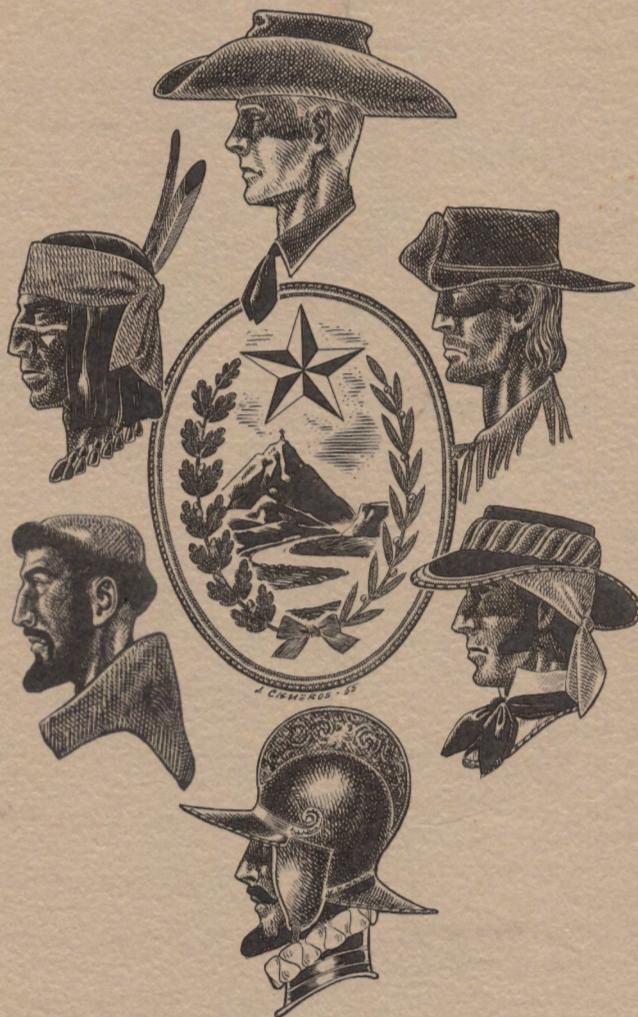


PASSWORD



THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

VOL. XXII, No. 2 EL PASO, TEXAS SUMMER, 1977

Officers and Directors 1977

THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

<i>President</i>	JAMES M. PEAK
<i>First Vice President</i>	PATRICK RAND
<i>Second Vice President</i>	THOMAS D. WESTFALL
<i>Third Vice President</i>	MISS GERTRUDE GOODMAN
<i>Recording Secretary</i>	MRS. FREEMAN HARRIS
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	MRS. ALBERT R. HAAG
<i>Treas. and Membership Secy.</i>	MRS. GORDON FROST
<i>Curator</i>	WILLIAM I. LATHAM
<i>Historian</i>	MRS. BARRY COLEMAN
<i>Editor PASSWORD</i>	CONREY BRYSON
<i>Editor EL CONQUISTADOR</i>	BUD NEWMAN

ALL PAST PRESIDENTS ARE HONORARY DIRECTORS

DIRECTORS

1975-77

MRS. PHILIP H. BETHUNE
BRIG. GEN. L. L. LEECH (RET.)
CHRIS P. FOX
LEONARD A. GOODMAN, SR.
MRS. J. BURGES PERRENOT
MRS. EUGENE O. PORTER
MRS. SAMUEL SANCHEZ, SR.

1976-78

MRS. HANS BROCKMOLLER
C. EWING WATERHOUSE
FRANK W. GORMAN, JR.
BRIG. GEN. S. MELLNIK (RET.)
DR. W. H. TIMMONS
WILLIAM E. BECKER
L. F. BEARD

1977-79

MRS. WILLIAM BURGETT
MRS. JOSEPH F. FRIEDKIN
MRS. ROBERT GIVEN
WILLIAM P. HUGHES
FRANK MANGAN
MRS. ARTHUR ORTIZ
JUDGE WILLIAM E. WARD

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

FRANK FEUILLE III

CHRIS P. FOX

RALPH GONZALEZ

PAUL HARVEY, SR.

MRS. J. W. LORENTZEN

MRS. DEXTER MAPEL, SR.

GEORGE MATKIN

MRS. RUTH RAWLINGS MOTT

DORRANCE RODERICK, SR.

MRS. MAURICE SCHWARTZ

MRS. L. A. VELARDE

HON. RICHARD C. WHITE

MRS. WILLARD W. SCHUESSLER

P A S S W O R D

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

Editorial Board: Dr. E. Haywood Antone, Leon Metz, Mrs. John J. Middagh,
Mrs. Eugene O. Porter, Millard G. McKinney.

VOL XXII, No. 2

EL PASO, TEXAS

SUMMER, 1977

CONTENTS

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE	51
<i>by James M. Peak</i>	
BIG MOSE CARSON IN EL PASO	53
<i>by Nancy Hamilton</i>	
THE REVOLUTION COMES TO JUAREZ	61
<i>by Clifford A. Perkins</i>	
HISTORICAL MEMORIES CONTEST:	71
My Childhood in the Great Southwest	
<i>by Ina Williams Warren</i>	
SASCO—Boyhood in an Arizona Smelting Community .	75
<i>by F. Keith Peyton</i>	
HERITAGE HOMES OF EL PASO—THE HOUSE AT 4415 PERSHING	80
<i>by Harriot Howze Jones</i>	
SOUTHWEST ARCHIVES—THE TARAHUMARA COLLECTION . . .	83
<i>by Bud Newman, Guest Editor</i>	
BOOK REVIEWS	84
<i>Cisneros: Faces of the Borderlands</i>	
<i>Neighbours: Robert Simpson Neighbors and the Texas Frontier</i>	
ACTIVITIES OF YOUR SOCIETY	86
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	87

Copyright 1977 by the El Paso County Historical Society, El Paso, Texas.

The El Paso County Historical Society disclaims responsibility
for the statements and opinions of the contributors.

Entered as Second Class mail at
El Paso, Texas.

IN MEMORIAM

Dr. Frank Schuster, Sr.

L. R. Foskett

Mrs. Williams C. Collins

*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.

Membership is \$10.00 per year, which includes subscription to **PASSWORD**. Make checks payable to El Paso County Historical Society, Post Office Box 28, El Paso, Texas 79940.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

by JAMES M. PEAK



As we all know, George Bernard Shaw was one of the world's most famous and successful writers. At one point in his career, Mr. Shaw received a letter from a man who wrote: "Dear Mr. Shaw: I understand that you have become so successful as a writer that it averages out that you make \$1 a word. I am enclosing \$1. Please send me a word." In reply, George Bernard Shaw sent the man a card on which one word was written: "Thanks!"

As your 1977 President of the El Paso County Historical Society please accept my word of "Thanks" for sharing your confidence in me. With a membership of 865 active El Pasoans comprised of men and women of all ages: some in business, some professional and some hard-working housewives from each area of the city, we all have a great deal in common, that is there are no two of us who are exactly alike. Each of us is an individual human being with his or her own unique needs and dreams, and with a fundamental desire to be viewed and treated as such.

The degree to which today's large historical societies are willing or able to recognize and respond to this fact through their own members will, in my opinion, determine in large measure whether they prosper in the years ahead.

For the El Paso County Historical Society, this challenge to respond in human ways to individual needs of present and future El Pasoans means increasing attention to those guidelines that have served us so

well for 23 years since our organization was founded on March 18, 1954.

According to Article II of our Society's Constitution and By-Laws the purpose of the Society shall be to study in all its aspects the history of the city and county of El Paso and of the surrounding territory; to conduct and to foster research in the history of this area; to acquire and preserve documents, papers and other objects of historical interest and value pertaining to this area; to make such material available for the information of the community; to publish and encourage the publication of historical writing pertaining to this area; and to develop public consciousness of the rich heritage of our historical background.

During 1977 we will travel the road of challenge as individual members of this great Society. We are currently working with the City of El Paso to become the supportive agency for the Cavalry Museum. First, we must continue basing our selection of programs and activities for our members not only on their experience, potential and abilities but on the degree to which we believe they are people-oriented and will share the Society's commitment to the principle that each person served deserves the highest quality product and services, provided promptly and courteously, with integrity and at a fair price of membership. Next, we must continue emphasizing the importance of our working committees, of which there are 27 during 1977. These committee chairmen will need to enlist the help of each member within our Society if we are to become a strong supportive unit for the Cavalry Museum.

In addition, the El Paso County Historical Society must continue to respect each individual member as an individual, holding fast to its commitment to the personal growth and self fulfillment needs of each. This can be achieved in part through training and education, with special emphasis on programs that enable all Society members to apply high levels of skill and professionalism to their respective areas of responsibility.

These principles and guidelines are as valid today as they were when the Society was founded. One indication of just how well they have served us is reflected in the fact that the majority of our membership today are people who have been members for many years, some since 1954. Membership renewals are a high compliment to this Society and we are dedicated to providing more for our increasing membership and the individual needs of each person we serve.

Each of you as a member of our Society has special talents that could be put to use for the betterment of our Society. Please don't wait to be asked! You can contact any one of three vice-presidents or twenty-one directors and each will be more than pleased to advise you of some committee for action during this year. The United States is currently undergoing a serious energy shortage, but the energy within our huge membership has not yet been tapped to its complete fulfillment. Please don't wait to be asked, please volunteer now—we need your help!

BIG MOSE CARSON IN EL PASO

by NANCY HAMILTON

He was a big man in his prime, standing over six feet tall, this man who first taught Kit Carson to ride a horse. In his old age, however, he was less imposing though far from fragile: he had only one good eye, was missing several fingers, and wore his hair so long he used a currycomb on it. This was Moses Carson, older half-brother of Kit, who won a niche in El Paso history as the subject of the town's first Masonic funeral.

By the time of his death on January 1, 1868, Mose Carson was a peniless vagabond who moved about the Southwest trying to turn an odd dollar as best he could at the stiff-boned age of 75. Some of the time he also had run up bills in the name of his more celebrated brother. Why he came to El Paso is not certain. He may have been lured by mining activity at Eagle Springs about 70 miles southeast of El Paso where, according to one source, he died.¹ Since his funeral was arranged on January 2, complete with casket and new suit, however, it is more likely that he died in an El Paso hotel.²

The El Paso Masonic Lodge convened on January 2 for the purpose of burying Brother Carson, for whom the first spade of earth was turned in the newly-acquired Masonic cemetery at Mesa and San Antonio streets.³ The lodge paid the burial expenses which included \$17 for lumber for the coffin, made by fellow Mason Andrew Hornick, and a burial suit that cost \$45.87 at S. Schutz and Bros. (Joseph Schutz was also a Mason.)⁴

Moses Carson had come a long way from the Carolina-Kentucky-Missouri heritage of his family. His given name occurred in the families of both his parents. A Moses Carson was one of three brothers of Scottish extraction who came to America from Northern Ireland between 1738 and 1748. Lindsey Carson (1754-1818) was the second son of William Carson of Iredell, North Carolina, by his wife, Eleanor McDuff. He was born on a farm on Third Creek, Loray District, North Carolina.⁵ After serving in the American Revolution, Lindsey Carson moved to South Carolina where he married Lucy Bradley.⁶

Lindsey and Lucy had five children: William, born in 1786; Sarah, 1788; Andrew, 1790; Moses Bradley, 1792;⁷ and Sophia, 1794. Lucy died soon after the birth of her fifth child at Madison.⁸

In 1797 Lindsey Carson married Rebecca Robinson from Green County, Virginia, who was to become the mother of his ten additional children. They were: Elizabeth (married Robert Cooper), Nancy (married Briggs), Robert (father of Susan who married Jesse Nelson and whom Moses visited in Colorado), Hamilton (came to Colorado in 1859),

Christopher Houston (Kit, 1809-1866), Hampton (also moved to Colorado), Matilda (married Adams), Mary (married Rubey), Sarshal (killed by Union soldiers during the Civil War), and Lindsey (lived in California, served in Confederate Army, died in Lampasas in 1883).

