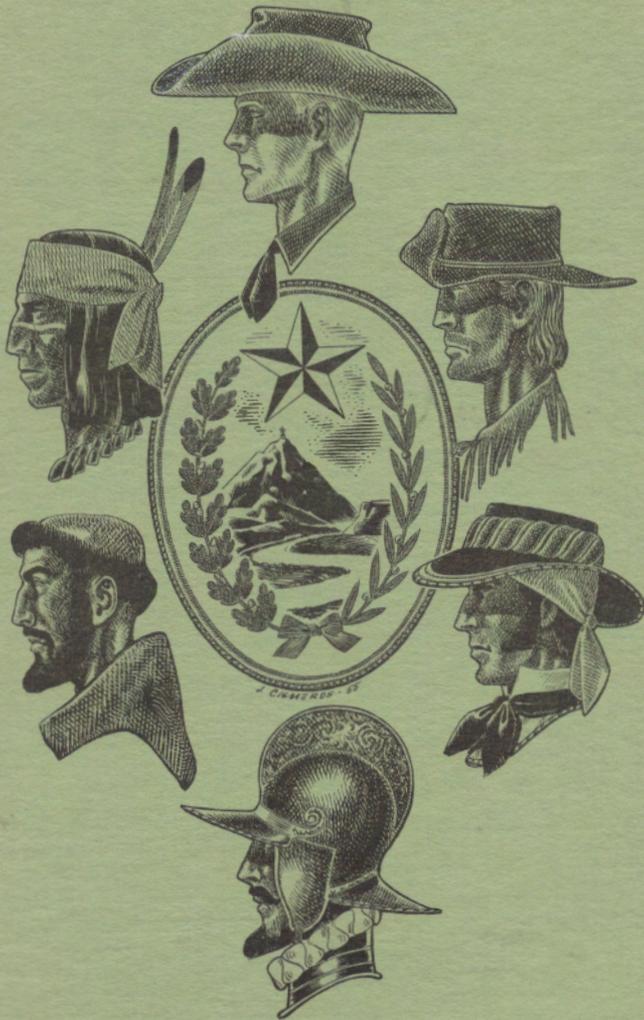


PASSWORD



THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

VOL. XXIII, No. 3

EL PASO, TEXAS

FALL, 1978

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PASSWORD

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RAILS TO THE PASS OF THE NORTH

by EDWARD A. LEONARD

(Editor's Note: In 1981, El Paso will commemorate four hundred years of history at the Pass of the North, celebrating the events of 1581, 1681, 1781, and 1881. The last date marks the coming of the railroads, and the event will receive special attention in the pages of *PASSWORD*. Dr. Leonard here surveys the corporate struggles, trials and triumphs that led the major trans-continental lines to the historic Pass.)

The coming of the railroads to El Paso generally is considered the most important event in the city's history. In the 1870's, El Paso had been a sleepy adobe village of a few hundred people. With the railroads' arrival, it became an important, and rapidly growing, center of trade and commerce.

The story of this great event has been recounted by a number of scholars, and undoubtedly will be re-told often during the next few years, as we approach the observance of its centennial. What generally has been overlooked, however, is the question of why the railroads came here when they did. In April of 1881, eleven years after the completion of the first transcontinental route, El Paso had no railroad, yet by the end of that year it had four lines, radiating out to each point of the compass.

There is a long-standing myth that there was a conscious railroad "race" to the Pass of the North, similar to the races of that era's railroads to Cajon Pass in California, the Royal Gorge in Colorado, and Raton Pass, on the Colorado-New Mexico border.¹ The facts, however, do not support this myth. In each of the other instances there was, or seemed to be, room for only one railroad to be constructed through the narrower portions of the pass. By contrast, the Pass of the North is a broad one, and even with the crude earthmoving techniques of that era, it was quite evident that several railroads could go through without any great difficulty. In addition, there were alternate routes available through the area.² While the Pass of the North did offer the best single route, its use was a convenience, rather than a necessity.

What, then, accounted for the sudden, and rather frantic, appearance of four railroads in El Paso in a period of less than a year? In reality, two largely-independent rivalries were involved. One was the rather straightforward race between the Southern Pacific and the Texas & Pacific railroads to build America's second transcontinental line. (As we will see, neither wholly succeeded.) The second was the highly complex rivalry between the Santa Fe and the Denver & Rio Grande lines, which included the above-mentioned races for Raton Pass and the Royal Gorge, and which was complicated by the indecision of each line's management as to where their road should terminate. The two lines which entered El Paso in the spring of 1881 were the winners, in a fashion, of inde-

pendent contests, and were not directly competing, let alone racing, with one another. In order to sort out the facts, it would be well to look separately at the background of each rivalry.

Texas & Pacific *versus* Southern Pacific

In the 1840's and early 1850's, when serious consideration first was being given to the construction of a transcontinental railroad, a highly favored route was along the thirty-second parallel, through the vicinity of El Paso. For a time, it appeared that this was the route most likely to be taken; indeed, the Gadsden Purchase was made primarily to afford a favorable location for such a line.³ In 1852 and 1853, two separate railroads were chartered by the Texas Legislature to build along different routes close to the thirty-second parallel from northeast Texas to El Paso. However, neither line began construction until the late 1850's, and neither had laid any significant amount of track when the Civil War caused further construction to be halted.⁴

The Union victory in the Civil War made it a political necessity that the first transcontinental route be a northern one, and the two Texas projects lay dormant while the Union Pacific-Central Pacific line to California was constructed. In 1871, two years after the first transcontinental was completed, Congress chartered the Texas and Pacific Railway company, which became the successor to the two pre-war lines.⁵ In 1873, the Texas Legislature awarded the T. & P. a generous land grant of twenty sections for each mile of road completed, and the line began construction toward El Paso. Its ultimate destination was to be San Diego, a long-established California port which was more than five hundred miles from the terminus of the Central Pacific, and which apparently was not included in that line's plans for future expansion.⁶

Construction of the T. & P. went very slowly for almost a decade. Then Jay Gould, the notorious New York financier and stock manipulator, bought control of the road, and in 1880, extremely rapid construction toward the west began from Ft. Worth, at that time the end of the track. Weatherford was reached on June 4, Baird on December 4, Sweetwater on March 12, 1881, Big Spring on April 28, Toyah on September 12, and Carrizo Pass, only 130 miles from El Paso, on November 14.⁷

To the west, however, events were occurring which would frustrate Gould's dream of making the T. & P. a transcontinental line. Back in 1868, as the Central Pacific had moved toward completion of its portion of the northern transcontinental route, its owners had set out to obtain a railroad monopoly in California. One of their first steps had been to buy the Southern Pacific Railroad, a company which was planning to build a road south from San Francisco. By 1872, a line had been constructed well into Southern California by the C. P. / S. P. interests.⁸

In that year, the owners of the California lines learned that the president of the T. & P. had been in San Diego drumming up support for his Texas-based transcontinental project. In order to forestall the construction of a rival road into the state, the Southern Pacific turned its line eastward toward the Arizona border at Yuma, where the T. & P. would have to enter the state. By 1877, the S. P. had reached the banks of the Colorado River across from Yuma, and had formulated plans to build on across Arizona and New Mexico,⁹ on what was to have been the route of the T. & P.

A U. S. Cavalry regiment stationed at Yuma halted further construction, however, as Federal permission to cross the river had not been obtained. Rather than fight the Washington bureaucracy, the Southern Pacific put on a party for the Cavalry troops, with ample refreshments brought in over its new line. The party lasted for four or five days. At its conclusion, as the troops slept off the effects of the liquid refreshments, the S. P., under cover of night, put a temporary bridge across the Colorado. A few months later, official sanction was given for the *fait accompli*, and construction eastward was resumed.¹⁰

By the 1880's, then, a full-fledged railroad race was underway, not for the Pass of the North in any special sense, but rather for the completion of the long-awaited Southern Transcontinental. The Southern Pacific reached Tucson on March 20, 1880, Benson on June 22 of that year, and what is now Lordsburg, New Mexico, on October 18. On December 15, as the westbound T. & P. tracklayers were moving across the mesquite-covered hills between Baird and Sweetwater, the eastbound Southern Pacific crews reached a point less than one hundred miles from El Paso,¹¹ which the railroad's management named Deming, after Mary Anne Deming, who had married one of the line's founders.¹²

From Deming, the crews pressed on toward El Paso. By mid-March, 1881, grading of a right-of-way into the city was completed,¹³ and by the first week of April the S. P. was running passenger trains to within five or six miles of El Paso.¹⁴ Finally on May 19, as the T. & P. workers struggled onto what we now know as the Permian Basin area, the S. P. ran its first regular train into El Paso.¹⁵ At last, the long-isolated border town was linked by rail to the outside world, though, oddly, to the largely undeveloped West Coast, rather than to the farms and cities of the East.

The tracklayers did not pause long in El Paso, but instead built on eastward toward a proposed junction with the S. P.-controlled Galveston, Harrisburg & San Antonio Railroad, which was laying track westward from Houston.¹⁶ However, as the S. P. approached Sierra Blanca Pass, some eighty miles east of El Paso, it became obvious that its crews would meet those of the T. & P. long before they met their own westbound counterparts. At the same time, it became increasingly evident to Jay

Could that he had lost the race to build the first southern transcontinental, and so a truce seemed very much in order. Accordingly, an agreement was worked out which called for the T. & P. to stop construction at what is now the town of Sierra Blanca, a few miles east of the pass, and for its trains to use the tracks of the S. P. as far as El Paso, but no further toward California. (The S. P. was allowed to continue building eastward, however, and did so.) On December 16, the rails of the two rival lines joined, and *El Paso gained its first rail connection with Dallas and eastern Texas.*¹⁷

Santa Fe versus Denver & Rio Grande

It seems odd, in a sense, that the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway and the Denver and Rio Grande Railway should have become not only strong rivals, but bitter enemies. The Santa Fe was (and is) primarily an east-west line, which in the 1870's was building a road westward from Kansas toward Santa Fe and eventually California. The Rio Grande was a north-south line which was originally projected to build a narrow-gauge (three feet between the rails, as opposed to the normal 4'8½") railway from Denver, Colorado, to El Paso.¹⁸ While the lines, if built as planned, would have intersected at Santa Fe, and thus have competed with one another in terms of opening up that city and its environs to the outside world, one would have thought that their relationship might well have been a cooperative one. Such an assessment, however, would not have taken into account either the temper of the times, or the rapid changes which were occurring in the Rocky Mountain West during the period.

