Street]. It all seems as having happened only last month, so fresh in memory it all is. But how much has happened since the 20th day of May, 1892! Most eventful years of my life."

The Reverend Mr. Martin did not leave a chronicle of those particular "eventful years," for he did not begin a diary until April 6, 1896. But the subsequent "eventful years" of his life are eloquently recorded in a series of diaries, which are at present the valued possession of his niece Dr. Eleanor Cotton (Mrs. Donald Cotton), Assistant Professor of Linguistics at The University of Texas at El Paso.

Intended as a running report of matters pertaining to St. Clement's parish, the diaries more importantly provide poignant insight into the character of their author and, furthermore, reflect the daily life of turn-of-the-century El Paso. Not the daily life that has been so exploited by movies and television and, yes, even by many local historians—the escapades of the gunslingers, the brawls at the Acme Bar, the flamboyant night life on Utah Street. These diaries reflect another El Paso—the one that must have counted; for, after all, gunmen and bar girls, desperadoes and rustlers do not build a city. The people we meet through the eyes and the heart of the gentle Episcopal clergyman are the ones who quietly laid the solid foundation of civilization in the rapidly-expanding, rowdy frontier town of El Paso: the steadfast bricks of family life, community service, and unabashed devotion to God.

Let us examine a typical two weeks in the life of the Reverend Mr. Martin—say, the last two weeks of May, 1896. At the time he was probably in his middle thirties. The weather in El Paso was normal, ranging from "very warm" to "intensely hot" to "bright and beautiful"; and many of the pastor's flock were leaving El Paso—some returning to their homes in the East and the Middle West after a pleasant winter in El Paso, others going to Denver or to California for vacations. The Reverend Martin saw each one off at the appropriate depot—sometimes the T and P Depot, sometimes the Santa Fe, sometimes the G. H. Depot. As he and his young wife did not own a buggy, he walked to the various depots—a distance of a few blocks only, for the Rectory was next door to the church in the 200 block of North Mesa, just south "of Vendome Hotel"; and

the depots must have been along the tracks somewhere between present Chihuahua Street and Mesa. The trains usually left in the mornings, and then he was free to visit other parishioners who were remaining in the town and, usually on Saturdays, to prepare his sermons. On Monday, May 18, he wrote:



*The Reverend Mayo Cabell Martin
May, 1900*

Bade goodbye to Miss Katherine Neff at Santa Fe. Quite a number of friends to see her off for her home in Ohio. Went to see Mrs. Marks, Sr. . . . Glad to find her about recovered. Called also on Mrs. Gus Lee and Mrs. Kitchen—the latter I found quite sick, chills and fever. Wrote letters to Father, Bishop Kendrick, and Mr. Dubois. Went to McClean and Klays and had the former go with me to Sheffian's to price a range for . . . our rectory. Found the price quite high, \$31.50, but can take my own time in making payments . . . Mrs. Martin will look at the range tomorrow. Mr. Gregg spent all day at the Rectory but left in the evening for his new quarters . . . Consulted Dr. Van Cleve and he confirmed my worst fears as to [Mr. Gregg's] condition. The disease of consumption is the scourge of our country and we see so much of it in El Paso. At 8 p.m. the Vestry held regular meeting. Treasurer's report was good showing all expenses for month paid . . . After Vestry had long conversation with Mr. Conklin.

The rhythm of one such day during this period was interrupted by a message "received through Goodman & Co. Grocers" from "Las Cruces, N.M. asking me to come up to that place to administer Holy Baptism." Being a person who refused no request, Mr. Martin hurried to catch the ten o'clock train, arriving in Las Cruces at "a quarter to 12." After baptizing Helen Townsend and Eleanor Corie Lyon and having "dinner" (lunch) with Dr. and Mrs. Lyon, he returned to El Paso on the "very slow" 3:00 train.

It was on this train that he met the Mr. Gregg mentioned in the May 18 entry. Mr. Gregg was a young Chicagoan en route to El Paso from Silver City, where he had spent a year in the interests of his health. Recognizing the advanced state of Paul Gregg's illness, Mr. Martin took charge: hosted him at the Rectory until suitable quarters could be found, visited him daily thereafter, wrote to the Gregg family; and, finally agreeing that the Southwest sunshine had failed to work its healing magic, he saw the young man off for Chicago. We read to our inexplicable sorrow in a late August entry that Paul Gregg, "aged 22," has died in his father's home. "Requiescat in Pace," writes the good pastor.