With an ox-drawn wagon, the family in 1811 headed westward toward New Boone's District of Louisiana, now Missouri. They settled along the Missouri River in Howard County.

Lindsey Carson was described as a zealous patriot. He and his older sons, including Moses, joined the militia for frontier duty during the War of 1812, serving at Fort Kincaid.⁹

All nine of Lindsey Carson's sons were, at one time or another, involved in trade along the Santa Fe Trail. William, the eldest, in 1816 moved his family to Missouri and became one of the pioneer traders, relying on a pocket compass to help guide him west.¹⁰ Robert went on the expedition that surveyed the trail from Boone's Lick to Santa Fe under the command of George H. Sibley. Andrew in 1831 was paid 50 cents a day as a teamster by Ceran St. Vrain, the Taos trader.¹¹

Moses was about 17 when Kit was born. Like their father and brother William, Mose became a big man, standing six feet one inch tall and weighing more than 200 pounds in his prime, while Kit attained a height of only about five feet eight inches.¹² Tradition has it that Moses taught Kit to ride at an early age on the older brother's large gelding. The Carson apocrypha also includes a story that Moses, the best shot in the county, was almost bested by 12-year-old Kit in a shooting contest.

As the older boys in the family matured, they headed west, but it is not known exactly when Moses took that step. He is mentioned in 1819 as a partner (holder of two of thirty shares) in the Missouri Fur Company. Manuel Lisa reorganized the company at that time, his last effort to make a success of the business.¹³ After Lisa's death, Joshua Pilcher took over management of the firm and Carson remained a trusted partner.

Always curious and never turning down a chance for adventure, Moses Carson in 1822 joined the first expedition of the Ashley-Henry Company which set out to explore the Missouri River to its source. He was considered an expert trapper and a valuable man to have along. Andrew Henry had been a partner in the old Missouri Fur Company and William Henry Ashley became first lieutenant governor of Missouri. They had formed the Rocky Mountain Fur Company about 1816. They organized a second expedition for the spring of 1823 to follow the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains. On May 30, 1823, the party headed by Henry was ambushed near Pryor's Fork by Blackfeet Indians.¹⁴ Ashley's group, after buying horses from the Arikaras, was attacked on June 2 with eleven of the forty men slain by Indians.¹⁵

Colonel Henry Leavenworth, commander of Fort Atkinson, was notified and called for an all-out effort against the Indians whom he had

previously more or less ignored. Joshua Pilcher, who was deeply incensed by the incidents, offered the services of forty of his trappers with Moses Carson as lieutenant for an expedition against the Arikaras. From the outset, the trappers were disappointed with Colonel Leavenworth's conduct of the campaign, due in part to his fear of his Sioux allies and his uncertainty that force would achieve the desired results. H. M. Chittenden, a military man, described the operations as resulting in no losses of white men and only two wounded, with two killed and seven wounded of Sioux. "Colonel Leavenworth thought that the Arikara loss amounted to about fifty, but Pilcher was positive that it could not have exceeded thirty, including women and children, and of these, thirteen had been killed by the Sioux," he wrote.¹⁶ Carson and others involved agreed with Chittenden's assessment that "The conduct of Colonel Leavenworth was so vacillating and ineffectual, and apparently governed by such an undue estimate of the obstacles in his way, and such a dread of incurring any loss, that he disgusted the Indian allies, forfeited their friendship and cooperation, and excited the contempt and amazement of the trappers."¹⁷ While the colonel censured all the trappers except Carson and one other man, the two wrote to Pilcher that they were embarrassed by the episode.¹⁸

After the failure of the Missouri Fur Company in 1825, Carson went to Santa Fe. His brother Kit turned up there in 1827. Out of work that spring, Kit joined a party headed down the Rio Grande to El Paso. Moses' activities are not detailed during the period from 1826 to 1831; perhaps he, too, headed south. Young Kit, not yet 18, was fascinated by the settlements in the El Paso valley with about 5,000 inhabitants, where Paso wine and Paso brandy were made and there was a blend of Spanish-speakers and Indians. He returned north to spend the winter in Taos, then went south again in the spring as interpreter for a trader named Trammell, going to El Paso and Chihuahua.¹⁹

The record of Moses Carson resumes in 1831 with his trip to California with Ewing Young, who had made the trek once before. Carson was with the second group in the party, arriving in Los Angeles in March 1832. He chose to stay on in California and early in 1833 was associated with George Yount in selling horses to John Work of the Hudson's Bay Company.²⁰

One of the oddities of his California period was his application for citizenship, dated May 23, 1836 in Los Angeles, in which he stated that he had lived in New Mexico ten years and in California four years. He gave his age as 31, although he was closer to 44.²¹

After a period of activities centered around Los Angeles, Carson—now known as Big Mose—went to the Russian River district north of San Francisco Bay in 1845. He became foreman of the cattle ranch developed

by Captain Henry Delano Fitch on a huge land grant near Sotoyome, at the site of the present Healdsburg. Large numbers of emigrants were coming into California—some 2,000 from the Missouri River area included Carson's neighbors, the Boggs family—and conflict arose between the Americans and the citizens of California which still belonged to Mexico.

In the early days of the Bear Flag Revolt, Carson became a supplier of horses and munitions to John Fremont. He later filed a claim on the United States for \$653 for such supplies.²² Two revolutionaries who were sent to obtain a keg of powder from Carson about June 19, 1846, were killed and mutilated by the Mexicans on their way back to the Sonora garrison. An Indian who witnessed the event reported it to Carson who recovered the bodies and buried them. His brother Kit, who had become Fremont's close associate, now entered the picture. In retaliation for the brutal slaying, he killed three Californians.²³

A few months later, a disfiguring accident was to rob Big Mose of his good looks, such as they were, according to one of his friends who wrote in a letter: "Even Moses Carson is on the lookout for a wife, but unfortunately he blew himself up with a most tremendous explosion, in the company of some ladies; since that sad accident, which I had the misfortune to witness by hearing and smelling, our redoubtable friend Moses has made his appearance scarce in this neighborhood."²⁴ At about this time, his youngest half brother, Lindsey, joined him in the Russian River Valley. A nephew, Moses Carson Briggs, son of Nancy Carson Briggs, also had moved to California.²⁵

Despite his loss of several fingers and one eye, Big Mose Carson, with money saved from his ranch work, headed for St. Louis and married a "high toned widow," Mrs. Geeder (nee Buchhart) about 1854. They went into the hotel business, a poor choice since they lost both his savings and her inheritance from her previous husband. Convinced that he could do better by returning to the west, Carson headed for Colorado in 1855 to try some trapping with Jesse Nelson, husband of Susan Carson whose father Robert was Mose's half brother.

On a visit to Kit at Taos, the older brother talked him out of traps and horses for the enterprise with Nelson. The two trapped from Bent's Old Fort, nearly in ruins but substantial enough to house a pair of traders from Illinois. They then moved up the Huerfano River to its source, over the Mosca Pass to Fort Massachusetts, then back along the Cuchara River. The catch, according to Nelson, was all his; Big Mose was too old and stiff to move fast enough for the work, even in the mild spring days of 1855.

Moses then spent several months in Santa Fe. He offhandedly used his Brother Kit's good name to run up bills amounting to some \$700—and

Kit made them good although, as Jesse Nelson told people, Mose had never helped Kit when he was young.²⁶

At about this time, Mose wrote to Abel Stearns in Los Angeles about a proposal to make that city a depository for furs to be shipped to the Orient in trade. Nothing came of the plan, however.²⁷

Also in 1856, Surgeon DeWitt C. Peters mentioned a trip he took with the picturesque old trapper. He wrote: "At Taos on our way down we were guided by a party consisting of Colonel (Ceran) St. Vrain, Kit Carson, Mose Carson, who has lived in California twenty-five years, and several officers from the fort adjacent to Taos. Notwithstanding the weather was very cold (the thermometer being 32 degrees below zero) we had a very jolly time—each one telling his own story. Old Mose Carson was the life of the party. He had not been to Santa Fe in thirty years but he amused us much by giving his early adventures there and one story that he told us of turning Catholic to gain a law suit I shall never forget . . . Imagine to yourself a man weighing over 200—60 years old—over six feet high with one eye out and minus several fingers—rough and weather beaten from a life on the frontier—you have him I am trying to describe. Then fill his brain with not much education but an unusual amount of good sense and wit and you have him that my hands would fail to do justice to."²⁸

By 1858 Mose had moved on to Tucson. The diary of Phocion R. Way, who traveled through there June 12, 1858, describes him as an older brother of Kit Carson. "I should judge he was about 55 years of age, hair entirely gray, but a large, full chested, robust and stout looking man. He appears to have nothing to do but smoke his pipe and enjoy himself. He does not appear to possess the restless, untiring disposition of his brother. I believe there is only one other white man lives here..."²⁹

Captain James H. Tevis met Carson in Tucson September 28, 1857, and accepted an invitation to go trapping with him. They went down Aravaipa Canyon to the Gila River and up the San Francisco River. Every evening Mose told campfire stories, some of which Tevis recorded.

"I noticed that whenever he would mention an incident with which his brother Kit was connected he did not seem pleasant, and I asked him the reason," wrote Tevis. "He said, 'Jimmy, you know the people make a devil of a fuss over my brother Kit as being the great guide that led Fremont over the trail to California. Now I will tell you all about it. I had been over the trail before, but Kit never had, and one evening Kit came to see me and said that Fremont wanted him to guide him overland to California, and that he would take the position on if I would go along and do the guiding, and then we would divide the pay equally between us. Well, I agreed to it. Kit and I slept together on the trip, and every night I would have to tell Kit about the route ahead, so that when Fremont would inquire about the route ahead, he was able to give him some

idea of it.

"He told me of how, when the Indians were about to get the best of the expedition, it was he who saved it," he continued. Mose had been warned by an Indian girl he knew that warriors were going to attack, he related. Mose had Kit and Fremont put sticks under their blankets to resemble bodies, then hide so they could fire on the Indians who attacked at dawn. After a hand-to-hand battle, the Indians left and did not attack them again.

