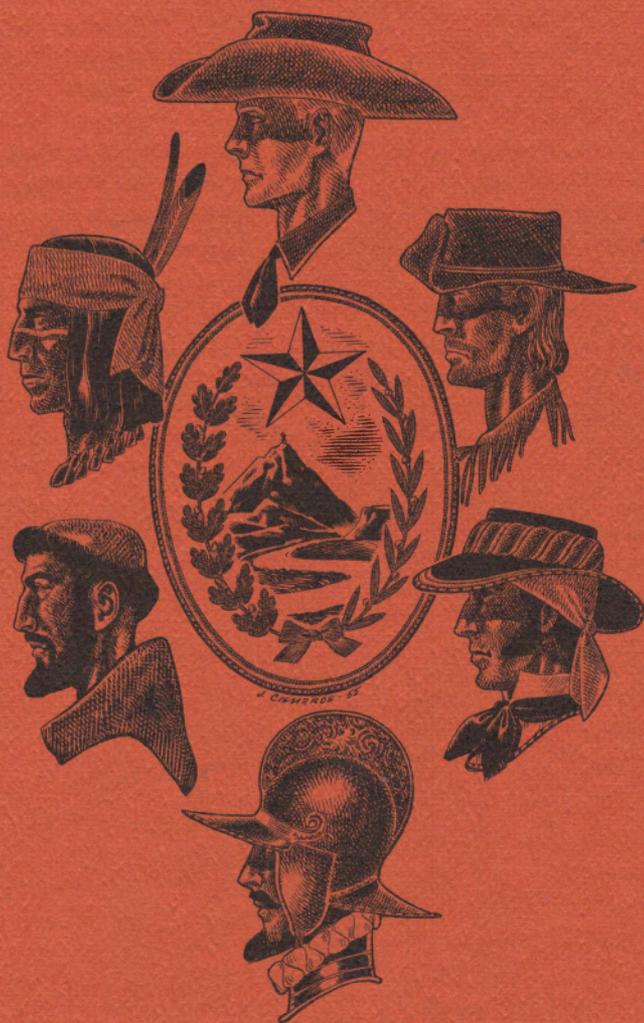


# PASSWORD



THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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VOL. XX, No. 4

EL PASO, TEXAS

WINTER, 1975

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# PASSWORD

Published quarterly by THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
CONREY BRYSON, *Editor*

Editorial Board: Dr. E. Haywood Antone, Leon Metz, Mrs. John J. Middagh,  
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VOL. XX, No. 4

EL PASO, TEXAS

WINTER, 1975

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## IN MEMORIAM

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OTIS A. RICHESON

DR. BRANCH CRAIGE

(Your editor attempts to keep informed of the deaths of Society members.  
Your assistance is requested.)

*Published quarterly by THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY*  
CONREY BRYSON, *Editor*

Correspondence regarding back numbers of *PASSWORD* should be addressed to Corresponding Secretary, El Paso County Historical Society, Post Office Box 28, El Paso, Texas 79940.

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## HALL OF HONOR BANQUET

The fifteenth annual Hall of Honor Banquet of the El Paso County Historical Society was held Sunday evening, November 9, at the El Paso Country Club. Those honored were the late James Price Hague and Tom Lea. Mrs. Charles A. Goetting paid tribute to Mr. Hague, and Charles H. Leavell paid the tribute to Mr. Lea. The plaque honoring Mr. Hague was accepted by his son, 93 year old James Price Hague, Jr., of San Bernardino, California. Also present were three of the granddaughters and one grandson of the honoree: Mrs. Thomas Herren, Mrs. Richard Mattee, Miss Barbara Hill, and Mrs. James Hill. In a moving acceptance, the aged son recalled his early years in El Paso, where his father died on the son's thirteenth birthday. He reported a close relationship with his father, who instilled into the young man's character a lifelong respect for the legal profession. Tom Lea's remarks on accepting the plaque as the living honoree are included in this issue.

Mayor Don Henderson of El Paso read a resolution from the Mayor of San Bernardino, honoring James Price Hague, Jr., as a long time valued resident of that city, and congratulating El Paso upon the honors paid to his father. Mayor Henderson also presented to Mrs. Paul A. (Doll) Heisig a resolution from the City of El Paso honoring her 21 years of service as corresponding secretary of the El Paso County Historical Society. President William I. Latham also presented a plaque to Mrs. Heisig, commemorating her years of service. Mrs. Heisig is moving from El Paso.

The Country Club was decorated for the occasion in a bi-centennial motif, with red, white, and blue table decorations, tasteful displays of the American Eagle, an authentic replica of the Liberty Bell, and other patriotic symbols. Mrs. Philip H. Bethune was General Chairman, with Mrs. Robert W. McAfee and Mrs. Frank M. Bashore as Co-Chairmen.

Other committee members were: Decorations, Mrs. D. C. Ahearn, Mrs. C. J. LeVan and Mrs. H. B. Rupp; Publicity, Mrs. Arthur F. Gale; Reservations, Col. (U.S.A. Ret.) and Mrs. H. Crampton Jones; Social Hour, Mrs. Monica Hunter, Mrs. William E. Becker, Mrs. Albert Krohn, Mrs. E. R. Lockhart, and Mrs. Nadine H. Prestwood; Hostesses, Mrs. James A. Dick, Mrs. Barry O. Coleman, Mrs. J. Hal Gambrell, and Mrs. H. Gordon Frost; Guest Books, Mrs. S. L. A. Marshall, Mrs. Mac Murchison, Mrs. G. Ralph Meyer, Mrs. Wilford Kranzthor, Mrs. Leon C. Metz, Mrs. Joseph Leach, Mrs. Phyllis B. Myers, Mrs. Frank Feuille, III, Mrs. Jane B. Perrenot, Mrs. Lloyd L. Leech; Invitations and Programs, Mr. Jonathan S. Leach, and Cdr. (USN Ret.) M. G. McKinney; Tickets, Dr. Joseph Leach, Mr. Fred J. Morton, Mr. Stephen W. Kent.

## HALL OF HONOR ADDRESS WE SAY "THANK YOU"

by WILLIAM I. LATHAM

Fourteen years ago, El Paso County Historical Society inaugurated its Hall of Honor.

Richard C. White, present Congressman from El Paso, summed up the plan for the Hall of Honor in words now placed in our Society's constitution. Mr. White said: "The El Paso Hall of Honor shall be composed of outstanding men and women of character, vision, courage, and creative spirit who have lived in what is presently El Paso County; and who have done the unusual which deserves to be written or recorded; or who have created that which deserves to be read, heard, or seen and who have made El Paso County better for their having lived in it; and who have influenced, over a period of years, the course of history of El Paso County, or by their singular achievements have brought honor and recognition to the El Paso community, and who have directed us toward worthy goals and merit, being remembered by all men as an exemplary guide to our future."

In the years since the inauguration of the Hall of Honor, our Society has been privileged to honor 15 deceased persons and 14 living persons. In that time, eight of the living persons have joined the list of those who are no longer with us. I would like to call again the roll of those who have been honored by our Society since 1961:

1961—James Wiley Magoffin and Lawrence Milton Lawson

1962—Richard Fenner Burges, Maud Durlin Sullivan and Rev. B. M. G. Williams

1963—Eugenia Schuster and Robert Ewing Thomason

1964—Allen H. Hughey, Sr. and Mrs. W. D. Howe

1965—Ernest Ulrich Krause and Lucinda de Leftwich Templin

1966—Charles Robert Morehead and Maurice Schwartz

1967—Robert E. McKee and Chris P. Fox

1968—Zachariah T. White and Jack Caruthers Vowell

1969—James Augustus Smith and Jean Carl Hertzog

1970—Haymon Krupp and Eugene O. Porter

1971—Hugh Spotswood White and Charles Leland Sonnichsen

1972—Olga Bernstein Kohlberg and Joseph F. Friedkin

1973—Juan Siquieros Hart and Judson F. Williams

1974—Joseph Magoffin and Jose Cisneros

Tonight we will add two more names of El Paso greats, making a total of 31 persons honored by our Society for their distinguished roles in making El Paso the county it is today.

Each year, in the winter issue of *PASSWORD*, the president's remarks and the remarks of those giving tribute to the recipients, are published.

In this way, we hope to preserve in the annals of our Society and in countless libraries, private and otherwise, across the continent, the record of the distinguished persons we honor.

*Gratitude, we are told, is an uncommon virtue. It takes so little time and so little effort to say "thank you" to someone who has done a service for us. For many years El Paso neglected to say "thank you" to the men and women, living and deceased, who had been and have been outstanding leaders in our community. It is to fill this void that El Paso County Historical Society chose to initiate its Hall of Honor.*

When primitive man first recorded his views of our El Paso area, he scratched a crude drawing on the rockface of a cliff or cave. Then the printing press, centuries later, recorded achievements of the pioneers and now, of modern man.

Today, through the media, we can pay tribute to living men and women.

But only through the Hall of Honor can El Pasoans pay tribute to leaders of yesterday. This is what we do in this ceremony tonight, and through the years to come.

Tonight we say "thank you" to pioneers of yesterday and leaders of today, for the role you have played in shaping and guiding El Paso as a county—from a small frontier settlement to a thriving metropolis; from dusty border settlements where donkeys grazed along the flowing river to a giant city where teeming thousands view the same flowing stream now confined for man's good. All of you have aided in building El Paso.

In Charles Dickens' Christmas story, equal attention is paid to Christmas Past, Christmas Present and Christmas Future.

With apologies to the English writer, we say "thank you" to El Paso Past, to El Paso Present and for those who will help share El Paso Future.

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One of the first banners unfurled on the field of combat in the Texas Revolution, was "The Gonzales Flag."

The men of Gonzales, Texas, were forming a company of lancers to defend an old cannon which a company of Mexican cavalry demanded that the colonists surrender. Noah Smithwick, who was present at the Battle of Gonzales, writes: "We were going to do things in style so we formed a company of lancers and converted all the old files into lances which we mounted on poles . . ." He adds ". . . the first Lone Star Flag used consisted of a 'breath of course' (*sic*) white cotton cloth about six feet long in the center of which was painted an old cannon and above it a Lone Star and beneath the words 'Come and Take It' . . . And so, with the old cannon flying at the heels of two yoke of Texas steers, we filed out of Gonzales and took up the line of march toward San Antonio."

*Military History of Texas and the Southwest*  
Vol. XII, No. 1, p. 5.

## TRIBUTE TO JAMES PRICE HAGUE

by MRS. CHARLES A. GOETTING

Let us go back over a hundred years to May, 1871, when a handful of bystanders gathered in front of Ben Dowell's Saloon in the little settlement of Franklin (as El Paso was then known) to watch the unloading of the stage coach just in from Austin, Texas. Ben Dowell's Saloon was located where Hotel Paso del Norte is today, and was the combination of saloon, post office and home. In two years, it would also be the Mayor's office.

The weekly bulletin posted on the trunk of a chinaberry tree contained the list of the passengers on this twenty-six day trip from Austin. Among them was a fair, blue eyed youth of twenty three. His manners, speech and slight build contrasted sharply with the rough, pistol-toting frontiersmen of the region. He was the new District Attorney sent to bring law and order to El Paso and Presidio Counties. His name was James Price Hague.

Born in Cassville, Missouri in 1848, James Hague went to live with a married sister in Grayrock, Texas, when he was ten years old. By hard work he put himself through McKenzie College, graduating with honors when eighteen. There was then no University of Texas. It was while studying law under Senator David Culberson in Jefferson, Texas, that he met and married Flora Brinck in 1869. Soon after, he was appointed clerk in the state Senate in Austin. He attended his duties by day and studied law by night.