And yet our sorrow is not inexplicable. It can be explained. The Reverend Martin truly cared about Paul Gregg, and with his pen he communicated his genuine concern. And so we, too, care. We care as Judge Wyndham Kemp's little son, Page, lies ill with peritonitis during the summer of 1896; and we walk the dusty length of Mesa every day with our Mr. Martin as he goes to Hotel Dieu to inquire about the boy. Fervently with Mr. Martin we "do pray God to spare the life of the dear little fellow." And we rejoice to learn, on July 30, that "little Page Kemp has entirely recovered."

And we very much care when the Rectory is destroyed by fire that same summer, the Rectory which our pastor had so greatly loved ("a haven of rest," he had called it) and with the Rectory all of his books,

including a set of *Encyclopedia Britannica*. But we are thankful, as he is, that his lovely wife, Laura, and his father, also an Episcopal clergyman who happened to be visiting at the time, escaped unharmed.

We find the image of Laura especially appealing. We see her "busy sewing" while her husband gives Latin lessons to "the Misses Alice and Gertrude," entertaining parishoners, occasionally playing the organ at Evening Worship, arranging Japanese lanterns for children's parties "in the Rectory yard"; and we are continually reminded of Mr. Martin's profound love for her—as, for example, his opening paragraph on June 15, 1896: "This is my dear wife's birthday. Of all the blessings of my life I esteem her love the greatest." We become apprehensive at the increasingly frequent references to her poor health, and we shudder when we discover its nature, on March 13, 1898: "My poor dear wife suffers so from her cough." Even though we "hope, must hope" for her recovery, we witness her daily deterioration in strength—and are deeply moved on May 31, 1899, when "Finally she seemed hardly to breathe and we knelt around the bed and I read . . . the commendatory prayer and we repeated together the 'Our Father.'"

But there had been such good times before that day—McGinty's Band concerts every Friday evening in the Plaza, local-talent musicales at Chopin Hall, lawn parties "at Col. Neff's home," picnics "up the river in the neighborhood of the Smelter near Mr. Courchesne's," pleasant outings "in the country" at the Porcher Ranch and at the Sanfords, meetings of the "Current Topics" Club, drives in Miss Belle Moore's buggy to "new Fort Bliss," visits to and from "Cousin Pinnie" and her husband, Professor W. H. Seamon (who were living in Socorro, New Mexico, at the time), the church music which both the Rector and his Laura loved so much, and—best of all—the conversations with friends at the Rectory "until quite late."

And there were good times after Laura's death, too. For the Reverend Mr. Martin understood the meaning of the words "thy will be done." It was his abundant joy to work in "this corner of God's vineyard where He has been pleased to place me." Not long after Laura's death, Mr. Martin's young sister Eleanor (who was to become Mrs. W. D. Greet) came to El Paso to be with him, and he continued to serve and to love his fellow El Pasoans until his sudden death on October 12, 1902—faithfully entering every day his "Record of Work Done in St. Clement's Parish," a work which sang the melody of life: sometimes in the course of a single day, he would administer a baptism, a marriage, and a funeral. His final entry was made on Saturday, October 4, 1902. Because he was preparing for a trip to Washington, D.C., the entry was unusually short:

"A bright, pretty day. I heard that Miss Nellie Edwards will be married on Wednesday next. Father will officiate as I must leave tomorrow night."

Perhaps some day Dr. Cotton will arrange the publication of this splendid testament to human worth and meaning and dignity. Meanwhile, it exists in her private library as priceless archival material, a record of perhaps the "most eventful years" in the life of El Paso.

[Editor's note: The late beloved Rev. B. M. G. Williams was encouraged to enter the Episcopal priesthood by The Rev. Martin. See Bernice Dittmer, *The Reverend Uncle Bert: A Biography*, 69.]



St. Clement's First Robed Choir — 1904
(How many can you identify?)

HISTORICAL NOTES

Letters to Germany

(Third in a Series of Four)

In the fall of 1973 the Texas Western Press of the University of Texas at El Paso published *Letters of Ernst Kohlberg 1875-1877*. The letters were translated from the German by Walter L. Kohlberg, a son of Ernst and the father of Mrs. Leonard A. (Eleanor) Goodman, Jr., who kindly permitted the translations to be published. Not all of the letters were used, however, and we decided, therefore, to use some of the unpublished letters in *PASSWORD*.

The two following letters were written from Mexico where Mr. Kohlberg had purchased the Jesus María gold mine. Incidentally, he was forced to give up the mine and return to El Paso. Later the mine proved to be one of the most profitable producers of gold and silver in that area.

Jesus Maria;
Mayo 2 de 1881.