When they arrived in California, Mose recalled, everyone talked of Kit as a great guide but no mention was made of the older brother, "and it naturally made him feel sore when he spoke or thought of it."

Tewis and Carson themselves encountered Indians during their trapping venture and fought them off successfully. Near Tucson, Indians followed them and Tevis was wounded in the leg by an arrow which Mose cut out for him.³⁰

Another testimony to Mose's influence on Kit was given by Jeff Ake who also met him in Tucson. "He was a real man, and he made a man out of Kit," said Ake. "The two of them footed it across the Rockies in the early days; Kit's shoes give out, and Mose packed him on his back for two days. Kit didn't have no real reputation till the Civil War. Mose lived with us after the Civil War, and died in my brother's hotel in El Paso."³¹

Ake found Tucson a small adobe town that "didn't amount to much except it was a kind of Indian headquarters. Mose Carson, Kit's brother, was agent there for the Pimas and Maricopas. He was a great big man, awful hairy, but light-completed. He was the first man I ever saw who would curry himself all over with a currycomb, and brush himself with a hoss brush. He used to joke us chillern about that being the way to be comfortable and grow big like him. Mose was as great a man as Kit, and should have as big a name. Mose killed more Indians than his brother, and was twice as smart. We all liked him."³²

Ake described an Indian fight near Cooke's Peak in which his father, Mose Carson and three other men were "the main killers. Mose Carson was fighting like hell, brave as a lion and quick as a cat, with his white head dodging around."³³

Kit Carson, although many years younger, died only a few months after Mose. Early in the year he had lost his wife in childbirth; in failing health himself, he found it hard to accept her death. He moved to Fort Lyon, Colorado, leaving his six children with relatives at Boggsville, and was told by the post surgeon that he had pneumonia. He died May 23, 1868. A captain's wife lined the rough board coffin with her wedding dress and other officers' wives covered the casket with flowers from their bonnets. He was buried with full military honors beside his wife in Bogg-

ville. The bodies later were moved to Taos and are in the Kit Carson Memorial Park.³⁴

Is Moses Carson the unsung hero who showed Kit the way west? Somehow he never made it into the history books with that reputation. His contemporaries do acknowledge, however, that he was a remarkable man, brave, witty, and capable until the infirmities of old age caught up with him. In El Paso, at least, he gained some measure of fame by having a prestigious and historic funeral.

REFERENCES

1. Harvey Lewis Carter, "Moses Carson," in *The Mountain Men and the Fur Trade of the Far West*, Vol. II, ed. LeRoy R. Hafen, Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale, Cal., 1965, p. 79.
2. "Mose . . . died in my brother's hotel in El Paso." Jeff Ake quoted in James B. O'Neil, *They Die But Once, the Story of a Tejano*, Knight Publications, Inc., New York, 1935, p. 40.
3. Some bodies buried there were removed to the next Masonic Cemetery, across Oregon street from the present El Paso Public Library, after 1874. When that cemetery was sold in 1881, the bodies were moved to the present Concordia site. John W. Denny, *A Century of Freemasonry at El Paso*, TWC Studies in Regional History, El Paso, 1956, p. 43.
4. Denny, p. 31; Capt. James H. Tevis, *Arizona in the '50s*, University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1954, p. 24.
5. McClung, Quantrille D., compiler, *Carson-Bent-Boggs Genealogy*, Denver Public Library, 1962, gives his birth year as about 1761, p. 4. Carter gives it as 1754, p. 75. The latter is more likely as Edwin Legrand Sabin says he fought in the American Revolution at the age of 22, *Kit Carson Days*, Press of the Pioneers, Inc., New York, 1935, p. 8. Had he been born in 1761, he would not have become 22 until 1783, when the war was over.
6. Her father may have been named Moses, McClung, p. 7.
7. His birth date is generally accepted as September 12, 1792. Some Sources give it as May 5, 1794, and the place as Madison County, Kentucky, but more likely he was born in South Carolina. Carter, p. 75.
8. McClung, pp. 4, 13.
9. *Ibid.*, p. 13.
10. *Ibid.*, p. 17.
11. *Ibid.*, p. 17.
12. Sabin, p. 7.
13. Dale L. Morgan, *The West of William H. Ashley*, Denver, 1963, xliv, and Richard E. Oglesby, *Manuel Lisa and the Opening of the Missouri Fur Trade*, Norman, Okla., 1963, pp. 170, 172.
14. John Myers Myers, *The Saga of Hugh Glass*, University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1963, pp. 72, 73.
15. *Ibid.*, p. 80.
16. *Ibid.*, p. 97.
17. *Ibid.*, p. 98.
18. Carter, p. 75.
19. Charles Burdett, *Life of Kit Carson*, Lovell, Cozell and Co., New York, n.d., p. 24.
20. Carter, pp. 75, 76.
21. *Ibid.*; McClung, p. 23.
22. McClung, p. 24.
23. Sabin, p. 482; Carter, p. 76; McClung, p. 24.

-
24. Alice B. Maloney, "Three Letters of John Gantt," Colorado Historical Society Quarterly XX June 1941, p. 151.
 25. McClung, p. 25.
 26. Carter, p. 78; Harvey Lewis Carter, *Dear Old Kit*, University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1968, p. 151.
 27. Carter (1965), p. 78.
 28. Sabin, p. 670.
 29. William A. Duffen, ed., "Overland Via 'Jackass Mail' in 1858, The Diary of Phocion R. Way," *Arizona and the West*, Vol. II No. 2, Summer 1960, p. 159.
 30. Tevis, pp.-24-49.
 31. O'Neil, p. 40.
 32. *Ibid.*, p. 12.
 33. *Ibid.*, pp. 45, 46.
 34. Herbert M. Hart, *Old Forts of the Southwest*, Bonanza Books, New York, 1964, p. 106.

THE REVOLUTION COMES TO JUAREZ

by CLIFFORD A. PERKINS

After three years as a Chinese Inspector in Arizona, I was posted by the Immigration Service to El Paso, Texas, effective May 15, 1913. I arrived just in time to take a hand in one episode of the Mexican Revolution. El Paso, as the largest city on the border, was a focus of undercover revolutionary activity and Juarez was the scene of some heavy fighting. The Service could not help being heavily involved, and I was involved too as the newest man on a force of well over fifty people at a large and active port, headquarters for the entire border at that time.

Pancho Villa's forces were moving northward through Chihuahua at the time of my arrival, and in mid-November they occupied Juarez. As they progressed toward the border, they commandeered all railroad rolling stock, including locomotives, loading equipment onto freight cars on top of which the women and children traveled and even built fires. A couple of passenger cars would be hooked on for the officers and their women, and a caboose for the train crew would bring up the rear. The crew worked under the guns of Villa and did only as they were told. Altogether, the train was pretty much self-contained and occasionally even included a stock car full of cattle so there would be meat for everybody.

The Villistas raised considerable hell as they progressed northward and a great wave of refugees poured across the line ahead of them. These frightened and often destitute people became the responsibility of the Immigration Service. They included a wide variety of human types—merchants, housewives, children, workingmen, along with prostitutes, criminals, beggars and street scum. Villa's men enjoyed killing Chinese of all varieties and they too fled to the United States to save their lives: tradesmen, cooks, laundrymen and gardeners. Each fugitive brought whatever he could with him, especially food, clothing and household goods, with some miscellaneous livestock and pets.

Among the earliest arrivals, when actual fighting broke out, was the entire mounted police force in a body and in a hurry. Villa had been known to cut off one ear of a captured *federal* (for future recognition), telling him as he did so that if he ever caught him again, he would kill him. And he meant it. Provision was made for turning the horses of these *federales* over to the United States Army and placing them under guard. The men themselves were paroled to the Mexican consul in El Paso. In due time the better-known individuals and others who could establish their good character were freed on their own recognizance. The rest quickly swamped the Immigration Service.

Without available facilities for housing, feeding and sanitation, the government people had to put them up in a temporary camp behind the railroad embankment near the river, where Army guards could patrol the area to keep them from escaping and where field kitchens could be used to feed them. The beggars and street people were a particular problem. Mexico had not yet made provision for the care of the indigent and many of them had become beggars, often grotesquely crippled and always pathetic.

Once some semblance of order existed in Juarez, repatriation of individuals ineligible for parole was mandatory. The Service detailed me to make contact with Villa and work out arrangements. The fighting had tapered off, but gun battles were still going on in various sections of Juarez and traffic was nonexistent as I left the office and headed for the International bridge. It was usually crowded at that hour of the morning, a streetcar on the elevated track along one side, foot traffic on the walkway along the other, and a line of horsedrawn vehicles plus an occasional automobile in the center. Today it was deserted, except for one barefooted Villista in ragged pants and high-crowned straw hat with two banderillas across his chest containing not more than eight or ten cartridges. Under his supervision I crossed to the Mexican side of the river.

I was in difficulties; at once. Several rag-tag soldiers armed with assorted weapons quickly closed around me and my idea of walking alone through their ranks, hoping they would be more amused than upset by such temerity, began to seem more foolhardy by the second. I explained my intention of talking with *El General*. A prolonged serio-comic debate followed which ended in their drawing aside, but as I moved off, a steady stream of sneering jibes about gringos and American "peegs" followed me, calculated to make me mad. I would have been, too, had I not been so acutely aware of the exceedingly vulnerable area between my shoulder blades.

When I reached the customs building on Avenida Juarez, I was passed on to the Officer of the Guard and obtained his permission to proceed to Villa's command post in the police station on *Calle Comercial*. As I continued my progress, I encountered more soldiers, and it was not consoling to observe that they were in festive mood, for I well knew it would take very little to change bantering vulgarities to bullets. There was sporadic shooting all along *Calle Comercial*. The sidewalks were littered with broken glass and merchandise that had been taken or thrown out of the stores. There were more dead soldiers and horses than I wanted to count and several bullet-riddled cars and wagons had been abandoned along the gutters.

Everywhere I looked was evidence that while the officers had been appropriating the better houses for themselves and their women, the

Villista soldiers had been on a drunken rampage, looting, burning and killing. Order of a sort had been restored, but more than one *soldado* leaning against the wall of a vandalized saloon, liquor store or office building, was too drunk to fire the gun he waved at me so threateningly.

About the time I started debating the wisdom of reaching my destination by some other route, a man wearing the racing commissioner's full-dress uniform staggered out of an alley. I knew him well. He was, or had been, a ticket seller at the race track who answered to the name of Luis. As this resplendent figure rounded the corner onto *Calle Comercial*, a loaded peon, seated in the corner doorway of a ruined liquor store, observed him. The soldier's rifle was propped against the side of the building so he could more easily consume the contents of two bottles of tequila which he had confiscated. At sight of the uniform he carefully settled his bottle between his thighs, saluted and called out, "Hola, mi capitán!"