Those were the black reconstruction days when Texas, as all Southern states, suffered under the heel of the reconstructionist and the carpet-bagger. It was difficult for James Hague to study and work at the same time. However, Texas returned to the Union as the Lone Star State in 1870. James Hague was admitted to the bar in Austin in 1871.

An urgent request by citizens of El Paso County for judicial protection resulted in the appointment of S. B. Newcomb and James Hague to the new posts of Judge and District Attorney of the County of El Paso in May 1871. The census of 1870 showed our town with a population of 464 souls.

Leaving his wife and baby in Jefferson, James Hague set out for West Texas. The twenty-six day journey through Apache infested desert was made, he wrote her "with one hand holding on to our scalps, the other to our guns. In a few days I will write you about our future home, not much to offer you but sunshine and sandstorms like we encountered on the trail; they are more frightening than the Indians."

The new District Attorney soon proved that he could more than hold his own with his new lusty *compadres*. He became known as an honest and able lawyer. Upon this reputation he built an extensive law practice; at the same time serving the community as district attorney, county at-

torney, and district judge, all before the age of 30. He was responsible for a large part of the legislation of this period affecting the west Texas area.

In 1873, James Hague had settled his growing family into a rambling adobe house that had belonged to Don Luis Cardis (later killed in the Salt War of 1877). The Hague home was at the corner of San Francisco and Santa Fe Streets, where our Civic Center is today. They had one of the first pianos brought to El Paso, and the house was one of music, song, and laughter. Later, Hague built what was said to be the first brick house in El Paso, exactly on the site of the patio of the Civic Center.

He, with other El Pasoans, formed the El Paso Real Estate and Immigration Company. In 1876, he was appointed Judge of the 20th District. S. H. Newman, a young newspaper man came to El Paso that year, and his "Memoirs" tell of how impressed he was with El Pasoans, few though they were: "Every one of them had dreamed a dream—a vision of a 'great day' coming when the railroad would arrive; when untold riches would reward the faithful, all of whom were hanging grimly to the lots and plots they had acquired."

It was inevitable that the railroads would come to the southwest, but not that they would come through El Paso. In fact, concerned merchants sent a committee to Washington to protest that the railroads were planning to bypass their town. James Hague was one of the young men who had the dream of the railroads coming to El Paso. He kept his dream in the form of a diagram or blueprint, pigeon-holed in the desk of his law office (a room in his home) eight years prior to the actual bringing of the Southern Pacific railroad through the pass.

During James Hague's first decade here, he had acquired a great deal of land. For his legal services, he was sometimes paid in land in lieu of currency and therefore he and a few other civic minded citizens were in a position to deed to the Southern Pacific a strip of land for its tracks and station in the heart of town. James Hague gave a large share of this land. He also devoted much time and effort to handling the negotiations. Thus, his feeling of personal pride and accomplishment was justified when, on that historic day in 1881, the railroad finally arrived. A dream and a prophecy of his had been realized. In a letter to his wife dated July 4, 1871, he had written: "The growth of El Paso depends upon the Southern Pacific coming to this exact spot, which will make El Paso a great town in a few years."

Dr. Sonnichsen in his book, *Pass of the North*, describes the Great Day, the coming of the first train to El Paso as follows:

There was joy and thanksgiving in the air as the steel rails, bringers of all things, came within miles, came within view, came within the city limits, and in a hurricane of orderly confusion, the railroad arrived . . . . The ceremonies which officially welcomed the railroad and its builders

opened the floodgates of El Paso oratory and launched the valley community on its fourth and most important century. It was Thursday, May 26, 1881.

Dr. Sonnichsen continues:

The entire assembly marched down San Francisco Street to the hall over the Schuts store, where the second part of the program got under way. Here the fine ladies of the town made their appearance, and here James P. Hague, no mean maker of speeches, achieved the pinnacle of his oratorical career. One passage will serve to illustrate:

"We are now here, by our presence in these surroundings, met to celebrate the advent into our midst of the Southern Pacific Railroad itself. It has been decreed: the Lone Star, in the splendor of her course, shall now add to the wealth of her dominion the chief jewel that once adorned the diadem of the Montezumas."

James Hague had every right to make the principal speech of that day. He had deeded thirty acres in the heart of the future city for the right of way and had thereby contributed as much as any man, if not more, to the future of the community. It was El Paso's finest hour.

The coming of the railroad brought prosperity and growth to El Paso, but many undesirable citizens also. Some said that seventy percent of those who came were parasites of one form or another. James Gillett, peace officer, described the town: "Real estate dealers, cattlemen, miners, railroad men, gamblers, saloon keepers and sporting people flocked to town. At night here was no room for people on the sidewalks and they filled the streets."

El Paso had been incorporated as a city in 1873, but this first municipal government was discontinued in September, 1875, due to a lack of attendance on the part of city council members. However, as the railroads were nearing our town, the municipal government was resurrected, and an election was held to select a mayor and councilmen. Solomon Schutz was elected to head the city government, and James P. Hague was appointed as *City Attorney*. In 1885, he was elected an *Alderman* from his ward, which position he held most of the time until 1889. He was always a leader in the council. It was said that his legal ability ranked with the best in the state, that, as a keen observer of human nature his judgment at picking a jury was rare. His legal services were sought in El Paso and throughout the Southwest. He had high regard for the ethics of his profession and gave great dignity to the courtroom.

In the various public offices he held, he was fearless in behalf of anything he thought was right. In 1885, James Hague shared with his partner at the time, his brother-in-law *William Coldwell*, the credit of conducting legal proceedings which disclosed the famous "court house steal" in the county. This brought him wide acclaim. It is a matter of record that when the first county court house was to be built in 1885, there was a question as to the honesty of the contractors. James Hague investigated and found the taxpayers were being defrauded of a considerable amount



Judge James Price Hague, Sr.

of money. The case was carried to court and, when conviction was almost certain, representatives of the men under suspicion asked for a private conference. Suspecting they were to offer him a bribe, James Hague concealed two witnesses to the transaction. He accepted the bribe. The following day, he called a mass meeting in San Jacinto Plaza and returned the money to the County. The guilty parties were sent to prison for ten years each. Because of his fearlessness in matters of this kind, and also because of his ability, James Hague had enemies. It was said that, at one time, there was a price of \$10,000 on his head.

El Paso continued to boom. All sorts of businesses sprang up. Many

were saloons or places of entertainment, but more progressive enterprise was on the way, too. The El Paso Water Company was organized, even a gas company—banks, First National Bank and State National were established, and both newspapers, the *Herald* and the *Times* were published. Hague was one of five owners of *The El Paso Times* when the name was changed from *International Times*.

In 1888, James Hague was nominated for Congress; because of his Republican tendencies he was not elected. Again in 1890 he was put up for state Attorney General; and although well qualified, he was not elected because of being a Republican and because he lacked the physical strength and endurance to campaign. Never robust, his health was failing rapidly, and death terminated his short and brilliant career on December 4, 1895. He was forty seven years old.

Of Judge and Mrs. Hague's eight children, there are three surviving: daughters Mrs. Aileen Hague Hill of 4601 Trowbridge, El Paso, and Mrs. Flora Hague Wilson of California, both of whom were unable to be present tonight; and a son, James Price Hague, Jr., who has come from California for this occasion. Also present are four grandchildren: Mrs. Richard Mettee and Miss Barbara Hill and Mr. James Hill of Los Alamos, New Mexico, all children of Mrs. Hill; and Mrs. Thomas Herren, a granddaughter, is here from Washington, D.C. We old time friends know her as "Babs." She grew up in El Paso, the daughter of Mrs. Lillian Hague Corcoran.

To read of early El Paso is to read of James Price Hague, an unusual man of vision, whose name and deeds form an integral part of the cultural, legal, and business life of bygone days. In his book *Out of the Desert*, Owen White, our earliest historian, says of Judge Hague:

In studying the character of early El Pasoans and in going back as far as I can in my personal recollections of them, I find no one who is more worthy of consideration than is James P. Hague. I can recall that, as a child, I frequently heard my father and other men speak of Hague as the most brilliant man in the southwest. His record, as I find it, justifies the appellation. For twenty six years he took a leading and aggressive part in the life of El Paso and made for himself a reputation as a citizen and lawyer which places him in the very front rank of those who have left their mark upon the pages of the history of this city.

Our beautiful El Paso is a monument to such men and women. Those of us who have lived a lifetime here view this with the realization that they built up not only a material El Paso but a spiritual structure: to quote Owen White, "an Americanism, far seeing, determined. This spiritual legacy is the richest part of our inheritance."

James Price Hague embodied these qualities of character, and we salute him as his name is placed in the El Paso County Historical Society Hall of Honor tonight.

## TRIBUTE TO TOM LEA

by CHARLES H. LEAVELL

Mr. Chairman, members of the Historical Society, distinguished guests: Tom Lea has been my true friend and I a friend to him since early manhood. Yet our love and respect for one another is even stronger because our wives, Sarah and Shirley, share the same deep friendship.

Hence it is a rare privilege for me to introduce to you a distinguished citizen of our great city, who in truth is a humble home town boy . . . .

A native son of the city of El Paso, Tom's life and art have thrived in the sun burned realm beneath our mountain, the distinctive earthmark of the country where Tom Lea belongs both in imagination and in creative reality, he has roots here.

These roots began at the turn of the century when his mother's family the Joseph Utts, moved to El Paso for health reasons, and his grandfather built a rooming house at 811 North El Paso Street. His mother while gaining her high school education in the El Paso Public Schools, helped with the work in the Utt rooming house.

Tom's father, also named Tom, a young lawyer from Independence, Missouri, on his way to Grand Junction, Colorado to practice law, landed in El Paso as a result of a misfortune. He had lost his wallet with all his

cash during a stage stop near Alamogordo. Then in the true style of Tom Lea Senior he persuaded a railroad conductor into giving him a ride to El Paso, without a ticket!

Here in El Paso he soon found a job and met and won the hand of the beautiful Miss Utt. Before they were married, the young lawyer Tom Lea made a number of adventurous trips into the interior of Mexico, as a mine-seeker. None of these quests were successful, so he returned to El Paso, set out his shingle as a practicing attorney and married Miss Zola Mae Utt, in June of 1906. Then for almost forty years he ably practiced law here in El Paso. His firm Lea, McGrady, Thomason & Edwards is still remembered and respected wherever lawyers of the southwest gather. Active in local politics, the Senior Tom Lea served as Mayor of El Paso for one term—1915 to 1917.

The young Tom Lea was born at Hotel Dieu here in El Paso in 1907. Two other sons were born to Tom and Zola Lea, Joe in 1910 and Dick in 1927. They have forever been a close family.

Tom attended Lamar school, then El Paso High School, where he learned well the structure of the English language and the grandeurs of its literature, under the tutelage of Jeannie M. Frank. Another gifted teacher at El Paso High, Miss Gertrude Evans, contributed much to Tom's training as a painter in her classes at El Paso High.

Our honoree was seventeen when he left El Paso to enroll as a student in the Art Institute of Chicago. By this time his aims had formed. No indecision whatsoever clouded his desire to be an artist, a good one. And his parents approved! They made available the funds for his first year at Art School, and with loving confidence in him, put him on the Golden State Limited to Chicago in September 1924.

As he is today, Tom went to Chicago with an eager, whole-hearted enthusiasm for the work he wanted to do, he was a natural from the very beginning. There he learned to create in art the anatomy and construction of the human figure—and later of horses and cattle. There his draftsmanship carried a sureness and clarity of line which identifies his work to us today.