My dear little sister,

I was very happy to receive your letter of March 3rd and I thank you very much for your photograph. I surely would not have recognized you as you have changed very much and I can hardly believe that such an attractive young lady has grown from a baby. I would be happy to be with all of you again. Your picture tells me that time is flying; the years seem to have vanished as in a dream and at that not always a pleasant dream.

In spite of that I am not of a practical enough turn of mind to give up my day-dreams and I hold fast to the belief that my hopes and aspirations will be fulfilled. At this time I am busy with an undertaking that promises great results, but at the same time it may lead to great disappointments. Up to now we have had to combat great difficulties, but I believe that very shortly I will be able to render more satisfactory news.

I am well and happy. The climate here is wonderful. As concerns other things here, no one who has not been out of civilization, can imagine or understand the life. There is enough gold and silver in the mountains here to purchase outright the Duchy of Brunswick as well as several additional German duchies and principalities. The great difficulty is to mine the ore and separate it. This is our great problem, but to quote Julius: "With patience and spit you catch many a gnat," and so with patience we hope to get results.

Thank you, dear Hedwig, for your good wishes to my birthday. I neglected to congratulate you this year. This would not have happened if I had been able to send you some pretty gift. I hope our enterprise will

bring good results and I will then make up the things I have neglected. You'll have to accept my best wishes for the present, the rest will follow later.

I am sorry that you have given up hope of being promoted. I trust that it was not the lack of industry and understanding that will cause this, but that the poor foundation you got at the Beverungen school is at fault. I would be glad to have you write me more fully about your studies, in fact everything that you do and that interests you is of interest to me, but please do not write me in a stiff German-pedantic manner, but in your natural girlish way. Please write me often as it makes me very happy to hear from you. I do not want to become estranged from my brothers and sister. You in particular dear Hedi must write often so that we will know each other well. You were such a little tike when I left home and you were fast asleep when I left the house with father early in the morning. I just received a lovely letter from our dear mother in which she enclosed a little wreath of snow-drop and which made me real home-sick. However, the time will come when I can be with all of you again and then we can swap experiences. I have a lot to tell and probably a lot to hear about.

Give all the dear ones at home my love and please let them know at once that I have written to you, as I promised them a letter to-day also, but will not be able to write it.

Please tender your landlady my respects.

I greet and kiss you a thousand times my dear girl and remain with love your brother

Ernst.

Jesus Maria, Dec. 20, 1881

My dear little sister,

Your dear letter of the 12th of last month has just reached me and I am glad to hear that you are well and happy.

I accept your invitation for the first waltz with a great deal of pleasure and I assure you I will put my best foot forward so that the spectators will have some fun from the antics that I will perform. I do not think, however, that I will be able to attend Leopold's wedding even though things here should develop as quickly as we might wish. The sale of our mine hinges on certain circumstances and no one knows what might develop. Should the sale be made I would make enough money to take a six months vacation trip and we could have a good time; on the other hand if the sale falls through things will not be so rosy. At that it will be some time before the matter is settled.

A traveling photographer was here a short time ago, but money was scarce at the time. I have the hope and ambition to present myself personally to you and the folks and I would not have my picture taken even if the opportunity were here now. I can still picture you as you were at the time of my departure. You must have changed a great deal judging from your letters. One of my greatest pleasures is to hear from you. You do not know how sorry I am that your letter of October second did not reach me.

The climate here is wonderful. The high altitude, 5600 feet above sea-level combined with the southern latitude makes the weather quite mild and the temperature during the summer and winter is about the same.

At present it is rather cool, but the sun is shining brightly. We enjoy one or two snow-falls during the winter which is the extent of our bad weather. The nights are always cool.

One should not speak badly of one's neighbors, but I'll say that I could get along the rest of my life if I did not see any of my present neighbors again.

I was under the impression that Leopold's fiancee was from Hagen while you tell me that she comes from Witten. I have not heard from Leopold himself.

When you write home send the folks my love and believe me with a thousand kisses, dear Hedi, your loving brother,

Ernst.



BOOK REVIEWS

[Editor's Note: All Texas Western Press books reviewed in this issue are available for purchase at the Historical Society's shop located in the downtown Plaza Theater, or they may be ordered by writing El Paso County Historical Society, P. O. Box 28, El Paso, Texas 79940.]

JUH: AN INCREDIBLE INDIAN

by DAN L. THRAPP

(El Paso: Texas Western Press, University of Texas at El Paso, Southwestern Studies, No. 39, \$3.00.)

This short study (44 pages) is the story of Juh, an important but little-known Apache warrior who was a contemporary of Victorio. According to the author, Juh (pronounced like an explosive "who") "was of singular capacity and ruthlessness, deserving to rank with Cochise, Mangas Coloradas, Victorio and well above Geronimo in accomplishments."