Since Villa was well acquainted with the racetrack personnel, it was obvious that Luis knew his general. I realized that this could be opportunity knocking, but at the same time I wondered how Luis would react to me in his new situation. I could only wait to find out. Weaving in my direction with a bemused smile on his face and a bottle of tequila in each hand, he stopped every so often to take a drink from one bottle or the other, apparently indifferent to the occasional bullet whistling by. Within a few feet of me he stopped, frowned uncertainly, rocked forward to search my face, then threw both arms around my shoulders with an exuberant greeting, offering me a drink from either, or both, of his bottles. Under the circumstances I was happy to accept.

On his inquiring what business brought me to Juarez, I explained that my purpose was to obtain permission from *El General* for the return of some poor people who were being held in El Paso with no roof over their heads and no food to eat. I made the story as pathetic as possible and he became increasingly sympathetic. At the conclusion he offered to go with me to the police station to make sure all arrangements were worked out immediately. When we arrived, he brushed past the guard on duty with a wave of his hand and escorted me straight to the officer of the day. As a result, a messenger was dispatched immediately to the general.

After only half an hour (though it seemed much longer) the messenger returned with the necessary clearances. The two bottles were nearly empty by then, but Luis could still move under his own power when I stood up to leave. Nor was he about to allow his good amigo to walk back to the bridge alone. He presented me with one of the bottles and put an arm around my neck as we started for the river, staggering and swaying along and singing at the tops of our voices, though mine could not have added a thing to his rendition of "La Golondrina." In the middle of the International Bridge my almost paralyzed escort bade me a tearfully affection-

ate farewell, made an exceedingly sloppy about face, and started back towards Juarez while I went on thankfully to the office to report a mission completed.

By the time word got around that permission had been granted by *El General* for Juarez residents to return, they had been divided into groups according to their need for detention under American statutes and the problems they, or their possessions, presented. The first group ushered back into Mexico under guard included all horses, burros, livestock and wagons. Next went the cripples, beggars, prostitutes and the rest of the human refuse that had been filling the jails. The more or less responsible refugees were allowed to move out when ready, although many of them did so reluctantly, having a good idea they would find their homes and stores in ruins. None of them displayed much emotion, although there was no food immediately available in Juarez and little water. Electricity was still shut off by the El Paso supplier, and they had almost nothing to look forward to but hardship and probably slow starvation. Residents of consequence sent servants back to check on the condition of their homes, most of which had been completely stripped or taken over by high-ranking officers, their friends, and their women, and the furnishings wrecked. Many who had suffered severe financial losses or were afraid to go back remained on the American side until notified by the Service either to return to Mexico if they wished to avoid deportation or apply for permanent residence, a simple procedure at the time since visas were not required.

Although none of the refugees expressed any particular gratitude for the food and other provisions we made for them, and their presence had posed a good many monumental problems, El Paso residents reaped one unanticipated benefit from Villa's triumph. That summer the *Villistas* had taken over control of practically the entire State of Chihuahua, had seized the treasury to get money for guns, ammunition and supplies, and had occupied many of the large haciendas. Villa's men rounded up the cattle on the larger estates, making deals with the *haciendados* at something like five dollars a head for signing the papers legalizing sale in the United States. While the fee was tantamount to no payment at all, the owners had little choice; it was that or nothing, and trainload after trainload of cattle arrived at the line and were sold through one of the El Paso banks, Villa collecting all but the head fee paid to the owners. Slaughterhouses were set up where the beef was butchered, and it was sold retail or given away to the poor, probably in an effort by Villa to make himself popular with the element that represented his principal backing. El Paso residents who were in a position to do so bought Villa money, which had no real value but had to be accepted in the towns he controlled, and used it to purchase meat in Juarez. And the meat was

every bit as good as it should have been, coming as it did from the best cattle the ranchers had been able to produce.

Almost every day while Villa held Juarez, situations arose that necessitated reaching his top command, most of them having to do with the actions of Villistas at the line. Soldiers on guard at the bridge wouldn't pass anything or anyone on their own initiative; permissions had to be obtained for the entry into Mexico of aliens being deported, and so on, and two or three times a week, at least, there was some matter which had to be cleared with Villa personally. Probably because of my successful negotiations concerning the refugees, and the fact that I spoke the language, the Immigration Service assigned me to act as go-between with Villa and his officials.

The General was a chunky, powerfully built man, with the slender legs of a horseman, tiny, close-set black eyes almost buried in a round, full face, and a thin-lipped mouth, overpowered by a heavy drooping black mustache. Though he seldom raised his voice, and was not at all bombastic, he was extremely alert and quick, and his speech as well as his manner reflected his abrupt, determined attitude towards everything and everybody. All sorts of stories have been written about the general, but in the main my personal dealings with him were very satisfactory. Sometimes it was difficult to convince him about something, but when he finally agreed, he could be depended upon. I don't know whether he was dedicated to anything more than power and fame for himself, but he ran the show and accomplished his purpose. He gave everybody trouble, but you could look him in the eye and if he was a friend, fine; if not, you'd better watch yourself from then on.

Villa never consulted with his officers about a matter presented to him and brooked very little interference, but although he was crude, he always treated me with courtesy, shaking my hand when we met, and again when we parted, giving me a firm, hearty grip. He was a dangerous, vindictive enemy when crossed, but I found the best way to get along with him was just to stand up to him in the belief that if I dealt fairly with him, he would do the same with me. It worked out that way, too.

After several weeks of almost daily contacts with the general, and just about the time conditions in Juarez appeared to be reaching a semblance of normal, somebody took a pot shot at me during one of my trips to Villa's headquarters. As I passed in front of a saloon near the *comandancia*, there was a sudden commotion around the corner; then a shot rang out and a bullet shattered the saloon window right above my head. There wasn't time to be frightened, or at least the excitement of the situation overcame physical fear. It was the same at other times in my life when I had equally close calls, but three or four hours afterward, I would let down and sometimes actually become weak. The only times when I ex-

perienced cold creepings of fright was when there was time to think about the possible danger ahead.

About a week after the bullet broke the plate-glass window, a Mexican Customs officer told me that a drunken Villista officer had spotted me less than ten feet away and had decided to kill himself a gringo. Jerking his gun, he pulled the trigger just as another Customs officer recognized me and slammed the drunk's arm upward, deflecting the bullet to a spot over my head. He also told me that when Villa heard about it, he busted the officer and put him in jail.

Villa seldom left his office in Juarez, and I don't recall ever seeing him in the United States. Not only would he have been arrested for violating our neutrality laws, but the *federales* had undercover agents in El Paso, any number of whom would have risked killing him, given the opportunity. Most of his affairs were handled through his staff, primarily by Rodriguez, his buffer, personal aide and secretary. Rodriguez was a slender, neatly dressed young man in his mid-twenties who spoke English well and had the ability to be courteous yet not allow everyone who came to see the general to do so. Once while I was at headquarters on a routine matter, Rodriguez asked me to step into the general's office to discuss something of a confidential nature. Villa was waiting for me with a proposition.

He wanted to get around the embargo against selling munitions to forces opposing the party in power in Mexico. President Wilson had forbidden this traffic in order to cooperate with the seemingly stable government in Mexico City, thereby giving rise to considerable smuggling of guns and ammunition west of El Paso where there were few barriers to such activities. After considerable beating about the bush, Villa said that he had checked me out and decided I could be trusted to undertake a commission for him. He told me he had \$50,000 in gold and wanted me to go to Canada to purchase guns and ammunition for his men, a difficult task made doubly so by the varying calibers and gauges of the guns they used. Since the general had, in a manner of speaking, paid me a compliment and was not a person who took kindly to having his requests turned down, refusing him presented a real problem. I declined, however, as gracefully as possible, but as a result we never got around to discussing what he would have paid me for the job. It would no doubt have been well worth my while financially, as agents in such dealings usually received a kickback from the seller in addition to the commission from the buyer. Before we parted, Villa did tell me that he had given \$50,000 to another American for the same purpose and had never seen the munitions or heard of the agent again.

Such incidents, as well as the assistance given by our government to those the general considered his enemies, undoubtedly accounted for much of his antipathy towards *norteamericanos*.

Americans did have their place in his scheme of things, however, for while he held Ciudad Juarez, he insisted that Luz Corral de Villa, his legal wife as far as was generally known, spend her nights in a house he rented for her in El Paso. The general was accompanied from place to place by innumerable women and referred to several of them as his "wife." He would not have been averse to going through any number of wedding ceremonies if it suited his purpose, but whatever the status of the women with him, he did not want Luz in Juarez overnight because he anticipated an attack by the *fедерales* at any time.

Luz was a woman of about twenty when I first met her as I was relieving an Immigrant Inspector on the International Bridge. She dressed unpretentiously with a *rebozo* over her head and was gracious, soft spoken and very much on the quiet side, but she loved the diamonds Villa gave her and wore lots of them. Her skin was lighter than average for her people, but she was rather heavy set and there was nothing in her manner to distinguish her from any ordinary Mexican housewife.

She would leave El Paso for Juarez in the morning in a large black chauffeur-driven car, occasionally accompanied by another woman, and would return about sundown or shortly thereafter following dinner with Villa. One day I learned from a friend that a detective on the El Paso police force was planning to take Luz into custody the next evening when she returned from Mexico. His intention was to shake her down and relieve her of the diamond rings and earrings she usually wore, plus the large sum of money it was her habit to carry. The detective figured that since the United States government did not recognize Villa or his army and authority in Mexico, the general wouldn't be able to do a thing about it, and nobody in the States would care.

As soon as I heard what was in the offing, I called Villa's office. When I got through to Rodriguez, I said, "You tell Luz when she comes over tonight to leave all her diamonds and her money in Juarez." When he wanted to know why, I answered, "*Por que si!*" (just because). That evening when Luz' car crossed the bridge, it was stopped by two detectives. They climbed into the limousine and directed her chauffeur to drive to the police station. A friend told me several days later that the detective nearly had apoplexy when he discovered that Luz was wearing no diamonds and had only small change in her purse.

Villa returned the favor a few weeks later, following a shooting on Cordova Island, a silt deposit along a wide loop on the north side of the Rio Grande left as the river shifted its course farther and farther into Mexico. Trees and shrubs had found a foothold in the loose soil, offering a measure of protection from observation, especially at night. A screen of brush and cottonwoods dotted the Mexican side of the one-time riverbed, and a densely populated maze of Mexican shanties on the American side

gave immediate shelter to *contrabandistas*. Smugglers gave us more trouble here than any place else in the vicinity of El Paso.

While Jack Belcher and I were patrolling the Island one afternoon, we noticed a mounted Mexican officer who forded the river and rode directly toward us. We made no effort to conceal ourselves, but when he was forty or fifty yards away, he suddenly dismounted, raised his rifle, and started pumping lead at us. We dropped to the ground immediately and returned his fire. When no more shots came from his direction, we cautiously stood up and walked toward him, finding that two of our shots had reached their mark. As we stood there reviewing what had happened, I took off my hat and discovered that one of his bullets had gone through it. This was probably my closest call in the Service, for some of my hair, which was cut fairly short, had been clipped off and was still clinging to one of the two holes through the crown of my Stetson.