As Tom grew in knowledge he showed a creative preoccupation not only with the form and structure of the visible world, but with the character and performance of his fellow beings inhabiting that world.

He was becoming—which indeed he is today—a humanist, in the classic sense of that term.

John Norton, the well known Chicago mural painter became Tom's painting instructor at the Art Institute. Later, in February 1927, Tom became an assistant to the Maestro in his mural studio. Steady and well-paid employment in John Norton's Studio made it possible for Tom to earn a living in the depression; it was even adequate to give him funds

allowing travel and study in Italy with his lovely wife Nancy, a student at the Art Institute, whom he had married in 1927.

Yet from the very beginning of his association with Norton, Tom knew that an artist, to be worthy of that name, must some time launch his own craft and set out along on his own voyage of discovery. So, in January 1933, with \$900 savings sewed in his undershirt, he and Nancy took the Golden State Limited for El Paso, his home country. It was a hard road for Tom and Nancy. After building a one-room adobe house on top of a hill south of Santa Fe, Nancy became ill and died in an El Paso hospital two years later. That same year, 1936, Tom lost his mother and grandmother. And also that same year, Tom opened a studio in the Mills Building in Downtown El Paso, where he began to record by brush and pen, his heritage, his home place at El Paso del Norte.

Tom as an artist describes our land as a "thirsty, bare and mostly empty country. It is tan, not green, it has no abounding grace of fertility and little softness to evoke ease in man's spirit. Its richness is space, wide and deep and infinitely colored, visible to the jagged mountain rim of the world—huge and challenging in space to evoke huge and challenging freedom."

Under national competition he won the commission to paint an important mural for the Post Office Department in Washington. I have seen it many times. There he painted a plowman breaking dry bare earth. Standing by the furrow is his young wife, looking at the motionless windmill, at the homesteader's shack where they live, at the empty horizon, it is called "The Nesters."

Tom went on to create other murals, always under competition (he lost a few I might add!) to the section of Fine Arts Treasury Department. One you will recognize is "Pass of the North," in the El Paso Federal Court House, in which is inscribed:

"O Pass of the North now the old giants are gone, we  
little men live where heroes once walked the inviolate  
earth."

Then one day to his studio came Tom's father, accompanied by an unusual man—Frank Dobie. After Tom's father had left, the two remained to speak of their work, their philosophies. Unknowingly they were planning their work together. By late that night they were talking about pictures that should be in a new book and whether or not "Apache Gold and Yaqui Silver" had the right sound for a title.

Tom went on to illustrate the vivid Dobie books, to write the mystical poem "Randado," to do story illustrations for Saturday Evening Post, to work with his renowned friend Carl Hertzog in designing and producing beautiful books in limited editions, to decorate the walls in murals of our Public Library.

But it was during the painting of the El Paso Federal Court House mural that Tom's greatest blessing occurred. He met Sarah Catherine Dighton, a visitor from Illinois. Tom won in his courtship, which has given El Paso not only a beloved couple, but in Sarah one of our outstanding leaders in our civic, social, and cultural life. Their son Jim and their two lovely grandchildren have been a blessing to their life. In 1941, when World War II loomed over the horizon—even the desert horizon along the Rio Grande—Tom left to become Life's first war artist on assignment to a zone of battle. He was on a destroyer in the North Atlantic at the time of Pearl Harbor—and he stayed with Time-Life for the duration. We are all familiar with his vivid but tragic depictions of war in the South Pacific, The Arctic, North Africa, Italy, China, Burma, and India.

He landed with the Marines at the bloody battle of Peleliu. The resulting works are installed permanently in the Pentagon.

It was during these times of trial that I became his friend. Shirley and Sarah found a deep compassion. Tom would return weary of spirit to tell me of the futility of war but of the bravery or even abject fear of the men and women who had to fight.

It was during that period when I realized that the war was having a most powerful impact upon Tom's point of view. I knew that during his prolonged war travels from El Paso he was seeing the vastness and the variety of the whole wide world, and seeing his homeland, when he returned, in new perspective!

After the war, Tom's next project was one to depict the beef cattle of America, when his attention was focused on a different kind of bovine—the fierce thoroughbred fighting bull of Spain. Though Life's editors did not approve, Tom on his own did a series of drawings and a text on bulls born to fight, and the men who chose to fight them in the plazas on Sunday afternoons.

When Tom's employment with Life Magazine terminated, he spent eleven months at work on a novel. "The Brave Bulls" was the result.

It became a best seller, brought the author a new kind of acclaim, and plunged him into a new career.

It was during this creative time of his life that Tom and I took our wives and packed deep into the wind river mountains of Wyoming. Our trails were unblazed, we slept on the ground, we fished for the wily golden trout. These were arduous trips when the Leas and the Leavells each needed the other. Sometimes we slept four or five in a tent. You really get to know a couple under those circumstances!

We went on to fish the high mountain rivers of the Argentine, to visit the ranches of the pampas. Then later we penetrated the vastness of Alaska and fished the waters of the Tik Chik Lakes and Rivers. It was always

an adventure, but even more so to see the strange lands through Tom's eyes.

So now I am up to modern times. Tom's books, the popular "Wonderful Country," followed by "The Primal Yoke," then the pristine "The Hands of Cantu," a story of the horse and its place in the exploration of North America, are well known to us all.

Bob Kleberg of King Ranch fame, persuaded Tom to write the story of his Ranch Empire. This relationship between two strong men also created "In The Crucible of the Sun," a history of Kleberg's conquest of the ranch lands of Australia.

Bob is gone now but his creative life is brilliantly recorded by Tom in pictures and in prose.

And so, tonight, we are here to honor Tom Lea and his devoted wife Sarah—his critic and his pal.

Of Tom, his friend Elliott Stevens has said:

"In the past 53 years of a close friendship with Tom Lea it pleases my heart and soul to see this honor bestowed upon him. After these many years, I still look on both his paintings and writings with undiminished delight since both symbolize our heritage."

And his brother Joe has said:

"Congratulations to Tom on this latest of well deserved honors, awarded in recognition of his talents, God given—perhaps—but mainly developed through his devotion for hard work and discipline, respect and loyalty to those principles which have been so much his life. It is an honor for me to call him my best friend—and brother."

Also Dr. Harry Ransom of the University of Texas has said:

"The most obvious, but one of the less important, fact about Tom Lea is that he is a genius. He is also a great man, a citizen of our whole world, and a truly great human being. By his talents and his understanding he has encouraged countless people to know the past, to be aware of a vital present, and to hope for the future. In return for all the good he has done we can give him only the simplest of gifts, our deep and steadfast gratitude."

Yet Chancellor Le Maistre of the University of Texas has said:

"Few men in the history of the arts have approached the undeniable visual and narrative genius that has been demonstrated by Tom Lea. His contribution enhanced the flavor and changed the atmosphere of the western heritage to which we are all so devoted. A gentle and humble man, his masterful work will be forever loved and appreciated

by both the casual historian and the serious scholar of pen and brush."

An honorary doctor of literature from Baylor University and of Letters from S.M.U., Tom has won high literary awards for his novels. His art works are treasures of Universities, of Museums, and of Collectors, yet Tom says of his work:

"I do know and state what my pictures are intended to be: not exercises in aesthetics or performances for the sake of technique, but records and representations of experiences in life.

I wish they could express my thanksgiving at morning, when I open my eyes and another day stands waiting."

Friends, with a warm and full heart I give you Tom Lea—



## RESPONSE BY TOM LEA

In trying to make a worthy response to the generous words of my friend, it's hard to know what to say or what to do—

One thing—to begin with—presents no difficulty whatsoever. It's about that young lady from Illinois that Charles mentioned. I know exactly what to say about her! It's this: Without her beauty and her intelligence, without her companionship, without her help, without her approbation, her understanding, her grace, her love, the road I have traveled through the years would have led nowhere. I thank my Sarah for everything.

It was half a century ago, when I walked alone up the gray stone steps between the massive bronze guardian lions to the entryway of the Art Institute in the heart of a huge strange city, a 17-year-old kid hungry with a voracious appetite to learn the art of painting.

To report to you now: I am still studying it. I still struggle and hope for improvement. I am still trying to learn, whether it be standing before an easel with a brush in my hand, or standing before a typewriter with an idea in my head.

For more than fifty years now I have pursued a kind of gripping work that has no end, a work that can never be finally accomplished or called finished, a work that I find myself never able to do as well as it demands to be done, a work that requires every part of my mind and soul and energy and time, a work that remains, and will remain until the moment I draw my last breath, mystery and adventure: trying to delineate *the* mystery and *the* adventure of *being alive*, of waking up in the morning and opening my eyes to partake of the miracles of just being there to see it!

Of course my view of our world and that miracle of being present in it, alive, has been essentially shaped by the place on earth I see it from. I think often of the relationship—it seems to me spiritual—that exists between a man and the place on earth which he *knows inwardly* as home. D. H. Lawrence wrote of it thus:

“Every people is polarized in some particular locality, some home or homeland, and every great era of civilization seems to be the expression of a particular continent or continent region, as well as of the people concerned. There is, no doubt, some peculiar potentiality attaching to every region of the earth's surface, over and above the indisputable facts of climate and geological condition. There is some subtle magnetic or vital influence in every specific locality—”

I like to consider that some such inherent influence does indeed bond me to a particular piece of the continent, that under that influence I still live and work under the brow of old Mount Franklin here at the Pass of the North. I know that if any man observes and delineates the character of any piece of any continent with enough insight and enough skill, in words or in pictures, his work will be recognized not only within his region

but beyond it, and take its place, according to its merit, world wide.

I cherish, beyond power of words or pictures, the exact place whence I observe daily the miracle of light and of life around me. I take pleasure in being able to tell you exactly, even when not asked, the precise terrestrial position of the house and headquarters for work where Sarah and I live. We're at 31 degrees, 47 minutes, 30 seconds North latitude and 106 degrees, 27 minutes and 30 seconds longitude West of the Greenwich meridian—with the great space of all the world for studio walls and the whole vault of the heavens for skylight.

It's a very good location.

And I am a singularly fortunate man, doing the work I love so much, at the place I love so much, midst the people I love so much.

I give my thanks with this voice tonight, though my gratitude is not utterable.

TOM LEA

El Paso Historical Society Dinner

November 9th, 1975



*LAS CRUCES MURAL—El Pasoans who have admired Tom Lea's murals in the El Paso Federal Court House, the El Paso Public Library and the Centennial Museum may not be aware of the mural in the Branigan Memorial Library in Las Cruces. The above detail shows the central theme—the first books introduced into the southwest by Spanish PADRES. One of America's great muralists, Lea has done murals for the Benjamin Franklin Postal Station, Washington, D. C.; the West Texas Room, Hall of State, Dallas; Burlington Railroad Station, La Crosse, Wisconsin; and Post Office buildings in Odessa, Texas; Seymour, Texas; and Pleasant Hill, Missouri.*

## SHALAM REVISITED

by FRANCES SEGULIA

All that remains of Shalam Colony, a notable curiosity at the turn of the century in the Mesilla Valley of New Mexico, are two faded red brick buildings which stand on privately owned farmland about two miles west of Doña Ana in a bend of the Rio Grande. The larger building which fronts the farm road leading from Doña Ana southwest to the farming community of Fairacres, bears architectural similarities to the once attractive school it was designed for. The other, a two story, home-like structure almost hidden in pecan groves northwest of the road, was once a Children's Home.