The A. T. & St. F. had been chartered in 1859, primarily for the purpose of giving the new town of Topeka, Kansas, a rail link with the established cities along the Missouri River to the east. However, the line's principal founder, Cyrus K. Holliday, had been fascinated by tales of the far-away city of Santa Fe, and by the increasing trade along the Santa Fe Trail, and therefore audaciously included in the new road's charter authority to build westward to the New Mexico capital.¹⁹ Work did not actually begin on the line until 1868, and then, oddly, construction started southward from Topeka, rather than eastward as originally contemplated. By the mid-1870's the line had turned westward and was building at a rapid rate across Kansas and into Colorado.²⁰

As far as La Junta, Colorado, construction proceeded as directly as possible toward Santa Fe. At that point, however, the line veered off on a more northerly course toward the booming little city of Pueblo. The year was 1875, and the shift in plans apparently was the result of stories then circulating about vast mineral riches within the Rocky Mountains, beyond Pueblo. These stories also were changing the plans of the Rio

Grande Road, which had built southward from Denver to Pueblo in 1871-1872, and subsequently had built a branch to coal mines some miles west of Pueblo, at the very foot of the Rockies.²¹

It seems that the managements of the two companies became aware at about the same time that a line into the heart of the Rockies to capture this potentially lucrative mineral traffic would be a highly worthwhile project, worth postponing or even giving up the completion of their main lines. Although the Rio Grande explored an alternate route,²² by 1877 it was obvious to both companies that the only truly practical route through the front ranges of the great mountains into the mineral country was through the canyon of the Arkansas River, west of Pueblo. Preliminary surveys indicated beyond doubt that in the canyon's narrowest portions, the area now known as the Royal Gorge, there was barely room for one railroad, let alone two. Thus, in 1877, a bitter struggle for control of the gorge began, a struggle which took place both in the courts and between armed men in the gorge itself. The conflict, which included at least one full-fledged military-style battle, has become an important part of Western history and folklore, and has been the subject of numerous written pieces and at least one feature motion picture.²³ There is no need to re-tell the details of that struggle here; what is important is that for two-and-one-half years, while the conflict continued, both lines were blocked in their efforts to build westward, and with the ultimate victory of the Rio Grande road, the Santa Fe came to be excluded forever from the mineral-rich valleys of the Colorado Rockies.

Consequently, it became necessary, if the Santa Fe was to be anything more than a dead-end road handling mostly local traffic, for the line to begin building again toward New Mexico, as originally had been planned. There was a serious problem, however. In order to get from La Junta to the Santa Fe area, it was necessary to cross a spur of the Rockies which juts out more than fifty miles into the Great Plains. Although not nearly so high as the ranges to the west, this spur forms an almost impenetrable barrier, with only one pass (which came to be called Raton Pass, after the field mice inhabiting its slopes) which conceivably could accommodate a rail line. And the Rio Grande, continuing south from Pueblo, had built a line to within five miles of the base of this pass, while the Santa Fe, at La Junta, was some eighty miles away.

The Rio Grande's initial plans had been to build to Santa Fe by a wholly different route, many miles to the west.²⁴ However, its presence near the foot of Raton Pass, and its increasingly bitter rivalry with the A. T. & St. F., insured that it would try to head off any attempt of that road to use the pass, by pre-empting its route. (Indeed, there is some indication that the Rio Grande already had reconsidered its plans, and might well have tried to build over Raton Pass even in the absence of Santa Fe.)²⁵

On February 26, 1878, while the stalemate continued in the Royal Gorge, A. A. Robinson and Ray Morley, two Santa Fe construction engineers, received authorization to begin grading in Raton Pass, despite its great distance from the company's tracks at La Junta. Catching a D. & R. G. train at Pueblo to travel to the base of the pass, they recognized on the train their Rio Grande counterparts. Apparently, the narrow-gauge road had intercepted the Santa Fe's telegraph message authorizing the grading, and had set out to beat the larger road to the punch. Fortunately for the Santa Fe's plans, the Rio Grande's engineers did not see Robinson or Morley.

When the train pulled into El Moro, a town being developed by the Rio Grande at the end of its track, the narrow-gauge line's construction engineers checked into a hotel to get a night's rest. Robinson and Morley, however, rented a buggy and proceeded directly to the pass, not stopping until they reached an inn high in the mountains which was operated by "Uncle Dick" Wooten, who also owned the toll road over the pass. While their rivals rested far below in El Moro, the two Santa Fe men concluded a deal with Wooten for the use of his right-of-way, and then hired a gang of workers from among some local teenagers who were attending a dance at Wooten's inn.

At 2:00 AM the next morning, the Santa Fe party left the inn to climb to the higher reaches of the pass. At 5:00 AM, in the dark, freezing cold of a Rocky Mountain winter morning, the gang began grading a roadbed. A few hours later, the well-rested Rio Grande crew reached the pass, having no idea that they already had lost the race. Some of the men were armed, and there was an angry confrontation. Contrary to myth, however, no shots were fired, and the Rio Grande men withdrew from the scene. A brief attempt was made by the narrow-gauge road to grade another route across the mountains, but in a few weeks the Rio Grande simply gave up and turned its attention back to its other endeavors.²⁶

Prior to 1878, the Santa Fe had no plans whatever to build to El Paso. With the Colorado mineral country blocked off by the Rio Grande, however, it was decided by the larger road to build on past the town of Santa Fe to Albuquerque and El Paso, and thus to beat the narrow-gauge line to its original goal.²⁷ With Raton Pass firmly under control, construction toward the southwest began in earnest. Rails reached the Colorado-New Mexico border, atop the pass, in December 1878. On July 4, 1879, trains began operating into Las Vegas, New Mexico, and the following April Albuquerque was reached. The town of Santa Fe, the line's initial goal, was bypassed by the main line of its namesake railroad, though it was (and is today) served by a branch.²⁸

The Second Transcontinental

With Albuquerque reached, and the largest part of New Mexico under Santa Fe control there seemed to be no particular reason to rush to the Pass of the North. It is true that the railroad long had contemplated plans of building into Mexico.²⁹ However, the Southern Pacific already was on the border, and a "race" there would have been largely meaningless. Besides, the Santa Fe now was more interested in building to Mexico's west coast, through Nogales, than in constructing a line through Paso del Norte into the interior.³⁰

What started the Santa Fe on its dash southward from Albuquerque was something quite different—the line's management had caught a bad case of "transcontinental fever." While it planned to build its own line west from Albuquerque, it realized that it could more quickly obtain a transcontinental route by making a connection at some point with the eastward-building Southern Pacific. Clearly, cooperation with the S. P., rather than competition, seemed in the Santa Fe's best interest at this point. El Paso was still a goal, but what was of the highest priority was to make an S. P. connection as rapidly as possible for the interchange of transcontinental freight and passengers.

Building southward from Albuquerque, the Santa Fe reached San Marcial, near the present head of Elephant Butte Lake, in October 1880. *From San Marcial, the line continued through the Jornada del Muerto* in the general direction of El Paso. At Rincon, however, about seventy miles north of the city, it veered sharply westward toward Deming, which had just been established as a town by the Southern Pacific. The 54-mile line from Rincon to Deming, in recent years only a lightly-used branch, became, in 1881, the final link in America's second transcontinental rail route.

The Deming line was opened for traffic on March 1,³¹ and a connection with the Southern Pacific was completed on March 8. Nine days later, on St. Patrick's Day, 1881, the Santa Fe's first transcontinental express left Kansas City for the West.³² Although the route was a circuitous one, and it was necessary for passengers to change cars in Deming, the service was rapid by the standards of the day. One could leave Kansas City at 10:00 PM, and arrive in San Francisco at 3:30 PM on the fifth day.³³

With the transcontinental connection complete, construction toward El Paso resumed. By now, the Santa Fe and the S. P. were, at least on the border, moderately friendly connecting lines, rather than avid rivals. It is interesting to note that, had there been an actual race to the Pass of the North, the Santa Fe very likely could have won, simply by postponing the construction of its Deming line until after the line to El Paso had been completed. As it was in fact, there was enough of a spirit of

cooperation between the two companies for there to be serious consideration of a joint line through the pass into El Paso.³⁴ Although the joint construction project fell through,³⁵ the Santa Fe built through the pass with no resistance or obstruction from the Southern Pacific. On June 11, only 23 days after the arrival of the S. P., a Santa Fe construction train reached the El Paso depot, and on July 1, the line was officially opened for business.³⁶

By Independence Day of 1881, then, El Paso was a budding railroad center, with service to Los Angeles and San Francisco by one line, and to Albuquerque and Kansas City by another. The following November, construction began across the border on the Mexican Central, which was to reach Chihuahua City in September of the following year.³⁷ The inauguration of T. & P. service in December, 1881, made possible travel to Ft. Worth and Dallas, and the completion of the S. P. transcontinental route on January 12, 1883, gave the town through rail service to San Antonio, Houston, and New Orleans.³⁸

In a period of less than two years, El Paso went from being an isolated border village to being one of America's major rail centers. Since that time, the story of El Paso and that of its railroads have been inseparable. The city's early growth was due almost wholly to its railroads, and even today they are among its major employers and taxpayers. Despite the recent decline in passenger service, total rail traffic in El Paso is now at an all-time high, and the railroad's second century in El Paso holds promise of being a busy and exciting one.

FOOTNOTES

1. There are numerous published accounts of the races to Raton Pass and the Royal Gorge, and the warfare which accompanied the contests. One rather detailed account of both conflicts is to be found in James Marshall, *Santa Fe: The Railroad that Built an Empire* (New York: Random House, 1945), pp. 114-58. (See also this article, below.) A brief account of the Cajon Pass race is in Neill C. Wilson and Frank J. Taylor, *Southern Pacific: The Roaring Story of a Fighting Railroad* (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1952), pp. 61-62.
2. For example, the original 1854 military survey of a transcontinental railroad route crossed the mountains some thirty miles north of El Paso without encountering especially difficult grades. See Mildred L. Jordan, *Railroads in the El Paso Area* (unpublished M. A. thesis, Texas Western College, 1957), pp. 43, 48.
3. S. G. Reed, *A History of the Texas Railroads* (Houston: St. Clair, 1941), pp. 96-97.
4. Texas and Pacific Railroad, *From Ox-Teams to Eagles: A History of the Texas and Pacific Railroad* (no publisher or date specified; likely published in 1946), p.p. 5-9.
5. *Ibid.*, pp. 9, 12, 16.
6. Reed, p. 360.
7. *Ibid.*, p. 365.
8. Wilson and Taylor, pp. 48-49.
9. *Ibid.*, pp. 62-64.
10. *Ibid.*, pp. 65-66.
11. *Ibid.*, pp. 76-77.