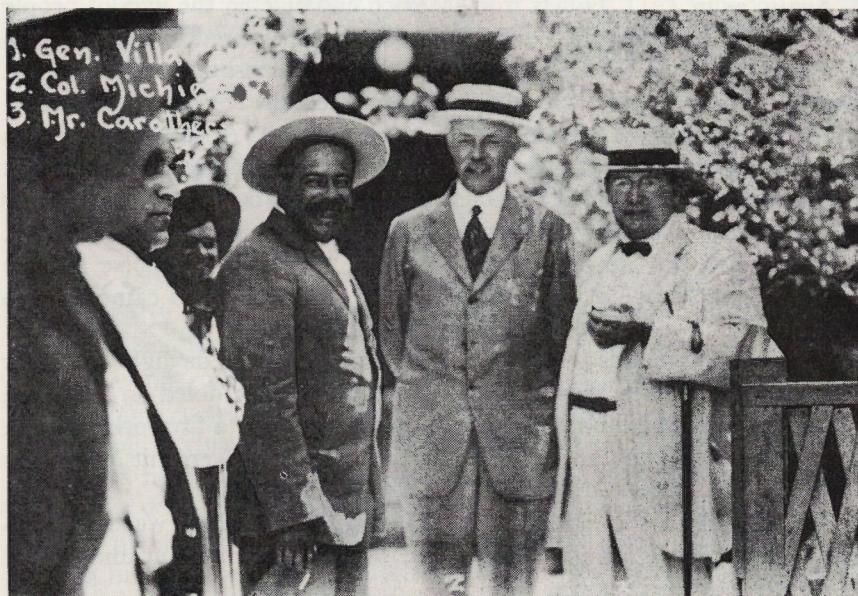
If a smuggler was killed at night and fell in the river, we forgot about the body unless it showed up downstream on the American side. Then, as with a smuggler killed north of the river in the daytime, we called the police to dispose of the remains, which was usually by burial in a potter's field, for the bodies were seldom claimed. Villa had to be notified about his dead officer, however, so Jack and I left the man there and returned to our office to report the incident before I drove to Juarez. When I reached Villa's office, I explained to Rodriguez the reason for my visit and he took me to the general. We went through our usual handshake and introductory greetings, after which I proceeded (most respectfully) to tell him that one of his officers had opened fire on us on the Island, without provocation or warning—and an exchange of shots had followed. Villa was rough, but I was counting on the fact that he kept his soldiers fairly well restrained, and in some ways was strict with them. With a semi-military force, which is what his army really was, discipline was an off-again, on-again proposition. Every once in a while a Villista with too much tequila in him would shoot off his gun at nothing in particular, but after the looting and drinking had run their course, Villa's men were surprisingly orderly. As a matter of fact, other than for a few killings, I don't remember hearing of any major crimes that took place while he held the town.

The general listened to my report with his usual frowning concentration. When I was through he remarked briefly, "I'll take care of him immediately."

"Thank you, *mi General*," I responded, "but you do not need to do that. We already have."

With that I indicated on the map hanging against the wall where the body could be found.

"*Está bueno,*" was all he answered before shaking hands with me again and wishing me a good journey back to El Paso.



PANCHO VILLA IN EL PASO, 1915

Left to Right: General "Pancho Villa"; Col. Robert E. L. Michie, aide to Gen. Hugh Scott, U. S. Army Chief of Staff; George C. Carothers, Special Agent U. S. State Department.

(M. C. McKinney Collection)

The general was back several times during the next few years—in July of 1914, when he took Juarez again without any real fighting; in 1915 when on two occasions he met General Hugh Scott to discuss peace-keeping measures; and finally in June of 1919. On this last foray he brought 4300 troops with him and sent word to the *El Paso Times* that he was going to attack. Americans were advised to stay out of the line of fire. Juarez was well defended and the *federales* didn't think he had a chance to win. Villa did not share their views.

The assault was launched while a baseball game was going on between my team and one from the Eighth Corps of Army Engineers commanded by Major (later General) Robert R. Neyland, who subsequently became famous as a football coach at the University of Tennessee. While I was waiting for my turn at bat, an orderly raced onto the field with a message for the major. After reading it, he waved his team off the diamond. As he passed me on his way out, he said, tersely: "Villa is attacking Juarez."

I too left in a hurry and took off for home, where I changed into uniform, picked up my gun, and headed for what proved to be sixty hours of continuous duty.

Again, as in 1911, bullets from Mexico endangered the lives of people in the United States, and American troops were ordered to put a stop to the fighting. They tried to catch Villa with a three-pronged attack. An infantry unit was sent across the Santa Fe Street bridge towards the racetrack, where most of Villa's soldiers were camped. An artillery brigade set up a battery of field pieces along the river east of the Stanton Street bridge with orders to shell the track, and a cavalry outfit crossed the river two or three miles below El Paso to approach the racetrack from the rear.

The attack did not work out according to plan. The horse soldiers bogged down in quicksand and shells from American guns came close to blasting our own troops. Villa escaped undamaged.

Although there was firing across the border during daylight hours by both Mexican forces, thousands of excited people assembled on roofs and on the hills around the town as if they were watching a fireworks display. They even lined the river bank. Several onlookers were hit by bullets before it was over.

This time I had no contact with *El General*, and there was never another opportunity. He made his peace with the government and ceased to be a power in Mexico.

"El Paso police officer John Selman, Jr., was more interested in making love than in fighting crime. But he could be tough and quick-thinking when he had to be. He proved his grit on the night of May 7, 1896, when he broke out of the Juarez, Mexico, jail and swam the Rio Grande to safety."

—Leon C. Metz, "Why True Love Broke Jail," *Password* XIII, 87

To W. H. Carter belongs the honor of first suggesting the organizing of a fire company in El Paso, and on August 19, 1882, he with others circulated a paper with signatures, resulting in forty-six charter members of the El Paso Hose Company Number One.

—Eugene O. Porter, "The El Paso Volunteer Fire Department," *Password*, XIII, 13.

HISTORICAL MEMORIES CONTEST

The Spring issue of *PASSWORD* announced the winners of the annual Historical Memories Contest, for persons over 65. The three winning essays were published in the same issue. Two of the five honorable mention winners follow.

My Childhood in the Great Southwest

by INA WILLIAMS WARREN

In the fall of 1906, when I was a 3½ year old little girl, my parents, Mr. and Mrs. John L. Williams moved to New Mexico Territory, following my mother's family who had come over in a covered wagon. My father was an employee of the Santa Fe Railroad in Cleburne, Texas, so our family, consisting of my parents, two sisters and myself, came out to Portales on a passenger train, on a pass. We lived in Portales, until my father had built our 2-room house on our Homestead Claim, which was in the Red Lake Community, about 18 miles southwest of Portales.

Since my father continued under the employ of the Santa Fe Railroad as bridge foreman, my mother and we three little girls were often alone, except when one of her sisters stayed with us, but I can't remember ever being afraid. I can remember of hearing neighbors tell of a light, and also of seeing it myself that resembled a bobbing lantern being carried by someone walking down the "dip" which ran between our house and my grandparents' home. It was later explained as being a phosphorescent phenomenon, but it was an exciting mystery to us, and we would always watch out for the unknown carrier of the lantern when we had to pull a tow-sack around the pasture, seeking dried cow-chips for fuel. These added to mesquite stumps or "grubs" made a comfortable heat if the wind wasn't blowing and caused them to smoke. Often times our mother would go with us and teach us the names of the flowers, the wild verbena, for instance, she called a Sweet William, and we were sure it was named for us because our name was Williams. There were Indian paint brushes, buttercups, daisies, and many other flowers that flourished in season where there was little rain-fall and we cherished each one. Our imagination being very lively no doubt inspired by the few books and pictures we had and the stories mother would tell us, led us to pretend that every flower had its own fairy, every ant-hill was a castle, and every blooming "bear-grass" a Lord's candle.

As we grew older, we attended school at Red Lake, and Church at our grand-father's home, where he had organized a Baptist Church in

1906, before a regular meeting house was built. So there were always lots of people at his home on Sunday, and often his family would have to beat up another batch of biscuits and maybe kill another fryer or two before the children who always had "to wait" could be called in for their dinner. Oh, how hungry we would get. Sometimes an older child might be assigned the task of waving a gadget made of newspapers cut in strips and attached to a short pole or bear-grass stalk, over the table to keep the flies away while the grown-ups ate, and wonder if they were going to leave anything at all for the children. One suffered pangs of hunger too while they ate and carried on their long-winded conversations.

When winter time dumped snows in high piles where the wind caused it to drift, we would help fill containers and put it in our cistern for our water supply, sometimes filling it near to the top and we would get in and tromp it down. Winter, windy nights and snowy weather always made me feel secure, snuggled down in a warm soft bed, often being aware of my mother's comforting hands, feeling to see if we were properly covered up. These were some of the nights one of Mama's sisters would be staying with us, and they would take turns reading by lamp-light, from a book they were fortunate to acquire, or a serial story which came in a monthly woman's magazine called "Comfort." I always read everything I could find from the time I was six years old and I remember when I was about nine, reading a story in the Comfort of a group of fugitives fleeing from their country on horses, in the dark of the night. Just as they thought they were going to cross the line into another country a Border Guard commanded: "Halt in the name of the King. Halt!" It was continued from there to next issue and I never did find out what became of them.

When I started to school at 7 years of age which was considered the proper school age then, my teacher, a Mr. Luther Smith, would entertain us little folks by showing us how to draw things on the blackboard, mostly geometric shapes which could have been influential in my love for Geometry much, much later when I had moved back to Texas and was in High School. He required us to memorize many poems, too, which was easy for me as long as they rhymed, but I had a very hard time memorizing the 23rd Psalm, and thought I was disgraced when I had to stay in at recess to work on it.

One very cold morning in a December, Papa had to go to Red Lake for stock water. We used cistern water to drink but were never able to hire a well-driller to go deep enough to find water on our place. I remember how we were all saddened when papa had to give up his beautiful Elgin watch, which he had promised a driller to go a certain depth, and he didn't strike water. On this particular morning when he was home for a while from his job, he put 3 barrels in the wagon and was also going to take my oldest sister and me to school. Before we got there a blue

norther struck and Papa knew it would become unbearably cold. So he put me in one barrel and my sister in one, turned the team around, and headed north toward home, with our beloved horses, Dan and Nancy, really trotting down that road. Papa stood, facing the wind, urging the team to go faster, faster. When we reached home his breath had frozen on his mustache making icicles and my sister and I had to be helped into the house. My feet were nearly frozen and when mama placed them in a tub of cool water I screamed for her to take me out of "that hot water." I was crippled for a few days but I had experienced something to boast about.