Shalam Colony was the result of the efforts of wealthy Dr. John B. Newbrough who believed himself to be the divined leader of a spiritualistic group. Calling themselves "Faithists," the group began an experiment in commune living in the mid 1880s concentrated on the rescue of foundlings and orphans of all races gathered from over the country. These unwanted children were brought to the colony, their physical health subjected to a strict vegetarian diet and plenty of fresh air, their religious education bent toward "Faithist" principles described in the group's sacred book, OAHSPÉ, and practiced by their church, the "Church of Tae." The plan was elaborate and fantastically impractical. After absorbing the fortune of Dr. Newbrough as well as that of Andrew Howland who attempted to lead the group after Newbrough died, the project failed.

While reviewing a number of writings pertaining to the founding and history of Shalam, I was reminded by Lee Priestley's title, "Shalam . . . . Land of Children,"\* that I, too, under different circumstances, was a child of Shalam. With my family I lived at the place called Shalam less than 25 years after the venture was declared a failure by the last of the \*"Shalam . . . . Land of Children," by Lee Priestley, Nov.-Dec., 1961 issue of *New Mexico* magazine.

inhabitants and closed in 1907. By the latter 1920s most of the several hundred acres first farmed by the spiritualists was owned by an agricultural co-op and known throughout the Las Cruces-Doña Ana farming district as "Shalam Farm." My father was among the several farmers who worked the Shalam land and, due to the lack of improvements (housing) to accommodate all the farm families, we moved into the school building.

Our apartment consisted of two very large rooms, each equipped with a lavatory and toilet set in a corner closet, somewhat exemplary of today's modern classroom for primary grades. Sadly for us, the elaborate water and plumbing system installed by the colony's founders had long been in a state of ruin, and the existing fixtures filled with sand. Each of our rooms, which were on the north side of the building, had a single narrow window. Yet, plenty of daylight entered our apartment through a large skylight located in the ceiling of each room. I can remember the warm southwest sun beaming through the bright square upon our tomato plants. My mother had planted the seed in later winter, sowing them in a large tub placed directly under one of the skylights. Sometimes, on cold days I played 'jacks' near that warm spot. Perhaps the first children of Shalam were allowed to play there, too.

An enormous hall or auditorium with a very high ceiling set between our quarters and similar rooms on the opposite side of the school building. The room was rectangular with the back wall receding into a semi-circle suggestive of a stage or pulpit. Most likely, that over-sized room served several purposes—particularly, that of a dining hall since there were the gutted remains of a kitchen off to one side at the far end. In our time at Shalam the hall was stacked almost to the ceiling with baled alfalfa hay. Unknown to my mother, my brother and I played hide-and-seek in the small caverns formed by the loosely placed bales.

Back of the building the crumbling remains of what appeared to have been a furnace or boiler room lent credence to the ultra-modern aspect of the early colony, a paradox on the southwest frontier of the late 1880s. Quite by contrast, slightly apart from the school building, sat the single remaining native outdoor oven, the last of several built by the native Mexicans for the "Faithists" while their massive modern project was under construction.

A Japanese family occupied the opposite apartment on the south side of the hay-filled room. The family included two children—boys, called Shiro and Joe. My brother and I were delighted to live so near to children our age. Though their skin was darker than ours, their parents spoke a strange language, and odd food smells came from within their rooms, they laughed at the same things we children laughed at, played the same games. With our new friends we enjoyed watching the pretty gold fish swimming in the basin of the old fountain where the Japanese father had placed them. They were the largest gold fish I had ever seen. There were

other fish, too, and I know, now, that Mr. Tanaka had toiled to provide a place for his fish. Water no longer flowed freely over the crude native stones which had replaced the original fountain's graceful urn-shaped moldings.

Sometimes a crowd of the Tanaka's friends would gather at Shalam Farm for a picnic. They parked their shiny cars under the large cottonwood trees that shaded the grounds in front of the school building and walked the few hundred yards to the timber near the Rio Grande. Some of the women wore beautiful kimonos and carried gay-colored paper parasols. There were bright balloons of many shades and shapes, and my brother and I were pleased when asked to share their picnic. We tasted the "different" food and were glad for the ice cream served in cones to all the children. Years later, when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, I wondered what had happened to all the nice Japanese people and their children I had known at Shalam.

Besides the Japanese, I knew other children at Shalam Farm. On a slight rise south of the large brick building a series of small adobe rooms enclosed a debris-filled courtyard. Occupied by Mexican farm labor, these quarters were referred to as "the Mexican Square." Later, I learned that the "Square" was all that remained of the 40-room "fraternum" which had been built for the nurses and teachers who directed Shalam's children. Each room had once opened onto an attractive portico or colonnade surrounding a landscaped garden of extravagant beauty. By my time at Shalam the "fraternum" had been reduced to the simple homes—without flooring or plumbing—of my Mexican playmates. However, neither Juanita, Tomasita, Sofia, nor I were concerned with the used-to-be of Shalam Colony. We were happy to compare language differences over warm, bean-filled tortillas and, on summer days, we swam in the near-by irrigation ditch. Sometimes we carried small buckets of water from the ditches to sprinkle the dirt floors. I was fascinated by the "funchore" and learned to give my wrist just the right twist to fling the proper amount of water to settle the dust without creating a mud puddle. Sometimes, on Sunday afternoons a Victrola from somewhere in the "Square" played melancholy love songs or the happier *paso doble*. There would be dancing on the packed earth in front of the Mexican quarters and often my friends' mother (scarcely taller than I!) would grab me and guide my awkward steps to the fast music.

The last rooms of the adobe quarters crumbled several years ago and, today, when I glance at that mound of dirt where my Mexican friends and I spent a part of our childhood, I am haunted by the faint echoes of Mexican melodies, the pungent smell of wet adobe, and tortillas baking atop a wood-burning stove. I look at the big brick building now used to store farm equipment and imagine the sharp smell of alfalfa. The once

attractive carved wooden doors flanked by glass paneling which graced the entrances to the main hall and to our former apartments, have been replaced with heavy metal utility doors. The shade trees have died and the stumps grubbed out. A crooked, scrawny elm has sprouted near where the fountain stood. Over in the pecan grove the former home for Shalam's orphans stands in aging dignity.

When I pass that way on occasional Sunday drives, I linger for a moment at the old landmark of my childhood, indulging in the nostalgic recall of happy times spent there with the children of Shalam.

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As matters stand today, Billy the Kid is not legally dead!

The coroner's report of the time (July, 1881) described the events leading up to the Kid's slaying, and then concluded:

"We the jury, unanimously find that William Bonney was killed by a shot in the left breast, in the region of the heart, fired from a pistol in the hand of Patrick F. Garrett, and our verdict is that the act of the said Garrett was justifiable homicide, and we are unanimous in the opinion that the gratitude of the whole community is due the said Garrett for his act and that he deserves to be rewarded.

M. Rudolph, president  
 Anton Sabedra  
 Pedro Anto Lucero  
 Jose X Silba  
 Sabal X Gutierrez  
 Lorenzo X Jaramillo

All of which information I bring to your notice.

Alejandro Segura, Justice of the Peace.

The original of this document was written in Spanish—signed with an X by three of the jury members, and, according to Pat Garrett, given to the district attorney of the first judicial district in Las Vegas, New Mexico. According to the district attorney of that county in 1951, "the report is not now, and never has been, among the records of this office."

Leon Metz, *Pat Garrett. The Story of a Western Lawman*, p. 120.

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The flag which became known as the "San Jacinto Flag" began its colorful history as an ensign of a company of Kentucky volunteers, "The Newport Rifles." This company, under command of Captain Sidney Sherman, was a unit of the Kentucky Militia. They became so enthusiastic about the Texas cause that they determined, in November, 1835, to go to the support of the Texans. Katherine Sherman, the captain's wife, made the flag for the company. It is now preserved framed and hanging behind the Speaker's desk in the Texas House of Representatives.

*Military History of Texas and the Southwest*  
 Vol. XII, No. 3, p. 157.

## HISTORICAL MEMORIES CONTEST

Chairman Thomas D. Westfall has announced the winners in the first annual Historical Memories Contest, which closed October 15th. The contest, limited to persons over 60, was suggested to the organization by former director Stacy C. Hinkle. The scores of entries received were of such high quality that the judges reported nineteen of them were worthy of consideration for first place. In a difficult decision, they chose three winners and six Honorable Mention.

First prize, \$100—Mary Means Scott, 4613 East Yandell, El Paso.

Second prize, \$50—Amelia Montes (Mrs. S. R. Skaggs), 2110 Ashwood Avenue, Nashville, Tenn.

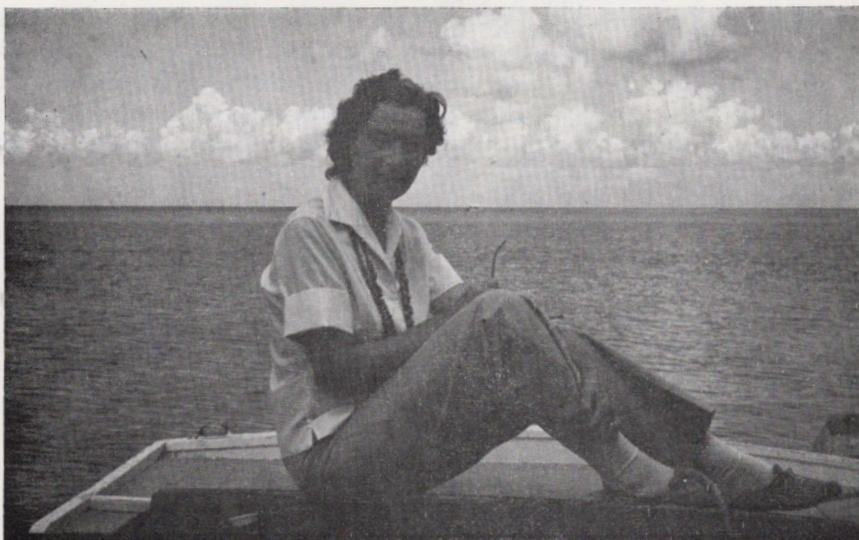
Third prize, \$25—Herminia C. Gonzalez, 220 West Yandell, #14, El Paso.

Honorable Mention, one year membership in El Paso County Historical Society, with subscription to *PASSWORD*—Harriot Howze Jones, 3000 Gold Ave., El Paso; C. M. Bolling, 807 North El Paso Street, El Paso; Frances Clayton, 1103 East San Antonio Ave., El Paso; Mrs. Louis W. Breck, 1207 North Kansas Street, El Paso; Bernice Brick, 4515 Hueco Street, El Paso; and Alma North Ferguson, 407 Rim Road, El Paso.

The three winning essays follow. Others will be published in *PASSWORD* throughout 1976.

### ALL IS WELL

by MARY MEANS SCOTT



"We are all well," states the old telegram I have. Certainly this declaration is nothing to arouse interest or emotion. But wait—the dateline reads March 9, 1916, Columbus, New Mexico.

Many mothers, fathers, and loved ones over the country were anxiously awaiting just such a message as this. There were no ham operators feverishly relaying distressed or calming news. The one telephone line was busy. In fact, the heroic operator had continued at her post amidst chaos and fear, but telephones then were few and seldom used for long distance. The telegram was the accepted bearer of urgent messages, and our short message to El Paso was urgent.

Pancho Villa had raided Columbus! The United States had been invaded! The town was a holocaust, and many were said to have been murdered in their beds—military and civilian alike.

It has been many, many years, and I was a very small child, but there are countless, disjointed impressions indelibly imprinted on my mind.