12. H. L. James, *Southwestern New Mexico*, Scenic Trips to the Geologic Past No. 10 (N. M. State Bureau of Mines and Mineral Resources, 1971), p. 16.
13. *Las Cruces Newman's Semi-Weekly*, March 23, 1881.
14. *Las Cruces Newman's Semi-Weekly*, April 6, 1881.
15. For detailed accounts of the arrival of the first train into El Paso, see Joseph Leach, "Farewell to Horse-back, Mule-back, 'Foot-back' and Prairie Schooner: The Railroad Comes to Town," *Password* I, No. 2 (May, 1956), pp. 34-44; and C. L. Sonnichsen, *Pass of the North: Four Centuries on the Rio Grande* (El Paso: Texas Western, 1968), pp. 227-30.
16. Wilson and Taylor, pp. 73, 77.
17. Reed, p. 365.
18. Robert G. Athearn, *Rebel of the Rockies: A History of the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad* (New Haven: Yale Univ., 1962), p. 15.
19. L. L. Waters, *Steel Trails To Santa Fe* (Lawrence: Univ. of Kansas, 1950), p.p. 19-20, 25-26.
20. *Ibid.*, pp. 38-51, and Marshall, 396.
21. Athearn, pp. 23-26.
22. George L. Anderson, *Kansas West* (San Marino, Cal.: Golden West, 1963), pp. 144-45.
23. There is a great deal of disagreement as to the real facts of the Royal Gorge "war." For two accounts from the perspective of the Santa Fe, see Marshall, pp. 144-48, and Waters, pp. 100-27. For the Rio Grande side of the story, see Anderson, pp. 137-79, and Athearn, pp. 70-90.
24. *Ibid.*, p. 15.
25. Waters, pp. 98-99.
26. Athearn, p. 55; Marshall, pp. 132-43; and Waters, pp. 97-100.
27. Marshall, p. 134.
28. *Ibid.*, p. 398.
29. As early as 1868, Colonel Holliday had spoken of plans to build to Mexico. See Waters, p. 40.
30. See Marshall, p.p. 172-75, and Waters, p. 61.
31. Marshall, p. 400.
32. *Ibid.*, p. 167.
33. *Las Cruces Newman's Semi-Weekly*, March 26, 1881.
34. *Las Cruces Newman's Semi-Weekly*, March 12, 1881 and March 23, 1881.
35. *Las Cruces Newman's Semi-Weekly*, April 2, 1881.
36. Jordan, p. 102.
37. *Ibid.*, pp. 166, 174.
38. Wilson and Taylor, p. 78.

"Typical of the mosaic of the Southwest is the *unplanned* view that the worshiper may experience as he looks out the window of the tower (of Temple Mount Sinai.) On another Mountain peak, he can see the cross of El Cristo Rey, the statue of 'Christ the King.' The Hebrew letters of the Ten Commandments, which are lettered on the glass insert in the tower, and the eternal light which is suspended from the top of the tower face the statue of the Prophet of Nazareth. Each says to the other, as all of the Rio Grande Valley inhabitants say to one another, 'Welcome Amigo'."

—Floyd Fierman, "The Eternal Light and the Cross, The Spirit of the Southwest," *PASSWORD*, XIII, 71, Fall, 1968

E. P. M. S., A BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE OF
ELSIE POMEROY McELROY SLATER
(MRS. H. D. SLATER) OF EL PASO (1874-1952)

by her son, JOHN M. SLATER

Edited by WINIFRED M. MIDDAGH

Elsie Pomeroy McElroy was born September 17, 1874, in Ohio. Her father was John McElroy, a veteran of the United States Army in the Civil War, in which he had enlisted in 1862 at the age of sixteen. Her mother's maiden name was Elsie Pomeroy.

My grandmother was, to me, a vague and shadowy figure, who always seemed to be sick; she died when I was a child. John McElroy, however, remains a vivid memory. His ancestry was Scotch-Irish, from Northern Ireland. He was a man of high intelligence and a very Celtic wit and humor, and he could see through sham and pose like a pane of glass.

He used to recite, in the early morning, in a loud voice, long passages from the historical plays of Shakespeare, as he stood at the head of the stair-well outside his rooms on the third floor of his house in Washington. The house was on Sixteenth Street, which runs due north from the White House. For a short while in the early days of the Republic the Standard Meridian ran down its center, until the adoption of the Greenwich Meridian.

John McElroy was a newspaper man. He was associate editor and managing editor of the *Toledo Blade* from 1874 to 1884; the editor was D. R. Locke, who was at that time famous as a humorist under the name Petroleum V. Nasby. John McElroy moved with his family to Washington in 1884 to join the staff of the *National Tribune*, a newspaper devoted to furthering the interests of Union veterans. He eventually became the editor and publisher. He died in 1929.

My mother and her father had a wide acquaintance in Washington. I remember particularly the women they knew (my grandfather, with his good looks and charm, was strongly attracted to, and well liked by, women), including some who were quite exceptional in one way or another.

One of them, Mrs. Charles Alden, who came from an old New York Dutch family, and who belonged to the permanent Washington aristocracy (the "Cliff Dwellers"), I remember especially. Her first name was Natalie; I do not know her maiden name. When I first came to Washington to go to work, after my graduation from M.I.T., she looked me up and went to great effort to befriend me, out of affection partly for my mother but more especially for my then-deceased grandfather. Mrs.

Alden was a true *grande dame*. I was often invited to her salons, where I met many notables, and was also invited, alone or with one or two others, to dinner. In a case in her little private parlor was a broad ribbon bearing her badge as a Commander, (no mere Chevalier) of the French Legion of Honor — a resplendent golden thing that reminded me of movies of the Russian court.

Another friend, primarily of my mother, was La Salle Corbell Pickett, the widow of General George Edward Pickett, whose disastrous charge at Gettysburg is one of the famous military exploits of all time. She had been a Southern belle, who married him at the age of fourteen, and she retained a measure of beauty. My mother often took me to visit her, and she would play for me her large Swiss music box, with thirty tunes on four interchangeable rolls. This she gave to me when I was eight years old. It remains my one most prized possession.

The point of all this is that my mother was well acquainted with persons of an aristocratic background. Their influence brought out her latent patrician nature. Apparently she had no snobbery. She was equally at ease in conversation with a prostitute in South El Paso (which she would occasionally meet in connection with her work with the Salvation Army) and a *contessa* in a Roman palace. She had the rare quality of treating these, and all others, alike. She would give, to all, consideration and respect as fellow human beings, without regard for their social position or lack thereof.

In 1899, she married Hughes DeCourcy Slater in Washington and went with him to El Paso, Texas, to make her home. Their life in El Paso is described in a booklet written by my Uncle John, my father's brother, who was the head of the Department of English in the University of Rochester, after the death of my father in 1958. I will let my Uncle John tell the story in his own poetic fashion:

On March 30, 1899 Hughes was married in Washington to Elsie Pomeroy McElroy, charming society girl, amateur botanist, gifted nature writer. After some years in rented quarters they bought a house on Prospect Avenue which had a large lot with many possibilities for a terraced garden.

Elsie, coming from the rainy East and famous Washington parks to the arid West, was soon fascinated by the new flora of the mountain and valley country. Those flowers made the most of what they had, and so did she. In many journeys into the mountains of southern New Mexico and the Rio Grande Valley she studied wild flowers, ferns, cacti, birds, and drew them in water color, wrote charmingly about them in booklets which are still her best memorial.

Beauty of the desert, splendor of sunsets, violet shadows on rocky ridges, pale greens in the valleys, cotton in the fields, all made a panorama which she came to love.

She made friends not only among neighbors but with Mexicans, chil-

dren, lonesome strangers. In her garden, where western flowers, cacti and ferns grew luxuriantly and bloomed nine or ten months of the year, with winding paths, shady seats, hidden corners, there was always color and surprise. Distant mountain views rested the eye. There was a bird fountain and a plaque of Saint Francis, friend of birds and children, little brother of the Sun.¹

Uncle John also told of the birth into the Prospect Avenue home in 1906 of a baby girl, who succumbed to infection during the hot summer of 1907. She was rushed too late to the summer home of Dr. Rawlings in Mountain Park, New Mexico, for the cool, mountain air; she was laid to rest in Mountain Park.

Far from avoiding Cloudcroft and its environs after the baby's death, my parents built Cabin Jonimac there. I was born in 1908, "a son . . . to play there and grow up among wild flowers, chipmunks, deer and giant pines."²

In Cloudcroft and its neighborhood my mother became deeply interested in the flowers of the high-altitude life zones. In that unspoiled time one would sometimes come across a whole virgin meadow which was one dazzling display, sparkling in the sunshine with electric brilliance. She wanted to portray them and to classify them. My father bought a camera capable of taking close-up pictures and took many photographs, which she colored very carefully with photographic water colors, taking each photograph to the field so she could work from life. She eventually gave up that effort and returned to direct water-colors.

My father was impelled irresistibly to get into the war. Early in 1917 he wrote to his friend, General John Joseph Pershing, for advice as to how to do it. I have a long letter to him from Pershing, urging to him that he would do better to stay home and continue editing his excellent newspaper, the *El Paso Herald*, but telling him what to do if he persisted. He said that if my father joined, he should be in command of troops and not in some desk job, which agreed with my father's wishes.

My father entered the officers' training camp and school near San Antonio. Though he was forty-three years old, he held his own against men who were on the average much younger. In due course he was commissioned a captain of infantry and was ordered to France.

The Commander of the American forces, then in France, took the trouble to write a word of congratulation, saying "I thought you'd get in all the time." This courtesy to a lowly "ninety-day wonder" officer shows a side of Black Jack's character which is not always appreciated.

My father came home in 1920. He was much changed by his experiences at the Front and by the European tour which he took after dis-

charge. He was somehow harder. My mother would sometimes speak of him, in jest not without bitterness, as "my second husband." He no longer went to Cloudcroft, and she was very much on her own in her studies of nature. She continued to make water-colors of plants in the regions of Cloudcroft and El Paso until she was overwhelmed by the disabilities of age.

My mother once told me that her main interest in botany was in the identification and classification of plants. As to what she actually contributed to the field of botany, I cannot say. I know that she enjoyed the respect of professionals. I once saw a brief note to her from the Assistant Director of the Smithsonian Institution, complimenting her on one of her booklets and placing an order for a copy for his personal use. She was close friends with Vernon Bailey and Florence Merriam Bailey, who was the author of some standard texts on western birds. Both were members of the then United States Biological Survey.

While her booklets, *A Hundred Flowers of the Mexican Border at El Paso*,³ and *Thirteen Ferns of the Mexican Border*,⁴ as well as her copious writing in the columns of the *Herald*, were done in a popular



Elsie McElroy Slater at reins of Silver City stage in 1899, taken on her honeymoon.

style, I have not heard of her writing being criticized for error or for unscientific approach.*

Botanical studies represented only a part of my mother's interest in the Southwestern scene of nature and man. She was a keen student of birds, again apparently with interest primarily in identification and classification. I know that her book, *El Paso Birds*,⁵ was well thought of by Mrs. Bailey.