Times were hard on the homesteads, few people having more than a good water well, and it being a rather arid part of the state, good crops were unusual. But I do remember once Papa had a good corn yield, enough that he bought a small hand corn sheller and he sold some corn. We always had a small garden, and mama would remind us to take out all our bath water to pour in cans buried near the roots of the cantaloupes and watermelons. My uncle lived on sandy land, and produced very fine watermelons, and we loved to visit with him and our aunt. At the end of the season we would gather the small amounts left of speckled butter beans, okra, squash, black-eyed peas and onions, and with a chunk of salt pork for seasoning, it was a very fine meal. But I can also remember the many times we had corn-meal mush for supper, and when food was pretty scarce, even corn-meal mush, flavored with butter and onion for noon meals. Seems we always had brown beans and they surely must have been full of food value, as we all grew up to be sturdy and healthy.

Christmas time of course was an event eagerly looked forward to, although our gifts were always small, they were most highly prized, and we knew that Papa would be home with us. One year Mama made us two older girls treasure chests out of empty cigar boxes covered with scraps of velvet on which she had pasted and decorated colored pictures and handmade flowers. She was very adept with fancy needle work and sewing, and our clothes were always pretty.

One Christmas times were so hard, and maybe for other reasons I did not know, but no one went up into the mountains for a tree. So the mothers and fathers, helped by the school children erected a pole and stationed a wagon wheel on it a few feet from the floor—then a series of wagon, cart, and buggy wheels until the "tree" grew rather tall. These wheels were covered with green and red crepe paper and looped with strands of snow-white pop corn and red cranberries. It was very beautiful to us.

We proved up on our Homestead, and I have the original instrument, patent #232284, recorded in the General Land Office in Ft. Sumner, New Mexico, signed by Pres. Wm. H. Taft, dated Nov. 1st, 1911.

During all these years Papa continued his work on the Santa Fe R.R. from Clovis, Roswell and on down to Carlsbad and Pecos. It gives me a thrill every time I watch the tracks as we travel along those routes, and knowing that he had contributed to an important part of the early days in New Mexico.

Near Carlsbad many times he and a cow-boy named Jim White watched the bats in their flight to and out of the caves, and he had been in the caves with Jim, but of course that's another story. It was so exciting to hear him tell us of the bat-cave.

We moved to Portales in early 1912, as Papa wanted us closer to good schools. We sold the Homestead, and we went back out there in Sept. 1912, to load some of our things into a covered wagon, preparatory to moving. My Mother, who didn't really want to move back to Texas, cried when she had to leave a set of pretty little bowls in which we had served ice-cream when the neighbors joined each other at our house for group singing. I was so entranced to hear them get the right "pitch," and hear them sound the beginning notes—using shaped notes—when they were learning a new Hymn. May I name of few of our neighbors? There were the Langstons; the Eppersons; the Pink Morrises, he was our Rural mail Carrier; the Horace Copelins; the Bill Doyals; my grandparents, the John O. Oldhams; and I can recall the names of many others, especially the Faggards who lived in Portales, but had relatives in the Red Lake community and came out often.

My story has been told in remembrance of the love and compassion for the good parents and grandparents we had, the kind neighbors who helped us fight a prairie fire when our father was away from home, and only my little mother and a bunch of little kids to defend it, and helping hands whenever we needed them. My memories are sweet and some day I'd love to visit all the places and Homesteads of those years between 1906 and 1912.

"With the discovery of silver mines, the great increase in livestock, the extensive land grants, expanded trade, and abundant cheap labor, wealth came easily and rapidly to the nobility and those whom the Crown favored. Luxury and ostentation in dress became so rampant in the new lands that the Spanish Court issued laws and ordinances prohibiting the excessive display of expensive and extravagant garments. For the most part, these laws and regulations were ignored or flagrantly disobeyed."

—José Cisneros, *Riders of the Border*

SASCO

Boyhood in an Arizona Smelting Community by F. KEITH PEYTON

There exists a period in a young boy's life when everything savors gloriously of adventure. If it isn't a realistic adventure the imagination can make it so. Thrills of discovery at a tender age are purely unbeatable, and the following is a bit of what a little boy experienced in our southwest desert.

The flight in 1914 of American smelting and mining engineers from Mexico was accomplished with little bloodshed, but grim faces, tension and sharp commands surrounding the operation could only intimidate small boys. Adventures were sublimated to the family's natural desire to survive, and survival depended on discipline. Discipline is not regarded as an ally of childish derring do. The El Paso Herald for Sept. 25, 1914 posted a list of 500 names of refugees from Mexico's revolution. Mr. Shelton, El Paso's postmaster, published the temporary addresses. Frank Peyton was on that list, accompanied by his wife and "two servants" as was erroneously reported by the Mexican Herald for April 30, 1914. The "two servants" turned out to be two wide-eyed boys of five and four years, who were not feeling daring at all, having just escaped a traumatic adventure in Mexico. After visiting Missouri, Colorado and California, Frank Peyton settled his wife and two sons in a house on River Street, El Paso, Texas.

Given a base of operations the boys assumed their normal posture of sticking their noses into all possible aspects of the River Street area. The sharp thrill of pleasure derived from doffing shoes and black stockings and squirting hot dust through bare toes was immensely memorable. This was pleasurable because it was forbidden, and anyway it felt good. Roaming far and wide, probably four blocks, life was satisfactory, barring intermittent dust storms, which for periods of time forced them indoors.

This idyllic existence halted abruptly when my father was ordered to Sasco, Arizona in 1916. The company had bought a small smelter in order to keep their employees occupied. My mother efficiently packed us up and we were on our way. Excited with anticipation, they left the "big city" for an unknown desert area in Arizona. Imagination pictured Siberia, without polar bears. Adventure soon cast its beady eye on them and suddenly the train had become a many faceted treasure trove. The beautifully woven straw seats, the clatter of the couplings between the passenger cars and the raucous cries of the candy butcher became all-enveloping pageantry. Sleep interrupted indefatigable efforts to absorb and relish all nuances of sound, sight and smell. Detraining in Tucson,

spirits lifted on boarding a Model T Ford to cover the last 35 miles to Sasco, Pima County, Arizona. Plumes of dust rose behind the car as it rattled and banged to its destination. Since the dust was left behind, and no one came from the opposite direction, the air remained pristinely clear, the sight were lovely, and the open car dissipated the heat. Considerably less euphoria was felt, when on approaching Sasco the lonely desolation of the compound and smelter could really be appreciated. Visible objects, aside from the smelter structures, were sage, saguaros, cactus, rocks and desert, desert, desert!!! The sight was depressing, and my mother maintained a critical silence. My father, in his usual calm, pipesmoking manner, grinned, patted us on the head and led us into a strange new world.



Shocked, but rebounding rapidly the boys cruised around and discovered unimaginable delights in exotic sights, smells and sounds in this drab desert. Ranging farther afield a bewildering array of animals, insects, birds, flowers and plants. Rattlesnakes, hawks, eagles, buzzards, roadrunners, gila monsters, horned toads, scorpions, centipedes, coyotes, rabbits, jackrabbits, tiny owls, woodpeckers, tarantulas, skunks, cardinal birds, lizards, and an occasional glimpse of bobcats, pumas, and wolves. The desert was alive!!! Sharing discoveries with my mother, she was persuaded to join these expeditions. Early morning, and particularly if it had rained, made these forays irresistible. Having been reared on the frontiers of Nebraska, Montana and Colorado, my mother was a crack shot with a .22. Striding lithely amidst sage, cactus and saguaros, attired in her version of a western hat, saddle skirt, sturdy blouse, high buttoned shoes and with her .22 at the ready she was an imposing figure. Her aim was deadly, and if we stirred up a rattler, she would bring the rifle up smoothly, and seemingly without aiming shoot the rattler's head off. Her pet enemies were rattlers and chicken hawks, since they were natural but respected enemies. If it had rained the night before, the early morning smell of the wet desert was peculiarly satisfying, and the profusion of small, delicate flowers suddenly revealed by the rains formed a background of color that forever erased the imagined drabness of the desert from my mind.

SASCO, Southern Arizona Smelting Co., was a small smelting unit and received ores from the Silver Bell Mines. It was a tightly knit world of smelter men, and isolation tended to bring these men closer together. The only communication with the outside world was the weekly arrival of a truck from Tucson bringing fresh vegetables, canned goods, clothes, trinkets and anything appealing to lonely smelter families. The children would get up early Saturday morning to watch the cloud of dust signalling the slow progress of the lumbering truck. Saturday, in those days, was always associated with baths and Saturday Evening Posts. The latter fact triggered the brilliant idea of buying a quantity of the magazine commensurate with Sasco's ability to absorb this literature at a nickel apiece. It was a masterful stroke. The boys were kept out of mischief, they acquired a modicum of financial independence, they learned the rudiments of the free enterprise system, and best of all they soon knew everyone. By osmosis they also fell heir to the popularity accorded the news carriers of the world. Since the profits were unspendable, we bought presents for our parents after agonizing hours spent poring over Sears & Roebuck and Montgomery-Ward catalogues.

Media communication was for the future, so we didn't miss it. The older people read The Arizona Daily Star from Tucson, which was the communication heartbeat of the region. Recreation for the smelter men consisted of all night poker games, sandlot baseball, and an occasional trip to Tucson or Silver Bell. Bits of casual conversation heard on our weekly magazine circuit indicated that Silver Bell was a tough little town, and was the men's favorite hangout. This story is apocryphal, but shows Sasco's admiration for tough men. Seems that a certain huge man, Jacobson by name, possessed a poisonous gila monster, and had made a pet of the hideous creature, who would by invitation crawl up Jacobson's huge arm. One night, after imbibing copiously, he invited his cronies to witness his marvelous power. Carefully he placed the gila monster on his arm, and commanded the reptile to crawl up. The gila monster was tired, stubborn or didn't like liquor. He wouldn't move. Jacobson pinched the gila monster's tail, and was promptly bitten for his pains. The gila monster died the next day, and Jacobson reported for work. Just another way to balance the wild goings on in Silver Bell, and the two-gun men from Tombstone.

These tough smelter men were gentle with the children of the family men living at the smelter. The wives of the smelter men were treated with exaggerated respect, although they were as hardy as their mates, and extremely proud of their status of pioneer women. They led a rugged life, but still maintained their femininity and cheerfulness. This attitude of self reliance was effortlessly passed on to their progeny. One complaint the women had was the lack of water and bathing facilities. The houses were of raw, resinous pine consisting of three or four rooms. Midday heat

was devastating and it taxed ingenuity to reduce its effects. One method was to hang burlap curtains at the windows, and pour dippersful of water along the rope holding the curtains. This partially solved the heat problem, but did nothing for bathing facilities. My father solved the problem by rigging a block and tackle, attached to a 30 gallon oil drum. There was a catch on the bottom, and innumerable small holes punctured the top. A corner of the kitchen was boarded off, and a slab of concrete was poured around a drain. We were in business. I never again resisted the indescribable pleasure of taking a cold shower when temperatures were over 110 degrees in the shade. My mother engineered the operation, and was merciless in the scrubdown department. Parental supervision was usually relaxed, but stringent on basic rules of our minuscule society.