Juh was born in the 1820s, very likely in Sonora. His parents were Southern Chiricahuas whose name for themselves was Deindai or "enemy people." They were very likely outlaws recruited from other bands and included Navajoes as well as Mexicans and whites who had been captured while children and brought up as savages.

Space is too limited to describe the exploits of Juh and his murderous band. Suffice it to note that he had "a terribly bad reputation," that all of his victories ended in massacres. With this background one would naturally expect Juh to meet a violent end. However, he didn't. Indeed, his demise in 1883 was rather prosaic. There are two versions as to the cause of his death. One is that he had a heart attack which "caused him to tumble into the Río Casas Grandes, near the community of that name." The other is to the effect that he was drunk and, riding his pony along the rim of a bluff, fell over the edge and was killed.

Although a short book, as noted above, it is a very good book and the six photographs and the double-page map add greatly to its value.

The author, a life-long newspaperman who has been with the Los Angeles *Times* since 1951, is nationally recognized as an authority on the Indians of the Southwest, especially of the Apaches. Among his numerous writings are: *Al Sieber, Chief of Scouts; The Conquest of Apacheria; General Crook and the Sierra Madre Adventure*; and *Victorio and the Mimbres Apaches*, all published by the University of Oklahoma Press. His *General Crook*, by the way, won the Border Regional Library Association History Award for 1972 as the best border history of the year.

University of Texas at El Paso

—EUGENE O. PORTER

GOD PAINTED A PICTURE AND CALLED IT THE WORLD

by FLORENCE AMENT WATKINS

(El Paso, \$10.00)

Very few world travelers ever put their experiences into a book, but then very few world travelers have that much to remember which is worth telling. Mrs. Watkins is different because of her motives: she wants a better understanding of all humanity, an enlargement of perspective regarding the world we all live in, and a separation from the commonplace.

Generally she travels by boat, and seven times she has been around the world. "There is a strange mystique to arriving from the sea," she says. "The

waters carrying you will break against their shores and then wash you away again."

The book is essentially a travelogue, a description of people and places, a memoir. Name a country, a city, or a spot on the map, and she's been there. If she hasn't, then you can bet the bags are packed, and the notebooks are in hand to record her remembrances. The descriptions are always poetic, usually voluminous. While she sees the face of God in practically every place visited, Mrs. Watkins does not hesitate to tell it as it is. She thinks Moorish art is a victim of too much "extravagant praise." The tomb of Jesus has been festooned with "garish gegaws and tinsel flippery which would be appropriate to only the cheapest of carnivals."

Mrs. Watkins notes that there are those who never return to where they have been, but she is not one. "I can never remain in one port long enough to see all that I would like, and a return trip affords the opportunity to find something new," she says.

But in the end she always returns to the United States because "no other country in the world has so varied a pattern of landscape and climate." Welcome home, Florence.

University of Texas at El Paso

—LEON METZ

LA JUNTA DE LOS RIOS DEL NORTE Y CONCHOS

by HOWARD G. APPLGATE & C. WAYNE HANSELKA

(El Paso: Texas Western Press, \$3.00)

Not too many of us know that the junction of two rivers, the Rio Grande and the Conchos, is actually the cradle of civilization in the geographic area we call the Southwest today. But two professors (who else would have the patience?) have focused their attention on this region and have produced a concise, fact-filled *Southwestern Study #41* of the area known as *la junta* (the junction or confluence). The two professors—Applegate is at U. T. El Paso and Hanselka at Sul Ross—discovered it to be "the oldest continuously cultivated land in Texas" and it was through *la junta* "that corn and beans were brought into North America." Moreover, they claim that "the first Christian religious service west of the Pecos river" was held there.

Actually, the area is isolated and on the surface bleak. But the authors have shown that *la junta* has seethed with life for over 4000 years. The Indians lived there and cultivated corn. Cabeza de Vaca passed through *la junta*. The friars came, as did explorers such as Antonio de Espejo. Missions and a presidio were established there. In 1843, the first American settlers arrived and the modern history of the Ojinaga area began.

Events covering thousands of years and hundreds of miles are related chronologically and are carefully documented by the authors. Some of their specific statements may be challenged, but the story is nonetheless fascinating; the area is one which deserved to have this overview presented.

University of Texas at El Paso

—EVAN HAYWOOD ANTONE

The great national struggle for independence in Mexico did not send even a ripple of excitement to the northern interior.

Doña Ana County (New Mexico) was created in 1852. The county seat was originally Doña Ana but was changed to Las Cruces in 1853, to Mesilla in 1856, and finally to Las Cruces again in 1882.

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