Although the subject is not relevant to the field of biological sciences, for the sake of completeness there must be mentioned my mother's fascination with the relics of Indian and Indian-Spanish culture found in the neighborhood of El Paso. One evidence of Spanish culture that survived strongly at least as late as my mother's time was the religious drama, "Los Pastores." She wrote a great deal in the *Herald* about the background of "Los Pastores" and also about other Spanish-Indian ceremonies performed on certain feast days often within the yard of the Roman Catholic Church despite their pagan origins. What she wrote was fragmentary, but I keep her little file, hoping that some day a scholar will use it to advantage.

Still another consuming interest carried my mother much farther afield than local biology and local evidence of Indian and Spanish cultures. Until physical disabilities stopped her, she made frequent trips to Europe, mainly Italy and France, always by herself except for one time when I joined her in Italy for a short holiday. She was always making contacts, acquaintances, and friends in unexpected places and situations. Once, at home, she talked of visits with "the Pope's astronomer," one Father Hagen. That puzzled me until, some years later, I discovered that Johannes Georg Hagen and my grandfather had a mutual friend in Washington.

My mother's reading was extensive and unorthodox. Her library included a number of volumes from government surveys of the nineteenth century, such as the Pacific Railroad Surveys in 1853-1855, all of which contained notes on the botany and ornithology of the regions traversed.

* Editor's Note: In an interview with this editor on March 5, 1978, Dr. William Reid, Herbarium Curator and teacher of plant ecology and plant taxonomy at The University of Texas at El Paso, praised Mrs. Slater's books on plants and flowers for their accurate information as well as for the botanically correct parts portrayed in her drawings and watercolors. He further observed, concerning the authenticity of her work, that she was a careful collector, labeling her specimens with descriptions of habits and growth and indicating where they were found. He noted also that she sent specimens for identification to the well-known plant authorities for this area, William Randolph Mason, Paul Carpenter Standley, and Elmer Otis Wooton. Mrs. Slater's collection is mounted and preserved in sealed lockers in the Herbarium.

Many of Mrs. Slater's sketches, field books, printed volumes, and beautiful watercolors are on display in the Biology Department of the University. The background of the entire collection is revealed in an enthusiastic account by Mrs. Barbara Shipes, who assisted Dr. Reid in organizing the Herbarium and display. Her article is mounted in the center wall cabinet and is well worth reading for an understanding of events leading to the inclusion of Mrs. Slater's work in the newly-organized Herbarium.

She liked poetry, especially the works of Sidney Lanier. In her book, *El Paso Birds*, she quoted a sonnet of Lanier's which in her opinion



Display of Elsie McElroy Slater's sketches, field books, printed volumes, and watercolors, Biology Department, The University of Texas at El Paso, El Paso, Texas, opened to public February 15, 1977.



Elsie McElroy Slater in her garden in the 1930's

"framed the mocking bird so well . . . that he hardly needs any other describing."⁶

Usually acting as an individual, my mother was always helping somebody. She occasionally joined groups but was always a bit suspicious of charitable organizations, especially when their meetings degenerated into quasi-social affairs. The only charitable organization for which she had consistent respect was the Salvation Army. That was because it helped people who were in real need and because it had no time nor money to waste on non-essentials. She had several warm friends in that organization. The old Baby Sanitarium in Cloudcroft received much attention from her. She was also an honorary member of the Junior League and a charter member of Sunset Heights Garden Club.

As might be expected, my mother had many friends, the closest of which appeared to be Elsa Kohlberg Craige (the wife of Dr. Branch Craige), Mary Harper (later Mrs. George Burrows) and May Bailey (Mrs. Royal) Jackman. Mary Harper and Mrs. Jackman often joined in her botanical excursions.

Her various activities continued until the weaknesses of the flesh overcame the spirit. Her last few years were not happy ones. Physical dissolution proceeded inexorably with, toward the end, the sinking into oblivion of her mind.

She died in the summer of 1952 and was buried next to the grave of her infant daughter in the small private plot in Mountain Park covered with the wild growing things she loved so well.

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1. John Rothwell Slater, *Hughes DeCourcy Slater of El Paso*, Rochester, New York, 1958, pp. 4, 5.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 6.
3. Elsie McElroy Slater, *A Hundred Flowers of the Mexican Border at El Paso*, Privately printed, El Paso, Texas, Copyright 1933.
4. Elsie McElroy Slater, *Thirteen Ferns of the Mexican Border*, Privately printed, El Paso, Texas, Copyright 1939.
5. Elsie McElroy Slater, *El Paso Birds*, Privately printed, El Paso, Texas, Copyright 1946.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 20.

On Sunday, March 3, 1929, revolution came once again to Mexico. Most writers of that period seemed to see some significance in the date. The following day, March 4, Herbert G. Hoover was inaugurated President of the United States. It was believed that the revolutionists planned their revolt to coincide with the change of government and, with a quick coup, present the United States with a *fait accompli* which President Hoover would have no choice but to accept.

—Daniel B. Cullinane, "Ciudad Juarez and the Escobar Revolution," *PASSWORD*, III, 97, July, 1958

HISTORICAL MEMORIES CONTEST

With this issue, *PASSWORD* publishes the third prize winning essay, "The Spies" by Herminia C. Gonzalez, and an honorable mention award, "A Total Eclipse of the Sun," by Harriot Howze Jones, in the 1977 Historical Memories Contest. Announcement has already been made of the 1978 contest, details are given in "Activities of Your Historical Society," elsewhere in this issue.

THE SPIES

by HERMINIA C. GONZALEZ

In 1942, the government set up a Censorship Station in El Paso for the purpose of examining mail going into or coming from Mexico. This office was set up in the First National Building and was quite "hush-hush".

It was while I was employed here, that I first met the spies, as we came to call them.

I was assigned to the Press section, and often felt that I should work for no pay. Our job was to read all periodicals and report any unusual item connected with the war. We often found enclosed notes which might relate to secret meetings, love affairs and drug traffic. At times, I'd get a magazine with several pages turned down at the corners. So I'd turn down all the pages. Once I found a pair of nylon hose. These items were duly reported and the mail went on its way.

In the early days of the war, we were asked to report and delete any mention of the word radar." Later, we got the same directive in regard to "heavy water" and still later to "Oak Ridge, Tennessee". I never came across "heavy water." But I did find a "help wanted" ad for Oak Ridge in a technical magazine.

To eke out our ration stamps, my sisters and I would shop in Juarez where we could buy coffee, soap, and sometimes silk stockings.

In those relatively crime-free days, if no car was available, we could easily go to Juarez by street-car, shop all around the "loop" and be home by early afternoon. At times, on Sundays, we would take the children to walk about the market place and visit the fortune-telling birds.

These birds would flutter about a box of tiny folded papers, pick one out and bring the "fortune" to the children's eager hands.

One Sunday afternoon my friend Elena and I were returning from one such shopping trip, when we came by a new restaurant. It was about two blocks from the bridge and it seemed very clean.

There was no bar, just a few tables and booths covered in red checked oil-cloth. The lady at the desk was short, stout and seemingly of German extraction. She was aided by a Mexican girl and a somber young man who turned out to be her son.

As we were tired, we went in and ordered a light meal. We hadn't been there very long when a group of three women and a man came in. They made for a table in the back and one of the women loudly demanded spaghetti, which was not on the menu. The proprietor at once went to them and they all huddled together, speaking in German. They glanced around furtively and spoke in low tones. I thought, "They act like amateur spies." Elena did not notice them; but she was not conditioned to suspicion as I was.

It was on our second visit to the cafe, when I noticed a bit of alarm when we went in. Furthermore, this concern seemed to center on me. The spaghetti group were at their usual table; but when we entered, the proprietress looked at me uneasily, whispered something to them and they all filed out, casting sidelong glances at me.

This time I was accompanied by my irreverent teen-age daughter who commented that they acted like I had the evil eye.

Another evening I went with my sister whose husband was stationed at Fort Bliss. There was the usual flurry and scurry and a confab with a handsome, Spanish-looking man who was drinking tomato juice and didn't seem to notice us. We ordered some of the lady's good pastry and tea and soon left the place.

We walked across the bridge, took a taxi to the Plaza and boarded our convenient street-car.

As we got on my sister said to me, "The man, the man in the cafe, he's here." And so he was, very much in character, trench coated and with Fedora hat brim pulled over his face. We were quite disturbed, since we knew most of our street-car companions. We had visions of violence if he followed us. We planned to get off at a friend's house which was more accessible. But we needn't have worried. As we passed the Library, he rang the bell and got off.

Another Sunday I went again with my daughter. There were few customers, just a middle-aged Anglo couple and two soldiers. We went to a booth and the owner gave us an exasperated look. The waitress was acting like a moron at the tables. There were no tacos, no enchiladas, nothing at all. They left, and when our turn came, I asked for the Señora, a small steak and a salad. At this, the Señora came up and said that of course, we would be served in a minute. The minute stretched while the son went out and returned; the lady pulled down the shades and turned on the light over our booth. The son went in the kitchen where he kept pulling and jerking the door to a crack before him.

"He's taking your picture," my daughter said with a giggle.

The business with the door went on for a while, and as the girl brought our order, a group of soldiers walked in. At this the girl became all at

once intelligent. The owner and the son beamed at them, seated them and the girl brought them beer, tostadas and cheese. One of the young men said in English, "we meet at nine," then they lapsed into German. As they talked, one of the men turned deliberately and fixed me a cold, steely glare. At this, my daughter said, "Let's go, there may be trap-doors!"

We paid our bill and left, which was probably what they wanted us to do.

The next day I went to an officer in our station and told him about the cafe, its owners and their visitors. He asked questions, thanked me, and that was that.

Sometime later, in the course of routine work, I discovered that the Cafe was known to Intelligence as were the personnel and the Army customers. I could not tell any one of my interview nor of what I knew about the place, but we were all tired of the fuss and never went there again.

Our shopping trips stretched over months, but the Germans' interest in us continued. We had only to pass by and the whole crew would dash out to the sidewalk. A blonde, male newcomer took to following us as we shopped. We thought the Army customers might be ex-Bundists and mistook me for some sort of informer.

The war was dominating all our lives. My brother-in-law was ordered to another base and my sister prepared to follow him. Elena and I volunteered at U.S.O. There were parties and suppers but our most important job was to listen to the homesick men and admire the snapshots of the families they'd left behind.

At the back of the hall there were five sewing machines of the old-fashioned pedal type. These were always in use by prospective parents.