School in a one-room, one-teacher schoolroom was a fruitful experience. Grades from one through seven, and aside from the usual nonsense of putting girls' pigtails in the inkwells, we were disciplined enough to learn our three R's thoroughly. Spanish was spoken outside the classroom, and the boys learned Spanish as easily as they learned to ride a bicycle, and never forgot either accomplishment. Bilingualism wasn't forced since it was the natural result of interplay with Spanish speaking Americans accompanying us in learning our three R's. Decorum and consideration for the rights of others were imperative; otherwise it would have been a combination of the Tower of Babel and pandemonium. Difficult conditions plus the necessity of learning magically obliterated many small problems. With English in the classroom, and Spanish in our everyday contacts we had it made. Doubtless this intellectual oasis in the desert strengthened my future development. Hardships supposedly encountered in those days never really loomed as hardships. It was simply another way of savoring other delightful worlds consisting of movements, energies and undiluted adventures. The smelter itself exerted a magnetic fascination. The fiery belch of molten slag pouring over the dump enthralled us. We stealthily made forays into the laboratory refuse heap, picking up beautifully glazed assay crucibles. The crucibles became a medium of exchange depending on the fantastic colors exhibited. Ore train movements from Silver Bell riveted our attention, and the sounds blended with the clatter and clank of the smelter. Curiously enough these noises soon became inaudible to us, and whenever a power interruption occurred during the night, the deafening silence would awaken the whole compound. These cherished bits of the southwestern desert during the first part of the twentieth century are unforgettable.

My father was ordered back to Mexico, and it was with a great deal of regret that we bade goodbye to Sasco and our desert friends. Recently I picked up a copy of *The Arizona Daily Star*, and was truly startled to read an article on Silver Bell and Sasco. It was very interesting, and as

one staff writer for the Star expressed it; "The Arizona ghost town of Sasco once a roaring settlement packed with saloons, gunfights and brawling miners is for sale—ghosts included—and the price tag is \$235,000.00."

It is now sixty years since I last saw Sasco, and the Star's staff writer stirred my "remembrances of things past," but not quite on the same scale. I can only recall my beautiful gila monsters, and all the denizens of my treasured small world. That to me was Sasco, now turned into a tattered ghost town, trailing the remnants of its past glory. Perhaps the Star reporter would generously include me as one of the childish ghosts taking part again in the ghostly parade of dreams of sixty years ago.

"The Tularosa country is a parched desert where everything, from cactus to cowman, carries a weapon of some sort, and the only creatures who sleep with both eyes closed are dead. In all the sun-scorched and sand-blasted reaches of the southwest there is no grimmer region. Only the fierce and the rugged can live here—prickly pear and mesquite, rattlesnake and tarantula. True, Texas cattlemen made the cow a native of the region seventy-five years ago, but she would have voted against the step if she had been asked."

—Sonnicksen, Tularosa, *Last of the Frontier West*

"Saturday, October 17, 1846. There is a little town near to us and we are living on the fine Mexican *tortillas*—and they are fine, indeed they are. The process of making them is worth knowing—the corn is first soaked in ley (lime) till the husk is off, 'tis then mashed into a paste with a large flat stone and a small roller made for the purpose; this mixture is passed into the hands of a second woman, (by whom they are always made) from the hands of the first, and is made into round cakes like our batter-cakes, and thrown on to a griddle of thin iron or stone; in a few minutes they are done through and the third person, in a napkin takes them off to the table, where with a good dish of *frijoles* or anything of the kind, one does not eat a bad dinner."

—Diary of Susan Shelby Magoffin
Down the Santa Fe Trail and into Mexico



Photo by Fredda Von Zell

HERITAGE HOMES OF EL PASO by HARRIOT HOWZE JONES THE HOUSE AT 4415 PERSHING

There is a very handsome house at the corner of Altura Avenue and Pershing Drive. Frequently those involved in the fast moving traffic going past it fail to notice it, but if one is stopped temporarily by a red light, it is worth looking at. The address is 4415 Pershing.

The house has a white plaster exterior, two stories and a basement. There is a wide over-hang to the red tile roof. From the street there are red brick steps and a brick walk leading to the wide brick terrace, with white balustrade. Triple windows flank the recessed doorway. Smaller triple windows are in the second floor, where there are five bedrooms, two baths and a sleeping porch. The house is symmetrical, with a solarium on the south, balanced by a porte-cochere on the north side. Beyond the porte-cochere is a small inclosed rose garden, with a fountain in the center. Behind the main part of the house is a good sized patio, with a swimming pool. There is a carriage house, above it a small apartment.

This house was built in 1915 by Beaudett and Cropper and sold to Richard Ainsa. Mr. Ainsa was in the wholesale produce business, with his brother, Frank Ainsa. Mr. Ainsa moved to California in 1921, with his wife, the former Freda Smith, and two daughters, Barbara and Josephine. The house was owned for two years by Joseph E. Spence.

In 1923, it was bought by Doctor Charles M. Hendricks. Dr. Hendricks, a native of Gratis, Ohio, came to El Paso at the time that David C. Baldwin built a large sanatorium in the Highland Park Addition, and

named it for his father. This was in 1907. The ALBERT BALDWIN HEALTH RESORT treated "suitable cases" (hopeless cases not accepted) of tuberculosis. Dr. Hendricks, who was its director, pointed out that \$12.50 to \$15.00 a week would cover all expenses except personal laundry and drugs. The hospital was purchased in 1910 by Dr. R. B. Homan, and renamed HOMAN SANATORIUM. At that time Dr. Hendricks organized El Paso's first Tuberculosis Clinic.

In June, 1914 Hendricks and R. D. Harvey, formerly from Cleveland, but in El Paso for his health, purchased a thirty-two lot block in Mesa Heights, quite close to Pershing Gate, now an entrance to Fort Bliss. HENDRICKS SANATORIUM was built. Its fifty-three private rooms featured individual shower-baths, sleeping porches, and tiled and enameled walls. Dr. J. W. Laws joined Hendricks in 1917 and his name was incorporated in the hospital title, it became HENDRICKS-LAWS SANATORIUM. (It should be remembered that El Paso was for some time a center of treatment for tuberculosis, and a dozen or more sanatoria functioned—it was "Big Business." See "Health for Sale" by Chris P. Fox, *Password*, Winter 1976.)

In 1940 the hospital was sold to the Franciscan Order of the Catholic Church, to be used as a religious college.

Although remembered professionally as the first physician in the nation to use bilateral artificial pneumothorax in the treatment of tuberculosis, and as one of the founders of The American College of Chest Physicians, Dr. Hendricks is more famous locally for submitting the winning name—"SUN BOWL" for the New Year's Day football game in 1936.

The above information on Dr. Hendricks was obtained from the Historical Society's book "EL PASO—A CENTENNIAL PORTRAIT" (published in 1973). The chapter was written by Dr. Russel W. Van Norman.

Dr. Hendricks was married to the former Edith Duquid of Cleveland in 1905. They had four daughters: Louise (Mrs. J. M. Campbell), Marjorie (Mrs. G. M. Brotherson), Mary Elizabeth (Mrs. D. B. Thurman) and Charlee (Mrs. C. N. Coldwell). They had nine grandchildren.

In 1938 the house on Pershing Drive had become too large for the Hendricks, whose children had all grown up and married. They "swapped" houses with Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Graham. The Hendricks moved into a bungalow on McKinley Avenue.

Mr. Graham was in the wholesale and retail petroleum business. A native of Kentucky, he came to El Paso in 1917. He served in World War I, and afterward came back to El Paso to live. Mrs. Graham is the former Carrie Badgett of Cuero, Texas. They have two children: Charles, Jr. married to the former Elizabeth Anne Honinger, and Betty, now Mrs. Ben Mason, of El Paso. There are nine grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

In 1960 the Grahams, in turn, found that the house was too large for their needs and sold it to Colonel (Retired) and Mrs. Fred H. Meinert.

A rather amusing thing is that an erroneous bit of information was current for some time. Sight-seeing busses used to pause in front of the house while the tour guide proclaimed that this was the house that the city of El Paso had purchased as a home for General Pershing!

The interior of the house is interesting. A staircase rises from the front hall. Above the landing is a small stained glass window. The living room, to the left is very large, the full depth of the house, at the far end there is another, larger, stained glass window, a scene of mountains, a calm lake, and trees. There is an enormous fireplace opposite the entrance to the room, where a Yule log would fit nicely. The ceilings are high, fifteen feet, as a guess. A plain cornice is at ceiling height, and a plaster rosette holds the chandelier. Beyond the living room is a large solarium, with shelves displaying the many tennis trophies won by Col. Meinert, and interesting souvenirs gathered from all over the world in the Meinerts' Army travels.

Mrs. Meinert is a fashionable photographer, specializing in Portrait and Bridal photography. Professionally she is known as Fredda Von Zell. She is a member of Professional Photographers of America, and has exhibited her work extensively in the United States, Europe and Japan.

To the right of the hall the large dining room is now Fredda Von Zell's Studio, behind that is a good sized room, with built-in buffet and china closet, now used as a dining room.

There are some quaint, old-fashioned arrangements in the kitchen, which were retained when re-modeling was done; a heavy iron door, about 16 inches square is in the wall above a counter. Opened it reveals a metal box, with a little door to the outside; in this receptacle was placed the orders of milk, cream and butter, so that the cook had no need to go outside to get them. Inside a low cupboard the trash used to be placed in a container, and it was removed by the trashman through a door to the outside. Three steps outside led to what had been a small door which opened directly into the back of a huge ice box, thus the ice compartment could be filled without the iceman dripping water on the kitchen floor. These were all very convenient arrangements for good housekeeping in that era.

Col. Meinert is a native of Chicago. His army service was with the Coast Artillery, which became Anti-Aircraft Artillery. Tennis is his greatest hobby, as his many trophies attest to. He is ranked number sixteen, nationally, in amateur tennis. Mrs. Meinert is a native El Pasoan, the former Fredda Hooper. She started her career in photography in the White House Department Store when Myrtie Coblenz was the owner. The Meinerts have two children: Fred Jr. and Michelle, now Mrs. John B. Miller of El Paso.

SOUTHWEST ARCHIVES

The Tarahumara Collection

by BUD NEWMAN, Guest Editor

In the southwestern part of the state of Chihuahua, some three hundred airmiles south of El Paso, on a high, mountainous plateau broken by tremendous gorges, dwell the semi-nomadic Tarahumara Indians. Cave dwellers, speaking a variation of the Uto-Aztec language, they are of special interest to social scientists because they have retained so much, relatively speaking, of their native, aboriginal culture. According to Mr. Don Burgess of the Summer Institute of Linguistics, and presently of the U. T. El Paso faculty, they are probably the most "primitive" tribe in North America and one which has been the least impressed by European values. A graduate of Texas Western College, Mr. Burgess has spent much of the last twelve years among the Tarahumaras and has worked extensively on translating educational materials into the western Tarahumara dialect.