Afterward, in adult conversation, I heard that Juan (Juan Favela), a well-thought-of cowman and friend of many townspeople, had warned Colonel Slocum the day before that Villa was coming. His warning was shrugged off.

Villa's skirmishes and short-lived battles were a familiar sound to the people of Columbus. Palomas, Mexico was but one mile away, and often I had heard my mother say as the sound of firing came through the night stillness, "Well, Villa is certainly shooting up Palomas tonight."

Sometime in the chilly, early morning darkness the shooting began. There was no doubt it was nearby and in earnest. Our house, "the little brown house," was only a block from the town's main street and we were next door to the "White House" where Col. Slocum lived. Of course, my father's first thought was of his family's well being. He discarded the thought of our escaping to safety. Where was safety? Who knew what was lurking outside in the street? Shouts and running footsteps were easily heard.

There were four of us besides my father, Elliott Means, in our family—my six-months pregnant mother, Grace, and my twelve and three year old brothers, Elliott and Billy. My father was afraid that even though our house was not entered, we would be hit by stray bullets, for it was only a frame house. He put the three of us children on the floor of the living room, the room with the most walls between it and town, and covered us with the big single-batting Sealy mattress. He knew that cotton would do most to stop a bullet. He and mother kept watch at the windows, and I heard them whisper instructions and encouragement.

Small Billy was not impressed with the battle and thought only of his uncomfortable, confining situation.

Daddy, I'm hot!" brought silent immediate attention. Daddy solici-

tously knelt down and turned the pillow over, providing him a little cool air as well as a cooler side of the pillow case. Never had Billy's complaints received such quick, ungrumbling results, and he repeated the routine several times.

By daylight, the shooting became sporadic and finally ceased. Daddy and mother began to speak in normal tones. Elliott and I, they decided, should get up and see Columbus in flames! We stood at a window facing the center of town, aghast at the spectacular and horrifying sight. The golden red flames rose high into the still air, furiously crackling and roaring as it consumed the dry, lumber-constructed store and hotel buildings of a two block area. Other smaller fires dotted the horizon. The towering flames were topped with bursts and rolls of black smoke which billowed to heaven and blotted out the sky. We could feel the heat on our faces and Daddy worried whether or not the heat might catch on fire the houses of our block. At least there were only fitful flames and boiling smoke.

My father left the house to see what was to be done. There were still running men, shouting and swearing. In a short while he returned.

"I think Elliott is old enough to see this and I think he should. This is history," he said after giving mother a description of the devastation and a summary of the rampant rumors and chilling stories of death. There were excited accounts of soldier heroism and the frustrations of unpreparedness and conflicting orders. I heard the names of townspeople—some families singled out for revenge and others sacked and murdered because they were in the path of destruction. Our men were now chasing the brigands and outlaws deep into Mexico.

Elliott and Daddy went to town and what Elliott saw there was seared on his memory the whole of his life. Main street was in chaos. Men were frantically digging in the smoldering ruins for bodies. Others looked distractedly at yesterday's places of business, now blackened junk. Everyone was trying to piece together a picture of what truly had happened.

The real horror lay in the streets and on the sidewalks. Villa's men who had fallen lay dead and dying. Some twitched, some mumbled, most were sprawled in the abandoned posture of death. Except for an occasional curse, they were ignored. Later in the day, they were gathered, stacked and burned.

Elliott caught the glint of yellow metal in the black ashes. After picking it up and blowing to cool it, he realized he had a small golden blob, no doubt a ring or a gold piece melted in the heat of the hotel fire. It became a life-long talisman in memory of perhaps his most unusual and unforgettable day. It was the day before his birthday.

A near state of hysteria continued throughout the day. Rumors were rampant that Villa's bandits planned to return that night. So, during the day, it was decided that everyone would gather and sleep in the school

house, a sturdy two-story, square building with a big bronze bell on one corner. Families consulted one another and planned what to carry and what to leave behind. Excitement was high and the children listened wide-eyed and scared. Billy and I, consumed with haste and urgency, decided we should go on to the school house and wait. No one saw us go or knew where we were. This injected a new crisis into the already charged atmosphere; however, Juan, the same Juan Favela, in a stroke of intuition, went to the school and found us—a little more wide-eyed and a little more scared.

Our family and many others slept in the big class rooms that night. The mothers quieted children and kept them comfortable while the men stood at the windows fingering their guns. They watched, tense, whispering and alert at every real or imagined movement in the mesquite bushes outside. It was a long night, but a quiet one. Villa did not return.

The remainder of the United States read blaring and garbled headlines. More military protection for Columbus was assured and the army set about it at once. The town had been caught with only a small part of the 13th Cavalry on hand; other segments had been diverted to other settlements strung along the border. Nevertheless, within a week, almost the entire United States Army had arrived in Columbus and was taking over the situation. General Pershing was in command and soon became very popular with the townspeople.

I saw it as great excitement. The town ballooned and there was commotion and confusion. From a quiet, backward, out-of-the-way border town, Columbus became a bustling small city. Each train that arrived from east or west was filled with soldiers. They overflowed onto the freight trains and I was fascinated with the flat cars that arrived bristling with uniformed men. Stores filled with milling bodies were unable to serve all their wants and needs. At the grocery store, I retreated behind the show case to save being trampled upon, but peeped out admiringly at the sea of uniforms. To me it was a mammoth circus with only the big tent missing.

But—there were tents. A city of tents grew up south of the railroad tracks and south of town. It was a dry, dusty, rock strewn area supporting only unfriendly prickly pear cactus and thorn-armoured mesquites.

Some of the men, perhaps officers, rented rooms in town where they made lasting friendships. One young man, a fine photographer, made pictures of our family. Four-year-old Billy was dressed in the familiar cavalry campaign hat with crossed hatband and holding a bugle. In fact, Billy was a favorite. One day, in his independence, he decided to visit the "claim," (homestead) two miles from town. There was a great stir when mother discovered his absence. After her own shouts and searching brought no results, the soldiers were asked for help. The town was scoured



but there was no Bill. At dusk, tired and dusty, he wandered in and was picked up by two of the soldiers who delivered him to mother. With exasperation, she scolded, "Billy, why did you run off and get lost?" In wounded seriousness, he answered "I wasn't lost. I went to the claim to play." (Curiously, forty years later, Billy ran into a man in Salt Lake City who helped in the search.)

"Grown-up" talk centered around catching and punishing Pancho Villa. In our childish minds, he became villain, ogre, and arch enemy. Our games changed to "Soldiers Chasing Bandits," and we galloped through the brush and peered stealthily around adobe corners.

The town continued to overflow with the military. Streets were filled with cavalymen on sleek, prancing horses and with lumbering horse-drawn artillery pieces, as they continued to arrive. Huge supply trucks, new and awesomely powerful in our horse-and-buggy town added to the dust and noise. And airplanes! There was often a choking sputter, followed by a roar from the edge of town, and we craned our necks to see an airplane rise from the desert as easily as any chicken hawk and soar away. Sometime, if the plane flew near town, we caught a glimpse of helmet and goggles—and that proved to us there was a man inside.

And then the day arrived when General Pershing planned to enter Mexico! Men, horses, field artillery, trucks, supplies, repair units, all poised for the start. As usual, the townspeople were caught up in the

great moment—at last—retribution was at hand. It would be the culminating show.

Early, at the border, marked by a barbed-wire fence, families began to gather. Mother and Daddy drove out in our rubber-tired buggy with the children, Elliott, Billy and me standing in front holding onto the dashboard. We watched for hours, it seemed, as the horses and riders passed in a giant parade: Flags and guidons flying; pistols at the waist, sabres at the saddle, all enveloped in a canopy of dust. There was applause, whistles, waves, and shouts of “goodbye” as friends came into view. The men and boys volunteered much advice on what to do with Pancho Villa when caught.

It was a great exodus—a historic hour. The might of the United States Army departing on a punitive mission to right a wrong visited upon an unsuspecting border town—the cavalry to the rescue! It was a thrilling sight to us, but we did not and could not have known that we were witnessing and cheering the last real cavalry action.



*Elliott Means, Jr., grew up to become an accomplished painter, and remembered this incident with “Avenge Columbus.”*

General Pershing passed, smiling and waving. He was a handsome figure, an epitome of “spit and polish” and we were proud of him and our army.

The crowd waved wildly and shouted encouragement. Excitedly, we children jumped up and down . . . Dexter, our horse, stood at ease, calmly flicking his tail . . .

## MEMORIES OF SAN ELIZARIO

by AMELIA MONTES

It is a chilly, cloudy day here in the middle of Tennessee. It is this dreary atmosphere today which prompts me to write of my days in the land of sunshine in El Paso County.

I am proud to be a woman 65 years old and an American citizen of Mexican descent. I was born in San Elizario, southeast of El Paso. I enjoy visiting my birthplace. This village with its history of nearly four hundred years was settled by Spaniards. It was near here that Juan de Oñate laid claim to the lands of New Mexico in 1598 for King Phillip II of Spain.

Dominating the center of town is the old majestic white church of adobe walls three feet thick. The people were called to mass by the ringing of the church bells. The third or "señal" was sounded as mass was ready to start. These bells calling the worshippers to mass were very musical, but other times tolled the death knell with deep tones which saddened me when I was a child.

An area the size of several city blocks was surrounded by a high wall of adobe and was called "The Presidio de San Elceario." At one place on the wall was a tower manned by a sentry. The approach of Indians was announced by his beating on "La Generala," a huge drum. Women and children were shepherded inside the wall, the gate was barricaded with "vigas," cottonwood beams, and when all was secured, the men went to fight the enemy.

My mother was born after her father's death. Captured by the Apaches as he helped to repel an attack, he hung a sock on a bush in order to be traced, later his handkerchief, and lastly his scapular. He was not found then, but three years later friends found his body well-preserved in the salt flats 100 miles away from the "presidio" or fort.

In the town plaza across from the church Old Glory flies today, but the village has been under the Spanish, the Mexican and Texas flags. In the center of the plaza is the "kiosko" or band stand. Farther on was an old cottonwood tree from which, the story goes, a horse thief was hanged during a year of drouth. The natives, including children, gathered around to pray for the doomed man. They asked him to request the Lord for rain. As the priest recited the Creed and came to the words, "He ascended into heaven," the man was hanged. A torrential rain fell and soaked the crowd who cheered the welcome rain, and some thought it was an indication that the man was welcomed into heaven.

Many joyful occasions centered around religious feasts. Annually we celebrated the feast day of San Elizario, the town's patron saint, and San Isidro, patron saint of farmers. Many local legends center around San Isidro. One of these concerns an hacienda which stood on the road into Clint. According to custom, the statue of San Isidro was carried during

his feast around the neighboring farms of those who assisted in the celebration, to bless their crops. On one occasion, a wealthy "hacendada," Doña Fidencia, refused the blessing, stating that she had no need for it. According to the legend, her hacienda disappeared during the night.

These two fiestas began on the "vispera" or evening of the main day's celebration with intensive fire works which always frightened me when I was a child. Mass the next morning was more enjoyable. Dressed in their best clothes, old and young from neighboring towns came to participate. Sometimes the bishop, aided by a visiting choir, celebrated mass, and Indians in colorful costumes danced in the church yard. After mass we all joined a procession to visit altars around the plaza decorated with greenery. In the afternoon bands played in the "kiosko," and later, a dance was held in the community hall.

In December "Los Pastores," The Shepherds, came to present a morality play portraying the characters of the Nativity, beginning with the Holy Family. Even Lucifer came, who scared me at first, because I thought he had come out of a picture in my grandmother's house. He dispelled my fear when I saw him crossing himself in front of the altar as he genuflected.