In those pre-Pamper days, the didies had to be hemmed and it was the fathers who manned the pedals while the mamas-to-be sat around and drank punch.

In another corner was a loom where a young man was weaving a rug for his mother. He had strung yarns in different directions overhead and we learned to walk around and under them, while he labored like an earnest young spider.

The young men came and went in heart rending procession, but there was a group in Special Services who stayed longer and became our friends.

There were a Guatemalan with an English name, a Colombian who had enlisted as "gamble" to gain United States Citizenship, and a Bavarian from New York who was an interpreter at a P.O.W. camp. There was also a Czech from Brooklyn and a Puerto Rican who had a scar across one cheek. He had gotten it in a car accident, but worried

that people would think he was a violent man. On the contrary, we comforted him, people would assume he was a hero.

We had a New Year's party at Elena's house. Our Czech friend shared with us a box of ornate cakes and poppyseed bread sent by his relatives in Brooklyn.

At midnight he went out the back door and walked in the front door. He explained that it was an old-world belief that if the first person who walked in your door on New Year's day was a man, the family would have good luck all year.

Eventually came the surrender of Germany. In the week after, the Juarez cafe was abandoned; it was dusty and dark as if it had never existed.

Later our other sister wrote from Albuquerque that her husband and also one of our cousins were working at Los Alamos, where a military installation was under construction. She wondered at the unlikely site and the extreme security and secrecy involved, but like all the rest of us would not know the reason for it for many months.

The war went on to its victorious end, but I was to meet one of my spies again, this time here in El Paso.

The war was long over and I was on some unimportant errand on a downtown street-car.

At one of the stops, the lady of the cafe got on. It was a warm day and she wearily sat down across from me. Our eyes met, she did a "double-take," rang the bell and got off at the next stop.

"Oh well," I thought, "the wicked flee when none pursue!"

A TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN

by Harriot Howze Jones

The most impressive event in my "historical memory" occurred in August, 1932. It lasted a very short time, but I shall never forget it. Comparatively few people have ever witnessed a total eclipse of the sun. We have all seen partial eclipses from time to time, but usually when you read that a total eclipse is due you also read that scientists are making elaborate and expensive arrangements to study the event from some inaccessible place like Tibet or the Andes, or, more likely, from a ship anchored in the middle of the ocean.

So it was quite a thrill to find that we could see it with very little difficulty. We were living in Belmont, a suburb of Boston, at the time. My husband was an instructor in Military Science at Harvard University. The papers were full of advice as to where one could be in the "path of totality," a little way north of Boston. They told us the time, what to look for, and the best methods of viewing the phenomenon.

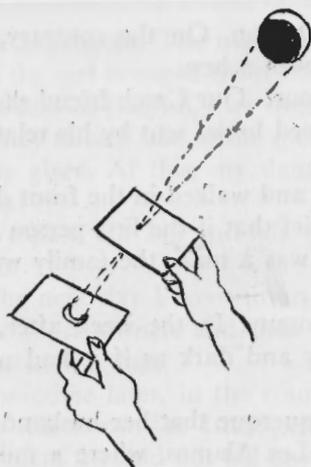


Figure 1



Figure 2

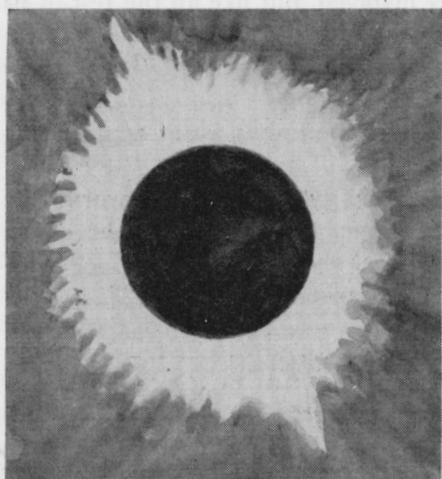


Figure 3

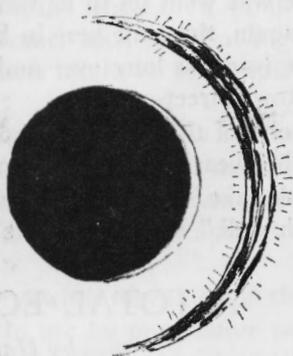


Figure 4

My husband and I, with our two children, aged ten and eight, packed a picnic lunch and our simple equipment of heavily smoked glasses, two file cards for each and a bed sheet. We decided that the best way to avoid crowds was to drive inland, instead of along the shore. It was cloudy, and looked like rain when we started off, but by the time we got near Exeter it had cleared. We found an open field, with a grassy knoll in the center. It was fenced, but the farmer was standing by the gate, and he obligingly opened it and welcomed us in. We settled on the grassy knoll and unpacked our lunch. We spread a blanket to sit on—not the sheet; that was to be used later. Five or six other cars entered the field after we did.

Almost as soon as we had finished our lunch the light changed; you could tell that something was beginning to happen. We got out our smoked glasses and could see where the moon had taken a "bite" out of the sun. We gazed at this for awhile, and then used our cards.

We each put a pin-prick through one card, holding it in the right hand, toward the sun. The left hand held the other card, adjusting it so that the rays of the sun coming through the tiny hole made a light image on the card. It showed a tiny crescent of light, but the crescent was reversed from what we could see looking at the sun with our smoked glass. My husband tried to explain refraction, but it was hard to grasp. (Fig. 1.) This was quite cute to watch the changing crescent on the card—saved neck strain, too. When the sun was almost totally obscured we looked at it directly and saw the "Bailey's Beads". This was caused by the radiance of the sun shining through the profile of the craters and mountains on the moon. (Fig. 2.) The daylight had become twilight, crickets in the field began to chirp, birds flew across the sky to roost in the trees beyond the fence. We spread the sheet, as we had been told to do, and as we looked at it we saw the "Bands". Across the sheet were passing narrow shadows. That hardly expresses it, it was as if you were in a rapidly moving train going past a white wall with a picket fence in front of it. The pickets seem to fly past your window; well, the straight bands of shadow raced across the sheet from right to left. We had read that scientists do not really know what causes them.

This takes longer to tell than to see. The Bailey's Beads and Bands lasted only a few seconds. Then came the glory of the Corona! Spikes of white and gold fire blazed out from behind the black moon. You could look at it without smoked glass. We noted that the Corona was lengthened in two places, and my husband said they were probably the magnetic poles of the sun. It was glorious. (Fig. 3.)

Suddenly the edge of the sun began to appear on the lower left, the Corona vanished like magic and it seemed that the spectacle was over—but not quite. There was one other exquisite thing to remember always. There had been clouds veiling the spectacle momentarily, fortunately clearing at the important time. Under the sun was a filmy, hazy wisp of cloud, and on that appeared a rain-bow, in full, gorgeous colors, but *up-side down!* It was like a giant saucer of vibrant color, holding the sun and moon. Poignantly beautiful. (Fig. 4.)

We feel so lucky to have seen this—a once in a lifetime experience. I hope that the children will remember it all their lives, they were so excited and interested in our little preparations, and thrilled at the sight of the Corona.

I always become emotional over natural wonders and beauties, and as the Corona blazed forth I could not contain myself, and flinging my arms in the air, I literally shouted "Glory Hallelulah!"

SOUTHWEST ARCHIVES

"AT THE TOP OF THE LIST": THE ALLAN G. FALBY COLLECTION

by LILLIAN COLLINGWOOD

On December 20, 1945, Lieutenant Colonel Royal G. Phillips, Assistant Chief of Staff of the Adjutant General's Department of the State of Texas, wrote a letter to Allan G. Falby, Sheriff of El Paso County. When the business of the letter was completed, Colonel Phillips added a personal Christmas greeting and also this sentence: "Through your own efforts you are now at the top of the list in the Peace Officer Profession in the entire South." To a person unacquainted with the career of Allan G. Falby, these words may seem extravagant praise. But to this writer, who has spent several days pursuing the Allan G. Falby Collection in the Library of The University of Texas at El Paso, Colonel Phillips' words seem an accurate appraisal of this man who devotedly served the El Paso community for over thirty years.

The Allan G. Falby Collection, which was donated to the Library of The University of Texas at El Paso several years ago by Mr. Falby's widow, is housed in the Special Collections and Archives Department. It is potentially of great value as historical documentation because it constitutes so detailed and so thorough a record of the professional life of an important civic leader during a time when El Paso was undergoing rapid growth and change.

Young Allan Falby first arrived in El Paso in 1921. He obtained his first real job in 1922 (as one of two motorcycle patrolmen in the newly created El Paso County Patrol). At that moment, the records indicate, Mr. Falby found his direction. And at that moment he was motivated to keep a record of his professional activities. His early scrapbooks contain numerous snapshots of the two-man County Patrol, which very soon expanded to a several-man Patrol. When the Patrol became large enough to require a Captain, it was Allan Falby who was appointed Captain. And his habit of keeping scrapbooks continued.

At first glance, many of the items in the scrapbooks assembled during his first years as Captain of the County Highway Patrol seem irrelevant to our young Captain Falby. Mostly, during the late 1920's and early 1930's, the pasted items are newspaper articles clipped from local newspapers; and rarely does the name Falby appear in any of the articles. Instead, the newspaper articles are reports of automobile accidents in the Upper and Lower Valley areas. It becomes clear that Captain Falby's scrapbook-keeping is not motivated by egotism. One concludes, rather, that he is making a very close study of the traffic problems that fall within his jurisdiction. This conclusion is borne out by a collection of papers

pertaining to Captain Falby's enrollment in several advanced courses in traffic management, by an announcement of his creation of a rural schoolboy Patrol (the first of its kind in the United States), and by records of his speeches and articles on safety and accident-prevention. Captain Falby is addressing one of the central problems of modern society: the insidious complications brought on by the automobile. And "through [his] own efforts," he is becoming an expert in traffic engineering. His collection of local newspaper articles on traffic accidents serve not only to call his attention to the problem, but also to enable him to study the raw data, to perceive causes, and to organize responsible solutions. Captain Falby's character emerges: he is compelled to create order out of confusion, peace out of violence, harmony out of dissonance.

This keen need to understand so as to solve, his papers attest, is the main thrust of his life. Throughout the twenty years that he serves on the Highway Patrol, he works like a disciplined scientist—gathering his data, recording his findings, testing, retesting, and providing appropriate measures.

In 1942, Captain Falby decides to widen his field of operations: he declares himself a candidate for Sheriff of El Paso County. He proceeds, naturally in an orderly way, by writing a courteous letter to his superior, Sheriff W.W. Hawkins, explaining his reasons for what might be interpreted as a disloyal act, offering to resign from the Highway Patrol, and expressing "my sincere and heartfelt hope that this campaign will be conducted in such a manner that our long-standing friendship will not be affected." And when the campaign is over, Captain Falby becomes Sheriff Falby.