With mining and logging engineers constructing more and more roads, with civilization and tourism moving ever closer, the Tarahumaras are finding it increasingly difficult to withdraw from the ravages of a technological society. A hardy race which has managed to survive intact since the first Jesuit mission was established for them in 1639, their cultural persistence will soon be swallowed up by Mexico's tremendous population growth with its inevitable accompanying ecological imbalance.

Known to themselves as *Rarámuri*—meaning "runners-on-foot" ("Tarahumara" is a Spanish corruption), these Indians have run barefoot many times from the city of Chihuahua to Ciudad Juárez, carrying only a little ground *pinole* for sustenance on this 375 kilometer race. Until a few years ago, this was an annual contest. Recently, an article appeared in *The Daily Texan* about a group of Tarahumaras who, in 1927, were entered in the Texas Relays. Two of the Indians ran the ninety miles from San Antonio to Austin, in 14 hours, 53 minutes. They have also taken part in Olympic marathon races, but because of the combination of having their broad, splayed feet forced into cleated running shoes, and possibly because the race is of such comparatively short duration, they failed to distinguish themselves.

Secretive by nature, the Tarahumaras do not make friends easily, nor do they like revealing the extent of their wealth, whether in land or grain. The latter is stored in secret caves. It has been suggested that this frugality was learned as a defense against excessive tithing, and that their cultural heritage has been preserved so well because of their innate secretiveness.

When Mr. Burgess joined the faculty in the Department of Sociology/Anthropology in January of this year, the University Library was woefully deficient in materials relating to the Tarahumara Indians. Mr. John B. Ahouse, Head of the Department of Special Collections & Archives, made note of this and with the assistance of Mr. Burgess, began to remedy the situation. From one small folder in the Robert Zingg Collection and a dozen books on the shelves, he has since compiled a vertical file archive of over eighty articles and close to a hundred books and monographs on the subject. This was done after a field trip by Mr. Burgess and Mr. Ahouse into Tarahumara country, and extensive searching in Chihuahua bookstores. A number of the articles were photocopied for the collection by Mrs. Laura Gu-

tiérrez Witt of the Latin American Collection at U. T. Austin Library. Mr. Ahouse has already published an extensive bibliography of the French musician Hector Berlioz and would like to see the new Tarahumara Collection emerge not only as a valuable teaching resource, but also as the substance for a comprehensive bibliography on the Indians of the northern Sierra Madre.

Needed for the Tarahumara collection:

Ivor Thord-Gray's *Tarahumara-English Dictionary* (1955) and *Gringo Rebel* (1960) and Erle Stanley Gardner's *Neighborhood Frontiers* (1954).

BOOK REVIEWS

FACES OF THE BORDERLANDS

by JOSÉ CISNEROS

Texas Western Press, \$3.

Although José Cisneros' fame is largely related to his horsemen, his concentration on the faces of the folks who have ranged the Texas-Mexico border reflects the same attention to realism that marks the rest of his work. Teeth are chipped or missing, eyes and skin are sandblasted as was common in frontier days.

One face—that of the early nineteenth century muleteer—is a case in point: two upper incisors are missing, and the history-oriented imagination can visualize the rock kicked up by the mule that knocked those teeth out. Add to this bit of the past the blinded eye (José saw it as damaged in a sandstorm) and the huge needle in the hat brim (frontier men usually had to mend their own clothing and equipment), and a piece of history has been brought to life for the reader.

Other bits of graphic realism appear in both the pictures and the words that come from José's pen. The Spanish soldier's wife, for instance, reflects in her face what José depicted in words: "The fear of an imminent Indian attack, the difficulties of maintaining adequate sustenance for her children, the loneliness of the frontier are reflected in her face, which also shows the quiet resignation of living a life of hardships and isolation, waiting for a long departed husband and realizing the incertitude of ever seeing him alive again." One's imagination brings to mind countless "Hail Mary's" said for the preservation of loved ones in a hard land where the Indian and the desert seemed so close, and God so far away.

Those who appreciate the artistry of José Cisneros in both word and picture (and there are a host of us) will find here a new facet of his considerable talent—plus a bibliography attesting to the honesty of a man devoted to telling the truth with his pen!

May this silver anniversary presage a long and fruitful continuance of the alliance between Texas Western Press and our *talentoso amigo* José Cisneros.

ROBERT SIMPSON NEIGHBORS AND THE TEXAS FRONTIER

by KENNETH FRANKLIN NEIGHBOURS

Texian Press, \$12.95.

Back in 1848 the citizens of San Elizario (then the largest town in this vicinity) must have been more than a little startled to observe a procession of weary riders trailing in from the east. In the lead rode a tall, rawboned frontiersman named Robert Simpson Neighbors, and he had just completed a 600-mile, four-month state assignment to blaze a trail here from Austin. This path he laid out—sometimes known as the Upper Road, sometimes as the Ford-Neighbors Trail—became the future route for thousands of 49ers streaming through here on their way to California as well as for the Butterfield Overland Mail.

Two years later Neighbors returned to this region and organized El Paso County with San Elizario as the first county seat (1850). Because of what this man did, we today call ourselves Texans instead of New Mexicans which historically is what we rightfully are.

By any standards he was a gentle person who served Texas in many categories: legislator, administrator, Texas Ranger, military officer. Never once did he seek fame or fortune for himself. In particular he took on the thankless and crucifying task of being an Indian agent, and because of him the Comanches survived as a nation. In the 1850s it took guts to be an "Indian lover." As other men have done, he paid for his compassion and beliefs with his life; and Texas and its people promptly turned their backs on his memory.

Author Kenneth Franklin Neighbours, apparently not a descendant since he spells his name differently, has written the first complete biography of an obscure individual in Texas history, an unrecognized giant of his or our time. His story is worth reading.

University of Texas at El Paso

LEON C. METZ

Radford School for Girls opened its doors as the El Paso School for Girls on September 15, 1910. Its original site 1113-1115 Terrace Court in Sunset Heights.

—Phyllis A. Mainz, "Crinoline, Curriculum, and Cannons"
Password, X, 95.

ACTIVITIES OF YOUR HISTORICAL SOCIETY

One of the largest quarterly meetings of the El Paso County Historical Society was held on Sunday, March 6, at the Cavalry Museum. Following a business meeting Dr. W. Curry Holden, author of the book *A Ranching Saga, the Lives of William Electious Halsell and Ewing Halsell*, was the guest speaker. Dr. Holden told of his experiences in researching and writing the story of a ranching empire that began with a few cows and came to spread over much of Texas and adjoining states. Dr. Holden, of Lubbock, and his illustrator, José Cisneros of El Paso, were then honored at a reception at which they autographed copies of *A Ranching Saga*, and of the new Cisneros book, *Faces of the Borderlands*.

YEARBOOK DISTRIBUTED

The Society's 1977 Yearbook, mailed to all members with the spring issue, lists names, addresses and telephone numbers, where available, of all members. The publication also contains a listing of current officers and directors, past presidents, Hall of Honor recipients, calendar of 1977 events, and the organization's Constitution and By-Laws.

A committee headed by General Lloyd Leech and including Mrs. Gordon Frost, Dr. and Mrs. R. K. Morrison and Mrs. Patrick Rand, was responsible for preparing and publishing the Yearbook.

HISTORICAL MEMORIES CONTEST

Dr. E. Haywood Antone has been named Chairman of the 1977 Historical Memories contest. Closing date for the contest is expected to be about mid-October; it is open to all residents of the El Paso southwest over age 65. Further details will be announced soon.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

JAMES M. PEAK, new President of the Society, recently returned to the campus of his alma mater, the University of Texas at El Paso, as Director of Development. He is past vice-president of the Society and has served as Director and as Chairman of several committees. Among his distinctions, he was the only left-handed penman ever to win a national penmanship award in grade-school.

NANCY HAMILTON is a writer in the News and Information Department, University of Texas at El Paso, where she received her BA and MA degrees and was prominent in campus journalism. She is a veteran reporter for both the *El Paso Times* and *Herald Post*, and is the author of the Southwestern Studies monograph, *Ben Dowell, El Paso's First Mayor*.

CLIFFORD A. PERKINS retired in 1954 as Chief of the Office of Immigration and Naturalization in San Ysidro, California. He came to El Paso from his native Wisconsin in 1908 with a suspected case of tuberculosis. He began his 44-year career with the Immigration Service in 1910. He worked in Tucson and Douglas, and then for fifteen years in El Paso. His Tucson experiences were described in "Adventures of a Chinese Inspector" in the *Journal of Arizona History*, Vol. 17, (Summer 1976).

INA WILLIAMS WARREN and her husband, Colquet Warren, in their retired years, have acquired a home in the shadow of the Guadalupe Mountains near Dell City. Born in Cleburne, Texas, she was brought to New Mexico at age 3-½ by her parents.

F. KEITH PEYTON, born in Missouri, spent his early childhood with his parents in Mexico and first came to El Paso in 1914 at age 6. He holds a BS degree in geology from Texas A and M., 1931. In that year he began a long career with American Smelting and Refining Company. Now retired, he lives in El Paso.

DR. JOHN O. WEST, a professor of English at the University of Texas at El Paso, is a well-known Texas and American folklorist and edits the News Letter of the American Folklore Society. A native of El Paso, he holds an MA degree from Texas Tech and a doctorate in American Literature and Folklore from the University of Texas at Austin. He is the author of a booklet *Tom Lea, Artist in Two Mediums*, and an article "The Horsemen of Cisneros."

BUD NEWMAN, of the Archives and Special Collections Department, University of Texas at El Paso Library, is editor of the Society's news letter, *El Conquistador*, and has written a number of articles and book reviews for *Password*.

LEON METZ, a member of the *Password* editorial board, is with the Acquisitions Department, University of Texas at El Paso Library. He is a distinguished biographer of western gunmen including Dallas Stoudenmire, John Selman, and Pat Garrett. His most recent work, *The Shooters*, deals with some thirty celebrated gunmen.



(M. G. McKinney photo)

"36 DONE, ONE MORE TO GO."

Author Dr. W. Curry Holden and illustrator, Jose Cisneros at autograph reception March 6. Left to right: Mrs. Cisneros, Jose Cisneros, Dr. and Mrs. Holden, Society President James M. Peak, and El Paso author Leon C. Metz.

BOOK SALES

During the Society's quarterly meeting at the Cavalry Museum, on 6 March, records were set in both the number of books sold, and in total gross receipts.

Dr. W. Curry Holden, Professor Emeritus of History at Texas Tech University, and author of the two-volume book *A Ranching Saga*, was the featured speaker, and after his talk he was honored at an autograph reception, together with El Paso artist, Jose Cisneros, who illustrated the book.

Thirty-seven sets (74 books) of *Ranching Saga* were sold, in addition to seven other books on the Society's listing, and gross receipts were more than \$900.

Only eight additional sets, which list for \$25, have been received from the publisher. As long as the supply lasts, Society members may purchase *Ranching Saga* (2 volumes in a slip-case) for \$22.50, plus five percent sales tax for residents of Texas.

M. G. McKinney, Chairman