During a rehearsal I remember seeing a smaller devil catching his tail between a shepherd and a door. "Put your tail in your pocket," I heard the shepherd say. This was done and the two exited smoothly through the sacristy door.

Our public school was small and a community project where young and old took part to end the school year. As two aunts were dressing me to be queen of the fairies in a play, one of them remarked that the queen had a hole in her shoe. This did not bother me as long as I was queen.

I cannot say that a general education was neglected even in matters concerning death. We children were taken to wakes or "velorios," and I remember one of a man killed when he fell off a horse. Lighted candles were placed around a table in our vestibule where the body was laid out. Here the mourners cried and prayed. Refreshments were served in the kitchen. Of course there was no embalming, and the next morning the body was transferred to a home made wooden coffin. A horse drawn carriage with fringe around the top bore the body to church for mass, after which the priest led other carriages to the cemetery where he was to bless the plot. Each mourner threw a handful of dirt over the coffin before the diggers filled the grave, a ritual still followed there today.

One custom which has disappeared was to air out coins, which it was thought, gathered poisonous gases when stored. East of the church, across the "acequia madre," the main ditch, lived a rich widow, Doña Gabriela Escajeda. She was said to dump cowhide containers of coins in her patio to turn them over with a shovel for airing, before she hid them again.

Four blocks from Doña Gabriela's property still stands the house where I was born. Made of adobes salvaged from the ruins of the old presidio walls, one still sees imbedded in the adobes, pieces of pottery and straw used to hold the mud together. The main entrance is a "saguán" or vestibule, an idea copied from Moorish architecture and still used in some Spanish style homes. To the left of the saguán is a parlor, to the right a bedroom which had a fireplace. In the back are two more bedrooms and a large kitchen which had a "fogón" or big fireplace used for cooking and for warmth. Shelves, called "alacenas," on either side served for the storage of food. All ceilings had "vigas" or cottonwood beams criss-crossed with switches of cat tails and of "cachanilla," an almost extinct weed.

Our parents would build a fire before we children got up in winter to warm our shoes on the ledge of the *fogón*. The old Post Toasties box fascinated me with its picture of a girl with a cat and a pitcher of milk. On that was another girl with a cat and a pitcher of milk. It was fun to see how many boxes, etc. one could see before they disappeared.

Around this *fogón* more than fifty years ago, our mother's cooking was sampled by Octaviano Larrazolo, who later became the first Spanish-speaking governor of New Mexico. Here he told of his plan to launch a political career which started in San Elizario and which ended in the United States Senate in 1930 when he died. As he walked around the kitchen he admired part of our mother's dowry, some of her hand-painted china and a few pieces of silverware, brought from the state of Chihuahua where both she and Don Octaviano were born. He advised her to keep the Mexican heritage which they both shared.

More than fifty years later history repeated itself in my New Mexico home. Richard White was invited to sample my *mole*, *tortillas*, *chacales*, and beans. Did he enjoy them? When he was invited for dinner the following Christmas season he asked to bring a guest. As he listened to recordings of "Las Posadas," and "Los Pastores," he begged us to preserve our heritage of which these songs are a part, along with recipes of the food he had just had. He then told us of his plan to run for Congress in which he succeeded the following year.

I am grateful to men such as Señor Larrazolo and Mr. White, who accept us as we are, and am not ashamed to tell of a very poor but memorable childhood.

As children we did not know inside plumbing. A big can of water heated on the *fogón* was used for Monday's laundry along with the wash tub for our Saturday night bath, and only once I suffered hardship to walk the well-worn path to the wooden structure next to the acequia which we called the "común." Snow had fallen and I wore men's boots over my shoes. I could hardly lift my feet, but the snow tightened the

boots over the shoes, and it took an hour to remove the boots.

On other occasions I enjoyed the Sears Roebuck catalog on the ledge of the "común." This was a good education which helped our English by associating pictures with words.

As a talented seamstress, Mother, too, used the catalog to design clothes. I remember her copying capes and caps to match made from wine and green colored velvet draperies she had exchanged by sewing for a friend.

Another bartered item was a hand-painted oil lamp which we cleaned by blowing breath into the chimney to wipe the soot. Still another chore was to clean the *frijoles* or beans. Those with holes we called "choclos" or slippers before throwing them out, as we did the adobes or pieces of mud.

Besides being a good seamstress our mother was a good nurse. She gave us warm olive oil for colds and peppermint tea for stomach ache. As "needed" we were given castor oil, and to conceal the taste, black coffee with it, which I still detest. Mother was many things including counselor. She listened to our problems, especially that of my straight hair which she wound around rags to curl. To soothe chapped hands she would rub them with ground rose petals, "rosas de Castilla," mixed with lard.

Good manners and respect for elders were taught. When adults entered a room we stood up. When the paternal grandfather asked for a "fire" to light his homemade cigarette, we stood with arms crossed until he returned it to us. When the maternal grandmother came to visit, we took care of her buggy and horse. We made her comfortable, putting her up in the iron bed, and next morning we took breakfast to her.

Playmates consisted mostly of cousins, better off than we, we thought, but who frequently visited us in summer to eat of our sugar cane, water-melons and cantaloupe.

Vaccination was uncommon and when a brother and sister came down with small pox, our mother kept them from scratching and later helped the inspectors to burn the soiled bedding on which the patients had lain including the bed clothes.

When I was 11 we moved to the City of El Paso and somehow our parents sacrificed to put us through high school. I shall never forget how happy they looked, Father with a blue-collared shirt, Mother with a lilac dress she had made and a beautiful purple straw hat with spring flowers around the crown. I cannot finish without saying that I am grateful to them. I am thankful also for good schools, San Elizario's, Alta Vista, Bowie and El Paso High for understanding teachers and all those who cooperated with our parents by refraining from preaching prejudice and discrimination. Instead they tried to instill in us moral values and healthy attitudes.

The sky has cleared and the sunshine reminds me more of El Paso and the people who have touched my life, mostly for the better.

## THE MISTLETOE TREE

by HERMINIA C. GONZALEZ



In 1911 my grandparents sold their home at Old Fort Bliss, but for us children it was the year of our mistletoe Christmas tree.

My mother's parents had immigrated from Mexico in 1887, with their two small daughters and two servants, a young man and a woman. A third daughter and two sons were born in El Paso.

My grandfather was enthusiastic about American ways and institutions and so were his servants. They deserted him in a few months. He made friends among the El Paso pioneers and his daughters went to school with the Ainsas, Krouses, Phillips, and other old families.

When their children were grown, the grandparents built a large house at Old Fort Bliss. Grandfather thought the property would be valuable because it was so near to the new, exclusive Mundy Heights addition. It was a pleasant place; the backyard went all the way to the river. There was a lot of greenery and a flower garden in front of the house. In the basement Grandfather reserved a part for his books and hobbies of astronomy and photography. Near a window was the little table where he and my grandmother played chess in the evenings.

For a time there had been a detachment of troops stationed across the road. The men were housed in circular, floorless tents. One large tent was the mess, another one the bathhouse. The men carried endless buckets of water into them all day; they also carried them out. My grandmother said their menus consisted largely of grits and gravy and all in all, they seemed to have a mighty thin time of it.

By 1911 El Paso had become a bustling little city, and the president of Mexico met with President Taft. It was a time of great excitement. The city was decked in miles of bunting, there were parades and speeches and children sung national anthems.

The family split up into groups to celebrate as they thought best. My father and my uncle rented a horse and buggy and the two couples made a day of it. They took me, a seven year old, along so that in later years I'd remember the great occasion. My father always wanted me to remember great occasions. He even took me to hear William Jennings Bryan (I was to vaguely remember a sea of black-coated men and nothing else.) Of the presidential meeting I remember great crowds of people in El Paso, and two ranks of soldiers lining each side of a Juarez street. To me they were most impressive in their blue uniforms and white gloves. They and the crowd waited a long time for Don Porfirio.

An old man with a bucket of water and a dipper went among them and most of them took the offered drink. Then there were shouted orders. The soldiers snapped to attention, and elegant horse-drawn carriages went by. In them were gentlemen who wore beautiful white plumes on funny hats. So much for the great occasion!

Then time went by and the neighbors and the family whispered about *rebeldes*. They were in the hills across from us, the neighbors said. Grandfather took his binoculars and scanned the hills. The goat herder came

from across the river one day, grieving that they had taken his goats and given him a worthless I.O.U. for them. Then everyone knew that the rebels were indeed in the nearby hills.

Finally one afternoon, every one went up into the second story back porch and looked towards Juarez. Like so many toy soldiers, the *Federales* came marching into the hills. Suddenly there were shouts and great commotion. We small fry were hustled into the basement, where we vainly tried to look out the high windows. It has been said that no shots were exchanged, but we heard them and smelled the smoke of gun-fire. When we were allowed to go up, we saw that somehow El Paso had assembled on the river banks beneath us. The rebels, no longer hiding, were wading into the river to get the money and supplies which the Americans were collecting for them.

Most of the year, we lived in New Mexico. My father, a New Mexican, was at this time editor of a Spanish language newspaper at Las Vegas, New Mexico. My mother, however, managed to make yearly visits to her parents, and of course, we came with her. We were always delighted to come to El Paso. There was the train ride, then the wonder of arriving at the Union Depot with its blazing lights and gleaming tile floor and red-caps taking care of your every need. Besides, the family made a great fuss over us and we had a happy time.

We had never been in El Paso for Christmas before, but this year we came in early December—no doubt out of curiosity about the grandparents' new home. It was out in the desert of Alameda Street, surrounded by tracts of sand and cactus and not many neighbors.

My grandfather was quite pleased about his purchase. He had opened a grocery store and planned to end his days here. The growth of the city, he said, would be to the east and to the north.

My brother and I were depressed and restless so our youngest aunt, recently married, would take us to her home on Wyoming Avenue and keep us overnight. She would amuse us by lighting her new gas range for us. How we gasped at the insistent clear blue flame! Another wonder was her telephone. Her husband was a telegraph operator—as she also had been before their marriage—and he would call to give her important news items as he received them. She was a modish, modern young woman and it was from her that we learned about germs. Also, she thought nothing of calling the "Palace of Sweets" at seven or eight in the evening and ask them to send out a quart of ice cream and a pound of chocolates. They would arrive in a matter of minutes, brought by a young man on a bicycle.

There was the usual bustle and excitement of the approaching Christmas holidays, but my brother and I were full of misgivings. Besides the store displays, we had not seen many Christmas trees. Then my mother

sat us down and told us we would have none that year. She explained that there was the expense of the train fare— \$28 dollars round trip for the adults (my father would join us before Christmas), and all the other expenditures. The trees, she told us, had to be brought from many miles away. Why, even a small tree would cost as much as \$5, and only the folks in Sunset Heights and on Magoffin Avenue could afford them.

We had sensed that things would be different, but nothing as drastic as this. We both wailed in disbelief, and the little sister howled with us.

Our grandparents kept Christmas in the Mexican tradition, but we in New Mexico, had always had our tree. Early in the fall the neighboring farmers would bring in firewood to sell and at Christmas time the big Bain wagons would roll into town, their loads crowned with fragrant fir trees. They probably cost a quarter each, and if you were short of cash, you could get one for a bar of laundry soap or a couple of cups of coffee beans.

We had our own woodman, a short, white-bearded, blue-eyed man. We were sure he was Santa Claus keeping an eye on us through the year, and our parents did nothing to dispel the notion. After stacking the wood he'd come indoors to thaw and have breakfast by the kitchen range. He and my father would discuss politics and harvests while we'd sit silently watching them.