Allan Falby's habit of keeping notebooks and scrapbooks does not cease upon his assumption of the office of Sheriff. Indeed, the added responsibilities prompt an even more scrupulous record-keeping. Now he must study the patterns of crime as they occur in a fast-growing border metropolis. Further, he must give his attention to the management of jails, the handling of juvenile delinquents, the problems of smuggling. He joins the National Sheriff's Association, keeping voluminous notes of meetings attended, symposia heard, panel discussions participated in. In 1948, he becomes president of the National Sheriff's Association, the first Texas sheriff so to be honored.

Throughout his four terms as Sheriff, his sense of vocation and his continual study enabled him to achieve many needed reforms in the local Sheriff's Department—and, indeed, through his professional organizations, in the entire nation. But after seven years, Sheriff Falby grew weary of mixing politics and law enforcement, a blend of ingredients, he confessed in a letter written in 1950, "that . . . just don't jell." In 1949, he resigned from "the Peace Officer Profession" (returning to it only

briefly as City Alderman in charge of the Fire and Police Departments during Mayor Fred Hervey's 1951-53 administration). But he did not resign from his real calling: method and organization. Immediately upon leaving the Sheriff's office, he became Manager of the Southwestern Sun Carnival Association—and held that position until April, 1959.

His notebooks assembled during his ten years as Manager of the Southwestern Sun Carnival Association continue to attest his genius for orderliness. Early each January, he would present to the Association his detailed agenda for the entire year—beginning with the mid-January meeting of the Executive Committee “to hear the financial report” through such steps as (in early June) “start contracting for Coronation Ball orchestra” and (in early July) “Secure Listing of new presidents of Service Clubs” and (in mid August) “Letter to City Council for street concessions” and (in late September) “Letters of invitation to local bands with return cards” to the final entries: (December 27) “Coronation and Coronation Ball,” (December 31) “Sun Bowl Game,” (January 1) “Parade—10:00 a.m.” For each year, these multi-page agenda list one or two tasks for almost every working day of the entire year.

Not illogically, we find among Mr. Falby's “Sun Carnival” memorabilia numerous letters (dated in early January of each year throughout the 1950's) from local businessmen, firms, and organizations expressing such sentiments as “This was the nicest Sun Carnival we've ever had” and “Finest Sun Carnival yet.”

The Allan G. Falby Collection further reveals that Mr. Falby also turned his administrative talents to an assortment of civic organizations and projects, the records of which work he kept in his usual orderly fashion. We find, for example, entire notebooks detailing his work for the Community Chest, Boy's Clubs, The March of Dimes (for which work he received in April, 1956, a Certificate of Merit “for ten years of outstanding service in the fight against Infantile Paralysis”), The El Paso Downtown Lions Club, and the El Paso Citizens Advisory Committee.

My pleasurable study of the Allan G. Falby Collection leads me enthusiastically to concur with Lieutenant Colonel Phillips' assessment of Mr. Falby as one who through his own efforts not only reached “the top of the list in the Peace Officer Profession,” but also in the Meritorious Citizenship Profession. In our corner of Texas for thirty-seven years, Allan George Falby imposed upon the chaos of Depression, War, and Post-War Change his quiet order and peace, his mannerly harmony and beauty. And, thanks to Mrs. Falby's generosity, the detailed record of this man's significant professional life is available to any scholar investigating those particular tumultuous decades of El Paso history—or to any passer-by who would like to witness the orderly march of a life committed to the service of the community.

HERITAGE HOMES OF EL PASO

THE LAFFERTY HACIENDA

by HARRIOT HOWZE JONES

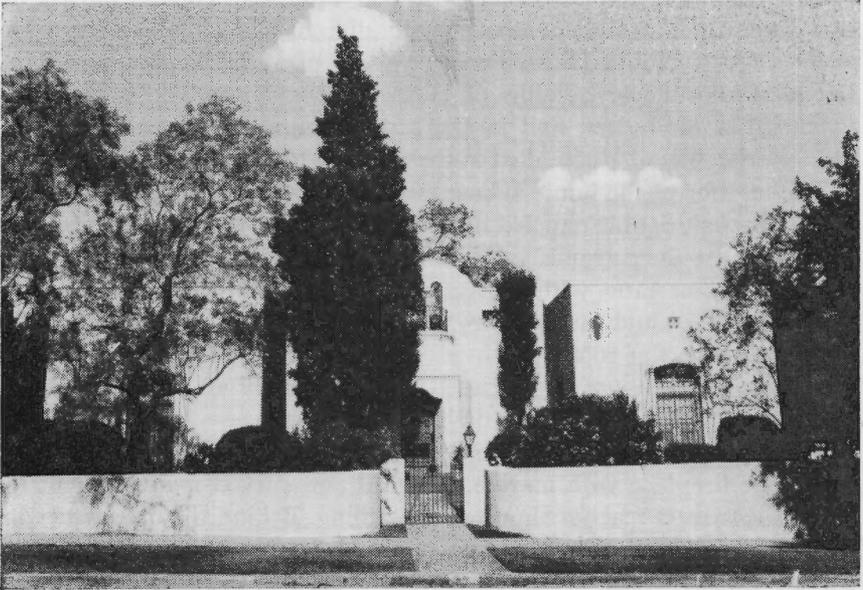


photo by M.G. McKINNEY

There are many beautiful homes in Austin Terrace. One of the most charming is the house at 1530 Hardaway Avenue. At the time the house was built in 1923 the address was 134 Hardaway; since that time the street has been extended south, past Trowbridge Street and the numbering of the houses has been changed.

The house should be called a hacienda as it is of distinctly Spanish-Mexican style. It is adobe construction, resting on a stone foundation. The exterior walls, adobe brick 18 inches thick, with metal lath reinforcement, are stuccoed a rosy-beige color. The roof is flat, parapeted. A vestibule projects from the center of the facade. Above this is a small "Romeo and Juliet" balcony of wrought iron. The windows are protected by iron grill-work. The estate is surrounded by an adobe wall, stuccoed to match the house.

The house was built in 1923 for Mr. and Mrs. William L. Tooley. Mr. Tooley was president of The Pioneer Abstract and Guarantee Title Company. He also had other business interests. There were two sons: Hicks and William.

Mrs. Tooley took great pleasure in planning the hacienda, to be built to her specifications. She even cut out, from paper, tiny furniture to fit

into the plans she had drawn, so that she could see how it would fit to the best advantage. Happy plans were made, but happiness was short lived in the new home. Less than a year after the Tooleys moved in, Mr. Tooley met a tragic death. The city directory of 1926 lists the occupants as Mrs. Honto Hicks Tooley, widow of W.L. Tooley, and Mrs. Lucile Harlan Tooley, widow of Hicks Tooley. Hicks Tooley had died a year after his father, and in the same circumstances. Sad to relate, later, Joseph, son of Hicks, died in the same manner. The Tragic Tooleys!

The interior of the house is beautiful. One enters a small foyer, which opens, through double paneled doors into the large, tile floored, reception hall. Opposite the entrance are double glass doors, with fanlight, opening into the verdant patio, with a large tree, many shrubs and flowers. Several pet turtles lurk amid the greenery. In one corner of the patio a stairway leads up to the flat roof.

A plan of the house is appended; not drawn by an architect, it still gives an idea of the attractive design of the house.

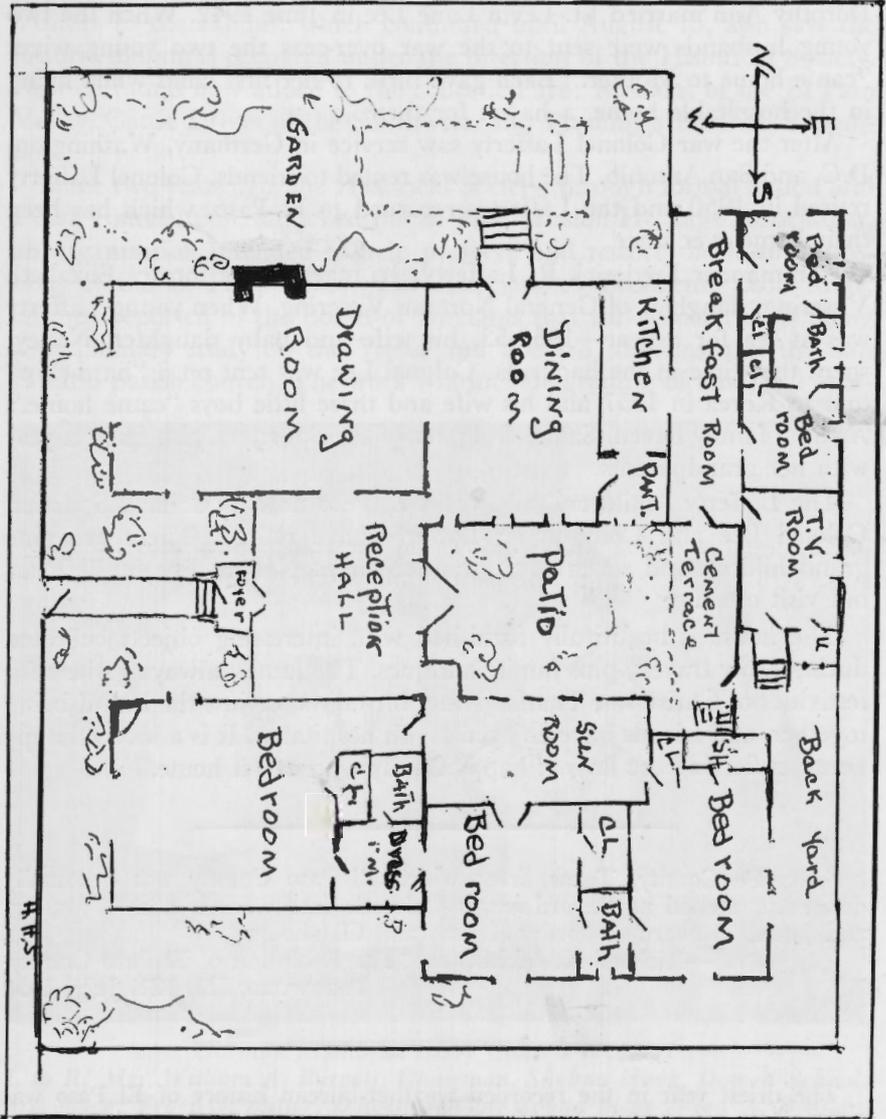
The house faces west. On the north is a large drawing room. It has a handsome fireplace with marble surround and carved mantel. A mirror above the mantel reaches almost to the ceiling. Behind the drawing room is the dining room. Double glass doors lead from this room into the garden on the north, and windows on the south open into the patio. A swinging door leads to the pantry and kitchen, which in turn opens into a long, narrow breakfast room. Across the back of the house, on the east, there is a suite of two bedrooms, a bath and a T.V. room, or den. A small utility room opens from the T.V. room and adjacent is a cement platform with steps leading to the back yard.

On the south of the patio is a delightful sun-room, with so many windows that it seems part of the patio outdoors. This wing has three large bedrooms, baths and dressing room. The master bedroom features a charming Pueblo-type fireplace in one corner.

The ceilings throughout are 12 feet high. Most of the windows and doors are arched with fanlight or iron grill-work.

Dor Piatt bought the house in 1927. In March 1941 it was rented to Colonel and Mrs. Frederick R. Lafferty. Colonel Lafferty, a native of California, had joined the regular army in 1916, immediately after graduation from Virginia Military Institute. He was a Cavalryman. Mrs. Lafferty is the former Lucile Gray, daughter of a prominent doctor of Bonham, Texas. The Laffertys were married, in El Paso, in 1918.

In August 1941 the Laffertys bought the house. Colonel Lafferty felt that the United States' involvement in the war was imminent and he wanted a place for his family to live when he would be ordered over-seas. There are three Lafferty children: Lucile, Dorothy Ann and Frederick Jr. Dorothy Ann was attending Texas Western College (now The Uni-



versity of Texas at El Paso.) Fred was a student at Austin High School. (After graduation from Austin young Lafferty became a midshipman at the U.S. Naval Academy, graduating as an ensign in 1948.)

Lucile Lafferty married Lt. James R. Spurrier in October, 1941 and Dorothy Ann married Lt. Levin Lane Lee in June 1942. When the two young husbands were sent to the war over-seas the two young wives "came home to Mother." Each gave birth to her first child while living in the hospitable home, a haven for them.

After the war Colonel Lafferty saw service in Germany, Washington, D.C. and San Antonio. The house was rented to friends. Colonel Lafferty retired in 1950 and the Laffertys returned to El Paso, which has been their home ever since.

Commander Frederick R. Lafferty, Jr. married the former Elizabeth Vissering, daughter of General Norman Vissering. When young Lafferty was at sea for a year—1952-53, his wife and baby daughter, Nancy, spent that time in the hacienda. Colonel Lee was sent on a "hard-ship" tour to Korea in 1957 and his wife and three little boys "came home." Again a family haven. Sallie, daughter of the Spurriers, also spent a year with her grandparents.

The Lafferty "children" all live in El Paso now as Colonel Spurrier, Colonel Lee and Commander Lafferty have retired. There are nine grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren. Not all live in El Paso, but visit often.

The house is beautifully furnished with interesting objects collected during army travels, plus family antiques. The family always gathers for festivities of Christmas, Thanksgiving, birthdays, or just the fun of being together, and friends have enjoyed lavish hospitality. It is a lovely, happy house, reflecting the loving, happy family who call it home.

Santa Fe County, Texas, from which El Paso County was eventually derived, stretched northward across Colorado into what is now Wyoming, and jutted eastward to border Kansas and Oklahoma.

—Richard K. McMaster, "The Evolution of El Paso County,
PASSWORD, III, 121, July, 1958

The driest year in the recorded weather-bureau history of El Paso was 1891, when only 2.22 inches of moisture was recorded. In September of that year, the U. S. Department of Agriculture sponsored an experiment intended to bring down rain by barrages of artillery fire and exploding balloons from the slopes of Mount Franklin. The result was only "a heavy dew," described as most unusual in this area.

—Bryson, *Down Went McGinty, El Paso in the Wonderful Nineties*, 85

ACTIVITIES OF YOUR SOCIETY

The El Paso County Historical Society was host at a reception launching the exhibit, "Treasures, People, Ships, and Dreams," at the Cavalry Museum, June 15. The presentation, by the Institute of Texan Cultures, featured the wreckage of Spanish galleons found in the Gulf of Mexico. Visitors to the exhibit, which continued until August 15, also saw the historic dioramas prepared under the direction of the Historical Society. New dioramas now added to the collection are: Missions of the El Paso Valley, Cattle Drives of the Southwest, and Pershing's Punitive Expedition.

Some two years ago, the Historical Society, through formal action and a cash contribution, launched the El Paso Mission Heritage Association, an organization intended to help preserve and restore the historic missions of the El Paso Valley. The Association's President, Leon Metz, recently reported to the Board of Directors that the Association is doing a preliminary study on the Ysleta and Socorro Missions and the San Elizario parish church. The work will include grading of land, soil anal-



Gorman Memorial Essay Contest Winners

L to R: Mrs. William A. Burgett, Chairman, Shebna Hook, Dowell School, first place; Traci D. Butler, Dowell School, second place; Fred A. Bentley, Blessed Sacrament School, third place; Jan Saravo of Dowell School and Humberto Garcia, Jr. of Dowell, honorable mention. The contest honors the late Frank Gorman, who anonymously financed the event prior to his death. The Gorman family has now taken over the sponsorship.

ysis, legal descriptions and a survey of the grounds. The Association has a \$20,000 grant from the Gannett Foundation and a \$2,500 grant from the Burgett Foundation.

TOUR OF HISTORIC HOMES

September 17 has been announced as the date of the Society's annual tour of historic homes. Membership Chairman William A. Burgett is in



Florence C. Melby, Chairman of Historic Markers and Duffy B. Stanley, Chairman, of the El Paso County Historical Commission, present a new historical plaque for the Magoffin Homestead to replace a previous plaque, awarded through the El Paso County Historical Society. The old plaque was evidently stolen. Octavia Glasgow, granddaughter of Joseph Magoffin, builder of the home, now a Texas Historical Park, received the new plaque on behalf of the Magoffin family.

charge of the annual membership event. This year's tour will be to historic homes of Manhattan Heights. Informative literature on the homes will be distributed at the various places visited. A fee of \$3 has been set for the tour.

ESSAY CONTESTS

The El Paso County Historical Society regularly sponsors three historical essay contests annually. Results were recently announced by Chairman Mrs. William A. Burgett for the Frank Gorman Memorial Essay for seventh grade students in the public, private, and parochial schools of El Paso County. At the Society's May Quarterly meeting, Mrs. Burgett presented awards to the winners:

Dr. James M. Day and F. Keith Peyton, co-Chairmen of the annual Historical Memories Contest, have announced November 1st as the closing date of the 1978 contest. Open only to Senior Citizens, the contest requires personal memories, limited to 2,000 words. Prizes of \$100, \$50, \$25, and five honorable mention prizes consisting of memberships in the Historical Society, including subscription to *PASSWORD*, are offered. Manuscripts should be mailed to Historical Memories Contest, El Paso County Historical Society, Post Office Box 28, El Paso, Texas 79940.

The annual Eugene O. Porter Memorial Award of one hundred dollars is offered to the best article published in each volume of *PASSWORD*. Winner will be announced in the Spring 1979 issue.

HALL OF HONOR

The eighteenth annual Hall of Honor Banquet of the Society, one of the outstanding social events on the El Paso calendar, will be held at the El Paso Country Club on November 19. The banquet will honor one living and one deceased person who, by their lives, have brought honor and recognition to the El Paso community. Requests for nominations were mailed to all members in the July issue of the Society news letter, *EL CONQUISTADOR*.

NEW MEMBERS

Dorothy S. Banta	Mr. & Mrs. Dennis R. Hammett
Lloyd M. Borrett	Mrs. Sophie Hedrick
Frank J. Coffey	Mr. & Mrs. A.L. Kinchloe
LTC (Ret.) E. William Ellis	Mr. John T. Mahoney
Hector Enriquez, Jr.	Mr. & Mrs. Richard M. Miller
Mr. & Mrs. L.E. Fruit	Dr. John B. Regnell
Otilia Goode	Dr. & Mrs. W.J. Reynolds, Sr.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE ZUÑIS OF CIBOLA

by C. GREGORY CRAMPTON

(Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press. 1977. \$15.00)

The *Zuñis of Cibola* is a book about the history of the Zuñi Indians, not an ethnological study of the Zuñi people as the title might lead one to assume. It is a good history in so far as it introduces one to the important documentary sources on Zuñi and it is written by a man who is well qualified in the field. C. Gregory Crampton is Duke Research Professor at the University of Utah where he teaches courses in the history of the American West and Latin America.

The twelve chapters into which the text is divided begin with an introductory chapter on the environment of Zuñi pueblo and a brief discussion of the prehistory of the region. This is followed by four chapters on Spanish exploration and colonization of New Mexico with special reference to Zuñi and by two chapters on Anglo American exploration of the area and on conflict between the Zuñi and their nomadic Indian neighbors. There is an interesting section on efforts by different religious sects to missionize the Zuñi and a brief discussion of an attempt to alienate valuable land and water rights. The intensification of Anglo American contacts and the changes brought about as a result of the completion of the transcontinental railroad are the subject of a separate chapter. The anthropological studies of the Zuñi, which began with the work of the Zuñi-speaking ethnologist Frank Hamilton Cushing (1879-1884) and continue to the present, are covered in two brief chapters, and finally, there is a short chapter on the changes the Zuñi have experienced as a result of the imposition of schools and other Anglo contacts.

The 201 pages of this book, including text, maps, plates, bibliography, and index, are beautifully bound and are printed with wide margins. On the first page of each chapter are reproduced architectural details taken from "A Study of Pueblo Architecture: Tusayan and Cibola," by Victor Mindeleff, which was published in 1891 as the *Eighth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, 1886-1887*.

This outline of Zuñi history with its 34 page bibliography is a valuable asset for those unfamiliar with Spanish documentary sources or with the morass of U.S. Government publications on Southwestern exploration, but the reader should note that the manuscript was completed in 1973, before the current proliferation of archeological, historical, and ethno-archeological studies were begun as a result of the Archeological and Historical Preservation Act of 1974 (16 U.S.C. 469) and other recent federal legislation. The implementation of these acts through numerous field and library research projects is expanding our knowledge of the Zuñi and their ancestors at such an astounding rate that one must already wish for an updated history of *The Zuñi of Cibola*.

University of Texas at El Paso

—REX E. GERALD, PH.D.

TERESITA

by WILLIAM CURRY HOLDEN

illustrations by JOSÉ CISNEROS

(Owings Mills, Md., Stemmer House Publishers, 1978. \$8.95)

She was born in a ramada in an arroyo in northern Sinaloa, on a split carrizo mat, the natural daughter of the overlord of the Santana ranch and Cayetana Chávez, the fourteen-year old daughter of a vaquero. Although she was christened Niña García Nona María Rebecca Chávez, she was known throughout her short life as Teresita.