Our mother tried to cheer us up. Santa Claus would find us, we could set up the manger (*nacimiento*), and Grandmother would let us make our own little tamales. We'd have roast chickens and pies and sweets and our stockings. Our uncles and aunts and the two small cousins would all come over and we'd have a wonderful time. We were not convinced and decided to start praying for a tree. My brother agreed that five Hail Mary's a day ought to do it.

Then it was Christmas Eve and our father arrived. He was in a great hurry to go visit the owner of his newspaper and to get more news of the Revolution, so he had little to tell us except that it was snowing at home and that our woodman had sold his trees to the neighbors.

There was a lot of bustle and cooking going on in the house, but we were uninterested and went out to play in the unwanted sunshine.

We had not been out there very long when we saw a strange apparition crossing the wasteland in front of us. It was a lean and meager man. There were a few sticks of firewood in the wagon and on top, a clumpy, bushy sort of tree.

My brother dashed out and stopped the outfit while I rushed in for our mother. She and the young aunt finally bought the tree for 75¢ and took it into the house. They were laughing all the time they carried it into the *sala* and propped it in a corner. The grandparents came in and laughed. When my father returned he looked, laughed, and said it was the funniest

thing he'd ever seen, for our tree was nothing more than branches of mistletoe somehow wired and nailed onto a broomstick. We children could see no reason for our elder's merriment. We had prayed for a tree and we got one.

That evening Grandmother set out her crib and shepherds in all their glory. Before we had left Las Vegas, we had seen to it that our Christmas tree ornaments were packed in the trunk. Now mother got them out. Father brought in a bucket of sand and rocks to hold the tree. Grandfather anchored it with a slender wire across the corner. The bucket was covered with cotton and tinsel snow and the tree decked in the familiar ornaments. It looked very elegant indeed.

All the relatives arrived, there was a grand dinner with lots of eating and drinking to a happy Christmas. We took the small cousins by the hand and showed them the tree, rewarded by the wonder in their eyes.

Then the candles were lit for a few careful minutes and there wasn't a grander tree in all of El Paso.

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"Following the Confederate recapture of the Texas Port of Galveston on January 1, 1863, the Rebels erected a number of fortifications on the Island that barely lasted through the remainder of the strife. The installations, mostly earthworks, were built at various locations throughout the city. Nothing remains of them today, and the sites are unmarked."

*Military History of Texas and the Southwest*  
Vol. XII, No. 1, p. 64.

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The White Sands of southeastern New Mexico is a mysterious region of gleaming white gypsum that sprawls in a natural basin a few miles from the eastern slope of the San Andres Mountains. To the northeast lies Tularosa. On the southwest is Mesilla. The area's remoteness provided sanctuary in frontier days, to bushwhackers and bandits. Many murders were committed in the White Sands, the most famous being those of George Nesmith, his wife and eight-year old daughter, and Albert Fountain and his nine-year old son, Henry. The bodies of the two Fountains, unlike those of the Nesmiths, were never found, nor was their murder ever solved.

Leon Metz, *Pat Garrett. The Story of a Western Lawman*, p. 161.

SOUTHWEST ARCHIVES  
GRAND SLAM: THE S.L.A. MARSHALL COLLECTION  
by LILLIAN COLLINGWOOD

July 30, 1974 was probably a typical summer day in El Paso—hot and dry and dazzling with our particular brand of sunlight. But it was far from typical at the Library of The University of Texas at El Paso. On that day seventy cartons of books arrived at the loading dock. These cartons constituted the initial part of a massive donation of militariana presented to the Library by Brigadier General (Retired) S.L.A. Marshall, renowned writer, historian, and soldier.

General Marshall, known affectionately as “Slam,” is almost a native of El Paso. He came from his birthplace in New York when he was a boy, and he received his education in the El Paso Public Schools and at the then Texas College of Mines. He began his writing career in the early 1920's as a journalist for the old *El Paso Herald*. Then in a very short time, the demands on him as a writer and soldier required his departure from his adopted city. But now, in retirement, he has come home—to enrich our area with all his honors, his prodigious knowledge, his great charm, and his love for the Alma Mater which had made him its first “Outstanding Ex-Student” (in 1950). This love is manifested in the gift of his remarkable library of books, magazines, and papers dealing with subjects military.

It is true, yes, that the Library of The University of Texas at El Paso already possessed some 35% of the 2,237 books constituting his initial donation (those packaged in those seventy cartons). But General Marshall's books are unique and very valuable, not your ordinary books: they contain his marginal jottings, his delightfully candid assessments of the respective works. To many of the books are attached clippings of the reviews he had written (in such publications as *The New York Times Book Review*, *Saturday Review*, *Atlantic*, *Harper's*, and other prestigious journals). Also, one frequently encounters, tucked away between pages, an exchange of correspondence generated by the review. Especially noteworthy is an exchange of letters between General Marshall and Albert Speer, one of Hitler's high officials. “Almost every book has a treasure of some kind in it,” said one Thomas Hoggan, a graduate student assigned to cataloguing the books—this remark being quoted by Dale Walker in a *Nova* Article.

But the books and their marginalia, attached clippings and letters are not the only “treasures.” The collection contains many rare books (such as some of the early books of Winston Churchill), also some valuable unpublished manuscripts, also copies of the General's (unpublished) speeches, also rare military maps and even movie and television scripts as well as film clips. Also . . . . And also . . . .

Yes, it is virtually impossible even to name the assortment of materials in “The S.L.A. Marshall Collection,” to which the General continues to contribute—and, also to which several other people are contributing. Just recently, for example, some two hundred books (mostly on the subject of British sea power) were donated from the estate of Bernard Martin-Williams, late of the Department of Mathematics at The University of Texas at El Paso.

The Collection, we are informed, will be kept intact, separate from the general collection, and housed in the Archives-Special Collections Department of the Library. Further, its material will have a non-circulating status. The cataloguing of this mammoth collection is not yet completed, but al-

ready military historians, graduate students, and other scholars are browsing through the collection—and unearthing its rare “treasures,” its glittering jewels, its veins of precious ore.

“The S.L.A. Marshall Collection” is its official name. But I’ll always think of it as the Library’s Grand Slam—Doubled and Redoubled. And in the making. On and on—to become, I am confident, the largest and most impressive single collection of militaria in the nation.

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A good buffalo hunter, on the Texas frontier, could kill from sixty to one hundred buffalo in a day. Many times the “skinners” could not keep up with them. An efficient skinner, or “knife man” could process between sixty and seventy animals during daylight hours, and, although his work was much harder than the hunter’s, his pay was about five cents less a hide.

The buffalo skinner carried a heavy, two-foot-long stick to prop up the front section of the dead animal. Commencing with the underjaw, he cut a straight line from the brisket to the root of the tail. After ripping the hide both ways as far as possible, another slash was cut from hoof to brisket. The hides then peeled off easily.

Leon Metz, *Pat Garrett. The Story of a Western Lawman*, p. 16.

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The weapon which Pat Garrett used to kill Billy the Kid at Fort Sumner, New Mexico, is a single-action .44-40 Colt, serial No. 55093. It had been taken by Garrett from Billie Wilson after the Stinking Springs shoot-out.

Leon Metz, *Pat Garrett. The Story of a Western Lawman*, photo p. 102.

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Under the heading “Writers of the Purple Sage,” Melvin Maddocks, in a recent issue of *Christian Science Monitor*, writes: “Max (Destry Rides Again) Brand could turn out 14 pages an hour and needed 13 pen names to cover his tracks. But when his publishers sent him to El Paso to absorb a bit of the old west first hand, he so detested the local color he locked himself in his hotel room and read Sophocles.” Max, you don’t know what you missed!

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El Paso’s rival newspapers, the *Times* and *Herald* both claimed origin on the same day, April 2, 1881.

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

# HERITAGE HOMES OF EL PASO

by HARRIOT HOWZE JONES

## THE MUNDY HOUSE

The house at 1401 West Yandell Boulevard (formerly called West Boulevard) was built in May 1902 for Herbert M. Mundy. Mr. Mundy was a



stockbroker, and is also credited with having developed most of the land in Sunset Heights. Note in the photograph that the side street bears Mr. Mundy's name.

It is not known who built the house. The house is a three-story structure of red brick, featuring a large round cupola over a round porch. There is a steeply pitched shingle roof, and concrete heads and window sills. Inside one immediately notices the very high ceilings, fifteen feet at least. One enters an octagonal hall. On the right is a door leading into the parlor with bay window conforming to the round porch outside. It has a fireplace and double sliding door to another room which was probably known as the "Back Parlor." A door almost opposite the front door leads to a small hall from which rises the staircase leading to the second and third floors. On the left in the front hall there had been a door which led into a library or dining room, but this has been blocked off. All the woodwork is of dark oak.

In 1913 the house was sold to G. W. Ellis, a retired business man, who came to El Paso from Houston with his wife and daughter on account of his daughter's health. They lived in the house until 1926 when it was sold to the Sisters of Jesus and Mary.

When the Sisters acquired the house they built a large addition on the west, and later bought an adjacent house and connected it with the new building. Across Mundy Street there is an auditorium. This complex is now Jesus and Mary Academy. The students are all girls. They have a four year High School course, a special English Department to teach Spanish speaking students, and a Boarding School, with twenty or thirty boarders. Sister Marie Cora Mercier is the Superior. Sister Herminia, the Librarian, very kindly gave me information. All the classrooms and dormitories are in the newer additions. The old part of the house is used as a dwelling for the twenty nuns.

The Congregation of Jesus and Mary was founded in 1823 in Lyons, France by Claudine Thevenet. She had suffered a lot in wars and seeing her two brothers executed. She had great love and pity for orphans and abandoned little girls. She formed a small group who cared for and taught these waifs. In a few years the Church recognized this group as a religious one and the women were all inducted as nuns, Claudine became known as Mother Saint Ignatius. Since then there are Congregations of Jesus and Mary all over the world. The group came up from Mexico City during the nineteen twenties at a time of religious persecution in Mexico.

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Mrs. Mabel C. Welch, featured as an architect and builder in the *Heritage Homes* article of the Fall issue, has asked that a correction be made in the article. An error was made through a misunderstanding during a telephone conversation with the author. Instead of "Mrs. Welch had degrees in architecture, and became a Fellow, F.A.R.A.," Mrs. Welch asked that the article read: "Mrs. Welch presented her credentials as an architect before the State Board and was accepted. She later became a Fellow as an American Registered Architect."

PASSWORD regrets this unintentional error.

## BOOK REVIEWS

### THE RECEIVING LINE WAS 11 YEARS LONG

by MARY MARGARET DAVIS  
(El Paso: Guynes Printing Co., \$7.50)

Mary Margaret Davis gives an enchanting glimpse into life in El Paso from 1949 to 1960 in her entertaining book, a saga of charming and enterprising Geneva Causey and her *El Patio Verde*.

Thousands of El Pasoans will recall with pleasure the stories and pictures of luncheons, wedding receptions, teas and dinner parties, planned and executed by Mrs. Causey, the party-giver par excellence in El Paso. Nothing before nor since has equaled the excellent food, the superb table settings, with exquisite crystal, china and silver, unusual cloths and elaborate decorations prepared under Mrs. Causey's vigilant eye.

Left a young widow at the untimely death of her husband, Dr. E. Grady Causey, Geneva counted her reputation as a gracious hostess, her fabulous recipes, her undisputed social background, and decided to put her parties on a paying basis. The saga of these years is told in a delightful manner, and the treasury of recipes included in the books is outstanding.