The circumstances of Teresita's birth were not extraordinary. In that day many aristocrats enjoyed brief encounters with the native Indians. But the offspring of these unions were more often than not rejected by both parents. Teresita, however, was recognized by her father, Don Tomás Urrea, and at the age of fifteen she was taken to reside with him and his mistress, Gabriela Cantua, at the great ranch of Cabora in Sonora. It is not known how Don Tomás recognized her as his daughter.

Teresita was a gay and spirited young girl and at the great dinner table, presided over by Tomás and Gabriela, she made sparkling and witty conversation. Frequently, however, in the midst of the merry-making, she would become suddenly quiet and detached. In a moment she would announce some impending visit, death or occurrence. These events always transpired exactly as she predicted.

At the age of seventeen Teresita fell ill and for three months lay comatose and unmoving. At one point it was thought that she was dead, and plans for her burial were made. However, as the mourning watchers sat at her bedside she suddenly sat upright, asking what had happened. She had no memory or knowledge of her illness.

From the time of her miraculous recovery, Teresita was changed. She would place her hands upon a sick child, a blind or crippled person and they would recover. She maintained that these miracles came only from God. Her fame for healing and predicting spread throughout Mexico and soon the Cabora ranch was thronged by the thousands with the ill and afflicted. The ranch was referred to as the Lourdes of Mexico. Since she claimed her miracles emanated from the Spirit, she would never accept money for her healing.

During his second regime as President of Mexico, Porfirio Díaz, in his push for personal power and a greater Mexico, began to confiscate the land of any pueblo or tribe unable to show documentary evidence of ownership. The Indian villages of the Sierra Madre Chihuahuense were thrown into panic. Since Teresita's fame had spread throughout Mexico, great bands of peones from these stricken pueblos marched to Rancho Cabora. Teresita could counsel them only by saying that "love is better than war." The most notable case, perhaps, is that of Tomochic, where, in their efforts to withstand the seizure of land, the pueblo was burned to the ground and every male over thirteen was murdered.

Rumblings of Teresita's "interference" into these affairs, particularly the Yaqui uprising, caused her to be imprisoned in Guaymas. After her return she and her father went to Nogales, Arizona Territory. Here she continued her miracle ministrations.

In the United States her fame was also widespread and she was taken to Clifton to heal the crippled son of a Mrs. Rosencrans. The hard life and strenuous labors of this fragile woman led to her death of consumption in 1906, at the age of thirty-three. She was buried, as she had wished, in Sinaloa on the spot of her birth. The simple cross on her grave calls her "Santa Teresa."

This is a magnificently indited book and a definite testimonial to the obsession of professional researchers. William Curry Holden is an archaeologist, teacher and author and has a definite rapport with Mexico. He has been associated since 1929 with Texas Tech University. He and his wife, Frances, a professional historical researcher, spent twenty-five years on research for the volume and the searching took them from coast to coast and several times they transversed Mexico.

The book is beautifully illustrated, with eighteen magnificent full-page illustrations by El Paso's great artist, and authority on this era in Mexico, José Cisneros. These illustrations include a truly glorious portrait of Teresita, the Santa of Cabora.

El Paso, Texas

—MARY ELLEN B. PORTER

RAMON ORTIZ: PRIEST AND PATRIOT

by FIDELIA MILLER PUCKETT

(El Paso: privately mimeographed and bound by Arthur Ortiz)

Recently, Mrs. Arthur Ortiz, a Director of the El Paso County Historical Society, presented to the Society's archives, a mimeographed and bound copy of a biographical sketch by Fidelia Miller (Mrs. C. A.) Puckett, *Ramon Ortiz: Priest and Patriot*. In order to make clear the origin and nature of this early venture into El Paso historiography, the following appraisal is set forth.

In 1935 a young and enthusiastic Leland Sonnichsen was launching his soon to be famous course in Southwestern Literature at the Texas School of Mines and Metallurgy. It was a probing and exploratory inquiry into the pioneer writings that pertained to the area obtained from Mexico by the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. Mrs. C. A. (Fidelia) Puckett was a member of the class. Sonnichsen assigned term papers to the students and in the process suggested to Mrs. Puckett that he thought Ramon Ortiz, whose name appeared sporadically in the accounts of various travellers to Pass of the North, might be a subject for a research paper. She accepted the challenge and began a study of available material.

First, she gleaned the secondary works at her comand: George W. Kendall's *Narrative of the Texan-Santa Fe Expedition*; Susan Shelby Magoffin's *Down the Santa Fe Trail*; William E. Connelley's *Doniphan's Expedition*; and John R. Bartlett's *Personal Narrative*. The inquiry led inevitably to the ancient church of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe in Ciudad Juárez then in its 279th year since its foundation; unfortunately the anti-clerical government had closed its doors against communicants and visitors. But Mrs. Puckett was able to get access to the ecclesiastical records with the help of Consuelo Seggerman Diehl who persuaded the custodian to allow them to be opened for inquiry. Mrs. Diehl was no less helpful in making her friend

acquainted with kinsmen of the venerable *padre*. These disparate data were woven together into a paper of more than creditable acceptability. The gracious author admits today that she completed the paper with the customary lag, writing almost continuously for five days and nights.

Based as it is upon family legends and genealogies which had grown hazy with the years, the account of Ramon Ortiz life and times lapses in many small particulars. However, the laborious investigations of Fray Angelico Chavez in the church records of colonial New Mexico have supplied facts that serve to correct mistakes and fill gaps in the narrative. Mrs. Puckett's paper, "Ramon Ortiz: Priest and Patriot", was published in the *New Mexico Historical Review*, XXV, No. 4, 265-295, with annotations and comments by Angelico Chavez. Supplementary items may be found in Angelico Chavez, *Origin of New Mexico Families*.

Collation of the legends related by Mrs. Puckett's informants and documentary facts adduced by Chavez serve at times to substantiate conclusions where formerly surmises lacked proof. For instance, the heroic efforts of Chavez failed to find exact date of Ortiz birth in the fragmentary church archives at Santa Fe. Ramon Ortiz was the son of Jesus Antonio Ortiz and his wife, Teresa Pacheco y Mier, born late in 1813 or early in 1814. His eldest sister, Ana María married (1) Fernando Delgado and (2) Antonio Vizcarra. Her daughter, María Josefa de Jesus del Pilar Delgado (born January 24, 1814) was almost of the same age as Ramon Ortiz; his mother died a few weeks after his birth and he and his niece were reared together by the same nurse—in folk parlance they were "*hermanos de leche*." Another error in the folk history, namely, that Ramon's father, Jesus Antonio Ortiz, died prior to his birth; is corrected by Chavez who fixes the writing of his will as April 27, 1837.

Father Ortiz's relation to the Samaniego family came about after this fashion: Josefa, his foster-sister, married Florention Samaniego, a *Sonorense*, about 1830; he was attached to the garrison at Bavispe where he was killed by Apaches in 1838 leaving the young widow with her five small children—Mariano, Fernando, Refugio, Concepcion and Adalaida. Apprised of their sad plight, Father Ramon made the dangerous journey to Sonora and brought his kinsmen back to El Paso del Norte where they were reared under the tutelage of Ana Maria, now twice widowed, who served as the *patrona* of his large and lively household.

Jose Ramon Ortiz (so Angelico Chavez renders his whole name) was already a priest in 1837 when his father made his last will and testament; he performed his first mass of baptism in the mission Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe, January 1, 1838; he was buried March 11, 1896, in the church yard of San José three miles below Ciudad Juárez on the road to Chihuahua.

Priest, humanitarian, patriot, Father Ortiz lived an exemplary and fruitful life. As *cura* of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe he was indeed the pastor of the flock; his kindness to the captives of the Texan-Santa Fe expeditions endeared him to the recipients of his charitable ministrations for life; his efforts to resist the Doniphan invasion of Mexico did not destroy his friendship with his quondam enemies. All of this Fidelia Miller Puckett made clear in a term paper which she admits with a twinkle in her eye she wrote to get a grade in the course. She deserved an A and I hope Sonnichsen bestowed the accolade.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

EDWARD A. LEONARD is a Professor of Political Science at the University of Texas at El Paso. He came to UTEP in 1965, after having received his Ph. D. from Emory University in Atlanta, his birthplace. His intense interest in southwestern history is heightened by his marriage to the former Mary Jane Phillips, great-great-granddaughter of Ben Dowell, the first Mayor of El Paso. The current article is an excerpt from a larger work, planned for publication in 1981.

JOHN M. SLATER was born in Cloudcroft, New Mexico, and grew up in El Paso, the son of Hughes DeCourcy Slater, famed editor of the *El Paso Herald*, and Elsie Pomeroy McElroy Slater, subject of this sketch. John Slater now lives in Fullerton, California.

WINIFRED M. MIDDAGH is a member of the Editorial Board of *PASSWORD*, and a valued worker in editing and proofreading its pages. A graduate of the University of Texas at El Paso, she is an instructor at El Paso Community College.

HERMINIA C. GONZALEZ has been an annual contributor to the Society's Historical Memories Contest. Her article "The Mistletoe Tree" appeared in *PASSWORD*, Winter, 1975. "Incident at Easter" was published in the Fall 1977 issue.

HARRIOT HOWZE JONES is a past Director to the Society's Historical Society, editor of its "Heritage Homes" section, and of its 1973 publication, *El Paso, a Centennial Portrait*. Her husband, Col. H. Crampton Jones, USA Ret., was President of the Society in 1966.

LILLIAN COLLINGWOOD, Editor of the Southwest Archives section of *PASSWORD* since 1973 and has contributed book reviews to its pages. She is Associate Professor of English at U-T El Paso, where she received her BA degree, with the MA from the University of Michigan.

MARY ELLEN B. PORTER is a member of the *PASSWORD* Editorial Board and a past Director of the Society. She has been associated with *PASSWORD* since its beginning, assisting her husband Dr. Eugene O. Porter, the founding editor, for 19 years. She is a graduate of Ohio State University.

REX W. STRICKLAND, retired Professor and Professor Emeritus of History at the University of Texas at El Paso, is the author of several memorable historical works concerning the El Paso area, including *Six Who Came to El Paso*, *El Sabio Sembrador — El Paso in 1854*, and the editorship of the landmark reprint, *Forty Years at El Paso*, by W. W. Mills.

REX E. GERALD, Director of the Centennial Museum of the University of Texas at El Paso, was winner of the first Eugene O. Porter Memorial Award for his article "An Introduction to Missions of the Paso Del Norte Area," *PASSWORD*, Summer 1975. He is a member of the El Paso County Historical Commission.