Mary Margaret Davis has done the community an enormous favor, providing a beautiful adjunct to hundreds of bride's books, jogging memories, in the pleasantest manner possible, of the "good old days" in El Paso. A former member of the staff of the El Paso *Herald-Post*, she has prepared a volume of great interest, and great nostalgia. She has devoted years of volunteer work at the YWCA and in the University of Texas at El Paso Alumni Association, especially, and compiled "Don Caliche's Gardening Book" to benefit the YWCA. We hope that this talented, energetic writer will have another book in mind when the Don Caliche book is finished.

El Paso, Texas

—LOUISE MAXON REA

### THE PARRAMORE SKETCHES SCENES AND STORIES OF EARLY WEST TEXAS

by DOCK DILWORTH PARRAMORE  
El Paso: Texas Western Press, \$10

In 1885, ten-year-old Dilworth Parramore studied art from an itinerant teacher in Abilene, Texas. Although the youngster showed considerable promise in his charcoal sketches and oil paintings, his father, Col. J. H. Parramore, a frontier cattleman, considered painting an unmanly profession. Consequently he discouraged his son from drawing.

Instead, he arranged for each of his children to own a ranch. Later, Dilworth Parramore homesteaded land and bought surrounding sections in West Texas. He occasionally drew pictures for his only child, Nellie, but he had little time for art until his retirement from active ranching. Finally he returned to his early love of drawing.

In the mid-1930's he began a series of pencil sketches to entertain his two grandchildren. Using a nickel pencil and an unlined tablet to make his drawings, he created a satisfying hobby that he pursued until his death in 1946.

Fifty-seven of Parramore's drawings of early West Texas have just been published in a charming little book by Texas Western Press, designed by the fine hand of Carl Hertzog and expertly edited by E. H. Antone. Dillmore's grandchildren, Eleanor Sellers Hoppe and Dilworth Parramore Sellers, deserve special credit for letting us enjoy the work of a truly gifted, primitive cowboy artist.

The simple drawings, reminiscent of the art of Grandma Moses, tell a graphic, unromanticized story of the life of early settlers and cowboys Parramore remembered so well. He wanted to show his grandchildren the realities of ranch work; building water tanks, battling prairie fires, repairing windmills, the last great cattle drives, roundups and stampedes on the open range. The meticulously penciled sketches depict many other frontier subjects like stagecoaches, early railroads, the old swimmin' hole, getting an outdoor haircut and book learning in a one-room schoolhouse.

To illustrate the handlettering which Parramore used to title his sketches, editor Antone reproduced one of the drawings with the original caption intact (lettered in all caps with a dash between each word). Since this style makes for difficult reading, Antone reset all of the handlettering in type, exactly like Parramore wrote the copy, without additions or deletions.

This delightful 93-page book, bound in brown and white tweed with the JJ and 7H4 ranch brands stamped on the cover, is a splendid contribution to the history of West Texas just before and after the turn of the 19th century.

—FRANK MANGAN

**A WORLD ELSEWHERE,**  
 One Man's Fascination with the American Southwest  
 by JON MANCHIP WHITE  
 (New York, Thomas Y. Crowell Company, \$8.95)

"A World Elsewhere" to an Englishman, but a world right here to us who have lived in our golden southwest for a number of years, as I have, or all of one's life as many have. Some of us have made a study of this land and understand some of its mysteries. We know something of the ancient ones who inhabited the ruins, worked the mines, made the canals and farmed here many centuries ago. I, for one, have spent several years in research on this fascinating subject. Some of the books have been pure romance, although written for the truth. Others have been too, too scientific, to the point of boredom. Nevertheless, I continued the search and just this week I hit pay dirt—real pay dirt.

Perhaps my appreciation for Jon Manchip White's work was strengthened by our recent visit to his native Wales. For Professor White, now of the U.T. El Paso Department of English, this is the latest of many books. Although he left his homeland seven short years ago, he has managed more research on our land than most would accomplish in a lifetime. With honors degrees in archaeology and Egyptology and a diploma in anthropology, he has done his research in scientific manner. Because he loves his work and sees it through the eyes of an artist, the entire book is a work of art.

He takes us from predawn past down through something like 30,000 years to the present. You see the Grand Canyon through new eyes—the petrified forest when they were living trees. You stalk the large animals that once roamed the earth, and see horses on the grassy plains (long before the Spaniards came). You help build the dwellings and live a while in one—trace the canals that once brought life giving water to ancient fields, fight the wars and make the arrowheads and spears to fight with. You enter Mexico with Cortez, Peru with the Pizarros and the strange northern country with Coronado. All this is told with so much feeling, so much love and understanding that a warm glow comes over you.

He also jumps you ahead a few thousand years. This time we are gone, long since gone, and someone is digging us up. Guess what they find!—the London Bridge planted in a desert (at Havasu City, Arizona.) There is no river—no sign of one ever having been there. The rocks did not come from this part of the world. What a puzzle this is going to be.

Mr. White renews another oft encountered puzzle—a possible kinship between the language of certain Indian tribes and the Welsh of his ancestors.

In the years when the southwest was being settled by white men, we had our wars. We built our adobes as the east moved west. We built railroads and our villages grew to towns, and then to cities. We built paved highways, high powered cars, missiles and space ships. The southwest took part in all of this, and Mr. White, with understanding eye, takes you through the pages of history to the here and now.

With sly humor he pokes a little fun at some of our ways, our eating style and a few other things. We can forgive him because he is so much in love with his new home, and so gracious about our way of life. Our recent visit to his homeland lets us chuckle at, rather than resent, differences in culture.

Students and would be students of the Southwest will find this book a key to a richer understanding. Even the casual reader should find it fascinating.

El Paso, Texas

FAY G. BRYSON

#### BOOK NOTES

*United States Military Saddles 1812-1843.* By Randy Steffen. University of Oklahoma Press, \$7.95. (1973)

A documentation of the history of American military saddles from their first use in 1812 to the disbanding of the cavalry in 1943.

*Hostiles and Horse Soldiers: Indian Battles and Campaigns in the West.* By Lonnie J. White. Pruett Publishing Co., Colorado, \$8.95.

A scholarly and entertaining account of some of the more controversial events of several military expeditions against hostile Indians on both the northern and southern plains.

*Navajo Wars: Military Campaigns, Slave Raids and Reprisals.* By Frank McNitt. Univ. of New Mexico Press, \$15.00 (1972).

Detailed account of each military campaign and expedition against the Navajos by their adversaries. Sound and Scholarly.

*Life and Death of a Frontier Fort: Fort Craig, New Mexico, 1854-1885.* By Marion C. Grimstead. Socorro (New Mexico) County Historical Society, Inc., Publications. \$3.50. (1973).

A brief, concise history of Fort Craig and reconstruction of the region's history. Of interest to "fortophiles," regional historians and those interested in New Mexico history.

*Rail Gun.* By John Batchelor and Ian Hogg. Charles Scribner and Sons, New York. \$15.00. (1973).

A full review of the rail gun and its accoutrements. Interesting and informative for the military aficionado and a sound and comprehensive reference source for the researcher. Impressively illustrated.

*Hood's Texas Brigade in Reunion and Memory.* By Colonel Harold B. Simpson. Hill Junior College Press, Hillsboro, Texas. \$10.00.

The third volume of a planned four-volume set on the history of General John Bell Hood's Texas Brigade. This volume recounts the story of Hood's Texas Brigade Association, its formation, struggles for survival and important events and projects undertaken by the surviving troops of Hood's Brigade. A valuable contribution to Texas History.

## Activities of Your El Paso County Historical Society

The annual meeting of the Society was held Thursday, October 25, in the Plaza Theatre. The program consisted of a history of Fort Bliss, in light and sound, presented under the direction of Commanding General C. J. LeVan.

At the business meeting which followed, officers for the year 1976 were elected as follows: President: William I. Latham; First Vice President: James Peak; Second Vice President: Pat Rand; Third Vice President: Ellis O. Mayfield; Membership Secretary: Mrs. Gordon Frost; Recording Secretary, Mrs. W. A. Burgett; Corresponding Secretary: Mrs. Freeman Harris; Historian: Mrs. Barry Coleman; Curator: Fred Bailey; Treasurer: Mrs. Gordon Frost. New Directors for the term 1976-78: Mrs. Louis Breck, Morgan I. Broaddus, Mrs. Hans Brockmoller, Frank Gorman, General (Ret.) Stephen M. Mellnik, Dr. Wilbur H. Timmons, and Ewing Waterhouse.

The Society regrets losing the valuable services of two of its officers. Mrs. Paul A. Heisig, Corresponding Secretary, has moved from El Paso, and Mrs. Carl C. Rosenbaum is unable to continue serving due to health reasons.

\* \* \*

An exhibit of historical Currier and Ives prints, continuing through the month of December at the Chañizal National Memorial, is sponsored by the Society as a part of its annual membership drive. A goal of 1,500 new members has been set. Members are invited to submit names of their friends who are interested in the colorful history of the El Paso southwest.

\* \* \*

The City of El Paso and the Texas Parks and Wildlife Department have jointly announced the acquisition of the Magoffin Home, built in 1875 to be operated as a Texas Historical Park. (See *PASSWORD*, vol. XI No. 2 and vol. XIX No. 4). The Society has long been interested in this landmark of El Paso history and was instrumental in having it designated a Texas Historical Site and a registered National Landmark, and has co-operated with the Texas State Historical Commission in promoting its preservation.

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Half a century ago, in El Paso and Juarez, you could get a mammoth schooner of beer by ordering a "McGinty," named for the McGinty Club of the gay nineties.

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In 1852, San Elizario was the principal city of West Texas and the center of judicial proceedings for the entire area west of the Pecos.

Broaddus, *The Legal Heritage of El Paso*.

---

"Prince John" Magruder, who won distinction in both the Mexican and the Civil War, was stationed at Fort Bliss for 5 months in 1855.

McMaster, "Prince John Magruder at Fort Bliss,"  
*PASSWORD*, vol. III No. 1.

## BOOK NOTES

It has been said that the revolver, barbed wire, and windmills tamed the west. Texas Tech University believes that the story of windmills is yet to be told, and a doctoral candidate at Tech is endeavoring to make up the deficiency. T. Lindsay Baker has signed a contract with Oklahoma University Press to produce a field guide to the American windmill. Baker has been compiling material for the book for the past decade and has photographs and data on more than 100 kinds of American windmills.

## CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

WILLIAM I. LATHAM, editor of *The El Paso Times*, is completing his first term as President of the El Paso County Historical Society, and has been elected to a second term in 1976.

MRS. CHARLES A. (Betty Mary) GOETTING, served for fifteen years as Curator of the El Paso County Historical Society. At previous Hall of Honor Banquets she has paid tribute to Maude Durlin Sullivan and to Olga Bernstein Kohlberg.

CHARLES H. LEAVELL is President of an internationally active construction firm bearing his name. A native El Pasoan, he holds degrees from Texas College of Mines and Stanford University. At the 1972 Hall of Honor Banquet, he paid tribute to honoree Joseph F. Friedkin.

FRANCES (Mrs. John) SEGULIA is a long time resident of Tornillo in the lower El Paso valley. Her articles on the history of that area have appeared in the *Dallas Times Herald* and in the *Sun Dial* of the *El Paso Times*.

LOUISE MAXON REA is Editor of the World of Women section of *The El Paso Times*.

FRANK MANGAN is the author of three books on El Paso history and culture: *Bordertown*, *El Paso in Pictures*, and *Bordertown Revisited*.

FAY G. BRYSON is the wife of the *PASSWORD* editor. For many years she has been an intense student of the history and culture of the Indians of the Americas.

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